

den beds from the next lot. He carried a guitar, madly brandished. He disappeared hatless and frantic, but not until Harvey had recognized Willard Price.

A little investigation brought out the facts of the case. Price had gone into the wrong garden—that of a jealous, crusty old bachelor, just married. He had observed the guitar-

armed serenader, had gone for a gun, and Price had run for his life.

Of course Miss Hoyt had overheard Harvey's encomiums in the park. It turned out that it was her uncle who was so wealthy. This smoothed out Harvey's path. Price, bored at his mishap, did not linger on the scene. And of course the serenader by proxy eventually married Drusa Hoyt.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But he, with a chuckle, replied

That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried, he hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least no one ever has done it."

But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;

With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,

Without any doubting or quibbling;

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,

There are thousands to prophesy failure;

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you;

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,

Then take off your coat and go to it;

Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing

That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

School-children know a great deal more than they used to. In fact, some of them, in their own opinions, at least, are quite capable of tutoring their tutors. "Those kiddies I teach are as knowing as an encyclopedia," said a teacher a week or two ago. "In what way?" asked his friend. "Well," replied the scholastic person, "the other day I set a problem in arithmetic—'A rich man dies and leaves a million pounds. One-fifth is to go to his wife, one-fifth to his son, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to the hospitals. What does each

get?'" "Yes?" queried the friend, not very interested. "Back came the reply from the smallest boy in the class: 'I lawyer, sir.'"

"I feel very uneasy; it's pouring rain and my wife went out without an umbrella." "No doubt she'll take refuge in a shop somewhere." "Yes; that's just what's worrying me so!"

Kings express sympathy at Morgan's death. Why? Morgan was very rich. That's all. Oh, the almighty dollar!