

WPA Class Alter Schedule For Week

WPA Adult and Vocational Education Classes will continue to meet during this school spring vacation, April 10-23, according to Mrs. Adele Halladay, Supervisor. Sewing, Knitting and Cooking Classes will meet daily in the Community House employing the following schedule: Classes ordinarily meeting at the Pierce School on Monday and Tuesday afternoons from 1 to 6 o'clock will meet at the regular time on Tuesday, Wednesday and Fri-

day afternoons at Barnum School will meet on those days at the Community House from 1 to 6 o'clock. Commercial Classes will meet at the Baldwin Public Library on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, April 14, all classes and teachers will meet for a social evening at the home of Mrs. Kate Drumm, 120 Brownell Street. Classes will be resumed in the school buildings according to the regular schedule on Monday, April 20.

Plenty of Company
She—are you sure that we are living beyond our means?
He—Worse than that. We are living beyond our credit.

Rambling Reverie

By E. G. Whitney



E. G. Whitney

Pitter Patter: Three-fourths of American college women attend coeducational institutions. . . . a man isn't even safe in college. Didja know that? Talbot. First he broached the subject of a panama cravat. . . . Master intellect that was Daniel We at firmly believed common colds were caused by comets. Many think Harpo of the famous Marx brothers is a deaf-mute because he never talks while acting. . . . his a pantomimic silent actor to you. Javel stop to oh and a w over; the fact that when a huge structure planned it is reckoned that me if will be lost for every floor in the building. . . . horrible but true. The Crails are reflecting their domicile. . . . Pack-Welins suggest Spring. . . . Upperclassmen of Baldwin will hold an Easter review of styles today. . . . Cheers.

Tackless Tactics: Short story writers. . . . and others, too. . . . resort to devious tricks to find out whether their manuscripts get read or not. . . . such as, inserting pages upside down, hiding sheets together with fine thread, leaving out proper name, putting in the remark, "If you have read this far, please check here." It's dumb. . . . unwise editors.

Rugged Individualism: There's a crying need for more people who will assert themselves under adverse conditions. . . . people who will speak right up and say, "No, I don't want appeasement with my work." Hauptmann missed a grand opportunity to add outstanding individualism to his steel makeup. He could have preserved for posterity such a remark as, "I refuse to s-

down. . . . let the lady have my seat. . . . There are a few who scold the heights. Take Dizzy Dean's, said and Paul will win 45 games, said at the start of last season's major league race. That's reverse wearing in the pattern of everyday life. It may not fit the design completely but it stands out. Then there is the type who threatens to sue. . . . Max Baer, the boxer, tried to be different with his, "I'll knock you out of the ring." . . . Joe Louis kept his head throughout that fight and Max almost lost his.

Handling Heat: During the trial of William, the Congoror, in England, suspicious criminals were forced to grasp a white hot stone in their bare hands and walk five miles, after which the hands were kept bandaged for three days. If after that time, the hands showed signs, those accused were adjudged innocent. The judges apparently believed that Divine Providence would protect the individual's hands from the blistering heat if he was not guilty. . . . It is interesting to note that if criminals of those days had known what former heavyweight champion James Jeffries knew they would all have been declared innocent. Champion Jim pickled his face in brine previous to his fight, and the leathery skin could not be damaged by blows from a glove. Leathery hands would probably withstand a white hot stone for a few moments.

Fresh Fish: A New York real-estate house proprietor had a pond stocked with trout. Passing motorist could select a fish that captured their fancy, catch it with a net and have it cooked and served. But such novelty ended in disappointment, for the fish, brought up in effete surroundings where there was no battle for existence, were soft and flabby. . . . in other, sissy fish. . . . One day the owner gathered a batch of netting from the water's edge and rinsed it in a washing machine. Removing the net, he discovered a trout jumping also to the machine in a sprightly fashion. The trout accelerated its speed and seemed to prefer leaping against the water currents to swimming with them. The fish was thrown back into the pond but it had its own ideas.

It struck the water and was off like a flash, up, down, crosswise, until the placid water was transformed into a sea of tiny whitecaps and brother trout were occurring to safety. Then the bit of "rotted dynamite" whirled into shore, came to a spray-raining stop at its own feet and with whistles and jumps and imploring eyes begged for another turn at this washing machine. . . . The discoverer had to a systematic exercising for all of the trout, to make its eyes use were used for that purpose only. And that, dear reader, is just another fish story.

Tall Tales

As told to ELMO FRANK E. HAGAN and SCOTT WATSON

The Absent-Minded Carpenter
WHEN Charles G. Grant, former Ohio newspaper man, was a boy in Columbus he knew a carpenter named J. Elmer Putterbaugh who was just about the best in the business. No job was ever too big for him to tackle, according to Mr. Grant. When J. Elmer took the contract to build a big church over near Washington Court House, he got so interested in his work that he forgot to stop. So the main aisle was so long that they had to have two preachers—one to stand at the altar and marry folks and the other to stand at the front door and christen their first baby as they came out.

Another time J. Elmer's absent-mindedness got him in trouble. He was shingling the roof on a barn when a thick fog came sweeping up the valley from the Ohio river. J. Elmer kept right on shingling and without noticing what he was doing shingled 20 feet of fog before he noticed his mistake. This turned out to be pretty serious because he fell and broke one of his legs off clean when he tried to get down. As a result he had to have a wooden leg, but when Elmer reached down to scratch his knee cap he'd get a splinter in his finger. That made him so angry that he'd grab his saw and saw his wooden leg right off. It broke him up buying new wooden legs. At last he went to a paper's grave.

"But they had a hard time keeping him in it," declares Mr. Grant. "You see, J. Elmer was something of a crossroads philosopher—just full of wise saws. His ghost used one of these to saw his way out of the pine box in which they buried him. Folks got pretty tired of having his ghost chasing around at night. So they finally captured it, enclosed it in a box of chilled steel, and from that time on there has been nothing but frozen steel out of J. Elmer Putterbaugh."
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Similes
As safe as the reputation of an absent member at a bridge club. As crestfallen as a denials, w t the tachache. As idle as a window w a he o rainy day. "Herbert," said the mother of her six-year-old son, "is it possible that you are teaching the parrot to use slang?" "No, Mamma," replied Herbert. "I was just telling him what to say."
—Montreal Star

THE CHAMPIONS

By DAVID R. INNES

When the laurel wreath of victory once is worn upon his head, He never may forget how hard he worked to win his crown. For his fellows always follow where a champion's feet have tread. And should they come upon him, they will seize and pull him down. But a thousand times the harder he must work to keep the laurels won.

Though the crowd may make it easy, he must keep himself in trim; Must pay the price of discipline, fight hard to reach the top. But the heights attained at last, with there, with eyes of all on him, Eternal vigilance must keep his mind, his place, he dare not stop.

Though he win his spurs, he stand not, say, a salient point. If he really means to keep them, to defend what he has won, Then—true champions always find their hearts—a salient point to win. The wounded wolf who once is down is prey for all the pack. He who takes it for aly, squarely, must at least tolerate a grin.

Is a dangerous adversary—for he will give it back. 'Tis a battle well behind him when the title belt is won. But the fight is just beginning for he who keeps the title won. Still, most champions are wolf-like loafers, were the fight not thick and hot. And, since strenuously always challenge, and wars must ever flow.

'Tis the everlasting struggle, with the champion on the s. That keeps the gate still open, and the road uphill yet free. He who climbs upon the hill, upon the morning yet in fair. Has won a point—but victory still consists in staying there.

Fighting, great determination, they will hold the world at bay. The only way to win a championship has ever known. The fighting heart keeps pumping, though he stagger, reel and sway. The will to win sustains him when all else has fled. Cheers stand up, all at once, a horizontal on the mat. But "The champion won't bow down," he says, "I'll fight to my hat."

Life—all life—must be a struggle. Mother nature that declares. When warring forces oppose to fight, dry rot and foul decay put forth their subtle policy, leading death by slow degrees. Whose victims sink in lethargy to shortly pass away.

Though adversaries or elements, whatever be his foe, 'Tis the everlasting challenge keeps the champion on his toes. Thus our blessings often come disguised, we learn alas, too late. Eternal competition keeps both mind and muscles keen. While the universal struggle and the universal fate. Decide the world's tomorrow; champions—those who might have been. Home Sports, amos, 'tis!—catapults or kings. In their helplessness to chance it must accept the schism of things.

Form of Criticism
A lad who lived near the Mississippi river was visiting in England. The English custom, being to impress him, showed him the nearby Thames river. Next morning the boys congratulated him. "What do you say today?" asked the English youngster. "The American thought a moment I'd tell you, he suggested, 'let's go around by the creek!'"



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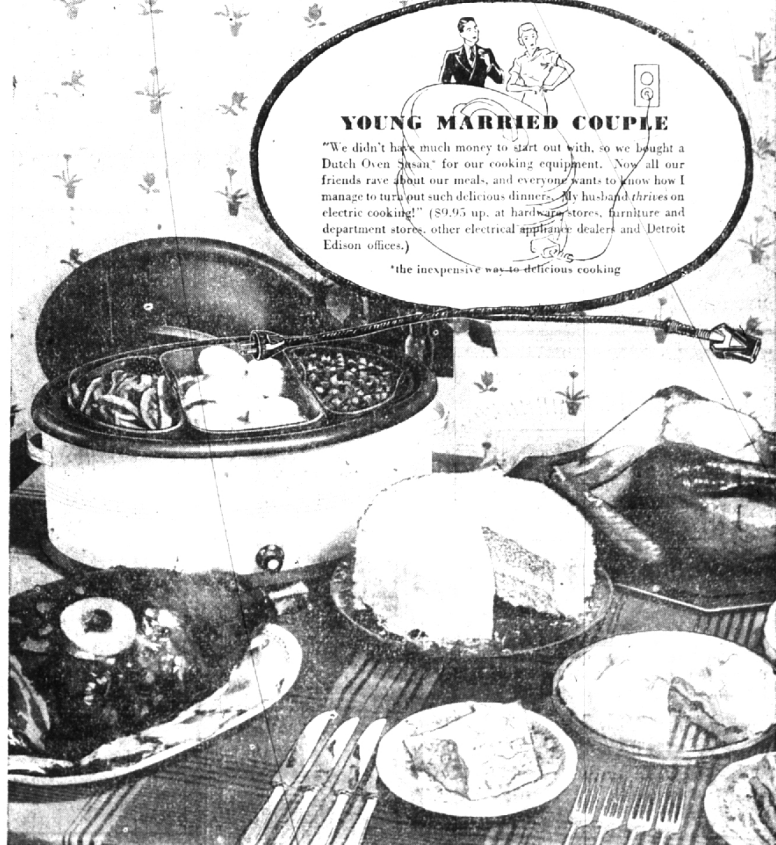
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A message for those who do not believe in MIRACLES

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