

the king's advisers, and it is thought a good plan, worthy of such a king, that a fleet will be built to keep off any more barbarians that should molest the country. However, of this I shall tell you more in another letter at another time. Matters will become more settled now, as we have once more peace, and I hope that education will spread through the whole country, even to the savage Norsemen.

I wish you success in your work, and pray you to commend me to my friends whom I hope to see some day.

Sincerely yours,

—*MARCUS GEORGIUS.*

RISIBLE RUBBISH

Miss Gregory—"I won't have any composition books but 'Chapman's.'"

Mr. Page (to pupil reciting in Greek)—"Sit down, sit down and study your perfect middle."

Teacher—"What kind of sentence is this?"

Edna—Simple.

Teacher—"I know something more simple."

Johnny had been playing truant and had spent a beautiful day fishing.

"Catch anything"? called one of his cronies on his arrival.

"Dunno, ain't been home yet," replied Johnny.

Oldham (reading ad.)—"I wear Penman's underwear."

Minnie Black—"I don't, I wear dad's."

Dr. Foster (to Crocket)—"You don't know anymore about Geometry than you do about flying, and you wouldn't fly far, for you would be shot for a goose."

"Abbie" Hanson was a nice little chap;

He prefers car-riding with a girl on his lap.

Peggy Jones—"King Charles was a pyxis—he lost his head."