

April 15, 1920.
pole 10 feet.
ball 30 yards.
own from 20 yards.
FOUR FOLLOWING
d.
eel."
iz.: know the
ce and striking)
le (correct form).
ge the Scouts.
Boy Scouts did
dy recently. Chief
Department, asked
rton, of the Scouts,
earing away snow
It was impossible
the work, so the
job, and not only
carried on in a
credit on them.
is an organization
encourage in any
of Serbia.
thought that the
a would have been
ence by this time.
d to be for a time,
d to kill. Head-
a little time ago
ged, hungry boys
p. uniforms came
we don't know
l the Boy Scouts
to a good start
This ought to be
ling troops. Don't
Scoutmaster, have
you cannot find
our place, let your
nder your Patrol
the Ocean.
ny do you have
instead of miles?"
at—"Well, you see
the ocean tide if
ts."
days of the war,
work by sending
boys in the Scout
nt lines. Could we
ood work still by
books and maga-
ermen in the lonely
timber lands? If
terature, books and
sent to the writer
e would gladly see
ked them and sent
al your camp equip-
try-out on the 24th
fine day. Turn your
era Club, get good
gh the summer, and
es for your winter
n enjoy the summer
way.
R PRIDE.
(proudly to old cot-
got a letter from
aying he has just
. I can't tell you
." Old Cottager-
your feelin's mum-
hen our pig won a
cultural show."
HE CAPTAIN.
ipman lately went
p. He was met on
in, who said, "Well,
ve come to join us
old story—the fool
? Haw, haw!" To
lutely replied: "Oh,
everything else—all
ur day." The cap-
to pursue the ques-

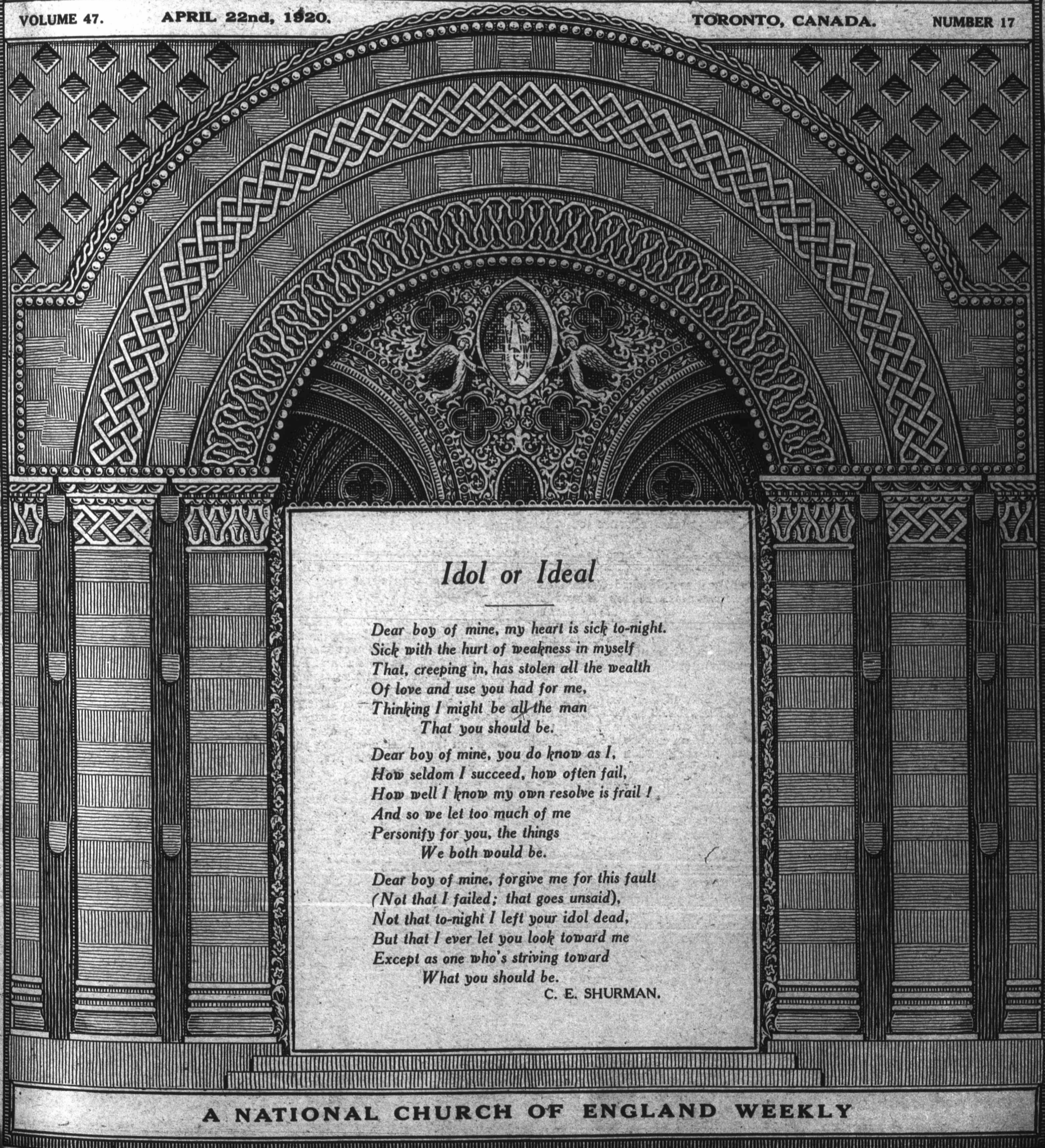
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Idol or Ideal

Dear boy of mine, my heart is sick to-night,
Sick with the hurt of weakness in myself
That, creeping in, has stolen all the wealth
Of love and use you had for me,
Thinking I might be all the man
That you should be.

Dear boy of mine, you do know as I,
How seldom I succeed, how often fail,
How well I know my own resolve is frail,
And so we let too much of me
Personify for you, the things
We both would be.

Dear boy of mine, forgive me for this fault
(Not that I failed; that goes unsaid),
Not that to-night I left your idol dead,
But that I ever let you look toward me
Except as one who's striving toward
What you should be.

C. E. SHURMAN.

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