

altogether the same. But again on the other hand, the difference is not so great. If the professional man is allowed to have his choice in the matter will anybody have the crust to deny that the laborer is not also allowed to have his pick?



Now, since I have got into the mud, so to speak, I must only get out of it. We were talking about Spring, and to Spring and its delightful associations we must return. The weather king seems to have lost his grip on winter's frozen collar much earlier than usual and we expect to see the first instalment of Summer laid on our table before very long, as the newspaper fellows would say. I notice several commandoes of mosquitoes have already put in their appearance, but of course there is no need to jump to the conclusion from this that summer is right upon us. Mosquitoes have been seen before now, in mid-winter, taking out-door exercise by indulging in that game we all used to enjoy—and known as "tan-the-leather." I don't know if that is the proper name for that game, but it was good enough for us. So don't pay any attention to the pesky little critters—unless they begin to pay attentions to you. They will likely feel inclined to do so at times.



The real harbinger of Summer, it seems to me, is the sprightly and frolicsome June bug, which of late years has got into the habit of arriving early in May, thus unwittingly making a liar of its name. Yes! you may be sure that the sign for Summer is right when the gentle June bug cometh buzzing on its busy way. The June bug is an animal—er—an insect I mean—which for nerve and pertinacity is not excelled—no—not even by the mosquito. Nothing seems to please a June bug so much as getting off that practical joke of sailing down majestically on some unfortunate "human" and dashing right into his countenance, without giving him timely warning. You may possibly manage to see it coming a second before it strikes you; in that second you can see it gathering more and more speed till it is moving at a heartbreaking pace. In the last half of the second you have realized that the June bug's voice is uplifted in joyful melody. Then comes the crash! The June Bug has got in a splendid piece of football work, having taken a "touch-down" on your forehead or in your ear, in a manner most Abegweitical. Good word that! (copyrighted.) The June bug then leaves and goes on his way rejoicing, looking for more victims. Oh! the June bug is a happy bug, always intensely happy and it doesn't care who knows it. When it tries to strike up an acquaintance with you, it doesn't wait for any formal introduction.