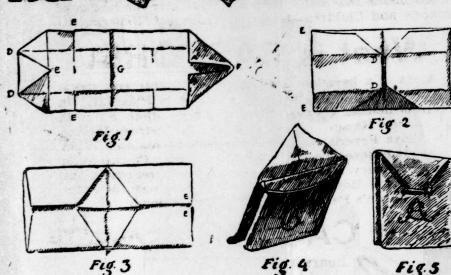
Withe first of July it be Our Boys and Girl CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS rainy weather. OUI



PAPER PORTEMONNAIE



IT IS quiet fun to make things out of stiff paper. Try this stunt—a porte-monnaie. If your paper is heavy enough to stand a little wear, you can actually carry money in this article.

Take a sheet of paper about six inches wide and fourteen inches long, and fold as shown in the five cuts. Finish with your monogram in black and white or in colors.

A NEW GAME OF FREEZE-OUT

TERE is a novelty as a simple afterdinner pastime, which is sure to please you, for it is a game of skill, at which you are sure to win if you are the best player. Although other games are lots of fun sometimes, after all it is a game of skill that boys and girls like best.

When the dinner or tea things have been cleared away and table left quite bare, you have an ideal "field" for the game all ready for you. Get a plain white sheet of writing paper, and in the centre of it draw a circle about two inches in diameter. Place the paper in the centre of the table, draw up a chair for each player, get the nut basket or the button box and the game is ready to begin. Filberts, chestnuts or hickory nuts are just the things to use, but if you have none of these at hand, the big bone overcoat buttons that you will find in the button bcx will do beautifully. fin the button box will do beautiful.

Give each player an equal number. Place one of the nuts on the edge of the table, aim at the centre of the paper and then snap the nut smartly with your first, or index, finger. The nut will slide along the table and will, if you have calculated just right, stop exactly have calculated just right, stop exactly in the centre of the circle on the paper. But, of course, you have not calculated exactly, and you will be lucky if, at the After you have had your chance, the other players take their turns, and the one who comes closest to the centre of first trial you to

the circle on the paper wins all of the Then every one tries again, and again he player who lands in or nearest to he "bulk's eye" wins the other nuts. the "bull's eye" wins the other. When a player has lost all his nuts, he when a player has lost all his nuts, he he drops out of the game, "froze while the other players continue il one has all the nuts. That one is,

of course, the winner.
This method of play lends a pleasant element of novelty to the game, and it is astonishing how excited even the gravest of "grown-ups" will become when on the point of being frozen out. It requires a lot of skill to win in the ame, and an experienced player will ce his shots just as surely as in poo or billiards, or any other game of skill.

If one of the other players should have placed his nut exactly in the centre of the circle, you may still win by knocking it out of its place with your nut, which may, itself, remain in the place

of the other one if you are very expert. The fun in the game is all out of proportion to its simplicity.

An Old Ball Game.

IN THE days before baseball became so popular-in fact, when that game was almost unknown-boys used to play "one hole cat," a game from which some say baseball was originally de-

There was an old Scottish game of much the same name as the popular game of the fifties, but which is considerably different in the way it is played. The game is called "cat in the hole," and, old as it is, it is capable of affordand, old as it is, it is capable of affording some good sport yet.

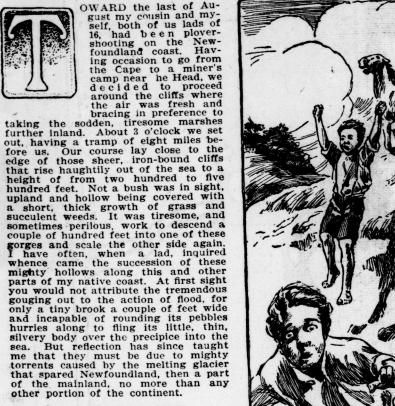
In playing the game six shallow holes are dug, rather nearer together than the bases in baseball, and arranged so as to form a diamond. In the centre stands a boy with a ball in his hand. At each hole is a boy with a stick, one end of which he rests in the hole he is guarding. When the boy with the ball sings out, "Cat in the hole," all the other boys change holes. As they do so the boy with the ball tries to throw it into one of the holes before any boy gets his stick into it, If he succeeds, the boy who is slow in changing, and finds the ball in the hole before his stick, is out. He then has to take the ball himself.

Amusing Trick.

A LL that is necessary is a napkin ring. At the table is a good time to try it—if you are allowed.

Insert the two foreingers into the ring from different sides, and turn the finaround each other slowly, letting the direction be away from the body. Close the finger and thumb of each hand around the ring, and bring the tips of the four together. Open them and drop the ring. This sounds simple, but if one succeeds in a half dozen attempts it is astonishing. The im-portant fact to get into one's head is, when the tips of the fingers and thumb are brought together the tips of the fingers of the right hand must rest on the thumb of the left, and vice versa. In opening, keep the fingers and thumbs joined together, perfectly still,

HUNTED BY A WILD HORSE



A RUN FOR LIFE

On the mountain tops we shot plover and curlew till our ammunition was exhausted and the sun was only half an hour high. Then we quickened our pace, for the camp of the miners was still six miles distant.

As we reached the top of the highest plateau, jaded from the exhausting climb, we heard the far-off but keen, vicious whinny of a horse. We spoke not, but looked at each other; for we were now ware of what we had forest.

were now aware of what we had forgot ten before, that the wild stallion, Black ten before, that the wild stallion, Black Glossy, was grazing about those airy meadows. Further down the coast were meadows. Further down the coast were other stallions let loose during the summer while the fishermen were away in their boats; but none was so much to be dreaded as this fierce brute whose name sent terror into the heart of every timid traveler. We had no means of defense, having

we had no means of derense, having fired away our ammunition; but we were cool, and promptly decided to get off level ground and trust to escape in some cliff-side or slope where the beast could not get a footing. So we were off with the speed of the wind. About a third of a mile beyond us lay the edge of a slope that ran down to a the edge of a slope that ran down to a small cove, and, from a dim recollection which I had retained of the spot, I was in hopes, if we could reach there before the stallion, to make our escape. Again came the same wild neigh, and in the distance we could hear the dull thud of hoofs upon the hard, dry top of the upland. I glanced hastily around, and at distance of about a third of a mile saw our pursuer. He was as black as a raven, and the shining of his coat I could see, even at that distance. His head curved downward, his body seemed to be gathered up and shortened, and his tail streamed out behind him. Our terror almost lent wings to our feet. Nearer and wilder grew the whinny; but we scarce trusted ourselves to look back. We were near-ing the slope, but I was not certain

We Ran for the Cliff

that the portion we were approaching was gradual enough to afford a foothold. I had breath enough to say to my cousin "If he overtakes us, our only chance is to stop short, swerve aside, and then dart straight ahead again, which will cause him to curve round and lose time. It is his heels that we have most to guard against." guard against."

We were at the slope, and found that it was not so steep as we could have desired it. Below a small brook brawled over the stones down the incline, to be lulled and lost in the sand between hightide mark and the stretch of ows at the foot of the hill. Nimbly we ran down, but fifteen paces above us, at the spot where we had begun the dethe spot where we had begun the de-scent, was the stallion. He did not, as I supposed he would, rush headlong down, but snorted, and pawed the sand with his forehoofs. Then, wheeling, he gal-loped in the direction of a faint path loped in the direction of a faint path that led through a more level passage.

We knew that he must reach the bottom of the valley almost as soon as we could, so we sprang, ran—and sometimes found ourselves rolling—down the steep grassy slope. The neighing of the infuriated brute was now more constant and more appallingly shrill, and the three walls of the hollow gave echoes of the vicious cry till it seemed to our terrified imagination as if we were being pursued by twenty demon horses. The sun, too, had just gone down, and in

this lonely place, walled by great mountains, with a weird marsh and a complaining surf before us, superstitious fear was added to the terror of pursuit. We reached the bottom safely, and observed running out into the cove a parrow ledge of rock. "Upon that!" was all I had beath to say, hastily indicating the rock with my

say, hastily indicating the rock with my hand.

Then we struck out across the marsh—and the terrible brute was close by us, his tail in the air, nostrils distended, his eyes blood-shot. We stopped short and swerved to the left when he was so close that we might have felt his hot breath upon us; and as he curved round, almost losing his legs, we darted on. I shall never forget the thrill of that moment in watching the result of our manoeuvre. As he swept round his tongue was out and he flung foam from his open jaws. His thin "slippers," bright from running over the grass, gleamed almost in our faces as he wheeled around. our ruse had saved us. Ere it was necessary to repeat the trick, we had both mounted the rock and were nimbly running out to its furthest point, where the spray broke slightly over us. From this point we could leap upon a larger rock, whence we might take a long range of strand to our right, after the tide had ebbed another half hour.

TRAPPED ON A ROCK

Now, the danger and the terror over, we could not but enjoy the discomfiture of our baffled pursuer. A dozen times did he rush out to the surf, plash the water with his hoofs, and plow up the sand; then he would go careering along the marsh's marge with mane erect, uttering his shrill, fierce whinny and filling every nook about the cliffs with terrifying echoes. We jumped upon the larger rock and stood there awaiting the fall of the tide. The gloaming deepened, and still the maddened brute raved up and down the strand, plashed into the marsh, tearing up the lilies and the violet flag-blooms with his infuriate feet, crying all the while like a balked fiend. And when it became totally dark, before the rising of the moon, we could see gleaming out of the deep dusk by the verge of the marsh two eyes that resembled kindled emeralds.

Beyond the rock on which we stood every now and again a fin or a tail would break the surface of the water and scatter myriad little phosphorescent beads about like showers of silver spray. The splashing was probably made by sharks, for before the darkness came we could see them lurking around the rocks in the clear, green waters, and at intervals pushing a black fin above the surface. We had at the first thought of leaving our guns behind us on the rock and wading and swimming around the point to the strand; but the terror of a shark's crunching jaws was not more welcome than the snining heels or the vicious teet.. of the stallion. Now, the danger and the terror over,

shining heels or the vicious teet .. of When the moon rose above the sea the tide was out, and left a dark belt the stallion.

the tide was out, and left a dark belt around the base of the rock. Once more our eyes searched for the foiled horse. our eyes searched for the folled horse. He was beyond the marsh, standing in deep gloom under the shoulder of the precipice. The last thing I remembered noting as I slid from the rock upon the noting as I slid from the rock upon the clammy shingle were two globes of smouldering fire looking toward our point of departure. And as we passed around the point that terrible neightit was the last time we heard it—again started a hundred echoes. About 9 o'clock, we reached the miners' camp, eating the more heartily, and sleeping the more soundly for our afternoon of strain and terror.—J. E. Collins.

I AM the belle of the Seaside Colony.

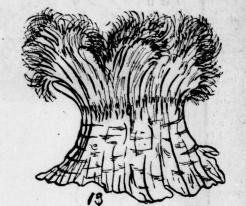
"Cruel?" you say.

Well, isn't it the privilege of all beauties to be more or less cruel? I'm no worse than my sister belles. Truly, I think I'm a great deal better, for they break men's hearts, while I only lasso little shrimps, sand fleas and such small fry to satisfy my appetite, which is a good one, I must confess.

I'm in my brown morning wrapper now; but if you want to see me with all my lovely salmon-pink fringes waving in the sunlit water, come down to my rocky pool at high tide this noon Then you may see a bee or a butterfly hovering over me; for they think—the foolish creatures—that I am a real flower, instead of a cruel sea anemone. ready to lasso and swallow them the moment they touch the water.

moment they touch the water.

MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.



The Devil's Darning Needle

UICK, run away, or he'll sew up your ear!" the children cry in the country when they see a big "darning needle" flit by. The dragonfly, or devil's darning needle, as it is sometimes called, is known by its long, slender tail, great gauzy wings and the yellow and bluish black of its body. It is a harmless little fellow, but for some unknown reason it won a bad reputation long ago; and even grown men and women are slow to overcome the strange prejudice which they learned to feel when they were boys and girls.

boys and girls.

But among other insects the dragonfly is a little tyrant, for it feeds upon
the smaller water insects and larvae
with a voracious appetite. It is best to
watch this beautiful little creature in watch this beautiful little creature in the early summer, when it is full of vig-orous life and glorying in the posses-sion of its newly got wings. Its favor-ite haunt is some quiet pool, where the waters of the noisy brook seem to pause and rest for a time after their troubled journey. Here, when the warm weather begins, a wonderful little show takes place every year. Dozens of tiny mypmphs, as the dragonflies are called in their earlier state, crawl slowly up the long stems of the water weeds, or sometimes many feet up the tree trunks about the margin of the pool, and fix themselves motionless and silent for a time waiting for their great chance to come. For nearly a year they have been preparing for this in their home deep under the water. The mother dragonfly lays her eggs in the water, and from the time when the baby insect leaves the egg at the bottom of the pool and becomes a numb it goes on eating and becomes a nymph it goes on eating and growing and moulting many times, till

its final shell appears. Once out in the warm sunshine this outer shell begins to crack down the middle of the back, and Master Dragonfly must work his way out. It is a queer sight if a boy or girl can chance upon him during the process. He some-times has much trouble in getting his tail wholly free, and looks as if he were

two insects, the almost empty shell with its head, legs and body clinging stiffly to the swaying stalk, while the living insect is doubled up on top of the shell struggling to get away. At last he crawls up to the top of the stalk and rests for several hours till his body grows stronger and his wings expand. Even after his first flight into the air to try big wings ha is weak and without the try his wings he is weak and without the beautiful iridescence for which he is so much admired later.

The little mayfly, a gauzy, joyous thing that has climbed like the dragonfly from a watery birthplace, forms probably the first course of the dragonfly's dinner. The dragonfly has an odd habit of choosing some particular twig for a resting place, where he can watch for his prev among the dancing insects for his prey among the dancing insects below, and now and then he darts down suddenly to seize a victim, but does not eat till he has alighted again on his favorite twig, when he can enjoy his feast at leisure. But even tyrants are never safe, whether in the insect world or among men, and if this one does not take care he will himself furnish a dinner for some larger creature. The king-bird or some other flycatcher is too often perched on a low branch just above the bravest dragonfly's twig, and just when the insect is ready to devour the last delicious bit of a poor little fly, which a moment ago was darting among the reeds, the kingbird pounces upon his prey and the dragonfly's short life is

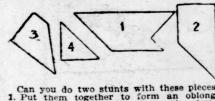
ended.

Dragonflies are found all over the world, for there are said to be about 1700 species. In tropical lands their coloring is more brilliant, and some are more than six inches long. In certain parts of England they are known as "herse stingers," while among the French they have the prettier name of demoiselie, or damsel. They are insects demoiselie, or damsel. of great power, but love best the hot-test sunshine. This seems to invigorate them like a tonic for their swift, daring excursions on the wing, but on dull days they are often listless, letting them-selves be taken with the fingers, almost

and the ring will at once be free. Capital fun may be had with this trick if one not knowing the secret en-Sly Old Poxand Billie Bear PROBLEMS



Can You Do It?



Numerical Enigma. My 13, 12, 11, 10, 16, 10, 18 is the close of

3, 20, 1, 21 is weight. 4, 19, 3, 2 is froth. 5 is an exclamation. 6 whole is an old proverb. Acrostic.

n eat, not in drink;
n float, not in sink;
h hare, not in rabbit;
h practice, not in habit,
h horse, not in cow;
n peace, not in row;
n nag, not in mule;
h teach, not in rule;
whole will surely bring

Double Acrostic. (Three letters.)
A kind of cup; a feminine name; to furnish with apparatus; an obligation.
Primals, a note sounded at the death of game. Finals, to bind. Primals and finals, to pledge.

Geographical Enigma. Three, when multiplied by four,
Are my letters, and one more.
Take my twelfth; then, if you please,
My seventh and second; add to these
My first, tenth, thirteenth—and you name
A river of historic fame.

When this mystic stream is found Turn my ninth and fifth around; Then, my sixth and seventh in line With my tenth and first combine, And you will have spelled a word Saxon's ear had never heard 'Till beneath our Western sky Indian warrior met his eye.

Gallant first one, come again
With eight, three, and number ten.
See you not that we have here
Word to heart of poet dear?
Fourth! eleventh! and shall they
No part in our pageant play?
With them now, in order clear,
Let my tenth, second, first appear,
And our chiefest slave draws near
Your behests, and mine, to hear.

A Cargo of Tea.

Take tea from laov and leave a nreside. 5.

Take tea from to drill and leave a downpour. 7. Take tea from a cord and leave a beverage. 8. Take tea from a quick pull and leave a wizard. 9. Take tea from part of a wheel and leave wrath. 10. Take tea from sour and leave science. 11. Take tea from disloyalty and leave sense.

Beheadings. Behead veracity and leave a girl's Behead a fish and leave to put to flight.

3. Behead a stream of water and leave a bird.



What Town? Can you tell Polly Evans what town in the United States is represented by this picture?

Four Missing Words. There was once a — of Cadiz,
Who — some nihilist ladies.
The — which they threw The — which they three.

Would — him they knew;
And it did, for it blew him to Hades!

spelt with the same Each word is spelt with the same seven letters. Who can fill the blanks? Polly Evans would like to see the re-

sult of your work. Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Transposed Blanks.

Lead, dale.
Tower, or wet.
Not, ton.
Tale, late.
Hare, hear.
Save, vase.
Race, acre.
Once, cone. Foolish Conuadrum. No matter how tired an elephant may be, a cannot sit on his trunk. Cross-Word Enigma

Diamond. C BUG

Names and Addresses. James Archibald. 10 Rodney street. Mr. John Hughes, 16 Beaumont street, Divided Syllable Puzzle.

(1) Cans. (2) Cork. (3) Hats. (4) Cars.

GROAN

SUN



LD Mrs. Katz's children sleep

in that upstairs room," said Sly Old Fox to his friend, Billie Bear. "Just you help me with these giant firecrackers until I get my-

self fixed where I can do something. Then I'll put them inside the window,

light them, and scare the Katzlings into

ville, where we can celebrate the holi-day in peace and comfort!"



Nobody Knows But Mother. How many buttons are missing to-day? Nobody knows but mother. How many playthings are strewn in her

- How many burns on each fat liftle fist.

How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?

Nobody knows but mother.

"He, he!" giggled Billie Bear. "Won't

they be scared, though!"
"They will, will they?" muttered Mrs.

Katz, who was awake and had heard every word of the conversation. "They will, will they? I guess I shall have something to say about that."

So she quietly slipped over to the kitchen and got the saw, and then she reached out, and before Sly Old Fox could say Jack Robinson she seized both stilts, held on to them with a firm grip

and sawed with all her might.

How many hats has she hunted to-day? Nobody knows but mother. Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay? Nobody knows but mother, many handkerchiefs willfully How many ribbons for each little maid, now, for her care, can a mother be paid?

Nobody knows but mother. How many muddy shoes all in a row? Nobody knows but mother. How many stockings to darn, do you

Nobody knows but mother. How many little torn aprons to mend, What is the time when her day's work Noboay knows but mother.

How many lunches for Tommy and Sam? Nobody knows but mother. Cookies and apples and blackberry jam? Nobody knows but mother. Nourishing dainties for every "sweet Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth, How much love sweetens the labor, forsootn?

Nobody knows but mother.

know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white How many tears for her babes has the shed. many kisses for each curly head? Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother heart

A Tale of Tails. EVERYBODY knows that doggy uses his to say "I'm glad."
And that tabby, near the doggy, uses hers to say "I'm mad."

think twice before you try to celebrate another holiday by frightening my children. It isn't quite so funny when

you find your trick turned on yourselves, is it?"

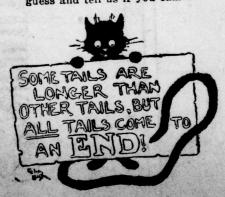
Strange to say, the monkey uses his to help him climb a tree,
While the peacock seems to have his just to show his vanity.

Squirrels hosping through the treetops have theirs simply for a show,

Fishes in the purling brooklet need theirs just to make them go. Brindle also has one, and it serves to keep the flies away;
Bobby put one on his kite to make it
fly the other day.

Still, 'tis puzzling; look at bunny; his is very, very small.
Then consider why a bullfrog hasn't one at all, at all.

So it seems almost a riddle, little girlie, little man, Why these tails are all so different, guess and tell us if you can.



FLUFFY'S FIRST FLIGHT

MADE a call to-day and stayed a full hour, in spite of the most ob-vious inhospitality on the part of my host and hostess. Bad manners, The house where my friends lived was

some seven eight feet above the ground, in a little poplar tree. Thorny twigs of osage orange formed the frame work, with a few bits of cloth and string woven in, and a lining of soft dry grass inside. Crowded so close to-gether that they were sitting almost on gether that they were sitting almost on the edge of the nest were four of the most charring biuejay babies one could ask to see, fluffy balls of gray, with blue and white markings on their wings and their tiny tails. Bluejays seldom nest so near the ground, and I was glad to have a chance to study this interest-ing family at close range.

Mrs. Jay resented my placing a chair under her very nose, and screaming loudly she flew up to the roof of a house

nearby, where she sat watching me in evident disapproval. Sometimes she would bend over and give several sharp picks on the wood with her strong, black beak. Then back she went to the tree where her nest was, screaming as she flew. Lighting above her nest she began to utter a queer
"R-r-r-r-"
not unlike the winding of a watch, and
as she did she teetered up and down.

After this she began to cry in a plaintive way, that made me so sorry for her that I was half inclined to go away and leave her in peace.

By this time her mate had arrived on the scene and was bravely endeavoring to scare me away. Again and again he flew screaming by me, sometimes so close that I could feel the breeze on my neck from his beautiful whirring wings. The next minute down fell Sly Mr. Fox all in a heap on top of astonished Billie Bear, and sh! pop! boom! off went every last one of the giant firecrackers all about their heads, frightening the two mischievous plotters half out of their wits.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mrs. Katz. "You'll think twice before you try to celebrate Several times I heard him utter a clear,

sweet call,
"Quee'la—quee'la."

Now there was a long silence and I began to think that the parents had left me for a time, and that I could observe the young birds undisturbed. A leafy the property of the property of the property of the same and the same are the property of the same are the property of the same are twig partly interfered with my view of the nest, and I lifted my hand to break it off. Lo! a flutter of little wings and a downy blue and gray birdling had flown clear out of the nest and disappeared behind a wall of vines. I doubt

before, and it must have felt strange enough to find himself flying so unex-

Mother Jay could not have been far away, for she came dashing up with renewed protests, and I shrank back into my chair, feeling very much ashamed of myself for disturbing her brimming cradle full of babies.

Now I heard an entirely new call—

a soft, motherly "Ku-ku-ku" and the little birds began to grow very restless and excited. Perhaps the flight of the first baby suggested to the mother that it might be a good plan to get the others out of the nest and away from my dangerous presence. She flew to the edge of the nest and seemed to talk to the children in gentle tones. One little fellow hopped up a few inches, but soeedily fell back again. But once started the young jays were not to be discouraged, and before long two of the downy small fellows were safely perched on twigs a foot or two above their home. This was all very well till one of them wriggling and twisting to plume his downy coat fell off his perch and came plump on the grass at my feet. This accident resulted in renewed screams from the parents, but Baby Jay did not seem to mind at all. He picked himself up and seemed inclined to climb upon my toe, but to the edge of the nest and seemed to inclined to climb upon my toe, but thought better of it and went off in the opposite direction with a hop, skip and jump, his absurd little crest raised like his father's. One of the old birds flew down to him with an encouraging "Ku-ku-ku."

The baby's adventures had evidently made him hungry, for he opened his mouth with a greedy cry when he saw the old bird coming. As no worm awaited him, however, he shut his beak like a well-mannered bird and hopped away with his parent till both were lost to view behind the house. to view behind the house.

So two of the little blue birdlings started out on their life travels, and the third must have followed soon, for he had disappeared from his twig when I have the been to the next two or three went back to the nest two or three hours later. Only one lazy baby was left to enjoy undisputed possession of a cradle that had certainly grown close quarters for four.—M. W. W.

The Girl Who Smiles.

wind was east, and the chimney smoked, And the old brown house seemed dreary, For nobody smiled and nobody joked-The young folks grumbled, the old folks

croaked; They had come home chilled and weary. Then opened the door, and a girl came Oh! she was homely-very;

Her nose was pug, and her cheek was here wasn't a dimple from brow to But her smile was bright and cheery. She spoke not a word of the cold or

damp, Nor yet of the gloom about her, But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp. And she put on the place a different

stamp

From that it had without her. They forgot that the house was a dull old place, And smoky from base to rafter, And gloom departed from every face, As they felt the charm of her mirthful

And the cheer of her happy laughter. Oh, give me the girl who will smile and

sing, and make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing.
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather. MARY A. GILLETTE.

Sunflower Pincushion.

TIERE is something nice for you girls to make for mother. Surprise her with it. All you require is a penny roll of yellow crinkled paper, a piece of dark brown material, some bran or sawdust and a yard of narrow

green ribbon. Cut the brown material into a circle about the size of a saucer; run round the edge with some very strong cotton, a quarter of an inch from the outside. Fill the centre with bran or sawdust, and draw the cotton up tightly so that it forms a little pudding-like pad, and then fasten off the cotton firmly.

Next cut some large sunflower petals out of the crinkled paper-you will want a good many - and sew them neatly round the brown centre so that it resembles a flower. When the petals are in position, make the back neat by sewing another piece of stuff round the gathered-up part. Then double the ribbon and sew both

ends firmly to the back of pad, tying the top part into a pretty bow to hang the sunflower up by Then gently press out the edge of each of the paper petals, and stick the centre full of pins.

A Troublesome Sum.

If 5 a chance-If I've a chance. 2-day—to-day. 10-der—tender.

be-4—before.
'8's the Rule—(h)ates the rule.
Asi-9—asinine. His 6-perience-his experience.