

Jim McCulloch was here from his farm near Jessie last Thursday evening to attend a meeting of I. O. O. F. Jim couldn't withstand the temptation of wiggling his feet when he learned there was a dance "on" that evening. At first he demurred when asked to go, on account of not coming dressed for the occasion, he said, but on being assured that it was no swell dress affair and that he would have a good time, he finally yielded, Come often, Jim.

Now is the time for the small boy