

He had to push over two youngsters to obtain the right to chase it, but that didn't matter to him. He was under her window at last, and looked up. He saw only one thing—her eyes. Then he grabbed the ball and ran. “Whew,” he murmured as he ran, “She is so cross-eyed she could look into her own eyes without any trouble.”



City—“Why are you beating that cow so?”

Country—“Ma’s going to have company and she wants some whipped cream.”