

E. W. Blackwell met with a funny experience Tuesday afternoon. On the rear of his house is a window which is protected from the sun's rays by a lattice blind, this blind had been loose for some time and Mrs. Blackwell had repeatedly told her husband to get it fixed. Tuesday E. W. thought he would attend to this little chore, so he came home and shinning up the pump like a black cat on a moonlight night, he landed on the roof of the addition and got astraddle of the ridge pole. All this was dead easy, but it must be borne in mind that the roof was very slippery and that when Mr. Blackwell took a notion to get down* he realized that it could not be done without endangering his neck, so there he sat like a Thanksgiving turkey who had roosted on the roof to escape getting it in the neck. After yelling until he was red in the face he finally made his wife hear his cries and she and Miss Brown went upstairs and pulled E. W. through a small window into the house. The result of the escapade is a smashed up blind and one ear frozen solid. Mr. Blackwell now sings "There are times when one does not care to be alone."