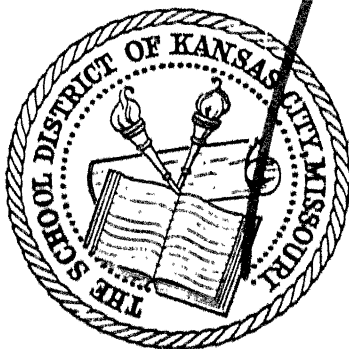


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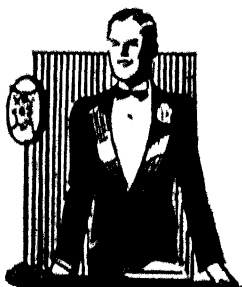
MORE SPEECHES AND STORIES *for* EVERY OCCASION

New Speeches

BY

A. C. EDGERTON, LL.M.

Author of A Speech for Every Occasion
Co-Author of Thirty Complete Debates



NOBLE AND NOBLE, *Publishers, Inc.*

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PREFACE

THERE is always something enticing about Pandora's box, a potpourri, a medley, a hope-chest. One never can tell; there might be something interesting in it. And so, encouraged by the kind reception accorded the publication of *A Speech for Every Occasion*, I am offering another volume of fun and fancy, which I hope will be of equal service to those who wish to prepare themselves for public speaking.

Since the advent of commercial and industrial conventions and the growth of club activities, almost any one may be asked to express in public his views on almost any subject. While it is not always necessary that such speakers be orators in the customary sense of the term, it is imperative that they be able to arrange their thoughts in an orderly way, presenting their conclusions in simple, forceful words, and in a pleasing manner. We live in a critical age. The thought we wish to present to our audience may be ever so important, but unless we have the knack of clothing it in attractive language, it will share the fate of a shabbily clad girl at a fancy dress ball.

It is the purpose of this volume to assist amateur speakers by offering them a few new thoughts on familiar subjects, and a few late model jokes and stories with which to enliven their remarks. Having at times scanned hundreds of pages of miscellaneous material in a frantic last minute search for a thought or a story

appropriate to some particular occasion or subject, I have sought to save other speakers from a like painful experience. To this end, the material here presented is classified and labeled as far as possible, and the speeches are grouped under familiar headings, each group being followed by appropriate stories and jokes. These are shorn of all unnecessary detail, it being left to the speaker to elaborate and embroider the stories to reflect his own personality or to fit the occasion for which they are to be used.

Like the costume of a bride, the book contains "something old," "something new," and "something borrowed"; but whatever else it may contain, there is nothing "blue" about it—nothing melancholy. Therefore, if the seeker after first aid for speeches is helped to entertain himself and others, the purpose of the book will have been achieved, and the author will be well content.

A. C. EDGERTON.

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“I NEVER have dreamed it sin to gladden this
vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.”

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

INTRODUCTION

(Suggestions to Speakers)

“A MAN may say a wise thing, though he say it with a laugh.”

It is a pity that the writer of that line is unknown, because a monument should be erected to his memory. The most solemn fact can be presented in an entertaining manner. The most serious discourse can be enlivened by a few amusing remarks. And here is a bit of advice for the ladies—no matter how plain or handsome your features may be, you are always better looking when you smile.

One who expects to speak in public should cultivate a pleasing personality. He should remember that while speaking he is the center of attention. Not only his words, but his appearance, his expression, and his attitude are on display. Years ago a Boston daily printed this editorial note: “It was a gloomy day yesterday, with overhanging clouds and pattering rain and clinging mists; but Phillips Brooks walked down Newspaper Row, bowing here and there to friends, and the day was all sunshine.” Whatever the message a speaker has to convey, and whatever his surroundings, he should leave with his audience the assurance that the sun is still shining.

In general, to be a successful speaker, there are a few rules which should be borne in mind. The first and

most important of these is to be brief. "Young Gabber made quite a long speech at the club forum last night," said a member to a friend the next day. "What did he talk about?" inquired the friend. "He didn't say," replied the clubman. Alas, there are too many speakers who sometimes fail to tell us what they are talking about. The man or woman who has "a message to deliver" and can speak plain words of human interest will never lack an audience. He who has mastered the art of self-expression is fascinating at all times. The simple, forceful words of the true orator will shine through the ages, undimmed by the labored phrases of lesser minds.

The success of a speech on any occasion depends on whether the speaker has something to say, or whether he merely has to say something. It is said that a small town clergyman once asked Mr. Henry Ward Beecher what to do with persons who sleep in church. "I'll tell you what to do," said Mr. Beecher. "When I first came to Plymouth Church, I gave the sexton orders that if he ever saw any member of my congregation asleep, he should go straight to the pulpit and wake up the minister." There are only two things which make an audience sleepy—poor ventilation and an uninteresting speaker.

This is an age of reality. Men tire of the artificial, the vague, the unreal. Joseph Parker, in speaking to students of oratory, said: "Remember that the eloquence of mere words has no power in this generation. The eloquence that dimples in the sunlight and wimples in the moonlight and splashes in silver waves into golden foam upon the amber sand—and otherwise makes a fool of itself, has gone back to the everlasting nothing-

ness out of which it came." If you have nothing to say, bear in mind that experience

Teaches us that in Life's walk,
'Tis better to let others talk
And listen, while they say instead—
The foolish things we might have said.

With the flamboyant style of oratory goes the too frequent use of gestures. Shakespeare advises: "Do not saw the air too much with your hands"—advice much needed by many an amateur politician. Unless a gesture helps to emphasize your idea, omit it. If the bearing of the speaker is easy and his expression pleasant, this attitude will be reflected by his audience. One can be dignified without appearing stiff; natural without being awkward; genial without acting foolish.

Do not talk above the heads of your audience. Someone has aptly illustrated the too frequent use of large words by the following paragraph:

"Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, and coalescent consistency. Let your extemporaneous descantings have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, and sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity."

One of the chief requisites of successful speaking is a clear, well modulated voice. In order to hold the attention of an audience, one's pronunciation must be correct and his enunciation distinct. Many trained radio speakers and announcers have acquired almost perfect articulation. Every syllable and every letter is given its full tone without apparent effort on the part of the speaker. The result is pleasing to those who listen.

And it is well to remember that "Words are messen-

gers of thought—indexes of the mind.” Your intelligence will be judged by the thoughts you express and the words in which those thoughts are clothed. If you plan to speak in public, cultivate the art, inform yourself on your chosen subject, and present your thoughts clearly and briefly. It was Cowper who said:

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign.

“Words are instruments of music,” says another wise man. “An ignorant man uses them for jargon; but when the master touches them they have unexpected life and soul.”

Be sure that your words, especially foreign ones, are pronounced correctly. And bear in mind this adage:

“If you would have a simple rule a cultured man to tell,
Take notice: Does he always speak his native language
well?”

If your speech is of the after-dinner variety, it must not contain too much wisdom—just a little here and there like nutmeats in a cake—something to give your words character and point. Your audience expects to be entertained, not instructed. Do not disappoint them.

But in relating an anecdote or a joke, do not go into too much detail, or keep your audience in too great suspense. Doubtless they are breathlessly waiting for the point of the story, and they may lose interest if you delay it unduly. They may also lose interest if the climax is apparent too long before it is reached. A good story, well told, is always appreciated in business,

in social circles, or from the platform. And as for the perennial banquet—

After the dinner is over,
After the waiters have gone,
After the coffee and mint-drops,
After the very last song;
Then come the speeches and laughter,
And we settle ourselves for a smoke,
In the hope that one of the speakers
Will tell us a really good joke.

The stories, jokes, verses, and toasts contained in this volume are presented in the hope that they will be found useful to the inexperienced speaker in illustrating a point or enlivening his discourse, so that when he has finished his speech, no one will have occasion to remark: "That was fine, old man. When you sat down I said to myself, 'That's the best thing he has ever done.'"

JOKES

(How and When to Tell Them)

FEW PEOPLE can remember a joke; fewer still can tell one—right. The reason for this is that they do not try. When the average man hears a good story he says to himself: "I must remember that one." And then, because he does nothing to impress it upon his mind, he promptly forgets it. A story can best be remembered through association. The most seasoned story-teller can seldom relate a joke on demand. There must be something leading up to it.

If one does not possess a good memory, the logical thing to do is to keep a little memorandum book in which to jot down the really good jokes and stories one reads or hears—and they are not so many that the book will be unduly large. These should be classified, so that access may easily be had to a joke on any subject. If they are written out in proper form, memorized, and repeated occasionally, they will become familiar.

Cicero speaks of a jest book as a salt pit, out of which one may extract seasoning to sprinkle where one will. If one uses discretion in applying the seasoning, the result will be highly satisfactory. But one can go to extremes in story-telling. When Mark Twain was sixty years old he used to say that he could remember everything that ever happened, but that when he was a young

man he could remember everything, whether it ever happened or not. A certain amount of exaggeration adds piquancy to a joke, but care should be used not to turn the art of story-telling into commonplace prevarication. Few people find enjoyment in plain untruths.

And here is a point which should be borne in mind: Always make the story fit the conversation. It takes a clever person to turn the conversation in order to bring in a story. Such labored efforts are easily discerned. Never force a joke into a speech. Let it fall easily into place, or omit it altogether. Care should be taken not to introduce a story with the stereotyped phrase, "That reminds me—"

It is not necessary, or desirable, to create laughter at frequent intervals during a speech, although an audience, especially an after-dinner gathering, enjoys a little spice of amusement among the speaker's words of wisdom. Any teacher or lecturer will testify to the fact that a point impressed upon his audience by means of a humorous story will be remembered long after the remainder of his discourse has been forgotten.

But the man who expects to use such aids to illustrate a point, impress a fact, or enliven a speech, should, above all else, cultivate a good memory. First, he must learn to repeat a story correctly; secondly, he must remember where and when he has told his favorite jokes; and thirdly, he must use a nice discrimination in their selection and application. He must never tell a story or joke which will offend, either because of its character, or because of the object to which it is applied. A joke at another person's expense may be clever, but it is not in good taste, is unkind, and may easily render its author unpopular.

And do not convey the impression that you are about to be funny. Let your wit be spontaneous. If you raise the expectations too high, your joke may fall flat. Do not attempt to tell a dialect story, unless you have mastered the particular accent for which it calls. There is nothing more tiresome than a Negro story told with a German accent, or a Scandinavian story with an Irish brogue.

Sometimes a speaker meets trouble when he attempts to tell another man's joke, like the Englishman who did not understand a pun made at a dinner where he was a guest. During the meal a waiter let a boiled tongue slip off the plate on which he was bearing it and it fell on the table. The host at once apologized for the mishap, saying that it was a *lapsus linguae* (slip of the tongue). The joke produced much hilarity, and the Englishman decided to make use of it himself. He accordingly invited his company and instructed his servant to let a leg of lamb fall as he was bringing it to the table. When the "accident" occurred, the host exclaimed, "That's only a *lapsus linguae*." Nobody laughed and he repeated the phrase. Still no one seemed amused. So he told them of the accident to the tongue, and then they did laugh—but, alas, at him and not at his joke.

There are only three places in a speech where a joke may be used to advantage—the beginning, the end, or to illustrate a point. It usually has more telling effect when used for illustrative purposes. For example: Assuming that the speaker wishes to criticize certain political candidates who cannot stick to the issue, "Have you ever heard," he might say, "of Bill Brown's hunting dog? Not long ago Bill went out with his dog and

gun. The hound scented a deer and followed it a ways, then he switched to the trail of a jackrabbit, then he flushed a covey of quail, and when Bill caught up with him, he was barking down a gopher hole. Such, my friends, is the attitude which some of our ambitious candidates assume. They start out bravely, following the deer—telling of the wonderful things they expect to accomplish—but instead of bringing home the venison, they usually end by barking down a gopher hole.”

Further on in his address the speaker might mention those office-holders whose views are not clear-cut on certain public questions. “Such men,” the speaker might say, “are like the four-legged birds recently found in Australia. Mrs. Jones was reading about them the other evening and asked Mr. Jones what he supposed they needed four legs for. ‘They are probably politicians,’ answered her husband, ‘and by some special dispensation of their nature, they are enabled to stand on both sides of the fence at the same time.’ ”

In a speech on farm relief the subject of coöperation usually arises and the difficulty encountered in getting the farmers in any community to work together. This could be illustrated by the story of the foxes who agreed to a truce with the fowls in a farm yard and promised the latter that if they went out they would not be molested. So all the fowls sallied forth except one old hen. She stayed close to the coop. The others explained the agreement to her and urged her to come out.

“I know all about the agreement,” said the cautious old hen, “but there’s bound to be some old fool of a fox who has not heard of it.”

If the speaker wishes to open his talk with a story, the following might be used:

As I entered the depot this evening I noticed that the line of people at the ticket window was being held up by a man who was trying to buy a ticket to Chicago for \$2.68. The agent explained for the fourth time that the amount offered would not purchase a Chicago ticket.

"Well," asked the persistent one, "where can I go?"

And before the ticket agent could reply, the long line of waiting passengers told him.

There are times, of course, when one has heard a joke so new and so good that he wishes to share it with his friends without waiting for an auspicious opportunity. There are two ways of doing this. The most obvious way is to button-hole a friend and say, "Listen, Bill. I heard a story yesterday that's a peach. You'll get a great kick out of it"—and then proceed to tell the joke. It may go over big and it may not, depending on Bill's state of mind at the time.

A more subtle way is to lead up to it in the general conversation. For example, let us turn at random to a joke in this book—an automobile story, and see if it could be worked into an ordinary conversation. It is always easy to introduce the subject of cars and fast driving. One might remark that most of the accidents are due to carelessness, and add: Willie had the right idea when the teacher told him to give a sentence containing the word "diadem." Willie thought a moment and then said, "People who drive on railroad crossings without looking, diadem sight quicker than those who stop, look, and listen."

In general, it may be said that the speaker who strings his jokes together like cheap beads, is liable to find them devoid of luster, and the teller himself in grave danger of becoming a conversational bore. On the other hand,

if he will use them sparingly and with a definite purpose, he will find that, like real jewels, they will add brilliance to his speech and make him popular with his associates.

THE ORATORY OF GROVER CLEVELAND

It has been said that the oratory of Grover Cleveland was such that the audience always clearly understood what was in the speaker's mind. He appealed to the educated and to the plain people with a force that convinced both. He never wandered from his subject, but made a direct, courageous appeal to every listener. In short, his style was that of a man who "uses speech to express his thoughts."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

"I'm going to give a series of lectures on Russia," said the ambitious man.

"But you've never been there," exclaimed his friend.

"Well, neither have the people who will hear me," replied the ambitious man.

A JOKE ON THE JOKER

Senator Depew and Mark Twain, at one time during the height of their popularity, were crossing the Atlantic together. One evening, they were persuaded to speak at an entertainment given by the cabin passengers.

Mark Twain, who was called on first, spoke in his usual humorous style, but when the Senator's turn came, he merely rose and said: "My friend Mr. Clemens and I had arranged to exchange speeches tonight. He has

given my speech, but his is so poor that I refuse to give it."

The next morning, an Englishman met Mark Twain on the deck and said: "I had always understood that your friend Mr. Depew is a very eloquent man, but that speech of his which you gave last night was one of the poorest I have ever heard."

IT BROKE THE SPELL

When he stood up he was spellbound. The big and jubilant audience dazed him, and as he stammered and stuttered in an attempt to get started, some one shouted: "Tell 'em all you know, Bill. It won't take long."

That was just enough to roil Bill.

"I'll tell 'em all we both know," he shot back. "It won't take any longer."

AUDIENCE SATISFIED

There had been a train wreck and a passenger who was to deliver a lecture in a small city was prevented from keeping his engagement. He therefore telegraphed his manager to refund the money paid for tickets and dismiss the audience.

In due time he received this reply:

"Audience has his fifty cents and has gone home satisfied."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The speaker had just reached his greatest climax, saying: "In the immortal words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!'"

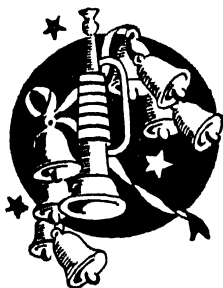
A friend sitting near by, pulled his coat-tails and whispered: "Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary—that was Noah."

"Noah? Nothing of the kind," replied the speaker, "Noah built the ark!"

WHAT HE NEEDED

The speaker had many fantastic ideas for the reformation of the world and had been expounding them at great length. Finally he concluded his address by shouting, "I want government reform, I want business reform, I want educational reform, I want——"

And a bored voice from the audience said: "Chloroform."



HOLIDAYS

“THE calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was longed for,
Some good that was sought.
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear,
And ‘each day is the best day
Of somebody’s year.’

“Each day finds a hero,
Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to someone
A joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn
Or yours that is near—
‘Each day is the best day
Of somebody’s year.’ ”

—From “*The Bright Side.*”
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Holidays and Festivals

(Their Significance In Our Lives)

HAVE you ever stopped to think what life would be without holidays? After such occasions we come back to our business and our homes with renewed energy and ambition, and, best of all, with a better outlook on life and a more charitable consideration of our fellow-men. We have more patience with Junior when he mars the furniture or breaks our favorite golf stick. We decide not to discharge the stenographer the next time she disagrees with the accepted method of spelling, or not to tear out our few remaining hairs over next month's bills.

These red-letter days on the calendar and in our lives are the leaven which stirs the monotony of our existence. We look forward to them with joyous anticipation and remember them with satisfaction. True, sometimes anticipation exceeds realization, sometimes the reverse, depending upon whether we cook the dinner ourselves or are invited out for the day; or possibly, on whether we were served with a generous helping of white meat, or had to content ourselves with the remaining neck or back.

So much a part of our lives have these days become that we feel defrauded if we are compelled to forego their celebration. This is not solely because we wish to honor a hero, perpetuate a tradition, or celebrate an

historic event; but more often because, beneath our polished and civilized exterior there lurks that primitive man who longs to find an outlet for his spirits, to be for one day free from some of the restrictions which hedge him about. At such times we feel like the festive Swede who went into a hotel and asked the bartender for some Old Squirrel. The bartender replied that he had no Old Squirrel, but that he had some very fine Old Crow. But Ole said: "No, Ay don't want to fly; Ay yust want to yump 'round a little."

Holidays have been observed in all ages and by practically all peoples. Such days naturally divide themselves into five classes: religious, patriotic, seasonal, historic, and carnival.

We in America observe two great religious holidays—Easter and Christmas. Although solemn in character rather than frivolous, both these days appeal to young and old alike, because they are days of rejoicing. Coming in the spring of the year, when nature has risen from her winter sleep and is putting on her robe of flowers, Easter strengthens our Christian faith and creates the desire to array ourselves like the lilies of the field. And we feel it a personal injury if we wake to find the ground white with snow, and are compelled to wear our winter coats and hats.

No other holiday is so infectious as Christmas. We may solemnly resolve that because of the depression, or because of the commercialization of the day, we will curtail our gift-giving. But despite all our resolutions, the spirit of the day invades our hearts and opens our purses, and we find ourselves in accord with the poet who wrote these beautiful lines:

God gave us hills, white hills in the moonlight,
And lacy gray shadows that quiver and run,
And light, fluffy snowflakes that sift in the duskligh,
To a world veiled in stillness as night is begun.

God gave us waters, ice-bound and frozen;
God gave us little white tracks in the snow;
And little fat sparrows that sleep in the Church-tops,
And bells that peal out to the stillness below.

God gave us Christmas and bright wreathes of holly;
Taught us, like Jesus, to bless and forgive;
Filled all our hearts with that peace universal;
And God gave us love and the spirit to give.

All Christian nations observe these two days, and we feel that in their celebration we are akin to the world—one family joining in a great reunion.

The patriotic holidays—Memorial Day, the glorious Fourth, Armistice Day, and even Flag Day, quicken our patriotic senses and remind us of our obligations to our country and to the heroes of our battle-fields. These are not universal holidays. They are for America alone, and therefore have for us a special significance. It is good to feel that patriotic thrill, that glow of pride which comes with a sight of our colors. Henry H. Bennett has expressed this in his stirring poem, "The Flag Goes By":

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;

Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

The seasonal holidays are May Day and Thanksgiving—symbolical of the seed-time and the harvest—the

promise and the fulfillment. The May Day festival is one of the oldest of which we have a record. It undoubtedly grew out of the desire of people to express their joy at the passing of winter and the coming of spring. It is a pity that it is not universally observed today, because it was a delightful custom, with its song and dance, its gay ribbons and flowers and joyous feasting. Its popularity should be revived.

Of all our holidays, none is so distinctly American as Thanksgiving—this day when our President bids us give thanks for our blessings. We cherish it because of the romance and traditions surrounding it, because of the significance given to it by our Puritan ancestors, because it belongs to the home and family, and because of the golden turkey and the luscious, brown, mince pies. And we are always reminded of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, in which he says: "Last Thanksgivin'-dinner we et at Granny's house——." You remember his long list of flaky, juicy pies, ending with custard-pie and mince, and the last pathetic line: "An—I—ain't—et—no—pie—since!"

To these two holidays may be added Arbor Day, when we plant enduringly, to show our faith in the future of our country, and that coming generations may profit thereby. Some people, forgetful of their own youthful pranks, feel that we should plant willows exclusively, in order to have an adequate supply of switches, of which they claim the present generation is sadly in need.

The historic days are the days set apart to honor a hero or celebrate an event. Washington, Lincoln, the discovery of America, the landing of the Pilgrims, all these have for us a deep significance. They hold before us a mirror, in which we view ourselves through

the eyes of those whose history is the history of the nation. And as we pay homage to those historic names, we are inspired to greater endeavor, higher ideals, and truer patriotism. We may not care to emulate Washington or Lincoln. Most of us are willing to leave those heroic roles to some one else, but from the cradle to the grave we are looking for new worlds—for adventure.

And there are the play-days—New Year's, St. Valentine's, and Hallowe'en, when we check our dignity with our worries and cares, and give ourselves wholeheartedly to nonsensical enjoyment, using for an excuse the honoring of a tradition or some merry saint. These days are the spice which puts a tang into our daily existence. We know we will break the resolutions so recklessly made, that we will cease to adore the fair maid to whom we send the lacy valentine, that we will incur parental censure for our mischievous pranks, but the spirit of the day must be obeyed.

And there is still one more of these play-days. Standing by itself, is Labor Day, which makes no excuse for its existence, but frankly bids us drop all work and worry and give ourselves to rest and recreation. Some of us, of course, do not need an excuse to drop work. We're not like old Bill who was so short-sighted that he couldn't see when the boss wasn't looking and so kept on shoveling all the time—slowly working himself to death. There is seldom anything the matter with our eyesight when it comes to watching the boss. We're always ready to drop work, even if we're half way up a ladder with a load of brick when the whistle blows.

Truly a year may be likened to a chain of many links—each link a day. And scattered along this golden chain, are the holidays, set like jewels—Independence

Day, a flaming ruby; New Year's, a scintillating opal; St. Patrick's, a glowing emerald; Memorial and Armistice Days, moonstones like luminous teardrops; Thanksgiving, a golden topaz; and Christmas, a brilliant diamond. These and all the rest, bright-colored, sparkling and precious. As one by one we count these jewels in our chain of days, we invest them with blessed memories to be cherished while life shall last.

Lincoln's Birthday

(A Tribute to the Nation's Hero)

WE ARE accustomed to think of Lincoln as a man of sorrow, a man who from his birth fought against tremendous odds, whose youth was blighted by poverty and whose manhood was one continuous struggle against adversity. We accord him our pity and sorrowful admiration.

I sometimes wonder if we are justified in taking this view. True, he worked hard as a boy; but did not the sons of all pioneers work hard? True, he studied by the light of candles and burning logs; but not even the richest homes boasted gas or electric lights at that period of our history. It is a fact that he read law while other youths were spending their time in amusement, but he did it from choice, because it was a joy and a pleasure to him, because he preferred delving into legal problems to mingling with the merry-makers—and merry-making was not the important factor in life that it is today.

He was elected to the state legislature when only twenty-five, and he had already been postmaster at

Salem and the owner of a store. Almost any boy to-day would prefer this to a college education. His six years in the legislature must have been exciting to so young a man. As a lawyer and a political leader he was wonderfully successful, and this success must have been exceedingly gratifying—and what a triumph to be elected President of the United States!

Lincoln's aspirations and outspoken opinions naturally invited opposition and made political enemies, but his sense of humor was a weapon with which he turned aside personal attacks and won friends. In one of the memorable debates between Douglas and Lincoln in 1858, the former, who was an eloquent and practised orator, had delivered such an enthralling speech that his audience was spellbound, and Lincoln's friends felt that the victory was already won for his opponent.

When the cheers had died away, Lincoln got up, shed his long white duster, and, dropping it on the arm of a young man standing near by, remarked, with his droll smile:

“Hold my coat while I *stone Stephen.*”

The pun pleased the crowd and annulled the effect of the Douglas speech, and Lincoln was listened to with equal attention.

At the time Lincoln entered the White House, there was much in his life to excite our admiration, but there was very little to call forth pity. It is true that the burdens of the new President were almost unupportable, but other men in other times have borne as great ones. It is true that criticism assailed him, but he must have known that the American people consider it their prerogative to find fault with their public officials. Certainly no President of the United States has ever es-

caped criticism. And he had staunch friends and supporters; otherwise, the war would not have been won. No one knew that better than he, and no one valued friendship more. To be the leader in the tremendous struggle which nearly wrecked the nation and to pilot the ship of state to safety was, of course, a great responsibility, but surely it had its compensations.

It may be true that Lincoln was lonely, but any man great enough to win the confidence and love of a nation, must always be lonely, for the reason that he can admit no one to the innermost recesses of his heart and mind. Lincoln understood this and would not have had it different.

No man gifted with the quaint sense of humor that Lincoln possessed could have been entirely sorrowful. Even during the most trying period of the war, this never deserted him. In the fall of 1863, much anxiety was felt because General Burnside's army had advanced so far into enemy territory in Tennessee. Finally, however, a telegram was received stating that firing had been heard in the direction of Knoxville.

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed the President. On being asked the cause of his pleasure, he replied, "Because I am reminded of Aunt Sally Ward, an old colored mammy who had a large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying from some out-of-the-way place, whereupon Aunt Sally would exclaim: 'Tank de Lawd, dar's one ob my chilluns ain't dead yet.'"

And he could sympathize with even a soldier who was absent without leave. "If the good Lord has given a man a cowardly pair of legs," he reasoned, "it is hard to keep them from running away with him."

We feel that it was a cruel fate which cut him off at the zenith of his career; that he should have been spared to assist in the reconstruction which followed the war. But, after all, his great work had been completed; the cause he championed had been won. Possibly it was a kindly fate which intervened to spare his great spirit the suffering which would have ensued during that heart-breaking aftermath. Lincoln's great wisdom might have smoothed the way—and it might have earned for him only the criticism of dissatisfied politicians on both sides. Many a great man has survived the accomplishment of his ideals only to suffer disillusionment in the anticlimax which followed.

I like to think of Lincoln, not as a man bowed down with sorrow, crushed by the burden of empire, but as a man of strength and understanding—six feet, four inches of stalwart manhood. I like to think of his gentle smile and sympathetic heart—one who could, and did, with kindly firmness, vanquish foes and win from his country eternal love. The poet expressed this well when he wrote of Lincoln:

A man of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears,
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers,
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God.

Yes, there were tears in his eyes and sadness in his heart, but there were also smiles and mirth; and while his feet were planted firmly in the soil he loved, his spirit soared among the stars. He was a true knight-errant, who, knowing well the dangers which he faced, went bravely forth to champion a cause, and returned upon the shield which he had defended so well.

AND WHO BLACKS YOURS

A foreign diplomat once came into a room unexpectedly where Lincoln was blacking his shoes.

"What, Mr. President," he said, "do you black your own shoes?"

"Yes," replied Lincoln, "whose shoes do you black?"

CREDIT RATING

Answering an inquiry from a Chicago firm as to the credit standing of one of his neighbors, Lincoln, before his election to the presidency, wrote the following reply:

"First of all, the man has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth \$500,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth \$1.50 and three chairs worth, say, \$1. Last of all, in one corner there is a rat-hole which will bear looking into."

A HUMAN STEAMBOAT

During a certain lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was quite a talker, but was not considered deeply profound. He would say anything which happened to enter his mind. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said:

"My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault,

or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not the time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman (1830); I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

LINCOLN'S ADVICE

A would-be client once brought to Lincoln a case in which he had a legal claim to the value of six hundred dollars. But his winning it would bring ruin to a widow and affliction to her six children.

"We will not take the case, though we could doubtless gain it for you," Lincoln informed the prospective client. "Some things that are right legally are not right morally. But we will give you some advice for which we will charge nothing. We advise a sprightly, energetic man like you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Washington's Birthday

(The Human Side of Our First President)

I HAVE been asked to say a few words about George Washington, the first President of the United States. Now I know that it is customary when we are requested to speak on a certain subject to talk about everything else except that subject. Sometimes, especially if the text is a patriotic one, we refer to it at the beginning of our talk and wave the star-spangled banner at the end, and in between we give all the reasons why the current political party is playing general havoc, and how all this could have been avoided if the country had been fortunate enough to have us at its head.

But I have no political aspirations, no fences to build, so I can give to my subject the whole-hearted thought which it deserves and you can listen with undivided attention, free from the fear that I will, like a radio announcer, introduced unwelcome propaganda before I have finished.

I have always been glad of one thing, and that is that there is nothing in the life of Washington for which we need to apologize, nothing which must be hidden. And there was nothing tragic in the manner of his death to cause us grief. His life was full and complete. Therefore, we can be happy while we celebrate the day of his birth.

In the first place, George had two birthdays to celebrate. You know he was really born on February eleventh, but the calendar went out of style about that time, like the ladies' dresses. It simply had to be re-

modeled, or we wouldn't have had anything to wear in the way of calendars. So, after they had taken in a few seams and let out a few tucks, George had two birthdays, like two pockets on a shirt—and they say he celebrated both of them. Myself, I think it was a great scheme, and I wish they would change the calendar again and give me two birthdays.

We usually think of Washington as being a fine specimen of manhood, six feet, two inches in height, and weighing from two hundred to two hundred and thirty pounds. I like to think of him as a tiny baby, clad in a white wool robe lined with rose-colored silk, when he was baptized from a silver bowl in the Episcopal Church. I would rather see that silver bowl in the museum at Washington than the sword he carried in the Revolutionary War. There are many swords in Washington city, but only one little silver bowl.

They tell us that the legend of the cherry tree is a myth; that there never was a cherry tree and consequently that the youthful George never cut it down, or refused to fib about it. But I like to believe that the tale is true. I like to think of the small boy watching the chips fly from the keen edge of the bright new hatchet.

There are many delightful legends connected with George's childhood. It is said that on one occasion Mrs. Washington, George's mother, finding that the supply of family soap was exhausted, decided to make some more. So she called one of her servants and gave him explicit instructions. After an hour or so, the servant returned and reported that he couldn't make the soap.

"Why not?" Mrs. Washington asked, "Haven't you the necessary materials?"

"Yas, ma'am," he replied, "but dar's sompin' wrong."

Mrs. Washington proceeded to investigate, and found that the man had actually used the ashes from the little cherry tree which George had cut down, and there was no lye in it.

We read a great deal about the wonderful things George did, but I like to reflect on the things which he couldn't do. It makes me feel that we have something in common. For instance, he never could spell. He not only couldn't tell a lie, but he couldn't even spell it, for he always wrote it "l-y-e." He could handle a rifle in a way to terrify the wildest Indian, but to his dying day he spelled it "r-i-f-f-l-e." In later years they say he would write out letters for Martha to copy, and she copied them faithfully—poor spelling and all.

He stopped going to school when he was fourteen years old. How many boys have envied that record. But Washington continued to study all his life, for he was our highest type of self-made man. It wasn't because he did not go to school that he became great. It was in spite of that handicap.

When a youth, George, like the boys of today, was fond of dancing, playing cards, fine clothes—and they wore rather fancy garments in those days—and pretty girls. And he wrote verses to his girl friends; verses which, though filled with poetic sentiments, were also filled with errors, not only in spelling, but in rhyme and rhythm.

It is for these things that I love Washington—not the fiery general, not the cold, austere statesman, not

the stately social figure—but Washington, the fun-loving lad, the gay young cavalier, the generous, warm-hearted friend, the planter and harvester of seeds.

I like to think of Washington after the war was over, after his years as President had passed. I like to glance over the words he wrote in his diaries—words which show his underlying nature. Through this mirror of his thoughts we see a vivid picture not only of the revered leader, but of the man who was content to be a simple planter, a home lover, whose affections embraced his wife and her children, his family and friends, and overflowed to his servants, dogs, horses, cattle, and the beloved acres of his estate at Mount Vernon.

Washington was by nature a planter. The plowing of his broad acres, the planting of his seed, the reaping of the harvest seemed to meet a spiritual need of the man, for, as Carl H. Claudy has said, "His whole life was a succession of planting and sowing and reaping; planting effort; sowing ideas, and reaping independence and good government."

IT MUST BE LONESOME THERE

A little girl asked her mother if liars ever went to heaven, and was answered, "No, I suppose not."

She then asked if Daddy ever told a lie.

"Well," said her mother, "I suppose sometimes he does."

"Well, did you and Grandpa and Uncle Jim, and Aunt Lucy ever tell a lie?"

"Yes, I suppose sometimes in our lives we have told what wasn't exactly true," confessed her mother.

"Well," said the little girl, after deep thought, "I

should think it would be awful lonesome in Heaven with nobody there but just God and George Washington."

ORDERS FROM HIS SUPERIOR

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland County, Virginia, one of General Washington's officers espied a beautiful span of horses at work in a field. The officer was on the lookout for horses of that character for the cavalry, so he called to the driver, an old colored man, "Unhitch those horses. I must have them at once."

The old darky showed his white teeth in a wide grin and replied:

"Yo' better ax de missus, sah," and continued with his work.

So the officer rode up to the old colonial mansion and rapped. The great door swung open and a fine, majestic appearing woman stood before him.

The officer bowed deeply. "Madam," he said, "I have come to claim your horses in the name of the government."

"My horses!" she exclaimed, giving him a stern glance from her bright blue eyes. "You cannot have my horses. I need them to harvest my crops."

"I am sorry," replied the officer, "but I must take the horses. Those are the orders of my chief."

"Who is your chief?" she demanded.

The officer drew himself up to his full height. "The commander of the American army," he said, "General George Washington."

She smiled and her fine eyes twinkled as she said:

"You tell General George Washington for me that his mother said he could not have her horses."

LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON

"Washington's is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It can not be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe we pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendor leave it shining on."

HE DROVE THE HACK

Several years ago there lived an aged darkey who claimed to have been in the service of General Washington.

"I suppose, Uncle Mose," some one asked, "you were with Washington when he crossed the Delaware?"

"Ah sure wuz," replied Mose; "in fac', Ah rowed de skiff what tuk him over."

"And very likely you were standing by when he took a hack at the cherry tree?"

"Standin' by?" said Uncle Mose, proudly. "Why, man alive, Ah drove dat hack."

THE SORREL COLT

When Washington was a lad of ten or twelve years, an incident occurred which doubtless gave rise to the legend that he could not tell a lie.

George's mother had a sorrel colt of which she was very fond. This colt and several others were running in a pasture. One afternoon George was entertaining three or four other boys of his own age, and they decided to ride the colts around the field. The sorrel had

never been ridden and George undertook to "break" it.

He succeeded in staying on the colt's back for some distance, but the animal became so crazed with fear that it dropped dead. The other boys were much frightened, but George marched into the house and told his mother what he had done. She listened quietly to his story and then said:

"I am very much grieved to lose my beautiful colt, but I am happy to know that my son would not tell a lie."

Columbus Day

(A Tribute to Our First Hero)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS is noted for two things—making an egg stand on end and discovering America. So far as I know, no one had previously caused an egg to perform gymnastics, but we are told that the Scandinavians discovered America five hundred years before Christopher conceived the bright idea of arriving in the East by sailing West.

However, I don't know that the Norsemen deserve a great deal of credit. They evidently did not think very much of the new country after they found it, because they went away and promptly forgot about it, thus missing a golden opportunity. They should have stayed and named it New Scandinavia.

Some people believe that Columbus doesn't deserve so much credit, either. An Englishman, making his first transcontinental trip in America on a ticket that could hardly have been opened full length in England, after passing through state after state, suddenly asked the

conductor the name of the great man who had done so much for this country.

"Lincoln?" suggested the conductor.

"Oh, no, before him," said the passenger.

"Washington?"

"Farther back."

"You mean Columbus?"

"That's the very man. Y' know, Hi don't think 'e did such a bally good job discoverin' this country. 'Ow in the world could 'e overlook it?"

That is, after all, the wonder of it—how America could have been overlooked for so many centuries. The European nations of that day must have been very slow. And from the reports of the United States Treasury Department, it appears that some of them are rather slow now.

But it's really a wonderful thing for Europe that America was discovered. If it were not for us, Europeans wouldn't have anybody to blame for the depression, the war, the tariff, the yellow peril, and the debilitated condition of the world in general.

And it is a good thing for America that Europeans came over here—and kept coming. Much has recently been said about there being too many foreigners in this country. This sentiment so outraged a certain Irish speaker that he became much excited. "Gintlemen," he shouted, "Oi would like to ashk thim Amerikins wan question: Who dug the canals of the country but furriners? Who built the railruds ov the coontry but furriners? Who wurruks the mines of the coontry but furriners? Who does the votin' ov the coontry but furriners? An' who the divil discovered the coontry but furriners?"

But seriously, I wonder if anyone here ever began a journey over a road no one else had ever traveled, with no definite idea of where he was going, how long it would take to reach his destination, or even what that destination would be. I think that exactly those conditions existed only once in the history of the world.

Nowadays, one could start hitch-hiking to any part of the globe and be sure of a lift for most of the way. But when Christopher Columbus left Palos he knew only that he was sailing in a westerly direction. That was all he actually did know. He was convinced that the world was round, but he had no idea how far around. He believed that by going far enough west he would eventually reach India, but how long it would take, or what obstacles he would encounter he had no idea. Little did he dream that the first obstacle would be a couple of continents, each larger than all Europe. And what blind faith and reckless courage those men who accompanied him must have possessed!

We talk of the courage of flying over uninhabited places. But the plane above the ocean or the wilderness is in scarcely more danger than were those three frail barks on the untried sea. The air flights are accomplished in a few hours. Columbus' adventure required weeks, with superstition whispering that any night the ships might sail blindly over the edge of the world. It seems an act of Providence that storms did not sweep those brave adventurers to death.

Of course there was no danger of a collision at sea, or of encountering pirate crafts. On all that vast expanse of water there was no other boat. And there were no modern safety devices. In case of distress no friendly ship could be summoned by radio. But—here's

some consolation—there were no farewell dinners aboard those boats; no reception committee awaited Columbus' landing; there were no parades, no banquets, no after-dinner speeches. Perhaps, after all, there were compensations for the hardships.

So let's offer a toast to Christopher, the dreamer, the intrepid adventurer, the first "furriner" to leave a permanent mark on the new world.

Easter

(A Glimpse of Macedonian Customs)

EASTER! Not just a day, but an entire season of rejoicing. Spring, with its birds and buds and blossoms, its innocent young creatures with their appealing, baby ways. The joyousness of new life; the resurrection of the old. All nature rejoices at Easter time. Small wonder that we imitate the birds and flowers; that we array ourselves in gay attire and raise our voices in hymns of praise. The little girl should no more be censured for her bright new Easter gown than the violet and the wild rose, which offer their fragrance and beauty to the passing breeze.

Easter is a day of joyfulness for all Christians, but in no corner of this whimsical old world can there be found more beautiful traditions of Eastertide than those treasured in the heart of the Macedonian race, on the borderland between Europe and Asia.

"Even before the forty days' fast is quite over," says one writer, "the rejoicing that is to flower full-blown at Easter begins, crocus-wise, to push its bright way up-

ward through the gloom of abstinence and vigil." On Palm Sunday, in little bands of four or five, the "Palm Maidens" go singing their happy carols from door to door.

The writer tells us that Holy Thursday, with its radiant streamers,—bright symbols of the spring,—is set apart for the dyeing of eggs. With the first one dyed the mother forms the sign of the cross upon the face of her youngest born; then places the egg beside the image of the Virgin.

At twelve o'clock on Easter eve they celebrate a midnight mass. The beautiful words of the Gospel are read in the quaint churchyard, "beneath the silent stars." Then follows the joyous hymn—"Christ is Risen"—an outburst of sound, glad voices, and the clamoring tongues of bells. The priest, holding high a lighted candle, bids all "Come and receive light," and passes the flame to the multitude of candles held to receive it.

With these flickering torches in their hands, the throng turns eagerly to the House of God. The doors are closed and locked. Loudly they knock, their voices raised in solemn chant: "Lift the gates, O ye rulers of ours, and ye eternal gates be lifted, for there will enter Christ, the King of Glory!"

A voice from within demands: "Who is this King of Glory?"

And the answer breaks forth exultantly: "He is the Lord, strong and powerful! He is the Lord mighty in war!"

As we catch the spirit and make it our own, we do not wonder that the church doors seem to open miraculously to receive the enraptured crowd of men and women. And when the last exultant worshipper has

passed within, we sigh softly to stifle the wish that we, too, could follow those beautiful customs of the ancients.

But we of today are always somewhat embarrassed by religious display and prefer to worship less ostentatiously; yet we do, with flowers on our altars, with our singing of joyous anthems, express our spirit of rejoicing over the resurrection of our Savior and our belief in eternal life.

There is no period of the year when our faith is so strong as it is at Easter time, and faith is the foundation upon which our religious life is based.

There have been men in all ages who have refused to accept this faith because they cannot prove by scientific methods the fundamental principles of life. But fundamentals must always be assumed. There is no structure in the world which has not been obliged to accept its foundations on faith. Every builder, every engineer, after his blasting and digging are finished, must accept as his real foundation the solid earth. He can make no other. He must trust the earth, if he would build.

So it is with our religious life. Like a scientist who accepts as the basis of his investigations the uniformity of natural law, we must accept as the basis of our religion the faith of our fathers, the faith on which the Church is built, and on this faith build our own lives. With Ralph Waldo Emerson, we must learn to say: "What I have not seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all that I have seen." Only in this way can we find true happiness and contentment. Only in this way will the purpose of the Resurrection be achieved.

Thanksgiving Day

(A Guest Toasts Our National Birds)

WE ARE all familiar with the history of Thanksgiving Day. We know that it had its origin in the mythical period of antiquity before authentic history was begun; that the Egyptians returned thanks to their gods for the bountiful harvests of the Nile valley; that the children of Israel celebrated the Festival of the Tabernacle; that the Greeks and Romans annually honored Ceres, the goddess of the harvest; and that the Saxons made merry over their "harvest home." All this was long before the Pilgrim fathers disturbed the Indian on his hunting ground, or woke the echoes with their rifles in the virgin forest of America.

But the origin of the after-dinner speech is a mystery and will ever remain so. Why a man should be called upon to speak when he is too full for utterance, like Johnny at the cookie-jar, I cannot understand. Possibly, the replete condition of the listeners, and their consequent drowsiness and good nature, make them willing to endure anything. I am quite sure that a tableful of hungry men and women would commit mayhem on some speakers I have heard. Personally, I would not care to risk it. Certainly the custom itself is no cause for thanksgiving.

I have always felt sorry for the members of a professional speaker's family. Their love must be great to endure so much. That they do suffer is proved by the story of a certain lecturer who had just returned from addressing audiences in three distant cities. He stretched himself on the couch and heaved a great sigh

of relief. His wife reminded him that there were several tasks waiting to be done. "But," he protested, "I am tired. I have driven over a thousand miles and made three speeches."

"Yes, and I am tired too," said his good wife, "for I helped drive that thousand miles and I had to listen to all three of the speeches."

All of which reminds me of the colored parson who was invited to partake of Thanksgiving dinner with one of his parishioners. When the huge, fragrant, golden-brown turkey was placed on the table, the parson asked: "Rastus, whar did you git dat fine bird?"

"Now, Pahson," expostulated 'Rastus, "when you all preaches a partic'larly fine sermon, I nebber ax you whar' you done got it. Cain't you show me the same consideration?"

I am going to follow Rastus' example and not ask any questions about the fine turkey which has just gone the way of all good turkeys, and I don't want anyone to ask me where I got my speech. Let's just be thankful for the one and forget the other.

Thanksgiving is essentially a day for family reunions. Other holidays have their specific reason for existence. Thanksgiving has become the great home festival, and has been one of the most potent factors in preserving the family life of a great people. And the family is the basis of American independence. As long as it is maintained in its purity, foes within and foes without will conspire and battle against our free institutions in vain.

Possibly Thanksgiving does not now hold the significance that it held in the olden times, when for days preparations were going on in the old farm kitchen;

when home came the sons and daughters and aunts and uncles, the grandsons and granddaughters, from the shop and the office and the farm and the college, to renew the family ties. And when the last bone had been picked and the last flaky bit of crust had disappeared, the family gathered around the old fireplace. Then came the nuts and apples and popcorn and sparkling cider. And who could sleep after that? Or listen to an after-dinner speech? So they recalled the memories of the past and counted their blessings until the great log died away into ashes.

In the last few months we have formed the habit of talking and thinking altogether too much about hard times. A few minutes' conversation with almost any man will lead one to believe that the only thing he has to be thankful for is that he won't have to pay his own funeral expenses.

In the years which have passed since our Puritan ancestors knelt in bleak New England and gave thanks for the first harvest wrested from a reluctant soil, we have learned to demand as necessities things which to them would have been undreamed-of luxuries. Most of us possess all and more than we require for comfort. If there are a few things which we must now forego, it is because we, as a nation, have spent too lavishly in the past. We are merely paying the price of extravagance—political, commercial, and individual extravagance.

Let us be thankful that we have awakened before it is too late. The fact that this day is being celebrated all over this broad land proves that it is not too late. Our treasuries are full of the golden metal; our barns are overflowing; the wheels of our shops and business

places are turning. We are blessed among nations and have great cause for thanksgiving today. And so, I give you as a toast America's two national birds—the one of bronze plumage and the other of gold:

May we all have generous helpings;
May we never have to wait
For the Eagle on our money,
Or the Turkey on our plate.

A THANKSGIVING

“Lord I am glad for the great gift of living—
Glad for Thy days of sun and of rain;
Grateful for joy, with an endless thanksgiving,
Grateful for laughter—and grateful for pain.

“Lord, I am glad for the young April's wonder.
Glad for the fullness of long summer days;
And now when the spring and my heart are asunder,
Lord, I give thanks for the dark autumn ways.

“Sun, bloom, and blossom, O Lord, I remember,
The dream of the spring and its joy I recall;
But now in the silence and pain of November,
Lord, I give thanks to Thee, Giver of all!”

—*Charles Hanson Tourne.*

CAUSE FOR REJOICING

At the close of the mid-week prayer-meeting the minister made the following announcement: “Funeral services for the late Peter Hanson will be held in this church Thursday at 10 A.M., and Thanksgiving services at 3 P.M.

ALMOST LIKE FINDING IT

"Dat's a mighty fine bird, Brother Jones," said Parson Brown, as he sat down at the Thanksgiving dinner. "How much did it cost you?"

"Dat bird," replied Brother Jones, "cos' me jest one night's sleep, Pahson, jest one night's sleep."

Christmas

(A Word in Defense of Christmas Giving)

Did any of your friends ever tell you that they were "not giving Christmas presents this year," and ask you not to send them any? That happened to me once and I felt defrauded. It was not that I valued the gift so highly, but I did want the tangible sign that my friend still loved me. And I felt just a little hurt because I was not allowed to give some evidence of my friendship. Several years have passed and we have not again exchanged gifts. I much fear that the custom will never be revived, even with the advent of better times.

It is true that we often overdo the Christmas giving; that occasionally we think more of our reputation as a giver than of the friend who receives the gift. Sometimes father's resulting headache, when the bills come in, is out of all proportion to the pleasure derived by the other members of the family.

Sometimes, too, we do not use the best judgment in the selection of our gifts. Just because Mary Jane Brown is as poor as a church mouse is no reason why we should give her a dark gray jacket to make her look still more like that impoverished animal; she would

adore a bright green sweater or a pink silk kimono. Just because Mrs. Edward Montgomery Young already has everything that gold can buy is no reason why we should spend seventy-five per cent of our Christmas appropriation on an elaborate hand-tooled purse in which to keep a portion of her money. Nine chances out of ten she already has half a dozen purses—all handsomer than any we can buy. She knows that we cannot afford such extravagant gifts and will think just as much of us if we send her a jar of home-made preserves, or one of those non-usable, hand-embroidered guest towels. She will appreciate something made by the hands of a friend far more than anything purchased at a store.

Unless we know what brand of cigars Mr. Jones smokes, it is well to let him select his own, and content ourselves with giving him a book on some subject in which he is interested. He will be much better pleased—even though he doesn't read it.

Books are the blessing and the last resort of the harassed Christmas shopper. They offer endless possibilities, but too often we buy them regardless of whether or not our friend "has a book," or what subjects, if any, interest him. Good judgment and nice discrimination are necessary in the selection of such gifts. To buy a copy of "Microbe Hunters" for an eighth grade school girl, or a current love story for the family doctor is usually a waste of money—although you never can tell.

If you intend to make books your Christmas gifts, you should begin early in the year to study your friends' tastes. If you are buying for a young girl who has a predilection for love tales, give her a love story by a good author, but read it yourself first to know that it is wholesome and sweet. Don't take a salesman's word

for it. If you are buying for a business man, study his habits and his hobbies. If he has some interest or hobby apart from his business, buy him a book on that subject by a well known author.

And you should use care not to make a mistake similar to that of the new clerk in a bookshop. A young man, accompanied by his bride, came into the shop to purchase a book which his wife would enjoy reading on their honeymoon. They had no particular book in mind and the clerk showed them several which did not appeal to them. Then he had an inspiration. "I have just the thing," he exclaimed, and hastened to bring the blushing bride a copy of "Travels with a Donkey."

During the late war (I almost said *last* war, but I am not quite so optimistic), it was the custom to send, instead of a gift, a postcard saying that the donor had bestowed the price of the gift intended for the donee on some deserving poor person in the donee's name. Now, I ask you, why should I be forced to make a donation to some one I never heard of? How do I know that it was a deserving person on whom my friend bestowed the dollar or so with which he customarily purchased some gift for me? I much prefer to make my own donations to charity. And if my friend wants to donate, let him do it in his own name, and receive the credit for it. And when he has done that, if he has only ten cents left for my gift, I'll be delighted to receive it, with no explanation whatever.

The greatest trouble with Christmas shopping is that we crowd it all into the last few days, with consequent regrets for our choice and the amount of money expended. Stores and banks and the press have endeavored to educate us along this line, with some de-

gree of success. If we will spread our purchases over several months, we will not feel the outlay, and if we give sufficient time and thought to the gifts, our friends will be well pleased.

The lad who is collecting stamps, the woman who takes pride in her kitchen, the young girl who is fond of dress, the college athlete, the golf enthusiast—all are easy to please with some simple gift. And we must, of course, remember those others—the little girl who never possessed a real doll, the boy to whom a pair of skates would be a blessing, the woman who longs for silk stockings, the man who is wearing a shabby tie, the children who know not the taste of wholesome food—all these should have a place in our thoughts when we plan our Christmas giving, for—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

BEATING THE DEPRESSION

A Scotchman, who must have been rather pessimistic regarding the upward trend of world affairs, sent his friend a Christmas card which read: "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year Season for 1935-1936-1937-1938."

THE IDEA WAS ALL RIGHT

Shortly before Christmas, Mr. Penurius spent an evening window-shopping—his favorite amusement since it cost nothing. At one shop a clerk was trying to remove an article from the window, and Mr. Penurius was just in time to see him kick over a very handsome vase, breaking it into about twenty pieces. He rushed into the shop, thinking that it would be a fine

idea to send the pieces to a friend, allowing him to believe that the vase had been smashed in the mail. So he gave shipping directions to the clerk and went home, feeling that he had made a good stroke of business.

Several days later he received this acknowledgment from his friend: "Thanks for the vase. It was thoughtful of you to wrap up each piece separately."

HE DIDN'T WANT THAT KIND

Willie had so many toys that he could think of nothing which he wanted for Christmas. Therefore, about a week before the eventful day, his mother handed him a paper, saying, "Since you do not know what you would like for a Christmas present, Willie, maybe this list of gifts for a good little boy will help you."

Willie read the list, and then said:

"Mother, haven't you a list for a bad little boy?"

A FAMILIAR FACE

Six-year-old Marie, a minister's little daughter, found half a dozen dolls under the tree on Christmas morning. They stood there until after New Year's, when, realizing that six or seven dolls, in addition to other toys, were too much of a good thing, the little girl's mother resolved to kidnap one of the family and put it away for next year. The scheme was carried out successfully and no inquiries were made. And so on the following Christmas, the last year's baby appeared under the new tree. Next morning Marie, accompanied by the usual number of admiring grown-ups, was taken to view her presents. Fixing her eyes on the kidnapped doll and

holding her dimpled chin with a chubby hand, after a period of deep thought, she remarked in a puzzled tone :

“Where the dickens have I seen that face before?”

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight ;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all ;
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

—*Phillips Brooks.*



PATRIOTIC OCCASIONS

“A SONG for banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
‘United we stand—divided we fall!’
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever!”

—George P. Morris.

Patriotism

(A Plea for True Patriotism)

THERE are those who claim that patriotism may be carried to excess; that international disagreements result from the unwarranted upholding of national honor. They deprecate the teaching of patriotic sentiments in our public schools.

This is a fallacy and a mistake. True patriotism never involved any country in unnecessary warfare. The misguided desire of individuals, however, for riches, or glory, or power may, like the ambition of Cæsar, bring its own downfall, and in the wreck national strength and honor may be sacrificed.

Patriotism is inborn. The small boy feels it when he boasts of his father's prowess as a sportsman. The college athlete feels it when he gives his last ounce of strength for the honor and glory of his alma mater. You and I feel it when we take an active part in the upbuilding of our community.

There is something fundamentally wrong about the man "who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land.'" The man without a country is also a man without a home. Though he possess great riches, he is poor in the things which make life worth living. The man who has not felt that soul-stirring thrill which comes with "a flash of color beneath the sky"; who has not stood with reverent head while "the flag is passing

by," has missed the greatest sensation that the human heart can ever know.

We may become citizens of a foreign country, but the love and loyalty to our home-land dies hard. An incident which occurred during the Civil War illustrates this point. Among the prisoners confined at a federal military post was one young Confederate soldier who bitterly resented the forced association with the Yankees and was continually taunting them with their disastrous defeat in the battle of Chickamauga.

Finally the Union men, unable to endure the insults longer, reported the matter to General Grant. After reprimanding the prisoner severely, Grant gave him the choice of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, or being sent to a northern prison. The prisoner decided to join the Union. After the oath had been administered, he turned to Grant and asked if he might speak.

"Yes," said the General, indifferently. "What is it?"

"Why, I was just thinkin', General," he drawled in his soft southern accent, "those Confederate soldiers certainly did give us h—— at Chickamauga."

It is only too true that millions of lives have been sacrificed, and billions of dollars worth of property has been destroyed through unnecessary warfare. One reason for this is that while we sing about the glories of war and conquest, we too often fail to give proper consideration to its far-reaching results. The young man had the right idea when he said: "Every time I see grandfather's sword I want to go to war; but every time I notice grandfather's wooden leg, I cool down." Many of us would cool down before even a little private fight, if we could foresee the inevitable wooden leg

which would result. But the whole world is so near of kin, so closely related in all its commercial transactions, that disaster to one nation, like a stone dropped in a pool, creates waves of trouble that are sooner or later felt by all the countries of the earth.

For this reason the great nations of the world, of which our country is one, must so stabilize international relations that the rights of both great and small may be respected; that there may be an end to wars which result from personal ambition, from injustice and oppression. America can do much, if she will, toward bringing about this desirable condition.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon believed this. He also held some strong views regarding our relations with certain Central American governments. Meeting an Englishman one day in Washington, he discussed conditions at some length, ending his remarks by saying: "What we Americans need is a darned good licking."

This pleased the Englishman, who assented eagerly. But his delight was short-lived, for Cannon added dryly, "The only trouble is there ain't nobody can do it!"

We are proud of America's wealth, of her high intellectual standard, and of her position as a world power. Sometimes we mistake our pride for patriotism. We feel that these things constitute greatness. But do they? Let us seek the answer in the ancient lands of Asia Minor, of Egypt, and of southern Europe.

Lydia, famous among ancient nations for her fruitful soil and her vast mineral wealth, yet infamous for the corruption of her inhabitants; home of Croesus, whose name survives until today as a symbol of vast riches. Lydia, whose wealth so weakened her that the sword of

Cyrus left her bleeding and Persia's victorious horde trampled her underfoot.

Greece, the intellectual diamond of the ancient world. Her eloquence and poetry, her philosophy and art, could not alone save her from becoming the crumbling ruin that she is today.

Rome, the city that conquered the world and rose to greater heights of power than any nation had risen before. Rome, on her seven hills, succumbed, not so much to the barbarians at her gates, as to the political corruption within her walls.

No. Wealth, intellectual attainments, and power, alone or together, are not the sole basis for a sound national structure. Much as these attributes are to be desired, there must be back of them Christian character and integrity, running like warp through the entire fabric of national life, weaving together its citizens, its possessions, and its achievements into one glorious whole. When we have this, and I feel that America does have it, we have cause for patriotism in its highest form.

As Dr. Lyman Abbott has well said: "A nation is made great, not by its fruitful acres, but by the men who cultivate them; not by its mines, but by the men who work in them; not by its railways, but by the men who build and run them. America was a great land when Columbus discovered it; Americans have made of it a great nation."

It is a trite saying that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, but it is so true that no other phrase can so well express the thought. It is our personal duty to insure the integrity of our country, to place in office men whose characters are unimpeachable, whose minds are

broad enough to cope with the problems of the world, whose genius and ability can insure our country a place of honor and respect in the great family of nations.

Patriotism, like wisdom, without works and without charity, becomes as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. But when we are assured that the Stars and Stripes stand, not only for wealth, power and intellectual attainments, but also for peace and national honor, then we may well thrill with loyalty and patriotic pride—"When the Flag goes by!"

Flag Day

(An Address to a School)

I OFTEN wonder when I see an assemblage of men and women, boys and girls, just what the American flag means to each of them. What feelings and thoughts arise when they view the Stars and Stripes.

To some the flag means war and the glory of conquest—power and dominion; to some it stands for peace and progress—the social and industrial prosperity of the nation; while to others it means—nothing—merely an article of decoration.

It is, in fact, all three. When we pay honor to a distinguished guest, when we celebrate a great event, there are no colors which appeal to us as do the Red, White, and Blue. And it is right and proper that we should use them to decorate our streets and buildings, for they will stand the sun of prosperity and the rain of adversity—these Colors that never run.

The flag is always present at the completion of some great achievement. When the last steel beam has been

placed in a many-storied structure, the flag is raised to tell the watchers below that the work has been completed. When a majestic ship glides down the ways to meet the ocean for the first time, her rigging is gay with the Colors. When American feet touched farthest north, the Stars and Stripes fluttered at the earth's pole to mark the termination of a great endeavor. The national emblem floats from our school grounds, our amusement parks, our factories, stores, and banks at home, and from our embassies and ships abroad. It flies in celebration of anniversaries, in commemoration of people or events, in joy and grief. It is an index of the progress of the country and the sentiment of the people.

And always it is a symbol of war, and we, as American citizens, should be enlisted under it in a fight to death for the preservation of those ideals for which it stands. Not war for conquest, not war against nations, but nevertheless war, real and hard-fought, even though not heralded with blare of trumpets and roar of guns. A war in which should be enlisted every true citizen of the nation—war against sin and vice.

It is a sad truth that there are in this beautiful land of ours men and women—many of them mere boys and girls—for whom our flag has no meaning, who have never felt the thrill of patriotism—a small army of undesirable citizens which constitutes a menace to our liberty, our property, our institutions, and our flag.

It is against this army of law-breakers that we must enlist.

The laws of our country are not difficult to obey. It is true that we do not and cannot know them all, but if we do what we know in our hearts is right, we cannot

go far wrong. While it is true that ignorance of the law does not excuse, still the law always gives us the benefit of the doubt. Even a prisoner is deemed innocent until proved guilty, and too often his guilt is not established.

Sometimes one almost believes that greater justice would be done if all jurors followed the example of one man who had frequently served in that capacity. On being asked what influenced him most in making his decision,—the witnesses, the lawyers, or the judge,—he replied: "I'll tell you how I make up my mind. I'm just a plain reasoning man, and I'm not influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor by anything the judge says. I jest takes a good look at the prisoner, and I says to myself, 'If he ain't done nothin', why's he there?' and I brings 'em all in guilty."

It may be that if we could follow that system for a while, there would be fewer men and women in our criminal courts, for there is a grain of wisdom in it, after all. The person who finds himself under suspicion may not be guilty of the crime with which he is charged, but in nine cases out of ten, he has by his conduct and associations placed himself in a position where suspicion easily rests upon him.

The flag of a nation can stand only for truth, honor, and justice, and when we swear allegiance to it, we become a part of that great army which must be continually in the battle against sin and crime. You may think that you are too young to enlist in this army, but no one is too young or too old to serve his country. We can do this by keeping ourselves free from even the suspicion of wrong-doing, by inspiring others to follow

our example, and by coöperating with the organizations which are working for law-enforcement.

Our flag is not merely a piece of gayly colored bunting. Every star, every stripe is fraught with meaning. The Continental Army fought that it might become a reality. Washington, Lincoln, and the other great men of our nation, gave the best years of their lives, and some of them life itself, for its preservation. Every honorable citizen has a share in its safe-keeping.

"How shall we do this?" you ask. "We are too young to take an active part in the affairs of the nation." That is partly true. However, you can now, by your obedience to law, your loyalty and patriotism, set an example for old and young to follow, and when you are of age you can, by your ballot at the poles, place in office men and women who will be an honor to the country they serve.

Let us not be content, therefore, to sit idly, enjoying the fruits for which those others have sacrificed life and home and friends. Let us be responsive to the demands of honor and justice and so keep unsullied the flag which our forefathers gave to us and which many of them died to preserve. Let us pledge anew our allegiance to the flag, and to the republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Fourth of July

(A Speaker Quotes from the Declaration of Independence)

I AM not going to follow the time honored custom of reading to you that marvelous document, the Declaration of Independence. You doubtless are familiar with it, or should be, if you remember your history lessons learned at school. But I do wish to direct your attention to certain words and phrases which it contains.

The Declaration was, indeed, a revolutionary measure, for it broke the bond between the old world and the new. It severed for all time the ties of law, custom, tradition, and blood which bound the heart of America to the home land. It was not an idle gesture. It tore the heart strings of those fifty-six men who signed it. As the glad tidings rang out upon the air that memorable day, the tones of the Liberty Bell carried with them a keen sense of the responsibilities, the upheaval and the sorrow which would ensue before the United States could become an established and recognized nation.

The country was so new that England was still home to many of the colonists. It was not England, or the English people, from which they sought to be free. It was from a despotic monarch who could see in the new world only a vast territory to be exploited. This is apparent from the words of the Declaration itself, because every charge of unfairness and injustice contained therein is specifically directed toward His Majesty, King George the Third. Even in the last paragraph this thought is made paramount by the words: "These

Colonies are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown."

King George did not remember that the colonists had sought the new world because of tyrannies at home; that they were not slaves or serfs, but English and Dutch and French freemen who had wrested a new home from the wilderness; that the hardships and trials of their life had developed in them an unbreakable courage.

The second paragraph of the Declaration contains these familiar words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Truly a revolutionary sentiment. No people had ever before dared to state that all men are endowed with equal rights; that all men are entitled to happiness.

The drafting of those words freed the slaves over a hundred years later, for in no country living under that sentiment could slavery exist. It resulted in the passage of the nineteenth amendment, for the man who learned to value freedom at his mother's knee could not refuse her the same right. It resulted in the independence of Cuba and the Philippine Islands, for no nation founded on the principles of liberty could deny liberty to another.

The Declaration further says "that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men." Another revolutionary sentiment. In the history of the world, governments had not always been instituted, at least they had not always been maintained, wholly for that laudable purpose. Instead, in many nations of the

past, the governed had existed solely for the benefit of the government.

Another phrase: “. . . that governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed.” How His Majesty must have raved at those words. But the climax lay in this: “. . . whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government.”

King George was not dealing with a people trained to the despotic acts of an overlord. He was dealing with men born in the wilderness, reared with the blood of freedom coursing in their veins. It must be said for him that by no stretch of his imagination could he have understood that which the new world had been able to teach in one generation. Truly, George the Third erred grievously. History might have been different had there been a young, good-looking and debonaire Prince of Wales to charm the colonists and to say a word at home in their behalf. But there was no one to curb his Majesty's ambition.

Many and great have been the changes in the world since the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. Had George the Third adopted a different attitude in his treatment of the Colonies, America would doubtless be a loyal part of the home country today. As it is, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other English possessions have all benefited because of the brave hearts which dared to formulate and write those words.

What wonderful men they were—those five who drafted and the others who signed the Declaration of Independence. They knew that when they placed their names upon that document, there would never be any

turning back. It was their death sentence or the birth certificate of a new nation which they signed. With all that success or failure would mean clearly before them, they mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

The words of the Declaration of Independence matter little to us today; but the undaunted courage, the stainless honor, and the divine wisdom of the men who signed it, matter much. Their lives have long since ended, their fortunes have vanished, but their sacred honor remains—a torch for us to keep, and to pass on, still burning, to coming generations.

AMERICANISM

The following definition of *Americanism* was promulgated by the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, United States War Veterans, and Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the National Commanders of the American Legion and the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, at a conference held in Washington, D. C., in February, 1927:

"Americanism is an unfailing love of country; loyalty to its institutions and ideals; eagerness to defend it against all enemies; undivided allegiance to the flag; and a desire to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity."

AND KEPT IT

A young Englishman who was visiting Mount Vernon, aroused the indignation of the guards and caretakers by his patronizing airs. "Shep" Wright, who had been a scout in the Confederate army, was one of

the gardeners, and he was busy trimming the box hedge. Approaching Shep, the Englishman said:

"Ah—er—my man, the hedge! Yes, I see, Washington got this hedge from dear old England!"

"Reckon he did," replied Shep. "He got this whole blooming country from England."

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY

Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, once had dinner with a prominent Englishman who was noted for pride of ancestry. Taking a coin from his pocket, the Englishman said:

"My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"Indeed," replied the governor, with a smile, as he also produced a coin. "What a strange coincidence. My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

PATRIOTISM

A bright-eyed little Italian boy came to his teacher one morning and asked if it would be possible for him to have his name changed.

"Why do you wish to change your name?" the teacher inquired.

"Because I want to be an American," replied the little fellow. "I don't want to be a Dago any more."

The teacher was amused. "What American name would you like to have?" she asked.

"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a scrap of dirty paper on which was written—Patrick Dennis McCarty.

A TOAST TO AMERICA

Several months ago a few Americans were having a Fourth of July banquet. One of them proposed this toast: "Here's to our Country, bounded on the north by the Great Lakes, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific!"

This was thought almost too conservative by the next speaker, and he put it in this way: "Here's to our Country, bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the Rising Sun, and on the west by the Setting Sun!"

As the champagne went down, patriotism went up, and it finally culminated in this flowery sentiment: "Here's to our Country, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the Procession of the Equinoxes, on the east by Primordial Chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment!"

NATIONAL PRIDE

In one of the Chicago schools where many European nations are represented, the teacher was giving an oral examination in American history.

"Who discovered America?" she asked Billie, a small lad with a freckled face.

Billie turned pale, shifted his feet, and refused to answer. The teacher put the question a second time.

"Oh, please, ma'am," pleaded Billie, "ask me something else."

"Why should I ask you something else, Billie?" inquired the teacher.

"Well, you see," said Billie, "we were talkin' about it yesterday, an' Mike O'Connor said it was discovered by Saint Patrick, Ole Peterson said it was a Norwegian sailor, an' Tony Guiseppi said it was Columbus; an' if you'd a-seen what happened you wouldn't ask me to start anything like that again."

THE SPIRITS OF '76

Abie, meeting his friend Ikey on the street, said that his son in New York had just sent him a picture for a birthday present.

"Vat iss der picture," inquired Ikey.

"Twenty-five dollars it says on der back," replied Abie.

"No, I mean vat vas der picture about?"

"Vell, der name of it is 'Der Spirits of 1776,' und der are tree men in it—one mit a fife, one mit a drum, and one mit a headache."

INCONVENIENT PATRIOTISM

An American physician had built an elegant home. All of the rooms were beautifully furnished, but the bathroom was his especial pride. It was finished in white marble and silver. A music-box was concealed in the room and when one stepped in the bath, it would commence to play.

One day a friend from England came to make a short visit and the doctor proudly exhibited his home; then, remembering that the English people are fond of their bath, he escorted his guest to the bathroom, and while there turned on the music-box as a pleasant surprise for his friend.

About an hour later the Englishman appeared, refreshed from his travels. The doctor inquired how he liked the bathroom.

"It is extremely beautiful," the Englishman replied.

"And what did you think of the music-box?" asked the doctor.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Englishman in disgust. "The bally old thing played 'God Save the King,' and I had to stand up the whole time I was taking a bath."

ONCE A YEAR

The question of Independence Day celebration was before the city council.

"I am in favor of a safe and sane Fourth of July," announced one of the city fathers.

"So am I," added another councilman. "We ought to have that kind of a day at least once a year."



MILITARY AFFAIRS

“THE moment I heard of America, I loved her; the moment I heard she was fighting for freedom, I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her; and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time, or in any part of the world, will be the happiest of my life.”

—*Lafayette.*

The Army

(A Soldier Defends Armed Protection)

A PROMINENT politician who was scheduled to talk at a dinner, was preceded on the program by an admiral and a general, both of whom spoke at some length. When at last the politician rose to his feet, he prefaced his remarks by saying that now he understood the true meaning of the phrase "The Army and Navy forever."

There may come a time in the dim, distant future when the land and sea and air forces of nations will be completely abolished, or materially reduced, but from present indications they will indeed last forever. For human nature is much the same today as it was sixteen hundred years before Christ, when the conquerors of Egypt organized the first army of which we have a record; or even as long ago as three thousand years before Christ, when the first recorded sea fights were waged against the Phoenicians. And if human nature has not changed in nearly five thousand years, it is safe to say that five thousand years hence the army and navy will still be a strong part of every country's political organization. There is this consolation, however—those who now so strenuously advocate military and naval disarmament will not care.

It is natural for honest, law-abiding people to desire the abolition of armed forces, but as long as there exists in the world men and nations who have not a keen

sense of right and justice, who cannot or will not distinguish between the words *mine* and *thine*, so long must we have armies and navies—and policemen. A country cannot maintain her national existence and honor without her armed defenses any more than a great city can keep her criminals under control without an armed police force.

Not until men have learned to live together in peace and brotherly love can such a condition exist. And the millenium is not yet.

Please do not draw from these remarks the conclusion that army men are anxious for war. Quite the contrary. We are not even anxious for the applause which greets us and the honors which are showered upon us. The sentiment of soldiers in this respect was well expressed by one of them during the war. The streets were lined with crowds, cheering the marching regiments about to leave for overseas. A recruit, who had watched the crowd for some time, asked, "Who are all those people cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are people who are not going."

That is the situation exactly. The people who do not go are the ones who do all the cheering. They, also, in a large measure, are the ones who make it necessary for us to go.

Some years ago the King of Abyssinia, without cause, captured a British subject by the name of Campbell, carried him to a fortress and placed him in a dungeon. It was six months before Great Britain learned of his capture and demanded his instantaneous release. King Theodore refused to surrender the prisoner, and in less than ten days ten thousand British soldiers were on ship-

board. Sailing down the coast, they disembarked, marched seven hundred miles beneath a burning sun and up the mountains to the very dungeon where Campbell was held captive. There they gave battle, the gates were torn down, and presently the prisoner was lifted upon the shoulders of the men and carried away in safety. It cost the English government twenty-five million dollars to release that man, but the Abyssinian government learned that it cannot tamper with the rights of an Englishman.

And if we must have an army, let us not have a mere remnant, like that of a Central American republic. During a revolution in one of those countries the commander-in-chief of the army found the battle in which he was engaged going against him. He therefore sent an aid to the rear to order Colonel de Presto to bring up his regiment immediately. Time passed, but the reinforcements did not come and the general was becoming desperate. Finally, the aid appeared, alone, breathless and disheveled.

"Where is my regiment?" yelled the commander.
"Where is my regiment?"

"It started all right," answered the excited aid, "but there are a couple of crazy Americans down the road always and they won't let it go by."

Yes, if we must have an army, let us have a real one and not a toy. There are those who would reduce the forces to the strength of a volunteer fire department. I do not question for a moment the loyalty of the average American citizen, but I do question his efficiency as a soldier and our right to force him into war without proper previous training, as we have done on several occasions in the past. To take a boy from the farm or the

streets of the city and thrust him into the front ranks without months of training results in needless sacrifice of life.

It is not necessary to emulate the example of offensive militarism set by European nations. We do not need a great standing army, or an immense fleet of vessels to guard our shores. But we should maintain a sufficient force on land and at sea to protect our commerce, to defend us from any possible invasion by unscrupulous foes, and to command the respect of foreign nations, so that the humblest citizen of the United States may go to the ends of the world with the dauntless assurance that his rights will be respected because of the force at home and the protection which his country throws around him.

It was in the pass of Thermopylae more than twenty-four centuries ago that a thousand Spartans, besieged by tens of thousands of Persians, knelt and in the face of certain death, took anew the old Spartan pledge of consecration: "I pledge that I will never desert my comrades in the ranks. I pledge that I will fight until death for my fatherland. I pledge that I will transmit the freedom and democracy of my Greece unmarred and even greater than it was transmitted to me."

The men in our army and navy have learned this lesson of patriotism. It remains for you, the private citizen, to take a like pledge. Not until we have made our country safe from enemies within and without, can we give to our children the assured protection of that flag which symbolizes every aspiration for freedom and democracy that man can cherish.

Introducing An Officer

(A Prominent Citizen Presents the Colonel)

THERE is something intriguing about an army officer. In the first place, we admire the spick-and-spanness of his uniform. We envious men, who are conscious of a wrinkle across our backs, or a shoe that has seen too much wear, sometimes wonder how it is done. There is no question but that the consciousness that he is correctly dressed adds to the self-confidence of an individual, whether he be a soldier or a civilian.

We admire the erect carriage of our military friends, their trim slimness, their fine, healthy color, not realizing that we could have the same if we would make the effort.

We admire the cause in which they are engaged—the protection of our flag, our country—and us. And nowadays, I am inclined to believe that we are envious of their steady jobs.

But when, with all these attributes, there goes a personality that we admire, a man whose courage is unquestioned, whose wisdom has been proved, and who is beloved and respected, not only by his friends, but also by the men who have served under him, we glory in his presence.

Our honored guest tonight possesses all these things. I shall not try to tell you of his notable achievements and his many honors. That would take too long and you are already familiar with them. So I shall let him speak for himself. It gives me great pleasure to introduce one whom you all know and admire—Colonel—.

The Army's All' Right

(By an Officer)

WE SOLDIERS like to attend or take part in social affairs, because, being human, we enjoy the slight prestige which our connection with the army gives, and the honors paid us. But I'm egotistical enough to believe that the good time I am having tonight is not due entirely to my uniform. We do not receive any of this homage in the army. The respect paid us there is usually directed to the title, not to the individual.

This afternoon I was walking across the parade grounds in company with one of my young second lieutenants when we met a private, who saluted respectfully as he passed. The lieutenant muttered softly to himself, "You're another!"

This made me curious and I asked him what the idea was. "Oh," said the lieutenant, "I was a private soldier myself only a little while ago, and I know what he is calling me when he has to salute."

I think there is nothing in this world quite so green as the average rookie. A man never realizes how little discipline he has had, how little he knows the meaning of obedience to authority and real coöperation, until he has enlisted in the army. And when you add to that ignorance a little natural dumbness, the result is tragic to the training officer. Not long ago I was watching a captain who was having some difficulty in training his company of rookies. Having exhausted all his resources without success, he tried another tack.

"When I was a little boy," he said gently, "my mother told me not to cry when I lost my wooden soldiers.

'Some day, Johnny dear,' she said, 'you will get those wooden soldiers back.' "

Then, drawing himself up and throwing out his chest, he roared, "And believe me, you wooden-headed scarecrows, that day has come!"

Another incident involves an English drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his company. One morning he was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercises. Opening ranks, so as to admit the passage of the cortège between them, the sergeant, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane thus formed, saying as he did so: "Now I am the corpse. Pay attention!" Having reached the end of the lane he turned around, regarded the recruits with a scrutinizing eye, and then remarked: "Your 'ands is right and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave!"

The uniform alone does not make an army. There must also be the rigid discipline and the willing or forced coöperation of every unit. There are instances in history, notably the battle of Missionary Ridge, where victories were won by disobedience to orders. But to disobey, even when it appears vital to do so, is to take a chance which no right-minded officer dares to take, because it means serious reprimand if he wins, and probable death if he does not. It is because of this inflexible discipline that the army can accomplish results.

If every man and woman in civil life could be taught to obey his superiors and to coöperate for the accomplishment of one end, what tremendous results would be attained. But the clerk in the store knows that he won't be sent to the barracks for a week, if he is occasionally late. He might lose his job, but that would be the ex-

tent of his punishment. The general manager knows that if he does not carry out the orders of his superior to the letter he will not be reduced in rank. The stenographer knows that if she makes a mistake, it will be overlooked. But military men, from a rookie to a colonel, are trained to obey and not to make mistakes—mistakes in the army are tragic.

And a soldier is trained to bear hardships and suffering without audible complaint. The story is told of an officer who had the misfortune to be severely wounded in an engagement. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate soldier near him, who was also badly wounded, gave vent to his agony in dreadful howls. This so irritated the officer, who had borne his own pain in silence, that he exclaimed, "Darn you, what are you making such a noise for? Do you think nobody is *killed* but yourself?"

Every American finds it difficult to submit to discipline. Independence is in the very air we breathe. Our doctor is about the only man who can tell us what to do, and we do not always obey him. And all because of that inborn conviction that all men are created equal. It may well be that all men are created equal. But some of them very early develop characteristics which set them apart from their fellows. Some are endowed with a greater vision, some with greater executive ability, some are leaders of men, some must always be in the ranks.

Many of us do not realize the difference between voluntary and involuntary service. Involuntary service is slavery. Voluntary service is that which we willingly undertake when we join the army, when we enter employment, when we place in our legislative halls men

to draft the laws under which we live, when we elect officials to govern us. All this we do voluntarily, and therefore the service we give in that employment, under those laws, should be freely given, and it is only in this way that we can develop.

Jean Baptiste Lacordaire, the eloquent French preacher, said that "every true genius has been a disciple before being a creator."

It is only by learning to govern ourselves that we become fit to govern others; only by obedience to the laws of our country can we command the respect of our fellow men. And it is only when a nation shows respect for its own laws and for international law that it can command the respect of the world.

It's a Gay Life in the Navy

(By One Who Knows)

It is a popular idea among civilians that life in the Navy is a nice long rest, like a college education, or that it is a perennial sight-seeing trip, especially arranged by Uncle Sam for certain of his favorite sons.

The average naval man's idea of life aboard ship, after he has had a few months of it, is illustrated in the story of the old sailor who had a fortune left to him late in life, and built himself a fine country residence. He purchased all the luxuries that money could buy, and life became a continuous state of bliss. All he had to do was to eat and sleep and be waited on, like one of the aristocracy. Among his numerous servants was an antiquated man who seemed to have no visible occupa-

tion. One of the sailor's curious neighbors finally asked him, "What do you keep that old fellow around for?"

"He?" replied the lord of the manor. "Why he's the most important man on the job. Used to be on the ship with me, and I keep him to remind me of those days. All he has to do is to rap on my door promptly at five o'clock every morning, and I say, 'What do you want?' He replies, 'Five o'clock, and the Admiral says for you to get right up.' And then I say, 'You tell the Admiral to go to h——!'—and I turn over and take another snooze."

The ignorance of would-be sailors, like that of unsophisticated rookies, is sublime. One such was being drilled in signal-reading on board our boat not long ago. After having been instructed in the various signals, he was asked:

"Red and green lights on the starboard side. What is it?"

"Drugstore, sir!" he replied instantly.

A soldier will tell you that the hardships of Army life are much greater than those of the Navy; that the discipline is more drastic. Don't you believe him. We hear a great deal about the freedom of the seas, but there "ain't no such animal" as far as a sailor is concerned. A soldier's life is one long dinner-dance compared with the restrictions on board ship. Why, a poor tar grows so accustomed to the rolling deep, that when he is at home on a furlough, in order to sleep, he must go to bed in a hammock and have some one dash water on the window at regular intervals to give the proper nautical effect.

And speaking of discipline, there is no comparison between the two. I once knew a naval officer who was

a bear for discipline. One day he reprimanded an orderly for talking too much.

"You speak when you're spoken to," he shouted, "and do exactly what you're told, without question."

The next morning the orderly was instructed to go ashore and see if there was any mail. When he reported on his return, the officer asked, "Well, were there any letters?"

"Yes, sir," replied the orderly.

"Where are they?"

"In the postoffice, sir."

"Well, why didn't you bring them aboard, you idiot?"

"You didn't tell me to, sir," explained the orderly, respectfully. "You only told me to *see* if there was any mail."

There is one question which has often bothered me: Why do the composers of popular ballads of the sea always write the music for a basso profundo voice? As far as the sailor is concerned, he doesn't like to be reminded so forcibly of the depths. Let them reserve that kind of music for the submarines, and when they sing of the sea, let the words and music be light and airy, sparkling and gay.

When it comes to a question of courage, I still maintain that the odds are with the sailor-man. In case of a land engagement, if a soldier falls overboard, he simply drops into one of the trenches, while if a sailor falls overboard, Davie Jones has another guest. If the battle gets too hot for a soldier, he can run away, but the sailor has no place to go. He's like the colored gentleman who was dressing up in his Sunday suit when his wife asked him what he was doing that for. Sam replied that he was putting on his best clothes to go with

Brother Brown to a dance. Whereupon Mandy laid down this mandate:

"Ah tells you, nigger, dat you ain't goin' to put on nothin' to go nowhar', with noboddy, no time, never, and not at all."

That's the way it is aboard ship in a naval battle. You just can't go nowhere, with nobody, no time—and possibly never, and not at all.

So my advice to the youths of the country is: If you want to have a nice easy time, loafing around camp or taking hikes across the beautiful countryside, join the Army; but if you really want to serve your country, and are willing to risk the dangers of battle and of that basso-profundo-deep, join the Navy. It is work for a real man, it takes courage and stamina, but the opportunities it offers for training and education, for travel and adventure are unlimited. The time spent aboard one of Uncle Sam's naval vessels will prove a colorful chapter in the history of any man.

HE HAD BEEN IN PRISON

A witness for the defendant was a gray-haired man, and the prosecuting attorney was trying to impeach his testimony.

"Were you ever in prison?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Yes, sir," admitted the witness.

"Ah! I thought so. What were you charged with?"

"Assault and battery, with intent to kill."

"How long were you in prison?"

"Until I escaped."

The prosecuting attorney turned to the jury with an air of triumph.

"So, gentlemen," he said, "our chief witness for the defense is not only an ex-convict, but a fugitive from justice by his own confession."

Then, turning to the witness, he asked insultingly: "When and where were you in prison?"

The gray-haired man straightened up in his chair and said in a clear voice:

"Well, sir, I was captured at the Battle of Fort Harrison on September 29, 1864, and sent to Libby Prison, at Richmond. I escaped while being transferred to Salisbury, North Carolina, and——"

But the shouts in the court room drowned his voice and brought his testimony to a close.

BLACK PAJAMAS

A returned member of a colored regiment was regaling an admiring group of friends with a recital of his experiences in the World War. Among other incidents, he told of a very hot night in July when the members of his company were lying around in their pajamas trying to keep cool. Suddenly a German airplane started dropping bombs and the soldiers fled to shelter.

"What did you do?" inquired one of the listeners.

"Why, man," explained the darkey, "Ah knew dem white pajamas of mine made the best kind of a target, so Ah jest naturally drapped dem whar Ah stood, and made the rest ob de trip in mah birfday clothes."

TOO GOOD FOR THE ARMY

A small boy, leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

"What are you holding on to your brother so tight for, sonny?" inquired one of them.

"So he won't join the army," the youngster replied, without blinking an eye.

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE A LETTER MAKES

A rookie in the cavalry was told to report to the lieutenant.

"Private Rooney," said the officer, "take my horse down and have him shod."

For three hours the lieutenant waited for his horse. Then, impatiently, he sent for Rooney.

"Private Rooney," he said, "where is that horse I told you to have shod?"

"Omigosh!" gasped the private, growing pale around the gills. "Omigosh! Did you say *shod*?"

LINCOLN'S RESOURCEFULNESS

Although an officer in the Black Hawk War, Lincoln, even after he became Commander-in-Chief of the Army, did not pretend to possess any military knowledge. When he was captain of the "Bucktail" Rangers in 1832, he was as ignorant of military matters as his company was of drill and tactics. On one occasion his troop, marching in platoons, were confronted by a gate. The captain had no idea of the proper order; but his wit did not desert him.

"This company is dismissed for two minutes," he ordered, "when it will fall in *on the other side of that fence.*"

A HOST IN HIMSELF

The proud parent had been regaling his small son with stories of his experiences overseas. He closed the narration with the words, "What I have told you is the story of the World War."

The lad was awe-struck for a moment, then exclaimed, "But, Daddy, what did they need the rest of the army for?"

BRITISH SENSE OF HUMOR

The British soldier had been sentenced to be flogged. He did not seem to take the matter seriously, but marched away with a broad grin, and he laughed continuously during the flogging.

When the painful ordeal was over, the sergeant demanded, "Wot's so funny about being flogged? I don't think it's a joke."

"Why," the soldier chuckled, "the joke's on you. I'm the wrong man."

THE ONLY ONE

During the World War, a group of men were discussing conditions on a street corner in Berlin. One of them, being overcome by his feelings, exclaimed: "I tell you that fool of an Emperor—"

Here a policeman brought his remarks to a close by placing a heavy hand on his shoulder, and advising him that he was under arrest.

"What for?" demanded the belligerent one.

"For speaking slanderous words against the Emperor."

"But you didn't let me complete the sentence. I meant the Japanese Emperor."

"No, you did not," said the policeman, "there is only one fool Emperor. Come along."

HEARTLESS

A soldier who had been condemned to die was being led to execution one rainy morning by a squad assigned to that task.

"What brutes you are," he burst out, "to march me through the rain like this!"

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We'll have to march back."

HIS ARMY CONTRACT

President Lincoln used to tell a story about a huge Yankee officer who was in Washington during the Civil War. One morning while walking down the avenue, the officer stopped a street urchin and asked for a shine.

The lad took one look at the tremendous boots before him, and called to a brother boot-black across the street:

"Hey, Jimmy, come over and help. I've got an army contract."

HE COULDN'T LOSE

"I'll bet anyone here," said a young lieutenant to a group of army officers, "that I can fire twenty shots at two hundred yards and call each shot correctly without waiting for the marker. Who'll wager a box of cigars?"

"I will," cried a major.

Early the next morning everyone was on hand to see the shooting.

The lieutenant fired.

"Miss," he calmly announced.

A second shot.

"Miss," he repeated.

A third shot.

"Miss."

"Hold on there!" protested the major. "What are you trying to do? You're not shooting at the target at all."

"Of course not," admitted the lieutenant. "I'm firing for that box of cigars." And he got them.

MAYBE HE WAS A DEMOCRAT, TOO

The recruit was undergoing his preliminary examination. "What is your religion?" inquired the officer.

"Militia, sir," replied the recruit.

"No, no," cried the officer in disgust, "I said 'religion.'"

"Oh, religion, sir," exclaimed the applicant, brightening up, "I beg your pardon, I'm a plumber."

BABE RUTH AND THE GENERAL

There is a story in circulation regarding a meeting between General Foch and Babe Ruth, but the Babe isn't telling it.

It happened several years ago when Ruth was playing in vaudeville in Baltimore. The General was in the audience and it was revealed that he was going to pay a visit back stage after the performance. Ruth was much troubled.

"I've never met any of those birds," he told Welling-

ton Cross, his partner. "What am I going to say to him?"

"Just shake hands with him and talk about anything you happen to think of," Cross advised him.

So the Babe, impressed by the General's fine uniform and military bearing, greeted him respectfully.

"Was you," asked Babe, by way of making light conversation, "in the war?"

HE BOUGHT ONLY NECESSARIES

Speaking of bonuses, one ex-soldier inquired of another, "What did you do with your bonus money?"

"Well, I spent a hundred shooting craps, fifty in a poker game, fifty on likker, twenty-five on taxi fare, and seventy-five on a girl."

"But that makes only three hundred. What did you do with the other two?" persisted his friend.

"Oh, I dunno!" replied the carefree one, "I must have spent that foolishly."

GOIN' SOME

During a battle in the late war, a Negro was beating it for the back areas as fast as he could go, when he was stopped by a white officer.

"Don't delay me, suh," said the Negro. "I'se gotta be on my way."

"Boy," replied the officer, "do you know who I am? I'm a general."

"Go on, white man, you ain't no general."

"I certainly am," insisted the officer, angrily.

"Lordy!" exclaimed the Negro, taking a second look. "You sure is! I musta been travelin' some, 'cause I didn't think I'd got back that far yit."

DEFINITION

It was their first day in a military camp, and the two colored recruits were sitting in the kitchen, more or less industriously removing the skins from potatoes.

"How come," demanded the first, "how come dat officer keeps callin' us K. P.—K. P.?"

"Hush yo' mouf, Iggorance," advised the second. "Dat am de abbreviation fo' Keep Peelin'—Keep Peelin'."

IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WING

The incidents related in the following story happened many years ago and are said to be true.

Some Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So, when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first man.

"Yes," replied the second man, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was

a little frightened, because the enemy were supposed to be quite near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember these lines :

“ ‘All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.’

“After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear.”

“Now,” said the other, “listen to my story: I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused on you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang,

“ ‘Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,’

I said, ‘Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.’ ”

War does not determine who is right—only who is left.



POLITICAL GATHERINGS

“WHAT constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate—
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned—
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride—
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No; men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain—
These constitute a State.”

—*Sir William Jones.*

Rotation in Politics

(For Any Business Gathering)

THE farmer believes in rotation of crops, and every so often he converts his meadow into a cornfield, and plants alfalfa where his wheat or oats have grown. He does this because he thinks that some crops take too much of certain elements from the soil, and he wants to even things up.

In the same way, the American people believe in rotation in office. Once every two, or four, or six years, we change our crop of political officials. If the Republicans are in office and we feel that they have been taking too much out of the country in the way of taxes, tariff, and other revenues, we plow them up and plant Democrats. Then, after a season or two of growing Democrats and letting them prosper on the fertility of the soil, we turn them under and once more plant Republicans. And here and there, just to improve certain portions of our political field, or to try out a new theory, we plant a few acres to Progressives and Socialists, and maybe now and then a few Prohibitionists, where the soil is not too wet.

But it matters not which crop we sow, the majority of us, at the planting time, firmly believe all the glowing propaganda of our favorite political party, just as we believe the glorious pictures in the seed catalogues every spring, although we know by experience that the crop

will be much the same, regardless of the label on the package from which the seed comes.

And we harrow and drag and cultivate, and pray for favorable weather, and apply plenty of fertilizing gold, in the hope that we will raise a bumper crop of political benefits. To be sure, sometimes we plow too deep and bring up skeletons, or other things which we would better have left buried, and sometimes it gets too "wet" and sometimes too "dry." And sometimes the seeds we plant are full of weeds which sap the strength of the soil, and we wonder why the crop is a failure.

But we never become discouraged. Year after year we plant anew, and, considering the storms that sweep unexpectedly over the nation, the pests and parasites which prey on the crop, and the weeds which will rear their heads in spite of our best efforts, the harvest is gratifying. It always has been and we believe it always will be. There are men of honor and courage who can be planted in the political field, and if we select and place them carefully, and rotate them frequently enough to ensure their vigorous growth, and to prevent undue spoliation of the soil, we will continue to reap rich harvests of prosperity.

After making this very unpartisan speech, I dare anyone to say, who does not know, what party I am affiliated with. As this is a mixed gathering, I feel the need of being diplomatic, like the small boy who had been listening very attentively to a pre-election speech.

"I hold in my hand a bright and shining silver dollar," announced the candidate. "That dollar goes to the lad who is level-headed enough to belong to the same party I do."

Then, turning to the bright-eyed boy at his left, he asked, "What's your politics, son?"

"What's yours?" piped the young diplomat.

But, after all, it doesn't make much difference which party receives our vote. We speak of the United States as being a republic and also as having a democratic form of government. The fundamental principles are the same. The aim of each of our two great parties is to carry forward the government which is of, by, and for the people. They may differ as to how this shall be done, but they have the same end in view. It only remains for us to select those collateral issues which most appeal to our sense of right and justice, and to give our vote to the men who we think are best fitted to administer the affairs of the nation.

The Republican Party

(By a Staunch Supporter)

SOME one asked me the other day why I am a Republican. I had to stop and think a moment before I answered. He laughed at me and said it was because my father and grandfather were Republicans. And I must admit that there is a grain of truth in the statement. The general rule is "like father, like son"; and nowadays it is also "like husband, like wife." And it is well that this is so. To have an entire family think out the great political problems together is commendable. Always provided, of course, that they do think them out and not merely accept father's word for it, as is sometimes the case. This course becomes highly dangerous when father himself hasn't given the matter much con-

sideration. With the resourcefulness of the masculine mind, he is usually prepared with an answer, right or wrong, which is accepted as profound wisdom by his admiring family.

When Andrew Mellon was Secretary of the Treasury, he attended a certain dinner party in Washington, where he talked humorously about taxation. A young married woman who was present listened attentively, but was unable to grasp the meaning of all the Secretary said. On the way home she puzzled over some of his statements. "What is the difference," she finally asked her husband, "between direct and indirect taxation?"

"The difference," he replied, "is the same as the difference between asking me for money and going through my pockets while I am asleep." Maybe his answer wasn't so far wrong, after all.

But it is not necessary for one to remain a Republican or a Democrat just because he happened to be born one. He might be like the four young puppy dogs which a small boy was offering for sale at a large Democratic convention in Clermont, Ohio. The boy had been exhibiting the dogs for half a day before one of the crowd approached him and asked: "Are these Democratic pups, my son?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, then," said the man, "I'll take these two."

About a week afterward the Republicans held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same boy with his two remaining small dogs. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser. Finally he was approached by a Republican, who asked: "My little lad, what kind of pups are these?"

"They are Republican pups, sir," was the prompt reply.

The Democrat who had purchased the first two happened to be within hearing, and said to the boy: "See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups I bought of you last week were Democratic pups?"

"Y-e-s, sir," replied the young diplomat, "but these ain't—they've got their eyes open!"

Our friends, the Democrats, are fond of telling us that they are the champions of the people's rights, and they orate profoundly about the "downtrodden," "liberty," the "burdens of taxation," "freedom of speech," and kindred subjects. They insist that the Republican party is responsible for the present financial situation; that the staggering indebtedness and heavy tax burden should be laid at our door. But we in America are not the only sufferers from the depression. It is a world-wide condition—the outgrowth of the World War. And our party was certainly not instrumental in bringing about that war, or involving us in it.

Since its birth, the Republican party has been the standard-bearer of humanity. It understands our needs; it realizes our strength and our weakness, and seeks to protect us from dangers, both at home and abroad. Its principles, cherished since the early days of the republic, need only statement and unbiased thought for their acceptance. It believes, first of all, in American institutions, and in the dignity and worth of American labor. It stands for the protection of home industries—and the system that creates industries is that which rears cities, builds schools and churches, and fosters every noble art. It brings nearer together the great departments of la-

bor; it places side by side the producer and the consumer.

The more thoroughly America shakes off the pressure of foreign competition, the more independent of foreign consumption she becomes. And even if the protective system should in some slight measure raise the price of a few commodities, it is enough for the Republican party to know that the balance has gone to improve the homes and cheer the hearts of American laborers.

Our candidate is a man in happy accord with these Republican principles. He is upright, able, progressive, and fearless. Every interest of the nation is safe in his keeping. The rights of the humblest can have no better guardian. He is a man of integrity, careful in thought, broad and liberal of mind, and patriotic in sentiment.

In fact, he could easily meet the requirements of the political speaker who was discoursing eloquently on the need of leadership. "And what," he exclaimed, "is the great characteristic of all born leaders, the first great essential to successful leadership?"

He paused that the question and its importance might be fully appreciated. "What is it?" he asked again.

A voice, coming from the rear of the room, answered cheerfully: "Ready ability to satisfactorily explain what the other fellow says about you!" Thank goodness, our candidate can easily explain all that the other fellow can possibly say about him.

Nowadays personal feeling does not run so high as it did formerly. A story is told regarding Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, who was scheduled to speak in a certain Democratic stronghold, where, he was told, no Republican had ever been able to finish a speech.

Wolcott opened his address with a story or two, but

his political enthusiasm overcame him and he soon began flaying his opponent, whereupon a number of young hecklers rose in a body and shouted, "Rats!"

Wolcott looked at them a moment, then waved his hand toward several colored men who were seated in the gallery, and said:

"Waiters, come and take the Chinamen's orders."

The effect was instantaneous, and Wolcott was allowed to finish his speech uninterrupted.

We must confess that we are always surprised when the Democrats are elected. We believe that one reason they usually lag behind in campaigns is because, while there were plenty of people to subscribe to their opinions, there aren't many who will subscribe to their campaign funds. In the last few years, however, conditions seem to have been reversed. I recently heard of an incident which quite proves it, in fact. After the election, a certain Democratic voter was brought before the judge.

"What am I arrested for?" he inquired.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with having voted eight times."

"Charged, you say?" exclaimed the prisoner in disgust. "That's queer. I expected to be paid for it."

We expect to pay for every vote, not with a dollar or two in cash on election day, but throughout our term of office, with intelligent administration, with economic resourcefulness, and with faithful and honest service, so that at the end of four years the voter will feel that he has indeed been well paid for his ballot.

The Democratic Party

(By an Enthusiastic Member)

You all know the old adage about it's being good for a dog to have fleas. It keeps him from forgetting that he is a dog. Well, one of the best things that ever happened to the Republican party is to have a Democratic party to check up on it once in a while, just to keep it from feeling that it represents the entire population of the United States. The people are usually content to doze along and let the Republicans run things, but when they become sufficiently dissatisfied with the way things are going, they wake up and say so in no uncertain terms.

When a party has been in power too long its supporters are liable to overrate their importance, and it takes a landslide to jar their political complacency. A man of this character was the conductor on a certain train on the X. & Q. railroad a few years ago. One Fourth of July a prominent Senator from New York was on his way west. The train stopped for some time at a little town in Ohio, a place where ordinarily it never even hesitates unless it has a hot-box.

The citizens were holding a Fourth of July celebration and the town was just whooping it up. It looked as if the train would be stalled there for an hour or more, so some one suggested to the Senator that he read the Declaration of Independence. This pleased the honorable gentleman, and the local committee was delighted to have the eminent New Yorker take part in the program.

He had read about half of the immortal document,

when, the trouble having been adjusted, the conductor gave the engineer the signal and the train began to move. The Declaration came to an abrupt end, and the Senator scrambled aboard, very much displeased.

"What did you start the train for when I was reading the Declaration of Independence?" he asked the conductor. "I wasn't half through."

"Aw, what do I care for the Declaration of Independence!" exclaimed the conductor. "I'm a Republican."

It is quite the thing for certain politicians to pose as friends of the common people by engaging in occupations designed to make them popular with that class. Sometimes it works and sometimes those sought to be impressed are amused instead. Such an incident was told in connection with Theodore Roosevelt during his term of office. When a delegation from Kansas visited him at Oyster Bay, the President met them with coat and collar off, mopping his heated brow.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said with a broad smile, "I'm dee-lighted to see you! Dee-lighted! But I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. Come down to the barn with me and we'll talk things over while I work."

Down to the barn hustled President and delegation.

Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork and—but where was the hay?

"John!" shouted the President. "John! where's all the hay?"

"Sorry, sir," came John's voice from the loft, "but I ain't had time to throw it back since you threw it up for yesterday's delegation."

We know, of course, that Roosevelt was sincere. As a matter of fact, Teddy was almost a Democrat. At least he wasn't a true blue Republican. He proved that

when he split the party in the middle and elected Woodrow Wilson president. To be sure, a bull moose doesn't look much like a donkey, but it resembles an elephant even less.

It must be conceded that some of the pre-election statements of both parties are open to criticism. They remind one of the advertising of a one-ring circus—and mean about as much. During the 1932 campaign an Irish truck-driver, with his helper, was making a delivery on Wall Street shortly before the first Tuesday in November. At Broad Street he rounded the corner at a fast clip and missed a roped-off excavation only by inches. His helper became excited and shouted to him:

“Didn't you see that sign hanging on the rope around the hole, reading, ‘Slow Down—Men at Work’?”

“Don't be childish,” retorted the Irishman. “Pay no attention to them signs. That's only Republican propaganda.”

But year after year we accept the glittering promises and jazz-band oratory, in the hope that underneath it all there may be ideals, and the wisdom and ability with which to achieve them. The Democratic party has ever been the avowed champion of the people's rights. Its principles are progressive. It believes in a more equitable distribution of wealth, in greater government control of the industries which vitally affect the lives of the people. It advocates relief—not to the great monied interests of the country, the railroads, the utilities, and the banks, but to the farmer, the laborer, and the small business man, all of whom are overburdened with taxes. The Republican party has made a point of fostering certain of our infant industries. But some of these husky infants have grown to enormous proportions, and are

still receiving aid. We cannot but feel that the sooner they are allowed to stand on their own feet, the better for all concerned.

But I'm not going to discourse on any of the political questions. I'll leave that to our eloquent speakers, and will content myself with serving in a more humble capacity.

A small boy asked his father what was the difference between a politician and a statesman. "A statesman," the father replied, "is an ex-politician who has mastered the art of holding his tongue." Many a man by his silence has achieved a reputation for wisdom. And here is one way in which we can all render service. If we cannot discourse with wisdom on the questions which our party faces, we can at least maintain an eloquent silence. And there is an old saying equally wise: "He also serves, who only stands and waits." If we cannot participate in any of the great movements, we can at least stand and wait—not for political plums to fall into our hands, but for opportunities to do the things which are within our power.

Young Men in Politics

(Advice to a Group of Young Men)

How many of the young men gathered here tonight know anything about practical politics? If you have thought about the question at all, it is doubtless to view politics as a thing outside your sphere, something manipulated by two great machines, known as the Democratic and Republican parties. And have you ever stopped to think what a political machine really is? What

makes it go? Who oils the machinery, and who dictates how and when it shall run?

And yet it is you, the young men of today, who must operate this machine next year and in the years thereafter. Are you prepared? What training have you had, or do you intend to have, to fit you to assume the responsibilities which will be yours? Are you going to allow the worst element in your community to dictate what shall be the policy of your city and your state? Are you going to submit to being governed by people whom you would not meet socially? Or are you going to assert yourselves in the preservation of your property and your rights?

You may not all have aspirations to be a political office-holder, but let me say that there is nothing better to which a young man can aspire, provided, of course, that he has the proper motives. And there is nothing which is needed more. Let me warn you, however, that there is no future for a man in politics unless he starts at the bottom, and the sooner you begin, the sooner you will be prepared for the place higher up.

Laws are being passed every day which will vitally affect your future life for good or evil. If for good, so much the better; if for evil, what are you going to do about it? You have it in your power to say whether or not those laws shall be passed. Are you going to exercise that power? The average American assumes the right to criticize the government, from the President down to the smallest office holder, but at the same time he is quite liable to feel that it is not his duty to rectify any mistakes, beyond giving unsolicited advice. And he offers as an excuse for his apathy the claim that he does not have the time, that his business would suffer,

or that politics is a game with which he does not care to be identified. As long as we retain those ideas, so long will present conditions continue to exist. It is our duty, and should be our greatest pleasure, to assist in the operation of the government, and the formation of the laws under which we live.

Therefore, I say, join some party, any party, with your eyes and your minds open. Learn how the wheels go around. Learn to know the people of your ward, your precinct captain, the political boss of your district—for rest assured there is a political boss. And make no mistake here. He *is* the boss. Don't try to combat him single handed. You will lose.

Local politics in many places in the United States are corrupt. An unfortunate condition, but nevertheless true. The country needs your new ideas, your clear-sighted minds, your unselfishness, your courage, and you need training. Now is your golden opportunity.

But first, learn the A B C of the game. Find out what is wrong in your county and how to right it. Some one has advised: "Don't study politics; practice it." Excellent advice. You may, with broadening effect on your mind, spend years in the study of political economy and the teachings of Karl Marx and others of his kind, but their ideas are theoretical and will be of little practical help, if you really wish to take an active part in the government of your home time, your state, or the nation. Therefore, do not fill your minds with vague, impossible dreams and ideals. You must remember that all human institutions are imperfect. Look, instead, for the practical things to do. Choose the best of what already exists. Constructive work accomplishes far more than any amount of destructive effort. You cannot

revolutionize the present order in a day, or a year. Probably not in your lifetime. Therefore, do not try. But look for the glaring defects, the weak places near at home. Serve on juries. Study the laws of your state and then note how they are administered, and seek the remedy for existing evils. This will be your training school. After you have served your apprenticeship, you will be in position to assume an active part in the management of local affairs and to have a voice in the policies of the nation.

But individually and alone one can accomplish little. Only in union is there strength. Therefore, it is necessary that you be organized and that you adopt a definite policy to follow. When your organization is perfected, when your policies are well defined, when you have acquired a working knowledge of conditions, of public wrongs and injustice and their remedy—when you have done all this, you will find yourselves a force with which the existing political parties must reckon. After that, the world of politics is “all before you where to choose.”

GOING DOWN

Shortly before William Howard Taft was elected president, he made a trip through the west, delivering campaign speeches. At one town he stayed over night with a friend. The house was small and not very well built. The same was true of the furniture. When Mr. Taft got into bed that night the slats gave way beneath him and he fell to the floor. His friend heard the noise and came quickly to learn the cause.

“What’s the matter, Bill?” he called.

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Taft; "but say, Jack, if you don't find me here in the morning, look in the basement."

HE COULDN'T PUT IT IN HIS POCKET

A finely dressed individual was standing on the field when the aviator brought his plane to a stop. "Would you mind keeping an eye on my machine a minute?" the young man asked.

"What?" said the other crossly. "Me mind your machine? Why, I'm a United States senator."

"Well, what if you are?" returned the aviator. "I'll trust you."

THEIR PROPER PLACE

It was during the Democratic convention in Baltimore and there had been an enthusiastic banquet at one of the hotels. The next morning a prominent Republican met one of the Democratic delegates, and said:

"I understand there were some Republicans at the dinner last night."

"Oh, yes," replied the Democrat, kindly, "one waited on me."

STUFFING THE BALLOT BOX

There is a certain city which has a large German population and in one of the wards there is an unusual number of breweries. In an election some years ago the question of local option was voted on. After the polls were closed, several Germans were counting the ballots. One was calling off the votes on the option question and another was taking them down. The first one, running through the ballots, said:

"Vet, vet, vet, vet, . . ." Suddenly he stopped. "*Mein gracious!*" he cried. "*Dry!*"

Then he went on: "Vet, vet, vet, vet, . . ." He stopped again and ran his hands through his hair. "*Himmel!*" he exclaimed, "der blankety-blank repeated!"

IT WAS

"It took hundreds of years to build those pyramids," said the guide, as the party approached those ancient monuments.

"Ah, I see," said the American tourist. "It must have been a government job."

CONGRESSIONAL COURTESY

The debate had become very heated and finally Congressman Blank called Representative Dash a donkey. The expression was, of course, unparliamentary, and in retracting it Blank said:

"While I withdraw the word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman is out of order."

"Out of order!" yelled Dash. "How am I out of order?"

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," answered Congressman Blank, pointedly.

A GOOD BEGINNING

"What makes you think Junior is going to be a great politician?" asked a friend of the small boy's father.

"I'll tell you," replied the young father, proudly; "he can say more things that sound well and mean nothing than any kid I ever saw."

WHY SHE SMILED

The senator was short and fat; he was also bald and middle-aged. One morning he and a friend were walking down the street, when suddenly the senator turned a beaming countenance up to his friend and said, "George, did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said his friend, who liked a joke. "The first time I saw you I laughed right out loud."

MAKING SURE OF HIS GROUND

A candidate for sheriff called on a minister to ask for his vote at the coming election.

"Before I decide to give you my support," said the minister, "I would like to ask a question."

"Shoot!" said the candidate.

"Do you ever partake of intoxicating beverages?" inquired the clergyman.

"Before I reply, I would like to propound a single question," said the would-be sheriff, cautiously. "Is this an inquiry or an invitation?"

DEFINITION OF VICE PRESIDENT

"What is a vice president?" asked the teacher in the high school.

"Just a spare tire that is seldom used or stolen," answered one of the bright youths.

TOO MILD A TERM?

The new member of the House who was very properly impressed by the dignity of his position, was sleep-

ing peacefully one night, when his wife awoke him with a whispered, "John, there are burglars in the house!"

"You must be mistaken, my dear," he replied. "There may be a few in the Senate, but not in the House."

HE HAD THE RIGHT IDEA

There was keen competition over a political office in a small town. The office paid only \$250 a year, but the friends of one candidate, Sam Harris, a shrewd old fellow, raised a good-sized campaign fund and turned it over to him. To everybody's surprise he was not elected.

"I can't account for it," said one of the leaders. "With all that money you should have won. How did you spend it, Sam?"

"Well," said Sam, "I figgered it out like this. That there office only pays \$250 a year and I didn't see no sense in paying out \$900 to get the office, so I bought a little truck farm instead."

WASTED AMMUNITION

A story is told of a political candidate who affectionately kissed and praised an assortment of eleven children, marveling much at the resemblance they bore to a matronly lady, who blushed the while. The candidate then casually suggested that she mention to her husband that Mr. Smith had called.

"Alas! good sir," quoth the lady, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam; you surely are not a widow?"

"I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up," said the good lady. "These are not my children; this is an orphan asylum!"

IT NEEDS IT

A small boy sat with his father in the visitors' gallery, watching the proceedings of the Senate.

"Father, who is that gentleman?" he asked, pointing to a serious looking man.

"That is the chaplain, my son," explained the father.

"Does he pray for the senators?" asked the lad.

"No," the father replied, after a moment's thought, "he just takes a good look at the senators and then prays for the country."

ONE ON UNCLE JOE

During one of Uncle Joe Cannon's numerous political campaigns, he visited the public schools in a small town where he was scheduled to speak. In one of the grades a program was hastily arranged for the edification of the distinguished guest. One of the boys, who was considered something of an elocutionist, chose for the display of his talent Byron's "Battle of Waterloo." Just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Speaker Cannon gave vent to a violent sneeze. "But, hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster; "a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye not hear it?"

The visitors smiled and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But, hark!" shouted the boy, "that heavy sound breaks in once more, and nearer, clearer, deadlier than

before! Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that arose swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

THE PERENNIAL CANDIDATE

An ambitious politician who had at various times been an unsuccessful candidate for several public offices, has a son—a lad of eight—who, meditating upon the uncertainties of kingly existence, at last asked his mother: "If the King of England died, who would be King?"

"The Prince of Wales," replied his mother.

"And if he should die, who would be King?" persisted the lad.

His mother turned the question off, when the boy, with a deep breath, said: "Well, anyway, I hope Pa won't try for it."

A COMPLIMENT FOR SOMEBODY

As a member of the Legislative Committee, Thomas B. Reed was once sent to inspect an insane asylum. There was a dance at the institution during the evening and certain members of the committee took part in the affair. Mr. Reed was introduced to one of the unfortunates, a beautiful woman. While they were dancing she remarked:

"I do not remember having met you before. How long have you been in the asylum?"

Mr. Reed explained that he had only just come and that he was a member of the Legislative Committee.

"How stupid you must think me," exclaimed the lady. "I knew you must be one of the inmates or a member of the Legislature the moment I saw you, but I had no way of knowing which."

THEY WANTED TO KEEP HIM

During our political campaigns we sometimes wish that the pictures of the candidates were less numerous and conspicuous. However, the candidates themselves are usually proud of the exhibition.

When William Howard Taft was making a transcontinental tour preceding his election, his picture, usually with a word of welcome printed thereon, and decorated with American flags, was on display everywhere. Upon his arrival in a certain western town, he was taken on a short sight-seeing trip, accompanied by the dignitaries of the little city. All at once his delightful laugh rang out. The party was just passing the city jail and directly under one of the barred windows was Taft's picture. There was a flag on either side, and in huge letters underneath was printed the word, "Welcome."

FREE HELP

It is customary during a political campaign in rural communities for the candidates to drop around at the farm for a little chat while the owner is doing the chores. Such a one happened to call just at milking time. Hoping to curry favor with the farmer, he took a pail and commenced playing a nocturne with the streams of milk. Presently he observed, "I suppose my opponent has been electioneering around here."

"Sure thing," replied the honest farmer, "he's milking on the other side of that cow right now."



CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS

“HALF the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.”

—*Henry Drumond.*

Civic Pride

(Address to a Local Club)

CIVIC PRIDE is merely the common or garden variety of national patriotism, the kind of pride that makes a citizen feel that it is just as important to clean up his back yard as it is to head a Fourth of July parade.

Last spring when the débris of winter was still disfiguring our streets and yards, a particularly seedy looking individual accosted one of our prosperous appearing citizens and asked: "Would you be willing to donate two dollars to improve and beautify your town?"

"What's the idea?" was the suspicious response.

"Well, for two berries," grinned the tramp, "I'll move on to the next village."

The man who doesn't take an active interest in his home town, who doesn't want to see it prosper, and who will not work for its improvement, or even its beautification, lacks that vital thing which marks a true patriot.

But even though a man has the interest of his city at heart, he can alone do little for its improvement. It is necessary for him to join with others who are likewise civic-minded. This need for coöperation has given rise to the Chambers of Commerce of the larger cities; to the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs and like organizations; and in the smaller villages, to the Booster clubs.

Much sport has been made of some of these clubs, the idea being that they exist merely as social organizations, where the members meet to exchange gossip, tell jokes, and partake of a hearty luncheon. This is slanderous, of course. But it is true that good dinners add greatly to the success of any organization. Associated effort, whether of the muscles or the brain, need to be stimulated occasionally by social contact. There is a physiological reason for this. One of the great sympathetic nerves of the human system is said to be located in the stomach, and therefore our appetites and our sympathies are so intimately connected that when we are gathered around a well laid table, we are filled with charitable feelings toward all the world, and with ambitious aspirations for our immediate community.

The members of clubs sometimes become so enthused that one can actually tell from their looks the cities they represent. Some time ago while traveling on a P. & Q. train, I dropped into the lounge car for a little chat. One of the passengers was boasting of his ability to tell from a person's looks what city he came from. "For example," he said, turning to the gentleman at his left, "you are from Denver." He was right.

"You, my dear sir," addressing the man across the aisle, "are from New Orleans." Again he was correct.

"And you are a New Yorker?" he asked the man at his right.

"Yes, indeed," answered the Manhattan citizen, proudly.

Then, turning to the last man, the stranger said: "And you, sir, are from Philadelphia."

"No, sir," replied that individual with considerable

warmth. "I've been sick for three months; that's what makes me look that way!"

The club is not exclusively an American institution, although it has been said that in America wherever three persons are gathered together they immediately proceed to elect themselves president, vice president and secretary-treasurer of something. It is a fact, however, that over 4,000,000 Americans attend conventions each year, and these conventions number nearly 15,000.

Any business man is benefited by association with his competitors. Occasionally one finds a man who feels that the methods which were successful in the past must always be successful. He is antagonistic toward innovations, and then wonders why the new store in the next block is attracting customers which he had inherited from his father. But times change, new systems are adopted, new goods manufactured, and the business man must keep pace. An automobile dealer can no longer use old methods of salesmanship any more than he can sell a 1920 model in place of a new stream-lined car.

The same is true of civic associations. There was a time when the only organizations a city knew, aside from its lodges and social clubs, were its political circles. In the villages, the only organization was the little group which met around the stove in the corner grocery to discuss everything from Farmer Brown's new barn to the election of a new president.

There is an old saying to the effect that three persons united against a town will ruin it. That is not true if there is a larger group which has the good of the town at heart. It is a well known fact that bad citizens—law breakers—are united, while good citizens are too often

divided, and the bad citizens are frequently so vociferous as to give the impression that they are stronger than they really are.

In one of Billy Sunday's evangelistic campaigns, it is said that he wrote to the mayor of a midwest metropolis for the names of citizens who were especially in need of prayer. The mayor very obligingly sent him a copy of the city directory.

We are quite sure that few of our citizens are especially in need of prayer, but we must not be satisfied with our passive goodness. We must become more aggressive. The country needs more soldiers of peace, and it is here that the various civic organizations can render the greatest good. They are composed of representative, thinking men, who have established themselves socially, financially, and professionally, and whose interests are identical with those of the city wherein they dwell.

In a recent article entitled "We Are At War," General John J. Pershing tells us that the nation faces a crisis in which many dangerous and insidious enemies are allied against us—the corruption and extravagance of government, and the growth of power in the underworld; that we ourselves are largely to blame for this condition because we have neglected our duty as citizens; that patriotism is just as necessary in meeting the complex problems of peace as it is in meeting the more stirring obligations of war. He adds the warning that with all our marvelous institutions, we may go down like Greece and Rome, unless we recognize and live up to our civic obligations.

If the various civic clubs do nothing more than to awaken the right kind of people to a realization of their

duty as responsible citizens of the state and nation, they will have accomplished much. There is a place in the life of every city for one or more of these aggressive civic organizations, which seek out the needs of their municipality and vigorously apply the remedy, or render the required assistance. Any bread which we may cast upon the waters of civic betterment will return to us in the increased volume and improved character of our business, and in the pride and joy we take in our home town.

The Rotary Club

(The Retiring President Expresses His Appreciation)

I AM not going to bore you with a long speech, although there are a few things which I wish to say before I relinquish my position as president of this club. I always feel rather sorry for the speakers, as well as for those who must listen, on an occasion like this, and am reminded of the Methodist brother on the closing night of a conference, who fervently prayed: "Oh, Lord, be with the first speaker and give him power to move the people. And be with the second speaker and endue him with Thy spirit. And Lord, Lord, have mercy on the last speaker!"

It was President Taft, I believe, who said that there are three kinds of liars: the d— liar, the expert witness, and the after-dinner speaker who says, "I'll not detain you long." I assure you that however well I may qualify for the first two, I will not be guilty of the last. There is still another kind of liar. Webster says that a "l-i-e-r" is one who lies down, and I don't believe

that I have been guilty of lying down on my job as president of the Rotary Club.

A year ago when I was honored by election to this office, I entered upon my duties with enthusiasm and ambition, and with the hope that *you* would make *me* a good president. You see, I had sense enough to know that alone I could accomplish nothing. That it would take the coöperation of every member of the club to make our "wheel" go round.

Some one has said that a born leader is one who guesses the way people are going and then gets in front. Now, the Rotary Club was going strong when I became president, and if at times I have seemed to lead, it was simply because I was a good guesser. I guessed which way the club was going and merely got at the head of the procession. That's what makes great political leaders.

I am glad I was not a candidate for re-election, however, for I am sure I would not have had the courage to ask you to vote for me again. A story is told of a noted politician who was seeking election to a high office. In making a speech to the voters of his home town, he said: "Gentlemen, I know all of you will be with me in this election, because I am one of your sons. Even Deacon Jones, although he is of the opposite political faith, I am sure will vote for me, because he would like to see one of the sons of his native state elected."

Here Deacon Jones interrupted. "I would rather vote for the devil," said he, "than to vote for you." And the nominee replied, "Inasmuch as your friend is not running this fall, I trust that you will feel free to cast your ballot for me."

I accepted the office of president gratefully, and I lay it down gladly. If my work has been pleasing to you; if I have helped to accomplish some of the worthy objects for which we have labored, I am happy. I extend my congratulations and best wishes to my successor in office, and shall welcome an opportunity to be of assistance to him.

Before I close, I want to say just a word about our magazine—*The Rotarian*. I wonder how many of you read it thoroughly. If you do not read it regularly from cover to cover, you are missing some of the finest articles written today. The magazine not only sets forth the activities of the Rotary Club, and they are legion, but it contains articles on nearly every phase of human life. There are occasional graphic reviews of economic conditions in other countries, comments on our own financial situation, heart-touching stories of the youth of today, articles on public morals, automobile driving, personal hobbies—to mention only a few that have appeared in recent issues. Articles that are gripping in their interest, and that have been reprinted, in whole or in part, in other periodicals. Your pride in our organization will be increased four-fold when you fully realize, through the reading of the magazine, the world-wide influence exerted by the Rotary Club.

To have been the president of a branch of such an organization brings, I feel, a real and lasting honor, and I want to express again my sincere appreciation of this evidence of your kind regard, your faith in my ability, and your whole-hearted coöperation during my term of office.

NO EXCUSE

A man addicted to walking in his sleep, awoke one night to find himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman.

"Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist."

"I don't care what your religion is," replied the policeman, "you can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

THE WELL-KNOWN CLIMATE

"Oh, yes, we have a wonderful climate," said the man from southern Texas. "Why, only last season we raised a pumpkin so large that, after sawing it in two, my wife used the halves as cradles in which to rock the twins."

"Yes," replied the man from New York, "but in my state it is a common thing to find three full-grown policemen asleep on one beat."

SHOOT FIRST

A fine-looking, six-foot applicant was taking an examination to enter the police force. One of the oral questions asked him was, "What would you do if you saw an excavation in the street?"

"I'd shoot it," he replied, without an instant's thought.

CITY RIVALRY

There is great rivalry between certain cities. New York and Philadelphia frequently exchange compliments. The latter claims that New York's ancestral

trees in Central Park were grown by graft; while New York retaliates by saying that a Philadelphia carpenter who drove three miles in two hours was arrested for speeding.

SAFER THAN ONE-ARM DRIVING

An affectionate couple had disregarded the parking sign on a side street. An officer accosted them with, "Don't you see that sign, 'Fine for parking'?"

"Yes, officer," replied the young man, "I see it and heartily agree with it."

THE BRAVE VOLUNTEERS

One of the examination questions read as follows: "Correct this sentence: 'Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the volunteer fire department.'"

And Bill wrote in answer: "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire department."

WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS

A Chicago traveling man was staying at a hotel in Milwaukee one night and wished to talk to a neighboring village. The long distance operator informed him that the charge would be twenty-five cents.

"Twenty-five cents!" he shouted. "That's outrageous. Why, in Chicago I can telephone to h— and back for ten cents."

"Oh, yes," replied Central, sweetly, "but that's inside the city limits."

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS

In the Civil Service room they were busy giving physical examinations to candidates for the police force, when a brawny young Irishman, Barney by name, dropped in.

The police surgeon approached and told him to take his clothes off and be quick about it.

The Irishman undressed. The doctor measured his chest and waist, told him to breathe deeply, and prodded his back and muscles.

"Hop over that rod," commanded the doctor.

Barney tried his best, but only succeeded in landing on his back.

"Touch the floor with your hands, without bending your knees," he was told next.

He made the effort, but lost his balance and sprawled on the floor. He got up and submitted indignantly to a cold shower and was then told to run around the room ten times.

This was the last straw and Barney rebelled. "I'll not do it," he declared defiantly, "I'll stay single first."

"Single," inquired the doctor, much puzzled.

"That's what I said," replied the Irishman, "an' that's what I mane. Sure an' what's all this funny business got to do wid a marriage license, anyhow?"

Then the doctor directed him to the right bureau.

HIGH VISIBILITY

The streets were very slippery and the traffic was heavy. A two hundred and fifty pound lady approached the traffic cop on the corner.

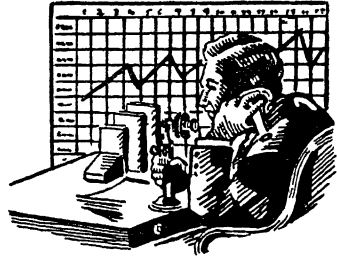
“Could you see me across the street, sir?” she asked.
The cop took one look at her.
“Sure,” he grinned. “I could see you a mile.”

BE A BOOSTER

Boost your city, boost your friend;
Boost the lodge that you attend;
Boost the street on which you're dwelling;
Boost the goods that you are selling;
Boost the people 'round about you,
They, perhaps, can do without you,
But success will quicker find them,
If they know that you're behind them.

Boost for every forward movement;
Boost for every new improvement;
Boost the school and all the teachers;
Boost the churches and the preachers;
Boost the stranger and the neighbor;
Boost the man for whom you labor;
Cease to be a chronic kicker;
Cease to be a progress blocker.
If you want your home town better,
Boost it to the final letter.

Stop your knocking—BOOST!



BUSINESS ORGANIZATIONS

“I WISH to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.”

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Business Enterprise

(For a Convention of Business Men)

SOME of the older men here can doubtless remember the time when the United States government strenuously exercised a "big stick" in the chastisement of organized business. You will recall the cartoons depicting the Trusts—bloated monstrosities labeled "Sugar," "Tobacco," "Railroads," and "Utilities," all of which held in their grasp a small, insignificant individual designated, "Common Pee-pul."

Only a few years ago the government ordered the merging of certain large railway systems in the interests of economy and efficiency. Consolidation is today the watchword of financial success.

Then, every business enterprise was the enemy of all other business. Each was trying to ruin the other. Today, we realize that competition in some instances stimulates buying for everybody, and that in certain other lines of industry, like public utilities, consolidation of facilities and the consequent elimination of duplication reduces the cost of production, and hence gives the product to the consumer at the lowest possible price.

Therefore, instead of flying at each other's throat, we today meet in friendly convention and frankly discuss our problems, giving and receiving advice, profiting by each other's experience, planning economies and more practical methods of operation, and incidentally forming valuable friendships.

A number of years ago a noted magician and mind-reader by the name of Cumberland was traveling across Europe to St. Petersburg. To while away the time, Cumberland entertained his fellow-travelers by reading their minds. Among the passengers was a Polish merchant, who, being skeptical of Cumberland's ability, offered to bet him fifty rubles that he could not read his thoughts. Cumberland accepted the wager and after a moment's reflection, said:

"You are planning to attend the fair at Nishni, where you will purchase goods to the value of twenty thousand rubles. Then you will have yourself declared a bankrupt and settle with your creditors for three per cent."

The merchant gazed on Cumberland with awe; then drew out a shabby purse and silently handed over fifty rubles.

This greatly pleased the magician, who said, "Then I guessed your thoughts correctly?"

"No," replied the merchant, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."

There was some truth in the college boy's definition of economy, which he declared was a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it. Many of us have learned this fact since the wave of prosperity receded and left us stranded on the shoals of adversity. The great trouble with most people is that they do not know how to economize—in the home or in the office. When the necessity arises, they become panic-stricken and pessimistic. They deny themselves proper food, necessary recreation, and sufficient rest. As a result, they become ill and worried, and therefore incompetent to cope with their problems.

The same is true of business. It requires even more

discrimination to economize in business than in the home. We cannot starve our industries, if we would have them grow. We cannot expect favorable results from our investments, if we deny our business competent workmen and intelligent supervision. We gain nothing by producing an inferior article. We must accustom ourselves to a smaller margin of profit, but that margin must exist, else disaster awaits us.

A small boy defined the word "deficit" as meaning "what you've got when you haven't as much as if you had just nothing." If we end the year with just nothing, we need not be discouraged; but if we can end it with a small margin of profit, we can be truly thankful. If we have kept away from the red in our book-keeping during the years of depression, we can consider ourselves well on the road to success.

These three things are as necessary now as they were in the days of our great prosperity: integrity, efficiency, and economy, coupled with faith in ourselves and the business we are conducting. If we haven't faith in our business, let's get out of it—at a loss, if necessary. If we haven't faith in ourselves, let's start working for somebody else.

And let us economize sensibly. There should be a good deal of satisfaction, if not real pleasure, in saving money in such a way as to keep our enterprises on a paying basis. One way to do this, some of us have learned to our sorrow, is to reduce the number of our credit customers. While credit is the basis of business, everyone agrees that it can be carried to excess. Many a merchant would like to adopt the policy of the Negro storekeeper down in Georgia, who showed excellent business judgment when he hung up a sign which read:

“Kwittin’ the credit bizness till I gits my outs in.” If we would all resolve to quit credit business till we got our “outs in,” it would be better for us and for our customers.

Integrity is the basis on which we must build. There are those who attain success by other methods, but the success toward which we are striving must be of a permanent character. This cannot be attained unless, coupled with our prosperity, we have the confidence of our business associates and of the community in which we live.

Efficiency is the key-note of any enterprise. There are many business systems on the market today, all calculated to aid in business management. Some of them, however, are so complicated that it would require all our time for the management of the system, leaving none for our business. But there must be system, order, judgment and executive ability, if our business is to be a success.

And the best way to bring all this about is through friendly coöperation—the exchange of helpful experiences. With so many trained minds assembled here, we should, like Cumberland and the Polish merchant, be able to evolve a few brilliant ideas.

Some of us may be located in so small a town that we feel it is useless to make much endeavor; that we can never rise above a certain height. But even small towns have their compensations. A very successful manufacturer of the middle west lives in the smallest town in which he owns a factory. Recently, while he was visiting in the East, a luxury-loving friend asked, “But why do you stay in such a one-horse town?”

“Perhaps,” replied the other, modestly, “because I happen to be the horse.”

Suppose our business is located in a one-horse town. It may be that we cannot put that place on the map to the same extent that William Allen White gave prominence to Emporia, or Henry Ford developed Fort Dearborn, but we can so conduct our business and ourselves that we will become the reliable, energetic, prize-winning horse of our particular little one-horse town.

“All Wool and a Yard Wide”

(A Business Man Praises American Standards)

I SOMETIMES wonder if we in America, and I include our northern neighbor in the name, realize just how fortunate we are to be living in a country whose business activities are based on definite standards.

Those of you who have shopped in foreign lands will appreciate what I mean. As you travel about the world, you will find different systems of finance, different codes of laws, and different standards of living. And the one thing which will most deeply impress you is how fortunate you are to be doing business on the American continent.

We may at times question the cost of an article, or even its value for the price demanded, but if it is bought at the average American store, we do not question its measurement or weight. All over America a dollar is worth one hundred cents. We buy a yard which is without question thirty-six inches. A square yard of gravel from an excavation, or a yard of the most delicate ribbon need not be remeasured. A pound con-

tains always sixteen ounces and needs no reweighing. Every gallon contains exactly four quarts. We know without question that there is exactly one quart or one pint in our bottle of milk, and we further know that the milk contains the prescribed amount of butter fat. When we purchase a crate of blueberries, or cherries, we receive sixteen quart boxes, each of a determined capacity.

The reason for this, of course, is that there is at Washington the United States National Bureau of Standards, in whose vaults are kept all the weights and measures, scales and beams, and other devices necessary for preserving a perpetual and true standard of measure. These standards are transferred to the capitals of the several states, where they are as carefully guarded. The city sealers of all our large cities are the custodians of similar sets of standards. These are inspected at regular intervals. The weights and measures of every store are also subject to inspection at any time. Containers of all kinds are made to hold precisely the amounts designated, and the weight or capacity is printed on all bottles and cartons. All this in order that you and I may expect and receive the full dollar's worth of goods for the one hundred cents which we pay. We are so accustomed to receiving this service that we seldom question it, and practically never give a thought to the system that lies behind it—the protection which our government gives us in this very important element of our every day life.

Other nations assert, rather scornfully, that America is standardized, feeling, no doubt, that standardization eliminates the finer things of life and reduces living to a mere existence. Yes, we are standardized, but a stand-

ardized country is a dependable country. We always know just what to expect and how much our dollar will buy. We have been so long associated with these standard dollars, yards, pounds, and gallons that we have set for ourselves a standard of living which does not have its equal in any other country in the world, and we strive to measure up to it one hundred per cent. We are never content to fall short in any endeavor, whether it be commercial, educational, or social. Whatever it is, it must be the best. Our humorous Yankee motto, "All wool and a yard wide," is more than an idle phrase. It is the standard by which are measured the institutions, the business enterprises, and the men and women of America.

TOO MUCH SPEED

This is an age of speed. A certain amount of speed is essential to progress, but have we been carrying it to excess? The Reverend Dr. Chester B. Emerson, an eminent Detroit divine, thinks so. Speaking of the national financial crisis, he said:

"The second mistake we made, I think, was this: we thought speed meant direction, and often enough it meant only going around in a circle. We thought if we kept busy enough and fast enough at it, we would solve our problems. We were moving, but we were going in the wrong direction. Did you ever play with an old red top? Spin it around, gentlemen; spin it faster and faster. The faster you spin it, the redder it looks. But let that old top run down and then you begin to see how little paint it has on it. It is my observation that there are too many men who have

reached the age of fifty who are old red tops. They have dealt with life as an illusion. They have succumbed to the speed mania in seeking profits. They have failed in the slow, steady building up of worthwhile resources."

THE NEED OF THINKING MEN

In an address delivered at a Washington bicentennial banquet, Dr. Emerson made this statement:

"We need men who can think. A man who can't think is a fool. A man who won't think is a bigot, whatever his worldly profession may be. And a man who dares not think in a time like this is a knave. But the man who can think the way through for us, who are trying but cannot find the way, will be hailed in history as one of the greatest leaders this country has ever produced.

"Somewhere there are men today who can solve the great problems of international trade, the complexes of modern industries, the intricacies of politics, the amazingly difficult contacts of the different racial and social groups in human society. It may be that they are in our own number, made up of men of every walk of life, if we could discover them. If somehow we could exert our intelligence to find it, we might discover the way of salvation for this worried and harried old world."

BUSINESS REPORTEE

Mr. Boom and Mr. Steddy were business enemies, but chance had placed them on the same board of directors. One day after an important meeting, Mr. Boom was holding forth.

"There are hundreds of ways of making money," he said provocatively.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Steddy, "but only one honest way."

"What way is that?" asked Mr. Boom sharply.

"Ah," retorted Mr. Steddy, "I thought you wouldn't know it."

A FINANCIAL OPTIMIST

"What is a debtor, Dad?" asked the small boy who was preparing his arithmetic lesson.

"A man who owes another man money," explained the father.

"And what is a creditor?" was the next question.

"The man who thinks he is going to get it back," said father with a sigh.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

He was engaging a new stenographer and the conversation went like this:

"Chew gum?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Talk slang?"

"No, sir."

"Roll your eyes at the salesmen?"

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell 'cat' and 'dog'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have lots of phone calls?"

"No, sir."

He was trying to think of something else to ask, when suddenly she took a hand, and began popping questions at him:

"Smoke cheap cigars while dictating?"

"Why—er—no," he gasped.

"Raise heck with the stenographer when things go wrong at home?"

"Cer-tainly not."

"Bang things around on your desk when business is bad?"

"N-never."

"Raise the roof when an employe gets caught in a traffic jam?"

"No, indeed."

"Know enough to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"

"I—I think so."

"All right, you're accepted. When do you want me to go to work?"

FALSE HOPE

"Are you doing anything Sunday evening, Miss Lane?" asked the junior partner.

"No, not a thing," answered the pretty stenographer, hopefully.

"Then," said the junior partner, "please try to be at the office earlier on Monday morning."

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS

"Where did this water come from?" demanded the boss as the office boy brought in the mail.

"I think Mr. Thompson must have spilled it," said the boy.

"And who's Mr. Thompson?"

"He's the man who cleans the windows."

The boss glared at the boy.

"Billie," he said, "I don't want any 'mistering' around here. We call men by their first names in this office, and don't you forget it."

A few minutes later, the boy stuck his head in the door and said in a voice audible to the entire office force: "Gentleman to see you, Frank."

TWO-HOUR YEAR

"How long has the office boy worked for you?" inquired the caller who was waiting for the boss to sign some letters.

"About four hours," replied the chief.

"Four hours," exclaimed the caller. "Why, I thought he had been here quite a long time."

"Oh, yes," sighed the boss, "he's been here two years."

NO ENTERPRISE

A small town Yankee was going to Boston on the train when a little Jewish gentleman entered the car and sat down beside him.

After a few minutes, the Jew said politely, "Nice day, ain'd it?"

"I guess you're a Jew," said the Yankee.

"I'm a clothing salesman," answered the little man, offering his card.

"But you're a Jew?" persisted the Yankee.

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," commented the other, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Vermont where I live I'm proud to say there isn't a single Jew."

"Dot's why it's a village," replied the little salesman, calmly.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE

"What?" exclaimed the boss. "You want a raise in salary when you know darned well that the concern isn't doing any business? You be satisfied with what your getting—you're lucky I didn't make you a member of the firm."

FAIR ENOUGH

Down in South Carolina two darkies had been partners in the blacksmith business. Following a disagreement between the two, Sam inserted the following item in the local paper:

"NOTICE: De co-partnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owes de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

WELL QUALIFIED

The boy had made application for a job.

"Have you had any experience as office boy?" asked the boss.

"I should say I have, Mister," replied the lad. "I've been a dummy director in three mining companies, already."

LIBERAL ESTIMATE

"How many people work in your office?" inquired the man in the Pullman smoker who was addicted to acquiring information regarding other people's business.

"Oh," replied the elderly man, as he got up and dusted off his coat, "I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them."

PRECOCIOUS YOUTH

"That's our general superintendent—son of the president," exclaimed the office manager, who was showing the visitor around. "He began right at the bottom and worked up—started in as an oiler right after he left college."

"When was that?"

"Oh, he graduated last June."

IF ONE BELIEVES IN SIGNS

When one sees the sign, "Will be back in ten minutes," one often wonders just how long he will have to wait. An enterprising man in San Francisco solved the problem. One morning he expected a man to call and pay a bill. While he was waiting for the man, he was called out. Before going he put this notice on the door: "Have gone out for half an hour. Will be back soon. Been gone twenty minutes already."

GOING THEM ONE BETTER

A firm of shipowners wired one of their captains: "Move heaven and earth; get here on Friday."

Just as they were becoming very anxious, they got the reply: "Raised h—— and arriving Thursday."

BUSINESS COURTESY

Finkelstein was a good customer of Abe and Mawruss, manufacturers of ladies' dresses. He was, however, getting lax about his payment of invoices, and Abe suggested that Mawruss write him a strong but diplomatic letter calling attention to his laxity.

Mawruss worked for several hours over the letter, then showed it to Abe for his approval. After reading it over carefully, Abe said:

"By golly, dot's a wonderful letter. Strong and to the point, but not personal or insulting. But you got a couple mistakes in it, Mawruss. 'Dirty' you should spell mit only one 'r' and 'cockroach' begins mit a 'c.'"

EFFICIENCY

The new office boy had been instructed carefully regarding different classes of callers and how they were to be received. His first caller asked: "Is the boss in?"

"Are you a salesman, a bill collector, or a friend of his?" demanded the office boy.

"All three," replied the visitor.

This didn't faze the office boy for a minute. He was ready with the answer: "He is in a business conference. He is out of town. Step right in and see him."

HE COULDN'T BEAT THE BOSS

A young college graduate, through his father's influence, had obtained a position in the office of a prominent utility president. Not having been instructed as to office hours, he arrived at the office the first morning at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work.

The second day he presented himself at eight-thirty. Again he found the president immersed in work. The third day he managed to reach the office at eight o'clock, but the president was already at his desk.

On his way home that night, the young man determined that he would be ahead of his boss the next day or die in the attempt. On going to bed that night he set

his alarm clock at six-thirty, and by the exercise of a considerable will power succeeded in reaching the office at seven-thirty. But in vain; there was his chief, as usual, working away as if it were mid-day.

As the clerk entered, the president looked up, smiled quizzically, and asked: "Young man, what use do you make of your forenoons?"

TRY TO GET IT

"Dad, what is influence?" inquired the small boy.

"Influence, my son," replied the father, from sad experience, "is a thing you think you have until you try to use it."

FIXING A DEFINITE DATE

A young Swede in South Dakota, who had been sent out to collect bills for the general store, returned with this report:

"Yon Brown, he say he pay when he sell his wheat; Ole Oleson, he pay when he sell his oats; and Yon Yohnson, he say he pay in Yanuary."

"In January," repeated the proprietor, surprised. "Why, he never set a date before. Are you sure he said January?"

"Vell, Ay tank it bane Yanuary. He say it bane dam cold day when you get your money."

MIGHT START VACATION

It was during the heavy snows of 1918. The suburban train, which had been working its way through one of the blizzards, came to a dead stop, and all efforts to start it again were in vain.

A weary commuter, numb from cold and the cramped position in which he had tried to sleep, crawled out of the train in the early dawn, and made his way through the heavy snow-drifts to the nearest telegraph station. This is the message he handed to the astonished operator :

“Will not be at office today. Not home yesterday yet.”

BEFORE THE DEPRESSION

An elderly German couple decided to buy the farm adjoining their property. The price agreed upon was \$16,000, and they went to town to conclude the deal. They entered the bank carrying an old battered milk pail with a tin cover, which they set on the floor between their chairs.

When the time came to pay, the old farmer pulled the pail up on his lap and started to count an assortment of money, much of which had been out of circulation for some time. Finally he reached the bottom, and stopped, obviously very much upset.

“Why, there’s only \$14,000 here,” he exclaimed.

His wife looked equally concerned for a moment; then her face brightened.

“Ach, papa!” she exclaimed, “you brought the wrong pail.”

LIMITED ENDURANCE

Sometimes the confirmed optimist becomes a nuisance. “Well, the depression can’t last forever,” one of them assured a business acquaintance.

“No,” replied the discouraged business man, “and neither can I.”

A NATURAL MISTAKE

There were two private telephone booths in the office, and the new boy had just answered a call.

"Your wife would like to speak to you on the 'phone," he said to his employer.

"Which one?" asked the boss, starting toward the two booths.

"She didn't say, sir," replied the boy, "and I didn't know you had more than one."

WHEN IS A GENTLEMAN NOT A GENTLEMAN?

Jones accidentally met one of his creditors on the street. Not to avoid the issue, he inquired: "How is it that you have not asked me to pay my account?"

"I never ask a gentleman for money," replied the creditor.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jones, very much pleased. "Then how do you get it if he doesn't pay?"

"Well," said the other, "if he doesn't pay after a certain time, I know he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BRIGADE

An official of the local electric company had been invited to address a Fourth of July gathering. Thinking to arouse a little patriotic enthusiasm, he repeated one of Tennyson's poems. He was going splendidly until he reached the line:

"Honor the light brigade."

Then some one in the audience, evidently a customer of the electric company, shouted:

"Oh, what a charge they made!"

PHONE OUT OF ORDER

"What name are you calling?" asked Central.

"McCohn," replied the customer.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired the telephone girl.

"McCohn," repeated the party on the wire.

The line was silent for a moment, then Central said:
"Wait a minute, please. I think the wires are crossed."

BETTER MAKE A FLAT RATE

The gas company in a college town inserted the following advertisement in the local paper:

"WANTED: Burly, beauty-proof man to read gas meters in sorority houses. We haven't made a dollar in two years."

Automobiles

(The Back-Seat Driver)

THE back-seat driver has been vindicated. Not long ago a judge in one of our western states ruled that a person riding in the back seat of an automobile has a right to warn the driver of danger ahead. Henceforth he, or possibly she, for the ladies are really more expert than the men in back-seat driving, will be justified in giving unsolicited directions, advice and suggestions. And the only recourse the driver will have is to wear ear-muffs, or, as a last resort, drive the car off the bridge, or over the cliff.

A friend of mine recently bought his wife a coupé for a birthday present. During her first driving lesson she became somewhat confused over the instructions.

After making several mistakes, and nearly losing a fender, she turned to the agent and exclaimed: "How can I always think of just what to do?"

"That's easy, madam," he replied. "Just imagine that your husband is at the wheel."

About a month later this same woman, who thought she had become quite expert, was driving along a country road, when she noticed a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles.

"The idiots," she exclaimed to her companion. "Do they think I never drove a car before?"

When she was returning that evening she lost her way in the down town district and tried to turn around on a busy corner. The traffic cop stopped her with a gruff, "You can't turn around on this street."

She smiled at him sweetly and said, "You'd be surprised. I've learned to do a lot of things since I bought this car."

Speaking of women drivers, I sometimes marvel at the things they can do with impunity. A young lady of my acquaintance attempted to drive through the red light signals. The officer stepped on the running-board and said severely: "Young woman, do you know anything about the traffic laws of this city?"

"Yes, a little," replied the fair motorist. "Can I help you?"

I'd like to see a mere man get away with anything like that.

Statistics show that more men have motor accidents than women, and more are arrested for reckless driving. There are several reasons to account for this fact. In the first place, most women have had long experiences in back-seat driving before they take the wheel, and thus

have unconsciously absorbed a great deal of information regarding the correct method of handling a car. In case of a collision with a car driven by a man, the latter will generally assume the blame, or forget about it. Not always, however. Once in a while a man will not extend this little courtesy. A young woman motorist accidentally ran into the car of a friend, who was inclined to be angry. In the midst of the rather heated discussion, the girl cried, "You beast! Where's your chivalry?"

"That old thing!" he sniffed. "Why, I turned that in for a Cadillac long ago."

There is no question, however, but that when it comes to traffic officers, a pretty woman has a big advantage. The motor-cycle cop, or the policeman on the corner, never trades in his chivalry. It is always an eight-cylinder, late model, where the fair drivers are concerned. And I ask you, brother motorists, can we be less chivalrous to the back-seat drivers of our acquaintance?

So let's toast the back-seat driver,
With her cheerful look of guile;
When she bids us crash the red light,
And we only smash our head-light,
Let's be sports, and smile and smile.

HIS SOURCE OF REVENUE

"Why don't you have that mud-hole in front of your house fixed!" asked the visitor at the farm.

"No, sir-ee," replied Farmer Brown. "I've purty nigh paid off the mortgage with the money I collected for haulin' cars out of that there mud-hole."

BILLIE KNEW

"If a man saves \$5 a week," asked the teacher, "how long will it take him to save \$1000?"

"He never would save it, ma'am," said Billie, who was very observant. "After he got \$900 he'd buy a car."

HE GOT HIS LICENSE

The Negro was being examined for a driver's license.

"And what is the black line in the middle of the road for?" he was asked.

"Fo' bicycles," was the reply.

BUT NOT AGAINST IGNORANCE

"Officer," said the sweet young thing, "I left my car parked here a few minutes ago, and now it is gone."

"It must have been stolen, Miss," said the policeman.

"Oh, no, it couldn't be that," explained the fair driver, "it was insured against theft."

HE WASN'T OPERATING A DOG LAUNDRY

The boys who drive for motion-picture studios in Hollywood resent being called chauffeurs. They want to be called drivers. Most of the actors call their drivers by name and chat with them. Recently a woman star, to whom a special car and driver had been assigned, let a week go by without bothering to learn his name, and always addressed him as "Chauffeur." He thought that was long enough, so one day he swung around in his seat, grinning, yet determined.

"Miss," he said, "I'm no chauffeur; I'm a driver."

"Why," she asked, "what's the difference?"

The answer was instantaneous and positive: "One hundred dollars a month and no dogs to wash!"

AUTOMOBILE BABIES

Some people are such enthusiasts about cars that they become automobile-minded. The young auto salesman became the proud father of triplets. He described them to a friend as twins and a spare.

HE LIVED WITHIN PARKING DISTANCE

Parking in the cities has become a serious question. "Are you going my way?" one man inquired of another.

"Yeh," replied his friend.

"Can I ride with you to my home?"

"How far away is your home?"

"Eight blocks."

"Sorry," replied the friend, "but I'm parked farther away than that."

THE MAN WHO PAYS AND PAYS

Jones was never an early bird at the office. One morning his boss exclaimed: "Late again. Have you ever done anything on time?"

"Yes, sir," was the meek but prompt reply. "I purchased a car."

THEN GIVE HER THE AIR

"Fill her up," said the absent-minded motorist to the waiter, as he parked himself in the restaurant with his sweetie.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MRS. WILCOX

It is easy enough to look pleasant
When your car runs along with a vim;
But the man worth while
Is the one who can smile
When he has to run in on the rim.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

"Some of you pedestrians walk along as if you owned the streets," yelled the angry motorist, after the near-accident.

"Yes," countered the irate pedestrian, "and some of you motorists drive around as if you owned the car!"

POPULAR MECHANIC

Mrs. Alibi had tried to climb a telephone pole with her car, with the result that one fender was badly bent. She drove to the garage for repairs.

"Can you fix that fender so Mr. Alibi will never know that it has been bent?" she asked the mechanic.

"I'm afraid not, lady," said the mechanic. "But I can fix it up so that in a few days you can ask him how he bent it."

THE WRETCH

"Say," yelled the cop, as he overhauled the speeding car, "do you know you were going sixty-five miles an hour?"

"Why, Officer," said the sweet young thing at the wheel, "I couldn't have been going sixty-five miles. I was going only thirty a little ways back and I had been

slowing down. I don't believe I was going more than twenty-five at the outside."

"Well, maybe not," said the officer, "but just to be on the safe side, I'll tear up this ticket and give you one for parking."

HIS LAST RIDE

A colored man got his nerve together and took a flight in an airplane. As he climbed out of the ship on its return to the field, he turned to the pilot and said:

"Suh, Ah has to thank you for both dem rides."

"What are you talking about?" said the aviator. "You only had one."

"No, suh," returned the passenger, "Ah done had two—mah fust an' mah last."

OH, THESE WOMEN!

"Yer hitting sixty!" yelled the traffic cop.

"Well, that's all right," returned the fair driver, complacently, "I have just finished my first five hundred miles, and the man said I could drive as fast as I wanted to after that."

SO WOULD WE

"I'd like to see a good second-hand car," said the prospective customer.

"So would I," replied the salesman, as he surveyed his line of repossessed vehicles.

MAYBE IT'S JUST LUCK

"Is your wife a good driver?" asked Brown.

"Well," replied White, "I don't exactly know whether she's a good driver, or whether all those she meets are."

HE'LL FIND A CHANCE

"Well, look at the new car," said Jones, as his friend Banks drew up to the curb in a shiny Pointex. "How's the pick-up?"

"Haven't had a chance to try it yet," answered Banks. "My wife rides with me most of the time."

WHAT PRICE SOCIABILITY?

"You told me that if I were sociable with the police magistrate I would get off," complained the motorist to his friend.

"Well, were you?"

"Yes. I said, 'Good morning, your honor, and how are you today?' and he replied, 'Fine—\$50.00.'"

A QUICK ANSWER

"Who can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Billie waved his hand excitedly.

"Well, Billie, what is it?"

"Please, ma'am," answered Billie, "the 'quick' are the ones who get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"

THE VERSATILE WITNESS

"Tell the jury how the accident happened," said the lawyer to the witness.

"Well, the car shot out of a garage, exceeding the speed limit, and knocked the fellow flat on his back and ran over him. The fellow was slightly intoxicated,

stepped in front of the car, which was going at the rate of ten miles an hour, was softly brushed aside and——”

“What are you talking about?” interrupted the lawyer. “How could it happen both ways?”

“Don’t ask me,” replied the witness, “I’m just telling both sides of it.”

WEATHER FORECAST

“I’ll let you off with a fine today, but the next time I’ll send you to jail,” said the judge in the traffic court.

“Sort of a weather forecaster, aren’t you, judge?” said the penalized driver.

“What do you mean?” asked his honor.

“Why, fine today—cooler tomorrow,” said the defendant, as he paid up.

Aviation

(Civilization Must Be Served)

LOOKING backward, it does not seem possible that at the dawn of the twentieth century the airplane was unknown; that only within the last decade has it become of practical commercial value. It does not seem possible that only a hundred years ago huge covered wagons creaked and swayed as slow-plodding horses and oxen blazed the long western trail; that brave pioneers, mere dots on the trackless prairie, watched the distant horizon unfold as, mile after weary mile, they traveled the road which countless thousands were to follow—serving the call of civilization for a home.

And it is only a few years since echoes were awak-

ened in the primeval stillness of plain and mountain, as the first steam-driven locomotive spanned the continent; slowly at first, as the cautious trains, bearing their precious freight, wound their way to the mountain top, then down into the valley beyond; increasing their pace, as time passed, to thirty, fifty, sixty and more miles per hour—serving the demands of civilization for more adequate transportation.

'Twas only yesterday that there came the airplane—modern bird of the air, with its great spreading wings, its huge engines, its luxurious conveniences. Today it is an accepted reality, transporting men and women, mail and precious freight, roaring through the night at two hundred miles per hour—serving civilization in its demand for greater and greater speed.

And the men and women back of these modes of transportation—pioneers all, freely giving their strength and their lives in the service: the driver of the covered wagon, with rifle by his side, with eyes searching the hills and plains for signs of the dreaded foe; the wife and mother, enduring hardships with cheerful fortitude, encouraging, bearing arms when necessary—that the progress of the world might continue without pause; the vanguard of intrepid engineers, laying their tracks and stringing their wires over the unconquered mountains; the man at the throttle and his helper, guiding his engine through the darkness of the night.

And now comes the pilot of the airplane, bravest of them all, with his perfect board before him, his parachute at hand. It is true that no savage foes await him, no dangerous curves, no swollen rivers lie ahead. But, instead, there are the uncertain vagaries of the air, the

cruel rocks of shrouded mountain sides, the uncertain elements of nature.

With him is the stewardess, moving so calmly among the passengers. Trig and trim in her neat uniform, she does not much resemble the calico-clad woman of pioneer days, but that uniform covers a heart which beats no less courageously. Knowing the dangers, sensitive to the least deviation from normal, helpless in case of accident, she smilingly supplies the wants of the passengers and quiets their fears.

And there are dangers—dangers which only the pilots realize. The aviator has one force to reckon with which does not confront any of the other modes of transportation. As one of them has so aptly said, "When any pilot who is in trouble can push a button and switch off the law of gravitation, then flying will be safe." There is no solid ground, no guiding rails, beneath the air-ship's wheels.

But the passengers, asleep in the luxurious car, do not realize the courage which drives that plane at tremendous speed, covering in an hour distances which their forefathers took months to conquer, plodding mile after lonely mile, a hundred years ago.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century Erasmus Darwin, an English poet, wrote these prophetic lines :

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam ! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the field of air.

The prophet-poet envisioned the genie of steam as the motive power. It matters little—steam or electricity—the result has been the culmination of his dream. It is

the God-given force of the human intellect which has made all this possible. The slow barge has become a floating palace; the rapid car, the auto and the streamlined train; the flying chariot does indeed spread its wings, bearing us through the fields of the air.

Yes, civilization must be served—and in her service are the courageous heart of the youthful pilot, his keen mind, his clear eye, his sure judgment.

The safety of the pioneers of the covered wagon days depended upon their preparation, the possibility of meeting hostile tribes, the location of water, the wind and rain. The safety of railroad passengers depends upon the condition of the track, the winter snows, the spring freshets, the perfect schedule.

Naturally, the human element enters into all these modes of transportation, but in none is the safety of others so dependent upon the guiding spirit of the man in front as it is in the air liner. Upon the judgment of the pilot, his skill, his courage, and his mental alertness depends almost entirely the safety of his passengers and his ship. To his care we entrust our very lives. To him we must pay tribute and honor and respect. He is the last one in the world to look for commendation. He accepts his duty with the apparent unconcern of modern youth. But nowhere in the world can his courage and ability be excelled.

And civilization honors this, her youngest son, who, like the knights of old, dons his helmet and goes forth to battle with the dragons of the air in her service.

A Tribute to Our Air Mail Pilots

WHEN you pick up the air mail letter that comes to your desk, it is just another message, brought to its destination in quicker time, by means of transportation differing from the old ways of the postal service, but it bears no evidence of the drama that may have taken place en route.

What that drama is, sometimes, was revealed in the crash of two fliers on the transcontinental, caught in a severe storm over the Alleghenies, the "graveyard of the service." It could never be reproduced in all its flavor by the retelling. But radio communication, between plane and ground station, has preserved it for us, first hand.

The eastbound plane, piloted by Dean Burford, climbed into the mountain storm in the dead of night. He reported bad conditions to the operator at Newark and was told to proceed. He fought the storm, made some headway, but finally was caught in sleet. Then the Newark operator heard him say, in a final message:

"Starting to lose altitude. I'm up 5,000 feet. Can't hold it. Starting to lose rapidly. Losing at rate of 500 feet a minute. It's going to be tough on the old plane because I'm going over the side right now. So long."

At the same time, climbing into the same storm from the east was Pilot Andrews. He was only 50 miles from where Burford had "bailed out" when he began to report impossible conditions. Finally, the frost king of the mountains was riding his plane also. He reported his last message in these words:

"Andrews speaking. Can't climb farther. I'm about

5,000 feet up. Plane is getting heavy. Ice. Just about holding my own. Starting to slip now. Starting to fall. Here we go, I guess. So long."

Just two paragraphs of final messages from men in peril, but what a story they tell—of calmness, efficiency, acute observation and calculation, of heroism without a thought of heroism, of waiting until the last minute when they well knew that they would have to go down by 'chute through the rain and the fog and the sleet to an unknown landing in a mountain forest.

The drama ends happily. They landed safely, salvaged their mail and sent it on its way. Just a letter, at its destination, but, if the recipient knew, it had engraved on it one or the other of these final messages from the men of the skies.

Sometimes men say our generation is getting soft. Read those messages again.—*The Milwaukee Journal*.

WHAT WOULD HE STAND ON?

Rufus was going to enlist and a friend wanted him to try for the flying branch of the service.

"No, suh," said Rufus, "not dis chile. Why, Ah'd get way up dar an' fust thing Ah'd know th' aviator would say, 'Rastus, git out an' see what's wrong underneath dis ship!' 'Scuse me!"

THE RIGHT ANSWER

"I am no hand at public speaking," said Wilbur Wright at a banquet in Paris in honor of the Wright Brothers' first demonstration of a successful airplane flight in France, "and on this occasion I must content myself with a few words. As I sat here listening to the

speaker who preceded me, I have heard comparisons made to the eagle, to the swallow and to the hawk, as typifying skill and speed in the mastery of the air; but somehow or other I could not keep from thinking of another bird which, of all the ornithological kingdom is the poorest flier and the best talker. I refer to the parrot."

HE PREFERRED TERRA FIRMA

"How'd you like to be in that plane up there, Mose?" asked a friend as they stood watching a big ship which had just taken off.

"Ah'd much prefer to be up thar' in it," answered Mose, "than to be up thar' out of it."

EXPERIENCED

"Are you an experienced aviator?" asked the manager.

"Well," said the applicant, "I've been at it six weeks and I'm all here yet."

Farming

(A Solution of the Farm Problem)

It is a curious thing, but every city dweller or suburbanite whose garage doesn't take up his entire back yard, feels himself a full-fledged farmer. In the spring hope soars high, and he whistles and sings as he spades his few square feet of earth. Then he plants and hoes and weeds in sunshine and rain, and when he pulls his first radish the family gather around to marvel at the miracle.

But the real farmer can take heart when he views the rate of return received by this perennially hopeful suburbanite from his small garden plot. One of these city farmers, with a sense of humor, has given us the following verse:

And now the gay suburbanite,
Expending his last nickel,
Proceeds to carry home at night
1 hoe
1 rake
1 sickle

His garden is well under way,
And if he keeps on workin'
He'll have, on some late summer day,
1 beet
1 squash
1 gherkin

After all, possibly the advice of the suburbanite, who actually works in his back yard, is as valuable as that of the politician who wouldn't know a squash from an eggplant, if he saw them growing side by side in a field.

Our economists have tried all kinds of remedies for the relief of the farmer. They have tried coöperation, with doubtful results. Down in Mapleville, Illinois, the local farmers held a meeting in the interests of a coöperative program. Late in the evening Hiram Corn-tassle returned home, bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Well, Miranda," he said, "I'm going to make some money this year. At the meetin' tonight we all agreed to raise only five acres of sweet corn to keep the price up, so, by gum, I'm goin' to put in twenty acres."

Years ago the government tried giving land away in

order to create farms and farmers. But in some instances those who "took up" this land found themselves worse off than if they owned none at all. The story is told of a prospective "homesteader" who was making inquiry of his friend—an old-timer in the business.

"Gus," he said, "you've taken up a homestead and I thought mebbe ye could tell me the law concarnin' how to go about it."

"Wall," answered his friend, "I don't jest remember how the law reads, but I can tell you what it means. The meaning of it is this: The government is willing to bet ye one hundred and sixty acres of land agin fourteen hundred dollars that ye can't live on it five years without starvin' to death."

Most of those early farmers won the bet, but their sons are giving the farms back to the government as fast as they can now.

Not long ago a western stockman who had mortgaged his cattle to the local bank, was called in by the banker and told that his note was due and must be paid the following day. The stockman asked, "Were you ever in the cattle business?"

The banker answered, "No."

"Well," said the cattleman, "you are now," and walked out.

Banks all over the country are being forced into business—not only into the cattle business, but into farming generally.

Possibly the best solution of the farm situation that has as yet been offered was worked out down in Texas before the discovery of oil. A traveling man stopped for the night at a dry land ranch near Abilene. As he

discussed the affairs of the country with his host, he became more and more puzzled as to how the little ranch paid its way. At last he ventured the question:

“How in the world do you make a go of things at all?”

Indicating the hired man, who was sitting at the far end of the supper-table, the host replied:

“You see that feller down there? Wall, he works for me, and I can’t pay him. In two years he gits the ranch. Then I work for him till I git it back.”

But, laying aside the humorous phases of the farm problem, the fact remains that business cannot resume its upward trend until the farmer is once more a factor in the world markets, because, as students of the question have pointed out, agriculture is the most important single source of primary purchasing power.

The city dweller, especially the one who is out of a job, feels that the farmer has nothing of which he should complain; that he can at least make a living from the soil. That is true, if he owns his farm and has a family which can supply a part of the labor. But a large percentage of farmers are handicapped by a mortgage placed there when land values were inflated and on which they are now paying a burdensome rate of interest.

The holder of stock certificates or bonds which depreciate in value takes his loss without question. But the holder of a mortgage on a farm which has depreciated in value, still insists on having one hundred cents on the dollar, or the farm—and whoever heard of a farm selling for more than the amount of the mortgage?

Other causes have contributed to the farmer’s trouble; overproduction growing out of the war program;

the introduction of tractors and other expensive farm machinery; the importation of oils and dairy products from the tropics, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippine Islands, and from the ocean, at prices with which the American farmer cannot compete. Add to this the destruction of certain crops by storms, drought and insects, which makes farming the greatest gambling adventure in the world, and we have a situation in which the average farmer is helpless.

To quote from Frederick E. Murphy, publisher of the *Minneapolis Tribune* and operator of five farms: "We import duty free from the Philippine Islands some 600,000,000 pounds of coconut oil annually. This competition, affecting dairy and hog values adversely, is one which our dairy and livestock farmers should not be called upon to face."

Last summer a traveler through Arkansas saw a boy cultivating a small field of debilitated corn. He stopped to express sympathy for one compelled to make a living on such poor land.

"I don't need no pity," said the boy, resentfully. "I ain't so poor as you think I am. I don't own the place."

I cannot tell you the remedy for the conditions which exist. That must be left for wiser minds. I can only point out the fact that there can be no real prosperity in this, or any other country, until the farmer is once more a factor in the markets of the world; until he can truthfully say that he owns the place.

HE DREW THE LINE

Old Giles had worked nearly forty years as gardener and odd-jobs man, and was apparently contented, until

one day his employer added the care of the poultry to the old fellow's duties.

"I want you to write on each egg the date and name of the hen that laid it," explained the employer.

The following day Giles approached his employer. "I'm leaving," he said.

"Leaving? Why?" asked the other.

"Well," came the answer, "I've done nearly everything on this estate for the last forty years, but I hain't going to be secretary to no blooming hens."

A SURPRISE FOR THE CUSTOMER

She wrote to a poultry journal that she was much interested in poultry raising, and inquired how long the hen should remain on the eggs. The editor replied:

"Three weeks for chickens and four weeks for ducks."

Later she wrote to the journal as follows:

"Many thanks for your advice about the sitting hen. She remained on the nest three weeks, and at the end of that time there were no chickens hatched. As I did not care for ducks, I took the hen off the nest and sold the eggs."

HE KNEW HIS SHEEP

"Now, Harold," said the teacher, "if there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence, how many would there be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, yes there would," said she.

"No, ma'am, there wouldn't," persisted Harold. "You may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."

WELL BRED CHICKENS

Little Bobby, while visiting a farm for the first time, watched a hen scratching before the barn door. As the farmer came up the hen ran into the building.

"Gee," exclaimed Bobby, "that chicken sure wiped her feet clean before she went into the barn."

A PRIZE-WINNER

"You will want to enter something for the county fair, I suppose," said the chairman of the Agricultural Society to Mr. Timothy.

"Waal, yes," was the reply. "You may put me down for the biggest hog in the county."

SCIENCE

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even a bushel of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer, with a chuckle. "It's a pear tree."

FARMING VS. AGRICULTURE

Farmers sometimes resent the unsolicited advice frequently given them by self-styled students of agriculture. One of them being asked to tell the difference between a farmer and an agriculturalist, gave this definition:

"A farmer is a man who makes his money on a farm and spends it in town. An agriculturist is a man who makes his money in town and spends it on a farm."

A REAL SURPRISE

A farmer brought some products to Portland and sold them. He thought, "I will surprise my wife," so he bought a suit of clothes, a hat, and a pair of shoes and put them under the seat.

On his way home he stopped at the bridge. There he got out, took off his old clothes and threw them into the river. Then he looked under the seat for his new clothes—they were gone.

Finally he climbed back into the buggy and said: "Git up, Maud, we'll surprise her anyway."

IS SHE VERACIOUS OR VORACIOUS?

"Which is correct," asked the visitor from the city, who wished to show his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and I don't care. What interests me is to know, when a hen cackles, has she been laying or is she lying?"

SUPPOSE IT HAD BEEN OLE?

A cow belonging to Ole Olson had been killed by a freight train, and in a few days the claim agent for the railway company called.

"We know, of course, that the animal was very valuable," said the agent, in his smooth, diplomatic manner, "and we sincerely regret your loss. But, Mr. Olson, you must remember that your cow had no business on our tracks. The right of way is private property and when she invaded it she became a trespasser. And you, being the owner, became a trespasser also. But we do

not want to go into court and cause you any trouble. Now, Mr. Olson, what would you regard as a fair settlement between you and the railroad company?"

"Vall," said Mr. Olson, slowly, "Ay bane poor Swede farmer, but Ay skal give you two dollars."

FARM RELIEF

The politicians all have tried
To give us farm relief;
They operated, but alas!
The patient came to grief.

They relieved him of his produce,
Which they thought would do no harm;
Then they went a little farther,
And relieved him of his farm.

What, with interest and taxes
All added to his woes,
The farmer had no money left
To spend on food or clothes.

Then they had the man arrested
'Cause he had no clothes to wear;
And put him in the county jail,
Where he gets the best of care.

So now, he has three meals a day,
And when he's sick, a pill;
A concrete roof above his head—
And the county pays the bill.

—Edgerton.

TACT

A certain working man had been employed for some time as gardener on a large estate. He had finally been dismissed, however, because of his dishonesty. Feeling sorry for the man's wife and family, his employer gave him a letter of recommendation, worded as follows:

"I hereby certify that Fred Stone has been my gardener for over two years, and during that time he has gotten more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."

SUBURBAN POTATOES

"How did your potatoes turn out?" inquired the city man of his suburban friend.

"Just fine," replied the optimistic gardener. "There were some as large as walnuts, quite a number as big as peas, and, of course, a lot of little ones."

Finance

(The Real Value of Money)

EVERY few minutes somebody thinks up a new slogan which he is convinced will be a panacea for all financial ills and will save the nation from utter ruin. The cashier of my bank suggested the other day that possibly the assets of the country are not frozen, only scared stiff. If that is so, then what the country needs is not a slogan, but a b-u-y word.

As proof of the fact that the assets are more scared than hurt, here's an amusing thing: When the depres-

sion started, people lost faith in banks, so they withdrew their money and put it in the postoffice, and then the postmaster sent it back to the banks. However, this shows that we still had faith in the government.

A would-be philosopher, who values his own opinion, says that there are two ways to become rich: one is to have much; the other is to want little—evidently inferring that there is much merit in wanting little.

My friends, the progress of any nation depends upon the wants of its people. Many a man has risen to heights of power and fame because of the wants of his family, the insistence of an ambitious wife. It may have been tough on the husband at the time, but it accomplished results. The same is true of a nation. If its people are content with a humble condition, if they are satisfied to live on a lower plane than their neighbors, the nation will remain in the same condition. But if they are ambitious, if they want things badly enough, they will get them, and in the getting will keep the wheels of industry turning.

Ik Marvel, author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," once said to a young writer, "Saving is the mania for depriving yourself of things which you want now, for fear you may not have things which you won't possibly want forty years from now."

Like other sayings of the famous author, that thought contains a great truth. Many a person whose riches have taken wings during the last few years realizes that fact. I have in mind a worthy couple who have always longed to travel, but they postponed doing so from year to year, until now they have lost the desire and the physical ability. No amount of wealth can give them now this thing which they missed in their younger days.

A beggar on the street was regarding enviously the richly dressed man whom he was importuning for aid. "You have no reason to envy me," said the other, "even if I do look prosperous. I have my troubles, too."

"No doubt you have, boss," replied the unfortunate one, humbly, "but the difficulty with me is, I ain't got nothing else."

Yes, rich men may have troubles and worries, but they do have something else. There are limitless possibilities and opportunities for them today. They have money and power which they can use for the benefit of others; they have wisdom and experience which they can use for the benefit of the country.

Even the poor man can find something for which to be thankful. A man who had recently lost his job was worrying because he was so heavily in debt, and said to a friend, "What in the world have I to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills."

"Then, man alive," counseled his friend, "be thankful that you aren't one of your creditors."

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the distinguished scientist, has said that if we are to take stock in the world's advance, we must first take stock of ourselves. Americans have earned the reputation among Europeans of caring only for money, and there is a grain of truth in this charge. However, it is not so much, I think, the value we give to money itself, as the false value we give to the things it buys. And herein lies our greatest mistake.

We have a car. What is its value to us, aside from its use in going to and from our business? Do we derive pleasure from the beautiful country through which

we pass? Or do we boast of the speed at which our car can go, and the number of miles we have driven it?

We have a radio. Do we value the really fine programs which can be heard over it? Or do we take pleasure in trying to get distant stations?

We have beautiful clothes and furniture. Did we purchase them for the real pleasure they give us? Or to impress our friends with our good taste and ability to buy?

And do we share our good fortune with others? You may answer that we have no money to give away. That may be true. But there are other things we can give. Things which will cost us nothing but which will enrich the lives of others. Do we ask the lame neighbor to ride in our car? When there is an unusually good program on the radio, do we invite a less fortunate person to listen to it? When we have read our magazines, do we pass them on to some one else?

We are so prone to estimate our possessions in dollars and cents. And if they are swept away we feel that the world is lost. But if we have lived rightly, there is so much that can never be taken from us—friendship, education, cultivated tastes, love, the memories of travel, an appreciation of music and art, books. By no act of fate can we be deprived of these things. And we can share them with others without diminishing our store. The school boy was inspired when he defined philosophy as being able to explain why you are happy even when you are poor.

Truly, America is a rich country and her people are rich, even without the tangible evidence we call gold, which can in the end buy for us only as much as our minds and bodies can use. The real wealth is the joy

and satisfaction which we derive from our possessions—mental and physical—and the pleasure we are able to give to others.

Let us take stock of ourselves, inventory our assets, tangible and intangible. Let us enjoy our possessions to the fullest extent, and then, let us want more; want them badly enough to work for them desperately, and in so working assist in bringing relief and profit to the entire country.

HE SHOULD HAVE A MONUMENT

Several men in the smoking room were arguing as to who was the greatest inventor. One contended for Stephenson, who invented the railroad; another for Edison; another for Marconi; and still another for the Wright brothers.

Finally one of them turned to a small man who had said nothing.

“What do you think, Mr. Goldstein?”

“Vell,” Mr. Goldstein replied with a knowing smile, “the man who invented interest was nobody’s fool.”

THEY MIGHT USE THE BERTILLON SYSTEM

It is a well known fact that banks use the utmost care in cashing checks for strangers. Not long ago an unknown man came into a Chicago bank and presented a check at one of the windows.

“You will have to be identified,” said the paying teller.

The stranger took a bunch of letters from his pocket, all addressed to the same name as that on the check, but the teller shook his head.

After a moment's thought the man pulled out his watch, which had the name engraved on the inside cover. Again the teller refused to be convinced.

Finally the man went through his pockets and brought out one of those "If-I-should-die-tonight-notify-my-wife" cards, and called the teller's attention to the description, which was perfect in every detail. But the teller was obdurate.

"All those things prove nothing," he said. "We must have the word of a man that we know."

"But," said the stranger, "I've given you an identification that would convict me of murder in any court in the world."

"Doubtless that is true," responded the teller, patiently, "but in matters connected with the bank we have to be more careful."

OTHER DOORS WERE OPEN WHEN HE CAME BACK

"All the stores in town were closed the day my uncle died," said Johnny.

"That's nothing," said Billie. "All the banks were closed for three days after my father left town."

HE HAD THE RIGHT IDEA

During the recent financial panic a German laborer by the name of Schwartz, went to the bank for some money. He was told that they were not giving out any currency, but were using script instead.

The man could not understand, although several of the officers tried to explain conditions to him. At last they took him to the president, who talked to him for

some time, and was encouraged by seeing a look of understanding dawn on the man's face.

"You see the point, now, don't you, Mr. Schwartz?" he asked.

"I t'ink I do," said Schwartz. "It's like dis, ain'd it? Ven my baby vakes oop in der night and vants milk, I gif him a milk ticket."

PLAYING SAFE

Penny savings banks for children have been established in certain social settlements in the East.

Just before the closing hour one Saturday, a small boy came into the bank and, with a businesslike air, withdrew two cents from his account. When the bank opened Monday morning, the money was returned.

"So you didn't spend your two cents," observed the worker in charge.

"Oh, no," replied the boy, "but a fellow likes to have a little cash on hand over Sunday."

OR TO ADVERTISING ACCOUNT

"How shall I account for the ten thousand dollars our cashier skipped out with last week?" asked the bookkeeper.

"Oh, charge it to running expenses," directed the banker, after a moment's thought.

THE BANK WAS N. S. F.

An old darkey, John Jefferson, who was about to leave Atlanta, Georgia, went to his bank, an institution for colored people, and had his book balanced. It

showed a balance of \$200. Landing in Cincinnati, the old darkey issued a check on the Atlanta bank for \$200, payable to a Cincinnati bank. In a few days the check was returned marked "Insufficient Funds." The Cincinnati institution sent an inquiry to the Atlanta bank, and in due time received the following reply:

"Gentlemen: We don't mean that John Jefferson ain't got sufficient funds, but we mean that *our* funds are insufficient."

TRAVELING CHECK

"Did you get my check?" inquired Brown of Jones.

"Yes, twice," replied Jones. "Once from you and once from the bank."

AN EYE OPENER

"Did you ever realize on that investment?" asked the bond salesman of a former patron.

"Yes, I did," said the patron, savagely. "I realized what a fool I had been."

N. S. F.

"What became of that unpaid grocery bill that came last week?" inquired Jones.

"Oh, that?" replied his wife. "I sent it back marked 'Insufficient funds.'"

HE WAS IN EARNEST

"Were you one of the many fooling with the stock market?" inquired the business man of a friend whom he had not seen for some time.

“Not me,” replied the friend, “I was serious; the market did the fooling.”

MAYBE BETTER

“Is it true, Father,” asked little Ikey, with a solemn face, “that marriage is a failure?”

After a moment’s thought, his father replied: “Vell, Ikey, if you get a rich wife, it’s almost as good as a failure.”

Hotels and Restaurants

(The Dining-Room a Public Benefactor)

AN ENTERPRISING lunchroom out in Arizona displays this sign:

“If you think your steak is tough, just think how tough it would be if you had no steak.”

Every restaurant-keeper would enjoy saying something like that once in a while to a fussy customer. As a matter of fact, we have spoiled the public by our excellent food, our entertainment, and our courteous and efficient service. I am convinced that hotels and restaurants have been a great factor in raising the standard of living in the United States. Not so long ago people were content to have a good meal, properly served. Now, they demand in addition, beautiful surroundings, the music of an orchestra, and dancing. They have grown so accustomed to the careful attention given them in high-class hotels, clubs and restaurants that they desire similar surroundings and service in their own homes.

A meal is much more appetizing when served promptly and attractively, and most housewives have

learned this fact. The young bride very naturally wishes her meals to be on a par with those of the exclusive little restaurant to which Jack used to take her. She strives to have her dining-room possess the atmosphere and simple elegance of her favorite tea room. In these days of two room apartments, many people could never return their social engagements if it were not for the restaurant; and think what a boon it is to a young wife when she entertains her mother-in-law for the first time.

Of course we are not quite so lavish in the matter of food as we were in the years B. D. (Before the Depression), but we do try to satisfy our customers. Some of them, however, while they live very frugally at home, expect all and more than they can eat every time they dine in a restaurant. Such a person recently summoned the manager of the establishment.

"This is a good restaurant, isn't it?" he inquired.

"None better," was the reply. "If you order a fresh egg, you get the freshest egg in the world. If you order a good cup of coffee, you get the best cup of coffee in the world. And if——"

"I believe you," interrupted the patron. "I ordered a small steak!"

Some customers, when they have a complaint to make, delight in voicing it for the benefit of all within hearing distance. Others, more considerate, rather than embarrass the waiters and management by public criticism, prefer to write their suggestions. A New York club which prides itself on its cuisine, recently received such a complaint from one of its members.

"I have the honor to inform you," wrote the gentleman, "that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had

as my guests three gentlemen, all well-known epicures. Among other things an omelet was served. It contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this very embarrassing. In order to make a proper division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving—or forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future, when an omelet is served for four persons, it should be either with (1) four flies, or (2) no flies at all.”

Just now, on account of the well-known business depression, many of our restaurants are “down in the mouth,” so to speak, and some of our tallest hotels are “up in the air,” but we hope that conditions will soon change, and that the art of eating will again become the joy it used to be. We are commanded to “eat, drink and be merry.” Merry people like to eat and drink. People who eat and drink in public are usually merry. Happy people are optimistic and ambitious. Therefore, it is our duty to make the public happy. *Quod erat demonstrandum*, as we used to say in geometry class. It seems that the honor of saving the world rests squarely on the shoulders of the hotels and restaurants.

The other day I read a verse which I thought quite apropos. I suggest that we have it printed on little cards, and place one of these cards before every guest.

Eat, drink and be merry;
Tomorrow you'll find
The world will be brighter,
The people more kind.

Eat, drink and be merry;
Then pass it along;
'Twill make others happy—
Your money and song.

THE NATIONAL BIRD

At dinner one evening, two men were discussing the merits of different species of game. One preferred canvasback duck, another woodcock, and a third thought a quail the most delicious article of food. The discussion and the dinner ended at the same time.

"Well, George," said one of the men, turning to the waiter who was standing attentively at his elbow, "what kind of game do you like best?"

"Well, sah," grinned George, "to tell you the truf, almost any kind of game'll suit me, but what Ah likes best of all is an American eagle, served on a silver dollah."

WAS ROASTED LATER

The newly wed clergyman and his bride were dining at a restaurant which the young man had highly recommended.

"How's the chicken today?" he inquired of the waitress who came with her pad to take the order.

"Fine!" she replied with a smile. "How's yourself?"

REVERSE MOURNING

Two Irishmen who had just arrived in New York were eating their dinner in a hotel, when Pat spied a bottle of horseradish. Not knowing what it was, he took a big mouthful, which brought the tears to his eyes.

Mike, seeing the tears, asked Pat what he was crying for.

Pat, wishing to have Mike fooled also, exclaimed:

"I'm crying for me poor auld mother, who's dead away over in Ireland."

By and by Mike took some of the horseradish, whereupon tears filled his eyes. Pat, seeing them, asked his friend what he was crying for.

Mike replied: "Because ye didn't die at the same time yer poor auld mother did."

WHAT IF HE'D HAD ONLY ONE LEG?

A traveler, arriving late one night at a small village hotel, asked for a room. He was told that the only vacant one was next to that of an exceedingly nervous man, whom he must be careful not to disturb. After being shown to his room, the newcomer forgot the warning and let one of his shoes fall. Then, remembering his neighbor, he placed the other very carefully on the floor. He had turned off the light and retired when there was a knock on his door. Opening it, he found the nervous occupant of the adjoining room, who demanded excitedly:

"Why in thunder don't you take off that other shoe?"

SENATORIAL STRATEGY

The following story is told of Charles Stuart, formerly senator from Michigan: One cold winter day he was traveling by stage. The snow was deep and the stage was an hour late at the dining station. The Senator was hungry and in spite of the warning, "Ten minutes for refreshments," he sat down to dinner with the determination to satisfy his appetite. He had just finished his first cup of coffee when the other passengers were leaving the table. By the time his second cup

arrived the stage was at the door. "All aboard!" shouted the driver, but the Senator ordered a third cup of coffee, and calmly continued his meal, while the proprietor and waiters gathered at the door to see the stage off.

Just as the stage started, the Senator called loudly for a waiter. The proprietor hurried in. The Senator ordered a dish of rice pudding. When it came, he asked for a spoon. Not a spoon was to be found. The proprietor jumped to the conclusion that one of the travelers had stolen them.

"Stop that stage," he shouted to the sheriff, who was just leaving. "Bring 'em all back. They've stolen the silver!"

A few minutes later the stage swung around in front of the house, the driver in a fury at the delay.

"Search those passengers," ordered the proprietor.

But before the sheriff could move, the Senator, having finished his meal, stepped into the stage. Then leaning out he touched the sheriff's arm and whispered:

"Tell the landlord he'll find the spoons in the coffee pot."

HE'S LOOKING FOR ANOTHER ROOM

"Good morning, sir," said the hostess to her new boarder. "How did you sleep last night?"

"That's what I'd like to know," was the tired reply.

ALWAYS PLEASE THE CUSTOMER

"The gentleman over there says his soup isn't fit for a pig," complained the waiter to the manager.

"Then take it away, you idiot," instructed the manager, "and bring him some that is."

OR LUNCH WHILE WAITING

The patron had been kept waiting for some time. Finally a waiter approached, with the inquiry, "What is it you wish, sir?"

"Well," said the patron sarcastically, "what I originally came in here for was breakfast, but if dinner is ready now, I'll take supper."

THEN HE WENT

Something had gone wrong. "I think," said the landlady, "you had better board elsewhere."

"Oh, I often had," replied the irate boarder.

"Often had what?"

"Better board elsewhere."

A HOSTAGE TO APPETITE

"I'm sorry," said the diner who hoped to get away with it, "but I haven't any money to pay for that meal."

"That's all right," said the cashier. "We'll write your name on the wall and you can pay the next time you come in."

"Don't do that. Everybody who comes in will see it."

"Oh, no they won't. Your overcoat will be hanging over it."

THEN HE'LL HAVE TO SHELL OUT

"I'd like a couple of hard boiled eggs to take out," said the young fellow to the girl at the lunch counter.

"All right," replied the waitress with a smile, "but you'll have to wait. Mamie and I don't get off until ten."

FRESHNESS

His hair was gray, but he breezed into the restaurant, took a seat and shook out his napkin vigorously. A pretty waitress approached with pencil and pad. He favored her with a brilliant smile and said:

"A man is never older than he feels. Now this morning I feel as fresh as a two-year-old."

"Horse or egg?" inquired the waitress sweetly.

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

While traveling on the Wabash, Jay Gould with a party of friends stopped for dinner at a little town in southern Illinois. The party ordered eggs, among other things, and when the bill was presented Gould was astonished to see the item, "One dozen eggs, \$1.80." He remarked that eggs must be at a premium in that section of the country, to which the restaurant-keeper replied, "No, sir, eggs are plenty enough, but Jay Goulds are mighty scarce."

SHE SHOULD HAVE SAID NUT

A man of diminutive proportions sat down at the restaurant table. "I want some salad," he said.

"What kind? Shrimp?" asked the waiter.

"Don't get funny with me, young woman!" exclaimed the man, wrathfully.

ENTERPRISE

In one section of Chicago's south side there are a number of cheap hotels and restaurants and other places

of business. One enterprising restaurant displayed a sign: "Open all night."

Not to be outdone, a neighboring eating-house erected a sign which read: "We never close."

The next day a Chinaman on the other side, printed in great letters above the door of his chop suey place: "Me wakee, too."

DEAR FRIENDS

"That young officer you introduced me to took me to dinner last night," said Jessie. "He was quite gallant and remarked on my birdlike appetite."

"He should know, dear," replied Tillie, "he owns an ostrich farm in South Africa."

Insurance

(Advice to Youthful Agents by an Expert)

SELLING insurance is like selling anything else—the agent must touch a note which brings a response from the prospect. One of the best examples of selecting the most effective selling angle is illustrated by a story told during the World War. The officers of one of the colored regiments were having trouble getting the recruits to sign up for sufficient life insurance, and detailed one of the Negro sergeants to help. He presented the proposition to the men in this way:

"If you is insured, Uncle Sam values you at ten thousand dollars. If you ain't, Uncle Sam don't stand to lose nothing if you die. Now, I leaves it to you—which bunch of men is Uncle Sam going to send to the front line trenches?"

To certain people, insurance appeals as an investment; to others, as a protection for the family; to still others, as a way to make a little easy money. All our enthusiastic young insurance agents need to be cautioned against taking risks with men of the last named character. I have in mind a successful merchant who had set his son up in business in a small town. One day he paid Ikey a little visit to see how the boy was getting on.

"How much stock you got, Ikey?" he inquired, after he had looked over the store.

"Ten thousand dollars worth," said Ikey.

"And how much insurance?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

"Mine gracious, Ikey," exclaimed the father, "vat you waiting about? *Why don't you?*"

In these strenuous times the novice in the game needs encouragement and advice. A young friend of mine who found himself out of a job, thought he would try the insurance game. Consequently, he secured the literature and started out. Very shortly he was summoned before the Insurance Commissioner.

"Don't you know," said the officer, "that you can't sell life insurance without a state license?"

"Mr. Commissioner," said the young man, "I knew I couldn't sell it, but I didn't know why."

In case of death the payments are usually made promptly, but a friend told me recently that the widow of a man he had insured was somewhat dissatisfied with the manner in which such payments were made. She had received installments from the company at uncertain intervals. Finally, she wrote to the Industrial Commission. "I have so much trouble getting my money,"

she said, "that I sometimes almost wish that my husband were not dead."

I want to say to my youthful co-workers that they must not be down-hearted if they do not sell a policy every day. I know it is discouraging to work hard on a prospect, and finally write him for a large amount, only to have him turned down by the medical examiner. This is what happened to an acquaintance of mine not long ago:

A man whose social career had been, to put it mildly, a little irregular, wanted to have his life insured, and applied to a friend, who was agent for a prominent company, for a policy. The agent sent the company's physician to examine the applicant, and that was the last he heard of it.

Meeting his friend on the street one day, he said, "Say, George, how about that life insurance of mine? Don't I get it?"

"Well," said the agent, "you know in our company it is the custom for the physician, after he examines a man, to take a chart of the human body and punch a hole in it wherever he finds anything wrong."

"Oh, is that so, George? Did the doctor do that in my case?"

"He sure did," said the agent. "And he took the chart home and put it on his player-piano, and it played 'Nearer My God to Thee.'"

Remember that every man, woman and child in the country is a prospect, and thousands more are born every minute. And not only the people, but all their property, their pleasures, almost everything under the sun is insurable except investments, and it's a good thing for insurance companies that they cannot insure a man's

activities in the stock market. Well, there just wouldn't be any insurance companies now.

Looking back over the past, one wonders what the condition of the world would be today if insurance could have been taken out by certain people on some of their activities. Suppose Germany had been insured against defeat in the war. She could have cashed in and paid her reparations with no trouble or delay. Suppose Napoleon had been insured against defeat at Waterloo. With the surrender value of his policy, he could have given bail and not been obliged to die on the Isle of Elba. Suppose Eve had been insured against the wiles of the serpent. We would all be living in the Garden of Eden today, unworried by the depression. Suppose a political candidate could be insured against defeat at the polls. For one thing, he would be able to pay his assessments. If he were already holding office, he wouldn't have to go back to work after defeat.

It's a great thing—insurance, and the only kind of policy I never want to see is one insuring a man against falling a victim to insurance agents.

Insurance and Law Enforcement

(An Appeal to Fraternal Insurance Orders)

FROM the nature of my subject, you doubtless expect me to tell a few heartbreaking stories of juvenile delinquencies; a few examples of stern enforcement of the law. I could, in truth, relate enough experiences of that character to fill a volume, but it is not of them that I am going to speak tonight.

What I want to say to you—and I wish that all

branches of insurance were represented here—is that there is no business so vitally concerned with law enforcement as the insurance organizations—unless it be that of the undertaker, and he is interested for an entirely different reason.

Two hundred years ago our forefathers passed through a great struggle in order to obtain protection and the insurance of life for themselves and their children, in this new country to which they had come. Any modern insurance company would have considered them pretty poor risks. At that, I wonder if they would not have been as good prospects as we are today with our appalling lists of automobile accidents, to say nothing of the innumerable other hazards which confront us every time we leave our doors.

Having no insurance company or fraternal organization to assume them, those grand old pioneers underwrote their own risks, reducing them to the lowest possible minimum consistent with life in the wilderness. They tilled their fields with arms at their sides; they barricaded their homes; they built stockades around their towns. But despite all this, horrible incidents occurred, with much bloodshed and death. Bravely they repaired the damage, replaced as best they could by redoubled work the lost lives, and carried on. But, and here is the point I wish to make, they did not stop there. When the time came, they carried the fight against danger into the enemy's country, driving the foe before them until the last red savage was exterminated, or had fled to other hunting grounds, and the lives and happiness of their sons and daughters were assured.

That, my friends, is what we, as members of a fraternal insurance organization, must do. We think, per-

haps, that we do our full duty when we see that our applicants for membership and insurance fulfill all the requirements regarding health and occupation. Possibly we go down to our state capital once in a while and have a law passed in our behalf. When one of our members dies, naturally or by accident, we pay the insurance due, send a floral tribute and resolutions of sympathy to the widow—and look around for a new member.

If the unfortunate deceased has been killed by the criminal carelessness of another, or because of the lack of enforcement of a certain law, it never occurs to us to do anything about it. It never enters our minds that it is our duty to carry the fight into the enemy's country; to wage a war of extermination against the crime and vice which constitute so great a menace to our lives today—the crime and vice which originate from delinquencies occurring possibly in our own town, our own neighborhood.

We of the fraternal organizations possess one advantage in the fight against crime and non-enforcement of law which other lines of insurance do not possess. We know the conditions in the city or community in which we live, and when we realize the bearing those conditions have on our homes and on our business as a fraternal organization, if we do not take steps to rectify them, it is because we do not possess the courage of our ancestors, or do not inherit that very human desire to make this land safe for our children.

Some of the older ones here will remember that tough young man, who, when questioned as to his residence, used to say through the corner of his mouth, "I live over de viaduct, down by de winegar woiks. De farder ya go, de tougher dey gits. I live in de last house."

We who live in a respectable part of our city or village are prone to feel that all crime, all juvenile delinquencies, originate in the slums, or in the last house down by "de winegar woiks"; never by any chance in our own neighborhood. That the lack of law enforcement is a notorious disgrace in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco; never in Ruralville, or Hales Corners.

We know that our neighbor, John Mason, is an excellent citizen. He may even be a member of our particular organization. But we also know that John Mason's sixteen-year-old son Bob, while a delightfully attractive youth, is an habitue of pool-rooms; that he is an organizer of wild parties; that he drives his car madly; and that on too frequent occasions he has been sadly intoxicated. And we know, if we stop to think, that unless young Bob is checked in his downward career, the chances are that he will be the cause of a dreadful accident, involving the death of some person, possibly a member of our fraternal organization.

Yet it never occurs to us that anything in all this is remotely connected with our duty as insurance men. But, my friends, it is our duty to fight the enemy at our door as much as it was the duty of our brave ancestors. It is our duty to see that this wayward lad is not allowed to drive a car when intoxicated, or to disobey the law of the road at any time; that the growing menace of the pool-room, the tavern and the road-house is checked; and that the contagion spread by the boy in the last house down by "de winegar woiks" shall not bring disaster to our own sons and daughters.

Yes, the question of law enforcement and delinquencies is of vital importance to every branch of the insurance business. Every insurance organization should

work for the suppression of the one and the encouragement of the other. We should make that a part of our code, our obligation. Any law which involves life or death, personal injury, or personal morals, should receive the support of every business organization as an organization, and of its members as citizens.

A determined effort on the part of fraternal insurance associations for the suppression of delinquencies and for the enforcement of law in their respective communities would have a far-reaching effect. It would make our world a safer and happier one in which to live; it would greatly reduce the hazards of the insurance business—and, incidentally, it would materially lighten the burden of the judges who handle the criminal, juvenile, and probate branches of our courts.

Science is striving effectively to isolate and destroy the germs of disease. Schools are educating the boys and girls properly to care for their health. Legislatures are constantly making laws for our protection. The weak point seems to be our inability to enforce those laws and to instill in the minds of certain persons a respect for the lives and property of others.

Let us join forces with science and the agents of the law in a whole-hearted effort to reduce the number of deaths and injuries, and to raise the average age of man to a higher level. In this way, we may have at least a fair chance to attain the coveted three score years and ten, which the Psalmist says we have a right to expect.

FORESIGHT

It was quite a magnificent riverside cottage which Levi, the successful business man, had built for himself.

“Yes, I’ve insured it against fire and burglary for

fifteen thousand dollars," he told Isaac, a city friend, as they made a tour of inspection.

"And vat about floods," asked Isaac. "You're very near the river, you know."

Levi looked thoughtful. Then he asked:

"How do you make a flood?"

WHEN SCOT MEETS JEW

A Hebrew and a Scotchman had a collision. They both got out of their cars and for a few moments the argument waxed hot. The Jew said:

"Can't we fix this thing up? Here, take a drink," and he handed the Scotchman a flask. The Scotchman accepted and downed a man-sized drink at one gulp.

"Have another," said the Jew. The Scotchman drank a second and a third. When the liquor was all consumed, the Jewish person called a policeman. "Here, officer," he cried, "this fellow smashed into me. He's drunk, just smell his breath."

KNEW HIS STUFF

A minister who had guarded his morning study hour very carefully, told the new maid that under no circumstances were callers to be admitted—except, of course, in case of life and death.

Half an hour later the maid knocked at the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," she said.

"Why, I thought I told you——"

"Yes, I told him," she replied, "but he says it's a question of life and death."

So he went downstairs—and found an insurance agent.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

Mandy's husband had been a yardman, but a freight train had put an end to his services, and the claim agent had just handed the widow one thousand dollars in crisp new bills.

"Will you marry again, Mandy?" he asked.

"Ah dunno, fo' sure," she replied as she tucked the roll in her ample bosom, "but ef Ah does, it will sure be to a railroad man."

SHE THOUGHT SAM WAS A TOTAL LOSS

An insurance company wrote out a thousand dollar life policy in the name of one Samuel Johnson. Premiums were paid promptly for a few years, then suddenly stopped. After sending a few reminders, the company received this reply:

"Dear Sirs: Please excuse us as we can't pay any more premiums on Sam. He died last May. Yours truly, Mrs. S. Johnson."

MAN'S LEGAL VALUE

"What is alimony, Mother?" asked the small daughter.

"Alimony, my dear," replied Mother, who was the former wife of an insurance agent, "is a man's cash surrender value."

TOO MANY FATALITIES

A man desiring to have his life insured dropped into an insurance office to fill out an application.

"Do you ride a motor cycle?" asked the agent.

"No," said the man.

"Drive a car?"

"No."

"Perhaps you are an aviator?"

The applicant laughed. "No," he said, "I have no dangerous——"

"Sorry, sir," the agent interrupted brusksly, "but we no longer insure pedestrians."

Merchants

(A Plea for the Neighborhood Store)

WE CAN get almost anything from a mail-order house except money with which to pay our taxes. And taxes must be paid; not only *our* taxes, but those of our neighborhood stores, as well. The local merchant must depend upon local people for business, and how can he meet taxes and other expenses if we take our patronage elsewhere?

We find the local grocery and furniture store and drug store very convenient when we need perishable goods or something in a hurry, or when we want credit for a few days. If these stores are good enough for extraordinary occasions, why not all the time? People sometimes complain that the neighborhood stores do not carry everything they need. Naturally, a small town merchant cannot keep a sufficiently diversified stock to meet all the requirements of several hundred families, but he can carry a much larger variety, and at a lower cost, if he has the coöperation of his customers. And

there are many items that he can, and will, order for them if they so desire.

It is true that we can obtain credit from a mail-order house for certain things, sometimes credit which we should not have, and the result of which is tragic. Such stores make very alluring offers, and many an enthusiastic and ambitious young couple, for the sake of having a charming home, have assumed obligations which later proved disastrous.

What happens when young Mr. and Mrs. Jones wish to open an account with a mail-order house? First, he makes application for credit and furnishes two or more references. The men to whom he refers, not wishing to disappoint him, usually give him a better rating than he merits. Suppose he is earning a hundred dollars per month. He figures that he and his wife can live easily on eighty dollars, and contracts to pay twenty a month for the really fine set of furniture, carpets and curtains that they select. He makes the initial payment and the goods are shipped. The furnishings are beautiful and the young couple settled down to enjoy their charming home.

Things run smoothly for a while. The price of the furniture was two hundred dollars and four payments are made with no delay. Then Mrs. Jones contracts pneumonia and is in the hospital for three weeks with a doctor and two nurses. The payments lapse, but the company grants a little more time. So it goes along on part payments for a few months; then, out of a clear sky, Jones loses his job. The title to the furniture remains in the dealer, and when no more payments are forthcoming he repossesses the goods, and the couple lose not only the furniture but the payments as well.

How much better it would have been if they had consulted their local furniture man, told him their wants and the limit of their ability to pay, and asked his advice. He would have helped them outline a plan of furnishing, and they could have purchased a piece or two at a time, to be paid for in cash, or in installments which they actually could afford. Then the goods would have been theirs and no unfriendly stranger could have taken them away.

The slogan "wear it while you pay" is a delusion and a snare. Many a girl has worn out her fur coat before she has earned the money with which to pay for it; many a college student has gone to a dinner-dance in clothes for which he still owed. It is only a habit—this always being one step behind in our payments. If we would follow the practice of saving first and buying afterwards, instead of the reverse, how much better off we all would be. Credit, except in cases of emergency, is for those who have money with which to pay. For those who have not, cash is the proper system, and this cash should be spent only for what they have seen and inspected and know is suitable; in other words, for that which they can buy at the local stores.

The neighborhood merchant is a factor in the community. He subscribes to various civic movements, serves on committees, and makes generous donations to charity. He has the good of the community at heart, knows the character and financial standing of the residents, and understands their needs. He is always ready to render assistance, even though that assistance is sometimes not appreciated.

A small boy entered a grocery store one morning and handed the proprietor a note, which read: "I am a

widow with four children. We are starving. Won't you give us something to eat?"

The heart of the merchant was touched and he filled a large basket with food and gave it to the boy. The lad departed quickly, but returned in a few minutes.

"What's the trouble, now?" asked the proprietor, and nearly lost his breath when the boy replied, "Ma sent me back to get the trading stamps."

The proprietor of the neighborhood store is our friend. He wants to see us prosper, for his prosperity depends on that of his customers. He wants us to be satisfied with our purchases and will make every effort to see that we are. If he will not extend us credit, then we should not have credit, and it will be much better for us to pay cash. If he is a good business man, he never tries to overstock us, or to sell us something we should not buy. He isn't like the supersalesman who makes us buy to get rid of him. We have all had the painful experience of purchasing something we could not afford and deeply regretting it later. "Since I bought my car," said a friend of mine who had been one of these victims, "I don't have to walk to the bank to make my deposits."

"Ah, you ride there in your new Super Six?" I suggested.

"Oh, no," replied my friend, "I don't make any deposits."

And our neighborhood man is honest. If he should happen to make a mistake, you can have it rectified. Especially is it important that we patronize a man whom we can trust when we buy commodities like coal. We must have faith in our dealer to believe that the small pile he leaves in our bin is the exact amount we ordered.

Sometimes we feel that we can understand the logic of the small boy who was given this problem by his teacher: "If the price of coal is ten dollars a ton and you give the dealer eighty-five dollars, how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over seven tons," answered the lad.

"You know that is not right," said the teacher, reprovingly.

"I know," replied the bright youngster, "but they all do it."

These things happen, of course, for human nature is sometimes very human, even in a small town, but as a general rule the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, the dry goods merchant, and the druggist are honest, law-abiding, progressive citizens, interested in the welfare and growth of their community, and we need their help. Especially, if we ourselves are in business in the neighborhood, do we need the coöperation of the other business men, for the secret of success in any community lies in the mutual help which its business men can render to each other.

DATED EGGS

"Jumpin' Jehosephat!" exclaimed the grocer.

"What have I done?" asked the clerk.

"You've sold the inspector some of the eggs we dated March 10 and it's only March 2 now!"

IT DIDN'T PAY TO ADVERTISE

"Do you believe that advertising brings results?" inquired one jeweler of another.

"Indeed I do," replied the second jeweler. "Yester-

day I advertised for a night-watchman, and during the night my store was ransacked by burglars and they stole \$5,000 worth of goods."

LIKE FATHER, LIKE GRANDSON

When Marshall Field III was a small child, he displayed some of the cautious shrewdness which made his grandfather the greatest merchant prince in America.

Being left alone in a hotel lobby for half an hour, young Marshall approached an old lady and asked if she could crack nuts.

"No, dear," replied the old lady. "I lost all my teeth years ago."

"Then," said Master Field, extending both hands full of pecans, "please hold these while I go and get some more."

DEFERRED CREDIT

A retail dealer in stoves in one of the large western cities, wrote to the wholesale house in New York, ordering a carload of stoves. The firm wired him:

"Cannot ship stoves until you pay for your last consignment."

"Unable to wait so long," wired back the hardware man. "Cancel order."

GOOD BUSINESS

"What is the price of sausage?" inquired a customer in a meat market.

"Dwenty cends a pount," replied the German butcher.

"But you asked twenty-five cents this morning," said the customer.

"Ya," explained the butcher, "dot was when I had some. Now I ain't got some I sells him for dwenty cends. Dot makes me a reputation for selling cheap, und I don't lose noddings."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Speaking of signs," said the business man, "I remember once standing in front of a grocery store and noticing the sign, 'A. Swindler' on the window. Being curious, I entered the store and asked the proprietor if it wouldn't look better if, instead of 'A,' he printed his full Christian name.

"'No,' he said, 'it would look worse. My first name is Adam.'"

EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP

A coat had been stolen from one of the dummies standing in front of a second hand store. The thief put it on without being detected, but the merchant came to the door in time to see him run away. A policeman, hearing the merchant's cry, shouted to the man to stop. When he wouldn't, the officer began to shoot. Whereupon the clothier shouted: "Hit him in de pants! Hit him in de pants! De coat iss mine!"

THE WISE SPIDER

When Mark Twain was editor of a Missouri paper, he received a letter from an old subscriber saying that he had found a spider in his newspaper, and asking whether it was a sign of good or bad luck.

The next issue of the paper carried the editor's reply, which read as follows:

“Old Subscriber: Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward.”

A WARNING

“You want more salary?” exclaimed the owner of the store to the delivery boy. “Why, my son, I worked three years for \$12 a month right in this establishment, and now I own it.”

“Well,” replied the boy, “just see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang on to his business very long.”

MODERN ENGLISH

The lady was looking for delicacies. “Is that the head cheese over there?” she asked.

“No, ma’am,” replied the clerk. “The boss ain’t in.”

The Radio

(Its Influence for Good)

IF THERE was one thing more than another which kept up the morale of the people of the United States, and probably of the world, during the worst period of the depression, it was the radio. The service which this little instrument has rendered in preserving a sane, sensible mental attitude entitles it to a peace prize. It is difficult for a man to brood very long over his troubles

when the radio is sending forth intriguing dance music, or to give up hope while Amos an' Andy are relating their ludicrous domestic and business troubles.

It is the only service, except that performed by your mother, which you get for nothing. The price of a radio is within the reach of practically everyone, and that is all you have to buy. You may purchase a furnace, but you must also buy coal or oil with which to operate it. You may install lighting fixtures, but that does not put light into your home; you must also buy gas or electric service. You may purchase an automobile, but if you use it, you must pay for gas and oil. But if you buy a radio, that is practically your only expense; the service is free—something new under the sun.

And the radio gives us a sufficiently diversified program to please every member of the family, whatever his tastes or feelings. It keeps us abreast of the times, it cheers flagging spirits, it brings back memories of the past, it educates, it gives us a closer religious touch. Many a person has had his faith strengthened by the intangible reality of the radio, like the little girl who was disturbed at her prayers by a scratching on the screen door. With no irreverence, but with all the faith in the world, she said: "Please stand by, God, while I let the cat out."

Nowadays, everybody is familiar with all the terms and gadgets pertaining to a radio, but a few years ago, before drug stores began to carry automobile and radio parts, I stopped at a corner store and asked the clerk if he carried B Eliminators. He said they didn't have any, but assured me that they had a fresh stock of roach powder and some of the latest fly-swatters.

The only objection I have to the radio relates to its

culinary department. The department is all right, and I don't doubt that the recipes broadcasted are also, but my wife's interpretation of them leaves something to be desired. After listening carefully to the directions, she starts out bravely to make waffles, but usually ends up with a finished produce that resembles a cross between a custard pudding and a doormat. So persistent and *failing* have been her efforts that I have written and dedicated to her this little verse, with humble apologies to our poet friend, Mr. Whittier:

Maude Miller, on September morn,
Tried a recipe for corn.

'Twas Station WXYZ
That furnished her the recipe.

It called for corn, and crumbs, and salt;
For eggs without a single fault.

It also called, say what you will,
For small amounts of brain and skill.

The Judge took just one taste, and then,
Although most courteous of men,

He dropped his fork and said, "Oh—!"—Well,
She'd cooked the corncob and the shell!

But, jesting aside, there is nothing which brings so much joy into our lives as the radio. It may be a beautiful piece of furniture in the rich man's house, or a tiny box in the poor man's cottage: it brings the same voices and the same music. We may go to the wilderness of the frozen north, or to the depths of an African jungle: the news of the world will come to us at the pressing of a button. Never before in the history of the world has there been anything to compare with it. Already it has

become so necessary to our happiness that we cannot imagine a home without it. What its future will be we can only guess, but it is safe to say that in the coming years it will be developed to an extent undreamed of today.

THE RADIO ANNOUNCER SAYS GOOD-NIGHT
TO HIS GIRL

For the past five hours, forty-two and a half minutes, darling, you have been entertained by the Riverside Hotel, the Vista Theater and McMillan's Night Club, through the courtesy of Harry Trotter, who has taken you to dinner, a show, supper, and dancing, respectively. I am sure you have been well pleased with this evening's entertainment, sweetheart, and if you care to show your appreciation you may do by merely sending a card, letter or telegram to my home at 1532 West 52nd Street, or telephone Subway 4121. If you have any suggestions as to subsequent entertainment, or any special requests concerning the time and place of further meetings, do not hesitate to mention them, and I shall be only too glad to give them my attention as soon as possible. I am appearing in your company at a frequency of not less than once a day by authority of your coöperation and encouragement, and my next period of blissful companionship with you will be tomorrow night at nine o'clock, at which time I shall arrive to escort you to the Radio Announcer's Ball. Until that time, dear, Harry Trotter, himself speaking, is wishing you good-night and good luck at exactly sixteen and three-fourths minutes past one o'clock Central Standard Time. Good-night—sleep tight—pleasant dreams.

APPROPRIATE MUSIC

The radio program of a certain prominent marble company made a few appropriate sentimental announcements about monuments to commemorate the memory of departed loved ones and then went directly into this line:

“Our program continues with a fox trot from ‘Fra Diavolo.’”

TOO MUCH STATIC

It will not be long before we will see as well as hear over the radio. One can imagine a man conversing with his wife and viewing her picture at the same time, the lady being rather provoked at his excuse for not coming home at the usual hour.

“That’s a very good likeness,” we can fancy the husband saying to himself, “but there appears to be a lot of static in the expression.”

EPITAPH

This epitaph appears on the headstone of a radio devotee:

“Here lie the remains of a radio fan,
Unmourned by his many relations;
He went to a powder mill smoking his pipe,
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.”

Railroads

(A Survey of the Situation)

THERE has been a great deal of sympathy expended on the farmer, the ex-soldier, the laboring man, the cotton growers, the manufacturers—on practically every class of business which has felt the depression except the railroads. Years ago when railroading was young, some of the roads got away with everything but murder, and although most of us have traveled the straight track ever since, we never have had the sympathy which should be ours.

As a matter of fact, practically all the roads in the country feel like the conductor of an N. G. train which pulled into Saint Paul last winter, snow-covered and ice-cruste*d*.

“What happened to you?” they asked the conductor.

“Nothing happened,” he explained, “except about fifty miles of Montana scenery fell on us.”

That’s the way the railroads feel today—as if the entire Rocky Mountain scenery had fallen on them.

The whole railroad system is demoralized. We’ve cut down expenses and schedules; we pass stations and dividends; we discontinue trains and interest payments; we lay off men and dining-cars. The diners aren’t much use anyway, because passengers are carrying their lunch in a shoe-box once more. And about all the work the porter of the Pullman finds to do is to furnish pillows to the day coach passengers. One traveler who had transferred to our road from the T. & R. Y. at Omaha was asked by the porter who was making up the berths whether he would like to sleep head first or feet first.

Thinking of the night before on the T. & R. Y., the passenger replied: "If it's just the same to you, I'll sleep all at the same time."

Why, even our rolling stock is antiquated. Only the other day a group of employees in the round-house of the S. O. S. were complaining about the poor condition of the engines. There was something wrong with practically every one of them. Finally they ran out number 711. After looking it over carefully, one of the men said:

"Jim, do you know what ails 711?"

"No," answered Jim.

"Well, I'll tell you. She ought to have her whistle jacked up and a new locomotive run in under her."

Very soon we won't be allowed to carry cream, because the roadbeds have become so rough that we churn it into butter before it reaches its destination. And western cattlemen are not shipping so much as formerly, because we stopped watering our stock. We're going to begin again, however, so that will help some.

But as long as the California climate retains its reputation and Hollywood remains three thousand miles from Broadway, there will have to be a means of transportation. And unless the President keeps Congress in continuous session, there will be traveling back and forth. And congressional records, seeds, recipes, and various pamphlets of advice from the farmers and cooks in Washington must be carried in the mail. There will soon be a great deal of walking out and in of postmasters, but the postoffice will remain the same, and the mail must be delivered promptly.

All things considered, I think our time has not come yet. Anyway, those of us who are in the game are go-

ing to stay there a little longer. We're like the inexperienced man who got a job as brakeman on a railroad. His pay was three cents for every mile his freight train covered. The first day the train, which was long and heavy, barely crawled up the steep grade of a mountain range, and the brakeman counted the miles in disgust. When they reached the top and hit the downgrade, something broke and the train tobogganed down the mountain at a fearful pace. Standing erect and clutching a brake, the new man counted the flying miles with delight. Another brakeman, who lay flat on the roof of the car, shouted: "Hang on! Don't jump!"

"Jump!" yelled the new man, scornfully. "Do you think I'm fool enough to jump when I'm making three dollars an hour hanging on?"

We may not be making three dollars an hour, but we're still hanging on. We have passed the valley of depression and are once more on the upgrade. And now come the two genii of the twentieth century—air-conditioning and stream lines. Hours and days are being cut from the schedules. Heat and dust are being eliminated from the trains—and the public is more travel-minded today than it ever has been before.

It is true that the railroad can never again have so large a part in the development of the country as it has had in the past. It is true that autos and buses and airplanes offer keen competition. But it is also true that no other mode of transportation can ever replace the long trains of freight and passenger cars, stretching from coast to coast, from border to border—the great unified system of transportation, tapping every industry, every city, every business in the United States.

Any one who visited the Century of Progress in Chi-

cago and there viewed the marvels of beauty, comfort, economy, and efficiency which the railroads are preparing to give to the public can doubt for a moment that the future of the roads is secure.

ARTEMUS WARD'S ADVICE

One of the many good stories attributed to Artemus Ward tells of the advice which he gave to a southern railroad conductor soon after the Civil War. The road was in a wretched condition and trains were being run at a remarkably low rate of speed. While the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked:

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to make suggestions, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

On being gruffly advised that he might say what he had in mind, Artemus continued:

"Well, it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train, for, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting one of the passengers?"

MAYBE HIS FIRST

On a certain railroad in Nevada trains are notoriously slow. A passenger one day became very impatient, and, calling to the conductor, asked:

"How far is it to the next station?"

The conductor replied, "Fifty miles."

"How long have you worked on this road?"

"Twenty-five years."

"Is this your second trip?"

MARK TWAIN'S HUMOR

Mark Twain was one day a passenger on a New York Central train, which was rapidly approaching New York when a young lady leaned across the aisle and asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but does this train stop at the Grand Central Station?"

"Madam," replied the humorist, "I hope so; I hope to Heaven it does, for if it doesn't there will be a deuce of a wreck."

HE EARNED HIS MONEY

"See here, porter," said the brisk passenger as his berth was being made up, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. I understand that we get there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep. But it is very important that I should get off there. Here's a five-dollar bill. Now, I may wake up very hard, but pay no attention if I am ugly. Put me off the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the six-foot porter. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the passenger was awakened by the voice of the brakeman calling: "Rochester!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's that porter?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the Negro, and found him huddled up in the porter's closet, his clothes torn, his head in a bandage and his arm in a sling.

"Well," shouted the irate passenger, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" gasped the porter, jumping up, his eyes staring. "Was you de gemman what gib me the five-dollar bill?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well, den, befoah de Lawd, who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

HE GREW UP WITH THE ROAD

As the train was nearing Westville, an old man with a long white beard rose feebly from his seat and tottered toward the door. He was stopped by the conductor, who said:

"Your fare, please."

"I paid my fare."

"When? I don't remember it."

"Why, I paid it when I got on the train at Fair Haven."

"That won't do! When I left Fair Haven there was only a little boy in this car."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."

THE BIBLICAL TRAIN

"It was a way-train, stopping at every small station on the line, and one of the passengers, a minister, was improving the time by reading his Bible.

The conductor, passing through the car, stopped to chat a minute. "Find anything in that book about this railroad?" he asked.

"Why, yes," replied the minister. "In the very first chapter, it says that the Lord made every creeping thing."

TWO OF A KIND

Brown, who had a lower berth, awakened a little late and was hurrying to get dressed in time for his station. And he was decidedly cross when he found under his berth one low black shoe and one tall tan one.

"What's the big idea," he yelled at the porter, exhibiting the mismatched shoes. "Don't you know I have only ten minutes to dress before we get to Lincoln?"

"Well, suh, boss," said George, scratching the side of his head, "dar cert'nly must be ghosts in dis here car. Dat's de secon' time dat thing's dun happen to me dis mornin'."

FORM LETTER NO. C-6509

A passenger on the A. & X. railroad was so disgusted at finding several small occupants in his berth that he wrote the company a scorching letter of complaint.

By return mail he received so apologetic and courteous a reply that he was somewhat ashamed of his hasty temper and wrote again to say so. Turning over the company's letter to find the writer's address, he found this notation in pencil: "Send this guy bug letter No. C-6509."

ALL OUT—END OF LINE

A man slipped on the top stair of the elevated and started sliding to the bottom. A few steps down he collided with an elderly woman, knocking her off her feet, and the two continued the journey together. When they had reached the bottom, the lady, somewhat dazed, continued to sit on the gentleman's chest. Looking up at her politely, he exclaimed:

"I'm sorry, madam, but this is as far as I go."

GLAD TO HAVE HER GO

A stout woman elbowed her way through the crowd, jabbing first one, then another. At last she gave one man an unusually hard dig, and asked:

"Does it make any difference which car I take to Rosehill Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," was the hearty response.

DISAPPOINTED CURIOSITY

"All right back there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a high pitched voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on."

Necks were craned expectantly, and a look of disappointment crossed some of the faces when they beheld a small boy struggling to get his laundry basket aboard.

WHEN RAILROADS COULD DICTATE

James J. Hill, the great railroad magnate, used to tell this story concerning one of his lines:

Numerous complaints had been received to the effect that in a certain small town freight trains had been in the habit of blocking a certain grade crossing for long periods of time. Finally the division superintendent decided to investigate the matter personally. Sure enough, there, in defiance of all orders, stood a freight train squarely across the street. A brakeman who did not know him sat on top of one of the box cars.

The superintendent was very small and very excitable, but he had a man-size temper, and he was mad.

"Move that train!" he shouted. "Get off the crossing so people can pass. Move on, I say."

The brakeman looked contemptuously at the excited little man. "You go to the duce, you little shrimp," he said. "You're small enough to crawl under."

GENEROSITY

The last Pullman passenger was ready to go to bed in upper 10, but the stepladder was missing. Much perplexed, the porter reported the unprecedented situation to the conductor.

"But who would want to steal a Pullman ladder?" asked the conductor.

"Ah don't know," responded the porter, "but she am gone."

Just then a passenger, who was occupying an upper berth for the first time, overhearing the conversation, parted the curtains and remarked genially:

"Here, porter, you may use mine. I won't need it till morning."

Realtors

(One of Them Sets Forth His Views)

I HAVE about come to the conclusion that just at present the average realtor is a man of words and not deeds. At least that's my situation. I wouldn't much care whether they were good deeds or bad deeds, just so I could get them signed, sealed and delivered, and collect my fee.

As a matter of fact, our business should be called *unreal* estate, a kind of fourth dimension affair, where

nothing material develops. From present indications it appears that sooner or later all real estate men will be compelled to enter the literary profession. They have become such adepts at telling fairy tales that they should make quite a success of writing for publication.

Improbable as it may seem, I did sell a lot in Maple Hill suburb not long ago. I don't know why it is called Maple Hill. The entire village lies in a valley, and there isn't a maple tree within ten miles. A short time after the sale the purchaser met a friend of mine, who asked, "How does the land lie out your way?"

"It isn't the land that lies," replied the new suburbanite; "it's the real estate agent."

It's an unfortunate thing that real estate men tend to become over-enthusiastic. Sometimes this enthusiasm becomes a boomerang, with dire results. Last spring an acquaintance, a former Californian who always insists on being called a realtor, had almost persuaded his prospect to buy a choice lot near one of our country clubs. By way of final inducement, he said: "You will never regret it, sir. This is the most wonderful climate in the world. Nobody is ever sick in this locality. Here is my fountain pen. Now just sign on——"

"Never mind the pen," said his victim. "I've changed my mind. I'm a physician."

If it wasn't for the filling-stations, I think we realtors would have to give up hope. But just as we feel that all is over, and we might as well turn on the gas, some blessed oil company decides to put in another station. Every time I pass a vacant lot, I repeat this verse:

Hush, little corner lot,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a filling-station
By and by.

Then I look up the owner. For there's one thing about automobiles. A man may drive a flivver, a 1916 model, or a ten thousand dollar limousine; his car may have every known accessory, or it may lack top, windshield, fenders, and brakes—but whatever the condition, they all use gas. And gas companies must have space for filling-stations, hence they are the life-savers to which real estate agents cling.

I don't know where the word "realtor" originated. Personally, I don't like it. I prefer the title that Mawrus or Abie would have used—"real-estater." That means something, even if it isn't so elegant. Why not use "real estate dealer"? That is dignified and explanatory. Of course it contains three words, but the title "President of the United States" has even more, so does "Justice of the Supreme Court," and "Chairman of the Board of Directors," and they are all pretty good titles. I am sure the late Will Rogers would have evolved an appropriate title for our business.

Meanwhile, let us take courage. Land is here to stay. It cannot rust or wear out. The business building sites and the corner lots and sub-divisions possess the same advantages that they had before the collapse. No one can take away the climate or the scenery or the advantageous locations. The only change is that hereafter we must adopt a different basis for our operations.

A woman whose husband had purchased an unimproved lot far from transportation and in most undesirable surroundings, said to him:

"What on earth induced you to buy a house in this outlandish place?"

"One of the best real estate agents in the business," replied her husband.

To be one of the best agents must hereafter mean one who has a desirable place to sell, who correctly represents its advantages, and who does not overrate its true value. If we will adopt that method as a basis on which to build, we will be able to establish a business that will never result in a false boom which may collapse, with consequent suffering. Instead, we will, as a class, prove a real factor in the permanent growth of the town or city in which we are located.

Real estate is not considered a sentimental business, but I would like to offer a sentiment in closing, which I hope we will use as a guide in making future sales :

A real estate boom is a dangerous thing ;
It may end in a sad boomerang ;
It may be a bubble of hot air and gas,
That at last will go up with a bang.

In future, let's handle our real estate deals
So we'll always be able to say
That we gave, like a hard-working little Boy Scout,
A very good deed every day.

IN THE SAME BOAT

"Dear Sir," wrote a landlord to his tenant, "I regret to inform you that my rent is much overdue. Will you please forward me a check?"

Back came the reply: "I see no reason why I should pay your rent. I can't pay my own."

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

A wealthy real estate operator had given his little girl a splendidly equipped doll's house. On his return after a week's absence he asked her how she liked it.

"It's very nice, Daddy," she said.

"But where is it?" he inquired, not seeing it anywhere around the nursery.

"Oh," said the little chip off the old block, "I rented it furnished to my Cousin Betty for fifty cents a week."

THAT'S ALL THAT'S NEEDED IN H—

A real estate man from western Texas had just finished extolling the glorious opportunities of that part of the country.

"All western Texas needs to become the garden spot of the world," he enthused, "is good people and water."

"Huh!" replied the prospect. "That's all that's needed in Hades."

MAYBE HIS SHOES SQUEAK

The prospective tenant was undergoing a catechism at the hands of the landlord.

"Have you any children?" he was asked.

"No."

"Any dog, cat, or canary bird?"

"No."

"Piano, loud speaker, or phonograph?"

"No," replied the prospective tenant timidly, "but I have a fountain pen that scratches a little."

INFLATION

A real estate man, who was always talking of sales in terms of thousands of dollars, was greeted one evening by his ten-year-old son, who announced:

"Well, Dad, I've sold the dog."

"You've sold the dog!" exclaimed the father. "What did you get for him?"

"I got five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars! What are you talking about? Where is the money?"

"I didn't get any money, Dad," explained the son. "I got a three thousand dollar monkey and two thousand dollar cats for it."

WHY STOP WITH COCKROACHES?

A conscientious tenant who was about to move to another apartment, went to an entomologist and placed an order for five hundred thousand cockroaches.

"What on earth are you going to do with that many of the pests?" asked the astonished man of science.

"Well," replied the tenant, "I agreed to leave the apartment in exactly the same condition I found it in, and I must vacate on the first. When can you deliver the cockroaches?"

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM

"I wish you would speak to the people upstairs," complained the tenant to his landlord. "This morning at three o'clock they were jumping up and down and banging the floor. I won't stand for such disturbances."

"How did you happen to hear them at that time of night?" inquired the owner.

"I was practicing on my saxophone," was the bland reply.

Salesmanship

(Advice to Beginners)

THE other day the head of our firm caught Billie, the office boy, telling falsehoods. "I'm surprised at you," he said. "Do you know what I do with boys that tell lies?"

"Yes, sir," said Billie with a grin. "When they get old enough you send them out as traveling salesmen."

That's the kind of reputation salesmen have, more shame to us.

Not all men who go on the road with a line of samples and an order book are salesmen. It's a trite saying, but none the less true, that salesmen, like poets or artists, are born and not made. Unless a man possesses that inborn ability to sell something, all the training in the world will not make a salesman out of him. Sales education will help, of course. For instance, a lad sent out by a stationery house used to visit the offices in our building. His method was to put his head in the door and say pleasantly: "You don't want any carbon paper today, do you?"

Of course, we always agreed that we didn't want any carbon paper at that particular time. He was a likeable chap and I have often wondered whether anybody ever taught him not to use reverse English in attempting to make a sale.

I remember another incident which was even worse. Our telephone operator, Miss Brown, was a fine girl, but not so pretty as some. One afternoon a woman agent for cosmetics tried to interest her in face creams and powders. Being extremely busy just then, Miss

Brown refused to look at the samples. This irritated the woman, who said, "I should think you would like to buy something that would make your face look better."

No amount of training could ever make a successful salesman out of that woman. One of the prerequisites of good salesmanship is good nature, coupled with a vast amount of tact, and unless you have these two qualities, you might as well stop before you begin.

Quite the opposite, is the story of the woman well on in years who entered a drug store and said to the druggist, "Have you any cream for restoring the complexion?"

"Restoring, Miss?" said the druggist, in apparent surprise. "You mean preserving!"

And he sold that woman more than ten dollars worth of cosmetics.

Please don't misunderstand me. I do not wish to go on record as inferring that a salesman should be dishonest, or even misleading in his statements concerning the article he is selling. What I do mean is that he must impress upon his customer the respect for his goods which he himself feels, and to which the goods are entitled. As a matter of fact, the rules for good salesmanship contain more negative than affirmative advice. Here are a few:

Don't run down your competitors' line of goods; spend your time in praising your own.

Don't overstock your customer; better to have him waiting anxiously for your next trip.

Don't tell your customer a falsehood regarding your goods; you may want to sell him again.

Don't be too insistent; your customer has some rights.

Don't entertain too lavishly; your customer knows

the expense will go into your account and he will have to pay it in the end.

Don't flirt with the stenographer ; the bookkeeper may be her husband.

Don't be a grouch. Make friends with your competitors, but don't annoy them. A young and ambitious salesman, strolling around the lobby of the hotel, approached a veteran traveling-man who was enjoying his paper after a hard day's work.

"I say, what's your line?" inquired the young man.

No answer.

"If you please, my friend, I ask you vat's your line?"

"Brains, you idiot, brains!" snapped the irritated veteran of the road.

"Vell, how did I know?" asked the sociable one. "I didn't see no sambles."

And when you have mastered those rules, here is one more—the greatest of all :

Do not attempt to sell an article which has no merit in itself, but which must depend for its sale solely upon your persuasive tongue. Unless an article is honest, unless it has true worth, let some one else sell it. There are plenty who are willing. And, fortunately, there are thousands of commodities which are worthy of your efforts. You owe it to your customers, to your conscience, and to your reputation as a successful salesman to recommend no article which is not genuine.

If you have that natural talent for salesmanship and will select for the medium of your endeavor an article which is necessary in business or domestic life and which is honest throughout, you cannot fail to win success.

HE TALKED TOO MUCH

The story is told of a young man who visited a hat store and asked to be shown the latest style in fedoras. He was rather hard to please and the counter was soon covered with hats which had proved unsatisfactory. At last the salesman picked up a brown hat, brushed it off with his sleeve and extended it to the customer admiringly.

"These brown fedoras are being very much worn this season, sir," he said. "Won't you try it on?"

The customer put the hat on and surveyed himself critically in the mirror. "You're sure it's in style?" he asked.

"The most fashionable thing we have in the shop, sir," the clerk assured him. "And it suits you to perfection—if it fits all right."

"Yes, it fits fine. So you think I'd better have it?"

"I don't think you could do better."

"No, I don't think I could, either," agreed the customer. "So I guess I won't buy a new one after all."

The disconcerted salesman realized that he had been boosting the customer's old hat, which had become mixed with the many new ones.

SECOND BEST

A young man walked into a cigar store, approached the proprietor, and said, "Let me be your salesman. I'm the best salesman in the world."

"All right," said the proprietor, "take a dozen boxes out and sell them."

The young man took the boxes and worked very hard all day trying to negotiate a sale, but without success.

Nobody wanted that particular brand of cigars. At night he went back to the store with an apology. "I'm the second best salesman in the world," he said. "The man who sold you these cigars is the best."

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE

"This fire extinguisher, madam, will last for forty years," said the persuasive salesman to an elderly woman.

"But I shan't be here that long," said the woman.

"But," insisted the salesman, "when you go you can take it with you."

WE'D BE WEARING BEAR SKINS

A progressive tailor hung out a large golden apple as a sign in front of his shop. People were curious and came in crowds to buy and to ask what in the world the sign meant.

The tailor smiled as he took their orders, and replied,

"If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the clothing business be today?"

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING

William Wrigley, the chewing gum magnate, who amassed a great fortune, attributed his success to advertising. While traveling on a fast train shortly before his death, a friend asked him why he continued to spend millions of dollars on advertising.

"Your gum is now known the world over," argued the friend. "Why don't you save the millions you are spending on advertising?"

Wrigley thought a moment and then asked, "How fast is this train going?"

"About sixty miles an hour," replied the friend.

"Then why doesn't the railway company remove the engine and let the train travel on its own momentum?" asked Wrigley.

HE NEEDED ENCOURAGEMENT

The auto salesman waxed enthusiastic, as he set forth the good points of the Super-Six. After half an hour of glowing description, he said:

"Now, Mr. Banks, don't you want to buy one of these wonderful cars?"

"Well, I'm sorry to have taken so much of your evidently valuable time," said Banks. "But you see I bought a Super-Six about a month ago, and I'm so discouraged that I thought I'd like to hear that sales talk again."

OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS

The superintendent of a large automobile factory called up the salesman of a supply house.

"Do you remember the order I gave you yesterday, but which you were to hold for further instructions?"

"Yes, I remember. What did you decide?"

"Well, I've been looking up prices, and you may execute the order at once."

"All right, if you say so," was the disconsolate reply from the other end of the telephone.

A few days later the superintendent called again, and asked for the manager.

"Say," he growled, "I gave your salesman an order

for some stuff the other day and we've got to have it. What's the matter with your delivery?"

"Why," replied the astonished manager, "the salesman said that you told him to kill the order."

"Kill nothing!" shouted the other. "I told him to execute it."

TOO TRUE

The whole truth should not always be told in advertisements. A Chicago grocer told more of it than he intended to in his holiday ad, which read:

Apples, Oranges, Imported Nuts
Fruit Cake and Plum Pudding
Shop Now and Avoid the Rush

REMEMBER

THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM!

DOUBTFUL PROFIT

The boss had engaged a new ad writer for the drug department, but was called out of town before he had an opportunity to see the new man's copy. Imagine his surprise on reading this advertisement in the morning paper:

"WANTED: A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees that it will be profitable to the undertaker."

HE KNEW THEIR KIND

Among the guests at a certain hotel was a bunch of young traveling men and a clergyman. The former thought they had found a good target for their jokes and day after day the minister was the subject or object

of their mirth. But he received all their jests with irritating indifference.

Finally an older man who had been listening to their nonsense, said: "I wonder how you endure those youngsters. Don't you hear them?"

The clergyman smiled at the grinning faces around him, then replied:

"Oh, yes, I hear them. But I'm chaplain at a lunatic asylum, and am used to that sort of thing."



PROFESSIONAL GATHERINGS

“I HOLD every man a debtor to his profession; from which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereto.”

—*Francis Bacon.*

The Professions

(For Any Professional Gathering)

TO BELONG to one of the so-called learned professions is a goal toward which many college students aspire, possibly with the idea that it will be easier, more lucrative, and more satisfactory than working for somebody else. What a joy to be your own boss ; what a relief not to punch a time clock.

But the professional man is *not* his own boss. Far from it. His bosses are legion, and he must please them all. On a trying day, when his ability, integrity, and general intelligence have been questioned, he cannot indulge in the ill-advised but none the less real pleasure of telling the boss "where to head in," and then, if necessary, go out and hunt himself another job.

No. If the patient is peevish, if the witness is brainless, if the publishers are unappreciative, the professional man must restrain his natural impulses, gnash his teeth in silence, and be calm and courteous. For instance, it is difficult for a lawyer to keep his temper when a client sets at naught the work of days, as did the young colored man who was on trial for stealing a watch. The lawyer had been so eloquent that, in spite of damaging testimony, the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." When advised by the court that he had been acquitted, the prisoner turned to his lawyer and said: "Acquitted? Say, boss, does 'at mean dat I can keep de watch?"

Professional men are supposed to make more money than the ordinary worker. Well, maybe some of them do. I can't speak from experience. But the uncertainty of the income is nerve-racking. This living from fee to fee, and never knowing where the next client is coming from, has its drawbacks, to say the least. After all, for real satisfaction and pleasure, there is nothing like the old pay check on Saturday.

The office worker parks his cares at the office each night. He has no responsibility. He does not have to worry about the rent, the overhead, the payroll, the building up of the business. All he has to do is to give a creditable week's work and cash his check.

Then, too, the laborer, or the office man, or the merchant, can go out after business or a job; can advertise his ability, or exhibit his goods. But it is unethical for a professional man to solicit employment.

A lawyer cannot walk into a home and say, "I hear that you folks are contemplating a divorce. Let me handle your case. I can guarantee a successful suit, with as much or little publicity as you desire." John Jones, the undertaker, cannot call on you with a full line of miniature samples of his wares. The neighborhood dentist cannot stage a spring opening with all his latest styles in false teeth and bridgework displayed around the refreshment table. Dr. Painless cannot quote you prices on appendixes and ten-pound baby boys. Neither can the Reverend Mr. Splicer show you testimonials to the effect that his marriages last longer and give better satisfaction than any other make.

Speaking of ethics—those nice questions of conduct among professional men—recalls the story of a clothing merchant's son who was taking a course in law. While

studying the subject of ethics he asked his father to give him some practical advice regarding it.

"That's easy, my boy," said his father. "Ethics is just this: If a customer gives me by mistake two ten dollar bills instead of one for a pair of trousers, and I discover the mistake on the way to the cash drawer, the ethics is whether I should tell my partner about it."

We professional men and women must rely largely on the whim of the people who employ us. First of all, we must build up a reputation. To do this we must be efficient and experienced, as well as possessed of an upright character; and we cannot become efficient and experienced unless we have employment. If there is any one person in the whole world to whom the young professional man owes a debt of gratitude, it is his first client, or first patient. I wonder how many remember that person. Let us who are gathered here tonight think back over the years and pay a silent tribute to the man or woman who first publicly expressed faith in us.

Here's to that person courageous—
We ne'er will forget his kind face—
Who, for some unaccountable reason,
Brought us our very first case.

Doctors

(One of Them Tells a Few Secrets)

It is said that in China a man pays a doctor to keep him well. That system might work in China, where they have some respect for authority, but I am sure it would not work here. In the first place, the patient would not obey our instructions, and in the second

place, if he should happen to die, as patients have a habit of doing, we would be sued for malpractice. I'm afraid some of us would be in trouble most of the time.

A distinguished member of our profession who is on the staff of a large hospital, was called to the telephone early one morning. "Four of your patients died last night," he was told.

"Four?" exclaimed the doctor, who was only half awake. "Why, I left medicine for six."

One of the greatest troubles of an American doctor is trying to persuade a patient to follow instructions to the letter. When Tom Jones is so ill that he can't sit up and must have a trained nurse, the doctor's instructions are usually carried out, but if Tom is able to go to the office, nine chances out of ten he will take two or three doses of the medicine prescribed, then chuck the bottle into the medicine cabinet and promptly forget all about it. The result may be a serious case of pneumonia.

And those medicine cabinets! Just why the average individual feels that he must preserve every half empty bottle of liquid or pills that has been prescribed for him, I do not know. But I do know that there is enough medicine in bath-room cabinets in the United States to stock a thousand drug stores. And it is fortunate that most of the doses we prescribe are harmless; otherwise, there would be many deaths from poisoning.

If Tom is told to eat certain things and take certain forms of exercise, he is liable to treat the advice as a joke, and to feel that he knows more about it than the doctor, anyway. And doubtless he does, at that. Probably all he needs is to give nature a chance.

Tom's wife is different, however. She will follow

instructions, but she will interpret them to suit herself. A friend of mine who counts among his patients several wealthy women, was consulted by one of them at the close of a strenuous social season.

"I would advise you, Mrs. Brown," said the doctor, "to take frequent baths, breathe plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool garments."

At dinner that night, the patient made the following report to her husband:

"The doctor says I ought to go to Palm Beach and then to the mountains. He also says that I must get some new light gowns at once."

But suppose we were able to keep our patients well. They wouldn't be satisfied. Most of them wouldn't have anything to talk about. Can you imagine a family without gall stones or appendixes, hay fever or neuritis? And then look at all the pleasure people derive from eating the things and doing the things that they know are not good for them. It is seldom that we find a person who voluntarily tries to preserve his health. He prefers to draw on it lavishly, just as he would draw on a healthy bank account, and he is much happier in so doing. No one realizes this better than the doctor. A certain business man who had taken extremely good care of his health called on his physician one day and said:

"I wish you would look me over, doctor, and see what my prospects are for living one hundred years."

"Do you smoke?" questioned the doctor.

"No."

"Drink?"

"Not at all."

"Eat to excess?"

"Never."

"Stay up late nights?"

"No."

"Then," said the doctor, "what in thunder do you want to live to be a hundred for?"

Chevalier Bayard, a famous French soldier of the fifteenth century, on being asked the difference between a wise man and a fool, replied, "The same that there is between a sick man and his doctor."

Cromwell said in his last illness, "Nature can do more than physicians."

They were both right. Nature is the doctor's greatest ally. Without her aid he can do nothing. At the same time, the patient should be wise enough to follow his doctor's instructions implicitly and thus give nature a chance.

But it remained for Sidney Smith, the English divine, wit, and writer, to coin the most apt expression, when he said, "The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman." If more people lived under that rule, there would be fewer physicians in the world today. But they won't, so we need have no fear.

A GRAVE STORY

"And ladies and gentlemen," shouted the enthusiastic medicine salesman, at the county fair. "I have sold over a million bottles of this great Mexican remedy and never received a complaint. I ask you, what does that prove?"

Came a voice from the crowd: "That dead men tell no tales."

COULDN'T WORK MIRACLES

The timid patient was about to undergo an operation. As the nurse adjusted the apparatus, he asked, "How long before I will know anything, doctor?"

"Now, my dear man," said the doctor, cheerfully, "don't expect too much of the anesthetic."

MUST HAVE BEEN WEAK

"What is the most you ever weighed?" asked the doctor, who was making a physical examination.

"One hundred and sixty-five pounds," answered the new patient.

"And what is the least you ever weighed?"

"Eight pounds and four ounces."

ALL SET

The local M. D. was an inveterate first nighter, so the boys of the village planned to get even with him for some of his bitter doses. When it was time for the opening chorus of the home talent minstrel show, the manager stepped in front of the curtain and asked if Dr. Jones was in the audience.

Dr. Jones rose in a dignified manner from his seat in the crowded theater.

"Then the performance will begin!" announced the manager.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE A HAT BOX

The patient was coming out of the anesthetic, and two convalescents in the same ward were trying to reassure him.

"You'll get along all right," said one. "The doctor fixed me up in fine shape, and I would have been well by this time if they hadn't opened the wound to take out a small sponge they'd left there."

"I had a set-back, too," said the other. "They left a pair of forceps in my interior."

Just then the surgeon put his head in the door and asked:

"Has anybody seen my hat?"

The patient fainted.

GOOD ANESTHETIC

Doc McSlaughter had just operated on a Scotchman, so a friend asked if he had any trouble rendering the patient unconscious.

"No," answered the doctor, "all I did was to show him the bill in advance."

OR LISTENING TO AMOS AN' ANDY

"Doctor, how are my chances?" asked the anxious patient.

"Oh, pretty good," replied the doctor, cheerfully, "but I wouldn't start reading any continued stories."

FIRST COME

"Well, who's been waiting the longest?" asked a physician, cheerfully, as he opened the door of his consultation office.

"I think I have, Doctor," said a tailor, arising and presenting a bill. "I delivered your clothes three years ago."

HOW ABOUT INSOMNIA AND SLEEPING SICKNESS?

Once a friend of Mark Twain's was conversing with him regarding a terrible affliction of a person known to them both. The friend said:

"Can you imagine anything worse than having diphtheria and scarlet fever at the same time?"

"Yes," replied Mark, "I can easily imagine some things worse than that—for instance, rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance."

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

"I have brought you a Red Cross nurse," announced the doctor.

"Take her back," said the peevish patient, "and get me one that's blonde and cheerful."

A COMMON AILMENT

"Doctor," said he, "if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a scientific name. Just tell me in plain English."

"Well," said the doctor, "to be frank with you, you are just plain lazy."

"Thank you, doctor," sighed the patient with relief. "Now give me the scientific name for it, so I can go home and tell my wife."

THAT FIRST CIGAR

"Medicine won't help you any," the doctor told his patient. "What you need is a complete change of living. Get away to some quiet place in the country for a

month. Then go to bed early, eat roast beef, drink plenty of good, rich milk, and smoke just one cigar a day."

A month later the patient walked into the doctor's office, looking like a new man. The doctor told him so.

"Yes, doctor, your advice certainly accomplished results," said the patient. "I followed your instructions to the letter; but, say, doctor, that one cigar a day almost killed me at first. It's no joke to start smoking at my time of life."

AMEN!

One Sunday morning a note was handed to a minister in his pulpit stating that the presence of a physician, supposed to be in the congregation, was urgently required elsewhere. The preacher read the letter aloud and, as the doctor was going down the aisle, fervently ejaculated: "May the Lord have mercy on his patient."

ENCOURAGEMENT

An eminent surgeon tried to cheer a patient by saying: "On the whole, you are getting along famously. Your left leg is somewhat swollen, but that does not bother me."

"By thunder!" exclaimed the patient, "if both your legs were swollen that wouldn't bother me any, either."

CHEERFUL NEWS

"Your husband will never be able to work again," said the doctor solemnly.

"I'll go and tell him," said the wife, who knew her husband's disposition. "It will cheer him up."

PROBABLY NEVER HAD IT AMENDED

"See that fellow over there?" said a physician to his friend. "I've been his doctor for fifteen years."

"He must have a tough constitution," commented the friend.

FAIR ENOUGH

"Say, doc, what's all this bill for?" asked the convalescent patient.

"Forty-two dollars," replied the physician. "Forty for twenty calls at two dollars a call, and two dollars for the medicine."

"All right, doc. Here's two for the medicine. I'll return the calls when I get well."

READY TO HELP A LADY

She was one of the doctor's wealthiest patients and very fussy. She apologized for calling him in the middle of the night.

"I was suffering so much, doctor," she said, when he arrived, "that I wanted to die."

"You did right to call me, dear lady," said the physician, soothingly, "you did just right."

OPTIMISM

"I hope everything comes out all right," said the nurse, as she wheeled her patient into the operating room.

A SOUVENIR

Walter, the eight-year old son of a St. Louis physician, was entertaining a guest during his father's ab-

sence. The two boys had examined the various bottles and appliances in the office, when suddenly Walter threw open the door of a closet, disclosing an articulated skeleton.

When the other boy had recovered somewhat from his awe and shock, the doctor's son stated that his father was very proud of that skeleton.

"Is he?" asked the other. "Why?"

"I don't know, exactly," said Walter, "but I guess maybe it was his first patient."

THEN INSURE HER LIFE

When the doctor called, the worried mother stated that it was torture to force the sick child to take the medicine he had left.

"Well," said the doctor, "since the end is inevitable, just give her a little water and cut out the dosage entirely."

Upon his next visit the mother met him with brightened face. "Would you believe it, doctor," she said, "our Annie is very much brighter and better. It's a miracle!"

"Is it possible?" the M. D. exclaimed. "In that case keep on giving her the water until she is strong enough to take the medicine again."

HE SHOULD RUN FOR OFFICE

A certain physician was noted for his inability to remember names. One afternoon a former patient called to pay a bill. The doctor started to make out the receipt but, being unable to recall the name and thinking to obtain a clew, he said:

"Let's see, do you spell your name with an 'e' or an 'i'?"

"Why, doctor," exclaimed the lady, "my name is Hill."

FOOLING THE PATIENT

A patient in a hospital awoke after an operation and found the blinds of the room drawn.

"Why are those blinds down, doctor?" he asked.

"Well," said the physician, "there's a fire burning across the alley, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure."

KILLED THE YELLOW GOOSE

"What on earth is the matter?" said the doctor's friend. "You look awfully mad."

"You would be, too," was the angry reply. "Here I have been treating a patient for three years for yellow jaundice and I've only just learned that he's a Chinaman."

LET MOTHER TAKE IT

"Robert, you're a naughty boy," said his mother severely. "You can just go to bed without your supper."

"But, Mother," protested hungry Bobby, "what about the medicine I've got to take afterwards?"

WITH THE DOCTOR'S HELP

A doctor who was superintendent of a Sunday School in a small town, asked his class what we must do first in order to get to Heaven.

"We must die," answered Jimmie.

"That's very true," replied the doctor, "but what must we do before we die?"

Jimmie thought a minute and then said:

"We must get sick and send for you."

Druggists

(By an Up-To-Date Pharmacist)

TIME was when pharmacy was on a par with medicine and law, and a druggist was looked upon by his customers with respect second only to that accorded the family doctor. But since we have turned our drug stores into department stores, we must be not only licensed pharmacists, but expert cooks, display artists, and efficient salesmen.

In order successfully to pass his examinations, the ambitious student must know how to make seventeen kinds of sandwiches, chilli con carne, and chop suey. He must also know how to mix fifty-seven varieties of ice cream sodas, sundaes, and cocktails, to say nothing of being an expert in cosmetics and stationery.

In addition to all this, when we become established in business, we must be walking encyclopedias of information regarding points of interest in our city, train and street car schedules, location of principal buildings, theater attractions and anything else concerning which the customer may inquire. We must also keep on hand a supply of stamps and enough money to change all the ten and twenty dollar bills circulating in the neighborhood—and in these times that's no joke.

We must be courteous and tactful, and at the same time be able to determine what a customer wants, when

he doesn't know himself. An old lady came into my store one evening recently and asked for a box of canine pills.

"What's the matter with the dog?" I inquired, wishing to be of the most service.

"I want you to understand, sir," she exclaimed, indignantly, "that my husband is a gentleman."

I accepted the rebuke in silence and, without more ado, put up some quinine pills for the lady's husband.

A little later a sweet young thing entered the store.

"Good evening, thir," she said, shyly. "I want thome adhethive plaster."

"What thickness?" I asked.

"Don't mock me, thir," she exclaimed, indignantly.

Just before closing that same evening, a boy of ten rushed in and demanded a bottle of liniment and some china cement.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"Ma just hit Dad on the head with a plate," he explained.

One of the disadvantages of a drug store is the danger of having it mussed up at any time by an accident or a hold-up, and being compelled to render first aid without compensation.

All in all, despite public opinion, the druggist's life is not a path of roses, nor his income one to swell the coffers of the internal revenue office. We must not be blamed too much, therefore, if we deviate from what was once our legitimate business of filling prescriptions to the prosaic, but more lucrative, one of serving lunches. Since the advent of sun-bathing and other health-producing activities, we sell less medicine, and must resort to wresting a profit from the appetites which good

spirits and good health create. We must operate a store which will attract them coming and going—medicine when they're sick and luncheons when they're well.

LIQUID MAGIC

Tom, a colored truckster, was jogging down the street when his mule balked, right in front of a drug store. After ten minutes of unavailing effort, Tom entered the store and asked the druggist if he could give him something to start the mule. The druggist said he could and, taking a bottle from the shelf, he went out and administered a dose to the stubborn animal. The mule switched his tail, tossed his head, and started madly down the street. Tom gazed after the mule with open mouth. Then he turned to the druggist and asked:

"How much did dat medicine cost, Mistah?"

"Oh, about fifteen cents," said the druggist.

"Den gib me a quartah's worth, quick!" demanded Tom. "Ah jes gotta ketch dat mule."

A MARK OF AFFECTION

A woman, dirty and disheveled, came into a public dispensary with her right arm torn and bleeding. As the surgeon bathed her wound preparatory to binding it up, he asked, "Dog bite you?"

"No, sor," the patient replied, "another loidy."

CALL AGAIN

The druggist had been aroused at 2 A.M., and was in no amiable frame of mind.

"The idea," he cried, furiously, "of waking me at this

time of night for ten cents worth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion, when a glass of hot water would have done just as well."

"Weel," returned McDonald, "I did na know, but I thank ye for the advice, and I'll no' bother ye after all. Good-night."

AN APPROPRIATE NAME

Aunt Sally's former mistress was talking to her one morning, when suddenly she saw a little pickaninny peeping shyly from behind his mother's skirts.

"Is this your little boy, Aunt Sally?" she asked.

"Yas'm, dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, Auntie! What a funny name for a child. How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah simply calls him dat 'cuz Ah has sech hawd wuk gettin' him filled."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The small boy asked the chemist for two pennyworth of ipecacuanha. "Mother says," he added, "to please charge it to her account."

"Yes, my little man," answered the chemist as he wrapped up the package, "and what is your name?"

"Hinkenspoodle," replied the boy.

The day was sultry and the chemist was tired.

"Here you are," he said. "Tell your mother she can have it for nothing. I'm not going to write 'ipecacuanha' and 'Hinkenspoodle' on a day like this for tup'pence."

SULPHUR AT WHOLESALE

The pharmacist had been worried that morning and his temper was not of the sweetest. A customer bought a pound of sulphur, and was told that the price was ten cents.

"Ten cents," he exclaimed. "Why, I can get a pound of sulphur at Cutthroat's store for five cents any day."

"Is that so?" snapped the druggist. "Well, if you go to Hades, you'll get it for nothing."

Editors

(The Country Editor Speaks)

THE office imp entered the press room of a small town newspaper and remarked, "Say, boss, there's a tramp outside who says he hasn't had anything to eat for six days."

"Bring him in," shouted the editor, enthusiastically. "Bring him in. If we can find out how he does it, we can run this paper for another week."

I assure you, gentlemen, being a country editor is no joke. We, that is, my wife and I—my wife is the social editor, general utility man, and chauffeur of the family car—have made a number of changes in our mode of living during the last year or so, due to the difficulty of collecting outstanding accounts in cash. We have installed a stove in our home in order to use the wood with which four or five subscriptions have been paid. Every week or so we dine at one of the restaurants which carries an ad in the paper; for like reasons we have a suit or coat pressed now and then;

we carry home meat and groceries from four different stores; we get gas at six or eight filling stations; and in the summer we fairly revel in garden produce, fresh eggs and chickens.

In fact, we're living fine, but we haven't seen any cash for months, except from the two local banks—they haven't anything but money with which to pay for their subscriptions.

We have reached the point where we can sympathize sincerely with the western brother in whose paper appeared this gem:

"We see by an esteemed contemporary that a young lady in Chicago is so particular that she kneads bread with her gloves on. What of it? The editor of this paper needs bread with his coat on; he needs bread with his trousers on; in fact he needs bread with all his clothes on. But, if some of his creditors don't pay up pretty quick he'll need bread without anything at all on, and this western climate is no Garden of Eden."

You city editors, who have mastered the science of managing a great daily, don't know the first principles of running a country newspaper. Where you have thousands or millions of readers, we have hundreds and they all know us and know each other, and they all have preconceived ideas of what is news. This is well illustrated by the story of the young man, who, having inherited a few hundred dollars and looking for a way in which to lose it, called on a country editor one day and said:

"I'd like some advice, sir, on how to run a newspaper."

"You've come to the wrong person; son," replied the

editor. "Go ask any one of my subscribers. They know more about it than I do."

Yes, all subscribers feel competent to tell a country editor exactly how to run his paper—and most of them do. They may not care what happens in Washington, Europe, or the Philippines, but if a local news item is omitted from a small town paper, the editor will hear all about it before breakfast the next morning. And woe unto him if he makes a mistake in reporting or printing the news. If he says that Senator Brown looked quite "nutty" in his new suit, instead of "natty," or that Mrs. Cream de la Cream's only daughter is engaged to the local "baker" instead of "banker," he might as well fold up his typewriter and steal away—it will be his only method of making a living thereafter. They say that:

When a garage man makes a mistake, he adds it on to your bill.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, he tries the case all over again.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

But when the editor makes a mistake—GOOD-NIGHT.

I presume there never was a small town editor who has not dreamed of some day writing a great book, or of becoming the owner of a large city newspaper. Once in a generation, a country editor has been great enough to stay in his small town and to put it on the map—like William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas. Most of us, however, must content ourselves with chronicling

the news of our community for the sole benefit of the people of our community. But after all, it is the people of the small towns and the country who have the deciding voice in the affairs of the nation. To be one of them, to assist in their development, to aid in shaping their opinions is a work of which any man can be proud. As for myself, I feel that I have found my proper niche in the world. The circulation of my paper may not be strong, but my heart is in the right place.

HIS LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

It is a well known fact that Horace Greeley wrote so poor a hand that no one could read it—not even himself. On one occasion it is said that he wrote a letter of dismissal to one of his type-setters, whose work had displeased him.

The printer, being familiar with Greeley's handwriting, departed, carrying the letter with him. He took the train to Cincinnati and there made application for a position with Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati *Inquirer*.

Mr. Halstead asked for references. The printer had none, but remembering his letter from Mr. Greeley, he produced it. The editor could not read the letter, but recognized the signature.

"Well," he said, "anyone who has a letter of recommendation from Horace Greeley must be all right. You are engaged."

AND THEN YOU WON'T CARE

Being fond of mushrooms, but fearful of eating the fatal fungi so closely resembling them, a Wisconsin man

wrote to the Agriculturalist for help. "How," he queried, "can one tell a mushroom from a toadstool?"

"Easy," replied the editor. "If you die—it was a toadstool."

A WORTHLESS OPINION BETTER THAN NONE.

"What do you think of this story?" pleaded the ambitious young author, who had persuaded the editor to read his manuscript. "Give me your honest opinion."

"It isn't worth anything," said the editor, reluctantly.

"I know," conceded the young author, "but tell me, anyway."

HE'D RISE TO THE OCCASION

"You sit down on all my jokes," complained the humorist.

"I wouldn't, if they had a point to them," snapped the editor.

JUSTIFIED FAITH

"My gosh, Bill," groaned the managing editor of the tabloid, "nothing scandalous has happened in twenty-four hours. What'll we do for the front page?"

"Aw, don't get discouraged, Steve," the city editor comforted. "Something'll happen. I've still got faith in human nature."

ONE WAY

"Do you think you have increased your circulation by giving a year's subscription for the biggest potato raised in the county?" asked a friend of the editor.

"No, not very much," replied the editor, "but I've got four barrels of samples in the basement."

WHEN THE PAPER DOESN'T COME

My father says the paper he reads ain't put up right.
He finds a lot of fault, he does, perusin' it all night.
He says there ain't a single thing in it worth while to
read,
And that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people
need.
He tosses it aside and says it's strictly on the bum—
But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't
come.

He reads about the weddin's and he snorts like all get
out,
He reads the social doin's with a most derisive shout,
He says they make the paper for the women folks alone,
He'll read about the parties and he'll fume and fret and
groan;
He says of information it doesn't have a crumb—
But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't
come.

He's always first to grab it and he reads it plumb clean
through,
He doesn't miss an item or a want ad—this is true;
He says they don't know what we want, the durn news-
paper guys.
He's going to take a day sometime an' go an' put em
wise.
Sometimes it seems as though they must be blind and
deaf and dumb—
But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't
come.

TWO OF A KIND

A free-lance journalist found himself on a train without a ticket and decided to play a dead-head game. When the conductor appeared he told him that he had left his pocketbook at home, but that he was on the staff of the *Daily News*.

"All right," said the official, "come forward to the next car; we've the editor of the *Daily News* aboard, and he can identify you."

There was no turning back, so the passenger followed the conductor, expecting ignominious exposure, but, to his great surprise, the man, looking up from his paper, said simply: "Yes, conductor, that's all right. The man is on my staff."

When the conductor had departed, the free-lance undertook to express his gratitude to the great man for his magnanimous falsehood.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the other. "You see, I'm not the editor of the *Daily News*."

ECONOMY OF WORDS

Brevity is the soul of modern journalism. A budding journalist was told never to use two words where one would do. He carried out this advice in his report of a fatal accident thus:

"John Jones lighted a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank. There was. Aged 56."

AN INDUCEMENT

This editorial appeared in the columns of a small western newspaper:

"If you have frequent fainting spells, chills, fever, headache, heartburn, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign you are not well, but liable to die at any time. Pay your subscription in advance and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice."

THE REST OF US AREN'T SO HONEST

A small newsboy was carrying a heavy load of newspapers, when a kind old gentleman asked: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Naw," replied the lad, "I don't read 'em."

POWER OF THE PRESS

If any one doubts the power of the press, this item taken from a mid-west weekly should reassure them:

"Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

"I tore up the sonnet I wrote last week," said the young man.

"Tore it up?" exclaimed his source of inspiration. "Why, that was the best thing you ever did."

PROBABLY THE OTHER ONE

John Erskine, the author, was invited to deliver a lecture at the University of Chattanooga. President Alexander Guerry of the University went down to the station to meet him. Said Dr. Guerry to Dr. Erskine: "I asked one gentleman if he were Dr. Erskine and he

said emphatically, 'I should say not.' I asked a second man and he said, 'I wish I were.' That shows that at least one man has read your books."

"Yes, it does," said Dr. Erskine. "But which one?"

MAYBE SON KNEW

James Oppenheim's five-year-old son Ralph was asked what work he was going to do when he grew up.

"Oh, I'm not going to work at all," replied Ralph, "I'm just going to write stories like Daddy."

SHE'D PROBABLY USE IT

At a dinner in London recently the conversation turned to the different ways in which literary people perform their work. Some one mentioned a popular poet who was said to awaken his wife at about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim: "Mary, get up; I've thought of a word." Whereupon the obedient Mary would crawl out of bed and make a note of the important word.

Perhaps an hour later the poet would be seized with a new inspiration, and again he would say, "Mary, Mary, get up! I've thought of a better word."

Everybody listened to the story with awe, except a clever American girl, who remarked:

"Well, if he had been my husband, I should have replied, 'Josephus, get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word.'"

ANYWAY IT KILLED HIM

"What book you got dar?" asked Rastus, as he met Sam on the steps of the library.

"Ah's got 'De Last Days of Pompeii,'" responded Sam.

"Last Days of Pompey?" said Rastus. "Ah nebber heard dat Pompey was dead. What'd he die of?"

"Ah don't 'xactly know," responded Rastus, "but dey do say it was some kind of 'ruption."

SHE LIKED TO READ

She was furnishing the library in their new home, and called up the book shop to place an order. "You may send me," she said, "the complete works of Shakespeare, Emerson, and Dickens—and also something to read."

SOME HOPE FOR HIM

William Dean Howells was the kindest of critics, but occasionally he became a little annoyed at the conceit of some popular novelist.

"You know," said one of them who was fishing for a compliment, "I am making more and more money all the time, but just the same I think my work is falling off."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Howells. "You write just as well as you ever did. Your taste is improving, that's all."

A TEST FOR GOOD LITERATURE

"When does a book become a classic?" asked the English instructor.

"When people who haven't read it begin to say they have," replied a bright pupil.

Lawyers

(One of Them Tells a Few Jokes on the Profession)

IF THE number of murders, burglaries, and other crimes does not decrease shortly, the entire bar will be divided into two classes: criminal lawyers and prosecuting attorneys. At that, more of us may have to enter politics in order to make a living.

The thing which bothers most lawyers now is the question of fees. There is just as much work to do as formerly, but actual cash fees are scarce, and we have to be more careful about the cases we undertake. The other day, a prisoner charged with embezzlement appeared in court without any one to defend him.

"How is it that you haven't a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"Well, I did engage an attorney," replied the prisoner, "but as soon as he found out I hadn't stolen that ten thousand dollars, he wouldn't have anything to do with the case."

Professional men are supposed to make a fairly good personal appearance, but if business continues to fall off, some of us will soon come to a point where it will be positively embarrassing to appear in public. A visitor from out of town recently dropped in to see our police court in session. The stranger looked around for a moment and then said to a man sitting near him:

"My goodness, they've caught a tough lot this morning."

"You're looking at the wrong bunch," replied his neighbor. "Those aren't the prisoners. They're the lawyers."

And that is just what is happening to the legal profession. If the depression keeps on, very soon people won't be able to distinguish the lawyers from the hoboes brought in on Monday morning.

Occasionally lawyers are accused of overcharging their clients. That may have been true a few years ago, when clients had money, but most of us are glad to get any kind of a fee now. Of course, there are those who, having made themselves famous, can still demand large fees—and get away with it.

A brother lawyer, who shall be nameless, was retained as counsel by a man who had suffered a broken leg in a street car accident. An action was brought against the company and the plaintiff won. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court and the plaintiff was again successful. After settling the case, the lawyer handed his client a silver dollar.

“What's this for?” asked the client.

The lawyer explained that that was what was left after paying his fee, the costs of appeal, and other expenses.

The client examined the dollar for a moment, then glanced at the lawyer.

“What's the matter with this?” he asked. “Is it *bad*?”

The average modern lawyer is not gifted with that power of oratory which marked the advocate of a generation ago. But occasionally, especially in criminal cases, recourse is still had to that old time eloquence which moves juries to tears and invariably frees the prisoner. Such a lawyer down in Texas, by his powerful plea, saved his client from conviction of horse-stealing. After the jury had brought in their verdict of

"Not guilty," the lawyer turned to his client and said:

"Honor bright, Jim, you did steal that horse, didn't you?"

"Wall, I'll tell you," Jim replied; "I allers did think I stole that hoss, but since I heerd your speech to that there jury, I'll be doggoned ef I ain't got my doubts about it."

It is incidents of this kind which lead people to believe that all lawyers are dishonest—a base insinuation. Even judges are not free from this belief. Two prominent jurists of this city were dining together a short time ago, when a rather unkempt stranger strolled into the restaurant and took a seat at their table. The newcomer seemed friendly, so the judges thought they would have a little fun and commenced asking him questions. Having ascertained that the stranger's father was dead and that during his lifetime he had been a horse trader, one of the judges asked:

"Did your father ever cheat anyone in his trading?"

"I suppose he did, sir," replied the stranger.

"Where did he go when he died?"

"To Heaven, sir."

"Has he ever cheated anyone there?"

"He has cheated one man, I believe."

"Was he prosecuted?"

"He was not, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because," said the stranger, as he left the table with a smile, "they searched the Kingdom of Heaven for a lawyer to defend him—and couldn't find one."

Law and lawyers have always been the subject of jokes. Lord Norbury, an Irish judge of the eighteenth century, when asked to contribute a shilling to bury a

poor attorney, said: "Only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here's a guinea: go and bury one and twenty of them."

We have no one to blame for this attitude of the general public but ourselves. The *Boston Bar Bulletin* has pointed this out in forceful language. "It is difficult to understand," says the *Bulletin*, "why the lawyer has not recognized the importance to his own earning power of establishing among the public that confidence in the probity of the bar which would inevitably attract clients. It seems poor business to allow a few rotten apples to damage the reputation and, hence, the earning power of the overwhelming majority of sound apples in the barrel."

I suggest that we investigate our particular barrel of apples, and if we cannot remove the unsound ones, that we at least demonstrate to the public that the remainder of the apples are sound to the core.

THE ODDS WERE AGAINST HIM

An inexperienced young attorney had attempted to defend Sam Johnson, a colored man, who was charged with stealing chickens. His efforts had not been successful, although it was doubtful if any lawyer could have secured Sam's acquittal. The evidence of his guilt was overwhelming and he received a rather severe sentence.

"Thank you, sah," Sam said to the judge, cheerfully, after sentence had been pronounced. "Dat's mighty hard, your Honah, but hit ain't anywhere near what I 'spected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and dat speech ob my lawyer you'd hang me, shore!"

A JURY OF HIS PEERS

A criminal trial was about to begin.

"Gentlemen of the jury, take your proper places," said the judge, and the court room was convulsed with laughter when six of them walked into the dock.

DEPENDABLE WITNESSES

John Adams, a wealthy cattleman of Montana, got into a lawsuit with Pete Jones over a boundary line fence. On the morning of the trial John and his lawyer were in the court room, going over the testimony with four or five witnesses when Jones entered.

Pete stopped, looked carefully at each of the witnesses, and then said:

"Are those your witnesses, John?"

"Yep, they sure are," replied John.

"Then you win," said Pete. "I've had them there witnesses twice myself."

ENOUGH TO COVER THE FEE

Ephraim had been arrested. The next day he sent for a lawyer to defend him.

"Have you any money, Eph?" asked the latter, thinking of his fee.

"No, sah," replied Eph; "Ah, ain't got no money, but Ah's got a mule, a few chickens, and a hog or two."

"That's fine," said the lawyer. "Now, let's see; what were you accused of stealing?"

"Oh," replied Eph, "a mule, a few chickens, and a hog or two."

BAD COMPANY

The district attorney was cross-examining the defendant as to his whereabouts on a particular night. The witness answered that he was in the company of two friends.

"Friends!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney. "Two crooks, I suppose."

"Maybe they are," replied the witness, dryly. "They're both lawyers."

THE ABSENT-MINDED LAWYER

A certain eminent lawyer who was noted for his absent-mindedness, went to a neighboring city to consult a client. Upon arrival he found that he had forgotten the name, whereupon he telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?"

This was the answer: "Black, Edgar E. Yours is Jones, William B."

THE UNPREJUDICED JUROR

It is sometimes difficult to fill a jury panel with men wholly unprejudiced regarding the case to be heard.

During a murder trial the judge asked McGinnis if he had formed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

"Oi have not," replied the juror.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?" was the next question.

Said McGinnis emphatically: "Not in this case, yer honor."

MAYBE IT WAS

A policeman, whose testimony was taken on deposition, deposed as follows: "The prisoner sat upon me, calling me an ass, a precious dolt, a scarecrow, a rag-muffin and an idiot." And this being the conclusion of his desposition, his signature was preceded by the formal ending, "All of which I swear is true."

TWO WEEKS FOR MURDER

"How long you in fo', Mose?" inquired his friend who was calling at the jail.

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge, everything am free in dis place."

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot my wife."

"You killed yo' wife and only in jail for two weeks?"

"Dat's all—den I gits hung."

FLATTERING THE JUDGE

"Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty," announced the judge. "What have you to say?"

"That's all right, Judge," said the defendant hopefully, "but I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

ONE ON THE LAWYER

The lawyer was cross-examining a witness to a robbery. "When did the robbery take place?" he asked.

"I think—" began the witness.

"We don't care what you think, sir. We want to know what you know."

"Then if you don't want to know what I think," retorted the witness, "I might as well leave the stand. I can't talk without thinking. I'm no lawyer."

ONE ON THE JURY

The prosecuting attorney had encountered a rather difficult witness. At length, exasperated by the man's evasive answers, he asked him whether he was acquainted with any of the jury.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the man of law.

The other thought quickly.

"If it comes to that," he replied, "I am willing to swear that I know more than all of 'em put together!"

SPLIT SECOND TIME

Counsel was examining a colored witness in a murder trial.

"You say you heard or saw the shots fired?" he asked.

"Yas, sah."

"How close together were the shots?"

"Day wuz fired one right after de odder."

"How near were you to the scene of the affray?"

"When de first shot wuz fired, Ah wuz 'bout ten feet frum de shooter."

"Ten feet. Well, now tell the Court where you were when the second shot was fired."

"Ah didn't measure de distance, sah."

"Approximately, how far should you say?"

"Well, sah, Ah should think it would be 'bout half a mile."

REVERSE TESTIMONY

There had been an automobile accident and the defendant was being sued for damages. The following was the testimony offered in his defense:

First Witness: "We weren't doing anything like thirty miles, your honor; we may have been hitting it up a little when we struck the hill, but we were down to twenty within two car lengths."

Second Witness: "We never went faster than fifteen miles an hour, your honor, and when we came to the cross-road we slowed down to ten."

Defendant: "We were practically at a standstill when the officer came up."

The Court: "I'll have to stop this thing now or you'll be backing in to someone—\$25.00."

THEN THEY TOLD THE LAWYER WHERE TO GO

Jones sent a long overdue account to an attorney for collection. On the bottom of the statement he wrote: "Move Heaven and earth to get this scoundrel."

In due time the statement was returned, with the following line added thereto: "No use moving either locality. Debtor died last week."

THE BEST EVIDENCE

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit last night," said the judge. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"You ought to know, your honor," replied the prisoner. "I was in the car that you passed just before they pinched me."

FIRST OFFENSE

"Guilty or not guilty, 'Rastus?" asked the judge.

"Not guilty, your honor," replied 'Rastus.

"Ever been in jail before?"

"No suh, your honor, Ah nevah done stole nothin' befo'."

OR A COUPLE OF ALIBIS

An old colored man was arraigned before a justice of the peace on a charge of larceny. As there was no one to defend the old man, the judge asked if he wouldn't like to have a lawyer appointed.

"No, suh, your Honor," he replied, "Ah don't want no lawyer, but Ah suttinly would like a couple of good witnesses, if you got 'em."

WITNESS EXCUSED

Ephraim Brown was on trial for the attempted bribery of a colored witness, Mose Jackson. Mose took the stand and after the preliminary questions, the lawyer said:

"Now repeat exactly what the defendant said when he offered you fifty dollars to testify in his behalf."

"He said he'd give me fifty dollars if Ah'd——"

"Did he speak to you in the third person?"

"No sah; dar was only us two dar."

"You don't understand what I mean, Mose. When

he was talking to you, did he say, 'I will pay you fifty dollars'?"

"No, sah. He didn't say nothin' 'bout you paying me fifty dollars. All he said 'bout you was dat ef Ah evah got into a scrape, you was the best lawyer in town to fool the judge and the jury."

AN APPEAL FROM JUSTICE

A party to a suit was compelled to go home before the jury had brought in its verdict. When the case was decided, his lawyer telegraphed him as follows:

"Right and Justice won."

To which the client wired this reply:

"Appeal at once."

NO INSINUATIONS

The young lawyer retained by a farmer to bring an action against a railway company for the loss of twenty-four pigs did his best to impress the jury with the magnitude of the case.

"Twenty-four pigs, gentlemen," he said, "twice the number in the jury box."

ONE ON THE JUDGE

Ole was on the witness stand.

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" he was asked.

"Yah," said Ole.

"How big was the stone?"

"Oh, Ay don't know."

"Was it as big as my fist?"

"Yah, it bane bigger."

"Well, was it as big as my head?"

"Oh, yah, it bane so long, but not so thick."

ALIBI DEFINED

"Do you know what an alibi is, 'Rastus?'" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor. An alibi is provin' dat you wuz at a prayer meetin' whar you wuzn't in order to show dat you wuzn't at de crap game whar you wuz."

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY

Occasionally a lawyer's success depends upon his ability to think quickly in an emergency. A barrister in Indianapolis who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "I know the prisoner at the bar and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel."

Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, whereupon he continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

TIT FOR TAT

George Ade and a well-known lawyer were speakers at a certain dinner party in Chicago. Mr. Ade spoke first and his words provoked much laughter. When he had finished, the lawyer rose, shoved his hands deep into his trouser's pockets, as was his habit, and said:

"Doesn't it strike you as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

When the laughter had subsided, Ade replied, in his drawling voice:

"Doesn't it strike you as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

FRANK OPINION

"Thanks awfully, old man. What on earth would I have done without you?" exclaimed the prisoner who had just been acquitted.

"Oh, about five years," said counsel, frankly.

IF EVERYONE COULD SAY THE SAME

Pat had been brought before the judge on a petty offense. During his examination the judge asked: "Is there any one in court who can vouch for your good character?"

"Yis, your honor," answered Pat, "there's the sheriff."

"Why, your honor," said the greatly amazed sheriff, "I don't even know the man."

"There, ye see," said Pat, triumphantly. "Oi've lived in this coontry for over tin years and the sheriff doesn't know me yit. Ain't that a character for ye?"

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

A hard-boiled and "wise" type of hobo was once hauled up before a judge on suspicion of vagrancy.

"Do you ever work?" asked the judge.

"Oh, now and then," replied the 'bo, carelessly.

"What do you do?"

"Oh, this and that."

"Where?"

"Oh, here and there."

"Put him into the cooler," said the judge.

"Hey!" wailed the hobo. "When do I get out of here?"

"Oh, sooner or later," answered the judge.

TALENT FOR THE LAW

"I'm certain, William," she began,
"When Johnny grows to be a man,
And his mind's bias finds expression,
He'll choose the medical profession.
Last night I noticed at the table,
How thoughtfully he cautioned Mabel
About the hurtfulness of pie."

"His talents," William answered, "lie,
Judging from what I heard and saw,
Rather along the lines of law;
Though all he told her might be true,
He ate his pie and Mabel's too."

—Eugene C. Dolson.

The Fine Arts

(For a Poet, Musician, or Artist)

POETS, musicians, and artists are supposed to be fashioned of somewhat finer clay than the average run of the kiln; they are supposed to be more sensitive, more temperamental, more gifted than the ordinary mortal. That is partly fallacy; partly our stock in trade. There are, of course, those who were born with

a golden voice, a discerning eye, or a sense of euphony, but the average person who is writing poetry, singing songs, or painting pictures today is working hard at his profession because he must in order to live.

And we do work hard. You who read the beautiful poem, hear the heart-touching song, or view the magnificent picture, little dream of the hard labor and limitless patience which lie back of it. For every finished verse, there are reams of torn and crumpled paper; for every well rendered song, there are hours and days of patient, nerve-wearing practice; for every finished canvas, there are dozens of pictures turned to the wall.

And the worst of the whole thing is that every Tom, Dick, Mary, and Maude in the country thinks he or she can write, or sing, or paint, with or without training, as well as any of the better known followers of the so-called "fine arts." And if the young people do not hold this opinion themselves, their doting parents do—and tell it to the world.

Occasionally one of these ambitious ones is brought to a timely understanding of his limitations, like the young artist who persuaded Whistler to view his latest effort. As they stood before the canvas, the young man asked timidly, "Don't you think that the painting is—well—er—tolerable?"

Whistler's eyes twinkled dangerously. "What," he inquired, "is your opinion of a tolerable egg?"

Another young man was endeavoring to impress a visiting co-ed with his talents. "Yes," he assured her, "I write poetry." The girl was thrilled.

"How marvelous," she exclaimed. "And does it yield any returns?"

"Yes," said the young man, as he thought of his postage stamp expense, "it's practically all returns."

Frequently our best efforts are unappreciated by the very people who wish to profit by our art. An incident of this kind occurred in a small town in North Carolina, where Patrick Gilmore's band had given a concert. Gilmore was famous for his rendition of Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," which was given on this occasion with his usual success.

The next day the local paper, whose editor was averse to the use of abbreviations, made the startling announcement that Gilmore's band had given a splendid rendition of "Mozart's Twelfth Massachusetts."

But in spite of the struggles and privations necessary in order to perfect our art and develop our talent, and even though most of us do not reach the highest pinnacle of fame, there is joy in the work and a satisfaction in the results attained that nothing can destroy.

So here's to the writer of verses,
And here's to the singer of songs,
And here's to the painter of pictures—
And the praise that to each belongs.

We may never fulfill our ambition,
We never may reach our real goal,
Because there's the wife and the kiddies,
And there's food, and clothing, and coal.

So in order to make a fair living,
Some things that we do are quite wrong;
For we write and sing for the pictures,
While *our* pictures sell for a song.

A Tribute to the Fine Arts

ONE of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to the fine arts was given by Charlotte Cushman, the well loved actress. Feeling their beauty in every fibre of her being, she wrote:

“I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others. . . . To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.”

Miss Cushman might have added that when God gave voices to the air, the water, the trees, and the birds, that was Music.

Truly, the five great arts are gifts direct from God, and we who possess one or more of them have been blessed above all men. It is these five—Music, Poetry, Sculpture, Painting, and Drama—which bring to mankind all the pleasures and joys of life. We who have been chosen as the medium through which others may see or hear their beauty, should realize that the treasures which are ours are not ours alone. We are merely the trustees, holding these gifts, guarding them, developing them, and giving them to others, so that the whole world may be enriched thereby.

Few of our great creators have won riches; the names of some have not become famous until long after their death. Many beautiful pictures, many soul-stirring strains, many heart-thrilling words, have been conceived in poverty and distress. But it matters not. These gifts,

these God-given talents, must be served at whatever cost. Men and women in other walks of life may abandon an unprofitable undertaking, may seek their fortune in many fields of endeavor. But he who has chosen one of the five arts for his mistress, thenceforth knows no peace, no happiness except in her service.

POETIC TRIBUTES

Nearly all the great poets at some time have woven their verses around one or more of the fine arts. A few of the most beautiful of these are offered here:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dream. . . .

—*John Keats.*

POETRY

We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn,—
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is done.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

MUSIC

There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
There's music in all things, if men had ears ;
Their earth is but the echo of the spheres.

—*Lord Byron.*

SCULPTURE

(From Ode on a Grecian Urn)

O attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

—John Keats.

A PLACE FOR HER TALENT

Through the good offices of an influential American residing in Paris, an ambitious young girl from New York obtained an audience with Sacha Guitry, the famous actor, who graciously consented to hear her recite.

After listening to a classic or two, the great orator went up to the young aspirant for histrionic honors and placed his hand on her head, as in benediction.

"My dear child," said he, "marry soon. Good-by!"

NO MORE PASSES

Nat Goodwin, the famous American comedian was playing "The Gilded Fool" in a London theater. While standing outside the theater early one evening, he noticed a shabby little boy carrying a half-starved pup.

Goodwin asked what was the matter and the boy said he was trying to sell his dog so he could see the show. The actor was touched and gave the boy a pass and also helped him to find a safe place to deposit the dog. The next day Goodwin saw the boy again and asked:

"Well, son, how did you like the show?"

"I'm glad I didn't sell my dog," replied the boy.

DRAMA

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and nature do with actors fill.

—*Thomas Heywood.*

THE EYES HAD IT

During the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw astonished the audience by stepping out between the acts and saying:

"What do you think of it?"

There was silence for a few minutes and then a man in the balcony cried:

"Rotten!"

Shaw made a deep bow and captivated the audience with his charming Irish smile.

"My friend," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the crowded house, "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

THEY WERE SAFE

One evening during a play some scenery took fire, and the odor of burning paint pervaded the theater. The audience was inclined to become panicky, and one

of the comedians stepped in front of the curtain to reassure them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "please do not leave your seats. There is absolutely no danger."

But the audience was still restless.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began again; then, as some one started to rise, he added, quickly, "Confound it all, do you think if there was any danger, I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed in a laugh.

SUCCESS

"Aha!" said the egg,
As it splattered a bit,
"I was cast for the villian
And made a great hit!"

—*Nixon Waterman.*

NEVER MARRIED A BISHOP

"Say, there's a bunch of people outside waiting to see you," said the friend of a movie star. "Among them is a bishop who says he married you some time ago."

"Gee!" exclaimed the actress, "I'm practically certain I never married a bishop."

DIDN'T STAGE A COME-BACK

It was amateur night at one of the local theaters and Robert had tried out his song and dance stunt.

"What luck?" asked his mother, when he came home. "Did they call you back?"

"Well, not exactly," Bob replied. "They dared me to *come* back."

VOCAL DETOURS

A vocalist, aspiring to grand opera, was practicing conscientiously, when the apartment telephone suddenly interrupted.

"Say, lady, what's the name of that song you're trying to sing?" a voice asked.

"Why—er—that's 'The Road to Mandalay,'" she murmured in modest embarrassment.

"Well, for heaven's sake," pleaded the voice, "take the detours over those rough spots."

OR ON THE KIDS

"I hear you and your neighbors are on the outs. What happened?" inquired Blinks.

"Well," said Jinks, "my kids are taking music lessons, and the other day Jones sent over an ax with a note saying, 'Try this on your piano!'"

AN ADEPT PUPIL

While on tour through the western states, Paderewski arrived in a small town in the afternoon, and decided to take a little walk. While strolling along he came to a house on which was a sign reading:

"Miss Brown. Piano lessons 25 cents an hour."

Inside he could hear the young woman playing *Schubert's Serenade*, with very indifferent success.

This was too much for Paderewski's musical soul and he walked up the steps and knocked. Miss Brown came to the door and, recognizing the great pianist, invited him in. Paderewski sat down at the piano and played the *Serenade* as only he can play it, and then spent an

hour in correcting her mistakes. Miss Brown thanked him with delight and he departed.

A year later he returned to the town and took the same walk. When he came to Miss Brown's house, he glanced up at the sign, which now read:

"Miss Brown. Piano lessons \$1.00 an hour. (Pupil of Paderewski.)"

TRUTH AND ART

Dr. Frank W. Gunsalus, the great writer and lecturer, once said:

"Art reaches its finest successes, when it realizes and is faithful to the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth. . . . What is truth but universal harmony, universal symmetry—and is not that universal beauty?"

CONSOLATION

"Have you seen how Slaminoff, the critic, massacred my last painting?" asked the struggling artist.

"Don't mind him," said his friend, consolingly; "he just repeats like a parrot, what every one else is saying."

HE CAN'T HELP IT

"By Jove," said the art critic to the artist, "when I look at one of your paintings I stand and wonder——"

"How I do it?" interrupted the artist, enthusiastically.

"No," replied the critic; "why you do it."



EDUCATIONAL OCCASIONS

“To LIVE and learn, to ever think the thought
That gives a richness to the soul’s ideals,
Is better far than letting self, when sought,
Become supreme in all one thinks and feels.
To rise above the sordid quest for gain,
And strive to use in nobler ways the soul,
Which finds its bent, its true, divinest aim
In pressing upward, never downward,
toward its goal.”

—*James Allison Barnes.*

Education

(A Short Talk on Graduation)

IN YEARS past it has been the custom of the learned people who deliver commencement addresses to impress upon the graduating class the idea that a diploma is the only requisite to success. They adopted the world-is-all-before-you-where-to-choose attitude, the inference being that it is only necessary to go out and take possession. And many of those hopeful graduates who followed that philosophy had a sad awakening.

The young people of the twentieth century pride themselves on their frankness, their aversion to high-flown sentiment, their ability to face facts. That is commendable, for they are going out into a world which is sometimes brutal in its frankness, and strangely devoid of sentiment. And they will find plenty of facts to face, one being the changed business conditions which exist today.

It also used to be the custom to say that any boy might become president of the United States. As a matter of fact, the chances of becoming president are about one in one hundred and twenty-five million. To be sure, we have a large foreign population, which reduces the handicap somewhat, but we also have nearly as many girls as boys, and we must concede that their chances are even less, so it about evens up the percentage. And the chance of becoming a distinguished person—a captain of industry, a leading politician, a

noted writer, or a famous movie star—is almost as dim as that of becoming president. In other words, all that stands between the college graduate and the top of the ladder is the ladder.

The youth of today is facing a difficult situation—keener competition in all fields, less demand and greater supply in all the markets of the world. But here is one fact that is just as true today as it was a hundred years ago: Any one who brings to that market a product, whether it be service, knowledge, or squash, which is better than that being sold by others, will obtain a higher price. It has been said that an expert is a man who knows just a fraction more about his subject than his associates. The man who possesses that little extra knowledge will win.

It is not always profitable, however, to allow a man to be the judge of his own value. Occasionally, he overestimates it. A farmer, looking for an extra hand at haying time, offered the job to Tom Watson, who was considered a bit foolish.

“What’ll ye pay?” asked Tom.

“I’ll pay what you’re worth,” replied the farmer.

Tom thought a minute, scratched his head, and then said emphatically: “I’ll be *durned* if I’ll work for that!”

That is the trouble with many of us. We’ll be *durned* if we’ll work for what we are really worth.

In order to successfully compete in the world’s market, there are four things which a young person of today must possess. They are: Knowledge, Ability, Confidence, and Personality.

People, especially those who are out of a job, are inclined to feel that all they lack is influence and opportunity. They believe that the world owes them a living

and are envious of others who seem to be more fortunate than themselves. In some instances, the lack of influence and opportunity may be a handicap, but in the great majority of cases, the real difficulty lies within the person himself. He does not possess the four requisites I have mentioned and which are worth more than any amount of influence or opportunity.

In nearly every instance influence will be exerted only for those who possess these four requisites, because, when a man recommends another he likes to know that that other has the ability to make good. Likewise, opportunity will be recognized and taken advantage of only by those who possess the four virtues.

In the most trying period of the depression, when men were without work and high school graduates were a drug on the market, a college freshman of my acquaintance had the offer of two vacation jobs, both of which were held open for several days until he should decide which he preferred to take. Why? Because he possessed that "fraction more" of the four requisites, and his prospective employers wished to capitalize his knowledge of their particular line, his ability to handle it, his confidence in selling it, and his pleasing personality, all of which made friends and brought business.

In order to achieve success in any undertaking, a person must possess a thorough knowledge of his subject. A lawyer cannot perform an operation (at least we wouldn't want him to experiment on us); a doctor cannot build a ship; an artist does not know how to plant corn. Every line of endeavor is useful; all knowledge is valuable; but especially is it important that the doer of a particular task shall have adequate knowledge of the thing he is to do. And if he possesses that "fraction

more" which makes him an expert, an authority, he is bound to succeed.

The story is told of a doctor who was driving through a village when he saw a crowd gathered around a man whose dog was performing tricks. The doctor stopped and watched the exhibition for a few minutes; then he said: "My good man, how do you train your dog? I can't teach mine a single trick."

The man looked up with a grin. "Well, it's this way," he said; "you have to know more'n the dog or you can't learn him nothin'."

But to know is not enough. He must have ability to perform. A man may know when a song is perfectly sung, may judge correctly the skill exhibited in a painting, yet be unable himself to sing a song, or paint a picture. Such knowledge is valuable, but it does not bring its full reward unless the possessor also has the ability to employ it. And here again, if he performs better than his fellows, he cannot fail to win a reward.

But even knowledge and ability are not sufficient. To insure the largest measure of success, there should be present the element of confidence, for the justified faith which one has in himself and his ability cannot fail to be reflected in the minds of others.

There is an old Arab proverb entitled, "Men are Four," which contains the following quaint advice:

He who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool
—shun him;

He who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple—
teach him;

He who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep—wake
him;

He who knows and knows he knows, he is wise—follow
him.

Happily, youth is not dismayed by obstacles. Therein lies its advantage, its hope and its salvation. It has health, and strength, and courage. Its very lack of experience is in its favor, because, never having known defeat, it is not handicapped by the fear that defeat will come. Ralph Waldo Emerson beautifully expressed this spirit of self-confidence when he said :

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man ;
When Duty whispers low, "*Thou must,*"
The Youth replies, "*I can.*"

These three attributes—knowledge, ability, and confidence—are requisite to success, and when they are present in that "fraction more," their possessor becomes an expert, an authority, in his chosen trade or profession, and can dictate his own career. And fortunate is the man who can add the fourth requisite—personality—that intangible something which emanates from him and impresses itself upon the consciousness of those whom he meets, which arrests attention and predisposes others in his favor.

These four present a combination which today, no less than fifty or a hundred years ago, constitutes a foundation upon which can be built a successful career in any line of endeavor.

Teaching

(An Instructor Gives His Views on Examinations)

IN GLANCING through a college paper recently I found this gem, entitled "Teachin'":

Just a sittin' in a school room,
In a great big easy chair,
And keeping things a-movin',
With a lordly sort of air;
Not a thing to do but askin'
Lots o' questions from a book,
'Spectin' kids to know the answers,
Tho' they're not allowed to look;
That's teachin'.

The verse was very enlightening. It showed me the mental picture of a teacher which pupils sometimes hold. And after a bit of honest introspection, I wondered if there wasn't some truth in the accusation. But teaching is not quite so simple as this verse implies. I wish it were. As a matter of fact, it is one of the most difficult of the professions, because of the varying quality of the material with which one works; the difference in character, desire, and ability. One day last summer a group of professional men accidentally met in the lobby of an eastern hotel and proceeded to make themselves known to one another.

"My name is Montague," said one, extending his hand. "I'm a painter—work in water colors chiefly."

"Indeed," exclaimed another. "I'm an artist, too. I work in bronze."

"Well, this is fine," broke in a third, "I'm a sculptor. I work in stone."

Then a quiet little fellow, who had been inclined to keep apart, stepped up and said, with a dry smile, "Glad to make your acquaintance, gentlemen, for I have a common interest with you. I'm a college professor. I work in ivory."

We had written examinations not long ago and I haven't recovered yet from the strain of reading the papers. Most students believe that tests are a hardship invented for their especial punishment. They have not the slightest conception of what it means to read twenty-five or thirty different answers to every question and try to decide which one comes nearest to being right. Being determined to have a few correct answers this semester, I prepared a special test of six questions in history. These are the questions:

1. When was the war of 1812?
2. Who wrote Wells' Outline of History?
3. What two countries participated in the Spanish-American War?
4. In what season of the year did Washington spend the winter at Valley Forge?
5. What was the approximate duration of the Hundred Years' War?
6. Describe the Swiss Navy.

Most of the questions were answered correctly, but practically every one failed on the last—Describe the Swiss Navy.

After one has been through a periodical examination, one cannot help wondering how students spend their time outside of class—we know how most of them spend it there. I was speaking of this to a friend recently and he said he thought that I was too severe. "Youth,"

he said, "must have its day." This reminded me of a verse some one has written :

Youth, so they say, is having his day;
I agree with the saying—quite.
And, considering the hour when he turns in,
He is also having his night!

A friend of mine who teaches English literature, occasionally uses the recitation period for a little timely discussion. One morning he announced to the class that he was going to speak on liars. "How many of you," he asked, "have read the thirteenth chapter of the text?"

Nearly every student raised his hand.

"Good!" said the professor. "You will appreciate my remarks. There is no thirteenth chapter."

But when all is said and done, the usual number pass the tests, and only a few are dismissed or required to do the work over. They are not like the little Indiana boy who was sent to a feeble-minded institution, but who was rejected by the Board of Examiners and returned. One of his playmates explained the situation to the neighbors thus: "Johnny took the examination for idiot and couldn't pass."

Some time ago I had a little trouble with students who were inclined to consult notes during the examination, and I determined that I would put a stop to the practice. On the occasion of the next test, therefore, I watched closely. At last I detected one young man taking a card from his pocket, looking at it very earnestly, then replacing it and writing with renewed energy. This looked suspicious, and I strolled to the rear of the room, coming softly up behind him. Once more he pulled out the card and I demanded that he give it to me. Very

reluctantly, and with a scarlet face, he handed to me—not the notes which I had expected, but a charming picture of the girl friend. I did not wonder that he had received encouragement from it.

Woodrow Wilson, in an address before the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity at Princeton, made this statement:

“Character is a by-product. It comes, whether you will or not, as a consequence of devotion to the nearest duty.”

There is something so serious about this thought as to be almost solemn. It fills one with awe to realize that the character of every child is inevitably being formed today—for good or evil, whether in school, at home, or on the streets.

The only thing that we as parents and instructors can do, is to lay before our boys and girls the fundamentals of an education, and to assist in framing those habits of industry and right thinking which will lead to an honored and respected citizenship.

But they try, these brave-hearted youths of today—much more than we give them credit for. They are facing life with a smile and doing their best. They have adopted as their motto this verse:

When you look for honors in future years,
You will find that the surest test
Is not, “Have you won in every game?”
But, “Have you played your best?”

We can ask no more. We can only help them until they reach the gates of the high school or the college; then bid them God-speed.

The Power of the Penny

(A Serious Talk on the Value of Money)

WHAT is a raindrop, a grain of sand, a tiny leaf—each by itself? The sand is lost, the water evaporates, the leaf withers, almost as soon as your hand receives them. Yet what glorious beauty and power are in the ocean, the mountain, and the forest!

The penny, too, is tiny in itself; its buying power is of the lowest measure; yet what unlimited force lies behind the billions of dollars which have made possible our cities, our railroads, our manufacturing plants, our broad acres of cultivated land. What a marvelous picture of human progress, human ambition and power, human joys and sorrows.

What vast power for good or evil lies in that beautiful, shining substance men call *gold*. In itself, it is nothing. Like the paint on the artist's palette, it is merely a bright, glowing color; but with the master mind to apply it, to mix with it the necessary alloys of understanding and culture, love and charity, ambition and endeavor, it becomes the most potent force in the world.

We educate our children in the use of the elements, the use of machinery, of books, of drugs, of knowledge; we teach them the value and power of the sand, the water, the trees, the paint on the artist's palette; but how often do we teach them the latent but potent force that lies in the humble penny—symbol of the vast treasury of the earth? One of the earliest lessons our sons and daughters should learn is the value of money—its marvelous power, its force for good and evil, its value in terms of life, home, country.

Even the rich man has no right to squander his money, just because he has an abundance of it. Voltaire said, "It is necessary to economize in order to be liberal." The motto of Epicurus was, "Abstain in order to enjoy." In these two sayings lies a great truth.

If we wish to enjoy to the uttermost the things which appeal to us, we must not be careless in buying the things which do not bring us comfort and pleasure. If we wish to devote a portion of our wealth to philanthropic purposes, we must curtail our other expenditures. This cannot be learned through the lavish and unrestricted use of money, nor can it be taught through utter deprivation. To know the true value of money, one must earn, must buy, must suffer the consequences of misplaced judgment, and must feel the thrill of accomplishment.

The lesson cannot begin too early in life, and none should be exempt from its teachings. The son and daughter of the millionaire, as well as the children of the very poor, should have practical experience in the use of money, for until this lesson has been learned, no person has the moral right to the unrestricted use of this most powerful element in the scheme of human life.

THE CO-ED'S CHOICE

The answer to a well-known university co-ed's prayer is a tall, unshaven youth who wears dirty "cords," uses a sweater for underwear, and who might very likely knock down his female companion if she displeased him.

That, at least, is what the co-eds indicated in a recent survey. Of the five hundred girls in school, three hundred twenty-five said they liked the rough, he-man type ;

one hundred fifty said they preferred the sleek, fashion-plate type; and twenty-five said they weren't particular so long as they had a man.

GRADE D-MINUS

One of the questions propounded in the examination was: "Give in detail the process for making mercuric bichloride."

In answer to this question the pupil wisely, so he thought, wrote: "God made all things, even mercuric bichloride."

Imagine his chagrin when he received his corrected examination book and read: "God gets the credit. You don't."

HE DIDN'T KNOW WILLIE

"If you had six apples and I asked you for three, how many would you have left?" asked the instructor in arithmetic.

"Six," promptly replied Willie.

UP-TO-DATE PANCAKE

"Can you tell me what a waffle is, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"Yes'm, it's a pancake with a non-skid tread," replied Johnny.

HENRY'S FAST FRIENDSHIP

The teacher had instructed the class to write a composition on Longfellow. One twelve-year-old girl handed in the following:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."

BUT HE KNEW HIS GRAMMAR

Bobbie had not been an honor student and his father was annoyed. "If you had a little more spunk," said he, "you would stand better in your classes. Now do you know what spunk is?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bobbie dejectedly, "it's the past participle of spank."

HE DIDN'T KNOW MA

"If your mother bought four baskets of peaches for which the dealer asked fifty cents a basket, how much would the peaches cost her?" asked the arithmetic teacher.

"You never can tell," said Willie, who was at the head of the class. "Ma's great at bargaining."

BUT THE INSURANCE COMPANY DOES

One of the questions in physics examination was: "What is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

"You don't have to pay for lightning," answered the bright boy of the class.

HE KNEW DAD

"Now, Billie," said the teacher, "suppose I should borrow \$100 from your father and should give him \$10

a month for ten months. How much would I still owe him?"

"About \$3 interest," replied Billie.

A SISTER TO THEM ALL

Mrs. Black attended the commencement exercises at a woman's college at which her daughter was a student. She met the president of the college, who said:

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Black, on your large and affectionate family."

"My large and affectionate family!" repeated Mrs. Black, looking amazed.

"Yes, indeed," said the president. "At least eight of Marcia's brothers have called frequently during the year to take her driving, and your eldest son escorted her to the theater every Saturday night. Extremely nice brothers they are."

HE WOULDN'T NEED IT

At the end of his talk the book agent said: "Now can't I take your order for one of these marvelous encyclopedias?"

"No, I guess not," said the busy man. "My son will be home from college in June."

COÖPERATIVE MATCH FACTORY

A Harvard senior told the college girl that Wellesley was nothing but a match factory.

"That's very true," the girl agreed. "At Wellesley we make the heads, but we get the sticks from Harvard."

TACTFUL YOUNGSTER

"Why was Solomon the wisest man in the world?" asked the teacher.

"Because he had so many wives to advise him," answered Willie.

"Well that's not the answer in the book," replied the strong-minded teacher, "but you may go to the head of the class."

BUT HARD TO GO THROUGH

"What do you think of our stadium?" asked the football player.

"It is certainly wonderful," said the visitor, "and now I would like to go through the curriculum. They say you have a fine one here."

DRAMATIC POETRY

The English class was assigned the task of writing four lines of "dramatic" poetry. One mischievous youth wrote:

"The boy was walking down the track,
The train was coming fast;
The boy stepped off the railroad track
To let the train go past."

The teacher informed him that his masterpiece contained no drama; was too commonplace to be interesting. After much concentration, the youthful poet submitted:

"The boy was walking down the track,
The train was coming fast;
The train jumped off the railroad track
To let the boy go past."

ONE AND ONE EQUAL NOTHING

The conductor of a "Daily Helps" column received the following query:

"Dear Editor: An efficiency expert tells us that if a farmer's boy can pick six quarts of berries in an hour and a girl can pick five quarts, the two of them together will pick eleven quarts. Is that true?"

To which the editor replied: "Gosh, no! Any farmer knows that two of them together won't pick any."

HE WAS GOOD IN ARITHMETIC, TOO

Tommy's mother was in despair because he received such poor marks at school. After she had tried all other kinds of moral suasion, she promised him a dime if he would earn a passing grade. The next day Tommy burst into the house, shouting, "Oh, Mother, I got a hundred."

His mother was delighted. "What did you get a hundred in?" she asked.

"In two things," replied Tommy. "I got sixty in reading and forty in spelling."

A GENTLE ANSWER

Professor Copeland, formerly of Harvard, had occasion one day to reprove certain of his students for coming late to class.

"This is a class in English composition," he remarked with sarcasm, "not an afternoon tea."

The next day one of the co-eds was fifteen minutes late. The professor waited until she was seated and then said acidly,

"How will you have your tea, Miss Brown?"

"Without lemon, please," answered Miss Brown softly.

THEN CAME GENERAL DEPRESSION

"Who was the greatest general in France?" asked the teacher.

"General Foch," replied Jimmie.

"Right. Who was the German general?"

"Hindenburg."

"Very good. Now, who was the American general?"

Jimmie thought very hard for a minute, then answered: "General Motors."

ELASTIC WORDS

"Now, children," directed the teacher, "call out some long words to me."

"Peculiarities."

"Good; another."

"Idiosyncrasies."

"Yes, another."

"Rubber."

"That's not long enough."

"No, but you can stretch it."

ONE ON THE TEACHER

"What month has twenty-eight days?" asked the teacher.

"All of them," shouted the class in unison.



RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS

“TO BE of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.”

—*Samuel Johnson.*

The Sunflower

(A Short Talk for Any Religious Occasion)

“AND the sunflower turns to her god when he sets the same smile that she wore when he rose.”

What a text from which to preach a sermon! What a rule by which to live!

There is no recorded date to mark the time when religion first came into the world. But it is safe to say that as soon as man became conscious that there was within him a power which raised him above the level of the beasts, that moment his religious faith was born.

Perennially, there arises in the land some cult or doctrine which seeks to overthrow the old religious order; to take from us the faith of our fathers, the reverence and love which have been our heritage, and to substitute therefor the cynical teachings of so-called reason, scientific statistics, unfeeling experiment, or selfish pleasures.

Ancient empires forgot their faith, forsook the teachings of their religion, and, like a wrecked ship, gradually sank beneath the waves of oblivion. Greece and Rome lost forever their ancient glory; France, with her “reign of reason,” tried to live without her God, but reason would not be mocked and gradually the madness ceased, and France lived again. Russia is trying today to live without God, but the experiment will fail. Either the undying instinct which teaches man to worship God

will prevail, or the state will fall. No race, even the most primitive, is without its religion, its faith. To take this away is to undermine the very foundation on which life is built.

Individuals and societies are striving to tear down this religious faith in the hearts of men, but they are merely waves beating upon the Rock of Ages. As long as the Bible remains by many thousands the best selling book of all time, so long will we know that men's hearts are true and their minds clear.

Down through the ages this great book has been the inspiration of human endeavor. Daniel Webster said of it: "From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there is anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents for instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."

And John Ruskin added to the testimony, when he wrote: "All that I have taught of Art, everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that, when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."

Some one has said that man is irregularly but incorrigibly religious. That is true. He may apparently forget his faith for a time, but he never discards it wholly. It is still there, deep buried, perhaps, beneath a load of trivial things, but waiting to be revived on the shortest notice. We all have our religious belief. We

only differ as to the method of expression, the ritual, the outward manifestation.

And it is a terrible thing to unsettle a man's faith, for we know not what will be the result. If a man who doubts that there is a God or a hereafter persuades another to accept his doubt, he sins grievously, for by his own admission he does not know, and by creating the same doubt in others he may destroy a soul. We often speak of the faith of the early Christian martyrs. Our faith should be even greater than theirs, when we realize that the religion for which they died has stood the test of time and has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth.

For years we were taught that scientific explanations and religion were antagonistic, but no longer. Men realize that they are not incompatible. Whether Adam was created a perfect man in one brief hour, or whether "one glorious 'Indian summer' day of the world the spirit of God breathed upon one of the beasts of the forest, and the soul of man shone from his eyes"—whether the mind and soul of our first ancestor were fully developed at his creation, or whether they grew like the mind of a little child, makes no difference. The fact remains that all scientific research and experiments have never been able to pierce the veil of life, and scientists must bow down to the basic fact that the origin of life is divine.

Is the sunflower wiser than we? Has she a greater faith, a greater joy in the service of her god? Can we hold our heads bravely and serenely through all the storms and adversities of life, still keeping the faith of our fathers, so that when life's sun is setting, we can turn to it the same smile that we wore when it rose?

The Church Fair

(A Short Speech for the Program)

IF THERE is one thing more than another that we as a church are noted for, it is getting things started—and finishing them. This is an eight cylinder, late model, free-wheeling church, built for speed and endurance, and from the Pastor down to the smallest child in the Sunday School, we can go.

Why, just recently, one of our energetic members, a sister [I will not mention her name], while visiting a nearby town, attended a Sunday morning service. It is customary for the congregation of that church to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm in unison. They were a little slow on the uptake, and our sister finished about a dozen words ahead of the rest.

“Who,” asked one of the members at the close of the service, “was the lady who was already ‘by the still waters’ while the rest of us were lying ‘down in green pastures’?”

This noon I dropped into Judge Blank’s court room and was horrified to see Deacon Jones up for speeding. After hearing the testimony of the officer who made the arrest, the Judge inquired sarcastically if Jones had an alibi for driving sixty miles an hour through the residence section.

“I had just heard, your Honor,” explained the good deacon, “that the ladies of our church are giving a rummage sale this afternoon, and I hurried home to save my other pair of trousers.”

The Judge was evidently familiar with the feminine enthusiasm engendered by a church bazaar, for, just as

I was hunting through my pockets for cash to go the deacon's bail, he dismissed the case.

I trust that we have all been generous here this afternoon and evening, and that we will loosen our purse strings still more before we leave. And I hope, also, that we have a fair idea of what a quarter, half dollar, and dollar are worth. Not long ago I listened to a little girl explaining to her three-year-old sister the value of different coins.

"That's a dime," she explained; "it will buy a ticket to the movie. That's a nickel; it will buy an ice cream cone. That's a penny; it's only good for Sunday School."

Another little girl had an even better system. Asked if she was going to give her dime to the missions, she replied:

"I had thought about that, but I believe I'll buy an ice cream soda, and let the druggist give it to the missions."

I wonder where they learned these surprising systems of finance. Not at home, I hope, for I am sure we have all formulated better ones. If we haven't, it is certainly not our Pastor's fault.

I am going to tell you a story which I heard the other day. It sounds plausible, although I cannot vouch for its truth. It seems that our Pastor, when he had finished college, wished to spend a few months in the open air before taking a charge, and so made application for a job as policeman. After having passed the physical test, he was given an oral examination to ascertain his alertness of mind, and ability to act wisely and forcefully in an emergency.

Among other questions, he was asked, "What would you do to disperse a frenzied crowd?"

He thought a moment, and then replied, "I would take up a collection."

The crowd here tonight is so prosperous looking and so good-natured that I know they would stay even through a collection. Well, we're not going to pass the plate, unless the ladies have something more in the way of refreshments.

I am not here tonight to sell you any of the articles which are on display. Do I hear a sigh of relief? Wait a minute. The ladies who are in charge of the various booths and are far more capable than I, will attend to that. I am here to sell you just one thing—an idea.

We all know the general purpose of this bazaar, to raise funds for charity, but possibly some of us do not know the specific purpose. Let me tell you in a few words. (Explain purpose of fair.)

A little charity scattered here and there does a little good, but it is very little. But when all the dollars and half dollars and dimes and nickels are collected into one fund, the result that can be accomplished is very gratifying. Let us forget for one evening our own desires and think only of the needs of those others and how much our contribution will do for them. The more we give, the happier we will make some one else. Let's go home feeling like Santa Claus.

HIS PRAYER

A brilliant young minister of Connecticut, Howard Arnold Walter, left one of the largest churches in the East and went as a missionary to China. While there,

he was stricken with fever and died. But before his death, he wrote two verses, which were destined to live in the hearts of American youths :

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

PLAYING SAFE

Father Kelly and Rabbi Harris were fast friends, despite their different religious beliefs, and took great delight in chaffing one another. On one occasion they were seated opposite each other at a dinner where some delicious baked ham was served and Father Kelly commented on its flavor. Then he leaned forward and said to his friend :

“Rabbi Harris, when are you going to become liberal enough to eat ham?”

“At your wedding, Father Kelly,” retorted the rabbi.

THE FACE OF THE PILOT

Robert Louis Stevenson's story of a storm that caught a vessel off a rocky coast and threatened to drive it and its passengers to destruction, is thrilling and most inspiring. In the midst of the terror one daring man, contrary to orders, went to the deck, made a dangerous passage to the pilot house, saw the steersman lashed fast at his post holding the wheel unwaveringly and inch

by inch turning the ship out once more to sea. The pilot saw the watcher and smiled. Then the daring passenger went below and gave out a note of cheer: "I have seen the face of the pilot and he smiled. And all is well."

Blessed, yes, indeed, divinely blessed, is he who in the midst of earthly stress and storm can say with equal assurance, "I have seen the face of my Pilot and He smiled."

NOT THE PROPER WAY

Little Bessie went with her auntie to attend the services at an Episcopal church. It was the first time she had been there and she was amazed to see all the people suddenly kneel. She asked her auntie what they were going to do.

"Hush, they're going to say their prayers," replied her aunt.

"What!" exclaimed Bessie, "with all their clothes on?"

PATSY WAS SATISFIED

At dinner one Sunday the minister's small daughter laid aside all the choice bits of her chicken. When asked the reason for this action she replied that she was saving them for Patsy, her dog. Her father told her that there were plenty of bones for the dog and finally persuaded her to eat the dainty pieces herself.

After the dinner was over, she collected all the bones and took them to Patsy. As she put them down, she said: "I meant to give you a free-will offering, but this is only a collection."

SHE WAS SUPPLIED

A pastor up in Minneapolis is very cordial to all strangers. One Sunday evening he noticed among his congregation a young Swedish girl, evidently a servant. After the service, he welcomed her cordially and urged her to attend church regularly. Then he said if she would be at home some evening during the week he would call.

“Ay t’ank you, sir,” the girl replied, bashfully, “but Ay have a fella.”

SIMPLE

A Chinaman’s distinction between the three denominations—Baptists, Methodists, and English Friends:

“Big washie, little washie, no washie, that’s all.”

OR BOSTON

A Nebraska bookseller wrote to a house in Chicago asking that a dozen copies of Canon’s *Seekers after God* be shipped to him at once.

Two days later he received this reply by telegraph:

“NO SEEKERS AFTER GOD IN CHICAGO OR NEW YORK. TRY PHILADELPHIA.”

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Little Mary had been taught to speak politely to all visitors. One day during the call of the minister, she remarked sweetly:

“I hear that we are soon to have the pleasure of losing you.”

WE HOPE SO

The soprano soloist was anxious to have an appropriate selection to follow the morning sermon, and asked the minister, a noted divine, what would be the subject of his sermon. As he hesitated somewhat, she said, "Never mind. I'll listen carefully and will be able to select something appropriate before you finish."

At the close of the sermon, she arose and sang: "Sometime, Somewhere, We'll Understand."

DRY CLEANED

A small colored Baptist church down in Alabama was holding a series of revival meetings. The congregation had not been responsive to the earnest exhortations of the evangelist. As a last plea the speaker asked all those to stand who wished to have their souls washed white as snow. Everybody stood up except one old darkey.

"Don't you want your soul washed white as snow, Brudder Johnson?" asked a white-haired deacon.

"Mah soul done been washed white as snow," replied Brother Johnson.

"Whar wuz yo' soul washed, Brudder Johnson?"

"Ovah at de Methodist 'Piscopal Church."

"Niggah," said the good deacon, "yo' soul hain't been washed—hit's only been dry cleaned."

APOLOGY ACCEPTED

Several hen-houses had been rifled in the neighborhood and the colored parson thought it was time to mention the matter to his people. So just before the ser-

mon one Sunday morning he made this announcement:

"There is twelve chicken thieves in the congregation this mawnin', including Brother Jackson."

After the services Brother Jackson, being naturally much incensed, called on the parson and told him that he would have to apologize at the evening meeting, or take a beating up. The preacher agreed.

Accordingly, at the evening services he said: "Bretherin, this mawnin' I said there was twelve chicken thieves in the congregation, including Brother Jackson. Now I wants to take back that statement and 'pologize to our good brother. What I mean is that there was eleven chicken thieves in the congregation this mawnin', not countin' Brother Jackson."

The apology was accepted.

LUXURY TAX

"While Deacon Brown passes de plate," announced Parson Black, "de choir will sing 'Salvation am Free.' But please remember dat while salvation am free, we has to pay de choir for singing about it."

WILLING TO BE A GOAT

"Brothers and sisters," said the preacher, warming up to his subject, "the Good Book tells us that at the last day the sheep will be separated from the goats. Now, who are going to be the sheep and who are going to be the goats?"

From the back of the church came the answer in a rich Irish brogue:

"Oi'll be the goat. Go ahead and tell the joke."

ONE ON THE TRAMP

The following story is told about Bishop Talbot, known as the "cowboy bishop."

The occasion was a meeting of church dignitaries in St. Paul. A group of churchmen were standing on the hotel porch when they were accosted by a tramp asking for aid.

"I'm sorry," said one of the clergymen, "but I'm afraid we can't help you. But do you see that big man over there?" pointing to Bishop Talbot. "Well, he's a very generous man. You might ask him."

The tramp approached the bishop confidently, while the other looked on with interest. The Bishop talked earnestly, and the tramp looked troubled. Finally they saw something pass from one hand to the other. The tramp turned and as he was passing the group one of them asked:

"Well, did you get something from the Bishop?"

The tramp grinned. "No," he admitted. "But I gave him a dollar for his darned old cathedral."

NO GOATS IN THE CONGREGATION

Dwight L. Moody, calling on a ministerial brother in an eastern city, was invited to spend the following day, Sunday, with his host. The resident minister said that he would like to have Mr. Moody preach, but was ashamed to ask him to do so.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Moody.

"Well," was the reply, "our people have acquired the bad habit of going out before the close of the meeting, and it would be an imposition to ask you to conduct the service."

"I will stop and preach," said the evangelist.

On Sunday morning, Mr. Moody opened the meeting, and then said: "My friends, I'm going to speak to two kinds of people today, the sinners first and then the saints."

After earnestly addressing the supposed sinners, he informed them that they could now take their hats and go. But the whole congregation stayed and heard him to the end.

HEAVEN CLOSED

There had been some discussion in regard to closing the church for the summer.

"That reminds me," said one of the deacons who objected to the program, "of a little church down in Virginia. Over the door were carved the words: 'This is the gate of Heaven,' and underneath was the notice: 'No admittance during July and August.'"

ENTITLED TO A SHARE

After a special exhortation in support of foreign missions, the contribution box was passed. When it was presented to a certain man he said to the holder: "I don't believe in missions."

"Then take some out," whispered the deacon; "it's for the heathen."

FOLLOWING THE SCRIPTURES

An old Georgia farmer was very generous in disposition and at the same time deeply religious, requiring Biblical authority for everything he did himself and expecting it also in others.

One day a tenant of his found a motor car stuck in the mud and charged the owner five dollars for pulling it out. When the farmer heard about it he was greatly grieved and denounced his tenant roundly for such an ungenerous act.

Finally he said to him, "Well, John, I'll let you off this time if you can quote scripture for what you have done."

To which John replied: "He was a stranger and I took him in."

KNEW HIS RED FIGURES

During his vacation in the country, a minister consented to preach at an Episcopal church. When he arrived at the church on Sunday morning the sexton welcomed him and asked:

"Do you wish to wear a surplice, sir?"

"Why, my good man," replied the minister, "I'm a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is deficits."

THE PASTOR'S CANDID OPINION

Sometimes we express our real thoughts unconsciously like the pastor who said when addressing a church fair: "My dear friends—I will not call you ladies and gentlemen, since I know you so well."

THE METHODIST ARMY

After a rousing plea for converts, a Methodist Negro preacher shouted: "Everybody come up and jine de army ob de Lohd."

"I'se done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' Chu'ch."

"Why, chile," exclaimed the other, "yoh ain't in de army; yoh's in de navy."

THE MINISTER WON

A minister who was walking along a road saw a crowd of boys sitting in a circle around a small dog of doubtful pedigree.

"What are you doing with that dog?" he asked kindly.

"Whoever tells the biggest lie, he wins the dog," said one of the boys.

"Oh," said the minister. "I am surprised at you boys, for when I was small like you I never told a lie."

There was a moment's silence. Then one of the boys said:

"Give the gent the dog, Jim."

A FOLLOWER OF THE APOSTLE

Old Ike, a Negro down in Texas, was the only Baptist in town. When urged to join the Methodist Church, he steadfastly refused and ably defended his position.

"You kin read, kean't you?" he asked the friend who was urging him.

"Yes," replied the friend.

"Well, I s'pose you've read the Bible, hain't you?"

"Yes."

"And you've read about John de Baptist, hain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said old Ike, triumphantly, "you nebber read about John de Methodis'. did you?"

ANOTHER BLUE CHIP

One Sunday morning, a minister announced to his congregation that he would be compelled to leave them, as he was called to another field.

"How much more salary do you expect to get there than here?" asked one of the deacons, after the service.

"Three hundred dollars," said the minister, with some hesitation.

"I don't blame you for goin'," remarked the deacon, who had been a worldly man in his time, "but you should be more exact in your language. That isn't a 'call'; it's a 'raise.'"

A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER

There was a large congregation to hear the new minister. The sermon was eloquent and the prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the sermon one of the deacons said to the old darky janitor who had sat in a far corner during the service, "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Sam?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss," said Sam, fervently. "Why, dat man axed the good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had."



HOME AND FRIENDS

“Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.”

—*William Cowper.*

Home and the Wife

(A Satisfied Husband Speaks)

IT SEEMS to be a characteristic of the American people to joke about the things which are nearest to their hearts. We nickname our high officials, we deride our political institutions, we invest our home life and family relations with a flippancy which we are far from feeling in our hearts. This is perhaps a reaction against the tearful sentimentality with which we formerly spoke or wrote of the home.

It may be that we can reconcile ourselves to a grandparent who is more or less feeble and given to easy chairs and reminiscences, but we like to picture our father as a vigorous man in plus fours with a bag of golf sticks slung over his shoulder.

Whistler's portrait of his mother is sweet, poetic, and somewhat pathetic, but it would embarrass us to tears to have our own mother appear in a long black dress and white lace cap. We prefer to have her strictly up to date in gown and figure, with a touch of rouge and a finger wave.

We joke about our wife's inability to get a meal without the aid of a can-opener, but we must confess that our meals are just as appetizing and wholesome as when she spent most of her time over the hot stove; and she is far more attractive and amiable in her cool girlish gowns than she was with a soiled dress and an over-

heated face. And it is fine to have her understand what we are talking about when we mention business or world affairs. It is also fine to have her welcome any stray friend whom we unexpectedly bring home to dinner. We never have the experience of Brown when he called his home one afternoon just before leaving the office.

"Hello!" he said. "Is this Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes," replied a voice, sweetly.

"I say, dear, will it be all right if I bring home a couple of fellows to dinner?"

"Why, certainly."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes—you asked if you could bring home a couple of fellows to dinner. Of course you can, dear."

"Oh, pardon me, madam," said Brown. "I've got the wrong number."

We are fond of telling mother-in-law jokes. Even Justice David J. Brewer was not above a bit of humor along that line. Being asked by a nervous looking man what was the extreme penalty for bigamy, he smiled and answered: "Two mothers-in-law." But, just the same, when the bottom dropped out of the market, many a man was glad to accompany the little wife to her home and accept her mother's hospitality while he was hunting a job.

We deplore the fact that divorces are so prevalent, not stopping to think that great publicity is given to divorce proceedings, and not considering the thousands of happy homes to which the thought of separation never comes. That the average home is a happy, peaceful one was proved by little Mary, who was questioned by the teacher, regarding her parents.

"What is your father's name?" she was asked.

"Daddy," she replied.

"Yes, dear," persisted the teacher, "but what does your mother call him?"

"She don't call him nothin'," said Mary, indignantly; "she likes him."

We Americans do not as a rule parade our affections, but in most homes you will find that mother "likes him." In spite of jokes and newspaper criticism, the average American home is the finest institution in the world, where each member has an individuality of his own, yet where all are bound together by ties of love, mutual respect, and mutual interest.

A WARM RECEPTION

It happened that two men bearing the same name, one a clergyman, the other a business man, were neighbors in a small suburb. The clergyman died, and about the same time the other man went to southern California. Upon his arrival, the business man sent his wife a telegram informing her of his safe journey, but unfortunately the message was delivered to the widow of the late preacher. What was the surprise of that good woman when she read:

"Arrived safely—heat terrific."

HIS SOUVENIR

A Chicago man went east a number of years ago to attend a Yale alumni banquet, at which President Taft was also a guest. While dressing in his room at the hotel he was chagrined to discover that he had forgotten to put in a white shirt. Calling one of the bell boys he said, "Here, George, see if one of the gentlemen dress-

ing for dinner can lend me a shirt. Remember I am a big man." In a short time the bell boy came back saying that President Taft was the only man who had a shirt big enough, and that he was happy to be of assistance.

During the dinner the Chicago man received a telegram which necessitated his being at home in the morning. So he hastily packed his grip and hurried to the train in his evening clothes. Arriving at home before the household was up he called to his wife, who asked if he had attended the banquet.

"Yes," he replied, "and had a splendid time, but you can't guess what I brought back."

"What is it?" she queried.

"Why, my dear, I brought back the President's shirt."

There was silence for a minute, and then his wife said sarcastically: "Henry, I think if you will lie down on the couch, you'll feel better after a little while."

HIS STUBBORN WIFE

"How's your cold, Donald?" inquired a friend.

"Verra obstinate," answered the Scot.

"And how's your wife?"

"About the same."

SAFETY FIRST

He had had at least one too many when he walked up to the sergeant's desk.

"Offisher, you'd better lock me up," he said. "Jush hit my wife over the head with a club."

"Did you kill her?" demanded the officer.

"Don't think sho. Thash why I want to be locked up."

HIS FINAL DESTINATION

Old Aunt Sally, standing by the grave of her husband, shook her head and murmured despondently, "Poor 'Rastus! Ah hopes he's gone whar' Ah 'specs he ain't."

FRIEND MOTHER-IN-LAW

Said the usher to a cold dignified lady: "Are you a friend of the groom?"

"Indeed, no," was the reply, "I am the bride's mother."

HE'LL HAVE TO DO THE WORK ALL OVER AGAIN

"Pa'son," said Aunt Eliza ferociously, "I'd like to kill dat low-down husband ob mine."

"Why, Eliza, what's he done?" asked the parson.

"Done? Why, he's gone and left de chicken-house door open, and all de chickens has escaped."

"Oh, well, that's nothing. Chickens, you know, come home to roost."

"Come home?" groaned Eliza. "Come home? Pa'son, dem chickens'll *go* home!"

MAYBE HE TRADED HER OFF

A farmer took a load of produce to town and sold it in exchange for supplies. On the way home he had an uneasy feeling that he had forgotten something, but he checked over his list of purchases and decided that all was well.

As he turned into the yard at home, however, the children came rushing out and shouted: "Why, Father, where's Mother?"

KISSES IN MARKET

"Tell me, dear husband," Kitty said,
"Before you go, I pray,
How shall I get the meat and bread,
For our noon meal today?"

"Buy them with smiles," the husband cried.
"But that won't pay," said she.
"Then take this kiss," her lord replied,
And to his shop went he.

The noon-time came and he came, too,
And dinner was prepared;
A tender steak was full in view,—
"Quite splendid," he declared.

He said he wished to have some meat
Three times a day in future,
"But tell me, love, for this great treat
What did you pay the butcher?"

"What did I pay?—I paid the kiss,
'Twas all you left you know."
"A-a-ll right," said he, "but after this,
Take money when you go."

GOOD MEDICINE

Jones, a letter-carrier, suffering from a bad tooth while making his round one dismal, rainy day, approached a drug clerk and said: "I have a terrible toothache and must get something to cure it. What do you recommend?"

The drug clerk replied: "You don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday and my wife kissed

me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?"

The letter-carrier quickly answered: "I think I will. Is your wife at home now?"

WHAT PRICE MEEKNESS?

"Why is it," inquired the wife who prides herself on being a close observer, "why is it that a red-headed woman always marries a meek man?"

"She doesn't," replied her husband maliciously; "he just gets that way."

ALL SECOND HAND

"Well, Bill," said his friend, "I hear you've been advertising for a wife. Did you receive any replies?"

"Yes, hundreds," replied Bill.

"You did?" queried the other. "What did they say?"

"They all said 'You can have mine,'" said Bill dolefully.

NO DISPUTE

A kindly disposed man was walking down the street one Saturday when he saw a man and woman in violent dispute.

"Here, here, this won't do," he exclaimed.

"What business is it of yours?" demanded the belligerent one, angrily.

"Not any," said the kindly disposed man, mildly, "except that I would like very much to help settle this dispute."

"There ain't no dispute," returned the other. "She thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know darned well she ain't. That ain't no dispute."

THEN HE SENT A CHECK

"Am sending you a thousand kisses," wired the young husband who was away from home for the first time since his marriage. The next day he received the following reply:

"Have paid the grocer and the ice-man, but the landlord refuses to accept kisses in payment of the rent."

HE WAS WELL TRAINED

Mrs. Gray had been married for nearly thirty years, but every week a box of flowers came for her. One day two dozen especially lovely roses were delivered and Sally, the new maid, carried them to her mistress.

"Does yo' husband send you all the pretty flowers yo' gits?" asked Sally.

"Of course my husband sends them," answered her mistress.

"Glory!" exclaimed Sally, admiringly. "He sure am holdin' out well."

NO DANGER

Billie's father was ill and the little lad was worried.

"Mother," he asked, "is Daddy going to die and go to Heaven?"

"Of course not, Billie," replied his mother. "Whatever put such an absurd idea into your head?"

DEFECTIVE SERVICE

A young wife appeared at the post office window in great agitation and said:

"I wish to make a complaint about the service."

"What's the trouble, madam?" inquired the postmaster.

"My husband is in Albany on business," said the young wife, "and the card he sent me is postmarked Atlantic City."

A MEAN TRAP

Smith was clipping an item from the morning paper when his partner asked:

"What are you cutting out?"

"Piece about a Colorado man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets," replied Smith.

"What are you going to do with it?" persisted his partner.

"Put it in my pocket," said Smith with a grim smile.

IT WORKS

Bill, having been to New York, was telling his cronies of the sights he had seen.

"An' up at the hospital there was one of them machines that tell if a man's lying."

"Pooh," said George.

"Pooh? Did you ever see one?"

"See one? I married one!"

TAKING NO CHANCES

'Rastus Jackson, a thoroughly married darkey, was one day approached by a life insurance agent.

"Better let me write you a policy, 'Rastus," suggested the agent.

"No, sah," declared 'Rastus, emphatically. "Ah ain't any too safe at home as it is."

WENT HUBBY ONE BETTER

A member of the Izaak Walton League from Wisconsin had long desired to snare a mighty salmon from the waters of Puget Sound. Finally he was able to make the trip to Washington, and his first efforts met with gratifying success. Being naturally elated, he wired friend wife: "Got a beauty today, weighed eight and one-quarter pounds."

Back came the answer: "So have I. Weighs nine and one-half pounds. Not a beauty. Looks like you. Come home at once."

FLIRTING DAYS ARE OVER

"Every time you see a pretty girl, you forget you are married," exclaimed the wife bitterly.

"You're wrong, my dear," the husband retorted; "nothing brings home the fact with so much force."

REQUIRES MORE CAUTION

Before the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the editor of a small town paper offered a prize for the best answer to the query: "Have you benefited by prohibition?"

Among the answers received was the following: "Yes and no. Although my husband has more money than in the old days, he doesn't sleep so soundly."

TOUGH ON HILDA

Hilda, the new kitchen maid slept in an unheated room, and when the temperature dropped to zero, Mrs. Wilson said:

"It will be pretty cold in your room tonight, Hilda. I think you would better take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Hilda without enthusiasm.

Mrs. Wilson, relieved of all worry regarding the comfort of the maid, slept soundly. The next morning she visited the kitchen and asked, "Well, Hilda, how was the flatiron last night?"

Hilda breathed a sigh of relief.

"Vell, ma'am," she said, "I got it most warm before morning."

GIVE HER TIME

The new maid had just arrived and the mistress had been instructing her in her duties.

"And may my intended visit me every Sunday afternoon, ma'am?" she asked.

"Who is your intended, Anna?" inquired her mistress.

"I don't know yet, ma'am," replied Anna. "I'm a stranger in town."

PROOF OF THE ARGUMENT

They had had an argument over a certain investment.

"But you must admit," said the husband, "that men have better judgment than women."

"Oh, yes," replied his wife. "You married me, and I married you."

IT WAS WORTH THE MONEY

Martha was rubbing away at her washtub Monday morning when a neighbor dropped in.

"Yes," she said in answer to a question, "I'm under bonds to keep the peace for breaking a plate over my husband's head—the old scoundrel. The judge said if I came before him again, or laid hands on the old man, he'd fine me five dollars."

"So you're workin' hard to keep out of temptation, are you?" asked the neighbor.

"I am not," replied Martha, giving the clothes a vicious rub, "I'm workin' to save up enough for the fine."

Engagements

(A Short Speech at a Dinner to the Bridegroom)

WE HEAR a good deal of nonsense about two people living as cheaply as one. I don't want to say anything in restraint of marriage, as our legal friends would term it, but I do want to advise this gay young bridegroom that it just can't be done. One modern bride of my acquaintance realized this.

"At last, my darling," said her young man, after he had settled with the minister, "at last we are truly one."

"Theoretically, yes," returned the bride, "but from a practical standpoint it will be advisable to order dinner for two."

So I want to warn our friend that in his enthusiasm he must never forget to order dinner for two.

It is true, however, that sometimes two can live cheaper after marriage than they did before, especially if the young man has entertained lavishly. A young couple of my acquaintance, who had almost reached the point of engagement, quarreled and did not meet for several days. Finally, becoming repentant, the girl

called him up on the telephone and said: "Jack, I'm sorry I treated you the way I did last week."

"Oh, that's all right, honey," Jack replied. "I saved thirty dollars while we weren't on speaking terms."

Now, I want to give Bill here a little advice—a few "don't" which may keep things running smoothly, if he remembers them. In the first place, Bill, you may get tired of working hard, bored with the same old routine. But don't grumble about it, or get to feeling sorry for yourself. Many a man thinks he leads a dog's life just because he comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed. Possibly your wife will become tired of the routine, also, and get to feeling like a cat when its fur is rubbed the wrong way—and then you will have all the elements for a cat and dog life.

Don't be absent-minded. You may be deeply engrossed with business during the day, but when you are at home forget about the office. Being absent-minded doesn't always mean forgetting to do things, however; sometimes it means forgetting not to do them. A certain young wife was heartbroken and her chum, coming to call, found her in tears.

"What's the matter?" inquired the friend.

"Oh, James is so absent-minded," confided the bride. "After breakfast this morning he left a tip on the table, and when I gave him his hat he handed me another tip."

"Well, that's nothing to worry about," consoled her friend, "it's just force of habit."

"That's what worries me," sobbed the young wife. "He kissed me when I gave him his coat."

And don't tell your wife an untruth. You know the small boy's Biblical definition of a lie: "An abomination

in the sight of the Lord, and an ever ready help in time of trouble." It may be a help in time of trouble, but remember that an untruth is easily detected, and then, indeed, it becomes an abomination in the sight of the Lord. If you want to stay down town with the boys some night, tell your wife so. Don't call her up from the restaurant and say you are working late and can't come home for dinner. She might hear the music over the telephone and ask if you had an orchestra in the office.

And here is a final bit of philosophy. If you are in doubt or trouble, go to some married man of your acquaintance and ask his advice—and then don't follow it.

WRONG NUMBER

"I called on Miss Debutante last night, and I wasn't more than inside the door before her mother asked me my intentions."

"That must have been embarrassing."

"Yes, but that's not the worst of it. The young lady herself called from upstairs and said, 'That's not the one, Mother.'"

SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER

Mr. George Baer, an Alabama planter, who employed a large number of negroes, was preparing to drive to the county seat when he was hailed by one of his men.

"Marse George," said the colored boy, "if you all is goin' to town, I'd 'preciate it ef you git a marriage license for me an' Liza Jane Feilding."

Marse George promised to do this and upon his return, handed the license to the grinning darkey.

The boy looked it over and exclaimed :

"You all done got it for her sister Mary Ann."

"I'm awfully sorry, Sam," said the planter. "It cost three dollars, and cannot be exchanged, but if you wish me to, I'll go back and get you another."

The darkey turned away crest-fallen, but in a short time he was back, whistling.

"Nebba' mind, Marse," he said, "I done think it all ovah and dis here 'stificate will do. Dar ain't tree dollars difference 'tween dem two gals."

ONLY ASHES LEFT

A girl met an old flame, and decided to high hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured, when the hostess introduced him to her, "I did not get your name."

"I know you didn't," replied the old flame, "but that is not your fault. You tried hard enough."

ALPHA AND OMEGA

"This ring I offer you," he said fervently, "is the symbol of the love I bear for you. It has no ending."

"And it is also a symbol of the love I bear for you," she supplemented. "It has no beginning."

GOOD CUSTOMER

He was a bit shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I am sorry I offended you," she said.

"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied, "I'm going for more flowers."

STOLEN SWEETS

The pretty girl in the hammock was sleeping sweetly when the young man bent over her. Suddenly she started up and said accusingly: "You stole a kiss while I was asleep."

"Well," stammered the young man, "you were so sound asleep that I thought you wouldn't know, and you looked so pretty that I couldn't resist taking one little one."

"One," exclaimed the girl, scornfully. "Humph! I counted six before I woke up."

HANDICAPPED

He had one arm upon the wheel,

Quite joyful was his ride,

The other arm was wrapped around

The "sweetie" by his side.

A "copper" yelled, "Use both your hands,"

In a voice that carried far;

"I can't," the loving swain replied,

"I have to steer the car."

AND THEN HE WONDERED WHY SHE WAS COOL

The generosity of a New York florist was the cause of embarrassment to a young man who was in love with a very rich and beautiful girl.

One evening the young lady had informed her suitor that the next day would be her birthday, whereupon he assured her that he would send her some roses the next morning—a rose for each year.

Accordingly, he called up his florist and ordered twenty beautiful roses to be sent to the young lady.

The florist happened to take the order himself, and when he gave it to the clerk, he said:

"Here's an order from young White for twenty roses. He's a good customer of ours; put in an extra ten for good measure."

QUALIFIED

"The girl I marry must have a sense of humor," said the college boy.

"Don't worry," replied his father, "she will."

Weddings

(A Guest Is Requested to Say a Few Words)

THE teacher asked the class to write a short sentence about George Washington. One of the little boys wrote: "George Washington was the father of our country, who fought for freedom all his life, and then went and got married."

Quite a number of our modern men and women reverse that procedure. They get married first and fight for freedom afterwards. I think George's way was the better one.

But it's a losing fight, boys, whether it comes before or after marriage. Some one has said that a woman will wear a dance frock when she doesn't care to dance; a golf outfit when she doesn't know how to play golf; a swimming suit when the very sight of water makes her seasick; but when she buys a wedding gown, she

means business. And it's a good thing, for when a girl means business, nine times out of ten she will make a good wife.

I want to say to this happy young man that after he has had his new wife for a few days, he won't know how he ever got along without her. He'll be in the same boat with the man whose small son was entertaining a visitor during his father's absence. After a brief silence, the little lad inquired, "Have you got a wife?"

"No, sonny, I haven't," replied the gentleman.

"Then who tells you what to do?" demanded the youngster.

Our friend is going to find it very useful to have some one tell him what to do. And the sooner he learns that what she tells him is exactly what he wants to do, the happier he will be.

Of course, no two people ever thought just alike about everything, so there may be times when you won't agree. That makes married life more interesting. But don't let your differences ever become the cause of a quarrel. Eugene Fitch Ware, the poet, must have had in mind a couple who disagreed violently, when he wrote the clever little verse entitled, "He and She":

When I am dead you'll find it hard,
Said he,
To ever find another man
Like me.

What makes you think, as I suppose
You do,
I'd ever want another man
Like you?

I once knew a woman, a Mrs. Jones, who solved this problem rather effectively. One day this lady, who

had been married before, went out for a walk, dressed in deep mourning. She accidentally met the minister of her church, who exclaimed:

“My dear Mrs. Jones, I had not heard that you had again suffered bereavement.”

“Well, I haven’t,” said Mrs. Jones, snappishly, “but my husband annoyed me so this morning that I decided to get back at him by again paying my respects to my first husband.”

Our bride hasn’t had a first husband, I mean she hasn’t had a second husband—well anyway, she hasn’t had two husbands. And even if she had, I am sure that nothing would induce her to don mourning for either one of them.

But, my young friends, if you ever do get into any serious disagreement, just settle it yourselves without resort to law or lawyers. It will be much better to settle the matter as Mirandy was prepared to do when she and Mose appeared at the office of the Justice of the Peace to be married.

“Do you take this man for better or for worse?” asked the Justice.

“No, Jedge,” answered the dusky bride, “Ah wants him jest as he is. If he gits any better he’ll die, and if he gits any wuss Ah’ll kill him mahself.”

At one of the state fairs last fall a woman won the rolling-pin contest, and her husband won the hundred-yard dash. I could not help wondering what the connection was. If all young married women will become efficient with the rolling-pin and other household implements, and if all young married men will learn to come a-running when called, domestic peace will last longer than the moon.

The bonds of matrimony, like financial bonds, aren't worth much unless the interest is kept up. But from all indications I am sure that the interest on these bonds will remain so high as to be almost usury, and therefore I am certain that there can never be a matrimonial depression so great that it will bring them below par.

Here's a toast to our youthful bridegroom,
All aglow with blissful pride;
Here's a toast to his chosen partner—
To our happy, trusting bride.
May love, and joy, and contentment
In their future home abide.

EXPERIENCED

A widower who was about to be married for the third time and whose bride-to-be had also been married before, wrote at the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Don't fail to come; this is no amateur performance."

NOTHING COULD STOP HER

Jack was describing the wedding to a friend.

"Just as Fred and the widow started up the aisle to the altar," he said, "every light in the church went out."

"What did the couple do then?" inquired a friend.

"Kept on going," said Jack. "The widow knew the way."

NOR EVER AGAIN

The best man noticed that one of the wedding guests, a gloomy-looking young man, did not seem to be enjoying himself. He was wandering about as though he had lost his last friend. The best man took it upon himself to cheer him up.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked by way of introduction.

"Not lately," replied the gloomy one, with a far-away expression.

HIGH PRICED 'POSSUM

A young colored couple down in Alabama were married by a justice of the peace. Sam, being short of cash, gave the justice a fat young 'possum as a wedding fee.

About a year later the justice met Sam on the street and asked him how he liked married life.

"Wall, sah," replied Sam, ruefully, "all I kin say is—I wish I done et dat 'possum."

BOO-HOO!

"This chicken-a-la-king doesn't taste just right, darling," said the June bride. "I'm afraid I left something out."

"That taste could never come from anything you left out," replied darling. "It must be something you put in."

JUST WORDS

They were on their honeymoon, but the pitching and rolling of the great ocean liner detracted somewhat from their joy.

"George," said the bride, in one of her more quiet moments, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling," said George, fervently.

"Oh, dear," she groaned, turning her pale face to the wall. "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't."

MOURNING?

One of the Sunday-school teachers in a large and fashionable church was explaining to his class the significance of the color white.

"White," he explained, "stands for joy. That is why a bride wears white when she is married. Her wedding day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

"Then, why," queried a small boy, "do the men all wear black?"

CASH PREFERRED

The knot was tied; the pair were wed,
And then the smiling bridegroom said
Unto the preacher, "Shall I pay
To you the usual fee today,
Or would you have me wait a year
And give you then a hundred clear,
If I should find the marriage state
As happy as I estimate?"

The preacher lost no time in thought,
To his reply no study brought,
There were no wrinkles on his brow;
Said he, "I'll take three dollars now."

A REAL TRIBUTE

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro that is difficult to excel:

"When I was preaching in Walla Walla, Washington," says the Rev. C. P. Smith, of Kansas City, "there was no negro minister in town, so I was frequently

called upon to perform a marriage ceremony between colored people. One evening, after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service.

“‘Oh, well,’ said I, ‘you can pay me whatever it is worth to you.’”

“The young fellow turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot. Then, slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes to me, he said: ‘Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, fur sure.’”

Anniversaries

(For a Wedding or Birthday Anniversary)

It is human nature to want to celebrate something every once in a while, and because birthdays and wedding anniversaries come so regularly we celebrate one of them every time we have an opportunity.

Women are especially fond of observing these days. In fact, the good wife is sometimes inclined to be a little peeved if we forget them. But for some reason women are a bit inconsistent. While they always expect us to remember their birthday, they also expect us to remember that they are eight years younger than the records in the family Bible would indicate.

A friend of mine deserves a prize for the way in which he handled a difficult situation of this kind. He went home on his wife's birthday without the customary gift, and sat down to dinner without a word of congratulation.

“My dear,” said his wife, reproachfully, “have you forgotten that this is my birthday?”

Not having an alibi handy, friend husband replied, frankly, "Yes, honey, I did forget it. But it's natural that I should. There isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

We must confess that men are liable to forget these important dates. One woman of my acquaintance made capital out of this fact. Asked if her husband remembered their wedding anniversary, she replied, "No, but I always remind him of it in January and again in June, and so get two presents."

As to wedding anniversaries, the women pay not the slightest attention to the traditions connected with any particular one. They will expect a fur coat on the occasion of the wooden wedding, a sterling tea set on the fifteenth anniversary, and a diamond bracelet, or solid mahogany dining-room set, on the silver wedding day.

Not long ago I congratulated a woman on her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary for having lived with the same man for so many years.

"But, my dear friend," she replied, "he's not the same man he was when I married him."

And having known the man in his youth, and being naturally polite, I did not contradict the lady.

But we are here tonight for a definite purpose—to celebrate the . . . anniversary of . . . We have come bringing gifts to show our pleasure over the event; we have stayed to enjoy the generous hospitality of our friends; and we will leave with good wishes on our lips and friendly regard in our hearts.

Let's not fret about the future;
Let's not grieve about the past;
But instead, let's toast the present,
And the friendships that will last.

I AM NOT OLD!

Who says I'm old at eighty-five,
Or even look that way?
Ah! was it you, my dear old friend?
Just answer me, I say.
And do you know that age with me
Is only as I feel?

I do not reckon by the year,
Or go by any date;
It's by the step and by the vim;
But then, at any rate,
The age I carry every day
Is only what I feel.

'Tis true that crow-feet mark my cheeks,
A trifle stiff my back;
And sometimes I will pause at work,
While vigor's push I lack;
But then, I tell you that my age
Is only what I feel.

My hair, I know, is pretty gray;
There's stiffness in my toes;
And in the looking-glass I see
The signs of care and woes;
But still I say, in accents loud,
My age is what I feel.

Sometimes I rise at early dawn,
And sing the whole day through;
And then, again, I'd like to lie
A little longer; yes, 'tis true,
For rheumatiz just bites a bit,
And then I older feel.

Don't call me old, or think me so,
Don't take that solemn view;
I'm young today and very gay,
And this I say to you:
No one is old unless he finds
 It is the way he feels.

—*Asa H. Craig.*

FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW

Fifty years have gone a-marching
 Down the avenue of time
Since I won my boyhood sweetheart,
 Since love found a perfect rhyme;
Fifty years of joy and sorrow,
Filled with hope for each tomorrow,
 Fifty years of love sublime.

And tonight my memory wanders
 To those happy youthful days,
When we gayly faced the future,
 In our hearts a song of praise;
When we started life together,
Brave for fair or stormy weather,
 Satisfied with simple ways.

But the years have brought great changes,
 Since she said, "I'll be your wife";
And we long have left behind us
 All the simple joys of life.
'Tis an age of vain pretensions,
And of wonderful inventions,
 But, alas! an age of strife.

Gone the days of artless pleasure,
And of loyal comradeship;
Gone the faithful horse and buggy,
And the gay beribboned whip;
Gone the sleighs, with bells a-ringing,
And the fresh young voices singing,
With a smile on every lip.

In their place the speeding auto
Gathers up the fleeting miles,
Or the boat on lake and river
Every idle hour beguiles;
Or the airplane, with its glamour,
Rides the sky with ceaseless clamor,
At a speed too great for smiles.

Gone the days of merry fiddle,
And the graceful contra-dance;
We have learned to do the rumba;
We have learned to curve and prance.
Now, we spend our time in "razzing,"
First 'twas ragtime, now it's jazzing;
Music never has a chance.

Then, we thought it entertaining
To attend the singing-school,
Or a jolly quilting-party,
Or to learn to spell by rule.
Winter brought the joy of skating,
Or the pleasure of debating—
Sports that now we ridicule.

Now, we don our hat at even,
And we wonder where we'll go—
To the concert, lodge, or chapter,
Or the moving-picture show.
We may choose to go a-riding,
Or, perhaps, at home abiding,
Listen to our radio.

Yes, the dimly burning candle,
And the coal oil's smoky light,
And the big old-fashioned heater,
Battling with the cold at night,
Are but memories that linger.
Now, we only press a finger,
And the room is warm and bright.

Once the telephone amazed us,
And the cable 'neath the seas,
And we marveled at the wonders
That brought luxury and ease.
Now, each day our heart rejoices,
As we list to distant voices
Borne through space upon the breeze.

Then, her hair was long and silky,
And I thought it fun to rob—
Stealing curls which I kept hidden
Where they caused my heart to throb.
Now, no one would deem it pleasure,
Or attempt to steal a treasure
From a modern boyish bob.

Yes, there have been many changes,
 Since my sweetheart changed her name;
Other friends and ways surround us,
 We have learned another game.
But our love, in joy and sorrow,
Yesterday, today, tomorrow,
 Through the years remains the same.

—A. C. Edgerton.



MOTHER - DAUGHTER
FATHER - SON

O, you who have a mother dear,
Let not a word or act give pain;
But cherish, love her, with your life,—
You ne'er can have her like again.

Mother and Daughter—Father and Son

(A Short Speech by a Father)

THERE was a time when, in order to teach a child respect for parental authority, it was considered necessary to instill into his soul the fear of parental displeasure. And it was not considered at all necessary to insist that the parent must first qualify to meet this respect and obedience.

One of the finest tributes ever paid to a father was recently voiced by a man who, himself, had been highly honored. He said, "It's a great thing for a son to be able to say, as I can, that he never knew his father to do a small or mean act."

What a triumph! Some of the rest of us fathers would give much to merit such a compliment. A man who can leave such a legacy to his son has bequeathed that which the wealth of the world could not replace.

We complain somewhat today about the flippancy of youth, but we must confess that in our hearts we like to have our son or daughter address us familiarly as Billie or Dad, instead of Papa or Pa. "Father" is dignified, but we do not want to be on our dignity with our family all the time. We prefer to be natural, and we like the spirit of equality with which these modern youngsters greet us.

Today, in order to receive admiration and respect from our children we must merit it. We cannot camou-

flage our acts so as to deceive them into thinking we are better than we really are. A small boy calling his father at the office, said, "Hello! Who it this?" His father, recognizing the voice, replied, "This is the smartest man in the world." "Pardon me," said the small voice, "I've got the wrong number." Evidently, to use a popular expression, he had his father's real number. He did not consider his parent a superior being who knew everything in the world, but instead, a kind, understanding father, on whom he was privileged to call at any time.

Another small son had been reprovved for not telling the truth regarding a youthful prank. "When I was your age," said his father severely, "I didn't tell lies."

"How old were you when you started, Pop?" inquired the small boy, skeptically.

No, we can't hide anything from our children today, and if we are wise we will be glad of it.

But no one would ever think of asking mother that question. Some way, mothers are different. They are different about a lot of things. I remember, years ago, when a young friend joined the army and left for overseas. His entire family was broken-hearted and every one shed tears. All except the lad's mother. She didn't seem the slightest bit upset. She talked and planned during the days of preparation, and smiled when she said goodby.

Two years later, when John came home, unhurt and wearing a medal for distinguished service, we were all at the station to meet him. When the train came in and he stepped down into our midst, we laughed and joked and hurrahed. But John's mother just kissed him, and put her arms around him, and cried and cried as if her heart would break. Yes, mothers *are* different.

And yet, nowadays, it is hard to tell the modern mother and daughter apart. Some unknown author has expressed this idea in a clever little poem :

Mother and daughter !
Two little pals ;
Happy together,
Cute lookin' gals.

Dressed a la modish—
Cupid bow lips—
Cheeks lacking pallor,
Forms lacking hips.

Mother and daughter !
Neither one slow.
Which is the young 'un?
Darned if I know.

Sons

(A Father Talks About Them)

It is quite the custom to find fault with the modern youth, to accuse him of indolence, bad habits, wildness. We scold and threaten and plead, and usually son sheds all our commands and advice as nonchalantly as a duck sheds water off its back. He isn't bad at heart—this fine looking boy of ours. Quite the contrary. In fact, he is too good-hearted. Therein lies his danger. In most cases all he needs is direction, not restriction. Very naturally we worry about him and go to such extremes in trying to regulate his conduct that he must occasionally feel as did the son of a certain man who was traveling in Europe, when his father sent him a picture post card bearing the following message :

"Dear Son: On the other side you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here. Your Dad."

The ancient, and I am glad to say obsolete, way of governing a boy or girl was by physical chastisement—"spare the rod and spoil the child" method. I remember an old Negro mammy who had a family of well behaved boys. One day my mother said to her:

"Sally, how do you raise your boys so well?"

"Ah'll tell you, Missus," answered Sally. "Ah raise dem wid a barrel stave, and Ah raise 'em frequent."

The trouble with most of us fathers is that we do not recall the days of our own youth, when, to put it mildly, we were a source of extreme anxiety to our parents. We scold son for smoking, forgetting the days behind the barn when we were being initiated into the manly art. There were no cigarettes at that time and the process of learning to smoke a strong cigar or a pipe was a most distressing one, but we felt that we must acquire the ability to smoke at whatever cost. But when we try to tell him that we had no bad habits in our youth, son, having the usual complement of brains, is inclined to be a bit skeptical.

A small boy's father was delivering a lecture on the evils of youth, and citing his own exemplary conduct when a boy.

"I never smoked when I was your age," he said in conclusion. "Will you be able to say the same to your son when you are my age?"

"Not with as straight a face as you do, Daddy," said son, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

And if the boy is so good that we are not worried about his habits, we pick flaws in his clothes. His

trousers are too wide, his tie is too bright, he just won't wear hose-supporters. George, the son of an old friend of mine, came home for the holidays last winter. He was in his sophomore year and his clothes rivaled the glory of Solomon. As he came into the library one evening, his father glanced up from his paper and remarked: "Son, you look like a darned fool."

A little later I dropped in to smoke a cigar and play a rubber of whist.

"Well, George," I said, after shaking hands with the young man, "you look just exactly as your father did when he came home from college twenty-five years ago."

"Yes, so Dad has just been telling me," said George, with a wicked grin.

There is no use arguing, our sons are a newer, better bound, more attractive, and doubtless more interesting, edition of what we were at their age. They may not feel particularly flattered by that statement. It is true we didn't do the things they do today—because we had had no opportunity, not because we wouldn't have done them. They do not do the things which interested us when we were young, because there are today so many more interesting things to do.

And they know so much, these modern youngsters. They are so quick, so eager, so versatile. We must trust them to work out, with our diplomatic guidance, their own destiny. Let us not hamper them with too much restriction, but let us rather help them to choose the right way, weighing their talents, their desires, and their ability in the scales of modern life.

I sometimes wonder if, in our anxiety to give to these

sons of ours the very best advantages this world affords, we are not overlooking some very essential facts.

Do we realize that the world in which they are living, and will continue to live for the rest of their lives, is a different world from that in which we passed our youth, and that the problems which they must meet are not the same as those which we faced when we were entering manhood?

It is the custom to feel that youth must give all respect and honor to the older generation. But there is another side. Youth, too, is deserving of some consideration. We should respect their fresh young viewpoint, honor their ideas and ideals. If the world of today is not a perfect one, it is still the world which we, the fathers, have created. If serious problems confront them, they are problems which we, with all our wisdom and experience, have not been able to solve.

Every youth has something of the knight-errant about him, always seeking a cause to champion, a dragon to slay. And while we are anxious to help him carry his weapons and his shield, we must remember that only by experience can he learn to use them, only by conflict can he win his spurs.

It is our own shield that we must keep polished, our own weapons which must be ever ready for use. When we caution him about his conduct, let us be sure that we are not guilty of the same offense. Then he can never feel about us as did the young man whose father had been chastising him severely for certain acts. The father, who had not led an exemplary life himself, ended the lecture by remarking, heatedly, "What is my reward for all I have done for you? When I die, my son will be the biggest rascal in the city."

"Yes, Dad," replied the son, calmly, "but not till then."

If the example of our own lives is such as to command the admiration of our sons, and if we accord to these sons the honor and respect which is their due, we will find that obedience, honor and respect will be accorded to us in full measure.

Does Your Son Have Faith in You?

(A Friend Asks a Few Pertinent Questions)

WHAT about that fine, tall son of yours? Do you know him? Do you understand his effervescent spirits? Do you realize that he has the same impractical desires, the same fantastic dreams that you had at his age? But what is more important, does he know you? Is he afraid of your criticism? Or does he come to you for advice and sympathy? Does he know that, no matter what mistake he has made, he can always count on your understanding, your loyalty and help?

Mr. Frank H. Gamel, writing for a fraternal magazine, has given us a beautiful example of this thought which I would like to pass on to you in his own words.

"I know a boy," Mr. Hamel writes, "who did a serious wrong. He was out at night with his gang and, as sometimes happens, without any deliberate premeditation of wrong doing, one of the bunch suggested an act which they all knew to be wrong, but which no one of them had quite the manhood to oppose. The thing was done, and after a while, the boys went to their homes. The boy of whom I am speaking was bitterly ashamed; but, instead of lying awake the rest of the night trying

to think up some plan by which he could keep the matter from the knowledge of his father, he went at once to his father's room, wakened him, and told him exactly what had happened. There was no scolding, no bitter reproof from the father. Instead, there was an expression of the sorrow he sincerely felt, and sympathy, for he knew the boy was sincerely sorry, and the father promised that in the morning they would talk it over more fully, and try to decide what ought to be done. With full confidence in his father's sympathetic understanding, and feeling sure his father would know what to do, the boy went to his own room and went to sleep."

Could your son come to you under similar circumstances with a like feeling of confidence? Or would he try to keep the incident secret for fear of your displeasure? It is natural for your boy to bring his troubles to you. Whether or not he does so depends entirely upon your attitude. If you do not sympathize, if you show a lack of genuine interest in his life problems, or if he feels that you do not trust him, he may turn away and seek another before whom he can lay bare his young soul. Then, whatever may be the result and however bitter may be your feelings, you will have no one to blame but yourself. But if your son, like the one mentioned, has an infinite faith in you, if he knows that he will receive from you an understanding sympathy and a loyal love, you are a fortunate father—and he is a fortunate son.

Upon your answer to these questions may rest your future relationship with this fine, tall son of yours, and also in a great measure his future happiness and success.

Daughters

(A Mother Classifies Them)

THERE are just three kinds of daughters in the world—your daughter, my daughter, and our neighbor's daughter.

Your daughter may have red hair and a beautiful voice; my daughter may be dark-haired and athletic; our neighbor's daughter may be blonde and use too much lipstick and rouge, but the only real difference is that these girls have different homes, different mothers, and a different circle of friends. They have similar minds and bodies, similar joys and sorrows, similar thoughts and aspirations.

And there are likewise three kinds of mothers—the woman who thinks her daughter can do no wrong, because she is her daughter; the one who thinks she can do nothing right—doubtless for the same reason; and the wise woman, who, knowing that her daughter is not perfect, still has the utmost faith in her final development.

All girls want to be attractive. It is a perfectly natural human desire, and we must confess that all the mirrors in our homes are not for the exclusive use of the daughters of the family. If the girl of today is addicted to lipstick and rouge, let's not argue the matter. Let us, instead, keep her from becoming an ugly fright by helping her to make an artistic job of it. It isn't a sin, any more than was her mother's ambition years ago to wear all the false curls, braids and rats that her head would hold—and the cosmetics, properly applied, are far more attractive and less injurious.

The modern girl's desire to shed all the clothing the law will allow is far better for her health than were the bullet-proof stays, the germ-collecting skirts, and the high choking collars her mother wore. And, thank goodness, the masculine contingent waiting on a street corner for an accommodating wind to expose a dainty ankle is a thing of the past.

We pretend to be horrified by our daughter's early sophistication, forgetting the days when we carefully concealed from our own mothers our knowledge of things we were not supposed to know, and which, alas, we gleaned from ill-advised schoolmates. The world has changed much in the last two decades, and we must change with it, or be left hopelessly behind. And if the girl of this generation is to cope with the world as it exists today, she must have knowledge and wisdom, and it is her mother's duty to enlighten and advise her.

When it comes to the question of boy friends, we find ourselves in a quandary. We don't want her to go with them, and we don't want to feel that she is unpopular. Not for worlds would we see her miss having a home of her own. And yet—some way we cannot get over the idea that she is still our baby. Very naturally she resents being treated as though she were only a child. We cannot, and would not, go with her to all her parties. We cannot be present at all her conversations with young men. I have in mind the story of a mother, who, being of the anxious, inquisitive kind, said to her daughter one morning: "You were in the conservatory with Bob a long time last night. What were you doing?"

"Mother," asked the daughter, "did you ever sit in the conservatory with Father before you were married?"

"I suppose I did," confessed her mother.

"Well, Mother," the daughter replied, "it's the same old world."

Yes, it's the same old world. Your daughter, and my daughter, and our neighbor's daughter are the same as the girls of a generation ago, or those of a generation to come. Whatever their station in life, whatever the year of their birth, as Rudyard Kipling so wisely said,

They're alike as a row of pins—
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

The real difference is the difference between you and me and our neighbor. We each have the same problems, the same conditions, the same receptive minds and loving hearts with which to work, and the results we obtain—the kind of job we make of raising these girls—depends entirely upon us. It depends on our conduct, our knowledge, our ability to understand, our flexibility of mind, and on the love and patience and tact which we bring to this wonderful work of rearing our daughters and giving to the world a generation of women of whom we can be proud.

MOTHER'S LOVE HONORED
(A True Story of the North)

An interesting story comes from the heart of Alaska that has very much warmth in it. If you could look at a map of Alaska you will see a thin, wavy line about midway between Nome and Teller. This line is Mary's River, which is actually a monument to mother love. As the story goes, an Eskimo woman lived in an igloo on the bank of this river, more than a quarter of a

century ago. She had a husband and two children. Then a sad thing happened. An epidemic akin to our "flu" struck the settlement. This was about the time the miners were rushing to the hills beyond Teller, where gold had been discovered.

When the epidemic had passed, the Eskimo woman was childless and husbandless, and the fourteen other children of the settlement were left without parents. The bereaved woman adopted them all and in her mother love for the orphans she buried her own grief. Gold prospectors who stayed over night at the settlement were housed and fed by the foster mother. They all learned her story. Her name was rather hard for them to pronounce so they called her "Mary," as suggested by one of the miners who said, "It's a grand old name." As the erection of a shaft to her memory seemed impossible, the miners decided to give as a perpetual monument to her, in summer a chuckling stream, in winter an icy highway for sleds. They called it "Mary's River," and that it has remained.

When teachers from the United States founded schools in the little river village they, too, heard the story. So they named the settlement "Mary's Igloo." Maps today show this settlement. As the village grew, other things were named for her. Now there are Mary's trees and Mary's reindeer; in fact it is Mary's land, over which Mary herself still presides. She is still hale and hearty, the fourteen children have grown to men and women, some with children of their own. Now Mary has another husband. As an indication of the esteem in which Mary is held in the northland, this man goes by one name only—"Mary's husband."

—*The Pathfinder.*

LABOR LOST

During her mother's absence little Polly had refused to wash her face.

Her grandmother had reproved her, saying, "When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

"Yes," said naughty Polly, "and now look at it."

YOUTHFUL DISCRIMINATION

The young son of John Fiske, the historian, was rather outspoken, and his mother complained one day that he had been very disrespectful to the neighbors.

Mr. Fiske called the boy into the study.

"Is it true, my son," he inquired, "that you called Mrs. Smith a fool?"

"Yes, father," confessed the youngster dejectedly.

"And did you call Mr. Smith a worse fool?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, my son," said Mr. Fiske, after a moment's thought, "that is just about the distinction I should make."

SILENCE IS NOT ALWAYS GOLDEN

"Is your mother at home?" inquired the canvasser of a small boy in the yard.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, politely.

The salesman rang the bell half a dozen times, but there was no response.

"Why did you tell me that your mother was at home?" he asked the boy reproachfully.

"Because she is, sir," replied the youngster, "but we don't live here."

SHE WAS AN ARTIST, TOO

"With a single stroke of the brush," said the school teacher, taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning one."

"So can my mother," said a small boy.

A CONVENIENT AGE

"How old are you, Billie?" asked a caller.

"Well," said Billie, "when I'm home I'm five, when I'm in school I'm six, and when I'm on a street car I'm four."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS

"Do you know where Willie Martin lives?" asked a little old lady of a small boy.

"He ain't home," replied the boy, "but if you'll gimme a nickel I'll find him for you."

"All right," said the little old lady, handing over the nickel, "you're a nice little boy. Now, tell me where he is."

"Thank you ma'am," grinned the nice little boy. "I'm him."

WELL TRAINED

They were giving a small dinner party, and for a special treat the little son of the house had been allowed to come to the table.

They had reached the dessert stage when he remarked in loud, confidential tones to his mother:

"Will dessert upset me tonight, Mummie, or is there enough to go around?"

THE BABY WAS HAPPIER TOO

"Why did you adopt a baby, Mrs. Peters," asked a friend, "when you have three children of your own, all under five years old?"

"Well, you see," replied Mrs. Peters, "our own are being brought up properly. The adopted child is for us to enjoy."

SHE DIDN'T KNOW BILLIE

"Good morning, Billie," said Aunt Emma, as she stopped at the gate, "is your mother in?"

"Sure she's in," replied Billie, crossly. "D'you 'spose I'd be mowing the lawn Saturday morning if she wasn't?"

A BARREN BEACH

Mrs. Evans was sitting before the mirror, busily arranging her hair in beautiful waves. Her little six-year-old daughter Mollie, cuddled in her father's lap, was watching the operation with much interest. Once in a while the child's hand would slide over her father's smooth bald head. Finally she remarked:

"No waves for you, Daddy. You're all beach."

THERE MIGHT BE ONE WORTH A DOLLAR

The doctor's little daughter bumped her head on the desk and said, "Darn!"

"That was a naughty word," said her father, "and I'll give you ten cents if you will never say it again."

She took the dime, but a few days later she came to him and said: "Daddy, I've got a word that's worth half a dollar."

SHE HAD SEEN HIM EAT PEAS

Uncle John and Aunt Maude had come for dinner unexpectedly, and little Mary was setting the table.

"Put three forks at each place, dear," called her mother.

Mary had dined with her uncle and aunt before. Therefore, she thought a minute and then asked:

"Mother, shall I give Uncle John three knives?"

UP TO MOTHER

Mrs. Stone had been telling Jimmie about a little boy who had worked very hard and supported his mother after his father's death. When she had finished she asked Jimmie if he would get a job to support her if Daddy should die.

"Naw," replied Jimmie, unexpectedly.

"But why not?"

"Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Yes, my dear, but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Well, ain't we got a lot o' stuff in the pantry?"

"Yes, but that won't last forever."

"It'll last till you git another husband. You're a pretty good looker, Ma."

IDENTIFIED IT

When Charles Darwin was visiting the country house of a friend, the two boys of the family thought they would play a trick on the scientist. They caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle, and a centipede, and out of these evolved a strange composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grass-

hopper's legs, and the beetle's head, glued them carefully together and presented it to Darwin for identification. Darwin looked at the bug and then at the boys.

"Did you notice whether it made a humming sound when you caught it, boys?" he asked.

"Yes," they answered.

"Then," said Darwin, with a twinkle in his eye, "it's a hum-bug."

ET TU, SISTER?

"Johnny, Johnny," called his sister to the small boy who was playing ball in the back yard. "Johnny, come in alreaty and eat yourself. Maw she's on the table and Paw he's half et."

HE'D HAD EXPERIENCE

"Did you have a good time at your birthday party?" asked Billie the next day.

"You bet I did," replied Jimmie, enthusiastically.

"Then why aren't you sick today?" demanded Billie.

HARD TO PLEASE

A rather grouchy old gentleman in New York, who has more money than he knows what to do with, prides himself on always having the best of everything. Therefore he selected for his son the college which he thought the best, Harvard.

The old gentleman did not, however, have a great deal of faith in his son's ability. The young man, knowing this, tried very hard to excel in his work. He succeeded so well that when he came home at the end of the first

year, he proudly told his parent that he stood next to the head of his class.

"*Next* to the head of the class!" his father exclaimed. "What do you mean, *next* to the head of the class? Why aren't you at the head? What in thunder do you think I am sending you to college for?"

The son was a bit discouraged, but he returned to college with renewed determination and worked so hard that he won the coveted place. All the way home he imagined how delighted his father would be. When he told the good news, the old gentleman looked at him a moment; then shook his head and remarked:

"At the head of the class, eh? Well, I must say that doesn't speak very well for Harvard University."

DADDY HAD NO SENSE OF HUMOR

Billie was crying and Mother came to learn the cause.

"Boo-hoo," wailed Billie, "a p-picture fell on Da-Daddy's toes."

"Well, dear," comforted his mother, "that is too bad, but you mustn't cry about it."

"I d-d-didn't cry," sobbed the little lad. "I laughed. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

WHAT PRICE ROYALTY?

Even being England's queen did not exempt Victoria from the trials of a grandmother. One of the young princes, whose reckless extravagance had gained her disapproval, wrote to the Queen reminding her of his approaching birthday and suggesting that money would be the most acceptable gift. In her own hand she answered him, rebuking him for his extravagance and

urging him to practice economy. Imagine her chagrin when she received this reply:

"Dear Grandma,—Thank you very much for your kind advice. I have sold your letter for five pounds."

THE LESSER OF TWO EVILS

Business kept Mr. Strong and his family in the West Indies, in a section which occasionally experienced earthquakes. Wishing to spare his two small sons that experience he sent them to a brother in England.

The boys arrived safely and evidently in the best of spirits, for the returning mail brought this terse message to Mr. Strong:

"Take back your boys; send me the earthquake."

SHE COULDN'T BE DENIED

The little four-year-old daughter of a clergyman was put to bed early one night because she had a slight cold. As her mother was about to leave her, she said:

"Mother, I want to see my daddy."

"No, dear," her mother replied, "Daddy is busy and must not be disturbed."

Again she made her request and was again denied. Then she said, solemnly:

"Mother, I'm a sick woman and I want to see my minister."

PERMANENT BLACK

"Billie," said the mother, as she vigorously applied soap and water to the small boy's face, "didn't I tell you never to blacken your face again? Here I've rubbed and rubbed for nearly half an hour and it would come off."

"Ouch!" wailed the little fellow; "Ah, ain't yo' little boy. Ah—ouch! Ah's Mose, de colored lady's little boy."

THEN SHE GAVE HIM A NICKEL

Johnny was dashing around the yard, blowing an old horn. His mother called him and said: "If you're pretending to be an automobile, I wish you'd drive over to the store and get me some eggs."

"I'm awful sorry, Mother," said Johnny, "but I'm all out of gas."

EXPERIENCE IS A GOOD TEACHER

"That's a good boy," remarked the visitor as Teddy picked up his scattered toys. "I suppose your mother has promised you something if you tidy up the room?"

"If I don't," corrected Teddy.

SHOULD HAVE COME BEFORE THEY LEFT

"What are you doing here?" asked an officer of a man sitting on a doorstep at three A.M.

"I forgot my key, officer," the man replied, "and I am waiting for my children to come home and let me in."

BEGINNING YOUNG

Little Dorothy was going to have her first party, the occasion being her fifth birthday.

"Dear," said her mother, "I'm going to let you invite any one you want."

"Then I'll ask Uncle Bob, Mr. Preston, Grandfather, Uncle Peter, Miss Ellwood—"

"Wait a moment," cried mother, "these are all elderly folks."

"Well," sighed the tot, "they seem to have the most money."

FOND OF HIS FATHER

"Your baby seems very fond of you, Tom, old chap," remarked his friend one day.

"Fond of me! I should just think he is," replied Tom. "Why, would you believe it, he sleeps all day while I'm not at home, and stays awake all night just to enjoy my society."

WARM ANSWER

A father gave his small son the familiar frog problem to solve—

"A frog fell into a well a hundred feet deep. If every time he jumped up three feet, he fell back five, how long would it take him to get out?"

After the boy had worked diligently for about an hour, the father asked how he was coming.

"If you'll give me another ten minutes, Dad," said the lad, "I'll have him in hades."

TOO MUCH

Eight year old Bobbie was quite a favorite with the ladies, and at the Sunday School picnic they vied with each other in supplying him with fried chicken, ice cream and pie.

Late in the afternoon one of the ladies found the boy sitting on the shore of the lake with his hands clasped over his stomach and a woebegone look on his face.

"What's the matter, Bobbie?" she inquired solicitously. "Haven't you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes'm," replied Bobbie, mournfully, "I've had enough. I feel as though I don't want all I've got."

GOOD EXAMPLE

A certain Aunt Betsy was trying to persuade her little nephew to go to bed, and, by way of argument, said that all the little chickens went to roost at sunset.

"Yes," replied the boy, "but the old hen always goes with them."

MIGHT HAVE BEEN A NOYSTER

Two youngsters were discussing their breakfast. Said Willie: "I had a nawful nice breakfast."

"So did I," said Betty Ann. "I had something extra good that begins with 'N.'"

"A norange?" suggested Willie.

"No."

"A napple?"

"No, it was a negg."

A COMPARISON

"When Daddy mows the lawn, it looks
The way the barber cuts my hair,
All smooth and even all around,
With no long ridges anywhere.
But when I tried to mow it once,
It looked as ragged as could be,
For all the world just like the day
That Daddy cut my hair for me."

GROUNDS : CRUELTY ?

The door opened so softly that the lawyer, working at his desk, did not hear it, but presently a stifled sob attracted his attention, and he looked up to see a blue-eyed, curly-haired little lad with a tear-stained face.

"Well, my little man," he said, holding out his hand, "did you want to see me?"

"Are you a lawyer?" asked the little fellow.

"Yes," replied the man. "What can I do for you?"

"I want"—and here another sob was bravely conquered—"I want a divorce from my papa and mama."

HE STOPPED IN TIME

Bobby longed for a baby brother and every night for a long time he had asked God to send him one. Finally, he became discouraged and told his mother he didn't believe God had any more little boys and he was going to stop asking.

One day not long afterwards he was taken into his mother's room and shown twin baby boys who had arrived during the night. Bobby looked at them thoughtfully for a few minutes, and then remarked: "Gee, it's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."

ONE CAN OBSERVE TOO MUCH

Father had been giving Bobbie a lesson on observation.

"Cultivate the habit of seeing and remembering things, my son," concluded his father. "Learn to use your eyes and you will know a great deal more than

those who do not, and you will be more successful than they are."

Bobbie was very attentive and promised to cultivate the habit. Several days later when the entire family, consisting of the mother, aunt and uncle, were present, his father said:

"Well, Bobbie, have you kept your promise to use your eyes and remember what you saw?"

Bobbie grinned and said:

"I've seen a few things right around the house. Uncle Jim's got a bottle of hair dye hid under his trunk, Aunt Jennie's got an extra set of teeth in her dresser, Ma's got some curls in her hat, and Pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips behind the books in the secretary."

TRUTH WILL OUT

"Are you bothered much by your children telling fibs?" asked one mother of another.

"Not so much," replied her friend, "as by their telling the truth at inappropriate times."

SOME SYSTEM

"That's a wonderful follow-up system you have for collections," said Smith to his friend Jones. "Where did you find it?"

"Oh," replied Jones, "I just saved the letters my boy sent me while at college and adapted them to my business."



SOCIAL AFFAIRS

New and Old

MAKE new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
New made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine;
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.

Society

(A Speech for a Social Club Dinner)

MAN is a gregarious animal. He likes to "get together" and discuss himself and his brothers and sisters—especially sisters. He doesn't want to "live in a house by the side of the road," and "watch the world go by." He wants to live at the end of the road, where all the cars have to stop and turn around before they start back, and if they will park awhile, so much the better. And he's always willing to furnish advice in the adjustment of a little engine trouble, although he generally shies at donating gas, oil, or spare parts.

There is something wrong with the man who stays at home and listens to the radio while the rest of the family goes to a picnic; or with the woman who spends her time reading love stories instead of participating in the activities of her home town. Such a person is developing a morbid or selfish disposition, or is suffering from a painful conscience. And it is our duty, in the interest of public welfare, to rescue that person from such a condition and make him a useful addition to society, remembering that to share another's trouble is to divide it, to share our own joy is to multiply it many fold. Herein lies the value of the social club.

The thing about clubs which appeals to me is that they are perpetual. I have never cared to join a society the membership of which is limited. Sooner or later come

sadness and loneliness. Give me a live, growing organization; then, as times change and friends move away, others will take their place.

Samuel Johnson once said, "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friends in constant repair." The words have a familiar sound, because we have learned that we must keep our cars in constant repair, if we do not wish to ride alone. So it is with friendship. Although we naturally wish to hold fast to our old friends as long as we can, we must constantly add new ones, or we will find life's journey lonely and sad.

An up-to-date proverb says: "So live that you wouldn't be ashamed to sell the family parrot to the town gossip." This flippant saying contains a vast amount of wisdom. Society is an aid to conscience. Many a man or woman has refrained from doing or saying certain things, not because his conscience was over sensitive, but because of what the neighbors would say, or for fear that his name might get into the newspapers. This fear of publicity is well recognized by the press. A well known and influential business man, wishing to insert an article in a local paper, dropped in at the office.

"What are your rates per column?" he inquired.

"For insertion or suppression?" asked the editor.

Verily, the way of the transgressor is well written up.

It is quite true that if we are looking for evil we will find it. A woman once berated Dr. Johnson soundly for putting improper words into his dictionary.

"Madam," said the distinguished scholar, "I fear you have been looking for them."

This truth is also illustrated by the reply of the editor of a tabloid newspaper, when a reporter complained that there would be nothing scandalous to headline in the morning edition. It was growing late, but the editor only smiled and said, "Oh, something will turn up in time. I haven't lost my faith in human nature yet."

Yes, human nature can always be depended upon to furnish news for the front page, and the world is overflowing with people eager for this news. A glass house, even the most modern, unbreakable, fireproof glass, is not proof against gossip. The only invulnerable protection is a flawless character for ourselves, and the curtain of charity for others.

Social Club Anniversary

(A Member Tells a Few Tales)

STATISTICIANS tell us that if all the club dues could for one year be diverted for that specific purpose, they would end the depression. I don't know how true that is, but personally, I think that the elimination of all clubs would add greatly to it. I know that my own private depression would not be improved if I were compelled to forego all this delightful fellowship. Dues are to me one of the necessary expenses of a normal man's life, like taxes and insurance, and I will economize on almost anything else before I will eliminate them.

Practically every man and woman who shows an intelligent interest in things outside his own family circle is invited to become a member of various clubs and lodges and societies. Most of these associations

have an ostensible purpose for their existence—civic improvements, fraternal benefits, political advancement. But this club is frankly for the pleasure and amusement of its members. To me, that is the very best of reasons for its existence, and the man who started it has my unanimous vote of thanks.

Now, I am not altogether a success as an after-dinner speaker. So, as our members are all good fellows and not averse to a joke, even when they are the object thereof, I am going to relate to you a few incidents which have been told to me. I cannot personally vouch for these statements, but will leave you to judge of their probable truth.

Last Monday morning, for some unknown reason, our genial bank official, John Greene, took an ordinary street car downtown. The only vacant seat was next to an not overly immaculate Italian. Naturally, John was a little upstage, and when they reached the downtown section, he said to the conductor, with a rather haughty air, "Let me off at my bank, please."

Just then the Italian rose and called out, "Conductor, letta me off at my peanut stand."

I learned today that George Mason's wife has not been speaking to him very cordially for the last few weeks. The reason is this: On one of the hottest evenings in July they attended a lawn party. On their return home Mrs. Mason confronted George with a belligerent air.

"I'll never take you to another party as long as I live!" she said, emphatically.

"Why not?" inquired George.

"You asked Mrs. Williams how her husband was standing the heat."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" asked George, with an innocent air.

"Nothing at all," said Mrs. Mason sarcastically, "except that Mr. Williams has been dead two months."

Over at the Jones home, Tom and his wife have become such bridge fans that a game is going on there practically all the time.

One day last week the teacher was explaining to the class of which their son Billie is a member, the function of the parliament of a country and the limits of the power of a sovereign. At the close of the lesson, she asked Billie if he could tell her what power was greater than that of a king.

"Yes, ma'am," cried little Billie. "An ace!"

I believe that diversion, and social activities, and jokes, are as necessary to a man's healthy existence as food and clothing. I have heard creditors say that if So-and-so wouldn't go to the movies, or baseball games, or if he didn't belong to any clubs, he might pay some of his debts. Very true, but to deny a man every form of amusement, every social enjoyment, is to unfit him for his work, to impair his earning capacity, and therefore to make the payment of his debts still more difficult.

Clubs—especially social clubs—are a tonic which everyone needs, in order that he may have the courage to carry on. Therefore, on this anniversary of our club's founding, I want to offer a toast to those men who made the club possible, who realized that Jack must play at least a part of the time, or he will become a very dull boy, and therefore a very unprofitable member of society.

BOOSTING HIMSELF

Greene was a new member at the club. "What sort of a chap is he?" asked someone.

"Well," said the man across the table, "after a beggar has touched him for a dime, he'll tell you he has just 'Given a little dinner to an acquaintance of his.'"

THE REAL ARTICLE

It was before the repeal of the eighteenth amendment. When the train stopped at a small station, a shabby little man approached the windows of the smoker and slyly exhibited a basket of quart bottles, each filled with a beautiful amber fluid.

"Want to buy some nice cold tea?" he asked, and his left eyelid dropped just a trifle.

Several thirsty individuals leaned out of the car windows and paid a dollar each for a bottle.

"Don't take a drink until you get out of the station," cautioned the little man, in a low voice.

"You seem to have worked up a good business," remarked an interested bystander after the train had pulled out. "But you wouldn't have gotten into trouble any quicker if they had taken a drink before the train started."

"You don't think so, eh?" said the small man. "Well, what them bottles had in them was nice cold tea."

INVERTED POLITENESS

A young man having social aspirations but being unfamiliar with the forms of polite correspondence, declined an invitation in the following manner :

"Mr. Charles Black declines with pleasure Mrs. White's invitation for the fifteenth, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity to do so."

COFFEE AND PISTOLS AT SUNRISE

Mr. Jones and a friend were walking down the street when they passed an acquaintance who refused to speak.

"What's the matter with Brown?" asked the friend.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Jones. "I met him on the street the other day and we were chatting as friendly as possible, when all of a sudden he got mad and tried to kick me."

"Do you remember what you were talking about?"

"Nothing in particular. I recall his saying, 'I kiss my wife three or four times every day.'"

"What did you say to that?"

"Why, all I said was, 'I know half a dozen men who do the same thing,' and then he had a fit."

N'EST-CE PAS?

It is said that at a diplomatic dinner in the White House Mrs. Blank had for a neighbor a distinguished French traveler who was inclined to be unduly boastful of his country's politeness.

"Everyone acknowledges," he said, "that the French are the most polite people in the world. America is a remarkable nation, but the French excel you in politeness. You admit it yourself, do you not, Mrs. Blank?"

The first lady smiled sweetly.

"Yes," she said, "that is our politeness."

BUT NOT MUCH BEFORE

"We had a beautiful sunrise over the lake this morning," said one Chicago man to another. "Did you see it?"

"I should say not," replied the other. "I'm always in bed before sunrise."

SOCIAL DUTIES

The company was discussing the habits and customs of the modern youth, when some one asked :

"If a young man takes a girl to grand opera, buys her an expensive midnight supper, and then takes her home in a taxicab, should he kiss her goodnight?"

An old bachelor who was present growled: "I don't think she ought to expect it. Seems to me he has done enough for her."

MAYBE HE'D HAD EXPERIENCE

It was the first time the young man had called and he had not as yet met the girl's father. It was only half past nine and the two were enjoying a quiet little chat in front of the fireplace, when suddenly a rather stern looking individual entered, carrying his watch in his hand.

"Young man," he said brusksly, "do you know what time it is?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," stammered the frightened lover, scrambling to his feet and grabbing his hat. "I-I was just leaving," and the hall door shut with a bang.

The father turned to the girl with a look of amazement, and said :

"What in thunder was the matter with him? My watch has run down and I only wanted to know the time."

HE CANCELLED HIS ORDER

A gentleman in Cincinnati, wishing to take his girl to a certain play, decided to telephone for tickets. He got the wrong number and without asking to whom he was talking, said, "I want a box for two tonight."

A startled voice at the other end of the line answered, "We don't have boxes for two."

"Isn't this the Elite Theater?" he asked crossly.

"Why, no," came the answer, "this is the undertaker's."

A WHITE ONE

We have been taught that it is permissible to stretch the truth a bit rather than to hurt another's feelings, but to do so requires delicate technique. A New York business man, being unable to attend a house party at Bar Harbor, sent the following wire to the hostess:

"Regret I cannot come. Lie follows by mail."

HE KNEW THE ALDERMAN

The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. His copy came in late and it was careless. The editor reproved him the next day by quoting an extract:

"Look here, Scribbler, what do you mean by this? 'Among the most beautiful girls was Alderman Horatio Dingbat.' Old Dingbat ain't a girl, you idiot! He's one of our principal stockholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter. "That's where he was."

HE WASN'T INVITED NEXT TIME

A young man was anxious to compliment his hostess on the part she had taken in a private theatrical performance. He said:

"Mrs. Miller, you played splendidly and the part suits you to perfection."

"You flatter me," the hostess replied, smiling, "I much fear that a young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But, Mrs. Miller," persisted the young man, "you have positively proved the contrary."

AND ONE FULL DEPUTY

A deputy sheriff was sent to take an inventory of the property in a house where an attachment had been levied. When at the end of three hours he had not returned, the sheriff went to investigate and found him asleep on a lounge in the living room. He had made a brave attempt at his inventory, however, and had listed: "Living room—one table, one lounge, one sideboard, one full bottle of whiskey."

The "full" had been crossed out, and "half-full" substituted. Then this was overlined, and "empty" put in its place. At the bottom of the page, in wobbly characters, was written: "One revolving carpet."

WHAT IF THEY HAD BEEN TRIPLETS?

At a party in England, a country squire felt that he had partaken rather freely of champagne; so he determined to be careful and avoid showing any of the usual signs of tipsyness.

When they arose from the table some one suggested that the hostess exhibit "the latest addition to her family." She agreed and presently the nurse appeared with a dainty pink basket containing twins.

The squire was the nearest and, mindful of his condition, he steadied himself and said, as he gazed into the basket:

"What a beautiful baby!"

TOO MUCH FOR HIS NERVES

A man was told by his doctor that he must stop drinking. To overcome the craving, the doctor advised him to eat something every time he felt like taking a drink. He tried it, and found that it worked rather well.

One night, however, while stopping at a hotel, he heard a strange sound in the next room, and climbed on a chair to look through the transom. Imagine his consternation when he saw a man just about to hang himself.

He rushed from the room, fell down the stairs three steps at a time, and grabbed hold of the hotel clerk.

"S-s-say," he stammered out. "There's a f-f-feller in the next room, the room next-next to mine. He's hanging himself. I saw him. For gosh sakes, give me a plate of ham and eggs!"

BEST PLACE TO HUNT

"Looks as if you had lost something," said the policeman to the man he found fumbling at the base of a lamp-post about two A.M.

"Yesh. Losh shevnty-fi' shents," replied the befuddled one.

"Lost it right there, I presume."

"No-o-o-o-o! Losh it half a block f'm here."

"Then why do you hunt there?"

"On'y plashe's any light."

WILLIE WAS WISE

The pretty teacher was instructing the grammar class in the conjugation of the verb "to love."

"Willie," she said, "please tell me what it is when I say, 'I love, you love, he loves——'"

"That," said up-to-date Willie, "is one of them triangles where somebody gets shot."

A BIG BOOK

Jones came home very early in the morning terribly under the influence of his bootlegger. As Mrs. Jones had delivered many a lecture on previous occasions, he felt that he must avoid another. He crept in quietly; there was a light in the library—the very thing—he would go in and pick up a book and be reading if she came down.

He fumbled around and found a pile of books in the corner on the floor. He would take that big one way at the bottom of the pile. He tugged away and finally got it out, opened it up and seated himself comfortably.

In a few moments Mrs. Jones came down the stairs and stood looking at him through the doorway.

"What are you doing there?" she inquired.

"Why, dearie, I've been reading," he answered.

"Oh, you darned old fool!" she snapped. "Shut up that suitcase and come to bed."

NEW VERSION

Old Mother Hubbard

Went to the cupboard

To get a bottle of lemon extract.

But when she got there

The cupboard was bare,

And the old man was sleeping under the sink.

A PARADOXICAL DRINK

There is a tale of a Frenchman who visited the United States in the prehistoric days that antedated prohibition, and became acquainted with whiskey toddy. Upon his return to France, he remarked that it was a paradoxical drink, because the Yankees put in a little whiskey to make it strong, a little water to make it weak, a little lemon to make it sour, a little sugar to make it sweet, and then said, "Here's to you" as they drink it themselves.

NEARLY KILLED WITH KINDNESS

A kind-hearted man was passing a house in the wee small hours of the morning, when he noticed a man leaning helplessly against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk?"

"Yeah."

"Do you live here?"

"Yeah."

"Shall I help you up stairs?"

"Yeah."

So with some difficulty, he half carried the helpless one to the second floor, opened the first door he came to

and pushed him in. When he reached the ground floor again, he found another drunken man, in a worse condition than the first.

"Are you drunk, too?" he asked.

"Yeah," replied the other feebly.

"Want me to take you upstairs, too?"

"Yeah."

So the kind-hearted man dragged the dejected one to the second floor, opened the first door and shoved him in. When he came down the third time, he saw still another drunk groping about. He was just going to offer his services a third time, when the other man lurched out into the street and grabbed a policeman who was passing.

"For Heaven's sake, off'cer," he gasped, "protect me from this man. He hasn't done anythin' all night but carry me upstairs and throw me down the elevator shaft."

DANGEROUS PLACES

"My girl had her nose broken in three places," said Bill.

"Well," advised Harry, "why don't you keep her out of those places?"

PREPAREDNESS

This happened before the war, when western towns were wide open and there was but one remedy for most of the ills and accidents. A man walked into town to buy some groceries. While there he patronized every bar lavishly, with the result that he carried quite a load when he left for home.

He was weaving uncertainly along the road, when he

encountered a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike and rattling ominously. Our friend regarded the snake for a moment, then drew himself up as straight as he could under the circumstances, and exclaimed :

“If you’re going to strike, strike, darn you. You’ll never find me better prepared.”

AND HOW ?

The Colonel came down to breakfast with a bandaged hand. One of his friends in the lobby inquired if he had had an accident.

“Well, sir,” replied the Colonel. “We had a little party last night, and one of the young fellows got intoxicated and stepped on my hand.”



FRATERNAL SOCIETIES

“THERE is a destiny which makes us brothers,—
None goes his way alone ;
All that we send into the lives of others,
Comes back into our own.”

—*Edwin Markham.*

Fraternal Societies

(A Brother Asks a Few Questions)

“WHERE do you belong, Brother?” Have you ever, when a stranger in a distant city, heard that question, and looked up to see a smiling face and an outstretched hand, and a familiar pin on a coat lapel? How it has warmed your heart. How all the strangeness and loneliness have fallen away and you immediately feel at home. Here is a member of your fraternity or your lodge. Here is a man, who, although a stranger in a strange land, yet speaks your most intimate language; who considers himself your brother.

What is it that binds so closely together the members of fraternal organizations? Why is a fraternity or a lodge so vastly different from a club?

Is it because of the secrets which the members share? I doubt if ten of those present could give half the secret words, passes and sentiments that make up our ritual.

Is it the mutual obligation which binds us? We assume other obligations far more binding than those we take when becoming a member of a fraternal organization.

Is it the teachings of the particular order to which we belong? The teachings are not new. They are as old as the ten commandments.

What is it that, even in the face of disaster, still holds a man with iron bands to his lodge or fraternity?

What is it that makes a dignified man don a gay uniform and parade the streets with banners flying?

What is it that compels a man who cannot say a word in public, to commit to memory and repeat page after page of ritualistic work?

I have often pondered these questions; wondered what it is that awakens in our hearts a loyalty that nothing can destroy. Then—"Where do you belong, Brother?" That simple question answers all the rest.

Our ritual, our ceremonies, our obligations are but the outward expressions of an inner consciousness of truth and right. They are not the order, itself, any more than the clothing, however fine or correct, is the true man. But, just as the clothes and bearing of a man are the index to his character, so the teachings of a fraternal order are the criterion by which we can judge the character of a man who is faithful to them.

While the specific teachings of our lodges are not known to the general public, yet their character is so well recognized that there is scarcely a man who, if he is not already a member, does not secretly wish that he might join some one of the several fraternal organizations in his home town.

Such a man, who for charitable reasons shall be nameless, made application to join a local lodge. His application was to be balloted on at a certain meeting, and the next morning he met the friend who had proposed his name and asked:

"Did I make it?"

Shaking his head sadly, the friend replied, "No, you were blackballed."

"How many blackballs did I get?" was the further question.

"How many?" repeated the other. "How many black-balls did you get? Well, did you ever see a large plate of caviar?"

Not all men, it is true, join a lodge or fraternity in the right spirit. Some join for commercial reasons, for prestige, for social contacts. But whatever the reason, once a member, they usually become and remain loyal and true. Those who deserve the caviar are few, and their connection with any fraternal order is generally brief. A man can gain much or little from his fraternal affiliations. Like any other human relationship, we must give in order to receive.

There is also, of course, the man who goes to extremes, and joins everything in town. He belongs to so many lodges that he never has time to lodge at home. That is all wrong, because his interests and allegiance are so divided that he has little time to devote to any one. It is evidence of popularity, certainly, but his membership is of doubtful value to himself and to the organization to which he belongs.

The principal thing that worries us just now in regard to our membership is the question of dues. I know that usually worries me. Some time ago our genial secretary approached me and asked if I believed in the hereafter. "Why, certainly I do," I said, rather indignantly. "Then," said the secretary, "do you remember the dues you owe the lodge? Well, that's what I'm here after."

But it's only a little thing, this question of dues—a small price to pay for lifetime friendships, for a brotherly clasp in a foreign land, and for a place to go that will always, in whatever city, at whatever time, seem like home.

Lodges

(A Visitor Is Asked to Speak)

I THINK there should be something in our by-laws making it obligatory for the master of a lodge to send to every visitor who is expected to talk a written notice that he will be called upon to make a speech.

I used to try to be prepared for such occasions, and would jot down some notes on a piece of paper and pin it on the inside of my coat lapel. One night around Memorial Day I was intending to speak on the Civil War, if called upon, and had written down the names of the three greatest generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan; but I must have forgotten to pin the slip of paper to my coat. When I came to that part of my speech, I said, "The three greatest generals of the Civil War were—were," I hesitated a moment, being unable to recall the names, then glanced at the inside of my coat lapel, and continued, "were—Hart, Shaffner, and Marx."

The average person who is not a lodge member, especially the good wife, believes all the strange tales which are occasionally told about the order and its members. Why only tonight I heard a small boy ask his mother if all fairy stories begin with, "Once upon a time."

"No," replied his mother, a bit sarcastically, I thought; "some of them begin with, 'I'm going to lodge.'" Evidently she is of the opinion that "going to lodge" is only an excuse for all kinds of diversion, wise and otherwise.

And their unshakable belief that grotesque stunts are

indulged in at the time of initiation is ludicrous. Mark Twain must have been an incorrigible "joiner," and his little daughter must have entertained some fantastic ideas regarding her father's conduct while at his lodge. The story is that one day when Mark was busily engaged writing jokes in his study, the child asked where Daddy was, and was told that she must be quiet and not disturb him, because he was upstairs writing an anecdote.

Not long afterwards the door bell rang and the little girl ran to answer it. The caller inquired if Mr. Clemens were at home, and she replied:

"Yes, sir, he is in, but you can't see him now. He's upstairs riding a nanny goat."

But in spite of the jokes at our expense, we know that the public generally holds our order in great respect. This is manifested by the expression sometimes heard when a lodge member has proved untrue to his principles: "And he calls himself a member of the . . . Lodge"; just as we sometimes hear expressed the disapproval of a man by the phrase: "He calls himself a churchman." All of which goes to prove that the world holds the church and our fraternal order in such respect that if a member of either forgets his obligation and his duty, as frail humanity is prone to do, they feel that he has not shown the spirit of brotherly love which they have a right to expect from him.

And what is this brotherly love? The question is one which cannot be satisfactorily answered, it encompasses so much—all the commandments, including the greatest commandment of all, "that ye love one another." It means that a man imbued with brotherly love will need no laws to teach him his duty to mankind; that he will

live an upright and irreproachable life; that he will be a friend to all men. To quote a man prominent in our order, it means: "to be modest regarding one's own accomplishments and take pleasure in another's success; to open the mind to the victims of distress; to shun evil and encourage good; to play the game of life with fairness and fortitude."

In short, brotherly love is the very foundation of human conduct, and the rock upon which all fraternal societies rest.

Masonic Ideals

(Their Practical Value in the Community)

I WISH that every Mason in this community would resolve to devote a part of every month—to say every week would doubtless be asking too much—to the study of Masonry. And by that I mean its origin, history, traditions, symbolism, ritual, and philosophy. Until they have done this, they cannot appreciate Masonic ideals, or apply them to the facts and conditions of every day life. Any teaching which has endured for so many centuries, and the philosophy of which is applicable to all ages, must certainly embody fundamentals which warrant its existence, and not to benefit by them is to lose something which we can attain in no other way.

Students of Masonry have given us many beautiful interpretations of the knowledge which it seeks to disseminate, its teachings of morality, its philosophy, and its usefulness to society. We are prone to think that Masonry exists for its members alone. This is true only to a certain extent. Just as a church benefits the

entire community in which it is located, just as schools have an influence on the lives of those who do not attend them, so the establishment of a Masonic lodge in a community means the general raising of the standard of morality in that city or town.

It is true that the legal codes of our state seek to regulate our conduct and to control every evil which may arise. But it is also true that the civil law is only the skeleton of social order, which must be clothed by the flesh and blood of morality. It is one thing to tell a man he cannot do a wrong act. It is another to make him want to do right. The first is the province of the law. The other is one of the missions of the Masonic order. Alone, the law is not adequate to the task. There must be other agencies which fit into the general scheme of man's activities.

We have a familiar saying to the effect that the great natural law is "the survival of the fittest." It would better be "the survival of the strongest," for the strongest may not always be the best—at least from man's point of view.

We know that in nature all living things wage a ceaseless and relentless struggle for this existence. The very weeds by the roadside are not only at war with one another, but they must contend for their existence against the ravages of insects, the grazing of cattle, and the implements of man. All this occurs in the natural course of events. When, however, we turn to the artificial garden, we find the struggle intensified ten-fold. The beautiful flowers, the delicate plants which have been the product of man's ingenuity must depend upon man's care for their continued existence. Upon him rests the future of these plants—whether they shall re-

main the beautiful, graceful things they are today, or whether they shall degenerate into the original species and be eventually eliminated by the weeds which will soon choke them when they are left to battle alone.

You may ask what parallel all this has in Masonry. It is this: Primitive man had no civil or moral law, other than that necessary for his existence and the maintenance of his tribal life. But down through the ages man has created a social and moral order under which to live. This order is in a sense artificial and is maintained only by eternal vigilance and constant strife. The savage depended upon his strength for his existence. Civilized man depends upon his intellect and his association with his fellow men to retain the position already gained and to raise himself to greater heights.

Yes, the welfare of society depends on much which is outside the law, much which the law cannot give.

One of these great outside forces is the church. Religion governs man, so far as it is a regulating agency, by its appeal to his spiritual side, its training of the young, its moral precepts, its faith, and its promise of eternal life.

Between these two—the Law, with its rigid discipline, and Religion, with its spiritual grace, stands Masonry, with its philosophy of life, its moral teachings, and its close association to all men. These three are the pillars by which Society is upheld: religion, morals, and law: wisdom, strength, and beauty—the epitome of human perfection.

And so my brethren, we of the Order should not waste our heritage; we have a mission to fulfill, here and now; a reason for our existence, both as men and as members of the Masonic Order. Let us not neglect this

duty. Let us seek to exemplify the teachings of Masonry in our lodge, in our homes, and in the community in which we live.

I'd like to think when life is done,
That I had filled a needed post,
That here and there I'd paid my fare,
With more than idle talk and boast;
That I had taken gifts divine,
The breath of life and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then,
In Service to my fellowmen.

Women's Auxiliaries

(A Visiting Sister Has a Word to Say)

I'M ALWAYS a little nervous when I visit another chapter, because I fear being called upon to say something. My husband declares that I have no reason for an exhibition of nerves when I'm asked to make a speech, because I've been the speaker of our house for fifteen years.

I don't know who first conceived the idea of forming women's auxiliary lodges—the Eastern Star, Royal Neighbors, White Shrine, Rebeccas, and so forth, but I think it was a great idea. Why, before we had our own lodges and chapters, friend husband could tell us any story he pleased and we had to believe him, because we didn't know any better.

But we were a bit skeptical at times, and it must be confessed, we were always very curious. Why, we even stayed awake nights to see if he wouldn't talk in his sleep. A friend of mine, whose better half was an

inveterate "joiner," went so far as to consult their family doctor to learn if he couldn't give her husband some medicine to make him talk plainer.

Another friend of mine, whose husband doesn't belong to anything, was boasting about him the other day.

"My husband has no bad habits whatever," she said. "He never drinks and he spends all his evenings at home. Why, he doesn't even belong to a lodge."

"Does he smoke?" I inquired.

"Only in moderation," she replied. "He likes a cigar after he has had a good dinner, but I don't suppose he smokes two cigars a month."

Poor man!

Speaking of friend husband, he and I had a little quarrel this morning. We had been talking over our financial affairs and had agreed that we must economize. Especially did we want to save enough to pay our dues in the various organizations to which we belong. I conceived what I thought was a brilliant idea, and said: "All right, dear, you shave yourself and I'll cut your hair." Now, wasn't that fair enough? But for some reason or other he didn't like the suggestion and declared he could find a better way to pay our dues.

I rather like the idea of my husband going to lodge. Husbands are sure to tire of staying at home all the time, and it's lots better for them to be at lodge than to be just circulating around. And besides I want to go out once in a while myself. That's why I'm here tonight.

I like to think of the pin of our beloved order as being an emblem of quality. We talk so much about equality, that occasionally I like to drop the "e" and think instead of the quality which lies within us. I am proud to be

an officer in an organization the symbol of which means that the man or woman wearing it has a standing in the community; that he is not only equal to others, but that he has a certain quality for which he has been chosen. And when we remember that out of all people in the world Americans have perhaps the highest standards, this gives us a high standing indeed. And then, I sometimes wonder if we are all living up to that standard.

"'Tis not the thing ye do frae yoursel," said the old Scotch woman. "'Tis the thing ye do frae ithers that makes the pillow saft when ye come to dee."

Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed,
There's nothing on earth can help us
So much as a kindly deed.

A broader view, a saner mind,
A little more love for all mankind,
A little more careful for what we say,
And a little more charity every day.

When we close our eyes at night, is the pillow soft? It seems to me that an affirmative answer alone justifies our membership in this order.

AT THE END OF THE JOURNEY

Not long ago a prominent Mason told the following human interest story, which is well worth storing in our hearts. He said:

I left Cheyenne one morning on the "Overland Flyer" for Omaha. The ride as far as Kearney, Nebraska, is through a dreary, desolate country of sand knolls, prairie dog towns, barren hills, waterless valleys and dry streams. In the seat ahead sat a little boy, intently

gazing upon the monotonous landscape. Dinner was taken in the diner. A social chat enlivened the weary hours. Still this little chap sat there peering through the window. About the middle of the afternoon I spoke to him.

"My little man," said I, "aren't you tired?" "Not much," came the quiet reply. "Well, aren't you hungry?" I asked. The little fellow, looking up at me with a smile, replied: "Yes, a little; but you see Daddy is going to meet me at Grand Island." Brethren—what a lesson of trust and confidence this little lad in the story drives into the hearts of us grown up men and Masons.

We, too, are being carried along through life's journey at sixty heartbeats a minute. Why should we sit and find fault if the way at times be dreary and lonesome? Why should we be complaining because life's adventurous journey at times may seem dull and monotonous? Let us hold fast to our faith and remember that a Father is waiting to welcome us at the other end. The whistle will soon blow for the terminal, where friends and loved ones are waiting to greet you and me.

THIS ISN'T SO SUDDEN

"Florence," said the proud father, "has that young man declared his intentions yet?"

"No, Papa dear," answered Florence. "But there is no cause for worry."

"What makes you think there is not?"

"Well, you know he is a Mason."

"I don't see how that has anything to do with his paying attention to you."

“Well, you see, Papa, Masons do not court young ladies as other young men do.”

“Oh, don’t they?”

“No. Masons court young ladies by degrees.”

NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE

What is there about a Shriner
That cheers up a fellow so?
Isn’t it his hearty handshake,
Wholesome smile, his pep, his go?

Don’t you find him sympathetic
When the breaks don’t come your way,
And the jinx sits high a squattin’
On you like a bird of prey?

Though he’s full of fun and frolic,
Way down underneath it all
Have you noticed how he listens
When the crippled children call?

“Wear your pin, friend, be a booster.
Fellowship is mighty fine
In the Ancient Arabic Order—
Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.”

—Selected from *Tripoli Tattler*.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM—INDIAN VERSION

At the Sixteenth Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter, R.A.M., of West Virginia, an incident of more than ordinary interest occurred. An American Indian, a member of a Wheeling Chapter, was introduced to Grand Chapter and delivered a fine address. In conclu-

sion he gave an Indian's interpretation of the Twenty-third Psalm. It follows:

"The Great Father is a Shepherd Chief. I am His and with Him I want not.

"He throws out to me a rope, and the name of the rope is love, and He draws me, to where the grass is green and the water is not dangerous, and I eat and lie down satisfied.

"Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down, but He lifts it up again and draws me into a good road. His name is Wonderful.

"Sometime, it may be very soon, it may be longer, it may be a long, long time, He will draw me into a place between mountains.

"It is dark there, but I'll draw back not.

"I'll be afraid not, for it is between these mountains that the Shepherd Chief will meet me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart all through this life will be satisfied.

"Sometimes He makes the love rope into a whip, but afterward He gives me a staff to lean on.

"He spreads a table before me with all kinds of food.

"He puts His hands upon my head and all the 'tired' is gone.

"My cup He fills till it runs over.

"What I tell you is true, I lie not.

"These roads that are 'away ahead' will stay with me through life, and afterward I will go to live in the 'Big Tepee' and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever."



SPORTING EVENTS

“SPORTSMAN: One who in sports is fair and generous; one who has recourse to nothing illegitimate; a good loser and a graceful winner.”

—*Webster's International Dictionary.*

Outdoor Sports

(A Sportsman Gives a Toast)

PEOPLE talk enthusiastically about hunting, fishing, and camping trips, but in reality many of them haven't the faintest conception of what outdoor sports mean. Their idea of camping was well expressed by the man who, on his return from the woods, was asked if he had been roughing it.

"You bet," he exclaimed enthusiastically; "why, one day our portable dynamo went on the bum, and we had no hot water, heat, electric lights, ice, or radio, for almost two hours."

Then there's the man who uses patent flies for bait and never knew the joy of digging worms behind the barn at sunrise. Any small boy will tell you that that man has missed half the fun of a fishing trip.

A Sunday School teacher, after reading to her class the story of the flood asked how they supposed Noah spent his time on the ark.

"Prayin'," hazarded Billie.

"Fishin'," suggested Bob.

"Humph!" said Billie, with disgust. "He'd had fine fishin' wid only two worms, wouldn't he?"

I am always sorry for the man who has lost an arm or a leg—he is so terribly handicapped in outdoor sports. Of course, a one-armed man might have no difficulty in catching a big fish, but how in the world could he describe it? Which reminds me of the small

colored boy, who, being asked the meaning of the word "amphibious," replied:

"I know, sah! It's fibbing. Mos' fish stories am fibious!"

As for hunting, there ought to be a law—several of them. Every applicant for a hunting license should not only pass an efficiency test, but should be required to have his eyes tested, be placed under heavy bonds, and compelled to take out liability insurance. Then, maybe, the papers wouldn't be so full of fool accidents during the hunting season.

Outdoor sports are like any other art. Unless one has an aptitude for them, they are hard to acquire. "No man is born an artist," said Izaak Walton, "so no man is born an angler." That almost sixth sense which tells a man just how to cast his line, just when to pull the trigger, is something which cannot be acquired by every one. Education, wealth, social standing, have nothing to do with his ability. Indeed, it has been said that the more worthless a man is, the more fish he can catch. The secret, of course, is, Does he love the sport? Unless he does, he may as well spend his time in some other recreation, for he will never be a real sportsman. He will only be wasting powder or drowning worms.

To be a successful hunter or fisherman one must possess good judgment, infinite patience, and a sense of humor. The real pleasure lies, not in the size of the bag, or the weight of the fish, but in the sport itself. A poetic sportsman has given us these lines:

Lives of hunters all remind us
We can lie in rain and muck,
And the afternoon will find us
With a bag of one small duck.

The man who can smile under such conditions is a real sportsman, and will derive far more enjoyment from his outing than will the one who must have all the appliances and equipment necessary to make his hunting trip seem like a sojourn in a modern hotel.

So here's to the man with the rod and line,
And here's to the man with a gun;
They've glimpsed the beauty of hill and dale
'Neath the glow of the setting sun.

They've smelled the fragrance of wood and stream,
In the dawn's first misty light;
And they've felt the comradeship of stars
In the peaceful hours of night.

They've lived so close to the heart of God,
In the meadow, wood, and glen,
That they're much more qualified, I know,
To live in the world of men.

FIGURES DON'T LIE

When President Cleveland's little daughter was born no scales could be found on which to weigh the baby. Finally, some one thought of the scales on which the President used to weigh the fish he caught on his vacation trips. They were accordingly brought up from the basement—and the child was found to weigh twenty-five pounds.

FORETHOUGHT

Jimmie had secured a permit to fish in a small stream that ran through a rich man's estate. So he and Bobby found a promising location and sat down to fish. Suddenly a gamekeeper appeared. Jimmie gave a fright-

ened cry, dropped his rod, and ran away, the gamekeeper after him.

The chase lasted about half a mile. Then Jimmie halted, out of breath. The man seized his arm and asked, sternly:

"Have you a permit to fish on this estate?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmie, drawing the license from his pocket.

"Then what in thunder did you run for?" asked the gamekeeper, angrily.

"To let the other boy get away," was the reply. "He didn't have none."

THEN SHE TOLD THE BOYS

Brown did not have any luck on his fishing trip, so he stopped at the office on the way home and telephoned for a dozen bass to be sent out to his house.

He reached home late and was greeted by his wife, who asked:

"What luck did you have?"

"Wonderful luck," replied Brown. "Didn't the boy bring the dozen bass I sent?"

Mrs. Brown looked puzzled for a moment. Then she smiled.

"Yes, I guess he did," she said. "There they are."

And she showed him a dozen bottles of Bass' ale.

DEAD TO THE WORLD

One Sunday morning two city chaps surprised a resort keeper by asking for a dark inside room. It was assigned to them and in a short time, armed with all kinds of tackle, they sallied forth. After a hard day's

fishing, during which considerable "bait" was absorbed, they went to bed.

In the morning they dressed and sauntered down to the dining-room. Noting a look of surprise on the proprietor's face, one asked, "Are we late?"

"Oh, no," replied the proprietor, "but where were you Monday and Tuesday?"

MIGHT HAVE BEEN A BEAR

"Gus," said Bill, as he caught up with his friend on the way back to camp, "are the rest of the boys out of the woods?"

"Yep," said Gus.

"All six of them?"

"Yep, all six of them."

"And they're all safe in camp?"

"Yep," answered Gus, "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."

FOOD FOR IMAGINATION

The medical student said to the well-known doctor: "And is it true, sir, that fish stimulates the brain?"

"Possibly," replied the doctor. "But one thing is certain. Going fishing stimulates the imagination."

RELATIVE VALUES

The game laws up in Maine are rather rigid, and every year there are the usual number of fatalities at the hunting season. An Indian summed up the situation thus:

"Kill cow moose, pay \$100; kill man, too bad!"

ONE ON WALTON

"Eliza," said her mistress, "I thought you named your little boy George Washington. Why do you call him Izaak Walton? Walton, you know, was a famous fisherman."

"Yes'm," replied Eliza, "but dat chile's repetashun for telling de troof made dat change necessary."

NATURALLY

"Hello, old man, had any luck?" inquired a friend.

"Rather. Shot seventeen ducks," replied the hunter, exhibiting his bag.

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not—exactly," confessed Nimrod, "but the farmer who owned them was!"

FISHIN'?

Settin' on a log

An' fishin'

An' watchin' the cork,

An' wishin'.

Jus' settin' round home

An' sighin'

Jus' settin' round home—

An' lyin'.

THE BISHOP USED STRONG LANGUAGE

An old boatman who used to accompany Phillips Brooks on his fishing excursions, was relating their ex-

periences to another clergyman. The latter remarked that the beloved Bishop was a noble soul.

"He was that," agreed the boatman, heartily, "all 'cept his swearing."

"Swearing?" exclaimed the other. "Impossible! Phillips Brooks never swore."

"Oh, yes he did—at least once. He had hooked a beautiful bass and got him up to the boat, and just as I was going to land him with the net he gave a flop and got clean away. 'That's too darned bad, Bishop!' I said, and he said, 'Yes, it is.' But that's the only time, I ever heard him use profane language."

Baseball

(A Fan Toasts the Umpire)

I HAVE often wondered why baseball is almost exclusively an American game; why it has never become really popular in any other country. It is not because foreigners do not develop into good players. A glance at the names of the men in our big leagues will disprove that. It is not because the game is difficult to understand. Any ten year old boy knows all the rules. It is not because it is limited to any one class of people. Rich and poor, young and old, men and women delight in it. From the earliest try-outs in the spring to the last game of the world's series, our enthusiasm never wanes.

What, then, is this intangible something which makes baseball dear to American hearts? Why is it that whether the game be in the field back of the school-house, or in a big league park, there is always a crowd of spectators?

It may be because only a native born American has a sufficiently hardened mind and conscience to become an umpire, and a ball game without an umpire would be an impossibility.

This theory is supported by the story of the baseball team which was organized in England by American students. An English boy was induced to act as umpire. In the first half of the first inning, a Yankee came to bat with the bases full. The following controversy took place:

"Ball one," cried the umpire, in his polite English way. "Too bad, old fellah!"

The batter swung again.

"Ball two; awfully sorry."

The batter pounded the plate and took another swing.

"Ball three. Most unfortunate, but you must desist."

"Say," demanded the Yankee at the bat, "what's the big idea, calling me out on three balls?"

"What else could I do?" exclaimed the English the English umpire, pointing to the bases. "There's no more room."

But despite the fact that his services are indispensable, the umpire is supposed to enjoy a high degree of unpopularity. This seems to be proved by the story of a gate-keeper at a game in the White Sox park in Chicago who hurried to Comiskey one afternoon and said:

"Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?"

"An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey, incredulously. "Sure!"

But I think that much of the discussion about the umpire is merely talk. The public likes the umpire. It proves that by always trying to give him things—

popbottles, cushions, and the like. And they are always talking to him, calling him endearing names, even inventing new terms for the purpose. When we see the ball soaring up in the air or the batter sliding for first base, we hold our breath until the umpire tells us whether it was a foul ball, or whether the runner was safe, and whatever his decision, it stands. Talk about the despotic power of dictators and kings—it doesn't hold a candle to the despotic power of an umpire. He's the man who keeps baseball on the map. If it were not for him, any game would soon end in revolution and possible bloodshed, involving both teams and the spectators.

The umpire himself may not be able to hit a home run or pitch a ball over the plate, but he can tell in a split second and to the fraction of an inch the result of another man's play. Small wonder that we occasionally think him a Mussolini or a Stalin. But we couldn't have baseball without him, so I'm one hundred per cent his friend.

Others may toast the pitcher, the catcher, the man at the bat, or the one on base, but I will offer a toast to His Majesty—the Umpire.

CONVINCING ARGUMENT

Early in the spring the boys of a small village met to elect a captain for their ball team. It was difficult to arrive at a decision because practically every member was a candidate. One after another, they set forth their qualifications for the position. Finally, the son of the owner of the ball field stood up. He was small,

red-haired and freckled, but he had an air of authority about him.

"I'm going to be captain this year," he announced, "or else Father's old bull is going to be turned into the field."

He was unanimously elected.

A REAL PLAY

It was a Shakespearean play and the young man in the aisle seat looked dreadfully bored.

The young lady, thinking to arouse his interest, asked:

"What's the best play you ever saw?"

His face instantly lighted up.

"Tinker touching a man out between second and third and getting the ball over to Chance in time to nab the runner to first!" he said.

AMBITION

The baseball games in the vacant lot had proved too much of a temptation to Johnny, and he had played "hookey" on numerous occasions.

The teacher, trying to make him see the error of his ways, said to him:

"Don't you know what becomes of little boys who stay away from school to play baseball?"

"Yes'um," replied Johnny, promptly. "Some of 'em gets to be good players and pitch in the big leagues."

MIGHT HAVE ASKED FOR A RAIN CHECK

"I've had a hard day," said the tired business man aboard the evening train for home. "One of my office

boys asked for the afternoon off to attend his aunt's funeral. So, being rather suspicious, I said I'd go along, too."

His friend chuckled. "Great idea! Was it a good game?"

"That's where I lost out," sadly admitted the man of business. "It *was* his aunt's funeral."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Two girls, Edith and Alice, started for the baseball park, intending to see the game between the Dwarfs and the Black Sox, but they stopped so many times for sodas and a bit of gossip that the game was nearly over when they took their seats. Seven innings had been played and the score stood: 0 to 0.

"Well," said Edith, as she glanced at the score board, "we haven't missed anything, have we?"

UP-TO-DATE VERSION

The office boy had asked for the afternoon off.

"Your grandmother's dead, I suppose," said the boss, sarcastically, "and you want to go to the funeral."

"No, indeed," replied the office boy, with a grin. "She has two tickets to the game."

SOME GAME

The game had been exciting. Both sides had scored two in the first inning. Then had followed six innings without a run for either team. An Englishman, who was witnessing a baseball game for the first time, left

at the end of the seventh to get his afternoon cup of tea. A small boy accosted him as he left the park.

"Say, mister, what's the score?" he asked.

"My word," the Englishman replied, "it's up in the millions."

Bowling

(A Player Makes a Suggestion)

WHEN our genial toastmaster asked me to say something tonight, I was completely *bowled* over. At first I refused, but when he went on to say that he *pinned* his faith to me, I couldn't strike back, especially when he suggested that I had plenty of *spare* time. I finally had to admit defeat and let him *chalk up a score* against me. Maybe I will find myself in the *alley* by the time I have finished.

I want, first of all, to extend my congratulations to the winners of the tournament just ended. We have witnessed some brilliant playing and I, for one, am proud of my association with these expert players and my connection with this ancient sport. Bowling in some form has been a favorite pastime since the Middle Ages, when, as an outdoor sport, it was played upon the green. America is indebted to the Dutch for the introduction of the game, and their favorite bowling place, the square just north of the Battery in New York City, is still known as Bowling Green. The chief attraction of the game today lies in the fact that it is absolutely different from any other sport. The only game

it at all resembles is craps—they're both played in alleys.

The first famous game in this country, at least the first one of which we have any record, was played up in the Catskills, and Washington Irving tells us that when the balls rolled over that smooth, level space in the huge amphitheatre, they echoed and re-echoed like long, rolling peals of distant thunder. The players in that game were queer, gnome-like creatures, who maintained the gravest faces and the most mysterious silence. Only one person, other than the players, witnessed this game in the mountains. He was Rip Van Winkle. It must have been some game, too, because it, or the mysterious refreshments served in the huge flagons, put Rip to sleep and he didn't wake up for twenty years.

I suggest that we organize an exploring expedition and see if we can locate that bowling alley. There is a possibility that those quaint gnomes cached a few of the kegs which Rip helped to carry up the mountain side. The contents ought to be pretty good by this time. It might put us to sleep and we wouldn't wake up until after the depression was over. Possibly all our creditors would have died or moved away by that time.

Bowling is a real sport; it takes muscle and skill to send the ball spinning down the alley. So I thank heaven that the craze for miniature ten-pin has never struck the country.

We've played the miniature golf game;
We've driven the Austin cars;
We've seen the midget bathing suits;
And the Wampus baby stars.

But I think you'll all agree with me
That the tamest of the tame
Would be a midget prize-fight,
Or a Tom Thumb bowling game.

Football

(A Toast to the Winning Team)

FOOTBALL is to college what gas is to an automobile. It's what makes it go. One can't imagine a school without football any more than he can imagine a dance without music, chili con carne without pepper, or fishing without bait.

Students, of course, are one hundred per cent for football and other athletic sports. Their idea is: if there isn't time for athletics and studies, cut out the studies.

There is a popular belief that football develops strength of character. Whether it does or does not is a question. I was a bit skeptical when I heard our coach giving final instructions to the team just before the game today.

"Remember," he admonished, "that football develops individuality, initiative, and leadership. Now get in there and do just exactly as I tell you."

There recently has been much discussion regarding reform in college football. With certain of such reforms the undergraduates are in full sympathy. During a recent game between two colleges, a bystander asked one of the players, "Have any of the objectional features of the game been abolished?"

"Sure!" answered the brawny half-back. "This

morning the Athletic Association agreed to discharge the faculty by a unanimous and enthusiastic vote."

Of course it is necessary to maintain a certain standard of scholarship among the players; otherwise, some of our fault-finding public would have material for criticism. However, it is known that in some colleges the faculty goes to great lengths to keep a star player on the team, even when his grades have to be padded a little.

Such an incident occurred not long ago in one of our smaller colleges, and the dean forbade the star's appearance in another game. However, the students pleaded so earnestly for the removal of the disqualification that the dean agreed to let the hero play if he could answer fifty per cent of a set of test questions.

The examination was conducted by a sympathetic professor. There were only two questions. The first was, "Describe the alimentary canal."

The hero of the gridiron answered: "It is a big ditch that runs from Buffalo to Albany."

"Wrong," said the professor, "but you have one more chance. What is the exact function of the pancreas?"

"I don't know," answered the student.

"Correct," said the examiner. "You pass!"

One objection which a fond mother occasionally makes to football is that the game is so rough. She is afraid that her tenderly reared son will be killed or maimed, and his beauty forever ruined. Of course, this is somewhat offset by the girl friend's admiration for the splendid specimen of young manhood. No wonder some of the more studious feel that things are not fair in this old world. The idea was well expressed by

the convict, who, after reading the sporting events of the day, exclaimed :

“Dere’s justice for yer! A football player breaks two men’s jaws and another man’s leg and is de hero of de hour, while I gets ten years for only stunnin’ an old man wid a blackjack.”

But all these incidents occurred in other colleges, not in ours. In this college athletics are given their proper place in the schedule. They are not the chief aim of the students. They are subordinated to the intellectual side of the general scheme, and for that very reason offer greater inducement to good scholarship, and greater opportunities for pleasure.

Our men are mentally alert, clear of eye, quick of judgment, and of unshakable honor. This is the result of their splendid character, coupled with the careful development of mind and body. We are proud of our team, and especially are we proud of them today. We wish all their friends were present to join in this tribute to their success.

We have read in verse and story
Of the valiant knights of old;
Of their daring deeds and ventures,
Their spirits brave and bold.

I much prefer our modern knight,
In padded suit and mask;
I know he’ll battle to the end,
No matter what the task.

So, I’ll toast our football heroes,
And their well-earned sporting fame—
To the games they’ve played and honors won
In Alma Mater’s name!

THEIR HERO

The young football hero was a wreck and his women folks were making a fuss over him.

"His nose is broken," cried his sister.

"He's lost six teeth," wailed his sweetheart.

"But he didn't drop the ball," said his mother, proudly.

SPORT'S ERROR

A very thin fullback was annoyed by the attentions of a small dog during an inter-collegiate game.

At last, when the play had moved to the other end, the back turned and shouted to the spectators: "Whoever owns this dog might call him off."

A voice responded: "Come here, Sport. Them ain't bones, boy—they's legs."

THE DEAN'S SENTIMENTS

Every one knows of the keen rivalry which exists between Yale and Harvard and the time-honored expression of Harvard students:

"To h—— with Yale!"

It is said that on one occasion when Dean Briggs, of Harvard, and Edward Everett Hale were on their way to a game at Soldier's Field, a friend asked:

"Where are you going, Dean?"

"To yell with Hale," replied Briggs, with a meaning smile.

Golf

(An Amateur Offers a Toast)

GOLF used to be considered an old man's game. Just why I don't know. Possibly because the game itself is so old. We are told that it has been played for over five hundred years, and that it originated, of all places, in Holland. One cannot help remarking on what splendid water hazards those canals would make. The game soon migrated to Scotland, however, and became so popular there that in 1847 the Scotch Parliament discouraged it, because the absorbing interest of the people in the new game diverted attention from the more warlike sport of archery, and diminished their power to preserve their national independence. It seems to me that some of those old royal disputes could have been peaceably adjusted by recourse to the national game. Mary and Elizabeth, for instance, could have settled their controversy as to who would be queen by a nice, friendly game of golf, and thus saved a lot of bloodshed.

As a matter of fact, golf is every man's game. Doubtless, if we only knew it, our caddy could go around the course with less strokes than we. I often wonder, when I make some inexcusable shot, or otherwise demean myself, just what my caddy thinks of me and my game. The other day I was somewhat enlightened. I was standing on the steps of the club house when I overheard the caddy master giving instructions to a green recruit.

"Now then, young feller," he ended, "hop to it, and don't stand around lookin' dumb as if you was a member of the club."

That took so much of the conceit out of me that when a friend and I went out on the links I couldn't even tee off. On my second shot I missed the ball three times and plowed up the turf disgracefully. Finally my friend remarked, "You've revoked."

"I'm not playing cards," I said, glaring at him.

"All the same," was his reply, "you've been playing a spade instead of a club."

And he ducked just in time to avoid another divot, the ball and the club itself.

Some one defined the word "p-u-t" as a verb, meaning to place a thing where you want it, and "p-u-t-t" as a noun, meaning a vain effort to do so. As far as I am concerned, that's exactly what the words do mean.

It is said that golf has done more to enrich the English language than any other sport. Some one has very aptly expressed the thought in verse :

Lives of great men all remind us
We can top and slice and hook,
And departing leave behind us
Words you don't find in a book.

Some of the words in most common use are so time-honored as to be really classic. But there are a few players who are constantly searching for new ones, and to listen to them express their feelings over a misplay is an education in itself. It is said that when the late Chief Justice Taft made a misplay on the links, he always said "Gatun!" because that was the biggest dam in the world.

We hear a great deal about "golf widows," and "golf orphans," but the champion enthusiast was the

young man who had spent two whole days on the links in several close and exciting matches.

At the close of the second day, his partner, an elderly Scotchman, remarked:

“Can you play tomorrow, laddie?”

“Well,” answered the youth, “I expected to be married tomorrow, but I can put it off.”

Personally, although I thoroughly enjoy golf and am constantly trying to better my game, I could not be so enthusiastic as that. For the average man, a little business and a little golf make an ideal combination. Golf provides the necessary relaxation and diversion. When a man is thinking about the hole in one he has just made, he forgets about the hole he is in financially. So, I'll offer a toast which will fit both:

May our stocks go *up*, and our game come *down*—to par!

AND NEVER WANTS TO SEE AGAIN

The inexperienced golfer had led his caddy a merry chase. “Do you think I'm the worst player on the links, Sam?” he asked.

“Well, Mr. Brown, Ah wouldn't say exactly dat,” answered Sam, diplomatically, “but Ah's suttently seen places on dis heah links today dat Ah nebbah seen befo!”

NAUGHTY SILENCE

Recently a distinguished clergyman was playing a closely contested game of golf. He teed up his ball carefully and addressed it in the most approved manner. Then he raised his driver and hit the ball a tremendous clip, but instead of soaring down the fairway, it went

about ten feet to the right and buzzed around in a circle. The clerical gentleman frowned, pursed up his mouth and bit his lips, but said nothing. A friend who was standing near, exclaimed: "Doctor, that was the most profane silence I ever listened to."

A GOOD TEST

While in Washington, Mark Twain once visited the Chevy Chase Golf Club as the guest of his senator. Mr. Clemens did not play golf, but he walked around the course with the honorable gentleman, whose game left much to be desired. Teeing off, the senator sent dirt flying in every direction; then to distract his guest's attention, he said, "How do you like our links, Mr. Clemens?"

"Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, wiping the particles of dirt from his lips.

SPRING

Spring is here with balmy breezes,
Sunshine smiles upon us all,
Tree and grass regain their color,
Open spaces seem to call;
All foretell th' approach of summer,
But the surest sign is seen
When the sand is in the tee-box
And the flag is on the green.



RESOLUTIONS

“Go, WING thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all!”

—*Thomas Moore.*

Expressions of Sympathy

(Advice Regarding Their Drafting)

ONE of the most difficult things for the average person to do is to write a set of resolutions on the death of a friend. Even one who has known him intimately will ask to be excused from the task. Therefore, the same obituary committee is usually kept on in a club or lodge month after month, with the result that all the resolutions which they draft bear a close resemblance to each other.

We have no difficulty in reciting to another the true worth and lovable characteristics of our departed friend; we experience no trouble in expressing our sympathy to his family; but when we are asked to put these thoughts and feelings on paper, we find ourselves embarrassed. We assemble all the old copies of resolutions we have in our possession, and we search for stereotyped verses with which to embellish our efforts. The result is a more or less formal statement of virtues and expressions of sympathy, which, except for the name and date, might be applicable to any one of our acquaintances.

The real purpose of resolutions is to tell of our sympathy, to speak words of encouragement and hope, and to leave a permanent record of the love and respect in which our friend was held.

There was a time when such resolutions were printed

in gold on black cards, and we shudder today when we come across them in an old trunk. In recent years an effort has been made to avoid the hackneyed forms, to do away with the formal "Whereas" and "Therefore," and to use instead words which are a sincere tribute and which come from the heart. As a matter of fact, even the word "resolutions" should be abolished.

The main part of the resolutions should contain a few informal paragraphs devoted to the outstanding characteristics of the deceased, our regret at his passing, and expressions of our sympathy. A beautiful verse, original if some one has the poetic sense, will add much to the value of these sentiments, and if couched in proper words will radiate a cheerful faith and breathe soothing consolation. But in writing such sentiments there are certain set words and phrases which should be avoided, words that have been so overworked as to have lost entirely the tender meaning they originally possessed. Here are a few: "pearly gates," "gates ajar," "love," to rhyme with "above," "golden shore," "golden chain."

If verses do not come readily to one's pen, there are very many lovely thoughts which gifted poets have given us and which, because of their classic beauty, can never grow old.

Such simple words, gracefully expressed, are much better than the stiff, stilted phrases of formal resolutions. They will give consolation to the sorrowing ones and create in their hearts a feeling of deep appreciation, which is, after all, the real purpose of the thoughts and sentiments expressed.

A Letter of Sympathy

(From a Personal Friend)

MY DEAR FRIENDS :

I knew your son—and having known him, I can realize the sorrow which lies within your hearts and casts a shadow over your home. And my deepest sympathy goes out to you in this hour.

I knew your son—and therefore I know the pride and happiness which is yours when you recall the goodness of heart and the sweetness of mind and soul which made up his beautiful young life.

I knew your son—and the unselfish love he bore you ; therefore, I know he would not wish your life to be saddened because of his early passing.

No words of mine can lessen your grief ; no act can heal the scar. I can only say : There is consolation in the thought that life's disillusionments will never come to him now ; the disappointments and sorrows of earth will never be his to bear. He lived in sunshine and happiness. God called him before the shadows came. And your memory will ever be of his bright and smiling face, his cheerful spirit, and his loving heart.

SOMEWHERE

'Tis always morning somewhere, little heart ;
Somewhere the sky is ever fair and blue,
No night can wrap in darkness all the world,
Some rift the sun is ever shining through.

There's always happiness somewhere, sad heart;
 Somewhere are always love and hope and cheer,
 No sorrow can forever hide God's smile,
 No life is toil and grief from birth to bier.

Look up and bide with patience, then, dear heart,
 The sacred promise of the dawn is true,
 Beyond the cloud a glad new day shall rise,
 And what of joy is yours will come to you.

—*Jessie C. Glasier.*

Your devoted friend,

IN MEMORIAM

He is not dead, this friend, not dead,
 But in the path we mortals tread
 Got some few trifling steps ahead
 And nearer to the end;
 So that we, too, once past the bend,
 Shall meet him face to face, this friend
 We fancy dead.

—*Selected:*

OBITUARY

We sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
 His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
 In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
 Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,

And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
 O'er the warm-colored heaven and the ruddy mountain
 head.

Why weep we then for him, who, having won
 The bound of man's appointed years, at last,

Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labor done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed ;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like the twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.
—*Selected.*

THE BROKEN SHELL

I am walking in the woods when at my feet I see a broken and abandoned shell. Shall I gather up these physical remains of that little blue egg and mourn over it? No; its living tenant is yonder, swinging on a leafy bough and singing of freedom, life and love. O, yes, the time was when the little creature could not have lived an hour without this physical house, but those earthbound days are over. It has entered on a new life as God has ordained.—*Selected.*

TRANSPLANTED

A gardner once took a tiny seed and planted it in a pot and placed it in the greenhouse. Soon the little seed felt the call of the great sun and responded, coming forth in bounty and beauty. Now happily the plant grew until its roots filled the flower pot.

Then a frightful thing happened. The gardner came with a hammer and began to break in pieces the earthen pot. He did not stop until it fell a hopeless, helpless heap on the floor. Then, taking the trembling plant tenderly in his hand, out from the greenhouse, out from the presence of old associates, he planted it in the garden with the arching blue sky for a roof, and the sun and stars for friends, with plenty of room to grow and blossom and fulfill its God-given mission.

What an adventure that is, when the great Gardener comes for you, or me, or those we love! Our trust in God truly needs enlargement when we sorrow "as those who have no hope," and if our faith has no grip and hold on the things the Father hath promised beyond our sepulchre, then indeed in this life, "We are of all men, most to be pitied."—*Selected.*

IMMORTALITY

"The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

"Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!"

—*Charles Dickens.*

ANGELS OF LIFE AND DEATH

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo, He looks back from the departing cloud!

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

HE IS NOT LOST

He is not lost—
 The child whose white feet never pressed
 Earth's highway dust and dew!
 The bird that left our earthly nest
 In Heavenly Freedom sings the best
 The Heavenly notes he knew.

—*Selected.*

'T WILL GIVE HIM JOY

—and if the ear
 Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath
 The brightness of its new inheritance,
 It may be joyful to the parted one
 To feel that earth remembers him in love!

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

* * * * *

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
 The Reaper said, and smiled;
 “Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear.”

* * * * *

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE SUN IS ON THE HILL

The rain is on the river,
But the sun is on the hill;
And I know the clouds will sever
When the storm has had its will.

Set your heart, then, on the morrow,
If the sky be gray today,
For the darkest of your sorrow
Be ye sure will pass away.

Lift your eyes to yon day-giver,
Look up higher, hoping still;
Though the rain be on the river,
Yet the sun is on the hill.

—*F. Wyville Home.*

THE ROSE STILL GROWS BEYOND THE WALL

Near shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall,
Thru which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride
It followed the light thru the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,
And make our courage faint or fail?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will for evermore.

—A. L. Frink.

BE NOT TROUBLED

“Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

“In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

“And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”

—John 14:1.

FOREVER THERE

Forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear—
Forever there.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE DIVINE STAIR

Mourn not death; 'tis but a stair
Built with divinest art,
Up which the deathless footsteps climb,
Of loved ones who depart.

—*Minot J. Savage.*

MEMORIES

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and
love.

—*Selected.*



NEW TOASTS

HERE'S a toast to the future,
A toast to the past,
And a toast to our friends, far and near.
May the future be pleasant;
The past, a bright dream;
May our friends remain faithful and dear.

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New Toasts

SPEECHES

TO THE after-dinner speeches—
 May they be short and sweet.
We're glad they do not come until
 We've had a chance to eat.

A TOAST TO THE TOASTMASTER
We'll bless our dear toastmaster,
 Wherever he may roam,
If he'll only cut the speeches short
 And let us all go home.

TO THE RADIO SPEAKER
We have to listen to a *friend*,
 And politely try to smile;
Though we do not like his subject,
 And we do not like his style.

So here's to the *radio* speaker,
 Let him rave and rant and scoff;
If we do not like the things *he* says,
 We can always turn him off.

TO THE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER

Here's to the man who has to toil,
And burn the midnight gas or oil,
With books and papers scattered o'er
The table, desk, and chairs and floor,
And tries to write, with aid from each,
An off-hand after-dinner speech.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

To the Father of His Country

I offer a loyal toast.
May all his wonderful dreams come true,
The dreams he dreamed when the land was new—
Just a strip along the coast.

But I cannot help but wonder,
As to him we tribute pay,
What the Father of His Country
Would think of his child today.

THE DAY WE LOVE THE MOST

We've holidays and holy days,
And memory days galore;
And when we've toasted every one,
I'll offer just one more.

So let us lift our glasses high,
And drink a silent toast—
The day, deep buried in each heart,
That each one loves the most.

TO OUR FLAG

A toast to the flag of our country,
So old and yet ever so new;
The symbol of safety and freedom—
A toast to the Red, White, and Blue.

POLITICAL PROMISES

There are candidates in front of us,
And candidates to rear,
All promising the universe
In presidential year.

But when they take their offices,
And brooms with which to sweep,
We wonder just how many of
Their promises they'll keep.

TO THE NEW STYLES

We have stream-lined trains and autos;
We've planes and buses, too.
The reason for this stream-line is
To cut their time in two.

We've stream-lined boats and buildings
In many strange designs.
Adoption of this style, they say,
Adds beauty to their lines.

These speedy lines enthrall me;
My head is in a whirl;
But none of them can hold a match
To the stream-lined bathing girl!

AN ANONYMOUS TOAST

I will give you a toast that is nameless;
'Tis offered not in jest.
Let us silently drink to the lady
Whom each one loves the best.

TO THE GIRLS

Here's to powder and lip-stick;
Here's to mascara and curls;
Here's to sun tan and swim suits;
In other words—
Here's to girls!

THE MOVIES

The children's delight;
The shopper's boon;
The engaged couple's
Chance to spoon.

TO OUR GIRL

A toast to your girl and my girl!
And may we both be game
When we find that your girl and my girl
Are one and the very same.

THE OPPORTUNIST

Here's to the man who kept his head
When all his stocks went crash;
Who blamed his broker not at all,
And make no gestures rash.

But smiled and told his creditors
He had no more to give;
Then simply packed his household goods
And went back home to live.

TO THE COOK

We've toasted the brave and the beautiful ones;
We've toasted the saint and the sinner;
Now let's offer a toast
(She deserves it the most)
To the one who prepared this fine dinner.

BRIDGE TOAST

A toast to the ladies, God bless their dear hearts,
And a toast to their winning ways.
I once played with one who was minus a heart,
And I found that it never pays.

For she bid in diamonds and I bid in hearts,
And she took my cards all away;
And she kept the diamonds, and also my heart;
So—here's to our wedding day!

CHAIN KISSES

I kissed a girl in the twilight,
And before another day
She kissed ten other lads, I'm told,
As they passed by that way.

They each, in turn, kissed ten more girls.
Oh, I am filled with glee,
For won't I be in clover when
The chain comes back to me!

TO MOTHERS

Here's a toast to your mother and mine;
And here's to the mothers of all—
To the one with the costly garments,
And the one with a faded shawl.

We know that down in the heart of each
There's a fire of love divine.
So—here's to the mother of every one,
And here's to your mother and mine.

TO HIS GIRL

Ring-around-a-rosy was a funny game they played,
When he was a little boy and she a little maid.

Now she is a woman; she is beautiful and sweet,
And she has him kneeling at her charming little feet.

Ring-around-a-finger is the game they're playing now;
Soon he'll be her hubby and she'll be his little frau.

TO THE QUIET SLEEPER

I can love a man with a temper ;
I can love a man who bores.
But I hope I never have to live
With a dreadful man who snores.

TO A LITTLE DOG

(Lucky)

Here's to our humble little friends
Who faithfully adore us ;
Who understand our every mood,
And really never bore us.

Who never weigh our sins and crimes,
And never feel above us ;
Who'll follow us to journey's end—
The little dogs who love us.

TO THE COP ON THE CORNER

There's a cop on a certain corner,
He's the crossest I ever have seen ;
For it's hard to wait,
When a half hour late,
Till the red light turns to green.

But when I come in the dead of night,
A blessing I ask on his head ;
'Tis a lonely square,
And I'm glad he's there
When the green light turns to red.

TO THE FARMER

A toast to the man who runs the farm,
Who grows the corn and wheat,
Who milks the cows and plows the soil,
And raises all our meat.

One thing there is he cannot raise,
This farmer in the dell,
And that's the mortgage on his farm,
Which places him in—well—

Let's try to help him all we can;
Let's put him on his feet
By trying every day to see
How much food we can eat.

TO THE FAMILY BOSS

My wife and I once disagreed,
And both were very cross,
Because we could not quite decide
Which one should be the boss.

But now we've made the quarrel up,
And both are very game,
For *neither* one has been the boss
Since the night our baby came.

TO THE BOLD HUNTER

Here's to our famous hunter bold,
And the two fat ducks he shot;
Here's to the irate farmer and
The five dollar bill he got.

TO THE HIGHFLIERS

Let's lift a glass to our heroes,
To Lindy and to Byrd.
(Each name the wide-world over
Is now a household word.)

And then, let's toast those others,
As brave as any man;
Let's drink a toast to the ladies—
To Amelia and to Anne.

TO THE REVENUE COLLECTOR

They've cut our income at both ends;
Of reason we're bereft;
We have to use a microscope
To find what there is left.

But the revenue collector,
Not content to let that pass,
Puts his tax upon the remnants
With a magnifying glass.

NATIONAL CONTEST

If we'd hold a contest of nations,
To find the most popular one,
'Twould not be the oldest or strongest,
Nor those with a place in the sun.

But one of the weakest and smallest
Would easily win all our bets.
Here's to honest, brave little Finland
The country who pays her just debts.

TO THE NATIONAL BULWARK
Dictators may overrun Europe,
And rule with an iron hand;
But they never will cross the ocean
To Freedom's chosen land.

Though many have been ambitious,
We always have held the fort;
And we need not fear dictators here
While we have the SUPREME COURT.

BOYHOOD MEMORIES

We've toasted the ships of the navy,
The air and the deep-sea craft,
The passenger boats and freighters,
With rigging fore and aft.

Now here is a toast to another—
A boat of which we were fond,
When we were boys and sailed it—
The little scow on the pond.

The pirate ships that we captured,
The treasure chests we found,
As, with canvas spread to the breezes,
We sailed the great seas 'round.

So I'll offer a toast to memory,
I'm sure you will all respond—
To the captain and crew courageous
Of the little scow on the pond.

NOT FOR ME

I like five cards in poker hands;
I like five dollars in bets;
I like five points in twinkling stars;
But I don't want quintuplets.

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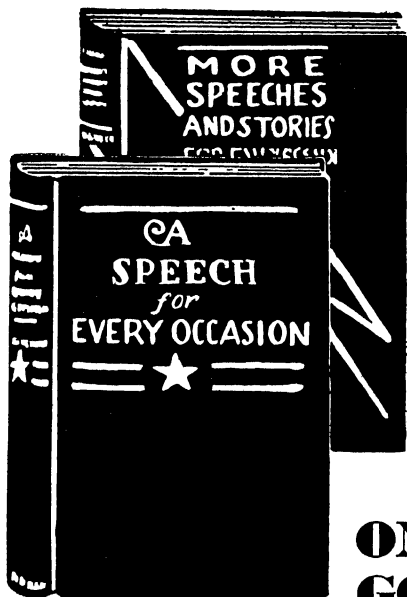
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