

# MAGAZINE FEATURES

## Simple Letters of A Simple Fellow

(By Ed. Streeter.)

Dere Mable—  
I had an awful dream last night. I dreamt I was the Prince of Wales. Me an Angus had been readin about him before we went to bed. We thought he was a lucky fello only he mised so many chances to have some fun.  
I dreamt he came to me an offered me 2 1/2 dollars to take his place for a day. It seems we looked just alike. He sez the Pry Minister bored him to death. If he didn't get away from him a while he was afraid he'd kill him.  
I took him right up an elot that night in the royal sweet. The next mornin a fello woke me up bowin an see. "Your Royal Harness bath is drawn." I told him he could draw it out again. There he weeds in it it fern I got up. Then three obere came in. They looked about as full of fun as the Smith Brothers. Everybody treated my bedroom like it was a hotel lobby.  
It seems one of them was the Pry Minister. He sez did my Royal Harness forget the Mayor was goin to make him a speech of welcome at ten o'clock? An that he had to go through a lot of factories before lunch? I told him I wasn't much of a fan on that factory stuff. An if the Mayor wanted to make me a speech there was no reason why he couldn't do it while I was in bed.  
They whispered together a minit. Then they regotted my Royal Harness was indisposed. The court doctor would be right up. The doctor didn't seem much worried. He sez it was the same old trouble an I'd take my usual

"I'm glad to hear it. That's very gratifying." Lord, sez the newspaper men could hear me.  
There was such a jam in front of the factory I thought there must be a strike on. I went up to a big fello in overalls an sez "How goes it my good fello?" He sez "Sick in bed. Howa yourself?" I sez "Glad to hear it. That's very gratifying." Then I ducked behind a packing case cause I didn't see no motor cled cops around.  
When we came out of the second factory the Pry Minister whispered to me that I'd forgot to kiss any babies. I'd better go through half a dozen right there. I looked over the babies an told em he could kiss em himself. I wasn't runnin for Prince of Wales—I was.  
Then we went to a big civil lunch that was being given us. I had a pretty good time there till that big kid leaved over an sez "The Prince will only take one helping of everything." Then he handed me a speech all done up in pink ribbon. I took it over the other line till I got tired. Then every 4th time. They all seemed to think it was fine. When we finished everybody came up an shook hands. I sez it was the best speech they'd ever heard.  
I like October's manner for its generous with all. Every leaf is splashed with splendor ere the day that it must fall; And it passes from its labor to the everlasting rest.  
Not as one that's worn and weary, but as one that's at its best.

## Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

OCTOBER.

I like October weather with its touch of early frost  
And the trees aglow with jewels which some dead old king has lost.  
And I like the distant hills tops looming far away from town  
In their garb of gold and purple and that glorious autumn brown.

I like the mist that rises with the cooling of the sun  
To betray some bit of beauty that has just been newly done;  
Oh, there's nothing that's too lowly on the breast of Mother Earth  
To receive a touch of color as a symbol of its worth.

I like October's manner for its generous with all.  
Every leaf is splashed with splendor ere the day that it must fall;  
And it passes from its labor to the everlasting rest.  
Not as one that's worn and weary, but as one that's at its best.

Oh, it never comes October but the thought returns to me  
That I'd like to end my toiling as a leaf upon the tree  
I should like to flutter eastward, touched with scarlet and with gold,  
And pass onward robed in splendor for the Master to behold.

## TODAY'S TALK

BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS.  
THE WAY YOU THINK.

The sound and word of what we say doesn't always square with what we think.  
It is so much safer and happier to take a longer time to think than to talk. And as we older grow, we learn this. There is nothing more important than the way we think.

In the same way that our actions have an influence upon those who are near to us, so do our thoughts have an inside influence upon our thoughts yet unborn. We are our own best or worst companions. Thoughts are deeds!

The way that you think is the way that you are. The philosophy of a sound mind in a sound body is one of the greatest in life. Clean thoughts are indicative of a clean and healthy body.

We are stimulated by those of our friends and companions who think. The man or woman who cleanly and honestly thinks, is on the road to certain success. When a nation stops thinking, it dies and is followed by one that does think. Every process of unfolding in this world among men must continue to be fostered by serious and earnest thought.

In any emergency the first thing to think of is to teach. The greatest thing that any master of education can do, is to teach one how to think. For to think is the beginning of all action.  
And it is the WAY in which you think that stamps you as one of worth or of worthlessness.

Think correctly and you are bound to talk correctly. Think cleanly and you are sure to live cleanly.

## Rann-Dom Reels

ADVICE.

Advice is a free gift which can be taken or left, as is usually left. The amount of free advice distributed in this country every day would reach from the Brooklyn Bridge to Pike's Peak, if laid end on end, and made samples are left at people's doorsteps in a week that the combined output of all the liver pill and plug tobacco factories in the land.

Despite the fact that advice does not cost anything it is given about as warm a welcome as a small but very meaty bone is given to a dog four times by actual count. Scattered all through the closets, attics and spare rooms in thousands of humble homes may be found neglected, motion picture packages of advice which were given along with the wedding presents and were then tied up and laid away along with five or six sets of extra silver nutcrackers. Once in a while some repentant wife, who has mangled her husband for nothing to part with her delicacy brought home from the last church supper, will remember some advice that her mother gave her when they were framing up the bridal wreath and apologize with fresh cream puffs, but this is a rare happening. The freer advice is the less people like it and the madder they get when it turns in at the front gate.

Advice is mostly given by people who have been there or have some relative who has been there and never recovered. The sick room probably produces more advice than any other locality on earth, unless it is a revival meeting led by a reformed sinner. If the average sick person took all of the remedies prescribed for him by kind-hearted neighbors who have seen them tried out, his stomach would look like the interior of a chemical laboratory within six hours. The worst trial the doctor has is the well meaning old lady who insists on throwing a plate of corn-beef hash into a patient whom he has limited to a diet of beef broth and fresh air.

Advice is nearly always given verbally, with the shoulders thrown back and the chest expanded, but sometimes it is written on a typewriter and sent through the mails in the form of an anonymous letter. Most people are in favor of abolishing the electric chair, but they receive their first anonymous letter, accusing them of firing with some sprightly widow.

The only place on this continent



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where advice is not free is in a law office. If everybody who gave advice would charge the regular legal rate of \$5 a minute, young wives would have more time in which to learn how to cook and the dyspeptic bridegroom would become excited.

## ON THE WAY TO A BETTER DAY

By William T. Ellis.

The International Sunday School Lesson For October 12 is "Fishers of Men."—Mark 1:14-20.

A noisy motor-boat now runs on the Lake of Galilee. It carries passengers from the station of the Hain-Danassus railroad at the foot of the lake to the town of Tiberias, the only surviving community on the edge of this once populous sheet of water. Capernaum is a ruin; Bethsaida and Chorazin and Magdala and Gadara have disappeared. Tiberias is a Jewish town, where rival sects of old-world Jews maintain their theocratic and ecclesiastical orthodoxy to the mint and cunning degree in a town of indescribable stench and unsanitary conditions.

Fellow passengers on the motor-boat are Jewish colonists, British soldiers, Turkish prisoners, and native Arabs and Galileans. While we wait for our journey across the lake to begin, olive-kernelled small boys sport in the water, diving for the shiny shining, smiling, winsome faces, with lustrous black eyes and beautiful teeth; reminding one of that Other Boy who used to tread across the hills from Nazareth in order to go in swarming here; and who later made his home and did his work and spoke his words by this very lake.

Of course I went swimming in Galilee, overboard from a native boat in the middle of the lake; and as the boat went fishing there, thinking all the while of the other fishermen, brown, dusky fellows, just like my boatmen, who quit their nets in order to become fishers of men and moulders of the new world order which is still today the highest hope of mankind.

One Prophet Dead, a Greater Comes.

A Back of the short story which is a back of today's lesson lies a great principle. John the Baptist, the rising star of his time, the most promising portent upon his day's horizon, was dead. That news sounded like the knell of hope to many who had been fired by his assurance that the kingdom which spelt deliverance for all hurried hearts was near at hand. It seemed as if the very existence of this better day which he heralded was dependent upon the continuance of the message and ministry of John himself. If ever a man seemed indispensable to a critical time, that man was John the Baptist.

And he was dead. What now of his good news and his promised kingdom? God removes the worker, but he carries on the work. Sometimes He has to remove the worker in order to carry on the work. John had gone his limit; had spoken his word, had uttered his call. He could do no more. His place was only that of a herald and a finger-board. His success depended upon Somebody's coming after him, with a larger vision and a greater word. No body knew this so well as John. He joyfully laid down his tools, and gave up his life, for he saw that another would fulfill his beginning. In Whittier's words:

"What matter, I or they?  
Mine or another's day?  
So the right word be said  
And life the sweeter made?"

"Hail to the coming saviors!  
Hail to the brave high-bringers!  
Forward march and shout  
All that they sing and dare."

"Ring, bells in unceasing steeples,  
The way of the peoples,  
Sound, trumpets far off blown,  
Your triumph is my own!"

The Key of Life's Puzzles.

Back to work went the men who had followed John the Baptist. Did it seem a slump from the exciting times of the revival by the Jordan with the crowds, the commotion and the ever-changing scenes of interest? As these fishermen turned back to the fishing in Galilee, their first instinctive feeling, doubtless, was akin to that of the soldiers returned from the great war to humdrum tasks of peace. They were wise enough, though, to know that work is the sovereign remedy; to have work to do, and a will to do it, is to be in possession of the panacea for all ills. The wise men of our own time are crying aloud this truth as a remedy for present social, economic and political troubles. Work has declined; production is below normal; labor is coming to be looked upon as an evil, and not as a boon. Now is the time for all of us to follow the example of the apostles of old, and in a period of uncertainty and of waiting, betake ourselves to labor, hard, growing, ungrudging labor. Much of what is wrong with ourselves and our era will be righted by sheer industry of a productive character.

While we wait and work, the way out will appear. God seems not to like to do business with idlers; whereas the devil traffics chiefly with persons who are not busy. The four fishermen were toiling at the drug-ery of their heavy calling—I am thinking of the huge oars and cumbersome boats of Galilee—when Jesus appeared to them. Nets were weighty, and the men worked often up to their middle in water. It was no fly-casting sort of fishing that these Galileans were doing, but the back-aching work of manual laborers, when they heard the Voice that called them to their careers.

"News Sense" in a Leader.

Some men have that pictorial and pertinent quality called a "news sense." Their conception of current news and opportunities is highly developed. The living present is their meter. They speak and write to the occasion and to the people. Such a one was Jesus, the most vivid of teachers. On this tour of Galilee wherein he called the four first disciples, he was preaching the present good news of a kingdom near at hand—"the time is fulfilled"—and echoing John's great call to repentance. This fact is often forgotten. Jesus began his ministry by proclaiming a better social order. He was the exponent of a kingdom, an organization of men and women with God as their king. Anybody who says that religion has nothing to do with conditions in the world, and with the welfare of people economically and socially, has been a blind reader of the Bible. Moreover, there will be no new era for humanity until a great many

persons have heard the divine call and command, "Repent Ye!" Both nations and men will have to mend their ways if we are to have the good time which has ever been the burden of prophetic messages. Things will never be right with men until men get right with God.

The "news sense" of Jesus was further illustrated by his manner of summoning the four fishermen to join him in his kingdom enterprise. As always, he avoided set forms of speech. He would not use the stereotyped phrases of the rabbis. His unconventional invitation was, "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." Isn't that a picture phrase? These seekers after the finer creatures of the deep were given opportunity to catch men alive.

Seizing the Main Chance.

There probably never was an old bore who did not have tales to tell or what he might have been or might have done had he seized his hour of opportunity. Forty years hence thousands of young men of today will be telling their grandchildren that they were alive throughout the world's crisis hour, but failed to see its possibilities for them. They did not have the insight and the decision to forsake all and follow the great call.

Not so these four fishermen. Our hearts warm to them as men of action. They heard the voice of opportunity, the call of the New Leader, and they answered with military promptness, "Behave!" I was once visiting Culver Military Academy, at the beginning of a summer term, when the wife of the superintendent asked a new student a question about some boy's whereabouts. He answered politely that he did not know. With a smile, his questioner turned to me and said, "That is the difference between a new summer student and an old winter student. The latter would have said, 'I will go and find out.'" Blessed is the education which makes doers of youth; which teaches them instinctively to put their shoulders

into savings banks and Government bonds. They are not going to solve it by fixing prices. Except in so far as they cease to exert any artificial influence on markets the Government agencies aren't going to solve this problem by any of the methods these various Government agencies are cooking up will do the job.

If there aren't enough potatoes in the country to help feed the American people how can cutting off fur and silk skirts provide the needed potatoes? How can there be any difference as to meat, eggs, milk, butter and cheese?

If the grain that feeds and fattens the live stock that provides meat for man is two or three times as dear as it normally is how can meat products come back to normal, whether silk shirts are worn by one man out of a thousand or by five hundred men out of a thousand?

If, because of the high prices of grains which are the basis of all food costs, man's bread and butter costs him 50 per cent, 60 per cent, or 70 per cent, more than it cost him a couple of years ago, how can the articles he produces with his labor, how can the service he performs with his labor, come back to normal prices? How can any prices come back to normal levels when silk shirts, furs, and pearl necklaces enter into the situation or don't?

Prices will come down when there is an abundance of supply which is not tampered with by Government or any other price fixing. But even an abundance of supply—without wheat—will not send prices down if the Government keeps them jacked up.

If every worker will do a full day's work for a full day's pay and if the Government will stop monkeying with the natural laws there will be an abundance of articles of consumption and there will be plenty of power in the pay envelope to buy them.

Bridgework—Who is that quiet little man in the corner who games at me so earnestly?

Bride—That—Oh, I'll introduce him after lunch! That's father-in-law!

Answers, London.

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## Whispered—I'd forgot to kiss any babies.

dose. Would I take it in orange or lemon juice. I thought I'd get up an keep some ingamings with a couple of mayors.  
I picked out a nice check suit with a purple skirt. Just as I was getting into an auto I saw an anel I'd have to wear my cutaway and topper and account of the trick he learned me on argue with him for fear he send for the doctor again. So I let him dress me any way he wanted.

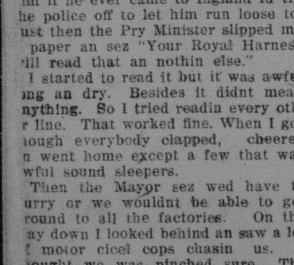
After breakfast we drove to a big hall. I couldn't keep the high hat on in the auto. The Pry Minister sez that I'd better take it off to bow all the time. I sez that was the way all famous men had to manage toppers in autos.

The hall was filled with people. When we came on the platform an old who with a red bandage on his chest got up and talked. They sez that was the mayor. Pretty soon the Pry Minister leaned over an tapped me. He sez it would look better if my Royal Harness didn't go to sleep while the minister was takin. My mouth seemd to come open an it looked bad.

At last the mayor turned a round an sez it gave him great pleasure to present me with the freedom of the city. That seemed silly cause I could s meant all right the. I got up to tell em if he ever came to England I'd tip the police off to let him run loose to, but then the Pry Minister sloped me paper an sez "Your Royal Harness 'll read that an outlin else."

I started to read it but it was awerling an dry. Besides I didn't mean anything. So I tried readin every other line. That worked fine. When I got tough everybody clapped, and there n went home except a few that was wful sound sleepers.

Then the Mayor sez wed have to hurry or we wouldn't be able to get round to all the factories. On the way down I looked behind an saw a lot of motor cled cops chain us. The thought we was pinched sure. The



## She learned her dancin at a correspondence school.

Minister sez they was to keep people from throwin huns at us. When got to the factory theyd walk round in the crowd an try to spot felloas that was out to kill me. I told him I hadn't wanted to go to old factories in the first place. If y didn't want me there what was the sense in goin. The Pry Minister was the kind of a fello that has a room for one idear tho.

He told me after we got there I was stop every 7th man an say "How is it my good fello?" Then no mat what he answered I was to say



## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Well Nature's wonderful of course With field and hill and tree, But all the little insects here Have ruined her for me.

Bill.

A negro bought a horse, which he afterward found would not go. He took it to a veterinary surgeon, who injected morphine into the animal. The horse bolted down the street while the astonished negro turned to the surgeon and asked him what the charge was. "Ten cents," said he. "Then," said Rastus, "I want you to put fifty cents' worth of that stuff in my laigs." "Why?" asked the doctor. "Cause I've got to ketch dat boss!"

I've certainly felt sorry for the poor old Prince of Wales ever since. I wish I could do something for him. I'm afraid he's just plum out of luck tho. Thank my stars I never went into anything on a royalty basis.

Yours gratefully,  
Bill.

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