MAGAZINE FEATURES

Simple Letters of A Simple Fello

Dere Mable,—

Its to bad plummers cant go to hevn. They need em there bad now. Its been rainin for a week an gettin more enthuziastick about it every minit. Im beginin to feel mildood. Anguz sez his mettle parts is startin to rust. A fello told me once the human body was 2 thirds water. Mine is 99 and 99 hundreaths per cent pure by this time. I bet if Noa was alive hed be gettin rich sellin stock for a new ark deal. Every day the wether man says "Showers today or probably tomorrow." If hed go out an stand under the wether once in a while hed know more about what to call it. I never was a fello for takin sides much but Im sure strong for the drys now.

Uncle Charlie says its all on account of the stupidity bein so low. He talks queer like that once in a while. A think he needs a vakashun.

I didnt buy an umbrela as long as I could. All my life Ive thought of umbrelas like matches. You always have plenty but nobody ever seems to buy any. After three or four days tho my new straw hat got lookin like an old panyma thats been packed away for the winter. Then I bought one. I had to give a dollar for it but I think it pays to get the best.

Pushing a sweeper around under the table over my feet.

The handel comes off mine. Anguz sez a safedy devise. Like turnin down the steerin wheel of an automobile when you leave it. When you want to lay your umbrella anywhere you pull the handle of an stick it in your pocket. Then nobody wants to take it. The only trouble is the handel comes of when you try to raise it. I like to have thrown my shoulder out of joint the other night.

About the only fellos that likes this rain is ducks an tailers. Whoever invents an umbrella that keeps the crease in your trowsers is goin to get deckorated. Anguz sez the fello that invented the crease in the first place ought to get deckorated too—with a hammer. It would be just as sensibel to say a fello wasnt dresed good without his necktie wasnt starched or his shoelaces curled.

Im sorry to hear the hired girl has quit agen. That makes the 4th time in a month. It must be hard to tell wether shes quittin or just takin her day of. We got a bran new hired girl here. The last one quit cause Mrs. Bodega the landlady, told her she couldnt have no more policemen in the kitchen. She sez she agreed with her. It wasnt no place for em. If Mrs. Bodega would arrange for her to use the sittin room evenins she knew the policemen would like it better.

The new girls name is Lizzie Olson. She sez shes a bullshevikky. I think shes a sweed tho. It saves us buyin newspapers anyway. Lizzie tells us all the news at breakfast every mornin. She sez the day of the hired girl is comin. I told her how home it usuly came Sunday afternoons. Lizzies a queer sort. I think shes fond of Anguz.

The first mornin she was here she started sweepin out the dinin room while we was eatin brekfast. Sshes a girl of one idear. An its usuly the wrong one. If she took it into her head to make your bed shed do it if you was in it or not.

Lizzie was pushin a sweeper around under the table an over my feet. She was tellin us all about the hired girls unyon. As soon as it got goin Lizzie sez she was goin to take a new posichun. I should think she would. The only one I ever seen her in yet was leanin agenst the area door talkin to delivery boys. Bime by she ran over the bell Mrs. Bodega calls the dinin room girl with. When she heard it she sez perhaps that ban the postman with a letter from her families. She came back kind of queer an began sweepin. In a couple of minits she ran over the bell agen. I thought Id swallo my roll laffin. After shed answered the door about 4 times she commenced crossin herself. She told Mrs. Bodega she was goin to quit. The place ban giver her spooks.

Uncle Charlies been tellin me how been gettin me to write letters for him once in a while cause he claims I got to learn to do a bisnis letter. Bisnis letters is something like gard duty in the army. You got to say a lot of things that dont mean nothin because their is the rules. The other day he told me to write a place out west for their cattylog. I wrote em an sez:

Dere Gentelmen:—Yours of this instantin my hand (That's just a way you have to begin, Mable.) Will you please kindly send us your cattylog like you said you was goin to about six times, an greatly oblige your truzy, and so forth.

Just when I was finishin Uncle Charlie passed by an sez never mind the cattylog. He just got it in the male. Now if a fello hadnt been watchin out to save hed have probably wrote another letter an wasted all that paper. All I done tho was to write underneath "Never mind the cattylog. We just got it in the male." Thrifty. Thats me all over, Mable.

You havnt any idear what funny bisnises people do till you get into a place like this. The other day Uncle Charlie came out rubbin his hands an sez hed just signed a contract for a ship load of cold bullyon to China. I doit see whod want a ship load of bullyon anyway. An why send it cold insted of in cubes. I didnt say nothin tho. Its still Uncle Charlies bisnis.

Anguz came in later an showed me a letter from the Indian Refining Company. Not as he sez, that they dont need it but who wants em after their refined. The letter sez they wouldnt consider anything but carload lots. We figgered they must catch the Indian out west an ship em east in freight cars like we rode in in France. As soon as they get em here they must put em in some sort of a trainin camp where they teach em not to eat sassy frass with their knives an that scalps is for barbers not Indians.

I miss you all the time Mable. The other mornin I got thinkin of you while I was waitin for a street car an let 2 of them go by. Thats how this place is diferent from Philopolis. If a street car ever went by you there youd notice it no matter what you was thinkin of. I cant imagine one of them ever goin by anything that looked like a nickel tho. Tell your mother Im sendin her some samples of yarn a fello brought in here the other day an forgot. I wanted to get them off before he came back for em. Shes perfeckly welcome.

Yours till the hired girl quits quittin, BILL.

The handle comes off when you try to raise it.

Our Daily Story

AFTER THE BALL.

Purloining Pete's prehensile fingers, slipping over the physiognomy of the room in the darkness, experienced an oddly familiar sensation.

"I must o'cracked this crib before," he yawned, for he was tired, having, with his wife (Comery Cora, the champion lady bad check passer), led the grand march at the Burglars' Bi-annual Ball not two hours before. Also, he had drunk too much champagne, and that always made him sleepy. However, though his head reeled real riotously, his trained fingers lacked none of their wonted dexterity as they closed about objects that their highly trained tips knew as silver, and soon Purloining Pete's burlap bunglar bag registered the maximum haul of forty-seven pounds, the limit for one trip imposed on its members by the Amalgamated Abstractors' Association.

Suddenly the skrish of a feminine nightgown bathed the lightless air with sibilant silken sound. Purloining Pete flashed his bull's-eye on the doorway.

A beautiful woman stood there.

"Cora!" breathed Pete, a horrible suspicion clutching at his jealous heart, and his face so pale that it shone like phosphorous in the darkness. "W-what are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here, that's question?" she replied with withering scorn. "You poor pifficated fish, to break into your own home and try to rob it!"

And she swept silkenly back to bed, and Purloining Pete, now blushingly so that his face puctuated the blackness like a red lantern, crept guiltily out to the vestibule and slept in the umbrella stand.

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

WANT TO G O FISHING.

Want to go fishing, away from the world,
And the lips that in sneering and jeering are curled;
Away from the madness and sadness of trade;
Away from the pavements and the money is made;
Away from the pitiless struggle for gain,
The clamor of toil and the sighing of pain,
And rest for awhile on the banks of a stream
And look at the sky up above me and dream.

Want to go fishing, where speech isn't words
But the trill of and thrill of the music of birds,
Away from the dirt of and hurt of the town
And the struggle for place and the strife for renown;
Away from the pavements and buildings of stone
To the temples of peace that the ages have grown
And rest for awhile in the shade of the trees
And bring back my soul into tune with the breeze.

Want to go fishing, away from the strife
An the mean and unclean things of commonplace life.
Away from the bicker and dicker of men
To the peace of a stream and the calm of a glen,
Where fame doesn't matter and gold doesn't count
And the soul can break loose from its fetters and mount
To the hill tops of glory on wings of delight—
Want to go fishing, and wait for a bite.

Rippling Rhymes

POC R ME.

Soon I shall hear the soldiers tell of mighty deeds they've done; how they have dared the shot and shell, and how before them Prussians fell—and I have bagged not one! I soon shall see the hero here with port and front of Mars, the man who knew no craven fear when prodded with a lance or spear—and I can show no scars! The man who sailed the vasty deep will tell strange tales to me; and I shall feel so dad-blamed cheap I'm likely to break down and weep—I have not crossed the sea! The airmen soon will with us tread, their voices will resound; they'll tell of triumphs overhead, and I'll be filled with grief and dread—I've never left the ground! Oh, weary days are coming soon, for men too fat to fight; a melancholy lay they'll croon as they sit out beneath the moon and weep through half the night. What if I bought a green thrift stamp and did without cigars? The man from battlefield and camp will on me turn a scornful lamp, and show his honored scars. What if I lived on graham bread, and cut out pie and cake? The man who piled up dicks of dead, and lost an arm, a leg or head, will say my boast's a fake. I've done my best; alas, alack, that it should be so small; for when the boys have journed back I know I'll want to hunt a crack, in which a gent may crawl.

When a Black Cat Crossed Your Path.

Black cats for luck; that is an old and equally modern superstition. And yet it is a somewhat personal superstition too for there are persons who claim that black cats have always foretold bad luck for them.

But if you undertake new work and a black cat should cross your path you will be lucky in your undertaking. The meowing of a black cat at midnight, just as the clock strikes twelve is however, a very bad omen and one which fortells death.

The cat must be really black, with no admixture of colors, not even a single hair. A lady who recently lost her cat said: "I should not have minded, but he was perfectly black."

There seems to be no reason why from time imemorial black cats have been accounted lucky. In Egypt cats were regarded with great reverence. Archeologists have frequently found them in tombs of kings and princes.

Australians have a curious legend about cats. Mityarc, the moon, they say was a native cat who fell in love with someone else's wife and was driven away to wander ever since. To them a cat, black, grey or white, prophesies only bad luck.

In Japan and China a black cat is regarded as an extremely dangerous demon, often possessing as many as two or three forked tails and having the power to change itself into an old woman. The Chinese believe that a cat will leap on or walk over a corpse, causing the corpse to rise up at once. Any person passing through the room would be in danger of being seized by the corpse when in that state, and would be killed immediately.

In Egypt, according to ancient writings of Herodotus, if a cat died in a private house by a natural death all the inmates of the house were obliged to shave their eyebrows.

GRANDMA'S TEETH.

Last night when I went up the stairs
I came on grandma, unawares,
And she was in the bathroom, and
She had her teeth out in her hand
And she was scrubbing just the way
The servant scrubbed the floor today.

I couldn't hardly b'live my eyes!
It surely was a good surprise,
Cos I supposed that teeth grew in
An' had to stick right to your chin,
But grandma had hers out, and she
Could scrub them right where I could see.

Then with her finger and her thumb
She put them back into her gum,
And when she saw me standing there
She said: "My goodness, what a scare
You gave to me! I never knew
A boy to be as still as you."

Ma makes me brush my teeth at night
And mornings, too, to keep them white
And I must keep my toothbrush flat
And can't see what I'm scrubbing at,
But I could scrub them shiny, too,
If mine came out like grandma's do.

"WOOL" FROM CORK.

TheBritish Department of Overseas Trade has been informed through a reliable channel that a Spanish firm is manufacturing "wool" from cork which it is claimed, may with advantage be substituted for natural wool in the manufacture of mattresses, pillows, quilts, etc. This material is stated to be cleaner and lighter than wool. The cork is employed in the form of very fine pellicles, of which 14 go to make the thickness of a millimetre (0.03937 inch). It is first treated with chemicals to remove any resinous substances and to render it flexible and less likely to break. The cork is then sewn between two cotton sheets and pressed several times.

THE WISDOM TOOTH.

The wisdom tooth is a bright attempt on the part of Nature to be funny with man. Nature is constantly springing little jokes of this character, such as the double-headed calf and the three-legged hen, but when she invented the wisdom tooth she committed a thoughtless and inhuman act.

No good reason has ever been advanced why the wisdom tooth should be allowed to live and litter up the human mouth. It is one of the most poorly located teeth we have, occupying a seat in the nineteenth row of the third balcony, where it cannot bite into anything except the cheek of the wearer. One of the most disappointing experiences a hungry man can have is to aim his teeth at a porterhouse steak three inches thick and have his wisdom teeth miss the target entirely and maim a perfectly good cheek. Science has long asked why Nature did not locate the wisdom tooth nearer the main traveled road, instead of hanging it off to one side, where nothing but the inquisitive forefinger of the dentist can get at it.

The wisdom tooth does not come with the rest of the set, but sits back and waits until the mouth has been completely filled with cavity-stricken molars, when it crowds into the end of the seat without any regard for the comfort of those next to it. A great many people do not cut their wisdom teeth until they get married, which teaches us that marriage should not be entered upon lightly.

Nobody is in favor of the wisdom tooth except members of the dental profession, who find it more profitable than buying laughing gas at eighty cents per 1,000 feet and feeding it to the patient at $9 per square yard. It requires more acrobatic ability to fill a cavity in a wisdom tooth than it does to dodge an action for breach of promise, hence our leading dental schools require their graduates to take lessons of some boneless contorionist.

The wisdom tooth is like some human voices which are roaming up and down, seeking whom they may destroy. It should be extracted as soon as it gets noisy.

WATCH-CASE VERSES.

"When thick watches with removable cases were in fashion and before the introduction of the present compact form, the outer case of the old-fashioned 'turnip' was frequently the repository of verses and sundry devices, generally placed there by the watchmaker." Sometimes these watch-case verses were so devised as to appear in a circle without a break, as in the following:—

Onward,
Perpetually moving,
These faithful hands are proving
How soft the hours steal by;
This monitory puse-like beating
Is oftentimes methinks repeating,
"Swift, swift, the hours do fly!
Ready! be ready! perhaps before
These hands have made
One revolution more
Life's spring is snapt—
You die!"

TONGUE TWISTER.

How quickly can you read this or better still learn it by heart:

Slim Sam Slick sawed six slim, sleek and slightly aslant, slender saplings. The saplings, slim, sleek, slightly aslant and slender, that Sam Slick sawed, slid down a slimy, slippery, slanting bank into a slowly gliding brook. Who was Sam Slick?

RINGS FOR THE THUMB.

Thumb rings were commonly worn from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. Falstaff boasts that in his youth he was slender enough to creep into any alderman's thumb ring.

FROM THE ANGLE OF BETHLEHEM

By William T. Ellis.

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 10 is "Winning Others to Christ."—Acts 16:9-15; James 5:9, 20.

In the soft glow of a summer evening I rode yesterday from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. The distance is only a little more than five miles, along the main southern highway to Hebron. It was over this very road that Joseph and Mary and their faithful donkey went in haste the day before Christmas. The ancient well by the wayside is pointed out, with every degree of probability, as the one at which Mary refreshed herself. Near Bethlehem we pass the tomb of Rachel. Olive and vine-clad terraced hills surround the town, which is solidly built of the ubiquitous limestone of the land: the wise man builds his house on the rock—the underlying rock of Palestine—and of the rock as well. The stone is quarried soft and hardens upon exposure to air.

In a limestone cave, which once was the rear room or stable of the Bethlehem inn, or khan, there was born nineteen centuries ago a Babe. Over that cave today there stands the oldest Christian Church in the world, built in the reign of Constantine the Great, on the site of a still earlier construction. Since the capture of Jerusalem by General Allenby—when an American officer in his army was made first governor of Bethlehem—certain unlovely evidences of ecclesiastical strife, notably the unsightly wall that divides the interior, have been removed. It is still necessary, though, to maintain a military guard at the manger to prevent sectarian strife; though now the soldiers are British, instead of Turks.

A silver star is let into the center of the grotto beneath the church, and it is inscribed, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Around it burn perpetually the lamps of the Latin, Greek and Armenian churches. There is much ecclesiastical ornamentation. One can scarcely realize that at this holy spot the miracle of the ages was wrought; and that here was manifested the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. Here gathered the wondering shepherds from the neighboring hillside. Over this town the mysterious celestial glory shone; and later the star rested. This is a focal point of the universe and of eternity.

New Powder of an Old Place.

What has all this got to do with the present Lesson? Everything. This Bethlehem manger has become central to a newly self-conscious world. The star that shone here nineteen centuries ago has become, as it were, the supreme luminary of a celestial system, drawing all lesser planets into its orbit and power. It represents the uplifted Christ who is today drawing all men unto himself. Now, above all days that have ever been, is a time of the supremacy of the teaching and spirit and sacrifice of Jesus, once born in Bethlehem as a lowly mother's Babe. The heart-sore world is ready to say, with the shepherds, "Come, now, let us go unto Bethlehem."

As of old Paul heard Macedonia calling in a vision—that same poor, distraught Macedonia through which I have recently travelled—"Come over and help us," so now all the weak and war-worn and newly-awakened nations are crying to Christ and his Church, "Come over and help us." There is no thoughtful person who intelligently reviewing the world's present condition who does not arrive at the conclusion that the greatest need of the nations is spiritual, and to be met only by a vitalized and present religion.

As the Soldier Sees It.

Upon returning from Bethlehem yesterday, and after dinner, I spent two hours in conversation with a staff captain in the British army, a cosmopolite who has seen most of the problem-places in the present world unsettlement. We discussed the national perplexities, one by one, and finally confessed ourselves baffled, until the soldier said—and he is not a religious man—"I tell you, this whole business will never be settled except on the basis of religion which will make people really friendly. There has got to be some great Power to bring the spirit of brotherhood into all the world."

That interview was true to type. Over and over I find all sorts of men turning to religion as the solution of the present world chaos. Some express a desire for a new religion or a new prophet or an amalgamation of all religions. In the speech of soldiers and statesmen and men of the world, the great affirmation of Christ is being echoed—mankind must be born again, and receive a new nature, before it can live a life of holiness and helpfulness and harmony.

Under His Own Hat.

That time of reasoning leads us straight to the conviction that the most important work in the world at the present is to create Christians. When men and women are led to Christ they are led out of the selfishness and smallness and cordidness that now afflict society like a disease. A sturdy type of intelligent Christianity is the best bulwark against Bolshewism, capitalism, imperialism, and all the other isms that menace the integrity of civilization.

Recently "Life" had an editorial upon the importance of each man's having a league of nations, and of good intentions under his own hat. If the little world that lives there is reorganized, the affairs of the greater world will be cared for automatically. The final problem is the state of mind of the individual.

That is so obvious that its importance may be overlooked. All of us are so busy with vast schemes for making over mankind in the mass that we are tempted to forget that God's way is the one-by-one method. He deals with individuals. He is changing the world by transforming men one at a time. Whoever leads a friend into discipleship to Christ is doing a real world service as many of the men associated with the Peace Conference.

We cannot improve upon the master's methods. Amid these hills of India and Galilee Jesus chose a dozen common men—just such looking men as are at this moment passing through the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem before my eyes—to be his friends and helpers. Association with him made them uncommon men. Their discipleship led them into a service where they became a world-revolutionizing force.

Again we are at a plastic hour in history. New personalities are yet to emerge to lay a shaping hand upon events. Who knows that the young person who is today brought under the spell of Christ's leadership may not be decisive factor in human destiny? We are serving the world in profoundest and most fundamental ways when we lead men into Christian allegiance.

ROLLING DAM

Rolling Dam, Aug. 8.—Mrs. Roland Jewitt of Boston, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fowle.

Mr. and Mrs. Sedge McCrum of Grand Falls, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. James McCrum.

Mr. Alfred Patneaude of Lowell, Mass., has joined his wife, who has been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McCracken.

Miss Mildred McLean of Dorcester, Mass., is spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. J. E. Murphy.

Capt. and Mrs. H. B. Lawson accompanied by Mrs. Cook of Yarmouth, N. S., and Mr. Avery, Toronto, motored through from Fredericton and spent the week-end at their cottage here.

Miss Naomi Murphy has returned home after spending the past two months with her aunt in Portland, Me.

Dan Murphy of Duluth, Min., after an absence of thirteen years, has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Murphy, returning home this week.

Miss O. Faith Goodill of St. Stephen spent the week-end with Mrs. M. O. McCann.

Sergt. R. W. Peacock of St. Andrews, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peacock.

Misses Eileen and Mary Enright of Milltown, N. B., are guests of Mrs. Charles New.

A very large gathering attended the supper and dance in the Orange Hall last week in aid of the Orphans' Home, St. John.

W. P. Erb, Sussex, paid a business trip to this place this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lev. Dectaur of Somersworth, N. H.; Thos. and Charles Worrell of St. Andrews, were recent visitors here.

Harry Worrell of St. John, called on friends here on his way through to McAdam.

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Ronzo Mark at the loss of their only son, LeRoy, who passed away after only a few hours illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stanhope, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Martin and son, motored from Eastport and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kavenaugh.

Mr. Earl McGuire and family, motored through to McAdam and Vanceboro, and spent Sunday with friends.

Miss Jennie Orr is a guest of Mrs. Ronzo Mark.

Mrs. Percy Little and daughter of Gorham, N. H., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Murphy

Mr. O'Connor of Bonny River Lumber Co., made a business trip here recently.

Father O'Keefe and McCarthy, have been holding special services here.

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