

Happy Lives
Wiggly and
May Basket
Edward R. Garis.

MAGAZINE FEATURES

Give The Opposing Sex Their Rights

By Ring W. Lardner.

To the Editor:— Ladies and others of the female sex that is always shrilling for equal rights with the boys and want the same privileges we have got, well I wished they could enjoy the privilege of shaving themselves every A. M. and a speciality going shopping in a barber shop once in a while for a hair cut or something, but unfortunately most of the fair sex is like the Russians and either don't, or don't half do, do neither one, and won't never know what they are missing. Only some of the gals that is in the business of pairing fingers make can even guess at the delights of a barber shop.

Shaving yourself is sport enough and always keeps one laying in bed a couple of extra hours looking forward to it, but the real treat comes when the hair begins to drapes itself down around the ears and you get a

Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

THE FIRST TEE GOLFER.

It takes all sorts of men, I know, to make the golfing clan. And who pursues the Royal Game meets every kind of man. I think that I have met them all, and most of them are fine. It makes no difference how they play, I call them friends of mine. But there's one golfer that I shun, he holds no charm for me. The golfer that wins his games right on the starting tee.

Some men there are will play for fun, and some for exercise. Some hold that in a battle with the wind and the sun, the Royal and the Ancient game unless he's sure to win. And so he argues long for strokes, from 18 down to three. And has the match decided over a ball has left the tee.

He's always sadly off his play, or very tired or ill. With him it is a game of strokes, and not a game of skill. "How many do I get today?" his rivals bear him roar. And if they offer it for extra, he wrangles long for more. He will not take a chance himself, his right for victory is never made upon the course, but on the starting tee.

Oh, let me play with "hundred" men or spend my days with clubs. I will not care so long as they seek victory with their clubs. I care not who the golfer be, nor what his swing or stance. I'll play with him if only he gives every man a chance. But I'll pass up forevermore that crank, who'er he be, Who wins his matches every time right on the starting tee.

THE FRIEND WHO STANDS BY

By William T. Ellis.

The International Sunday School Lesson For July 11 is, "Jonathan Befriended David."—1 Sam. 20.

"I had a friend," was the celebrated answer of Kingley, when asked the secret of his success.

A friend is the best fortune. In a western city a lonely old millionaire, made notorious by the marriage of his daughter to a foreign nobleman, sits day by day in an aristocratic club, repining bitterly to all who will listen, about his hard lot in life. He has retired from business, and has no taste for literature or cultural pursuits, and is now without home ties or friends.

He has nothing but money. Rightly, he calls himself the most miserable man in the city, and openly laments that he has not the courage to end his own existence. For he has not learned to live in other lives. In youth, he had no high order of friendship; he was too busy making money to bother about idealistic concerns, and now he is a pitiable and friendless old millionaire, who would give a fortune for a friend, or for a real friend in his old age.

David and Jonathan, whose friendship the Sunday School millions today study, are history's most notable instance of friendship between men. They represent the childhood glow of youthful ardor and unselfishness which fulfilled to the second generation its pledges of devotion. All the great qualities of friendship were in this ideal union of two knightly hearts. The story is the best of starting points for a consideration of what Dr. H. Clay Trumbull called "Friendship, the master passion."

A Romance of Youth.

Usually the best part of a college education is the friendships made between students, so-called "budding" throughout life. It is in youth that hearts take fire most easily, and glow with the noble impulses of love and patriotism. When a young person finds a friend, a kindred spirit, it like tasks and interests and ideals, and keeps that friendship in repair throughout the years he has made the richest of all investments. To carry into age the friendships of youth is one of the wisest man's rewards. No later fellowship can take the place of those shaped and cemented in the plastic years.

David and Jonathan united in a covenant of friendship when they were young. It was a case of hero worship upon Prince Jonathan's part. His first vision of David was the young champion of Israel stood with Goliath's head on his hand. His heart leaped with youth's idealistic admiration of great courage. David became his hero, and he "loved him as he loved his own soul." What a tremendous capacity for affection and admiration youth possesses! Jonathan even divested himself of his father's sword, for the surest mark of love is that it delights in giving and serving.

A dramatic element entered into this friendship between David and Jonathan. For by all practical considerations the two should have been rivals. David was more popular with the people than was Jonathan, and it was plain to all that the crown of Israel was destined to go to him. Prince Jonathan, however, was too royal a soul to harbor jealousy. He was greater than his father in this; for Saul was openly and falsely jealous of the young hero whom the nation so loved. His son, however, cared more for his friend David than he did for a throne; he was the sort of whom poets sing a friend to whom friendship meant more than any other prize of life. The lofty passage in Tennyson's tribute to his friend, Arthur Hallam, well described Prince Jonathan, a prince indeed.

For a friend one who is a true friend will unquestionably do anything within his power even as Jonathan jeopardized his own life to save David's.

No nicely balanced considerations of self-advantage or of convenience or of worldly wisdom enter into the things of friendship.

During the war there was an important service to be done in the South for the allied cause. I chance to be consulted by the British representative concerned, who himself has no contacts in the southern states. After hearing the case and the need, I telegraphed to a friend in Winston-Salem, N. C., the one man in the country who, in my judgment, could meet the emergency. It was inexpedient to state any particulars of mine; I merely asked him if he could meet me and another man on a given day in Washington. At once came an affirmative reply. After twenty-four hours of hard travel my friend appeared, not knowing why he had been summoned, but swiftly, loyally obeying the call of friendship. As a result, he did a unique and valuable service in the allied interest. And also warmed my heart with an instance of the unquestioning, self-sacrificing loyalty of a friend.

In these days of sag and slump, when sorrid, sensual sentiments seem prone to displace the sublime passions, we do well to recall the loyal friendships, the noble devotions, the shining self-sacrifice of spirits all about us. Still there are myriads who live by love's royal law. In life, as well as in Scripture, we find that

David, for whom he was willing to abandon the cause of his father and to risk the king's displeasure. The strategem by which Jonathan notified his friend David of the king's displeasure—by prearranged signals with arrows—tells a story too touch to the study.

Friendship as a Fine Art.

There is a lift to the lesson above the mere events that spell the story. It contains the whole vast theme of friendship and its functions. And we are early led to the conviction that it was Jonathan who was the prince of friends; he exemplified all the higher offices of the fine art of friendship. His it was to give and to serve; to lead and to follow; to be a friend, and that is to be a friend. All that he had on the altar of love.

From Jonathan we learn that there is one thing better than to have a friend, and that is to be a friend. All the noblest faculties of the human soul are called into play by the exercise of friendship; it is the gymnasium in which the spirit wins to its loftiest stature. The reward of being a friend lies not only in the winning friends; but also in the growth of those finer qualities without which friendship is impossible. Jonathan has an exalted place in history's gallery of great ones, single because he was a true friend.

Jonathan, in his self-abnegation, his sacrifice, his steadfast devotion and his flawless love suggests Jesus the Best Friend, who both practiced and taught this creed of friendship: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are My friends, if ye do the things which I command you. No longer do I call you servants for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends for all things that I have heard from My Father I have made known unto you."

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

If business—physical, intellectual and moral—is not original sin, it is very close to the source.—H. C. King.

There is something higher than happiness—the blessedness of being good and doing good.—Aron.

Never to tire, never to grow cold;—

Dr. Prohibit, just stay your hand. You cannot kill freedom in this land. Would you operate to try your skill? At the risk of killing man's free will?

You say his heart is full of disease. And you'll take it out, if the law decrees.

And you will be law in the empty shell.

While people shriek, The fires of Hell, And so you sharpen your knife at length.

But freedom fights for life on the TENTH.

LEONARD FOX.

Discretion, Better Part of Veracity.

"Do you always tell the truth in your speeches?"

"Yes," replied Senator Scorgium, "but not in excess. I'm a fearless orator, but I'm no gossip."



WELL HE STARTED OUT WITH THE CLIPPERS AT THE BASE OF THE SKULL AS PER ORDERS.

"Well he started out with the clippers at the base of the skull as per orders—"

hint from some reliable source that it would be feasible to have a haircut in a tonorial parlor, because what is the use of looking like a virtuoso when you have got a name that can be pronounced?

Well I was out in old Chicago weeks ago tending the concrete convention that cemented the Republican party and the lady with me give me a hint along these lines the day after the convention wound up in a alleged stampede, and to show you what I went through I will tell you what I went through. In the last place I remained in a shop which is like most other barber shops on acct. of the members all being natives of the country where the national flower is the garlic, and I clumb into a steamer chair and D. Ammanno tied on my napkin and leant over me so as we was on intimate terms and asked me what I'd want. As soon as I got so as I could breath I says I wanted my hair trimmed and also myself and a shave besides. And I says:

"Just trim my hair around the edges and don't use the clippers on the sides and don't take even a little bit off the top."

"No," he says, "You look like you needed some cut on."

A Complimentary Barber.

By the old days of chivalry and manners they could've been none of

Ran-Dom Reels

TIBERIUS.

Tiberius was one of the few Roman emperors who succeeded in living out his term of office. In early times it was a very difficult thing to become a Roman emperor and live long enough to collect two instalments of taxes, but Tiberius excelled in this feat and enjoyed the distinction of dying in bed and entering the bottomless pit at one and the same time.

From all accounts Tiberius was one of the meekest persons who ever sat on the throne of the Roman throne. He had a low forehead and a high temper, which would explode every now and then with a noise like a blow-out in a 39 s. tire. Whenever Tiberius exploded in this manner the members of his immediate family adjourned to some quiet retreat and felt of their windpipes. It was considered dangerous to argue with Tiberius when he had been fully ignited, and few people attempted to do so without being impaled on a fence post or drowned in a vat of linseed oil.

Tiberius was a married man, but his wife was a great disappointment to all concerned, as she was of a giddy nature and would rather flirt with perfect strangers than do housework and make jell. She treated Tiberius with the utmost contempt and commented heartlessly upon his bald-headed condition, and it was a great relief to Tiberius when he was given a divorce at the October term of court.

Tiberius ruled Rome with a high hand and a hard whip, and probably killed more people with whom he was not personally acquainted than any other man of his times. He was a bloody-minded despot who lacked both the aquiline nose and handsome, opera-house legs of the Roman conquerors, and there were more plain drunks in the streets of Rome that night he died than can be found at a modern street carfare in one lump, instead of in fragments, shows that justice was looking the other way.



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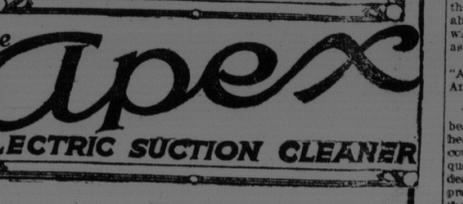
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HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

TO "RAISE" CHILDREN.

Grammarians generally are agreed that it is not correct to apply the term "raise" to the rearing or education or bringing up of children. The verb "raise" is applied with propriety only to crops or cattle, never to human beings. "She raised a family of eight children," says a charity agent, "it should have said, 'She reared' or 'she brought up.'" The Standard Dictionary ridicules the expression, attributing it to a Southern sanny. "She raised thirteen head of children."

The term "brought up" is the more modern of the two; the term "reared" is older. The misuse of the term "raise" is a colloquialism that is common in some of the Southern and Western states.

Some authorities criticize the use of the verb "grow" in connection with crops, suggesting that we should not say, "We grew wheat on our farm," but should say, "We raise wheat."

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THE REAL TREAT COMES WHEN THE HAIR BEGINS TO DRAP ITSELF AROUND THE EARS—

the former that could turn a more delicate complexion than a barber. What this wop meant to subtly convey was that he had noticed me enough to see that some of my hair had fell down like London Bridge and the Philadelphia Nation.

Well he started out with the clippers at the base of the skull as per orders, but the next thing I know he was way up above the ears with the same utensil and had the right side of the old bean pretty near shorn bare before I could say Jack Robinson, which incidently I hadn't no desire to say, a specialty to a barber. Well, when the right side of the head gets shorn you have to get to let the left side know what the right side has been having did to it, so I told him to go ahead and when I got through with the hair trim I looked like a left handed pitcher from W. Gamble's Hasting's home town, Marfan, Ohio.

Maybe I would of stopped him in

weakened nerves and blood. The little VITALIZER mentioned above was designed by me to render aid to the man who really is willing to make a reasonable effort to get strong, and who wants to regain his manly vigor. To the man who persists in living an unnatural life of excess and dissipation, no hope can be offered, but for the other man there is every hope and encouragement, because in regulating his habits he has taken the first grand and necessary step, which prepares the way for the action of any natural treatment which may re-supply his body with the FORCE which it has been drained off.

FREE TO MEN

Manly Vigor—Something New

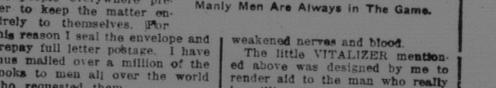
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In one part of the book I describe my little mechanical VITALIZER, which was invented by me to assist men to regain lost vigor. However, you are not to think of getting this VITALIZER at the present time, but first send for the advice book and read up on the subject of self preservation and your blood.

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Reader, did you ever stop to consider that it is not looks which make the real man? Nor is it necessarily a large man who wields the most power in his community. However, whether big or small, young or elderly, we invariably find that vigorous manhood stands behind all of the world's greatest achievements and successes. In this respect, I give it as my honest opinion, based upon over 20 years' experience, that no man need lose hope of his self restoring his full manly power if he be willing to make a fair, square effort, and will lead a decent, manly life, free from excesses and free from dissipation. My free book gives you all the desired information. According to my belief, lost manly strength is no real organic disease in itself, and, for that reason, should easily respond to any mode of treatment which puts new vital force into the

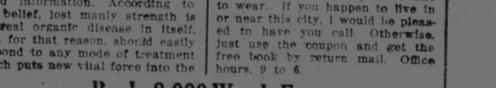
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They use the days, which to others seem drab and dreary and drudgery, deadened, for the high offices of friendship. Consciously, definitely, deliberately, they keep up their ideals and practice of friendship, and Splendid Prince Jonathan had no concern about the count equal to his solicitude for the safety of his friend