

XI.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Home. To-day.

MEIN LIEBER SON LOOEY—
Your letter from Syracuse
vas receifed und ve vas all
glat at home dot your fair 'trip ould
has been such a successfulness.

Ve vas glat because you vas glat und
ve all be glat togedder.

Ingrowing happiness ain'd no goot
only for der selfish.

Ven a man keeps his happiness for
his own personal use he soon makes
himself tired.

Let der face be open und aboveboard
und cover it 'ith a smile.

A sour man is like vinegar to der
eyesight, but a happy eggsspression is a
ice-cutter always.

If your father gifs you a leedle lec-
ture in dis letter, Looey, it vas yust be-
cause news vas as shy as der man dot
plays poker mit a pants button.