

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

He Writes Some Poetry For Uncle Josh White, Who Is In Love With a Widow.

[Copyright, 1933, by C. B. Lewis.]
I FOUND Uncle Josh White at his farmhouse gate the other day as I drove up with a letter, but I noticed when I was yet a quarter of a mile away that his white locks and venerable whiskers had been dyed a jet black by the village barber. Uncle Josh is seventy-two years old and has 500 wrinkles on his face, and the black hair and whiskers made him look too funny for anything.
"Hello," I said as I drove up, "but what's become of Uncle Josh? I don't remember to have seen him lately."
"Uncle Josh is around, I guess," he answered, with a pleased look.
"Glad to hear it. Didn't know but he'd gone out west. Just give him this letter and my best respects."
"Abe, don't you know me?" he asked as he took the letter.
"You are Uncle Josh's boy Jim, I reckon."
"Look again."
"By John, if it ain't Uncle Josh himself! Well, well! Say, Uncle Josh, if you only had a bat on your shoulder I'd say you were going out to play 'two old cats' with the 'dids. Gone right back to thirty years old, and as good looking a chap as can be found in the country. How did you do it?"
"Abe," he said as he stroked his whiskers and kept one eye on the house, "I was waitin' for you. You are a truthful man. Mebbe you know what my true age is, but I want to ask you how old I look jest as I stand here? If you was a stranger what would you guess my age to be?"
"I'd say from thirty to thirty-five, Uncle Josh—not a day more."
"Wouldn't you say forty-five?"
"Never. I'd allow up to thirty-five and then bet two to one."
"Then that settles it, and they may blow till they can't blow no longer. It's the hair and whiskers, Abe. I've had 'em fixed up a bit, and Sarah and Bill have been jumpin' on me about it. They both say I look to be ninety and that I ain't got the sense of a hen to go and color up. I couldn't see that I looked over forty, and you say that I don't look over thirty-five, and they may talk and be hanged to 'em."
"And what's in the wind, Uncle Josh?" I said as I gave him a wink.
"Kin you keep it, Abe?"
"Of course."
"Then it's the new widder that's moved on to the old Frazer farm. Seen her yet?"
"No."
"Waal, she's a daisy. Only thirty-five, handsome as an alarm clock and wuth \$10,000. Abe, I'm on her trail."
"Shoo, Uncle Josh!"
"On her trail, Abe, and bound to overhaul her. I stopped there the other



"Abe, don't you know me?" he asked day to see if she wanted to buy any hogs, and I felt in love with her before she had opened her mouth. Her name is Snyder now, but I'll make her change it to White within a year or break my back a-tryin'. I've told Sarah and Bill so, and they are makin' things mighty hot for me. They say I've got one foot in the grave and won't live a year, but you see how little they know about it."
"And so you are going to propose to the Widow Snyder, eh?" I asked when I had got my breath back.
"Jest as shure as turnips is turnips, Abe, and I ain't goin' to waste much time about it either. I want to begin courtin' right away, and that's where you come in."
"But I can't court for you."
"I don't want you to. The day I called the widder and me talked mostly about hogs and cows, but she let it drop that she loved poetry and had a tender feelin' for poets. You are a poet, Abe, and a gol darned good one."
"And you want her to fall in love with me? I see."
"You don't see nuthin' of the sort. I want you to do me the biggest favor on earth by writin' me some poetry and lettin' me pass it off as my own. I ain't offerin' you money down, but I'm sayin' that from the day I marry the Widder Snyder your hay, oats, butter and taters won't cost you a red cent. Sarah and Bill have gone to town today, and you jest come in for a glass of milk and a piece of pie and start that courtin' off for me."
Half an hour later I had turned the wheel and ground out:
You may tell me of mountains and valleys and streams,
Of dells amidst the tall whispering pine.
Of meadows that charm and waters that roll
As the sun in the west doth decline;
You may sing me the song of the sad nightingale;
You may sing me the sweet robin's lay;

You may capture the notes of the gray meadow lark
And praise up the notes of the jay;

You may tell of the rose as it blooms by the door;
You may talk of the tulip and pink;
You may cull me the choicest and rarest of blooms,
But I shall continue to think

That nothing on earth can compare with my Jane.
Oh, would that I now stood beside her
To show to the world the tu-mul-tuous love
I've got for the widder named Snyder!
Uncle Josh had sat beside me at the kitchen table as I wrote, sometimes trying to read a line without his glasses and again gazing into vacancy and uttering long sighs. When I had finished I read the poem to him and asked how he liked it.
"Abe," he replied as he brought his fist down on the table, "the Widder Snyder is mine from this hour. There ain't no widder on earth who kin stand up ag'in sich poetry as that. It'll wobble her from head to heel, and all I've got to do is to foller it up by askin' her to have me. By thunder, Abe, but I'll put them verses ag'in any man's million dollars and win out. If I'd sot down and tried for a million years I couldn't have done half so well."
"Were your hair and whiskers dyed when you called at the widow's?" I asked as he followed me out to the gate.
"No, Abe, and I'm a liddle bothered about that. She'll see in a mint that there has been a change, and mebbe she'll ask about it. I don't want her to think I'm vain, you know, but what can I tell her?"
"That you were struck by lightning. It always turns white hair black. Tell her that a thunderbolt knocked you down while you were splitting rails."
"I'll do it, Abe. It did thunder the other day, and she must have heard it. Yes, I was knocked over by a blamed big thunderbolt, but all the harm it did was to turn my hair and whiskers black and set me back to thirty-five years old. There ain't no flies on you, young man."
Uncle Josh was to copy and send the poem of that afternoon, and he thought he should have an answer in a couple of days. He did have one. Two days later he stopped me at the barnyard and beckoned me into the barn. I noticed that he was pale and agitated, and I feared that Sarah or Bill might be seriously ill.
"I've got an answer from the Widder Snyder," he said as his chin quivered.
"Oh, I see! Well, what is it?"
For answer he took from his pocket a folded sheet of foolscap and handed it to me. A woman's hand had used a pencil to write:
You may tell me of donkeys and asses and such,
Of men who have wheels in their head;
You may sing me the song of the old gander
Or the calf who is ill in his bed;
You may tell me of meadows and valleys and rills;
You may talk of the surf on the shore;
You may send me a car load of roses and pinks
And tempt me with panes galore,
But I shall still think as the days flee away
And the winds of old winter doth sigh
That the fool of a man who taketh the cake
Is the fool who resorts to the dye.
"Abe, what does it mean?" tremblingly asked Uncle Josh as I handed him back the paper.
"It means that the Widder Snyder doesn't want to become the Mrs. White," I replied.
"She turns me down, does she?"
"She does."
"And I go back to seventy-two years again, don't I?"
"I guess you do."
"And you won't mistake me for my son again?"
"Not hardly."
"Waal, I'll go and git soft soap and hartshorn and wash off this dye and let the Widder Snyder go to Texas. And—"
"And what?" I asked.
"You kin go there too."
M. QUAD.

Sorry He Spoke.

Auntie—Whom do you love best?
Dolly—Mamma.
Auntie—Who next?
Dolly—You.
Auntie—Who next?
Dolly—Baby.
Father (from the background)—And where does daddy come in?
Dolly—Two o'clock in the morning.—
Buffalo School No. 56 Weekly.

Not In Congress.

"The Bill before the house."
—New York Evening Journal.

His Reward.

"I thought," he said, "that I knew how to make love."
"And don't you?"
"Well, it didn't seem to work right when I told Rose she was the only girl I had ever loved."
"What did she say?"
"She said she'd never marry a liar."
—Chicago Post.

OLD AND NEW COINS.

Interesting Facts About Coinage at the Different Mints.

The director of the mint is called on to answer such a wide range of questions concerning the values of old and new coins and medals that he has found it necessary to issue circulars covering matters of this sort. They tell some interesting facts. It appears that the mint does not buy old coins or paper money except some rare colonial coins in fine condition, which are desired for the mint cabinet. Mutilated or uncurrent United States gold and silver coin is purchased as bullion. The mint has no pattern pieces for sale. The government pays no premium for the return of any of its coins or paper money. New coins cannot be struck until authorized by an act of congress. The mint supplies United States coins only and not of any past date. The fifty dollar goldpiece and the half dollar and quarter dollar pieces in gold were struck by private parties on the California coast during the 1849 period and not by the United States government.
The coinage of the following coins ceased in the years named: Half and 1 cent, copper, in 1857; 1 cent, nickel, 1864; half dime and 3 cents, silver, and 2 cents, bronze, in 1873; 20 cents, silver, 1878; trade dollars, 1883; \$1 and \$3, gold, and 3 cents, nickel, 1889. The Columbian half dollar was coined in 1892 and the Isabella quarter in 1893. The Lafayette dollar was struck in 1896, the date on the coin (1896) being that of the unveiling of the memorial.
There are certain markings on every United States coin that enable the place of its coinage to be located. Those struck at the Philadelphia mint have no mint mark, but those struck at all other mints are distinguished by a small letter on the reverse, near the bottom. These letters are C for Charlotte, N. C., discontinued in 1861; CC for Carson City, Nev., discontinued in 1893; D for Dabonoga, Ga., discontinued in 1861; O for New Orleans and S for San Francisco. The coins of the United States now authorized by law are: In gold, double eagle, eagle, half eagle, quarter eagle; in silver, half dollar, quarter dollar and dime; minor, 5 cent, nickel, and 1 cent, bronze. A person may buy a proof set of gold coins from the mint for \$38.50 and a proof set of silver and minor coins for \$1.50. When the business of the mints is slack medals may be struck from dies furnished by individuals, public institutions and incorporated societies at a charge sufficient to cover the cost of the operation and the value of the metal.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WHY DON'T YOU?

Why don't you answer your friend's letter at once?
Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day.
Why don't you send away that little gift you've been planning to send? Mere kind intentions never accomplish any good.
Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish?
Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you express them they are of no use to others.
Why don't you take more pains to be self sacrificing and loving in the everyday home life? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always.
Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness so that all who come in touch with you may be made better? Is not this possible?—Class Mate.

Early Tobacco.

According to John Aubrey, who wrote a celebrated work on "the very queer Indian weeds," there was a time when tobacco was worth its weight in silver. Among other things Aubrey says: "Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought tobacco into England, and in our parts—North Wilts—it came in fashion through Sir Walter Long. They used silver pipes, but the commoners used a walnut shell. It was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of your old yeomen neighbors say that when they went to Chippenham to market they always culled out their shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Now the customers of it are among the greatest that his majesty hath."

A Test of Sobriety.

Gentlemen who have put an enemy into their mouths are recommended to try a very simple test for the purpose of finding out whether their brains have been stolen. They must stand erect with their eyes closed, and if they can perform this feat for a brief period they may come to the conclusion that they are all right. Two individuals who were accused of drunkenness at Pontefract proved that they had honorably stood the test, and the cases against them were dismissed. The great merit of the plan is that it can be put into operation anywhere and at any time.—London Tri-Bits.

Merits His Fate.

"I see that an eastern editor says that as a matter of fact women form clubs simply as an excuse for eating and drinking between meals."
"Horrid thing! Is he married or single?"
"Why?"
"Because if he's either he doesn't deserve to be."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What's the Answer?

Jokeley—Here's a conundrum for you, Cokerley—Let's have it. Jokeley—If "time is money," what is an eight day clock worth?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Plot of Mrs. Bowser

She Makes It Decidedly Interesting For Mr. B. For One Evening by Hauling Him Over the Coals, to His Great Astonishment.

[Copyright, 1933, by C. B. Lewis.]

THERE was a certain atmosphere surrounding Mr. Bowser as he came home the other evening that warned Mrs. Bowser of trouble to come. As a matter of fact, several things had annoyed him during the day, and on the street car coming home a drunken man had insisted on recognizing him as a long lost brother, and a loafer had stepped on his feet and then called him a liar.
It was only natural that he should blame Mrs. Bowser and hold her responsible, and all through the dinner hour he was casting about for an excuse to open his batteries. Mrs. Bowser was watching the thermometer, and they had no sooner reached the sitting room than she said:
"Mr. Bowser, the gas bill came in today, and it is \$1 more than last month. This extravagance on your part has got to stop or I shall know the reason why. You seem to be doing your best to drive me to the poorhouse."
"Wh-what's that?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he looked at her and wondered if he heard aright.
"I went down cellar the other day after you had gone," she continued, "and there were two gas jets blazing away as if the rats were holding a festival. You lighted them and left them. That's just your way. You are the most careless, extravagant man I know of, and you'll have to make a change for the better or there will be trouble in this house."
"You—you are talking to me?"
"Yes, sir, I'm talking straight to you, and I hope you won't lose a word of what I say. That last ton of range coal is nearly out. Did you sell part of it to the neighbors or encourage



"YOU SIT RIGHT THERE AND LISTEN TO ME."
tramps to throw it into the street? I'm sure that you are responsible in some way that it didn't last longer."
"Woman!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he finally got his breath. "Have you been hit on the head and had your senses knocked out of you?"
"No, sir, I haven't," she replied in decided tones. "You sit right down there and listen to me. How does it come that the butcher has sent in a bill for a balance of 10 cents? Don't squirm around and look as red as a boiled lobster, but give me a straight answer. Did you stop and buy a sausage to eat at the office? Have you been sending pork chops to some distressed family and keeping it a secret from me?"
"I won't be talked to in this manner!" he said as he blustered up.

"As your wife I have a right to talk to you and shall exercise it. Mr. Bowser, four months ago I bought four dozen clothespins at 2 cents a dozen. Today I counted them up and found only forty-five. I want to know what has become of the missing three. Have you thrown them at cats, sold them for fuel or loaned them to some builder to make scaffolding for a skyscraper? The money value is not great, but the loss of three clothespins goes to show that you have no care how soon we bring up in some charitable institution. Answer me without dodging."
Mr. Bowser couldn't answer at all. He had been "jumped on" so suddenly and so vigorously that he was like a man headed up in a barrel. The cat, who had been asleep under the lounge to prepare for a night's promenade around the neighborhood, woke up as Mrs. Bowser began to talk, and she was so tickled at seeing Mrs. Bowser having the best of it that she grinned in Mr. Bowser's face and narrowly escaped a tremendous kick launched in her direction.
"And there's another thing," continued Mrs. Bowser after a moment of waiting. "A pane of glass in one of the kitchen windows has been cracked. Who cracked it? Don't tell me the cook did it by accident or that some boy threw a stone from the alley. You are morally responsible for all the windows, and you must be on hand to protect them. Did you break that pane to spite me and help along your waste and extravagance? Did you take a sledging hammer and stand off and deliberately pound and whack and smash until you had succeeded in cracking it from top to bottom?"
"By thunder, woman, but I—" stammered Mr. Bowser as he realized that a revolution had broken out and was likely to be a success.
The cat sat up beyond reach of his foot and purred and grinned for Mrs. Bowser to go on and fire more grape-shot, and presently there was more to be heard.
"There are some few things I am going to do this winter, and I want to tell you in advance and warn you not to raise any row with me. We need three or four fire escapes around the house, and I'm going to buy 'em. I don't propose to be burned up in my bed at night, no matter how you feel about it. Then I shall take dumbbells and other exercises for my rheumatism. The doctor has ordered it, you know. He says if I could take boxing lessons it would be a good thing, but I haven't made up my mind about that yet."
"Are you—you Mrs. Bowser?" asked a hoarse voice as she paused for breath.
"I am, sir. I am Mrs. Bowser, wife of Mr. Bowser, and I am talking to him and to no one else. There is a sale next week by auction of antique furniture, and I shall attend. This house needs a table of the Louis XII. style, a cabinet of the Louis XIII. make and a sofa and a few chairs to show that we are up on Louis XIV. If I can pick up any old masters in cracked frames at the same time I'm going to do it."
"Good Lord! Good Lord!" whispered Mr. Bowser as he wriggled around in his chair, while the cat got under the piano to whisper to herself:
"Gee whiz, but ain't the old man having a hot old time in this old town tonight!"
"I shall also look around for a nice milk cow," resumed Mrs. Bowser as she walked up and down the room. "We use two quarts of milk per day, and by buying a cow for \$40 and paying out \$3 per week for her keep I figure that we would save about \$500 per year. I was reading yesterday that every family ought to keep a hog, as hogs never eat anything beyond the fish bones and potato peelings, which are generally wasted, and I shall buy one and save about \$250 a year on our pork. We will also need a few hens. I believe you paid a dollar apiece for those you bought two or three years ago and that they all turned out roosters and we never got an egg, but I know I can do better than that. The hens can be had for about 50 cents apiece, and we can build a henhouse of

Roman architecture for \$15. We will then have our own eggs and not be swallowing microbes every day."
"I forbid it, woman—I forbid it!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he jumped up and waved his arms around.
"Man, do you know who you are talking to?"
"I say I forbid it!"
"But that won't make any difference. I am Mrs. Bowser; you are simply the husband of Mrs. Bowser. When I don't know enough to run things around here I'll step down and out, and you may try it. And there's another thing I wish to speak about. Your father is all right in a way, but I don't want him coming around here and thinking he can run me or my house. I shall submit to no dictation from him."
"Has the end of the world come at last?" asked Mr. Bowser of himself as he pinched his leg and remembered how often he had inveighed against his mother-in-law.
"And now about clubs," said Mrs. Bowser as she paused before him. "You belong to two or three, and they are always working you for a soft thing. I propose to join four or five, and I think I can hold my own. I want something to take up my evenings and use up my spare cash. It is quite likely I shall be asked to deliver recitations and essays, and the name of Mrs. Bowser may come to be known in the land. You have had many opportunities, but you have not accomplished anything yet."
"And this to me—to me—to me!" gasped Mr. Bowser as he glanced at the cat and saw that she was almost in convulsions.
"And one more thing, Mr. Bowser. You are one of the most careless men in the world, as I have often observed. Should you lose your purse with 15 cents in it on the street car or in a store don't come home and expect any sympathy from me. I have told you that you can't be trusted even with a quarter to go to the butcher's for a pound of bacon, and if you will persist in your careless ways you must take the consequences. I think that is about all tonight. Let me see! No, there is one more thing. If I come home and find that you have given away one of my dresses or cloaks to some lazy old tramp I'll not buy you another garment of any sort for a year."
"And she talks—she talks—she talks!" growled Mr. Bowser.
"That's quite all, and now I have business in the library, and you needn't sit up for me. It is sixty miles to your father's house, and the train leaves at 10 o'clock in the morning. Should you decide to go my lawyer and your lawyer can easily arrange about the alimony. Good night, Mr. Bowser, good night."
Two hours later Mrs. Bowser came softly into the room to find Mr. Bowser asleep in his chair with the cat on his knees. They had gone to sleep while wondering where he was at, and the look still remained on his face.
M. QUAD.

A Comparative Success.

"You say your flying machine was a comparative success?"
"Yes," answered the inventor. "It got into the air and back to earth without spilling anybody or breaking any machinery."—Washington Star.

Easily Explained.

The Cop—By Jove! The folks here live pretty high, don't they?
The Cook—Oh, yes. I gave them to understand that they'd have to if they wanted to keep me.—Brooklyn Life.

A Feet In Growth.

"I lost my foot in the war," said the tramp, "and I'm trying to raise enough money to get out to California."
"What do you want to go to California for?" asked the woman at the door.
"Oh, I've heard that there are things which grow a foot in a day out there."
—Yonkers Statesman.

The Deceitful.

Miss Verjuice—What a shame it is how the men deceive us poor women! Miss Bluehorse—They would never get a woman to marry them unless they did, my dear.—New Yorker.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

Is your property insured against Fire?
If not, why not? If it is the cost let us suggest that you investigate the

Oregon Fire Relief Association's PLAN

No better or cheaper insurance can be purchased. Inquire about it of

J. F. WOODS, Agent.

FOREST GROVE, - - - - - OREGON