

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE

By J. C. AKERS, Newberg, Oregon

THE GIRL WE LIKE

In these columns recently appeared pen pictures of the "Girl of Today" and the "Boy of Today," which some of our readers have assured us were pictures easily recognized as being true to life, while other friends exercised their inalienable right to express a different opinion, among the latter being the Benton County Courier, of the 14 inst, which says:

"We print the following, The Boy of Today and The Girl of Today, which is from the pen of J. C. Akers of the Newberg Graphic, not because it is our opinion, but because it is so different from our opinion. When we have time to do our own writing on this subject we will draw the picture as we see it. We want to say right now that we see nothing complex or mysterious about the modern girl. There is very little about her that is hidden for she is so exposed that the most of her shows on the surface. The old-fashioned girl might have left something for the imagination but the modern miss scorns anything hidden. Why the modern Godiva-ette on foot is—but this is not our story this time, just read what Brother Akers has to say."

As we frankly stated in our previous article, we don't know anything about the Girls of Today, but we do know the kind of a girl we like and have no hesitancy in describing her, and no fear of incurring adverse criticism from any quarter whatever.

There is a certain type of a girl that we like, and for that matter, everybody likes her. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say: "Don't you like Miss Soandso?"

Now, the reason you like her is a subtle one, without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is. She is the girl who is not "to bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure any place in the world. She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she can not

always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people. She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it be warm or be it cold, clear or stormy finds no fault with the weather. She is the girl who, when you invite her any place, compliments you by looking her best. She is the girl who is sweet and womanly to look at and listen to, and who don't strike you as a poor imitation of a demi-mondaine.

She is the girl who makes this old world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by the way, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?

STEADFAST AND TRUE

An old Darkey got up one night in a meeting and said: "Brudders and Sisters—You know and I know that I ain't been what I oughter been. I've robbed hen roost an' stole hogs an' stole lies an' got drunk an' slashed folks wid my razor, an' shot craps an' cussed an' swore but thank the Lord dere's one thing I ain't nebbber done—I ain't nebbber lost my religion."

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday night makes people human and sets their hearts to beating softly and naturally, as they used to do, before the world turned them into war-drummers and jarred them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a crash, the iron-doored vault closes with a bang, up go the shutters and the key clicks in the lock.

It is Saturday night and the business man and the hired worker breathe freely again.

Homeward ho! The door that has been ajar all the week closes gently

behind him; the world is all shut out. Shut out? Shut in, rather. Hogs are his treasures, after all, and not in the vault and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—not in the bank.

Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you. Just as you are nothing to anybody.

Get a wife, blue-eyed, but above all, true-eyed. Get a little home no matter where or how little; a sofa just big enough for two and then read this paragraph by the soft light of your wife's eyes, and thank the great God you are alive.

LOVE IN THE AUTO

The way the lads love the lassies in the automobile is rather shocking to the older folk who used to do their courting in a buggy or while strolling in the moonlight.

The other night we saw a girl lofling unblushingly in a fellow's arms in the back seat of an automobile as it rolled up First street. Lights brought this spooning couple into plain view of people on the sidewalks. Many were the gibes and jeers hurled at the couple, who made a spectacle of themselves. A fellow who really cares for a girl would not submit her to such insults, unless he were a fool, and a girl who had any respect for herself would not permit herself to be held up to ridicule if she was endowed with ordinary good sense. One cannot ride out in any direction after dark without encountering these spooning couples in autos and one wonders what has become of the old-fashioned girl who held herself above the cheap hugging in public. They do not seem to care for the glare of the headlight that often reveals their identity to the passer-by, but snuggle all the closer as the spotlight points them out. There is nothing more thrilling than to cuddle your girl to your side, but for heaven's sake, and her sake, don't make her look cheap and common to every rowdy that passes you on the road. And take it from us, girls, the man who holds you up to ridicule and cheapens you in this way will never respect you.

A SAFE BET.

If the people of Newberg are wise, The College they'll sure subsidize; If they don't, you may bet They will later regret When another town captures the prize.

WHY HE MARRIED.

He used to dance with Anna,
She waltzed with fairy grace;
He used to drive with Fanny—
She'd such a lovely face.
He used to call on Clara—
She always praised his book;
But he finally married Mary—
For she knew how to cook.

He used to flirt with Daisy,
She had such winning ways;
And paid his court to Mazie
For days and days and days.
He much admired Estella,
Besides the ocean's brink—
But he finally married Bella
Because she had the chink.

He used to dream of Myrtle,
Whose hair was curly brown;
He used to think Anita
The sweetest girl in town.
But he finally married Susie—
As one within a trance—
For Susie was a widow
And he didn't have a chance.

He used to take sweet Alice
To hear the Newberg band,
He used to sit with Nellie—
He used to hold her hand.
He dangled after Ethel
Till he almost went insane,
But he finally married Tillie
'Cause her mother played the game.



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