

Uncle Phil Says:



Regrets Should Deter

All regrets are "vain" if they do not act as deterrents on future occasions.

As soon as a man begins to love his work, then will he also begin to make progress.

There are gifted women who, perceiving how much the man who loves them has idealized them, succeed in living up to his ideal. Two happy souls!

Making a collection of books is at least as justifiable as making a collection of anything else.

Inactivity, supineness, and efeminacy have ruined more constitutions than were ever destroyed by excessive labors.

A Worthy Ambition

Greatest personal triumph is to make a friend out of an old enemy; and as interesting an ambition as any other.

A boost when needed is better than a pull that isn't.

Keep your promises and discharge your obligations.

It happens occasionally that a man who sees nothing in poetry but "ingenious nonsense" can't understand why he should be considered foolish by another man because he enjoys Wagner or Mozart.

Are We Overcharged?

Even our pleasures cost more than they used to. Many a fellow's idea of a good time is to pay a \$50 fine for 50 cents' worth of fun.

"Don't worry" is a good rule to offer others; but, like all advice, they are unable to follow it.

The man who always speaks the truth is sure to have other virtues.

Fate, of course, is responsible for all our failures; but if we succeed it is by our own efforts.

What ailed the clothing of the ancients more important than a run in the stocking of the moderns?

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Lady's Choice

By SCOTT RYALL
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MARTHA GRAY looked at the two young Union soldiers. "Remember," she reminded them, "I'll marry the one who proves the bravest."

Joe Brady was big and handsome, and a lieutenant. "Fair enough," he said grinning and turned to Andy, "I hope you'll be my best man."

Andy Tait, only a sergeant and just as handsome, grinned, too. "Certainly, Lieutenant. Whom are you going to marry?"

They marched away to the stirring strains of the town band. They endured two years of mud, rain, heat, beans and bullets. Then they came back, each determined to claim the hand of Martha Gray.

Both had been cited for bravery. Both now were captains and both had been wounded. Andy Tait, however, was unfortunate in his scar of war. He hadn't realized a Confederate sniper was hidden in a barn. He had been too interested in quenching his thirst with the clear, cold water of a Virginia well while they were with Grant's forces.

Andy had bent over to catch the cool reflection down the shaft and at that moment he caught a bullet. The wound caused a slight limp. While he walked with some difficulty, he sat down with much inconvenience.

The two soldiers were welcomed with a dinner at the town hall from which few were absent.

Martha Gray was there, her face flushed and looking more than ever a prize for the better man. Joe gave them all a round history of his part in the war, after they had polished off a good dinner.

The crowd called on Andy for a speech and he stepped from the corner where he'd been standing in melancholy seclusion.

"I guess, friends," he said haltingly, "I ain't a speech maker. All I can say is, it was quite a war. Thank you."

Joe was hilariously happy. He looked at Martha Gray in the front row and winked broadly. Andy saw the wink too and took the opportunity of reaching Martha's side while Joe was in the midst of an admiring group.

"I couldn't tell them about it," he said, flushing hotly. "Just you, Martha. We're both holding you to your promise."

"Certainly, Andy. The truth is—" she stopped in embarrassment.

"Well, I—I don't know what to decide. There doesn't seem any difference between you. You're both brave. I can't marry you both."

Joe was approaching as she finished. "No need," he boomed heartily, "no need ay-tall. You think I told them all about the war but I

ain't said nothing yet! At Gettysburg—"

"Suppose," she said, intensely embarrassed by more than one neighborly ear bent toward them, "both of you boys come to the house this evening."

In the evening Joe wasted no time in coming to the point. He made himself at home and altogether appeared a fine prospect for a husband as he sat by the fire, legs crossed, nursing his wounded shoulder just obviously enough to call for attention.

"At Gettysburg," he said, "we were charging a nest of field artillery. There were bullets flying all around. One of them hit my shoulder. I was so intent on getting that gun emplacement, I didn't notice it."

"I'm so glad," she murmured happily, "that neither of you was seriously wounded. I've wondered and prayed for your return."

Joe expressed his thanks for that and turned to Andy. "Let's see," he said maliciously, "where was it you got your wound, Andy?"

"I guess, Martha," Andy said slowly, "I'd just rather not talk on it."

Joe smiled victoriously. He leaned back in his chair and seemed generously inclined toward the world. Martha was obviously perplexed. "But, Andy," she objected, "you boys want me to make a choice tonight. How can I? You both were cited for bravery, both made captains, both wounded—"

"—capturing gun emplacement," murmured Joe.

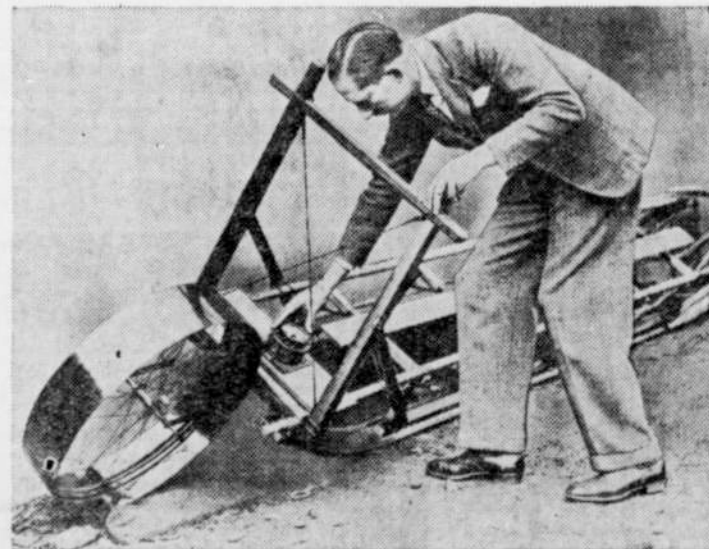
Andy flushed miserably and said harshly, "I didn't do anything worth talking about. Or I can't put it into words. I was in the same battles as Joe and when he was capturing guns, so was I. As for wounds"—he glanced at Joe in the chair comfortably nursing his shoulder—"I don't think they have anything to do with courage."

Martha suggested allowing more time but Joe eagerly pressed her.

"You mean I must answer tonight?" she asked, and Joe nodded. "Well, you're both brave and fine soldiers. There is only one difference in the world," she said, and Joe leaned forward gleefully while Andy gave no indication of sensing the fateful decision. "One is a nice boy but he's done little except boast. The other has borne himself modestly all evening, like a gentleman."

She looked at one apologetically. "I'm sorry. But you see it does make a difference. You insisted, Joe, so I'll have to make my choice. If you'll kindly go now. We have some things to talk over—Andy and I."

Latest Thing in Arctic Sleighs



Lieut. Martin Lindsay, leader of the British Arctic expedition to Greenland, which will explore the largest stretch of unknown territory in the Arctic, and will also be making the largest sledging journey ever made by a self-supporting party, inspecting one of the new and modern sleighs that his party will use in their work.

what Irwin S. Cobb thinks about:

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. So soon as this, with both tickets just put up, folks already are saying this is starting out to be a bitter campaign—the bitterest, perhaps, since away back in 1896.

My guess is these prophets don't realize the twentieth part of it. I'm reminded of what happened when my old friend, Col. Bill Hayward, sailed with his negro regiment for France during the war.

The outfit embarked at night. Next morning, when the transport was well out at sea a pop-eyed trooper from the interior South stood staring at the endless watery expanse.

"Boy!" he exclaimed to a companion, "dis sho' is one big ocean!" "Mos' doubtless," stated the second soldier, "but, son, whut your lookin' at now is only jes de top layer."

Al Smith's Strategy

AS AN old-time headliner of political vaudeville, Al Smith should have known better than to pull that ancient wheeze—shooting at Philadelphia letter carriers on a Sunday afternoon.

And besides, think of the desperate chance he and his supporting quartet of sharpshooters took: come between a mother panther and her cubs; come between a Frenchman and his fracas; come between a radio announcer and his elocution, but never, right on the eve of their national convention, try to come between a flock of office-holding Democrats and the prospect of four more years.

Trouble of Travelers

OUTSIDE the larger cities, when a hotel manager wishes to show a special "guest special" attention, he assigns him to the bed-chamber of state which usually is on the second floor, invariably is at the front of the house and nearly always on the corner where electric signs twinkle till daylight.

And along toward 2 a. m. a party named Dewey, standing in the street below, will start telling a party named Pink, about sumpin mighty comical that's come up Sad'day night.

Convention Invocations

ALTHOUGH a southerner—however, not working at the trade as steadily as some—I have to snicker when a Democratic senator walks out on his own convention because a colored preacher asks the divine blessing on its deliberations. Which reminds me:

The first time that great Texan, Jim Hogg, ran for the governorship his party split. The bolters joined with the Republican outfit—mostly black—to put up a fusion ticket.

At this pinto convention, the Rev. "Sin Killer" Griffin, a famous black evangelist, delivered the invocation. In concluding, he threw an unexpected bombshell into the piebald ranks by earnestly urging the Lord to put Hogg in the governor's chair.

Terrific uproar ensued. Finally a dusky stalwart got the floor.

"I moves," he bellowed, "dat dis yere traitorsome and on-Republican prayer be expunged from de record."

Majestically, "Sin Killer" erected himself.

"I rises," he stated, "to a p'int of order. It's too late to expunge frum de record a prayer which already done got to heaven more'n five minutes ago."

IRVIN S. COBB.

BLIND IN UNDERSTANDING

The blind will always be led by those that see, and he is the most subjected, the most enslaved, who is so in his understanding.—Locke.



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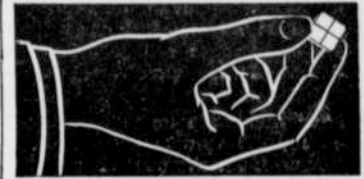
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