

Small-Town Stuff

BY ROBERT QUILLEN

Neighbors

In the matter of neighbors distance lends enchantment. It is not difficult to love your neighbor as yourself if you don't know too much about him. It is not difficult to shed tears over the woes of the poor heathen in far off Africa, for the intervening ocean affords an element of romance. At a distance of five thousand miles, you can't smell him.

To love the downtrodden in other lands does us small credit. We do not love the individual, but only the ideal conception of him our imagination has formed. If he lived next door, we would phone the health department and demand that some of the dirt be scraped from his hide and the matted tangle removed from his infested hair.

Nor should we be censured too severely if we fail to love the neighbor next door. We know his faults and his failings, and we yearn to correct them. Our spiritual natures may urge us to love him, but our carnal natures urge us to bounce a brick off his head for the good of his soul and the general uplifting of the community.

He has a dog that howls at night, or hens that forage the neighborhood for their provender; he has a daughter who can't sing but has yet to learn of her misfortune or he practices on a cornet after nightfall; his garbage can smells to heaven, or he fills the alley with goods boxes and tin cans; he does many, many things no considerate white man would do, and an unfortunate respect for good manners stills our tongues when we



Willie Willis

Little Willie Willis says he would be a better boy, but when he is good his mother thinks he is sick and gives him castor oil.

that speaks. We envy their purchasing power, and resent the fact that they are able to enjoy things we cannot afford.

There is a great deal of dishonest thinking and dishonest talking about thrift. Nearly all of the eloquent men who urge "the people" to be thrifty spend much of their own money unnecessarily. They keep a flock of servants and a fleet of automobiles.

Any man rich or poor, is entitled to the luxuries he can buy and has the wit to enjoy; and if he wishes to deprive himself of beefsteak in order to buy gasoline, his choice is no concern of the world's.

It is folly to chide Americans for living up to their incomes. It is true that they spend their money easily, but the significant thing is that they grow up to their expenditures. Acquaintance with luxuries gives them a more abundant life, a broader outlook, a capacity for the appreciation of things that lifts man above the level of the brute.

To be thrifty is not to be miserly, but only to get a dollar's worth for each dollar spent, whether it be spent for shoes or books or beans or phonograph records. The man who denies himself and his family the little pleasures and luxuries his earnings will buy is not thrifty. He is but robbing himself and them, and by his parsimony narrowing his life and theirs and making all less fit for citizenship.

Every business man knows that it is difficult to make money without first spending money. No man can be wisely thrifty until he learns that money is not an end, but only a means to an end.

Deacon Hardtop

When Deacon Hardtop has a dull business day, he says the Lord is chastening him; but when business is brisk, he says it is simply a matter of good management.

Uncle Gus

Uncle Gus pulled a straw from his broom and began to clean the stem of his ancient corn-cob pipe. It was a delicate operation, requiring his

undivided attention, and I waited patiently until it was finished.

"You spoke of popularity," I prompted, when the pipe was filled and drawing well.

"So I did," said he. "I read something in this here paper reminded me of it. One o' them Senators says here that these United States ain't got no friends in Europe. I reckon maybe he knows what he's talkin' about too. But I remember back there a few years ago when we was makin' the boys at the mint work overtime so's we could get enough money to keep Europe satisfied, and was sendin' 'em ship loads o' victuals 'n' talkin' about our sacred duty to humanity; and if I recollect right everybody in Europe what was big enough to stand up was a standin' on his hind legs a-cheerin' Uncle Sam. They just plumb loved us to death. We was the hope o' humanity. And then we sort o' tightened up on the purse strings 'n' put a padlock on the co'n crib, 'n' the blind passion fo' us has cooled off a right smart.

"It reminds me o' John Small an' his habit o' signin' notes. John had a heap o' money, 'n' he made a sight swappin' land. Seemed like everthing he set his hand to had a profit in it. He made it fast 'n' spent it fast, 'n' everbody said he was a good feller. He drunk some lickin' 'n' got in a fight once in a spell, but nobody seemed to mind.

"Well, sir, I was right smart puzzled fo' a spell, 'n' wonderin' how come everbody was a lovin' him that-a-way, 'n' then one day I found out. If anybody got locked up 'n' wanted bail, he sent for John; 'n' if anybody was hard up 'n' needed cash, he put up a pitiful mouth 'n' got John to go on a note with him.

"It was mighty fine while it lasted, but after while the notes begin to come due and the folks what John had signed with couldn't pay. They didn't never mean to pay. John got all het up about it, 'n' he jumped on one o' two fellers 'n' like to beat 'em to death. The others got scared then, 'n' most o' 'em scraped up the money to save the skins; but they cussed John a heap 'n' begun to say lickin' had ruin' him 'n' his money had made a fool o' 'im 'n' things like that.

"Popularity is somethin' you can buy, like co'n meal 'n' plug tobacco; but it ain't woth much. A feller that thinks he is Santa Claus is a great man; but when he begins to demand what's comin' to him, folks calls him Shylock 'n' cusses him."

Aunt Het

"Like as not the men folks will set around in heaven and expect the Women's Missionary Society to do all the harp playin'."

"Nothing of the sort." She's a happy little mother, and a lovely little nurse. "Wait, there she goes now," and he drew his magic whistle from his pocket and blew on it three times so loudly that the hills sent back the echo.

Doris saw a queer-looking head pop out of the side of an old oak tree, and Squeedee waved his hand and called.

At first Doris was tempted to run, but Squeedee soon assured her that Mama Opossum was just as gentle as a lamb, and wouldn't harm her.

She was no larger than a good-sized cat. Her nose was sharp and long, and well-provided with whiskers like that of Doris's cat. Her dark eyes looked rather sleepy, and her large, leaf-like ears stood erect, as Squeedee whistled again.

Then Mama Opossum galloped towards them, and bowed politely to Doris and her elfin, her long tail flapping in the dust behind her.

"Well, how's the family today, Mama Opossum?" asked Squeedee, after introducing her to Doris.

Mama Opossum sat up on her hind legs and shook hands with Doris, and Doris saw she had five toes on each foot.

"Seeing's believing," Mama Opossum laughed, and Doris caught her breath as fifteen little furry creatures tumbled out of an almost hidden pocket in the front of Mama Opossum and scampered around in front of Squeedee.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Doris. "Where in the world did they come from?"

"Out of my pouch, or pocket, as you'd call it," laughed Mama Opossum, pointing to the pouch formed by a large fold of skin on the under part of her body. "It's the only proper place to carry children. They're out of the way, but all the time you know just where they are." She made a queer noise, and her fifteen little furry babies all tumbled back into her pouch again, and Doris gasped.

"So that's the little nurse you were talking of," Doris said to Squeedee, after Mama Opossum had galloped away with her funny little babies.

"Well, I guess I ought not to complain. I'd much rather push a baby carriage than carry even one baby around in my pocket," and she laughed as she glanced at her tiny apron pocket.

When she looked up again Squeedee had disappeared, and Doris hummed to herself as she went on for her walk.



would call upon him and tell him in high-powered language just what kind of man he is. It is doubtless wicked not to love your neighbor; but it is even more wicked to lie about it. And no regular man born of woman can love a neighbor who lives next door and makes himself a nuisance.

Thrift

Thrift is a virtue, but like the other virtues may degenerate into a vice if permitted the run of the premises. Philosophers are fond of saying that few people can stand prosperity.

They mean that few people who attain prosperity are content to do without the things other prosperous people enjoy. When people come in to money, and we say money has made fools of them, it is our envy

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Good Night Stories

By Blanch Silver

DORIS MEETS A QUEER NURSE GIRL.

My goodness! how Doris did pout and fret when her mama asked her to take care of her baby sister while she went down to the town on an errand.

Doris, all out of patience, put the baby in the carriage and rolled her out into the yard.

"That's always the way—every time I plan on going out with the other girls, something comes up so I can't go," she pouted as she pushed the baby carriage out into the country road. "I never can play like other little girls."

"Well, now, that's too bad!" laughed a merry voice, and Squeedee



Mama Opossum Bowed.

dee, the elfin from Joyland, hopped out from behind a tree by Doris's side. "I thought everyone would be in good humor a lovely day like today."

"Oh, I suppose I would have been in a good humor if mama hadn't made me take care of baby sister," replied Doris. "But you can't have any fun pushing a baby carriage around all the time!"

At this Squeedee laughed merrily and put his hand upon the handle of the carriage.

"I'd just like to know what you'd do if you had fifteen children to look after all the time," he laughed. "Why, I have a friend—"

"A kindergarten teacher?" interrupted Doris.

"No, indeed," replied Squeedee.

The Vital Issue

"What we have to decide is this—Are we going to continue the protective system of this country or are we not? That is the question and that is the whole question. And the great, big, necessary thing is that every voter in this country from the Yukon to Halifax knows that this is the question he or she is deciding when he or she votes in this great contest."

ARTHUR MEIGHEN.

THE vital issue in the coming election—in fact, the only issue—is the Tariff, and to every clear thinking Canadian it should be readily apparent that a Protective Fiscal Policy is absolutely essential to stability, progress and development.

Every important country in the world upholds Protection as an essential economic principle. Even Great Britain—so long the stronghold of Free Trade—has now adopted laws that constitute Protection of the most effective kind. In fact, the present policy among most nations is towards raising their tariff walls, not lowering them. In the face of these facts it would be suicidal for Canada to do exactly the reverse and discard the fiscal system which has been responsible for its progress during the past forty-three years.

Free Trade would mean death to Canadian Industry. It would also result in the immediate closing down of Canadian plants of foreign firms, with consequent additional unemployment. There are today 650 American factories alone in Canada. Similar proposed ventures would be abandoned. New capital

would refuse to come to a Country lacking adequate protection and present industrial enterprise would be promptly strangled by foreign competition.

The preservation of the home market by a Reasonable Protective Tariff is vital to both city dweller and agrarian alike—now as never before. More capital is urgently needed for the development of Canada's enormous resources, which will result in a lessening of unemployment and an increased population. More work and more workers will produce an enlarged home market for products of both city and farm, and the exodus of Canadian men and women—and the dollars they earn—will be precluded.

The United States has slammed her trade door in the face of Canadian farmers by adopting the Fordney Bill, and the farmer is consequently now even more dependent upon the home market than in the past. Yet Crerar asks you to destroy that home market by voting for Free Trade.

King's policy—if he has one—will result in the destruction of the Tariff.

Meighen stands four square for Reasonable Protection-Protection for all the people—and asks for an overwhelming mandate to give both industry and agriculture that assurance which will spell prosperity for all. Individual prosperity depends upon National prosperity. Your personal interests and Canada's very existence hang upon your vote.

Meighen will lead us through

The National Liberal and Conservative Party
Publicity Committee.

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Twenty-five million dollars a year represents the American dye industry in foreign markets. Some folks would go out walking in a driving rain.

A popular belief that blue-eyed men are the best shots is erroneous, army records show. Pulling a sound tooth strains the acoustics of the dental chamber.

Some western berry growers are now using cardboard boxes instead of wooden ones. The Orinoco delta is shortly to be explored by British aviators.

The lining for gas bags of the large dirigible airships are obtained from oxen. American factories exported 16,834,000,000 cigarettes last year.