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Patience Worth's Magazine

A Special Message
From Patience Worth to the
Readers of Her Magazine

STOP ye upon thy path!
This day is thine, through
Him, thy loving Sire. What
hast thou returned to it
through thy love? For His
rich dealing, what returnest
thou?
Love is a beggar. Hast thou
alms?
A King bendeth unto thee,
begging.

PATIENCE WORTH

September, 1917

Patience
WORTH

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Patience Worth's Magazine

Vol. 1

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Number 2

"REDWING"—A Drama, by Patience Worth

We begin this month the publication of a drama by Patience Worth, the only one she has yet produced. It is in six acts and nine scenes, and contains about 20,000 words. It was the first of her long compositions. The time seems to be medieval and the "atmosphere" is English, but the land is an imaginary one. It is the only one of Patience Worth's productions that has no discernable spiritual significance. The "redwing," which gives the title to the play, is not the American bird sometimes so called, but a European bird, a species of thrush, common in England in the autumn and winter months. No one associated with Patience Worth had any knowledge of this bird or had ever heard of it until it appeared in this drama. The language of "Redwing" is but slightly archaic. The characteristic prefix "a" is not used so freely as in some of her productions, but she uses "athout" for "without" and "athin" for "within," as she does in most of her works, although these forms are not found at all in "The Sorry Tale." The entire composition, with the exception of a few lines, is in "free" but rhythmical verse.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

A Troubadour.

Simon, a Tanner.

Prince Charlie, suitor to Ermaline.

Dougal, page to Princess Ermaline.

Charles "Iron Fist," a neighboring king.

John MacGregor, the Red Knight.

Don, apprentice to Simon.

Queen.

Princess Ermaline, her daughter.

Hoody Mack, a crone.

Anne, a kitchen maid.

First Lady in Waiting.

Doorman.

Guard.

Gentry, Lancers, Soldiers, Guards, Ladies in Waiting, Servants, etc.

ACT I.—PROLOGUE.

Wet earth, fresh trod.

Highway cut to wrinkles with cart wheels

Borne in with o'erloading.

A flank o' daisy flowers and stones

Rolled o'er in blanketing o' moss.

Brown o' young oak-leaves shows soft

Amid the green. Adown a steep unto the vale,

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Hedged in by flowering fruit and threaded through
With streaming silver o' the brook, where rushes shiver
Like to swishing of a lady's silk.

Moss-lipped log doth case the spring

Who mothereth the brook, and ivy hath climbed it o'er

The trunk and leafless branch o' yonder birch,

Till she doth stand bedecked as for a folly dance.

Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

Rat-a-tat! Sh-h-h-h!

From out the thick where hides

The logged and mud-smear'd shack.

Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

Sh-h-h-h!

And hark ye, to the tanner's song!

"Up, up, up, and down, down, down!

A hammer to smite

And a hand to pound!

A maid to court

And a swain to woo,

A heiffer felled

And I build a shoe!

A souse anew in yonder vat,

And I'll buy my lady

A feathered hat!"

SCENE I.

Simon: "Come, Don, a lift and—taut!

And we may then bid 'day to work

And stride us like a gentle folk.

What then, art thou a breeder o' sleep?

I wake me at the gray-time and thou aweary,

Making wide mouths unto the moon.

Make fast, lad! Thy fingers each

Do gape unto themselves, aweary, too!

"The home-way doth yearn for us

And I do swear a kid-broth would merry

In my paunch! Wouldst thou put a broth

And drown a gape? I'll lead thee down

Apast the castle-court and Hoody Mack shall wish

A wraith upon thy pathway as ye pass.

"They spread it at the inn that Henry o' the water meadow hath fetched his dame a spinning-jenny, and she doth now spin with the distaff amiss. What think ye, man —to spin by treadle, ne'er to twist!"

Don: "Aye, 'tis many a puffed tale adrown in ayle. Thee'lt tell next she hath a surcoat o' silk and feedeth her geese on lollypops!"

Simon: "I do fatten me that as a feeder of asses I'd choose me a stuffing of a coarser stuff."

"Thee canst smell the stew o' Hoody Mack. Gad, my vitals writhe! Thou hast gaped thee full e'er now!"

Don: "Yea, Simon, but 'tis feed for higher rank, for my innards cry them for a stew. I'd risk she made it o' skull-bones and shank, or toad-spittle. Doth truly believe she strides a broom-brush?"

Simon: "Nay, Don, her eye doth shed a heaven, truly."

SCENE II.

At the Cot of Hoody Mack.

Simon: "'Day, Hoody! Can I then put thy brush Ahind the shack and tease my tung a bit?"

Don: "Thee'dst better far to put ahead—
A-dawdling o'er a crone who, as thee knowest,
Worketh charm."

Simon: "Hold thy tripper! Thee'rt overwise
On fools' lore. I'd souse me in the tannen-brew
Afore I'd take a black frown home.
These hands do look as I did gut a heiffer
With its dye, but I swear me that my brow
Doth bear but light, and I
Shall send a smile ahead. (Don moves on.)

"Go then, and I do pray
That Hoody Mack shall witch a stone to sprawl ye!
Say ye to the dame I follow thee
Afar enough to hide me from thy gloom. (Exit Don.)

"Hoody, canst thee tell but one blood-soaker
Ere I hie me on?"

Hoody Mack: "Simon, thee'lt pass a-higher up, the castle,
And do I not betray me to myself,
Thee'lt see a chestnut tethered there
Whose foot-cloth is of sapphire, and bridle
All bedecked with gold; and thee'lt know

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'Tis the flesh belonging Prince Charlie,
The cousin o' the Princess Ermaline,
And pledged to wed the dear at end o' Lent.
Thee'lt sicken at his sight!

"He hath hung for seasons till shriveled
Like a walnut long buried 'neath the mold.
His legs do warp,
And neck a-hangs upon its end his head.
And yet, he weareth sapphire, and snow-white silken hose,
And sandals 'broidered in a many colored strand.

"He walketh with a staff beribboned,
And ever he doth wave a kerchief,
Wet with scent and age-water from his eyes,
And rolls his lips, and smirketh
Sightlessly on every side, but pausing
To unsheath and blow him on his blade,
To wipe away the mist upon his doublet sleeve,
And squint to view his beauty therein.

"At other time he doth carry him on high
A nosegay with a frill about,
And when he speaketh his voice doth sound
As a kettle aboil, and he doth spatter more.
Slime bubbles gather them like clustered grapes
At his mouth corners and his tung showeth
'Tween his toothless gums as tho' 'twere wet with oil.
His locks do stand in patches, with gaps atween,
A color o' grasses grown aneath some weighty log."

Simon: "In the Queen's name, Hoody! Thy blood-soaker
doth sicken.

I do itch to spat upon His Grace.
Think ye 'twill come to pass,
He taketh our Ermaline to wed?"

Hoody Mack: "I but hear the bergers prattle,
But it doth seem that since the King hath died,
The Queen doth think to place upon the throne
An elder head, in fearing lest an younger blood
Should boil too hotly and warring come to us."

Simon: "What! thinketh she the Prince of Didders
Could smite should war astride him here?
I fancy me his arrow-quiver
Could hold but diamond-dust for his hair,
And his arrow featlier be a nosegay!
He then in boldness would stride him forth
And cast a cackling barb a-dealing of their 'pertinence.
God set his legs a-quiver,
That he takes him to his bed ne'er to recover!

"I go me now, good Witch—
And may the earth ne'er know a worser one.
I'll keep an eye to castle court
And wish ill luck to Charlie
Or I'll sleep athout a sup!"

Hoody Mack: "I need not wish a company to thee, Simon,
Thou knowest all the meadow folk
Who bide them in the flowers. Aday!"

ACT II.—PROLOGUE.

The castle gate yawneth and spiked walls
Stand black-tipped against the green-gold light
The sun has sent aback to kiss young night adieu.
The evening sounds fill quiet with unrest,
And e'en the cold grey stone of castle wall
Hath softened to a hyacinth
And wrapped it in a shroud of mystery.

Astir within, the page and servers,
And tapers sputter, lighting up the gloom.

Fair Ermaline hath sunk her to her couch, aweary,
And tinkling sounds the strumming of the troubadour,
Her eyes, thought-veiled, do droop,
But ever stray unto the figure, scarlet clad.
And he aflush doth sing:

"Day, do I then hate thee?
Thine hours have dragged
A-loaded with my sorrowing.
The losing of my love
Doth measure but its height and depth,
And string doth, trembling, voice
The song of aching heart."

Then silence reigns and young night breeze
Doth find and flutter 'mid black locks of Ermaline.
Bound 'round one rosy arm a blue-black braid,
And bow lips match the cloak of troubadour.
She mutely singeth, for her eye, when flashed
Doth bear a song straight from her heart.
Deep busomed high but breatheth solitude.

A clattering maid doth fill the silence
With a scrape o' sand and rush upon the kettle-side,
And Ermaline doth chafe her o' the din.
A page yawneeth and stretcheth spider legs
To shamle him to where the spit doth turn.

SCENE I.

Dougal: "Anne, goody girl, leave me but suck a bone.
My sides have withered and fallen in, in truth."

Anne: "Get ye, Dougal!
Thy footprints do show them in grease
Like to the Queen's seal upon my floor!"

Dougal: "The princess hath bidden me
To stay within her call, but she doth drouse,
Adrunck on love-lilt o' the troubadour.
And Prince of Fools hath gone long since
To beauty sleep. He tied unto his poster
A posev wreath and brushed in scented oils
His beauteous locks, and sung a lay to Ermaline
And kissed a scullery wench afore he slept."

Anne: "The dog! I'd love a punch to shatter him!
And Ermaline hath vowed to lock her lips
And pass as mute until his going."

Dougal: "Yea, but eye may speak, for hers
Do flash like lightning, and though small,
Her foot doth fall most weighty to command.
Yester the Prince did seek her
In the throne room. He'd tied his kerchief
To a sack and filled it full o' blue-bells,
And minced him 'long the halls a-strewing blossoms
And singing like to a frozen pump.

"Within the chamber, Ermaline did hide her face
In dreading to behold him come,
But at the door he spied the dear
And bounded like a puppy 'cross the flags,
A-pelting her with blooms and sputtering 'mid tee-hees.
She, tho', did spy him first,
And measured her his sight, and sudden
Slipped her 'neath the table shroud.
And he, Anne, I swear, sprawled him in his glee
And rose to find her gone. And whacked my shin,
The ass, a-cause I heaved at shoulders."

Anne: "Ah, Dougal, 'tis a weary time in truth.
Thee hadst best to put it back,
To court thy mistress' whim.
Whence cometh he?"

Good sleep ye! And Dougal,
I have a loving for the troubadour.

Dougal: "Put thy heart to rest, good Anne;
He's but a piper who doth knock the taber's end,
And coaxeth trembling strings by which to sing.
He came him out o' nothing, like the night or day.
We waked to hear him singing 'neath the wall."

Anne: "Aye, but I do wag! For surely thee doth see
How Ermaline doth court his song."

Dougal: "Nay, Anne, 'tis but to fill an empty day."

Anne: "Dougal, thee wert fed on asses' milk since birth,
And born of liars. I see that even now
Thee hast a script aneath thy sleeve caps,
And yester I did hear a waiting lady tell
That thrice she hath seen thee drop a roll
Aside the troubadour."

Dougal: "The besom! I then must fetch a bit o' dust
To smart their eyes. Doth hear a knocking?
'Tis my lady's call. I see that she hath caught

Her trailing robe and would be gone.
Snuff thee the tapers, Anne, and good rest!"
(*To be Continued.*)

THE WISHIN'.

That thy prayers take wing and flutter on and on, and
fan the parched ones and take rest ne'er, save at the
mercy seat. That ye smile unto the Earth, then smile one
'nother and this in thank to Him.

PATIENCE WORTH.

THE sole purpose of this publication is to spread and to interpret the words of Patience Worth. It is not a medium of occultism nor of psychical research. It will not concern itself with kindred phenomena of any character. It is not related to nor associated with any cult or society, nor has it any theories to present other than those based upon the words and the personality of Patience Worth. It is, in short, Patience Worth's Magazine, nothing more, nothing less.

It should be clearly understood that Patience Worth is not a "fortune-teller." She does not "read the future." She does not find lost lovers, lost relatives or lost property. She does not give advice upon business. She does not pretend to be a physical healer. It is, therefore, utterly useless to ask her service in any such matters, and it is worse than useless to send money to this publication, or to anyone associated with her, for such purposes.

The Language of Patience Worth

By Casper S. Yost

The language of Patience Worth is as varied as her works. Usually in her literary productions, and always in her conversation, it has an archaic form that has individual peculiarities not found in, or at least not characteristic of any recorded writings. It is never imitative. From Chaucer or Gower down to the present time there is no written work that it closely resembles. It has its sources mainly in the provincial dialects of England, but no dialect of the present, nor, so far as the writer has been able to discover, anyone of the past, can be exactly identified with it. Generally, however, it has the prevailing characteristics of the early seventeenth century. One of those characteristics is its grammatical irregularity. Abbott and Lounsbury and perhaps others have called attention to the remarkable freedom from grammatical restraints in that period of transition. One may be permitted to wonder if that is not a partial reason for its literary supremacy. But aside from this feature there are many resemblances to the English of that period in most of Patience Worth's utterances. Yet she reaches back into a still more distant past and draws out words and locutions that the reader of the seventeenth century would perhaps have failed to recognize. And while her dialectal peculiarities are mainly Southern, many of them are derived from the provincial speech of the Middle and Northern Shires, and not infrequently from the lowland tongue of Scotland.

But within this broad generalization there are gradations and variances. There is no uniformity in her language. No two of her works have the same verbal characteristics, and even in her conversation she frequently changes her form of speech. But if she chooses a dialect, let me call it, for a particular work, that dialect is consistently maintained to the end, however long the work may be, and no matter what form of speech her purpose or her mood suggests it is poured out with unvarying ease and sureness. Often she has dictated parts of two books of widely different dialects and conversed freely in a third in a single hour, without the slightest confusion. Her knowledge of English of all times and the extent of her vocabulary are equally amazing. Without burdening her works with wholly obsolete words she often gives to common words meanings that reach back into Saxon times and were obsolete in such senses long before the seventeenth century. Or she makes use of a middle English term, perhaps from a French source, yet one whose meaning is readily understood. In one of the extracts presented in this article is the word "napron," the very ancient form of apron, of old French derivation, and one frequently comes upon these relics of the far past, used without affectation, as though they "belonged." The story of "Telka," a metrical novel yet to be published, is a remarkable illustration of her knowledge of Saxon English. It contains about 60,000 words, of which approximately ninety-five per cent are of Anglo-Saxon derivation. Not since Wicliffe's Bible, written in the fourteenth century, has there been a book so purely Anglo-Saxon in its origins. The

foreign element in Chaucer is far greater and even in Piers Plowman the Anglo-Saxon is less dominant. To write a book drawn so exclusively from the primitive sources of the language one must have a special and extensive knowledge of those sources.

But she seems no less familiar with the words of our language drawn from French, Latin, Greek or other tongues, when she cares to use them. There is no lack of such words in "The Sorry Tale." Nor is she limited to archaic forms of speech. That she could write in the English of the present day if she so desired was quite evident from some of her earliest productions, but she has lately shown that she is as familiar with standard English and as skilled in its use as with the older forms of the language. She is now writing a story, that has already reached about 100,000 words, that is couched in pure and simple current English without any of the grammatical peculiarities of her other works, and yet which is just as surely Patience Worth's as any of them.

Conclusions can hardly be drawn from brief extracts, but it may be interesting to the readers of Patience Worth's Magazine to view some examples of her larger works for comparison of the language. An installment of her first extensive composition, the drama "Redwing," appears elsewhere in this number. Extracts from her other works follow here. The first is a bit of "Telka":

Baba: "A-lordy, Telka! two to tempt thy tung?
Franco, thou hast put a ban upon a sup,
El- why didst fail to quaff that I
Did offer thee? 'Tis Baba
Who doth love thee, Franco, and thee, wench,—
But thee and she a-wed! A-woe!
Telka then would trod the earth
And thou the star-track o' the night.
Think ye to meet upon thy ways?
I loved a wench like to my maid.
But she did trod a lonely road,
And I did fellow with the things
Abroad the earth who knew me not
But I did know—the wood paths, lad,
And the Master's court a-field."

Telka: "'Tis a muck, Baba. Thou canst bray
Longer than an ass a-courting grain. We wed,
And thou shalt bray for the wedding's march!"

Franco: "A-stop thee, Telka! 'Tis as ye wish.
I see a-through the cloud, and ye
Do speak aright. We put it as ye wish.
I do but hope that do I cast
My colors, and e'en do bury them,
They do stay them put and ne'er arise
Like to a wraith to taunt. I crave ye, then,
To leave me put it to the town
That I do spread, that morn doth find
A cloak to cover o' thy blush and dry thy tear.
See, lass! I would woo thee now."

Telka: "Stand! Do ye but touch, I scream!
I tipped the honey-pot upon my head
And thou wouldst have me to believe it were thy gift.
Thou'lt have a season long enough
To make a tale o' thine own virtues for to spin to me,
And I promise ye 'tis many's the knot
I then shall tie athin thy yarn.

I have spoken of the Anglo-Saxon purity of 'Telka. Another feature is its monosyllabic character, possibly the consequence of that purity. Fully seventy-five per cent of the words of this story or poem are of one syllable. This extract, for example, contains 274 words, not counting proper names, of which 243 are of one syllable. Another curious feature of Telka is that neither the word "am" nor the word "are" is to be found in it. Imagine the difficulty of writing a 60,000-word poem without using either of these words so essential to our diction!

There have been many published references to "The Merry Tale," but with the exception of the brief extracts printed in the records in last month's number of this magazine no part of it has been made public. This story is yet but a fragment of about 20,000 words, and Patience during the writing of "The Sorry Tale" seemed to find relief from the stress of that narrative by taking up occasionally the rather rough humor of this story. As will be seen in this longer extract it has its own peculiarities of style and of dialect.

And Cato stood him laughed and sought o' his nag at the tother side the inne. And pulled o' his points to tight and upped o' his boot's legs, and pulled o' his cap o'er his locks, and strode o' the nag, to cut 'pon its hind and set it a-squat and on.

And the snows flew and the skies darked, and the nag's hoofs plodded 'mid the deep. And Cato still laughed upon his way, and oped his lips and sung him loud:

"The nobles' maids a-trippin'
O'er the meads at summer's tide,
And Polly Griffin meetin'
O' the lordling at his ride.
And fields a-noddin' knowin',
And the heaths a-greener growin',
And the harvesters a-blowin'
O' the lordling's buxom bride."

And his voice sounded far, and the nag upped and downed unto the swing o' the lilt.

And the hedgerows shewed white like unto ridged cloud 'long the roadway, and trees rattled o' ice crust. Smokes shewed unto the right o' the curve o' the bended road, and sunked amid the thick o' browned stark trees, and blanketed o' deeped snows, the mill stood, its tung frozen unto the still.

And Cato slapped o' the nag's flank and stretched forth his hand to spat 'pon its neck and spake:

"On, thou oxen! Dang, but thy back be not swayed nor yet thy belly podged! Nay, and thou canst boast o' a tail less the long o' thy brother nags; for thy reinsman, 'mid a cup, didst snip it off with the blade o' him!"

And the nag stretched forth its neck and sniffed at the air and set a-whinnied, and upped at his paces. And Cato laughed and sinked his spurs athin its flesh and rode him top-speed unto the mill's door, and cried aloud:

"Aho! Aho! Awake, thou sniffers o' grain! Ho, Donald! Hie-e-e, Anne!"

And door oped, and Donald stood 'pon the worn sill, his shoulders bent at the lift o' grain's pokes; his locks long and flaxen, and mild eyed and smiled like unto a summer's field, and naproned o' a sack's-cloth; and ahind, aneath his arm, the capped head o' Anne. And Donald spake loud:

"Athin, Cato, but cleanse thy tung! For by the holy smile, 'tis Donald that hath quaked o'er thy last wordin' at the mill."

And Cato answered 'mid a laugh: "By Cato's spurs! Nay a swear shall pop athout his lips!"

And he set o' the holied sign 'cross his breast and brow, and swung o' his leg o'er the nag's back and kicked o' him 'pon his rump. And Donald reached forth that he take o' the leads, and set him a-shedded.

And Anne spread forth her frock and curtseyed low and bade Cato in. And Cato went him up unto the fire's warm and stretched him 'pon a settle, legs longed 'pon the floor and spake:

"Well, Anne, what wonders be?"

And Anne bobbed and curtseyed and spake:

"The tabby hath cattied!"

And she went her a-flurried unto the wood's heap aside the fire's hearth, and set unclothed the tabby, wreathed 'bout o' kits. And Anne stroked her o'er and made soft words. And Cato came him up and plucked forth a 'kit a-tail. And kit set a-cry, and Cato cupped o' his hand and lay it tendered athin, and spake:

"Thou art 'deed a mighty wordin' o' the village doin's!"

And he lay the warm kit next his cheek and stepped him unto the tabby's lay, and tipped his boot a-tendered o'er the tabby's side, and spake:

"Lor', Anne, who knoweth but this cat hath amore athin the catties that be o' good than the country's side holdeth?"

The public is now more or less familiar with the diction of "The Sorry Tale," but for purposes of comparison and contrast, a bit of it is presented here:

And Theia leaned far, and touched the flesh of Hatte, and her voice sounded as the temple's doves. "Hatte, Hatte, this thing is true; but the airs, the skies—dreams, dreams, yea, out from thee and Theia shall come forth dreams that shall set the water of hate to dry and the lands of woe to send forth spurts of young green that spelleth hope!"

And she swayed. "The east way sheweth, and the west wind hath brought forth a seed, and it hath fallen and sprung root, and its roots sink deep even unto the foundation stones of the temples; and the temples shake even at this root's touch. And behold the young green sheweth even at this time, and no man knoweth but that this is the first blade of the grain's stalk that feedeth Jerusalem. Yea, but hark, Hatte! upon this stalk there shall show a golden sheaf, and from out this grain shall the bread of earth be fashioned. And they shall feed, and they shall eat, and eat, and eat and thank not. And still shall the golden grain shew, and the earth shall know not the whytore of this thing. And they shall plant them new fields, and grow new grains and fashion new breads, and still the golden grain shall show. For Jehovah hath spoken unto the listing ear, and e'en though they hark not, and stop His whispers with blood, still shall He whisper on!"

And Hatte swayed and chanted Him:

"Yea, yea! Hatte seeth this grain's stalk and golden sheaf, and it noddeth to him and speaketh, 'I am thy Brother,' and the sweet lips stop and laugh, and the word cometh amid a laugh, 'Hate! Hate! Hate!'"

The latest work that Patience Worth has taken up is a novel in standard English of the present day that is tentatively called "Hope Trueblood," that being the name of the character whose autobiography it is. Modern in its language it is also relatively modern in its time, it being a story of an English village in what seems to be the early Victorian period. As no two of Patience Worth's works are alike in language, so, too, are they unlike in style and character. She seems disposed to prove her personality not only by the peculiarity and individuality of her words but by the versatility of her genius. Following immediately after "The Sorry Tale," "Hope Trueblood" is as different from the first as it is possible for two stories to be. In language and style and theme it bears no resemblance to the previous work, and yet it has many of the same qualities. If "The Sorry Tale" can be likened to a great orchestra "Hope Trueblood" is a simple violin solo played with infinite sweetness and pathos.

The days sped not upon the bright hours that I had known, for the thing that I learned made the heart heavy and thereby the feet laggard. I shall tell here that a thing came upon me that made the days more fearful. Miss Patricia seemed to fade before me. She grew less brisk about the house, leaving to my hands the tending of the bird, the turning of the glass and the laying of the woolen cover that had always been her pride. It was no new thing to find her asleep, perhaps beside the fire, or, in the summer tide, in some shadow afar from the window's ope, where she had always been in the habit of sitting. Her eyes, too, grew

dinner, and she seemed to contain something which ate deep within her. I found her biting her lips, and her thin hands upon her lap twitching and pinching the cloth of her skirt. When I would come upon her so, she would start and seem to bring herself back from far place where I had not been.

During this time we had no word of Mr. Reuben. I had spoken to Miss Patricia of this thing often and she would simply say, "Reuben is detained." Ever we waited. Each evening his wrapper was brought forth, the bottle of port set upon the table and his mulling cup beside it. Miss Patricia did not mull her port, nor did she sit beside the fire as she had always done when Mr. Reuben was there. Rather would she draw her chair back to the shadow when the fire was lighted, or sit in the gloom, if it was a summer time. Even the spring did not tempt her.

It had been a long winter, I recall, following a time that seems to me but empty days of tending, baking, bringing up wood, sewing, and forgetting, with no thing to fill up the emptiness. The spring came late and the chill clung even after the green had come. Miss Patricia seemed more frail than ever before, and I was overcome one morning when I found her upon her bed and not arisen with the first day's streak, lying very pale and motionless. When I had knocked in fright she had bidden me enter and I had done so. I knew her far too well to exclaim when I beheld her so. I stood waiting. She lay very quiet and coughed. After I had stood for some time she reached forth one of her thin hands and bade me come beside her.

"It is nothing. You understand? It is nothing."

"Yes, Miss Patricia," I answered. "I see."

"Very well," said Miss Patricia.

"Will you arise?" I asked.

"No," said Miss Patricia.

Then she lay quiet and did not offer more conversation. I sat beside her on the bed.

"Open the shutter," she commanded.

I arose and went to the shutter and opened it, and the musty room was flooded with a white sunlight and a gust of cold air entered.

"Is it too cool?" I asked.

"No," said Miss Patricia. "Now that I think of it, I shall arise."

"Very well," I answered. "Shall I bring your dressing gown?"

"Yes," said Miss Patricia.

I went to the press and brought forth the gown which I lay upon the foot of the poster and went to the side of Miss Patricia. She made to arise and I saw she was far too much spent. She looked keenly up to my eyes and I pretended I did not notice her efforts.

"Wait," she said, "I shall be but a moment. I think it is--well, perhaps it is age."

"No," I cried, "never, Miss Patricia!"

"Yes," she said. "You see, age is not youth when it comes to carrying a pack."

"Yes," I answered, "I know, but it could never be age."

"I think," went on Miss Patricia, not noticing my remark, "I think Reuben will come shortly. Do you not?"

I stopped before her, fearing to answer. She had never asked me one thing of Reuben, nor had she one time intimated that she thought I might be interested in his going.

"Well?" she snapped.

"Yes, yes," I answered hastily. "Oh, yes, I think he will."

"That is a lie," said Miss Patricia.

"Yes," I answered.

"It is well you can tell the truth," went on Miss Patricia. "I like you for that thing."

"Yes," I said.

Then Miss Patricia lay very still, seeming to forget me, and I saw that she was summoning all the strength she had. She arose upon one elbow and I saw that she went very white. She looked pitifully to me and her lips moved. I caught the words, very tremorously spoken in her struggle to sit:

"I cannot! I do not understand! Hope, help me!"

Suddenly my blood froze. I saw that she could not move her limbs.

"Miss Patricia!" I gasped.

WHAT PATIENCE WORTH TEACHES.

THERE is a God.

He is our Father, and His other name is Love.

He knows His children, their feelings, their weaknesses, their errors—and He understands.

He sympathizes with their pain and sorrow, and He whispers consolation if they would but hear.

He would tell them the trials of life are the building of the soul; that earth is but a starting place for eternity and its troubles and its difficulties are essential to the soul's foundation.

He would tell them that the building may not be finished here but goes on and on, until it is fully complete, and always His love streams o'er it.

He would tell them that He condemns not but ever seeks to lift. He may grieve at their transgressions and anger at their perversity, but it is the grief and the anger of love.

He would tell them that He destroys not His children, but preserves them for an immortality which must be won, but which all can win and shall win.

He would tell them that He is ever with them, that He never forsakes and never will forsake them, in this world or the next.

He would tell them that He would not be feared, but loved; for in the exercise of love—love for Him, love for His own, His children, is the soul built to its fullness.

He would tell them: Wait! Be patient! It shall be.

GOD'S TWILIGHT.

The even' falleth from the heaven.

The Earth is weary, sore.

Tired, the babes seek out the cradles at the dark.

The weary hands still bear the playthings

Broken with o'er-loving o' the day.

The weary feet o' age

Walk them 'pon youth's path, bided 'mid a dream,

And youth-spiced feet seek wonder-lands

O' the far, far, Where.

The wearied hearts a-bathe in Memory's pool,

And tired ones seek the couch o' rest.

Eve hath sunk from heaven.

The Day hath hung her light as golden mantle

O'er the bosom o' the Earth.

'Tis sleep-god's reign.

The mothers o' the Earth's aged be not there,

And youth's dames croon unto their dreams.

The Eve hath sunk from Heaven.

And He looks down 'pon weary ones

A-clasped o' loved toys, and smiles,

And knows.

The Eve hath sunk. 'Tis Night,

And all is well.

PATIENCE WORTH.

A Preacher's Talk With Patience

We begin this month the publication of a series of special records giving the experiences of a number of persons of eminence in their visits to Patience Worth. Heretofore the names of all visitors have been withheld from publication, for they were, and always are, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Curran. These exceptions are made with the full permission of the subjects.

Dr. John Wesley Hill was a visitor at the home of the Currans on the 22nd of October, 1916. Dr. Hill is widely known as a preacher, educator and public speaker. He was ordained a Methodist Episcopal Minister in 1889 and has been pastor of a number of important churches. From 1907 to 1912 he was pastor of the Metropolitan Temple in New York City. He is now Chancellor of Lincoln Memorial University in that city. His letter of permission follows:

"My dear Mr. Curran: In response to yours of the 23rd inst., I beg to say that I have not the slightest objection to the publication of my interview with Patience Worth, at your home, October 22, 1916.

"I have recently read 'The Sorry Tale,' about three hundred words of which were communicated in my presence. For simplicity of style, purity of English, perfection of diction and power and grip of narrative, I know of no such book, and the marvel of it all is its mystic origin.

"I have devoted much of my life to study of the occult, never acceding to the claims of modern spiritualism.

"In the revelation of Patience Worth, telepathy is extended to the spirit world, and, without the trappings and trickery of the seance, and spurning the gloom in which spirits knock and ghosts walk, Patience steps into the light of day and communicates in such a sane, rational and convincing way that it requires no effort to believe and feel that her personality is real and her messages are authentic.

"I write this after the most painstaking and laborious investigation, knowing that there is nothing in modern science to refute the claim of spirit communication, and that there is much in reason and revelation to confirm it.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN WESLEY HILL.

The record of Dr. Hill's interview follows:

(Present: Dr. John Wesley Hill, Mr. B., the family.)

Mr. B., a friend, had 'phoned Mr. Curran and asked that he be permitted to bring out Dr. Hill of New York. The request was granted and they came out about 4 p. m. Dr. Hill said he had heard of Patience through friends, and was interested in what he said was the first thing of the kind to which he had felt justified he could give credence. We tried to give him as good an idea of the work as possible in the short time we had, telling him of *The Sorry Tale* and reading him some of her religious work, after which he sat down with Mrs. Curran for an introduction to Patience, who began by saying with mock humility:

"A shake and trembled thy handmaid (herself) setteth her, her eyes casted down, and primmed; for look ye, here be a parson!"

Then she went on seriously:

"Hark, hark, Sirrah! I do know thee, for look ye! thou hast stood thee and looked 'pon His sorry-woein' 'pon this earth, (the sorrows of His own upon earth) and looked thee up unto Him, and e'en cried aloud athin thee that thou shouldst find thee a song that should set the Earth's heart and plant a seed o' loving that should spurt and grow and bring forth unto Him a harvest."

Dr. Hill said this voiced his highest ambition.

"Yea, thou hast e'en gone unto his fields whereon lieth His precious grain, blown down, yea, and rustin'; and with thine own hand hast thou plucked up the fallen stalks and made the sheaves and saved o' them."

Dr. Hill suggested that this might refer to his work in China and Japan which was just about as Patience had described it. Patience went on:

"Thou knowest this thing, yea, and thy handmaid knoweth that thou dost for to know the thing that eateth o' her; that she shall ope up the Earth's heart. And list thee, Sirrah, 'tis in lowly hopin', ne'er in the spirit o' one who would lift himself up, that she dealeth His grain, *but that she aid thee and them that do His tendin'*.

"Look ye! I speak me out that thou hast stood thee and made words o' praise unto Him, and thy words begged not for that He should deal unto thee, but for more o' strength that thou mightst sing His song; that thou mightst not bring clinkin' brasses unto His coffers, but sweet-bathed ones whom thou hast bathed athin His precious blood."

We were brought back to her Sorry Tale by her next remark:

"See! I be a-weavin' o' a cloak for one o' Earth that Earth hath stoned; and thou shalt look upon this weavin' o' me and know ye deeper o' Him." Then she asked: "Wouldst thee that I set upon this cloth?"

Dr. Hill said he would be much pleased to have her write upon it under his hand, so she wrote about 300 words of it, after which we fitted it to the last she had written so the visitors could see it was all of a piece. Then Dr. Hill asked if she would be willing to answer some questions and we explained that she had never refused serious questions which might aid in "scattering the grain." So he told her that he was interested in the establishment of a Supreme Court of the world to which all questions would be submitted for Judicial settlement to the end that nations should war. Patience as usual anticipated his question as to whether it was a worthy work, by saying:

"This thing could make the meteing right. But see ye unto it that them that sit o'er be filled up o' Him, and ope not their lips save they deal in lovin', and that they know Him deep, and this shall be the thing that shall lock the warrin' blades awthither."

Here Dr. Hill remarked that in his "humble way" he had—but Patience interrupted him with:

"Nay, nay, Sirrah. Thou art not o' the lowly. For he who hath trod His path be noble, e'en at the troddin' o' His steps."

Dr. Hill: "Patience, I am anxious to know if my efforts in behalf of this international tribunal are wisely directed? Is this work practical?"

Patience: "See, e'en upon the path that leaveth thy hands at the bearin' o' blades, thou mayest cast His smilin's unto His own. Look ye! this thing is right that thou shouldst scatter, amid the mucked ones, grains o' Him that shall bloom upon the fields o' dung."

Dr. Hill: "Are our friends that have gone before, near and around us?"

Patience: "Yea, yea; the Here lappeth thy lands even as the young waves lap the shore."

Dr. Hill: "Do they hover over us and may we know of their presence?"

Patience: "Yea, yea. They bathe thee as a pured bath o' love. And thou feelest within thee a leapin' o' thy heart, and it near speaketh unto thee a name sae deared, hark unto it. It is thine, thy loved, that toucheth thee, and thou art e'en throbbled atuned and did hark unto a voice out of the Here."

Dr. Hill: "Do you advise that we should make efforts to communicate?"

Patience: "It shall be that the heavens shall give up unto the earth that that shall ope their blinded eyes more, more, more. 'Tis well; thou shouldst call."

Dr. Hill: "In the spirit world is the presence of Jesus seen and recognized?"

Patience: "Ah, Sirrah! if this thing were not, why then His comin'? I be me, and I stood 'pon Earth but an atom of dust unto Him. And He stood the earth even as this o' me stood, and I do speak unto thee so. Thou lookest

upon these wordin's and they be from out what there be o' me. I say me, e'en this is He, ever Him, yea, ever Him, yea, ever the sweet smilin', the tendin' o' the Earth's flocks He doth lend His hand unto."

Dr. Hill: "Is Heaven a place or a condition?"

Patience: "Sirrah, even so trued as thy land is His land."

Dr. Hill: "Thank you. Jesus said: 'I go to prepare a place for you', but some people say heaven is a condition, not a place."

Patience: "This be naught but words, and thou knowest e'en a sorry belly may set up words."

"List! Hark! He hath spoken. Look unto that He hath planted within thee that thou lovest. It is trued. It is trued. It is trued. And nay man's words may tarnish its gold. Nay; their words be but washing waves that shall burnish the glintin' gold that be within thee."

Dr. Hill: "Is there an intermediate state between earth and heaven?"

Patience: "This be a busied land, and be thy building not a-finished thou shalt finish it afore thy setting unto His task. Yea, thou mayst build within this land, for building defileth not Him. He be the first builder."

Dr. Hill: "Is there probation beyond the grave?"

Patience: "List! His blood cleanseth the earth, and His smile cleanseth the heaven. They shall bathe within His smile and know Him, even though they tarried at it" (the knowing).

Dr. Hill: "Are all saved beyond the grave?"

Patience: "Cleansing cometh e'en unto the filthed."

Dr. Hill: "Is cleansing possible beyond the grave?"

Patience: "Yea, and yet the cleansing be not dealt unto them that they fear but that they love."

The interview had been very impressive to all who participated. Dr. Hill seemed to enlist the interest of Patience by his evident sincerity. As there had been consumed about two hours, the visitors felt that they must go. Dr. Hill in a spirit of reverence in which we all entered, expressed his appreciation of Patience, her words and beautiful thoughts, promising his co-operation in her mission of peace and love. In reply Patience gave him her love and benediction in these words:

"Hark ye, Sirrah! I speak unto thee singin' words, that thou shalt bear the crumbs unto thy hungered, and that thou shalt know 'tis not a wonderwork that a God like unto thine and mine mightst leave thine eyes to look upon these things."

"Go thou! Deliver thy breads; for the earth is hungered, hungered, hungered. Reach thy hand deep, e'en unto the dim-eyed ones; for they be His loved. Touch His smitten ones that shew sores of filth; for they be His. Unlock the shut hearts with thy key of Love."

"Behold! thou and the day of thee standest 'pon the threshold that sheweth new light."

"God's peace cling thee like sweet scents of pure blooms. His love cloak thee and his words be thy blade."

"God grant this unto thee. Aday."

The Purpose of "Patience Worth Wee"

By Mrs. John H. Curran

"He shall come to the hearts of Earth frae out the babes."

It is the clearly expressed wish of Patience Worth that the adoption of her baby shall be an example to others to do likewise, in the hope that one day all the little lonely ones shall have the love they cry for, that no wee eyes may stare to answerless ceilings, that no small hand may grope hungrily for a loving breast. She believes that if even a small proportion of those amply able to care for a child would take on the loving responsibility, all such would be provided for.

But her thoughts run deeper yet. In the giving of love to these little ones your own heart blooms anew.

"See," she said one night to a sweet society girl who held her baby, "thou knowest the warmth o' the bright flame that kindleth within thee at the touch o' this wee hand. Thou hast oped and taken within thee love, deep lovin'. Wrap thine arms 'bout this wee sma' fleshie and leave thy love to clothe her. The Earth hath rich stores o' love but the hands o' men have shut the store and it taketh a babe to ope it up."

"'Tis waked, the new day, wherein man shall know that through the gateways that giveth freely floweth that that filleth up. Even as the givin' floweth through, floweth back unto thee the full fillin' o' love."

And yet there is more she sees in this act. The thousands of children that grow up neglected may, with proper environment and care, be made an asset to society instead of a liability, as now. These are potential citizens, and their influence for good or evil is incalculable. Neglected and overlooked, these souls should be our greatest charge, for, says Patience, "The root of evil be within the cradle."

It is my great hope that there be no public impression that there is something mysterious or uncanny about this child. There is nothing uncommon in its adoption except that an invisible being through her words has caused one of God's lonely little ones to be given a home and loving care, bought by love, and the financial part borne by returns from words which in themselves are priceless. Patience herself wishes her child to be a normal child and her highest hope is that she shall "shed one pure ray of His light" on the earth.

We shall try to raise her sanely and practically, with a clean mind and body and in the love of God, not fear. There shall be no mystic posing or odd or different environment or teachings to set her in any way apart from children of her age.

Already a number of children have been adopted as a

result of the action of Patience Worth. She has gone farther and suggested that from three to five or more band together to take over one of these children in common, agreeing upon a division of attention and expense, placing the child with some good woman with time, and paying for the care, making the clothing themselves and thus gathering to themselves the sweetest pleasures of life, the smiles of a baby's welcome, the touch of trusting baby hands, the knowledge of mother-love, the tenderness of watching one of God's own plants that contains a spark of Him.

And she lays this task especially upon the women of the world.

"The task be upon the dames o' the earth," she says, "for nay man may do this thing. It should be that a dame and a dame and a dame and a dame should lend them one unto the other and share o' a wee bit one."

"Ah, think ye o' the lightin' o' the darksome days, and the pluckin' o' woes awither, would they but lend them unto this!"

"For all o' the dealin' o' good, He shall remember; but woe unto him that doeth good and setteth upon it his own sign and gloateth within him!"

"The stream o' thy good dealin' should flow it on, on, on, e'en unto Him, and return not unto thee."

"Unto the hands o' the dames be the ministerin', and do they tarry, yet it awaiteth them and shall fall unto them. At some tide hence Earth shall awake and know that the mires o' woe may be washed clean by the touch o' dames 'pon the wee ones o' earth and the tender ministering o' them. O, thou shalt ope unto it! For the root of evil be athin the cradle."

We have decided to continue a baby department in this magazine and we shall be glad to give any information asked for relative to the subject, and when necessary to refer anything puzzling to Patience herself for answer. We would welcome any news relative to the formation of clubs with the names of members and their plan, hoping thus to be helpful. We would also be glad to hear of babies adopted through the suggestion of Patience, and to do whatever may be possible for the furtherance of the work. May all the friends of Patience find time to lend their hands to at least one of these little ones, and as she asked of Him for her own:

"Out frae the white o' lilies clothe her. Out o' its stored and glistin' gold do treasure her. Pluck from out the deep blue, the steadfast sky, the opin' unto depths, that it be hers. Leave Thou the sun at every dawn to shew his light upon the seekin' shadows, that they shew their phantomness to her."

"Yet leave her woe. Ah, strip her not o' this! Make full her cup, that she know Thy heights and depths. Ope up her heart and write Thee there. Nay promise o' some golden realms as price; but write Thy words, and teach her lips to kiss the words."

Evenings With Patience Worth

In this department will be printed verbatim copies of the records of the meetings with Patience Worth, without any alterations except such as may be thought necessary to make the text clearer, and the omission of parts that are of a purely personal nature and of no public interest.

(Present: Dr. and Mrs. W., Miss W., Dr. and Mrs. P., the family).

Patience: "'Tis a brew I do be a-set these hours! There be weave yet (work on a book) that I do set (set down—write), yea, and 'tis at a later tide I do to prate (talk). Yea, a-held athin the kerchief-sack o' me be a sweet (a poem) that I do hold, that thou shalt have o' it, dost thou set goodish.

"See ye, I did to set me much at the eve's hour o' the tear tale, ("The Sorry Tale") and 'tis for thee I do set o' a merry."

Here she wrote 450 words of the Merry Tale during which she interpolated:

"See, I be at set, ayea, o' beauty amid this muck."

Dr. W. asked if she could write a ballad for him.

Patience: "I did to weave, yea, and 'tis athin the pack that I do put o' a taled song (a narrative poem), but 'tis at the sing (rhyming) I be a-woed! There be moon song, aye, and 'tis the glad day o' Him I did to put, yea, and 'tis the Jeanie song (referring to rhymed poems she has written.) Yea, and more, but I tell thee 'tis a muck o' a put do I to set. They do set o' measures." She means by this that her rhymed poetry does not satisfy her and she does not like to write measured poetry.

Then turning to Mrs. P., she asked:

"How be it dame o' thy quill?"

"Not so well," answered Mrs. P., who is also a writer.

Patience: "Set thee o' the put o' the word they do put as me, 'Patience.' There be athin thy heart a word, ayea and more, that thou shouldst set at thy finish o' the put."

Mrs. P.: "Do you mean the end of my book?"

Patience: "Yea, 'tis a measures full, but 'tis ayet there be grain thou shouldst set at the finish. Ope up this shut. Lor', I be at this ever."

Then turning to Dr. W., who wore heavy rimmed glasses:

"See ye, 'tis the Owl (her name for Dr. W.) that setteth a-rimmed, but nay a-tuck o' foot! Lor', I put me then that thou dost see I be dame and see not this thing. Nay, but cry me out: 'Whoo! Whoo!'"

We all laughed and Dr. W. told the story of the old maid and the owl that cried, "Who? Who?" and the maid answered, "Anybody, Lord!" After a pause Patience exclaimed:

"Lor', and I be dame!"

Dr. W. (laughing): "Patience, you are an unappropriated blessing!"

Patience: "Earth be o'erfulled o' these!"

Dr. W.: "But you're not here!"

Patience: "I be ahere and astir!"

Here she pretended to commence the ballad.

"'Tis a squawk of a song," she said and continued:

"The mead be green, and purled brook,

Doth splash it o'er the flowery way,

And Betty cometh o'er the way

Her——"

Here we found fault with the meter and rhyme.

Patience: "Welladay, I be hotted 'pon!" (scolded).

We laid the blame on Mrs. Curran.

Patience: "Lor', 'tis a muck!" she said, and then gave this poem.

Fade thee, lights o' day!

Dim o' the garish sun.

Steal o' the seaming o' the sorrowed check

And soft it then unto a curve.

Wrap thee o'er the Earth

The soft of twi-hours grey.

Deep o' the shadows o'er the wood,

And shade the fields, that dreams

May stalk them o'er.

Strip Earth o' wounds and weave

Thee softened shade, where torn,

The breast o' her doth show.

Follow then thee me

Unto the Eve o' Life.

Shade o' the bright, the dawn

O' the new, new Day.

Wrap this earth-bruised heart

And soft of scars.

Yea, when then this barque

Doth float it o'er the dark-waved sea

That man doth rove; but on this last o' voyage,

Then fade thee, Light o' Day,

And wrapped secure,

Shall I to float and wait the dawn

That followeth o' thee.

Ah, fade then, Light o' Day,

And wrap this hour, that bright

Shall brighter be.

Here Dr. P. sat at the board. Patience calls him Lord Raleigh and at once made reference to the last written scene of the merry tale, in which Cato, dressed in the stranger's boots, is making Anthus kneel to him by the use of the lash.

Patience: "Hey day! Down thee like unto Anthus before the lordling!"

Here Mrs. P. remarked that Patience was nicer to all than to Dr. W.

Patience: "How be it that thou putteth so when I do to weave me ever for the look o' round-eye?"

Mrs. P. said perhaps she was awed by Dr. P.

Patience: "Nay! Nay! Nay man setteth dame at an awe! Lor', a tickle setteth o' a man at a spread o' wide

smirk! 'Tis at a pace I be! What wouldst thee, man, that I set o' the merry?"

"Yes," said Dr. P., so she wrote 300 words of the Merry Tale.

Dr. P. here asked about writing alternate stories.

Patience: "So be it, I set o' the tear tale."

And she wrote about 200 words of "The Sorry Tale."

Patience: "I be dame adeed. What wouldst thou? for thou knowest 'tis a man who be but word that be nay man."

Mrs. Curran tried to interpret.

Patience: "Thee'rt atwist. Nay. Word a-put as word and stained not with the tongue o' man, be but word."

Here Mrs. W. asked for a "sweet."

Patience: "Yea, see ye, she pinneth faith unto the word o' me that it be asweeted. Here be: What do I then to set a-sweet?"

A God's wish unto thee;
That e'en athrough the Night's dark
He ever standeth at a-show
Unto thine eye. Yea, and stoned path
E'er show it clear.
Aye, and all o' days be clothed o' love.

Mrs. W. thanked her and she said:

"I'd set o' a prayer." And she gave this prayer and the evening's writing was over:

Of days of Thee I've ta'en
The fulling o' the measure—
Of men the smiles, of Earth the tears;
Of bloom the sweet, of pain the hurt,
Of work the tire, of song the glad;
Of all, and claimed it as mine own,
And given naught but empty word—
And woe hath set upon me!
Take Thou this heart.
Take Thou these hands.
Take Thou this tear.
Take Thou this smile.
Take Thou the hurt.
Take Thou the fulling I have ta'en,
For it be me, and I be Thine.
So then do thou to claim thine own.
Amen.

(Present: Dr. and Mrs. L., Dr. S., Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Pollard. A brief morning visit.)

Patience: "Lawkaday! 'Tis a merry weather! Set thee so. 'Tis a wised one (Dr. S.) that seeketh ahere. Yea, he suppeth o' the deeps. Aye, and doth to set him at a sift and takes o' this and that that he holdeth athin his skull's caps. Aye, and 'tis wised take he holdeth o'. Ahind the sobered eye o' him be wonder at the put o' me. Yea, and I do set me at a bob and curtsey that he know the prance o' me. What would'st thee, Sirrah, song or weave?"

Dr. S.: "A song."

Patience: "A sweeted song?"

Dr. S.: "Yes, yes!"

And Patience gave him this:

Swing thee, cradled moon,
O'er the star-streamed sky!
Swing thee 'mid the silvered cloud
And set the night a-bright.
For Woe hath set the earth
And deeped athin her shades
He stalketh him
And setteth wounds at ope

'Pon her soft breast.

The rage of storm shall tear at dawn
And rift the sky's deep gray

And show the sun to them who woe.

At even, lo the trees a-wallow them

Athin the winds wild rage,

And shrieking gales do wail them

'Bout the wooded paths.

Yea, Woe hath set the earth,

And man, aseek 'pon path,

Doth meet him striding there.

Yea, Woe hath set the earth,

And yet the Wonder-God

Hath sent the sun,

Ayea, and bathed the wounds o' dew,

And sweet and soft

The dandy-flower doth send

Her silver store afloat

'Pon softened breath o' morn.

'Tis then the kiss o' Him.

From out the eve she reached her head

And looked unto the moon's white ray

And stole its silver out the sky

And wove unto this kiss.

So, rooted there, hath she

Known o' Him who knoweth her,

While man hath looked him high

And saw Him not.

(Present: Mr. C., the family.)

After much reading and rather deep discussion, Mr. C. said his greatest curiosity was to know just why Patience confined herself to talking of the things of Earth rather than the existence in which she was now living. When we took up the board, Patience said:

"I be at hark o' the word a-spoke, brother. 'Tis a-well put. Ayea, and list, I do set a-cleared.

"See ye! Ahere hath little need. Ayea, and there be o' Here ones that turn a-wistful back unto the God's-gift, the rooting spot o' the fields o' Him, that the tilling be onned. Ayea, 'tis hands that would be set a-cleared the path. Yea, and yet there be a-more o' this.

"Thou knowest, brother, did one that sought o' thine abode bring athin the pack that wert borne, anaught save sobered word, lo, 'twould be the earth that wagged: 'This be as ever.' Yea, so then did I to set me up o' a frock o' words, that men o' Earth might look unto this thing and speak out clear: 'This be a one a-truth! Yea, word, yea, and days o' the earth; yea and woes, yea and tears and the merry o' men, doth she to know. This then is a one and nay a put from out the skull's cap o' her ahere.' (Mrs. Curran.) Seest thou?"

Here Mr. C. spoke of her love, philosophy and religion.

Patience: "Look thee, brother! thou knowest 'tis nay a love that reacheth unto the heart o' man save from out a heart that he knoweth as the brother o' him. See, then; this merry put be a-cloaked o' love and the word o' Him be tucked athin the every heart."

We spoke of what Heaven might be.

Patience: "I did put o' the fools that should wake wised, aye, and the wised that shall wake fooled!"

This referred to a former saying of hers. The discussion proceeded as to the various ideas of heaven, and Patience said:

"Lawk, there be them o' Earth that shall weep sore do

they not to pluck o' purpled fruit from off golded branch. Yea, and drink o' honeyed wines athout the sea's cup! There be anaught o' room e'en athin the wallless land for the builded up land o' him and him o' earth that deemst 'tis a visioned put he hath put, when lo, 'tw'er a belly sore!

"These o' earth build up what 'tis put by the tung as heaven, when lo, 'twould set them aquake did they to know 'tw'er a hell adeed they did to set!" (to picture.)

We discussed this and agreed. Patience then asked:

"Wouldst thou I did to put o' hell?"

We said: "Yes, tell us about hell."

Patience: "Hell be a naught, brother. There be the by-rayed path, yea, but think ye He hath forgot this path? Yea, there be emptied cups, yea, but they who do to bear, e'en though the path o' them be a-roughed so 'tis spilled, the wine that He gave at the set o' the path, think ye He forgetteth e'en this the emptied cup and offereth not unto this thirst?"

"Ah, think ye, ah, think ye He buildeth up o' one that be not His? E'en the naught be His."

We began to talk of sin and temptation.

Patience: "Didst thee e'er to know, brother, the Him o' Him athin thee, be ever Him? Yea, but flesh seareth, aye, and flesh smiteth. Yea, and flesh falleth sore and leaveth record 'pon Earth of this sore and smite. Aye, but aneath the him o' him be the Him o' Him athin thee, and be pured. Nay, there be the measure o' Him that taketh athin it, at the full, e'en thy smites and sores and twists o' anguished flesh as His. So, the atom o' the Him o' Him athin thee shall, like unto leaven, pure thee."

Mr. C.: "Patience, are you even now growing and progressing?"

Patience: "Ah, brother, leaven be leaven and setteth it at a-grow ever and ever and ever. What be He but all? Yea, and All be the All that yet doth be. So, seest thou, this path leadeth on and on and on. Yet it stoppeth here, aye, and there, aye, and there, so that they who do to trod may drink."

Mr. Curran spoke of her wisdom.

Patience: "Lawk, brother, from out the touch a-cool 'pon a fevered brow doth the wisdom of centuries spring! See, 'tis nay the set at scrips that filleth thee. Thy heart-strings may drink this wisdom from out the palm o' a babe. E'en the grass blade's quiver telleth more than sage. Yea, for athin the Earth hath He breathed Him."

We spoke of the gospel of love.

Patience: "See, doth the Word be offered in hate, yea, and words athin which it be clothed bear of His venge 'gainst His own smitten, think ye this buyeth love? Love buyeth love, verily! Days followed days build up His song of love. E'en the Heaven's wall doth crumble at touch of this key, Love."

After some more reading of her words as to Christ, she said:

"I did to put athin this pack of Him, the Shedder o' the Drops. Yea, for hark! whereon the drops of Him fell 'pon the stones aneath the very cross, doth this voice cry out of Him unto this day."

We spoke of the war and she continued:

"This day hath shed o' drops. Yea, o' crimsoned, yea, and crystaled. Woe hath set the day. Yea, and yet there hath ever been 'pon earth this woe and tears and shed o'

drops. Yea, and He (Christ) shed that this be wiped a-clean.

"Yea, 'tis a-hope I be that athin these words shall be the smile o' Him, and His warmth shall dry this woe. 'Pon this winding cloth o' Him, stained scarlet, hath Earth dried many o' tears. Yea, and yet it showeth pured and white, that weary ones may set at its soft and pure and shed o' woe athin its folds."

"This war will serve a purpose?" we asked.

Patience: "'Tis but the searing o' flesh, and athin the sea o' crimson shall a craft float it clear that beareth truth.

"He setteth nay a sea a-rock, nor yet a stream a-flow that Earth hath nay need o'. How be it that God, thy Father and mine, looketh upon His and seeth a living hate striding 'mong his own and pitieth not one e'en as the other."

We spoke of the abuse of power. She said:

"Yea, earth holdeth a cloak that be her own and not of thy in-man (the soul). This be a glittered, golded cloak. Yea, and out from its golded soil groweth might. Yea, and power. Yea, and this be but a sicked dream of man. Yea, thinkst thou that did man take of earth's store, that he buy athin the Here, it then would be a thing that weighted o' the balance o' his in-man's measure? Yea, but He, all-wise, hath left this golded cloak and phantom dream unto the Earth. And man cometh unto the Here (the heaven) a-stripped, and when men walk not 'pon the paths of Earth, then shall Earth roll on a-robed athin this cloak o' glittered gold. And power and might shall lay them low at the go o' man from off her curve. Earth be but Earth, and the in-man uppeth unto the heights."

We asked for a goodnight word.

Patience: "Lawk, 'tw'er a sweetish sup athin this cup, eh? A god's wish 'pon thee and love 'pon thy day and thou and thou and thou o' me."

(Present: Mrs. A., Mrs. W., the family.)

Something was said about Mrs. W.'s hands.

Patience: "'Tis nay a hand that be little that hath not o' a warm clasp o' loving in this a-here. Lor', like unto sunshine openeth the heart o' her, and athin this warmth bloweth flower. Deep aneath the smile there setteth wisdom."

We spoke of a certain lecturer who had called and received little and understood less.

Patience: "Lawk! When a man be a-fulled o' him, (himself) what! think ye he suppeth of another?"

We spoke of the attitude of some scientists.

Patience: "See ye, 'tis they (the scientists) who do to set up o' a pot o' brew and stir much. And lo, a smoke ariseth and they do wag them: 'Yea! Yea! Wondrous! Wondrous!'

"And men do step them unto the pot's ope and look and strain, yea, and keen much their eyes, and see naught. And lo, these that did to set up this pot's brew, wag them: 'Thine eyes be awry! Yea! Yea! Wondrous! Wondrous!' And do peer them deep unto the smoke's folds and chant: 'Wondrous! Wondrous!'"

Here she wrote 300 words of The Merry Tale and said: "Now set thee o' the teared tale."

And she wrote 200 words of The Sorry Tale and then gave this merry poem:

Day hath a merry.
 The stream hath tittered it a-through the hours.
 The leaves do laugh and clap them
 One 'pon other at a folkish dance.
 The clouds do skip them hither
 'Pon the fitful breeze.
 The waves do tickle at the shore.
 Dusts dance them 'pon the heated airs
 And set amid the breath o' man, and lo,
 He sneezeth at a merry tickle o' its bits.
 The swallow skimmeth 'pon the pools fair sheen
 And sets it waved o' merry ripple o'er.
 The stars set them a-seamed and spangled o'er the sky
 And hang a-twinkle and a-winkin' to the sober night.
 The toad sets song and beetle scrapes
 Till waters laugh at warring o' the songs.
 The meadows grass, a-topped o' glistened dew,
 Tickle at the lover's legs
 And damp the maiden's frock.
 The glow-worm sparketh 'mid the dark
 And lizard laughs and seeks the spot
 To snap—and out the glow.
 Day hath a merry much, and Night
 Draws down her darked and sobered robe
 And drapeth o'er the gladsome tide.
 And moon arose and lo, the stars did wink
 And zephyrs whispered low—
 "Day hath a merry, Yea."
 And stars a-winked and danced,
 And night did sleep.
 And Day a-broke once more
 And merry set upon the Earth.

When the writing is over I take the first opportunity to go over the record, punctuate and paragraph the matter, line the poems and elaborate the situation so as to make all clear. The parts of the books Patience may have written I mark for excerpt and Mrs. Curran's secretary types these on separate sheets from the ordinary record which she also types at once. Ordinary letter-size paper is used and all is bound in spring back binders, two hundred sheets to the book. These books are also numbered consecutively, or labeled on the cover.

Five copies are made of each book record. One is kept by us, one sent to Mr. C. S. Yost, Editor of Patience Worth's productions, and the other three are sent to various friends. Thus there are, within two days of its production, five full copies of the coming books, which by comparison should show any alteration in them as finally published. Copies of the records are also sent at once to each one who was present at the sitting, so that they may confirm it while fresh in their minds. Moreover dozens of friends keep in touch with these records as they come, and at the Patience Worth Reading Club one of the coming books is being read in installments as it is produced.

For ready reference I have made an index to the more than a million words now in the records. Arranged alphabetically are over four hundred epigrams and short sayings. Another index shows five hundred discourses, prayers, parables and talks on religious matters. Still another is a first line index of a few less than five hundred poems. A card index is kept of all visitors.

Thus there is under our hand at all times the names of all who have written with Patience Worth together with the matter produced, which is a protection both to ourselves and to those who have visited her, while her style and diction and the quality of her production make it practically impossible of imitation.

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Patience Worth's Records

By John H. Curran

Being a business man and recognizing that if the productions of Patience Worth were worth keeping they were worthy to be kept right, I put into early use a system of records which covers all points which we have considered essential.

Only in rare instances has the writing been produced when the family alone were present. Nearly always there have been from one to five or six invited friends present and once as many as eighteen. The records show the date of the sitting, time of day, the words uttered by Patience Worth, and whatever is said by those present which leads up to her remarks and gives them the application.

Always some person sits with Mrs. Curran across the board. The letters and words come rapidly from her lips. I take them down as rapidly as I may, interrupting when the flow has become too swift, in order to catch up. I write in plain school copy books of about fifty leaves, latterly using a fountain pen as, obviously, it saves time over a pencil. These books are numbered consecutively.

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The Sorry Tale

Chicago, Ill., August 7th, 1917.

My Dear Mrs. Curran—You asked me
to write of "The Sorry Tale." As well
might a Digger Indian describe the won-
ders of the Sierras or an Eskimo the
sublimity of the Aurora Borealis, as
mortal man do justice to "The Tale."

It is only because I am blessed in
being numbered among Patience's friends
and have eaten of her loaf that I have
the courage to comply with your request.

To appreciate "The Tale" and get
the most out of it, one must begin at
the beginning and read it and reread it
all slowly.

For forty-five years I have been a
reader of everything, and aside from the
Bible, "The Tale" is by far the greatest
book I have ever read; beside it all other
books sink into insignificance. It can
be compared to some great painting, new
beauties of which reveal themselves each
time it is studied, or like a great oratorio,
the charm of whose music takes posses-
sion of you and seems to expand your
very soul as you listen; it is something
real and tangible; something you can
grip and possess for yourself.

With Panda I have walked the high-
ways and byways of Jerusalem, Naza-
reth and Bethlehem and lived with him
the lives of the people. The wisdom of
Panda; the loves and hates of Theia; the
craft and guile of Jacob; the constancy
of Nada and the weaves of Nadab stand
out like jewels studding a cloth of gold,
every strand of whose warp and woof is
like the golden strand of Hatte's scourge,
pregnant with meaning.

I have stood with Levi at the seat of
the Mighty and climbed the high places
with Hatte and Aaron, and yet through
it all Patience, who sinks herself in her
message, is to me ever present.

One reads it and rereads it with in-
creasing wonder and delight, and as time
goes on the sun will ne'er set on its
readers and lovers.

Yours sincerely,

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SCATTERING THE SEED.

The primary purpose of this publication, as stated elsewhere, is to present the words of Patience Worth, or, as she puts it, to "scatter the grain," to "feed the bread." It is a work in which all who are interested in Patience Worth, all who believe in her may assist. Everyone who has received help and comfort and consolation from her words, and we know they are many, can do nothing more pleasing to her than to give to others the same opportunity for help and comfort. Every number of this magazine that goes out is "scattering the seed." The publication has no commercial intent. It has no expectation of paying dividends. It seeks merely to tell the world of Patience Worth and her message. Each reader can get more readers and they in turn more readers, so adding to the friends of Patience and to the benefits of her words:

"This brew o' me," she says, "be for the eat o' them who seek o' wisdom's kiss. Yea, for wisdom doth kiss, for wisdom bringeth man deeper o' love. So hark ye unto thy handmaid.

"Of this brew o' me, add thou thy love, that the sweet be sweeted. This be the feed o' earth o' sweets; for thou shalt take of this sweet and deal unto thy day. And the brother to whose day thou hast dealt shall deal him then unto his brother.

"So be it that a day shall be that thou shall be not here, and thy handmaid shall fall short o' the days o' earth; for no hand shall offer unto her that she shall speak the tung o' Him. Then hark! Upon this day shall these words stand them, sweet o' love, dealt through thee and me, from out the love o' Him, and sweeted o' thy loves."

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