



# Patience Worth's Magazine

Behold, there cometh the birth of a new man and Earth shall garland in green in sign of the living vine.

Then shall mourning fall upon Earth and she shall robe in purple in sign thereof.

And surely shall follow the resurrection of life and behold Earth shall garb in sunlight in sign thereof.

For there may not be birth nor death without resurrection.

PATIENCE WORTH

November, 1917

Patience  
YRA

# A Patience Worth Evening

At the Victoria Theater, Grand and Delmar Aves.

Friday November 9, 1917

THE ST. LOUIS BRANCH AMERICAN RED CROSS SOCIETY  
WILL BE GIVEN THE ENTIRE NET PROCEEDS

In order that PATIENCE WORTH and her friends and co-workers may be given another opportunity to help in the great Red Cross work, this program has been arranged, and all who take part have given their services freely so that the returns may be more gratifying.

## PROGRAM

Opening Address by *Rev. William C. Bitting.*

Piano Number, Selected.....*Mr. Ernest R. Kroeger*

Suite, Violin.....*Rosalynd M. Day*  
Accompanied by E. R. Kroeger.

Suite, Soprano.....*Mrs. E. George Payne*  
Music composed by Mr. E. R. Kroeger. Words by PATIENCE WORTH.  
Mr. Kroeger, Accompanist.

Address, The Real PATIENCE WORTH.....*Mrs. John H. Curran*

### SCENE FROM THE SORRY TALE.

Prologue.....*Mrs. John H. Curran*

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Nada.....*Mrs. Anna McClain-Sankey*  
Panda.....*Miss Pauline Barcus*  
Ahmud Hassan.....*Miss Mary Jane Albert*  
Paul.....*Miss Velma Scott*

Stage Director—Mr. Harry McClain

The scene is laid within the hut of Panda on the hills above Jerusalem. The time, about 30 A. D. The argument covers the question as to whether and how one might come back from the dead and what they might bring if they did come back.

Closing remarks and Benediction.....*Rev. Geo. W. King*

The following have consented to act as sponsors for the occasion. Mesdames, etc.:

MESDAMES.	T. H. McKittrick	Roland G. Usher	Florence Richardson
Lansing Ray	George Mepham	Tyrell Williams	Joseph Waldeck
D. R. Francis	David O'Neil	F. E. Woodruff	H. A. Boeckler
F. H. Dodge	Curtis S. Parker	Casper S. Yost	C. E. Hussman
Percy L. Du Bois	J. R. Powell	Charles Claffin Allen	
E. T. Eversole	W. L. Pruett	P. J. Baumes	MISSES.
August Gehner	E. George Payne	George Bergfeld	Hattie Dolbee
John H. Gundlach	Francis Raymond	W. C. Bitting	Maizie Fitzroy
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Halsey Ives	C. E. Salisbury	H. L. Chase	Anna Hinrichs
Max Kotany	J. B. Slaughter	A. Hilton	Bessie Morse
E. R. Kroeger	Richard Spamer	Isaac Hedges	Harriet N. Woodruff
Harry Langenberg	L. C. Stocking	W. Stinde	Lacy Blewett
Sam Lazarus	George Tanscy	Wm. H. Maas	Avis Blewett
Charles H. McKee	B. J. Taussig	Charles P. Johnson	Elizabeth Cueny
	W. D. Thompson	F. Mesker	Mary Tanscy

The usual popular prices will prevail as to the seats, ranging from twenty-five cent seats to one dollar and fifty cents for the boxes. They are now on sale at Famous-Barr's and the Grand-Leader ticket offices.

# Patience Worth's Magazine

Vol. 1

November 1917

Number 4

## Patience Worth and the Presbyterians

Upon an evening of this year three Presbyterian preachers called upon Patience Worth. One of them was Rev. Dr. John A. Marquis, at that time president of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Ia., but since appointed Secretary of the Presbyterian General Board of Home Missions, New York City. Another was Rev. Dr. John W. MacIvor, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, the successor in that pulpit of the famed and loved Samuel J. Nicolls. The third was Rev. Dr. George Wales King, pastor of the Menard Mission of the Presbyterian church.

The presence of three ministers bothered Patience not a bit. She began jocularly:

"Good lackaday! I ha'e heard the kirks a-rumblin' like dog's growls o' such a parson as seeks!"

We laughed at the reference to the Scotch burrs. (Dr. MacIvor.)

"Aye," she went on, "his words have thistle points upon them!"

Mrs. M. thought this refered to his wit.

"Nay, ye be fogged. Lookee; they mouthed o' the word and their wordins held pettiskirtin' at the tide o' me! Yea, he knoweth I be atellin' truth. Lookee, he (Dr. MacIvor) be past the South border!" (Past the South border of Scotland.)

"Alakaday! thy handmaid casteth her eyes down and feareth much, for she may not prance and prattie when them that seek be gooded sober!"

The talk had been of the return of souls.

"List ye! What mouth ye o' words when ye seek o' the shadow o' man? Thinkest thou that thy handmaid feareth man's mouthing? Nay; for look ye, ye that know o' Him, list! He who loveth Him hath nay fear, for he may not age within His love! His love is the fount of ever-youth. No man's tongue that speaketh out o' Him may lose its stream. Nay, for He be as the ever-day, the eternities.

"When He setteth man's tongue, then may man speak out gladsome and fear no stopping o' the stream. But behold thee! It is a one who leaveth *Him* upon his tongue that becometh o'erman. But leaveth a man himse'f upon his tongue and offer it unto the hungered, then shall he fear, for no thing liveth save it be binded together of Him.

"List thee more. I shall sing a-later, but list unto this I be a-tellin'.

"They may for to tear asunder thy handmaid, yet she feareth not. Behold, the shadow o' Him clingeth her words. And ye who look upon the words, I speak out that ye know Him athin (within) them.

"Then thirst ye not for a new sup? Even though it cometh out of a sheep's track, it be a new sup.

"Take ye not thy handmaid dost thou fear her. Nay, despise her. Look not upon her scripts that ye judge *her*, but that thou shalt find Him athin them. For she but offereth Him, and careth not for her own flesh (for herself), save that she hath builded staunch and cunnin' 'gainst the waggin' tongues o' Earth, so that they may not lay hands upon her flesh and thereby defile Him she beareth unto thee."

Then she gave this poem:

Oh, He is the gentleness  
That spreadeth the Spring,  
And casteth, from out His bounty,  
Fresh blooms that spurt the sod  
In resurrection.

He is the gentleness  
That spreadeth the moon's  
Illumined silver o'er the valleys,  
And curtaineth the mountain peaks of mists.

He is the gentleness  
That leaveth the young winds  
Roving 'bout the sweet-steeped fields;  
That woeth the grass blades to a trembling.

He is the gentleness  
That setteth up the hum-m-m o' the sea,  
The crooning lullaby o' the waves.  
He is the gentleness  
That swept the webs of morning,  
Glistening of dews.

•He is the gentleness—  
Yet He, in His strength,  
Hath poured the universe  
Across the ever-space!

A six o'clock dinner date and several miles to go in ten minutes, broke up the party.

A few evenings later Dr. MacIvor and Dr. King were again present. We had already begun writing on the new story when the two ministers arrived, and we stopped long enough to read some passages of the "Sorry Tale." When we again started to write, Dr. MacIvor at the board with Mrs. Curran, Patience went on with the story, writing about 1,100 words of it in all. Then she stopped and said:

"Ye see, men, this be nay task. 'Tis not a trick for to pluck that that groweth!"

Evidently she was talking of her writing on the new tale in modern language instead of her usual archaic tongues. She went on:

"A one o' thy tide (time) may take o' the tides agone, be he at the in-take o' this tide, and make wonders. Aye, but it be the trick o' tricks for to make o' this or that, and this and that, that that be a thing like no thing!"

It was a little hard to get, but when we recalled that she had gone into any and all periods of time to get her

matter and her dialects, and had even put several dialects into one story, we began to get what she meant. Then she said in explanation of her position:

"Aye, and this be not a trick o' cunnin' that thy handmaid up and o'er 'uns (that she surpass anyone), but that she shall build up a staunch cup, so that they who seek to destroy it may not, but shall be brought down so that they shall speak: 'It is, in truth, a cup!'" That is to say, be compelled thereby to say she is what she claims to be.

Then she spoke directly to Dr. MacIvor:

"Ye see, ye canny one, ye be a-knowin' that should thy handmaid speak o' *her* flesh, *her* prance, *her* pettiskirt and bucklin's, aye and of her singin', what meaneth this unto Earth? I say me this be true: She singeth but one singin'.

"It mattereth not do they for to take her unto them. It mattereth not what a man weigheth out o' that he taketh unto him. Naught mattereth a whit or jottle. Nay, *doth the earth know but one pure beam that shall renew Him within His own, then no thing that she hath done is vain.*"

Here she returned to the discussion of shadows as the symbol of the soul or spirit.

"What then shall the earth speak 'gainst the recurring shadows? They may not deny the recurring, for, look ye, He (Jesus) returned, and His shadow is upon Earth. Aye, and did it forsake Earth then Earth would fall short o' a cooling spot for to rest athin when the heats o' the days o' Earth be sand-hate blown!

"This is the sign, the first sign. Aye, and thy God and mine is spurting out the valleys, out the skies, out the dusts, aye, out the oped sides that flow the crimson drops!

"Aye, is it then a wondrous thing that His word come anew?

"Look you! Look you! Look you! I say me, hate liveth not! It is but one atom, but man clingeth unto the atom and giveth of himself unto it and it becometh greater. Aye, hate is but the flesh unto the spirit, and it rotteth and falleth away. For no thing is so defiled, so corrupt, so rotted, as riped hate. Hate is the dung of the rooting

spot where the rooting taketh feed. Like unto the lily cometh, through hate, the spirit, white, pure! Aye, but this be not till thou dost cast thee free 'o the flesh 'o rot that man calleth hate, and look ye unto His sun, which is love.

"Look ye! No winged mite but hath its shadow; no creeping thing but hath its shadow; no dusts grain but hath its shadow. Yea, like He followeth the spirit o' man, so He leaveth the shadow o' man to follow his flesh."

Here Dr. King was asked over to the board for a word from Patience. The board circled slowly. At last Patience said:

"Ah, I be a-sceeking. Wait ye a whit and list."

Someone remarked that she very seldom asked us to wait. She said:

"Aye, but 'tis nay at the every dawnin' that a prim spiuster hath o' the parson's seekin'!"

Soon she made this remark:

"Look ye, I ween that ye be a-thinkin' that thy handmaid be as ye, e'en though she beareth the word she hath spoken o'. Look ye, 'tis that thou shalt know she be she."

Mrs. Curran explained that her words were all the body she had.

"Aye, the flesh." Patience acquiesced. Then she gave this little tribute to Dr. King. We did not realize at once what she meant until we recalled that Dr. King had baptized Patience Wee. Then the fullness of the verse came to us. It follows:

Oh, my wee, bonny craftie,  
Afloatin' the day!  
All empty ye came,  
And Day brought ye fullsome her stores!  
O' gauds, aye, and riches,  
Aye, and loves, and all  
That the Day calleth fillin' ye up!

Oh, my wee, bonny craftie,  
For all I do thank,  
But still I be sayin' me clear,  
That, for the waters to sail ye, I thank,  
But o'er all I be thankin' o' him  
Who set ye afloatin' His sea.

## Whence Came "The Sorry Tale?"

"Where, we ask," says "The Nation," in its review of "The Sorry Tale," "did this mysterious story-teller become familiar with the scent and sound and color and innumerable properties of Oriental market places and wildernesses of Roman palaces and halls of justice?" The same question was asked by the editor of the story in his introduction to the book, and an answer was there suggested in the words of Patience Worth attributed to Theia, in her interview with Tiberius in the garden of the Emperor's palace at Rome: "Thy hand did reach forth and leave fall a curtain of black that should leave a shadow ever upon the days of Theia. And the hand that shall draw the curtain wide and leave the light to fall upon thy shadows shall be this!" and she held her hand high." "Mr. Yost's answer to the question," says "The Nation," "is apparently that Patience Worth, the seventeenth-century English woman, must have been a reincarnation of the Greek dancing girl Theia." Nothing could be farther from Mr. Yost's thought, or from his interpretation of the words of Theia. The inference drawn from the words

quoted, and from other passages in the book, is that Theia was, and is, a living reality; that she is authority for the story, and that it is given to Patience Worth by the direct contact of Theia and Patience. That is to say, the story is told, or the information for it supplied, by Theia directly to Patience.

Assuming that Patience Worth is what she says she is, the soul of a woman of the seventeenth century, then it must also be assumed that there is a life after death. If this be so, it is a reasonable hypothesis that at least some of those who lived long ago are still living, and that any one of them is possibly accessible to one of that world, or that existence, who seeks. In other words, it may be supposed that Patience Worth could go for her authority and information to personalities who actually lived in the time of which she wrote. Or a personality of that period could go to Patience Worth and give the information, for, perhaps, as is indicated, a specific purpose. If we believe in immortality, in a hereafter wherein earthly personality continues, wherein there is personal recognition, as the

Christian teaches, it surely is not inconsistent with that belief to assume that one in that life may meet and know and speak with one of any past time; that a Napoleon, for example, may converse with a Caesar or an Alexander, a Keats with a Virgil or a Homer, or, if we are confined to the saints, a Wesley may talk with an Augustine or a Paul. Patience Worth, however, has not said a word to indicate where or how she got her information for "The Sorry Tale," except the passage quoted and one or two others of the same tenor in the book itself.

But one of the most remarkable features of that work is the impression it gives of contemporaneity. The writer seems to be in and of the time. She seems always to be writing of scenes that are before her eyes, of people whom she knows, of places and customs and things with which she is personally familiar.

Practically every serious critic of the book has called attention to this quality. "The story," says the *Boston Transcript*, "is vividly picturesque, both contemplative and dramatic, and full of that feeling for the place, the times and the people that we variously describe as local color and atmosphere. The story is laid in Palestine at the beginning of the Christian era, a period the accurate knowledge of which bespeaks a trained student. Yet the wealth of accurate and sympathetic detail curiously impresses one as *first hand information* rather than as facts which have been diligently sought out and ingeniously pieced together. This impression is the work of a literary artist or proof positive of psychic origin—in which case the author is none the less an artist."

"There is wonderful and graphic detail in the picturing of many of the scenes of Christ's life, such as the trial and the crucifixion," says the *New York Times*. "The same is true of manners and customs, incidents, events, characters, all through the story. In detail one vivid scene after another passes before the reader—pictures from the life of dissipated Rome, as Theia remembers and tells of their lewd horrors, of the shepherds upon the hills, of the men and women of the city, of Herod's palace, of the desert. And through it all goes the sense of life, of reality, of *having been seen and lived* until all its details become familiar." And the *Los Angeles Times* says: "From what storehouse Patience has gleaned her intimacy of old Judea and of ancient Rome is conjectural and nothing more; but she writes of them as though she had seen and knew them. Her variety of characters, members of all races and trades, are carried along with the same personal familiarity."

"It is a profoundly moving and beautiful story," says the *New York Globe*. "Other romances of Bible times, which will immediately come to mind, may be more melodramatic and colorful, but no story, not 'Ben Hur' any more than 'Quo Vadis,' approaches 'The Sorry Tale' in its exquisite sympathy and the charm of its simple and quaint realistic narrative. In its *perfect illusion of contemporaneity* it might well be another gospel."

The *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch* expresses the same feeling thus: "Probably no book written gives one so clear a view of customs, manners and character of the peoples of that time and place. *The reader sees and hears and smells the people* and views the sea and landscape as clearly as if on the spot. It not only describes those peoples we read of in the New Testament, but interesting Arabian characters. Those interested in the gospel should read this book for the way it more firmly impresses the teachings of Jesus and describes the kind of people he lived among." And the *Virginia Pilot* with equal warmth says: "The

canvas is crowded with picturesque and lifelike figures, the pomp of the life of Jerusalem, the contrasts of wealth and poverty, and strangest of all, the intimate, clear pictures of the most wonderful career the world has ever known. All this is so real, so vivid, *it seems the account of an eye-witness* and not vain imaginings built up from hearsay and old chronicles."

"The best of it is," says Roland G. Usher, "that the accuracy (if we may use such a word to denote a thing so feeble as our real information must be in comparison to the truth) is not in little things, but in the "feel" of the story as a whole. These are not nineteenth century Americans masquerading as Jews and Romans, falling off their camels and hobbling round on their bare feet as if walking upon the ten millions of swords' points of one of the Hindu hells. They seem to be, inside as well as outside, men and women of the years when Christ was on earth."

"The book reads," writes Richard Fischer, "as if it were *compiled by an eye-witness* and active partaker of what it describes." And William Marion Reedy says, "It has *every characteristic of a contemporaneous document*—or creates the illusion of such a quality."

Quotations from reviews and personal expressions of literary critics might be continued, but enough has been said to show the impression made by this particular quality. Where did the story come from? Is it real or is it imaginative? Is it history or fiction? No one knows but Patience. And she is silent.

#### WHAT PATIENCE WORTH TEACHES.

**T**HERE is a God.

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

He knows His children, their failings, 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.

# The Grammar of Patience Worth

By Casper S. Yost

Freedom from grammatical restraint has been from the first a distinguishing and remarkable characteristic of the writings of Patience Worth, and the fact that her work has been generally accepted as literature by critics of the highest authority, notwithstanding its grammatical irregularities, is one of the most striking proofs of her genius. To be ungrammatical without being vulgar, to violate the sacred rules of syntax without material sacrifice of refinement and beauty, and this continuously and persistently in all manner of composition, constitutes in itself a triumph without a complete parallel in modern literature. It might be said that it is without a parallel in the English literature of any time, for although there was a period when the rules of grammar were far less rigidly fixed than they have been for several centuries, the writers of that period wrote for a public unaccustomed to modern restrictions and therefore relatively uncritical in respect to grammar. If Shakespeare were beginning his career now and using the English language as we see it used in the original editions of his works, offending our present notions of grammatical propriety in almost every line, he would find it very difficult to overcome the prejudice of discriminating readers. Yet, having lived in that period of constructive freedom, if he could come back to us now he would doubtless prefer to write as he did then.

Patience Worth says she lived in the seventeenth century, the first years of which were adorned by William Shakespeare. She was, however, according to her reckoning, a contemporary of Milton and Dryden, rather than of the Bard of Avon. But the language of most of her productions and of her conversation bears a stronger resemblance to the speech of the earlier part of the century than of the later, to the tongue of the time of the first Stuart than of the last one. It must be remembered that the seventeenth century saw a great change in the literary language of England, so great that it is difficult to believe that less than fourscore years separated the work of Shakespeare from that of Dryden. Out of a period of revolution, the written language somehow emerged with fixed standards of usage and construction that did not exist at the beginning of the century. But colloquial speech, it may be assumed, did not share, or but partly shared, in the transformation, for the spoken tongue is always behind the written tongue in the acceptance of change. The archaic language of Patience Worth is, as has been previously stated, a composite, varying in character with her different productions, but based upon colloquial English, and to a large extent upon provincial dialects, rather than upon the literary speech. Yet it is literary in its qualities, and while it absorbs words and locutions of different regions and different times, it is closer in its principal characteristics to the written language of the early seventeenth century than to that of any other period. This is particularly true of its grammar.

The solecisms of Patience Worth are not due to illiteracy. She has shown her ability to conform to present-day standards when she chooses so to do, and displays

consummate skill in the weaving of words under such restrictions. But in the archaic forms which she prefers to use, and which she always uses in conversation, she permits herself the grammatical license that was customary in the Elizabethan age. Few of her grammatical irregularities are without precedent in recorded literature of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and perhaps none is without precedent in the colloquial usage of that or an earlier period.

Consider, for example, her employment of the personal pronouns. She uses "thee" and "thou" in the nominative indiscriminately. She uses "ye" in the singular or the plural. Very soon after she began her communications through Mrs. Curran her attention was repeatedly called to the departures from modern rules, but with cutting sarcasm she gave her critics to understand that she knew what she was doing and would speak as she pleased. And indeed, she did know better than they, for she understood the inconsistency of speaking the tongue of the times from which she drew her speech in accord with modern standards. "In the middle of the sixteenth century," says Lounsbury (*English Language*), referring to the personal pronouns, "the distinction between the nominative and the objective began to break down. In fact, if the language of the Elizabethan drama represents fairly the language of society—and we can hardly take any other view—the wildest license in the use of the personal pronouns prevailed. 'Me,' 'thee,' 'us,' 'you,' 'him,' 'her' and 'them' were often treated as nominatives; while the corresponding nominative forms were frequently, though not so commonly, treated as objectives. Modernized editions of the authors of that period do not in this respect represent justly the usage of the time, as in all or nearly all of them changes in the text are silently made. In the case of 'ye' and 'you' this confusion has become permanently established in the language; and 'you,' the representative of the original dative and accusative, has now become the regular form for both nominative and objective." "Thou and ye," says Marsh, "seem to have been employed indiscriminately (in the singular) for several centuries." Patience Worth often uses "ye" in the singular, but not without discrimination. "Stop ye upon thy path," she says. "This day is thine through Him, thy loving Sire. What hast thou returned to it through thy love?" "By Elizabethan authors," says Abbott, "'ye' seems to be generally used in questions, entreaties and rhetorical appeals," and it is in "rhetorical appeal" that Patience uses it in the matter just quoted. She frequently uses "who" for "whom." "In the dramatic writings of that time (the Elizabethan period), says Lounsbury, "sentences such as these: 'Who have we here?' (Peele) 'Who do you take me to be?' (Greene) 'I see who he laughed at' (Jonson), are of constant occurrence; and the frequency with which they are used by writers of every grade is clear proof that they were not felt to be improper." Readers of "The Sorry Tale" have noticed the constant use of the simple objective personal pronoun as a reflexive. Such expressions as "They went them without the wall," and "He sat

him down," are quite common in that work. "The accusative pronoun of all the persons performed for a long period the double office of a direct and of a reflex pronoun," says Earle (*Philology of the English Tongue*). "We have now lost this faculty," he continues, "and we can no longer say 'ye clothe you,' as in Haggai 1, 6, but 'you clothe yourselves.'" He cites as further examples of this construction, "And they built them high places in all their cities," and "they set them up images," from 2 Kings XVII. To illustrate the same locution Abbott quotes from "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "How she opposes her against my will."

I have quoted Lounsbury on the license in the use of the pronouns in the Elizabethan age. The license was not confined to that part of speech. "Elizabethan English, on a superficial view, appears to present this great point of difference from the English of modern times, that in the former any irregularities whatever, whether in the formation of words or in the combination of words into sentences, are allowable." This is from Dr. E. A. Abbott's "A Shakesperian Grammar," which is perhaps the most exhaustive and authoritative analysis of Elizabethan English in existence. "In the first place," he continues, "almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, as a noun or as an adjective. Any noun, adjective or neuter verb can be used as an active verb. An adjective can be used as an adverb or as a noun. . . . In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us.

Plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; double negatives; double comparatives and superlatives; and, lastly, some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all. To this long list of irregularities it may be added that many words, and particularly prepositions and the infinitives of verbs, are used in a different sense from the modern."

It is unnecessary here to consider the causes of this condition of the language. The facts are abundantly proven by Dr. Abbott, and by others. According to our present standards there is, perhaps, no writer so ungrammatical as William Shakespeare, and it is with the same utter freedom from grammatical restraint that Patience Worth writes her archaic English. Her language is not that of Shakespeare, nor of any writer of his time. It cannot be, in its entirety, identified with the language of any time, as I have frequently said, but it bears a closer resemblance to that of the period here considered than to any other, and nearly all of the verbal and syntactical peculiarities mentioned by Dr. Abbott are to be found in her works, together with others equally justified by the precedents of that time. Many of her locutions are provincially dialectal, but few there are for which no authority can be found in either colloquial or literary usage. Her language, she says, "be the weave o' the spill o' time and time, and 'tis the cloth o' me. Let any man then weave o' such."

## Redwing—A Drama, By Patience Worth

(The first installment of "Redwing," a drama, appeared in the September number of this magazine. It opens at the shack of Simon the tanner, who, with his apprentice, Don, is ending a day's work. On their way home Simon stops at the hut of Hoody Mack, an old woman, reputed a witch, for a chat. She tells him of the coming to the castle, hard by, of Prince Charlie, a doddering coxcomb from a neighboring kingdom, who seeks to wed the Princess Ermaline. She describes him and his purpose with uncomplimentary detail and Simon ridicules his pretension. The prologue to the second act presents a glimpse of the interior of the castle, where a Troubadour sings to Princess Ermaline. The first scene is in the castle kitchen where Dougal a page, and Anne, a kitchen maid, gossip of the court, from which it is learned that the Troubadour is a stranger who "Came him out o' nothing, like the night or day. We waked to hear him singing 'neath the wall." A wandering minstrel apparently, of the type always welcomed at medieval courts and no questions asked. It is also revealed that Ermaline has vowed never to speak while Prince Charlie remains at court; and more, that she has a tender eye for the Troubadour. The second scene brings the Troubadour into the confidence of the Queen, who tells him her troubles and enlists his aid to find her son, the heir to the throne, who, as a babe, had been stolen when he was apparently dead, but the mother believes him still living. He would have come of age the coming Easter, a fortnight hence. This, however, is a shadowy hope, and meanwhile she is op-

pressed by suitors for the hand of Ermaline whom she would wed before she comes to the throne. The third act follows:)

### ACT III

#### *Prologue*

Thrice did the sun sink and rise,  
And clouds bank and fade to day,  
A-sparkle with glinting light.  
High in the heavens the white moon's  
Fainting glow hath set the promise  
Of a moonless eve. Heather fringe doth blush,  
Stained golden red with sun flush  
Caught from o'er the tops of yonder wooded line.  
The earth doth creep with timid grubs  
Who crept to dew-damp in the night.  
Awoo! awoo! awoo! the wood doves sigh,  
A-startle at the piping notes that thrill  
From yonder field, and scarlet cloak  
Doth flutter as a flame caught by the sun.  
Brown shows a form that strideth  
From the dark o' yonder thick.

### ACT I

(Enter Troubadour and Simon)

Troubadour: "A day o' cheer to thee, friend o' the field!

I follow yonder red-wing hither.  
He hath within his song a lilt  
I'd steal to whisper to my pipe!"

Simon: "Thee art a folly-speller. I'd teach thee  
A song a-fuller o' the wood.  
A bit above, thee canst borrow o' the vine  
Who dippeth to the brook and causeth breeze  
To trickle melodies a-quivering o' the very woodland's  
soul."

· Troubadour: "Ha, ha! thou darest then to choose for me  
my note?"

Simon: "Yea, Singer, for why pittle at a trill  
When woods do rock with carols.  
I would thine ears were longer,  
But ne'er an ass did sing."

Troubadour: "Thou art a reasoner in truth.  
What then might be thy handiwork?"

Simon: "I be a seasoner o' hides,  
A prince o' devils and singer o' nothings.  
I dip in tannen brew but rather far  
To dip a quill. I smite with flail  
But fain would wield a sword—  
A soarer to heights who dippeth depth.  
I fellow with a 'prentice dull as whitewood\* splint,  
And fain would sharpen wits with thee.  
From whence doth hail?"

Troubadour: "Out o' nothing, and tracker of a mart-  
less road."

Simon: "A jest of fate! Thou art o' my land, truly!"

Troubadour: "What mean ye?"

Simon: "I be a baggage of a huntsman,  
Riding from whither to the land o' whence!"

Troubadour: "Spell to me thy meaning, Tanner."

Simon: "'Twill be a teaser for thy guessing.

Thee wouldst know o'ermuch. I bide  
Another of our clan, a sleep-soaked wag,  
But gold at heart. I love him for the knowing  
That he too did drop to nothing out of nowhere."

Troubadour (aside): "A nest of honey, I do swear!"  
(To Simon): "I beg thee tell me more."

Simon: "A company thou art, adeed,  
That thou wouldst barter me for tale  
And not the price of fair return.  
Come, art thou the piper of the court?  
The very air doth tingle with tales  
O' doings there. It doth strike me hard  
That thou pipest to a red-wing  
At early dawn. Hast thou a sack of gold  
Aneath thy cloak?"

Troubadour: "Nay, Tanner, but I bear a token at my  
hip,

And fain would frighten from the birds  
And flowers a meat for song."

Simon: "Aye, I wot thy token be a kick  
Upon the rump; and thou canst find  
A song within the cock's domain.

Thou art a lie; I mean thee no harm,  
But thou art a lie."

Troubadour: "Yea, Tanner, thou speakest too true.  
At court a lie doth wear a robe.

What hast thee tied unto the ribband 'bout thy neck?"

Simon: "A charm 'gainst asses, lest they take me  
For a green and nibble. If thou  
Wouldst seek thy song and keep thy council,  
Unwilling to a fair exchange, thee'dst best away!  
My hands do itch to beat upon a hide,  
And I fancy thou wouldst save thine own.

I weary me o' spelling words to thee,  
For though I bide my time alone,  
And hands a-busied, 'tis a pleasant fellow  
I do put to question and reply.  
I need thee not, thou thief o' song.  
Get thee gone!"

Troubadour: "Come, Tanner! He who runneth  
On a hare's trial needs must have a scent."

Simon: "What wouldst thou?"

Troubadour: "I fain would put a weight of friendliness  
To one who singeth not but findeth song."

Simon: "Thee art a wheedler! Mine ears do deepen;  
Come, then, and fill their depths."

Troubadour: "Aye, lad, if thou wilt cast thy tanning  
To the fairy folk, I'll slip my pipe  
And labour 'neath the shrub and we then  
May pledge our faith in yonder gushing fount,  
So regal in her gems of rainbow-glinted dew.  
The mossy lips do hold a drink for gods."

Simon: "Ah, well-a-day! Since Don hath slept  
In shadow and sun ne'er coaxed him forth,  
I then shall court a fancy and fill me  
On the doings of a higher court.

For this, Singer, be the court o' Simon,  
Prince o' Tanner's,

And a devilish good company is he!  
Yester I did slay the Prince o' Dodders  
At a blow, and Goodman Henry's heiffer's hide  
Doth show a hole where I did smite.

I beg thee, hath he taken to his bed?  
Gad, a man o' size might spat a depth  
To drown his Grace! Twice have I sickened  
At the castle gate. Come, man,  
Tell what thy tung doth tickle so to spell.

The queen hath surely not a love for him?"  
Troubadour: "Nay, Tanner, 'tis for her I sorrow."

Simon: "What need thee sorry for the queen?  
She hath failed to son the crown,  
And plucketh over-ripened fruit!"

Troubadour: "Stay thou to judge! Hast thou a heart  
To trust? I've pledged me to the crown,  
And, God's grace to help, shall twist  
The strand from tangle. Lend me thy heart.

I question thee anew. Do thou then answer me.  
At morrow I shall pipe aneath thy hill  
And thou wilt say, 'Tis he who pipeth,  
And naught else to any ye should meet or see."

Simon: "I pledge thee, Redcoat,  
For oft did I dream o' plottings dark.  
'Tis to my fancy that we put it so.  
What wouldst thou?"

Troubadour: "First, art thou wed?"

Simon: "Nay, I be a-homing with the son o' Henry."

Troubadour: "'Tis well, for maids do wag.  
Hast thee a day a time hence  
To go at piping 'long my way—  
At Eastertide, when birds do loose  
Their winter-frozen song?"

Simon: "Nay, Singer, 'tis at Eastertide we feast.  
The dame doth make a fowl  
To tempt thy tung, and—well,  
'Tis a day amongst us."

Troubadour: "But spare the morn!"

Simon: "Nay, for Henry's dame and Henry  
Ride them to our feast. 'Tis a birth's date,  
And I fain would greet with Don.

\* The soft wood of the tulip tree.



He hath but one at each season, at the Spring,  
And we do choose to feast at Eastertide."

Troubadour: "Who be this Henry?"

Simon: "Henry o' the water meadow. I bide me  
With his son. And Don, like me a baggage,

He did house. A price was dumped

With me and he wrapped 'round

With saddle skirt alongside. 'Twas Henry

Found the waste a-neath a mow.

The ribband I do wear hath all the clew—

A ring, a seal—a lion and a shield.

And Don doth wear a bit o' hilt

That beareth tracery o' the same."

Troubadour: "A wonder, of a truth! Thy tale

Doth please me well. And Don,

'Tis what his years?"

Simon: "A score and one Spring. We 'prenticed

To a Peter, who did tan, afore he died

A year a-gone, and I did put my birthright,

The purse cast forth with me,

To buy the trade. 'Twas a goodly barter,

But Don doth sleep and I do fashion dreams,

Though I do wake. The sun doth creep

To meet the shadow and eateth them away.

'Tis time for idling at another trade."

Troubadour: "Stay, Tanner! Hast thou e'er heard

That strangers showed them here at time o' thy finding?"

Simon: "Yea, for Hoody Mack was 'wakened

With hoof clatter at the hour

Atween the night and dawn, and one

Did knock and call him for a brand.

Enough. 'Tis Don who cometh there!

His locks do show like crow's wing in the sun.

A foolless day to thee, since thou

Hast fellowed with a fool."

Troubadour: "A fool who weareth owl's feathers! 'Day!

But yonder smoke that tickleth the sky!

Who buildeth there the fire?"

Simon: "'Tis Hoody's cot. Ye'll dig

The loving shrubs away to step ye to her door!

Thee'dst best away!"

Troubadour: "Yea, Tanner. Aha! My blundering foot

Hath put a fright to yonder red-wing.

He saileth to the valley there. I'm off! A-day!"

## SCENE II.

"A-cheer! A-cheer!" And silence pierced  
With echo wingeth 'cross the field.

Troubadour: "A-cheer! A-cheer! A-cheer! A-cheer!"

Answering pipe doth sound and Troubadour

Swingeth him a-down green tufted path.

Troubadour: "Aho! Aho, good wife, aho!"

But shutters gaping show but window-skirt o' white.

Troubadour: (piping) "A-cheer! A-cheer! A-cheer!"

And creaking door doth timid shake its latch.

(Hoody Mack appears.)

Hoody Mack: "Thou art a-cheer

Upon a sorry day. I fetch a loaf.

Come then, thou flower that brighteneth

The wintertide and tarryeth at Spring,

O'er fearful that thy cheering note

Should fail the earth." (Sees Troubadour.)

"Who sent Sir Lucifer a-piping

O'er the field? And where his tail?

Or hath he a tale? I know him

By his crimson cloak, but fain

Would trust his Highness, as thou, too, Redwing,

Do wear a scarlet cloak.

(To Troubadour) "Come, Lad, blow spittal from thy  
pipe;

And hath thee a song for age?"

Troubadour: "A golden day, Good Witch! And age

Is but a springtide day beclouded.

Come, I'll puff the cloud away

And we two go a-maying! We'll borrow love

From over-loved and wish the earth to spring."

Hoody Mack: "I fancy thee, thou Singer.

A piper who doth pipe at nooning

Doth pipe but empty lay. Come, I'll fetch

A bowl of whey and wheat cake.

Mayhap thy pipe shall tell

A fuller tale! From whence thy path?"

Troubadour: "I tanned since morn, and faith, my hide

Hath waxed it softer, too!"

Hoody Mack: "Aye, Simon telled thee of a day o'  
dream!"

Troubadour: "'Tis so. Know ye the tanner, then?"

Hoody Mack: "Doth brood-hen know her chick?

I be credited as witch, but he

Doth witch the sun amid the cloud!"

Troubadour: "He hath spoke that Eastertide

Will add a sheaf unto his harvest.

His birthdate, mayhap?"

Hoody Mack: "Nay. Simon cometh from a turtles'  
marsh

And sun did hatch him forth.

He loveth Spring and chooseth Eastertide

As day. And Henry o' the wet lands

Sayeth 'twas the time that script

He hath did bear. But Simon was a teether

At his finding, and Don's date

Doth fall too at that time,

As little else they know."

Troubadour: "Hast heard more, good Dame?

And didst thee 'member o' a night call

On the night afore his finding?"

Hoody Mack: "Yea. And he did swear

To dump the rubbish on the land,

And blasphemed past a-durance.

And on his doublet showed

Across the breast a lion and a shield,

And I did note that hilt,

A-glimmer in the light, showed it amiss.

'Tis all, my Lad, a lightning 'mid a storm.

Dost think the queen will put our Ermaline

To yoke with such an ass?

I know thee for the piper to her court.

These many days o' late."

Troubadour: "Aye, and as thee listened at the gate,

Didst thee then see my wandering heart?

Ah, sorry, sorry me!"

Hoody Mack: "Thee shouldst tether it within thy call!"

Troubadour: "Aye, but asses nip the lily flower,

Doth it spring within their path.

And should I tell thee that many a wise man

Masketh as a fool, wouldst thee wag?"

Hast heard of Peter, King o' Lowlands?

And didst thee find favor

'Mong thy townsmen for his proffered suit

To wed his son to Ermaline?"

Hoody Mack: "Yea. They prate that riders  
Skirt the draw and armor flasheth  
'Long his kingdom's edge. He wearyeth  
At our queen's long waiting,  
While she letteth the Prince  
To stride within the shoes of Jester  
At the court! Hast heard, Singer,  
That Peter's son did vanish in the night?  
And warring now would be, wer't not  
The king doth mourn his loss.

Thrice have riders cut the stream  
And crossed to us, but only Witch  
Doth know that huntsmen were not of our land."

Troubadour: "Say not, Dame! I heat o' fear!"

Hoody Mack: "Why needst thee fear? Thy pipe  
'Tis not the royal seal."

Troubadour: "A truth, Hoody, but I do dread me o'  
the war."

Hoody Mack: "'Tis one o' them who rideth  
Yonder field that pettyskirts the highway.  
Come, pipe a trill and scratch his ear."

Troubadour: "Nay, I do go to pipe at court,  
For Ermaline will weary her  
Long afore this hour."

Hoody Mack: "But stay. I fear to meet  
With yonder on-comer. Thy piping sootheth me."

Troubadour: "I be gone, I say! And of a truth  
I hunger not for stranger's company. Aday!"

"A curse upon thee, tube! A pebble lodged  
Hath muted all its song.

Why, birds do fill them up on pebbles!"

(Exit Troubadour)

(Enter Huntsman)

Huntsman: "What ho, Witch! Hath thee a sup  
For one whose throat doth smart  
With hot alike the floors o' hell?"

Hoody Mack: "Then sup thee from thy master's hand  
The devil deal thee sup until  
Thy tung doth prattle gentler word!

And draw thy nag! He browseth  
On my honeyvine! Put thee on!"

Huntsman: "Nay, Witch. I ride thy lands  
A-hunting from the East."

Hoody Mack: "Aye, thee huntest of a truth,  
And do I smell a smudge, the redwing yonder  
Could lead thee to thy game!"

Huntsman: "Thou art a-teetering with age, Witch,  
And a dealer o' riddles."

Hoody Mack: "Aye, but doth age  
Turn a-topsy-turvy, East, North or South?

Ye may take me as a blinded owl  
O' day hours, but I did see ye ride  
While I did seek me brush within the wood,

And liar ye be. And, do I put my lips  
To car o' any wench, thy tale  
Would fall it short o' finish.

Ye mean no good, but go a-hunting,  
And do seek the hidden bends  
Of yonder stream to ride in body  
Later on!"

Huntsman: "Yea, thee art a fancy weaver, Witch,  
But thou hast supped a dreg o' truth  
With thy cup o' fancy.

Doth thy queen then know the Prince

Hath ridden whither?"

Hoody Mack: "Nay, but thee hadst best not  
Tip an ayle draught lest thy tung  
Doth ride it whither! The wench  
Who bringeth on a raft her wool,  
Hath whispered it to me, and thee  
Hadst best to watch thy river-side  
Lest she return. And maids, ye know,  
Do revel in a fullish paunch of tale!  
I've buyed her wool full many a day."

Huntsman: "Do dam her lips, then, Witch.  
I feel me that health doth fail me

At this side. Dost take me then  
For fool that I do prattle here?

But of a truth I saw within thine eyes  
The blue o' harebell bloom,

And it did mind me o' the eye  
O' one long lost to me—her who bore me."

Hoody Mack: "Come, Lad, and sup. I'll tell thee  
A something then. Dost love a sweet cake,

And would ye smack at cow's broth?  
Sit thee so. And do cast thy cap.

Wouldst thee mind did I but tickle  
'Mid thy curl? I loved a laddie

Who did wear just such a crown.  
What might they speak to call thee?"

Huntsman: "Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis a warring witch  
Whose eye doth spell the lie.

They put me as John MacGregor."

(Hoody starts and drops bowl)

"Thee hast broke thy bowl! What's amiss?"

Hoody Mack: "Ah, I'll tell thee, Lad.  
I be from yonder border, too.

Thee surely be my sister's laddie, John!  
Since my goodman did lose favor

With thy king, I bide me here.

But God hath let the sun to shine

Amid the dark! Thee art to pledge me silence  
And return and wax the king wroth to war;  
But not afore the Eastertide.

Canst thee pledge?"

Huntsman: "Yea, mine own Goody. 'Tis surely her  
Who led me thither; her and Redwing,

Who did pipe a noisy chatter.

Look ye! Who rideth there?"

Hoody Mack: "'Tis the palsied Prince,  
And at his either side a bugler."

Huntsman: "God's grace! Be he the rouster  
Of our own Prince? Hell's fury!

He hath a falcon on his right

And ribband streameth at his left!

Be he maid or man? A-tilt and teeter  
Like to a dancing maid he rides!

Is maid Ermaline then wishing her to wed?"

Hoody Mack: "Nay, John, and ye canst put  
To my poor but loving strength

Thine own, to help the dear.

And, hope not too strong,

But mayhap find favor at court

And fetch me home! Yea, to wait

Upon the Queen! They ride them hither.

On John! and through the thick,

And venture not again but go

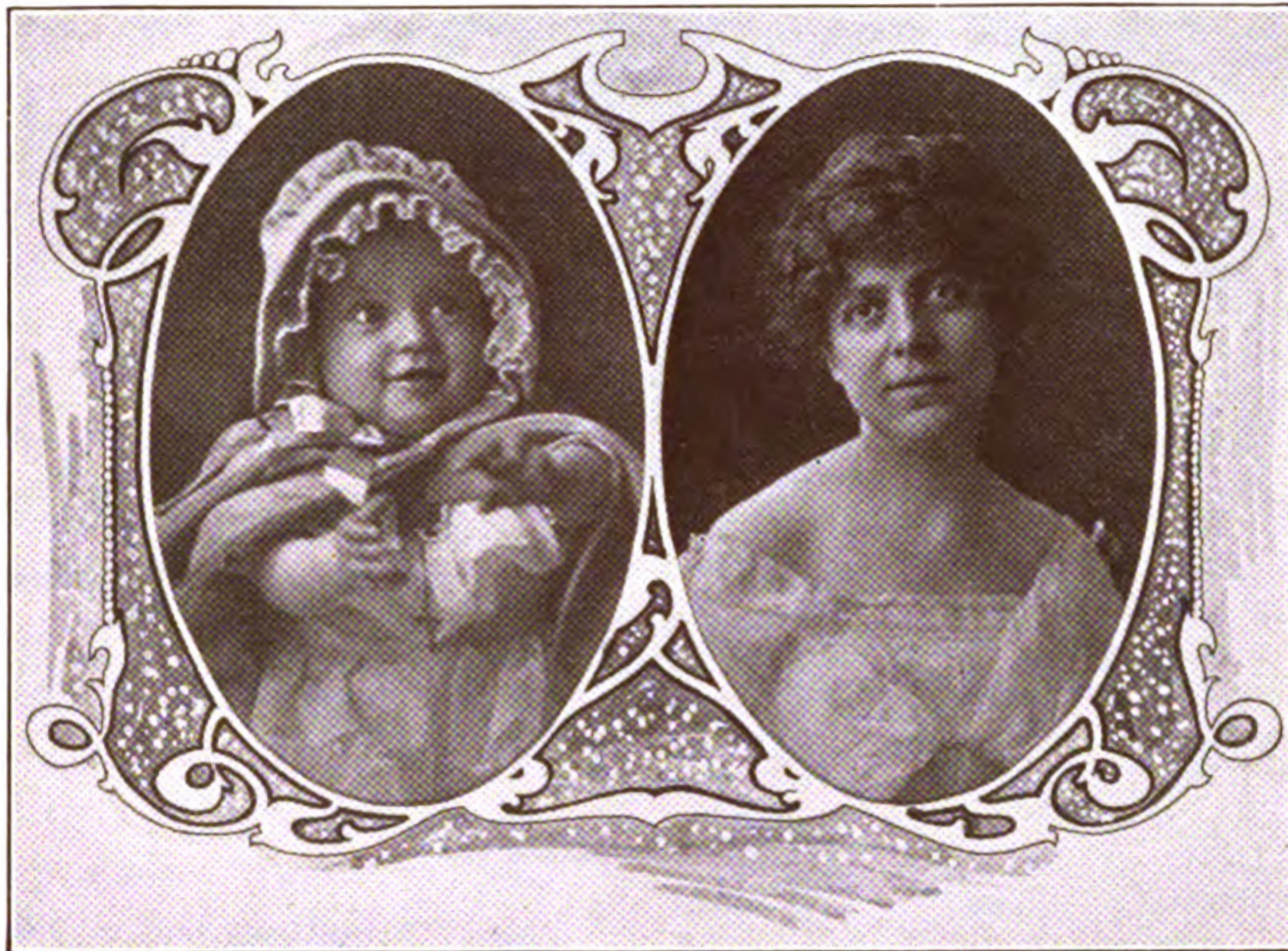
And do my bidding. A kiss to seal the pact!"

(To be continued.)

# A Year of the Patience Wee

*"Have I not filled up thy days with loving?"*

This was a question asked by Patience Worth of one of the family when an expression of impatience was uttered at the long road to the end of one of her stories. She referred to Patience Worth "Wee," whose picture stands at the head of this article, and who, on the seventh of October, 1917, completed a twelve-month period of her allotted span in the sunshine and shadow of earth.



BABY PATIENCE WORTH

MRS. JOHN H. CURRAN

The question brought a swift realization of all that had come with the advent of the babe and all that had filled the days since then; the care and comfort, the work and wonder, the worry and joy, the anxious hours and the days of sweet companionship, the fears, woes and hurts, and the balm of smiles, the soothing touch of dimpled hands and the deep joys of trusting eyes.

To those who had with fear and trembling taken on the burden of this little life there was at the first only a small and wondering hope that it might be for the best; to Patience Worth, who ordered the service, was given the knowledge that the pay would be a thousand fold. She doubtless knew what a babe could bring into the hearts of a home, and especially one brought in, as she said, not in "pity lovin', but in lovin' lovin'."

So the answer to the question must be "yes." The days have been filled with loving. In a home already filled to overflowing she has made a nest for herself, and if she has crowded out some things they were things that might well be spared; there has been no complaint at their departure. To some of the family it all came naturally, to others it was a matter of education and habit. To some of them the hair and eyes and shell ears and coral feet and fairy hands were a spontaneous delight, others had to be taught to look and further examine. But in the end the whole chorus sang together: and when the tooth came and when she cooed and when the other tooth came and she began cutting hair that was all shades from white to gold, pink and red, and when she stood alone and said "da-da" and finally took her first step, the harmony was complete.

When she had her illness her brave wan smile kept them all, the doctor included, at salute, and when she merely blinked at her numerous bumps she shamed away many a

complaint. The hours she has spent in minute examination of her teddy bear and linen book have been a standing objuration against restlessness and impatience.

And what she has meant to the family has been in a large measure the same with close friends and admirers of Patience Worth. People who never held a babe in their arms in their lives have come to know the feeling, and like it. The sight of a 250-pound psychologist, with a heart

just as big and hands the size of the Wee, gingerly holding her and talking "caravan talk," is only one of the many indications of how many hearts are unlocked by the key that is held in a baby's hand. How many of these dear friends have offered their tokens of love, weaving in their gifts tender thoughts, dropping on them many an unselfish tear! How many regrets have come to babeless ones and how many high resolves have been born from out this act of love we shall never know, but from every point of the compass has come the word that has told the work has not been in vain. How many little ones "who have naught" yet contain a spark of God have been given homes; how many hearts have been softened and will be softened by the raising of this babe up as the sign, we shall never know, but it is enough for those who have taken on the responsibility of this one, and for those who have stood for her in the sight of God and man, to know that they have done their part, and the rest must be in the hand of God.

A few close friends were asked in to dine on the momentous first anniversary evening, and after the usual routine on such occasions opportunity was given Patience to express herself. She began at once:

"Loth, loth that I set, 'tis true that the tide hath come and the path be marked—waverin' faint. List ye; before thine eyes hath been set up a wonderworkin'. Hark. Out the ages o' silence, out the vasts o' naughts, out the breast o' Him who loveth thee hath sprung a new thing who beareth within its hands a tether o' love that hath been tied unto thee that shall drive thee e'en through eternities; for that that hath been, shall ever be!"

"I sing," she continued, and gave this prayer:

Earth, be merciful!

Lips, be tender!

Eyes, be truthful!  
 Hearts, be full o' mercy!  
 Oh, Earth, be merciful,  
 For this new cup shall be filled  
 At thy hand!

Then she gave this rhythmic address to the babe:

Starry eyes o' my love,  
 Beamin' like beacons!  
 Oh, smile that flasheth swift  
 Like the darting o' a sunbeam!  
 Oh, wee one! Oh, my heart,  
 Gaed out His lovin'!  
 Take thee my love as a robe.  
 E'en though the Earth shall forsake thee  
 This magic robe is thine  
 And thou needst not fear!  
 For the gentle Brother shall walk  
 Beside thee, pointing the way.

"When thine eyes may ope unto these words and thou mayest sup from out them thy mother's love, may they flame like eating brands, burning thy heart to purity!"

Then after more conversation of a personal nature she gave this appreciation to those who have loved the babe:

"Oh, I say unto thee and thee and thee and all o' ye, ye know not a whit o' the love that shall spring from out this thing. I hae looked upon them that come humbled o' love to the babe, the whit, the wee lone 'un. Gladsome have they sought, their heart's opes streamin', nay thought save it be pured by one sma' wonderwork out His hand. Hearts have built her a throne. Yea, and earth shall know her with lifted head and fearless smile. I say me lothsomely that had not this thing been, woeful wert the path that she should trod!

"And He hath caused this thing. From thy task hath she been lifted up unto a beauteous day, filled o' love, from the days o' empty waitin' and empty love. For e'en though one be filled o' love, and no love returneth, then is his love empty."

## Another Patience Worth Story

Since the publication of the last number of this magazine. Patience Worth has completed another story. Save in its poetry and in its sympathy for the unfortunate, it differs in every particular from "The Sorry Tale." It has none of the majesty of that production. It is a simple story of ordinary people and of ordinary lives in a period very close to the present. Its scene is an English village, and the time Mid-Victorian. Unlike any other of Patience Worth's works it is written in plain English of the present-day standards, having virtually none of her customary archaisms. Yet it bears on every page the indubitable works of her personality and her style. It is the story, the autobiography, of a woman over whose birth rests a shadow, and its purpose is to show the injustice of the attitude of society toward the illegitimate child. As Hattie, in "The Sorry Tale" was the victim of circumstances beyond his control, so is Hope Trueblood in this newer narrative, and the suffering of a sensitive child under the stigma of shame is vividly and touchingly presented. The foundation of "The Sorry Tale" is hate, but the foundation of the story of Hope Trueblood is love, and its simplicity of language and treatment makes it a book to appeal to the interest and understanding of everybody. It is less than half the length of "The Sorry Tale."

**T**HE 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.

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## 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 Mrs. and Miss I., Dr. and Mrs. W., Miss W., Miss F., Miss S., the family).

On sitting down to write Patience noticed that Dr. W., the "Owl," had his large-rimmed glasses on and said:

"See! e'en the owl doth for to turn o' its neck and look and peer unto that that sheweth unto him!

"Loraday! I say me unto thee, man, this be as naught that ye shall for to know. Yea, is then the come o' Him that man ope up his heart that He shew unto it o' His wonders? Yea, hark! there hath shewn, since time, o' the wonders o' Him. Yea, and men shut up their hearts, and yet their eyes, and closed o' their ears, and harked not nor listed them, and saw not nor looked them. Yea, hath He gone unto the fields whereon He spake from out the very stones, and nay man looked upon these wonders."

"See! I set o' song, yea, and yet afirst do I to prance o' the merry tale."

Here she wrote about 400 words of the Merry Tale. Then, breaking off, she said:

"Lookaday! I set me o' this and I be at the weave o' sweets for her who setteth unto me the hand o' her. (Miss S.). Yea; for look, knowest not thee the soft ahere? Look! look! she knoweth o' deeps. Yea, and hath breathed o' soothe unto ones adear unto her. Look! see! I set o' song, then I be at the scribe that setteth o' her ayonder." (She meant she would write something for Miss W.'s book. Miss W. sat in here.)

Fearing, fearing heart,  
Look not with fearing 'pon thy day!  
Nay, look then unto the works o' Him  
That shew thee o' the way.  
Dost fear the day-tide close?  
Dost fear the eve's twi-hour,  
The darksome tide, and dost thou fear  
The shutting o' thine eyes unto the earth?  
Doth then their close spell dark,  
Yea, dark o' ever?

Nay, fear not, fear not,  
But look! The mist-maid o' the early dawn  
Doth dance the vale and cast  
Her silvered robes to shimmer 'neath the sun;  
And bound from hill's side o'er  
Unto the valleyed place,  
And wrap the earth so close,  
So close, as though she loved of it,  
And lothed to leave.

And yet when sun doth climb,  
Ah, look thee then!  
She casteth of her robe  
And meeteth him, arms flung ope,  
To melt unto a naught!  
Unfearing doth she go,

To mingle mid the vasts,  
And meet with mists of sister's robe,  
And come aback a glistened drop  
Of rain's sweet cool.

See! this be but mist,  
And yet of Him, and feareth not.  
But thou dost fear,  
And thou art builded up of Him,  
And loved of Him, and be His own.  
Then thinkest thou that fear should set thy path?

"See ye! of this do I for to set, that she ahere (Miss W.) doth to earn o' the scribe I be at!"

Here she wrote 450 words of "The Sorry Tale."

Then pausing she said: "Now set ye on it." (The inscription).

"See, dame! I did for to set o' tale and I be not awishing that a one should seek athout the crumb."

And she gave this, which Mr. Curran wrote in Miss W.'s copy of the book "Patience Worth; a Psychic Mystery," and Mrs. Curran signed for Patience Worth.

"Look ye athin this, the holied, yea, the holied much; the very heart, yea, the all o' the words o' me; for all that be o' worth be o' Him, and but set as word by thy hand-maid.

"Look then unto the script, and see not o' me; nay, look and drink o' Him. Yea, might the every word flash the smile o' Him unto thee; for thou knowest o' Him. Deep athin thy heart thou knowest o' Him, yea, and loveth much o' Him."

We then asked Patience to give a personal message to Mrs. I., who sat at the board. Patience said:

"See! look! I be at the set o' tale:

"Look! There stood athin a day, o' dames. Yea, and they set them unto their households. And lo, there were ones that looked them not unto their husbandmen, but set them awither and sought o' the out-places, that they take o' earth the glory o' the day. And men, and yet the dames o' their days, spake out their praise.

"And lo, there was a one who stood as the wood's dove, yea, aloned, and sought that she deal o' her gentled note unto the day, and did this in loving. And sought not the word o' men nor yet o' the dames. And lo, she sought not of them, e'en though they sought o' her. And she might have o' all they offered; nay, but this dame took athin her arms the ones o' Him that He a-sent, and sped the gentled notes unto the babed ears, and dealed o' love athout her throat. And lo, the babes upped and took o' her love, and thrived, and lo, then did her voice for to sound out unto the day, and this thing was all in loving. Yea, and e'en though the heart be chilled o' dark that she alone doth know, still doth the lip to smile and the gentle note deal but love."

Miss I. then took the board.

"Lookaday! doth the dame be well a-cared, then doth the babe so to fare!

"See, here be 'nother! Yea, the bud o' her a-yonder! Yea, and I tell unto thee—lawk, I be at a teeter! See! thy dame looketh upon the bud that hath flowered 'pon the stalk o' her and waggeth, waggeth, waggeth, and sayeth

her, 'Lo, such an bud! Alike unto none that ne'er shewed unto me afore!

"See! she looketh her sobered and yet, lawk! a fire o' tickle aneath. Yea, and let this sink athin thy tickled pate! Ye, all o' ye! Here be one that turneth not up a mug and tasteth, tasteth, and smacketh and speaketh this be wne—nay, waters—nay, which. Nay, this one ahere sayeth, 'This be wine! Yea, and bad wine!' Yea, and she harketh unto the sweeted notes the Earth harketh unto and speaketh, 'Lawk, that ones might list unto such pigs' clatter!' See, and yet aneath, there be such an satined lily o' white!"

"Look, I sing."

Dear deaded bud, awithered,  
Art thou forever gone?  
Hath morn forgot thy smile?  
Hath eve forgot thy sweet?  
Doth rain ne'er miss thy noddled bloom?  
Doth dew then seek thee vain at eve?

Dear, deaded bud, art thou forever gone?  
Ah, see, the tears o' me do fall,  
Ah, would that He might lend them power  
To set thee freshed and sweeted  
As thy morns first burst!  
Dear, deaded bud! Dear, deaded bud!  
Do drink thee then my tears,  
And sup their bitters up and bloom them unto sweets!

Here we asked Mrs. W. to sit in and say Goodnight. Mrs. W. suggested we ask her what a certain picture was that Miss F. had drawn. We all agreed, and asked accordingly. Patience said:

"I be nay at the tell o' such!"

"See, I be as the dame who hath much athin the cupboard and taketh unto a one and dealeth from out the stores o' sweets, and lo, the one uppeth o' his eyes and looketh unto the store and biddeth: 'What be this thing?' I be nay a-dealing to thee out o' this!"

We had a good laugh at Mrs. W. and Patience continued:

"'Tis many o' the babes that hunger unto their aches corry! Look thee, a thrust, and it be but a tickle-thrust! Nay, I dealed o' sweets and this one (Miss F.) setteth that she shew."

Then she gave us this goodnight message.

"See! He watcheth at the quiet o' night's hour, and e'en though thou hearest not and seest not, He doth see, and hear, and love."

(Present Mrs. P., daughter, sister and the family).

Patience: "'Tis adeed at aweave and spin, yea, and at a teeter, yea, at set o' word and tale, and at the spin o' the cloth o' the teared tale these days o' ye. What wouldst thee that I be at the setting o', dame?"

"There be men that set o' the words o' me and speak, 'tis a goodish put. Yea, I say me 'tis nay a script I bear unto Earth's curve. 'Tis the deal o' love. Yea, I say me 'tis the deal o' love I be at and care me not a whit that men see o' the script's put. Nay, but that they drink o' love out o' the scripts.

"Athin the measure o' Earth do they for to set them this script o' me. When I say me 'tis follied they be, for lo, what then might man set athin earth's measure o' the love o' Him? Set thee o' the song I be at the sing o'.

Where morn's kiss lieth o'er the young spring's field,  
And early hours set musics burst 'pon airs,  
And kine arise, to seek the brook-cut dell,  
And field-folk wake to seek

And toil them 'mid the grain;  
Lo, whereon they step and wield o' blade,  
And reap and bind and sweat;  
Where sun ariseth him and burneth o' the grass,  
And cutted stalks ableed, to die,  
And soft, the silvered thread awindeth down the green,  
At early tide, me thinks,  
When nay man trodeth there,  
The fields ashew them  
Peopled o' the trend o' man,  
The first men o' the land,  
A-stripped and hung o' skins,  
And maidens decked o' naught  
Save wind-beat, sunburned locks  
That spread 'pon early winds that spring.  
Yea, it seemeth me  
That from the dusts o' fields  
Arise the forms o' them,  
And at the early tide, lo,  
'Tis then the hour of sweet commune,  
The Earth doth lie a-wrapped o' silence 'bout.  
When there from out the fields  
The Now doth sup  
With brothers o' the Then.

Mrs. P's little daughter here took the board and Patience said:

"See-ye! they fetch o' babes that they sup: Loraday, babe, see! I be at the set o' tale.

"Lo, there wert, 'pon a day, a maid, and she loved not the days that served as the sea that bore the craft o' her.

"Yea, and she looked not 'pon the lovely that shewed unto the eyes o' her. And there did for to come a tide when there stepped unto the path o' her a One. And he took the hand o' her and led her forth unto the day and shewed unto her naught that she sought, but o' the mites that filled up the all. Yea, o' the fairy's frost that shewed 'pon the rose's petal, and the brooklets path that shewed 'pon the leaves' green. Yea, and 'pon the greened fields, he shewed the hosts that crept aneath the grasses' roots, and athin the waters, lo, he shewed how the waves bore wings that beat and beat, and shewed that they would up unto the skies and fly. Yea, all o' this did he for to shew, and the maid did for to set at the building o' dreams; and fashioned, out o' the dream's web, a cloak, athin which she clothed o' her. Yea, and when the day shewed it grey, then did she for to clothe her athin this robe and look not 'pon the day, but set at the dreaming o' dreams.

"And when the days o' this maid shewed at the finishing, lo, the One came unto her and bid that she bring forth o' the days that he seeked. Yea, bid that she shew what she had done that stood as the days o' her.

"And the maid went her forth and came her back unto the One, and bore a strand o' pearls. Yea, and they shewed as glinted wonders, wove o' the greened field's shadows, and the early dawns rosed flush, and yet o' the spring's blued sky, and still o' the white o' the heaven's cloud that skimmeth o' this blue. And she shewed this unto him and told that this was the fruit o' her dreams.

"And the One spake that this thing was well, for lo, did the day to shew it dark, then 'twere the fruits o' love and the fruits o' faith that wove dreams o' worth. Yea, and Hope standeth o' these dreams unto the jeweled strand that standeth as the days o' man."

(Present Mrs. L., Mrs. and Miss A., Mr. C., the family).

Patience: "'Thee'rt at toss, yea, at up and down o' the aged! See! I tell this unto the and thee and thee: Yea, hark! she ahere hath such an merry 'neath the sobered eye o' her that lo, did the god himself lack o' smile, lo, she

would for to up o' the brows o' her and frown her: 'Nay, nay, nay, 'tis nay for me, such an one!'"

"Lookaday dame, thou hast supped o' the wines o' me. Yea, and thou knowest 'tis but a brew o' paps and breads for the feed o' the babes o' Earth. Yea, for lo, doth a man for to fill him up o' wines that be as the full fleshed man's wines, lo, he sicketh o' this thing and seeketh o' the babe's porridge. So be it then, them o' Earth shall to seek o' this brew o' me when they have filled and emptied at o'er-sick 'pon the wines o' Earth. Verily, I do say me so."

We spoke of the amount of writings produced.

"Yeaaday and this be not the script o' me, nay, but the love o' Him I tucked athin this put.

"List then! word be but the ass that packeth o' the pack!

"Lor, see, this dame doth look 'pon days as the dames o' the day o' me did for to look 'pon the shredded-cloth's pack (the rag bag). Yea, they did for to treasure much o' these, for lo, did a day show a rent they took athout this pack o' the shredded cloth and set amend. Yea, and she ahere doth care her not for the days o' Earth that roll them ever at the even. Nay, she looketh her for a day that hath o' a rent that she may for to set amend that she loveth o'. Yea, 'tis such an one she be; the qucerish days she setteth as the loves o' her.

"Thee hast set at the sup o' sweets. Yea, and 'tis the tide (time) that ye carn o' the eats!

"I be tickled aneath the kirtle, yea, and at a merry put."

And she wrote about 450 words of "The Merry Tale." Then she wrote about 300 words of "The Sorrow Tale" and closed the session.

(Present: Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr. and Mrs. R., Mr. Y., the family.)

Patience: "See! since this be a merried folk set thee unto the merried put."

She wrote about 400 words of the "Merry Tale."

Then breaking off she said: "I be at word. Yea dame, the dame o' him, 'tis thee that hath the sorry o' me! See, he ahere (Mr. R.) doth take o' breads and crumb, and taste and wag, and taste and wag, and yet wag 'yea'; but he be a goodish sort!

"'Tis best, lad, that man do e'en as thou; for lo, thou hast not athin (within) thy box that that thou settest not (showest not) unto the Earth. Yea, thou shewest all that man should see, and yet thou hast that that man knowest not o'. I'd set athin thy hand o' the deal o' things. Yea, for look, he hath an eye for the deal. I sing dest thou bid."

Mr. M. here made a bantering remark:

Patience: "See! the huntsman batheth o' honeys!"

Here we asked for the song. Then, after a pause:

Patience: "Nay, I be dame! Welladay, see thee then, I be at the sing."

Before beginning, however, she circled slowly about until it was remarked upon.

Patience: "Nay, I be a-merried much o'er the lad. (Mr. R.) See, he looketh 'pon the me o' me and seeth the me o' me and yet the eye o' him seeth naught and he waggeth athin."

Here followed more long circling. "Dost love o' the rub?" she asked.

Soon she gave this poem:

Go, rains, thou hast washed the Earth.

Go, speed then then, the Earth standeth it a-sogged.  
The grayed branch drippeth drop.  
The stones' caps, filled o' waters,  
Glint neath the climbing moon.  
The heavy clouds a-roll  
And leave the greyed skies silvered  
O' the moon's sheen and star's gleam bright.  
The beams a-reach them from the skies  
Like silvered threads, and rest  
'Pon glistened blades that fringe the paths.  
The night birds spill their songs  
And dripping branch doth sound  
The musics that accompany them.  
The earth doth lie a-wrapped o' grey  
And musiced 'bout and watched o' stars and moon.  
'Tis night. 'Tis earth's sleep.  
And rain hath sung her song o' sleeping-tide.  
Drop! Drop! Drop!  
Thou silvered mists a-cling!  
Set thou the musiced song of night.  
Splash thou the Earth o' love  
That reacheth from the heaven to its night.  
His tears! His gentleness!  
His veiled mystery—thou rain o' heaven!

Here Mrs. R. took the board.

Patience: "Lawk! She cloaketh o' her sorries within the robe o' merry. Yeaday! She maketh o' her lips to sound words that mean merry when she hath sorries 'pon the heart o' her."

Someone mentioned the sorrows of men.

Patience: "Yea, man hath o' a sorried belly and waileth loud and when he hath o' a sorry adced, lo, he speaketh naughts!"

"See ye, men o' Earth! I set me o' a roisters song!"

Ayle! Ayle! Ayle!

Doth drown o' ail and ail and ail!

Yea, so set I. Then hark!

Up o' a crested mug.

And spat 'pon the flags!

Cast o' the froths that Bacchus drink.

Roar o' thy laugh and rumble o' thy deepest song.

That notes do fall unto they boots' tops, verily.

Sup thee and smack.

The froth a-tickle 'pon thy lips.

Speak thee a tale that besteth o' thy brother's.

Drink! Drink! Up o' thy mug and drink!

Yea, and drown the folly o' thy morrow.

Ayle! Ayle! Ayle!

Doth drown o' ail, ail, ail!

The company agreed that Patience might be accused of favoring the cup that cheers. She hastened to explain her position.

Patience: "See! see! this be but a song, a merrie put. Yea, ayle be folly's quaff! See, this be but a-set that thou dost know the day o' me!

"See, ye! I set me o' thy teared put (The Sorry Tale). Be this not a beauteous put? There be but a whit a-yet and this I did for to save that thou dost set that it be a-filled."

And she "put" the last 400 words of the first book "The Sorry Tale."

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B-1

### The Sorry Tale.

Sept. 4, 1917.

Sunday found me at home with Patience Worth's "Sorry Tale" holding me enslaved to her telling of it. What a dignified story it is, and how nobly told! And poetry! The whole book is a poem. One reading of a work of such immensity of detail counts for nothing, of course, but my reaction to this "put" of Patience is that here is the best conceived, best constructed and finest expressed novel that has come under my eyes—and God! what a relief it is to walk in the great human cathedral with Patience, after being dragged through the same precincts by other writers who vision only a God-forsaken slum. Whether the story is of the ouija board or not is to me entirely immaterial; it belongs to literature that is inspired and graces it. Can you recall anything finer than the short chapter that deals with the death of the child of Pauda and Nada—the swallow? Will you ever forget Aaron, the fool of the empty nets who brothers Hate? Let critics say what they will, out of the emptiness of old St. Louis has come the literary gift to the world of this and the last century.

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Of Days of thee I've taken  
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 taken,  
For it be me, and I be Thine.  
So then do thou to claim thine own.  
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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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