

Patience Worth's Magazine

BEHOLD, the New Day hath come.
He hath come anew unto thee. Let
not thy heart be dismayed at the night's
darkness, for the taper is thine, the Word
of His promise. He hath left it unto thee.

Let then each day be filled of His love
and the night lighted by its flame, and thy
day shall be filled of fulfillment, and not
of promise.

The light of His countenance **SHALL**
be thine. Ask thy heart if it know this.

PATIENCE WORTH

January, 1918

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Patience Worth's Magazine

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Patience Worth

Patience Worth is the name of an invisible personality who communicates through Mrs. John H. Curran, of St. Louis. She says she lived in the Seventeenth Century. She began her communications in 1913 and ever since has been pouring out poems, stories, parables and allegories of high literary and intellectual qualities, and of profound religious significance, but clothed usually in archaic form. Her purpose is to prove her personality, not by tricks of magic, but by words. Her appeal is not to superstition, but to intelligence.

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.

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Vol. 1

January 1918

Number 6

Patience Worth on France

On a certain evening Mrs. Curran had as her guests a Miss B., a French girl, and two other women, Mrs. R. and Miss D. Patience chose on this occasion to talk of France, and she said to Miss B.:

"Thy land doth weep waters that shall fall upon it and rich its harvest. Yea, the lily shall bear new gold upon its heart! E'en through the parched crusts o' thy fields, sodden o' scarlet, shall burst forth a new strength past the tell o' man. Weary, weary, weary, sore smitten, thy broken brothers e'en now arise. Weak, weak do they arise out the mires of their own drops, mingled of their own land's dusts, their faces bathed of the streaming light from out His very heart. And Earth shall turn unto them and speak out: 'There hath a true son fallen, but to arise!'"

"Yea, but hark ye! not only the light o' Him hath he tucked within thy brother's hearts, but His full smile. Yea, e'en within the dark they see Him."

It was remarked that France was fighting with more than blades.

"Woe is he who hath but ardor," said Patience, "woe is he! But blessed is he who hath ardor and the spirit of happiness that liveth even within woe; for this is God's gift."

"The fear of death is being taken away by the war," said Mrs. R.

"This be the first light o' new days, dame," Patience replied.

"Ne'er, ne'er shall Earth look unto these that fall but that they know Him deeper and love Him more that He begat such sons!"

"Behold, they did ope their veins and drink unto Him!"

"Yea, and more, He shall reach forth His hands and take out of their hands the blade, and leave within them but a lily, pure."

Miss B. said that when the French said Belgium they uttered a prayer. Patience cried out:

"Behold, even smitten do they lend their cloak! Nay love be so whole as that of smitten sisters."

"The spoken words o' thy tongue musics the airs and weaveth wreaths that float them up, up, unto the mighty seat. But list thee! Weary not. Weary not. This is but the night, and day cometh; and Earth's day is but the night, and day still cometh!"

Miss B. spoke of others across the Vosges.

"Nay, the barques stand waiting thee, and joys come e'en through the dark. Yea, they be within the light, and thou still seeking, seeking. Wait, and weary not. Look thee up even as these of thy land. Thy smite is within

thy spirit, and they feel the flesh's wounds. Wait thee. Wait thee. He is a true God! Believe thou this and wait His wisdom; for even though He dealeth in mighty smiting it is still His wisdom and begetteth peace for his own."

Miss B. spoke of French yearning for Alsace-Lorraine.

"O'er a scarlet sea shall float a new barque," said Patience, "whose masts be hung of lilies, and thou shalt see their coming! At some blue dawn Earth shall look upon her, skimming, bowing, swift sped o' joy, the babe that seeketh its mother's shore."

Miss B. then said: "I want you to make a prayer for our Joffre."

"Behold thee, out thy pure heart streameth its pure. Thy handmaid falleth short, for thou art filled up of the thing that biddeth men be gods. Stream it forth unto Him, the God o'er all, and He shall bark and kiss the speeding blades with His love that e'en though thy brothers slay, the slain shall arise."

Miss B.: "Patience, I feel like you are like our own Joan d' Arc."

Patience: "Inasmuch as thou hast spoken it, thy sainted one hath but breathed Him unto thee! And I be such an atom, such a wee sma' one, who led nay host, but would share o' Him."

Mrs. R. then asked for a personal message.

Patience: "Thou knowest, dame, that thou hast looked upon the words that be me unto thee, and thine eyes have misted oft that thou mightest believe; for within thee is the mighty 'why.' And yet thou hast bowed thee and spake thee, 'this is truth,' and truth hath nay 'why' that answereth it."

Then Patience turned to Miss D.: "See ye, thou o' the copper tress; thou hast ta'en o' this bread and eaten it, and thou knewest that thou hast looked upon the bread of Him and tasted o' it, and then o' this bread, and thou mayest speak it in truth, this bread be even as a crumb o' His. Nay whit doth it differ. When He held His hands forth and stretched forth unto all men, He dealt love. No man might offer aught that would equal His dealing. But they forget, forget, and thy handmaid would leave songs that all men look even upon His smallest working and remember! remember! remember!"

Then Miss B. asked for a good-bye personal word, and Patience said:

"Thy heart hath wings, but thy feet be tarried in the tilling. Speed not, but leave thy heart to speed; for it freeth thy spirit from out the dinning unto the land o' memory's weavin', where nay wall bruise thy soul's wings. Aday!"

The Music of Patience Worth

Unless one examines the work of Patience Worth for the express purpose, he is likely to overlook the wonderful grasp of musical form and rhythm and the insight into the world of harmony she displays. It is not only evident that she has a thorough knowledge of technical and musical terms, but of the relation of music to poetic expression; and all the myriad uses of harmony are to her an open book.

The day of Patience Worth "rocks with carolling." In her poems she brings the echoes from every brook and tree and roadside. The sea sings songs to her, ever new, ever changing. The rivers, the mountains, the caverns, have their voices that chant of God, always of God. Her babe songs and lullabies are many and full of mother-knowing. Her words in rhythm to youth vibrate with young life and her songs for the aged are full of soothing helpfulness. To a young music student she once said:

Earth holdeth songs, and nights,
E'en at the deepest o' the hour, do sing.
Earth holdeth songs astored, that hid
When fallen from the lips of them that sleep in Him.
Earth hath treasures. List thee, sweet!
Thou hast an ear to coax them forth.
Hark, and hark, and hark thee deep,
And fill thy days o' stolen store.

In "The Sorry Tale" Panda seems to be the only musician, although his wife, Nada, sings her folk songs as she grinds her meal. A verse of one of them is given:

"O tiny stars, spilled from the moon's cradle,
Fear ye not, O fear ye not!
Thy mother sun shall come at dawn.
O fear ye not! O fear ye not!

After the death of Simeon, Panda goes into the hills with his sheep and his pipe and the story reads on:

"And the night came sad, and robed black, until the late hour, when, 'mid her quiet, at the deep of earth's sleep, she brought forth her jewel and set it upon the bosom of the sky. And the still was broken by the sorrow-breath of Theia. And Panda brought forth his pipe and whispered unto the night. And the notes sobbed and dripped with tears."

In her medieval drama, "Redwing," the Troubadour says to the Queen:

"Your Grace, a song doth carry but a truth, else 'tis unlovely to the singer, and its discord proclaimeth treachery 'mid its notes. I but pipe, but pipers know the stars, and he who knoweth them knoweth solitude, and he who knoweth solitude knoweth silence."

And later he says again:

"Nay, my Lady, I but sing, and song's wing was fashioned but to hover aching hearts. I stand, the subject of my Queen, and Knight o' Song!"

In "Telka," her old English story of peasant and lord, the blind Lady Ione says to her maid, speaking of Telka:

"The voice o' her hath a chord that lacketh of a note. 'Tis the note of mother-song she hath nay heard. Ye know, Jean, 'tis the mother's song that fairies 'pon the earth's hard word."

Again Ione calls for her harp to soothe her aged father:

"Do wake not his soft o' sleep
With word a-hard. Nay, fetch forth the harp o' mine
That I do set the dreams a-dance and woo him deeper
'Mid the love o' it."

"And like to a water's fall that tinkleth drops aback
Unto the water's deep, the strings, a-stroked,
Do sing, and voice, a-tremble, crooneth love
Through lips a-smile."

Her song is magic. Again she says:

"Eve hath died
And but her shroud a-wraps the earth. I then
Shall reach a-deep o' string and like to a song
A-set the words aflow; and echo o' the tale
Shall seek the cups o' bloom aneath the lattice there;
And sleep, the painter o' our dreams,
And singer o' songs a-dead to earth,
Shall loose the hidden store and bear aback to me,
To dream anew."

An organist in one of the churches of St. Louis, during a visit with Patience, received the following:

"Sire, I be a weaver o' things out o' naught, and e'en this be no wondrous thing more than thine, for upon dumb things thou dost scribe and cause the wailing of a soul or yet the singin' o' the hosts. Lookee! thou hast harked unto the Still Voice and know it. E'en o'er thy music soundeth a singin' that be not thine yet leadeth thee. Ah, the magic o' the art that lendeth the soul pastures 'mid the skies."

And then she gave him this exquisite prayer:

Behold my hands, oh Lord -thine.
Oh, Father, upon them let Thy love to fall,
That its magic may witch the lute
That it sob like an endless sobbing,
Freeing the weary hearts of earth of their woe.
Leave Thy love upon these hands, that my lute,
At my smiting, shall laugh in joyousness,
Making of woeful day a mocking happiness.

Leave Thy love upon them, that the power be mine
To make a weaving of all things
Reaching deep within the hearts of men
And bringing forth the song which is them.
Oh, I'd create new things of echoes
That they shall never die, for they be
The echo of life which Thou hast created.

Oh, leave Thy love upon me and my hands!
I lift them up in supplication.
Consecrate them to Thee. Make them Thy lute
That they truly sing Thy song. Amen!

Music lovers, and especially composers, will enjoy the poem of sounds given below. It was written by Patience as the basis for a fugue. A tone poem with this for a theme will one day doubtless be among the popular classics:

Hark! Hark! Hark! Soft singin' comes—
The silver o' joyin' bells,
Like waters tinkled o'er the stone,
Spilled from afar, afar, on high;
Pealed soft, soft, ringin' sweet, sweet.
Hark! 'Tis the fresh breeze of morn,
Heavy laden o' sleep's breath o' the night
Bearing the echoes, soft, soft.

Hark! Hark! Sh-e-e-e! Sh-e-e-e! Sh-e-e-e!
 See, the sea lieth, panting, panting slow,
 Sighing, sighing soft!
 The sun playeth, swift riding the waves;
 And, wailing, the west wind
 Lasheth the foam to spray.
 Hark! 'The singin' surges, Sure! Sure!
 Raging high! High! Up! Up!
 Hark! Hark!

Hark! Hark! List! List! Look ye high,
 Deep to the sky. List! Cometh soft
 The dripping notes o' yon far speck,
 Spilling! Spilling!
 Dripping o' Him and the heights.
 The wings are loth to spread
 And sail to Earth, and the small eyes
 That fearless view the sky, fear Earth,
 For He is far, far, and up, up!

Sh-e-e! Sh-e-e! Hark! Hark! See, the moon
 Treadeth soft the silver cloud-way.
 The stars hang still and trembled
 Lest they break the stilly hush.

Hark! Hark!
 The piercing note o' night's sentinel!
 Aye, just sustained. Soft! She-e-e! She-e-e!
 'Tis the night-bird that sendeth call
 Unto the wood, that telleth
 Sleeping things He be!

Hark! Hark! The morning breaks!
 The skies rock o' dins! The echoes wake!
 The roadways creep and rock o' sounds!
 The light cometh fast, fast!
 The sun so surely riseth high, high!
 And Day is 'pon the Earth!
 And sky and earth and firmaments
 Speak, speak, with crashing tongues,
 That clatter them as a mighty din,
 And all speak Him! Him! Him!

Hark! Hark! Hark! The even cometh,
 And all sinketh, sinketh, soft, soft.
 The last echo telleth that the first note
 Hath reached the heavens.

WHAT PATIENCE WORTH TEACHES.

THERE 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 start-
 ing place for eternity and its troubles and its
 difficulties are essential to the soul's founda-
 tion.

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 im-
 mortality 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.

Proverbs of Patience Worth

"Man's tongue is wound in winding sheets o' hoary white—dead wisdoms spoken by deader sages."

"New wisdom is like new wine. When the youth who presseth it be aged and fit for tipplin', it hath then its smack."

"The belly o' wisdom taketh in no new brew without an aching. Yea, wisdom consorteth with age and would that its brewster be a wraith full many a tide. For how may wisdom know wisdom without its winding sheet and the scents of its mould?"

"Hark ye, men! court ye wisdom with folly singing. I wot then wisdom will dance. Behold, the cowl of wisdom knoweth not that its shadow weareth bells."

"It taketh a mountain to trip a fool, yet a wiseman falleth o'er a grain o' sand."

"Chastity needeth not a frock of virtue."

"Honor knoweth the whip within the hand of no man."

"Truth hath a dangerous sister, half her flesh, near-truth."

"God is in all men, yet every man knoweth more of the evils within man than the truth."

"Waste be the lapping tongue of hunger, and glut the fangs of hunger's dog."

A Famous Musician's Visit

Among the many visitors of Patience Worth is numbered Mrs. Amy M. Beach, of Boston, one of America's greatest pianists and composers. In her letter to Mrs. Curran, permitting the publication of the record of that evening, Mrs. Beach says:

"It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request as to the printing of your record of my visit to you. You are quite at liberty to use all of it, if you wish to do so. I would like to repeat that I was most deeply impressed by all that occurred on that memorable evening. The prayer which Patience was good enough to give to me has helped me more than I can express in words, but the part of her work that evening which lingers most definitely in my mind is the installment of 'The Sorry Tale.' The deep reverence and rare beauty of that chapter was most inspiring."

On the occasion of Mrs. Beach's visit the eminent St. Louis composer, E. R. Kroeger, was present with Mrs. Kroeger, and Judge and Mrs. Charles Claffin Allen, of St. Louis. Mr. and Miss B., Mrs. S., Mrs. R., and Miss G. were also guests.

After the usual time spent in talk of Patience and her marvels, Mrs. Beach sat with Mrs. Curran for the start of the evening's work. After sitting down Mrs. Beach asked if her rings would hamper the "grinding." Patience answered:

"Trumpery be not for the bakin', dame, but lawk, I be a-likin' o' it." We laughed and she continued: "Yea, and there shall be the singin' and the sweetin's, and yet the makin' o' loaf; for a thrifty wench may not trod the fair's path (the path to the fair) save that her hearth be clean and the brush-broom at the bottom to top beside it. It be well that we do for to set the racks (the loom) at the thuddin' and on to the taskin' and dance a-later, eh? I be full adeed. On."

So she began on "The Sorry Tale," which she was then writing, covering the part where Christ noticed when the women touched Him, telling what occurred, and going on to the miracle of the loaves and fishes. She wrote about 1,200 words of it, stopping to say:

"Lo, I be at the settin' o' the Tale, and yet there be the singin'. Yea, fetch forth that I do minister the sweetin's; for thou hast lended thy hands unto the loved Tale. Didst thee love o' it, eh?"

Everybody said they loved what had come of the Tale, so after promising "singin'" and words that "sing not, yet music," she said to Mrs. S., who had relieved Mrs. Beach at the board:

"Lo, for her ahere (Mrs. S.) such a garland! Lookee!"

Dusts, gray dusts, blow!
Mists, silver mists, arise!
Ye morn-songed drops
O' graysome days, fall, fall!
Ye shadows deep, deep, wherein
My dreamin' hides, come, come!

Ye paths that seek the shadows, shew, shew!
Ye vasts, afar past the binded eye's span,
Lead thou me on!

Dusts, dusts, gray dusts, blow!
Out thee shall I pluck the dreams o' crumbled pasts.
Ye shadows deep, I shall seek thee 'pon the paths
That sink unto the far, far,
Past the binded eye's span. I shall know
The secret things, and build
Of stolen pasts new songs!

It was remarked how well Patience seemed to know the inner part of each one she met, even without anything more than a formal introduction. Miss B. here sat down for her "bit" of Patience and the poem she was given seemed to fit her character, so appreciative of the finest things of nature. It follows:

"Ah me! 'Tis such a webbie singin'" she said, and began:

Ah, garden's way a-bloomin', sweet spillin',
Where, upon a briar, stretcheth forth a silvered web
All tremorous, hung o' dew
And swayin' 'pon the mornin's breath,
Soft, soft sighin', swayin',
What musics sound there 'pon thy threadin' strands?

Do the sweets o' earth then echo them
To strum their sweetness? Do the sighin' ones
Awake thy trembling? Dost thou steal
The moon's bright silver beams
And weave them in thy fairy cloth
To glisten 'neath the comin' sun?

Ah! ah! ah! I'd love to know thy music,
For it seemeth it would tell me true
The great God's gentleness!

In the conversation that ensued, Mrs. Curran inadvertently spoke of the poems "she was writing." Patience objected, thus:

"What meanest thou, wee whit dame, that thou shouldst set thee up and o'er thy dame at the bakin' o' wee loaves!"

After proper apologies by Mrs. C., Mrs. Beach came to the board for her poem, and after saying, "This be a fullish singin'," Patience began:

Oh, ye anguished hearts,
Split o' sorrow, I love thee!
Oh, ye weepin' eyes,
Dripped o' heart's spillin' drops, I love thee!
Oh, ye sighs that wind the earth, I love thee!
Oh, ye follied ones, blind seekin', I love ye!
Oh, ye happy tides, the waste o' Earth's folly-footed ones,
I love thee, e'en though thou be the wastes!

Oh come, come, and rest within this bosom,
That it fill o' ye and nurture a new thing out thee.

Then saying: "There be more; this be but a whit," she went on:

Oh, like unto a pit am I—deep! deep!
Fill Thou me, oh Lord!
Shed Thy light to fill me up,
For it seemeth that this flesh shall burst
O' the love that consumeth me!
It seemeth, at tides when the earth sleepeth,
I feel Thy hand! I know Thy smile!
It seemeth at the Spring
I see Thy smiling countenance.
It seemeth at the falling o' the leaves
I see Thy sorrow, and in their flame, Thy passion.
Yea, and when the Earth is stripped, the barren trees
Seem new stuffs for Thy crucifixion.
Within the mornings
I know the sereneness of Thine eyes.
At the noon, I know
The brightness of Thy oped heart.
Within the night I know Thy steadfastness.

Yea, I have walked with Thee.
Thou hast been my staff,
And all that hath come out me is Thine.
Oh, take it, Lord, as thank!
I am thine, before Thee bowed!

Here Miss G. came to the board (Mrs. Pollard calls it Patience Worth's bread board) and Patience seemed to realize that most of the company were heavyweights, for she seemed to sigh as she said:

"Lor', I be settin' such strong cups! Ye should see thy damie (herself) a-wieldin' o' a broadblade when she be not so big as she might waft a web-wing (a duck or goose wing)."

The she let us know she was thinking of the baby, for she said:

"Ye should look ye 'pon the wee fleshie that be mine! mine! mine!"

When the comment stopped she gave this to Miss G.

Oh-e-e-e-e! Oh-e-e-e-e!
I'd sing, but yon road-way beckons me.
A wee cot lieth at the hill's bosom.
And the roadway beckons, yon, yon!
Oh-e-e-e-e! Oh-e-e-e-e!
I'd sing, but the road-way beckons me.
A streamie flaeth doon the green deeps yon,
And the road-way beckons me.
Oh-e-e-e-e! Oh-e-e-e-e!
I'd sing, but the road-way beckons me.
Oh-e-e-e-e! Oh-e-e-e-e!
Hark! 'Dost hear the singin' o' the folks afar?
Ah me, I do, and the road-way beckons me.
Oh-e-e-e-e! Oh-e-e-e-e!
I'd sing, but hark! The birds have ceased,
And the nightingale doth fill the emptiness.
Yon, yon, the road-way beckons me.
Oh-e-e-e-e! Oh-e-e-e-e!
Fair Earth, I'd sing, but the day hath ceased,
And the road-way o' my dreams doth beckon me.

We all felt that a trip on that road with Patience would not be amiss. Mr. B. sat with Mrs. Curran at this point and Patience said:

"It taketh a man for to swim the sea that shews not bottom, the sea o' knowin'. There be more o' singin'."

For some reason we began talking about Patience's Religion when she was on earth. She took enough interest to say:

"There be them that would deem me a Lollard. Aye, I be a-stirrin' old brews in new stuff."

Here Mrs. Curran said that two separate poems were pressing on her confusedly, one about Jeanie and the other about storing something. It was quite a while before she began the following for Mr. B.:

Stop, oh day! Speed ye not on!
For Jeanie's hands be cauld.
Stop, oh, Spring! Do tell the birds to cease!
For Jeanie's hands be cauld.
Stop, ye nights! Stand still, oh moon!
For Jeanie's hands be cauld.
Stop, ye fleetin' hours! Thy speedin' hurteth-sore.
For Jeanie's hands be cauld.
Oh, Spring, ye may not come!
Ye nights, ye, too, shall cease.
No morrow then may break, no joy arise.
The birds are dead, the light is gone—
For Jeanie's hands be cauld!

At this point it was evident that the other poem was for Judge Allen, for she gave it to him after "ettling" him to come to the board. She referred to the only other time the Judge had written with her, two years before, and she remembered the thing she had said to him, for she said:

"Lookee! Did I not tell o' the mice that took o' the grain?" Then to him: "Wouldst ye a singin'? E'en though thou dost turn such stern eyes, I be a-knowin' a safter ye. Off to the singin'."

There's a spot afar within a sea—my Isle.
No man hath looked upon her green, nor seen her shores.
Oh, the city I hae builded there!
All bonny, fair, and filled o' folks!
All stilled, their paths, and man hath lost their lovin'!
But there upon my Isle, all bonny fair, they dwell.
And the sea-wall o' my Isle
Is builded o' my hopes; and tall it be,
And yet at times all felled and crumblin'.

And ah! the hame I have upon this Isle!
The hamein' spot o' all my treasurin'—
The smiles o' them forgot, the joys sped to wheres,
The songs that floated, lost from earth,
The tinklin' musics weaved o' loved hands,
All 'pon this Isle be stored!
And days may cease, and nights o' ever-dark
May fall, but Sun doth hang, for e'er and aye,
Doon and o'er the spot. For 'tis love
That be the sun, and Hope the walls,
And lo, the land's my faith!
Then Isle o' mine, ahoy, for aye!

And the dear folks went their ways out into the world with a little grey damie tucked close within their hearts.

Nine Poems in One Evening

The following poems were all written by Patience Worth at a single sitting of an hour and a half on an evening in December. They present a remarkable illustration of her versatility of theme and expression, as well as of her copiousness. These poems, it will be observed, are almost entirely free from archaic forms:

Comrade Vagabond

Come, comrade vagabond,
Down the dust-garbed path.
Let's sniff the choking ash
That shrouds the blooms;
Let's make our way together,
Not 'pon the highway
Where the coaches roll
And the footcloths drag the dust-laid way,
But down the dell, past the foot-path,
Where the briars hide the nests
And the sweetest flowers bloom.

Come, comrade vagabond,
Make me thy fellow.
Give me thy sun-browned hand.
Let me know thy song.
Let me stumble on thy way,
Tearing my raiment, knowing the things
Of little worth; where the snail hangs,
And the thrush nests, and where
The grain sags through the field's middle,
Leaving a path for the coming moon.

Let me know thy sky,
The rugged sky which pours
Rains upon thee and spits fire
Through the turmoiled cloud.
Make ye the path open before me.
Lay the briars apart that I
May follow thee. Let me know
Thy nights, the nights so full
That once seemed empty.
Let me hear the nightbird's fright,
And the waking of things from their
Deeper slumber. Even the cart wheels
Would I know when they creak
At waking, and the cock when he blasts
His brassy notes through the golden morn.
Come, comrade vagabond,
Show me the way!

The Deceiver

I know you, you shamster!
I saw you smirking, grinning,
Nodding through the day,
And I knew you lied.
With mincing steps you gaited

Before men, shouting of your valor,
Yet you, you idiot,
I knew you were lying!
And your hand shook,
And your knees were shaking.

I know you, you shamster!
I heard you honeying your words,
Licking your lips and smacking
O'er them, twiddling your thumbs
In ecstacy over your latest wit.

I know you, you shamster!
You are the me the world knows.

The Flag

Behold the streamer
Blazoned across the sky,
The sign men follow.
Behold youth's upturned face,
Youth's firelit eyes,
Youth's heaving breast,
Youth's hand.
Hark unto the footfall of youth,
Following, following.

Then, behold not Youth,
But the streamer still blazoned
Across the sky.

Then write ye beneath Youth's name;
"For greater love hath no man."

The Shadow Land

Sunlight dancing, and the Earth
Is stalked of shadows.
Night hangs, and the shadows
Possess Earth.
Yet at morning, where go the old shadows?
And at evening where do the new ones tarry?
Oh, ye hosts of shadows,
Where thy land?

Sunlight cometh, and man
Stalketh the Earth, and at eve
He lieth down amid the shadows,
Following with them. He waketh
Unto new light, but wearie
For the shadows.
Oh, shadows, where is thy land?

You shadow, you were the shade
Of a leaf, and the leaf is gone.
Even so are you.

Man hath gone, and his shadow
Accompanied him.
Where to?

Man was; even so the leaf
And the shadows; then they
May not be finished.

My Song

Oh, my song is a gypsy,
Streaming her scarlet streamers 'cross the fields;
Knowing all men as brothers;
Pilfering if need be,
For good water be good!

Oh, my song is a gypsy,
With a full throat echoing
But the day that I pass.
Living today or tomorrow, how?
Mayhap well, mayhap amiss.

Oh, my song is a gypsy.
Not beauteous but strong;
Barefoot, that it know the earth;
Ope-breasted, that it know
The bite of the airs;
Uncrowned, that it know the sun's kiss:
Strong-armed, that it know labor;
Magic but in cunning,
Cunning but in magic;
Foretelling good and forgetting evil.

Oh, I would click my metals,
Shake my armlets, make me
A gypsy dance, swirling about
In the falling leaves, catching
Their golden shower, knowing
The signs of the sky and the words
Of the fields.

Oh, my song is a gypsy
And I love her.

Mother

She hath no treasures
Save her silver crown,
And the little gems
That betimes sparkle 'pon her cheek;
No royal robe with ruff
And corselet, but a scant
White fold across her breast,
And a cap that lies
Like new-fell snow upon her brow.
And her hands no jewels wear.
Her breast is soft, and still
Doth sink where the heads
O' her loved pressed so.
Ah, she hath no crown,
Nor kingdom she—
My mither.

Where My Love Was Born

Where in the glen my love was born,
In May, when the sky was bright,
And youth was mine and my eyes were lit
With the first rosed spark of love—
Ever I turned, when the days had passed,
To the beckoning, smiling spot,
Where in the glen my love was born
In May.

Where in the glen my love was born,
Methought 'twould ever be but May,
And through the gloom of follow-years
That spot smiled back to me.

Where in the glen my love was born,
I sought me late, my sweet,
And found upon the spot, a sweetbriar stood,
'Twining a stark dead stalk.
Where in the glen my love was born
I saw but this, my sweet.

Gentleness and Might

Oh, my God, thou art sweet.
Thou art gentle, thou art mild,
Thou art tender, thou art small,
Thou art wailing small,
So that I may take thee
Unto my breast.

Oh, my God, thou art mighty.
Thou art strong, thou art awful,
Thou art shrieking awful!
Thy strength o'erpowers me.
I fall me prone before it,
Clinging unto it, else
How many I reach thee?
In the shrinking of thy awfulness
I exult me. In thy marvelous strength
I delight, for I know thee well.
With thy right hand dealest thou meekness,
Aye, and gentleness, and with thy left
Thou mayest dash the universe.

Sea Dreams

When the sands grow cool,
And the lazy tide swings heavy
'Gainst the shore,
Leaning its waves in languorous ease
To the curve of the shore's line white;
Reaching its graceful arms out
Upon the land, twining them 'bout the shoals;
Sending young waves who tire
Upon the way, falling back
In a lapping spray;
Then I would sit with mine eyes
Astrain 'cross the pulsing breast
O' the sea, watching the ships,
Like lilies lain to deck her in her rest.
And the gulls to sail in voiceless whirls
Unto the crags and shore-caved ways.

(Continued on page 12.)

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 oppressed by suitors for the hand of Ermaline whom she would wed before she comes to the throne. The third act presents a dialogue between the Troubadour and Simon and Hoody Mack, which reveals that both Simon and Don had been left when babies with one "Henry of the Water Meadow" who had reared them. About the neck of Simon had been a ribbon bearing a ring with a seal, a lion and a shield. A clue to the identity of the Troubadour is also given. The fourth act presents a dialogue between Dougal and Anne, in which Dougal gives her a seal ring with instructions to "tuck it within the pudding," and a scene in which appear Prince Charlie, the Queen and the Troubadour further advancing the plot. The beginning of the fifth act follows:)

ACT V

Prologue

(EASTER MORN)

The earth did wake with boughs a-burst.
A deadened apple twig doth blush
At casting Winter's furry coat,
To find her naked blooms a-bath in sun.
The feathered hosts, a-tuned,
Do carol, "He hath risen!"
E'en the crow with envy trieth melody
And soundeth as a brass,

And, listening, loveth much his song.
Young grasses send sweet-scented damp
Through the hours of risen day.
The bell, a-toll, doth bid the village hence.
E'en paths a-traced through velvet fields
Hath flowered with fringing bloom
And jeweled drops, a-tempting tarryers.
The sweet o' sleep doth grace each venturing face.
The kine stand knee depth
Within the silly-tittered brook,
Or deep in bog a-wallow.
Soft breath ascent and lazy-eyed,
They wait them for the stripping-maid.
Aslip and shuffle cometh Anne
Adown the castle lane, and Dougal
Snappeth daisy crowns with lash.

ACT I

Anne: "Where goest thou, Dougal?
'Tis early barter for late gain!"
Dougal: "Yea, Anne, but he who putteth price
At early hour doth make purchase, truly.
I put a pence to a mug o' foam-broth,
That I do bag a game."
Anne: "I'll take ye, lad! Hath Ermaline
Arisen at this hour?"
Dougal: "Nay, the hour to wed be late,
Though Charlie craved the high of noon.
He rose, at cracking of the night-shell,
To slip his hose and scent his locks.
I played at peep, and Anne,
He danced about and curtseyed like a maid.
He hath squinted at his blade till mist
Hath rusted it!"
Anne: "Dougal, spare the morn! But, gad,
Let me say more! Hath thee e'er cast
An eye upon his hand? He hideth it 'mid ruff
And weareth seal aback his finger joint."
Dougal: "What, Anne! Thy tung shalt hang thee
With its length. But swear 'tis so,
And jug thy wine from spilling."
Anne: "'Tis so, I pledge.
Here, sup the broth*; it steameth.
And smell the meadow grass;
'Tis a fine fuel for the day.
Dougal, I fear to chatter more,
But since the morning check hath blushed,
A riding host, whose hoof-clatter reacheth far,
Hath ridden on our lands.
My man did ride upon a mailed score.
Think ye we need have fear?"
Dougal: "Yea, we need be sorry should they not
Ride highway. Do we not take toll?"
Anne: "Welladay! I fetch me to the castle.

* The milk.

The stripping-maid hath left
 A drop to besel, and, thou dost know,
 'Tis havoc to the kine.
 I've fetched me here to pull them dry.
 And Lad, the pudding I did build
 And sunk the seal therein.
 There be a smoke a-fan. The troubadour,
 By taper light, did climb by cord
 Adown the castle wall;
 Think ye he roamed to pipe?"
 Dougal: "Did I not tell thee to jug thy wine, Anne?"
 We'll track us to the castle
 And set the dreariness a-pulse.
 I've stolen from the troubadour his pipe,
 And fain would twiddle
 'Neath his Grace's lattice there!"
 Anne: "He'll pelt with blooms thy pate!"
 Dougal: "I'd fain cast a cow's dung
 At his mouthing Highness!"
 Anne: "Go, thou breeder of filth!
 I hate thy tung; 'tis unfitting thee!
 I do see the sleep-hung guards a-stretch
 And flesh whinnieth for grain.
 Aha! Didst ye see a red cape a-flutter
 Past the shelter-barn? He cometh unaload.
 I swear he took a pack at going!"
 Dougal: "Thy wine a-leak again, then, Anne!"
 Anne: "Go, else I do pop its stop!"

Scene II

(HALL IN CASTLE)

Dougal: "Aw-hum! I stretch, for sleep hath numbed
 My limbs. Did ye dream, good ladies?"
 First Lady: "Thou art a toad besunned! The hour
 Is past young sun. Hath thy mistress risen?
 Twice have I knocked upon her sill
 And twice met no sign. She slipped
 The bar and none but her may loose it.
 I fancied she perchance did make a prayer,
 With thee to 'company to the chapel.
 Thee canst surely loose thy tung
 And cease to stare and gape!"
 Dougal: "Put silence! She dreameth still.
 Go wake his Grace. Ye'll find a sign
 Awaiting thee and bar unloosed;
 He e'en hath felt my limbs and mouthed my hand!
 At 'twixt hour after sun he seeth
 Not too clear, ye know!"
 First Lady: "Gad, Dougal, purge thy tale!
 It smacketh too rich for setting.
 And Ermaline doth mate with such a buzzard!
 I tucked within her bridal robe a potion,
 And script that bid her sup.
 Or better, deal a drink to Charlie.
 Hush! she stirreth!"
 Dougal: "I'll off and wake the troubadour,
 That note may mingle with the chirp of birds
 And cheer her coming!"
 (Enter Troubadour) "Amorn, Piper, I'd thought
 To fetch ye, but thou, like dreams,
 Do walk unbidden, eh!"
 Troubadour: "Yea, Page, I waked to watch the sun
 Who lay ahind two rounded arms of cloud,
 That hid the blush that morn did show.

Go fetch my pipe. I saw thee
 Hide it at thy sash and heard the—"
 Dougal: (Aside) "Sh-h-! I vow me,
 Dreams have dulled thy wits!
 (Aloud) "Thee wouldst then deny
 That thou didst pipe to Charlie
 When I did see thy red cape fluttering!
 I plucked the pipe from where 'twas dropped.
 Here 'tis! And Singer, Anne
 Hath made the feast and ye shouldst see!
 I rub my belly o'er the thought.
 She beat a pudding with her own strong hand
 And it doth wallow at a-boil.
 'Tis gift—her own unto the bride.
 Do me then the favor at the feast
 And bid the Princess slice its sides.
 Wilt thou then pledge?"
 Troubadour: "Yea, Dougal, for he who
 In a friendless land finds brother in a Page,
 Needs give a thank. (Exit Ladies)
 The ladies now be gone to wait
 Upon the bride. Come, lad, thy hand,
 And let me see the sun of friendship
 Rise within thine eyes. 'Twill warm my soul,
 For I do rigour at the heart.
 I speak it true, that do I fail,
 No more shall field or day then see of me.
 I vow to take the lovely Ermaline aneath my cape,
 E'en tho' we go as wraiths."
 Dougal: "Aye, Singer, and shouldst thee fail,
 This hand would strike the blows."
 Redwing: (From without) "A-cheer! a-cheer! a-cheer!"
 Troubadour: "Ah, deafen me! Do I but dare
 To trust thee, red-brother? Aye, that I will!
 Thy note doth flow like wine to strengthen me.
 I'll follow thee on since thou
 Dost crave it so."
 Dougal: "Who be thy friend? That chatterer
 A-top the thorn-tree there? He hath 'cheered' since
 sun!"
 Troubadour: (Aside) "I win, I vow!" (To Dougal)
 "But Dougal,
 Tell me, do Charlie's brothers ply
 Our land with men? I saw much skirting in the wood,
 And riders wear a circle cape o' green
 That hangs unto their toes. And more,
 Where wert thou the night through,
 And why my Lady's mount amiss?"
 Dougal: "So thou art tarryer too!
 I bid ye tell what would ye of the nags
 Ye put a purse to buy at vester eve!
 'Twas a funny sprite did tell me
 Ye tethered them amid the thick below."
 Troubadour: "'Twas meanness, Dougal, prompted thee
 To snipe through night!"
 Dougal: "And thou, Singer, what prompted thee?"
 Troubadour: "I'll 'fess it. All be ready
 And the arrow strung. But I do fear
 The hell 'twill raise.
 'Twill put us to a-flee, till I
 Do make it to my land and hide us there."
 Dougal: "Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis a well-knit yarn!
 But thou didst not lock well thy stitch:
 'Tis easy ravelling. Go stand ye by thy yarn,
 Then I do promise ye to fetch a needle

For to aid! See! the Queen and Ermaline
And Charlie be tracking to the hall."

(Enter Queen and party.)

Guard: "My Lady, 'tis a company at the gate.
Shall we then draw the bars?"

They wear a thousand colors,
But do come them free of crest,

And bebedded lies a corpse
That of a truth should now be maggoted

Wer't not too dry. Ahind do come
A company becrested with a unicorn
And bugle, and bearing o' lance."

Queen: "Go, man, and draw the bars.
'Tis the wedding guests."

Troubadour: "My Lady, I do call thine eye to look
Upon the Princess; she staggereth!"

Dougal: (Running from the court-yard) "Ha, ha, ha!
Ye gods, I roll in mirth!

Ye should see his Grace's uncle!
'Tis a pudding for thy funny streak!

Where his Grace?"

Queen: "He did come with thy mistress
To the hall, but feared that purple,
Which he wore, would mar his beauty
For the day, and fled to change."

Dougal: "I crave thy pardoning grace,
But look not such an agony.

The sun did break at morn, didst see?
Come, then, make merry, for I promise

Thee't ne'er again have such a chance!
He weareth white, and razed shoes,
Bepuffed at toes with red! And at his side
An ancient blade that draggeth most forlorn.
His wabbed knees do scarce hold his elegance,
And 'bout his neck—ye gods! I laugh!—

A wreath of flowers! at either side
A man 'pon whom he leaneth. I vow,
The wedding chimes do threat to be a knell!"

Queen: "Shut, Dougal, and swallow mirth!
I'll tell thee that I be

At such a height I know not which to do,
Laugh, cry or scream! God pity me!
I've searched the eye of Troubadour for hope
And he doth ever shift his glance."

Dougal: "Rest, Majesty, but play buffoon,
And leave unto thy servants that thy lands
Be honored. The Singer bid me speak it so."

(To be continued.)

Nine Poems in One Evening

(Continued from page 9.)

Waiting the night, I'd sit and watch
For the moon to climb the way
From the water's deep, dripping the sky
With gold; bringing up from the deeps
The buried past, rich in dreams,
Though beggared old. I'd see the galley's
Painted barge; hear the plash
O' the oars, feel the cut o' the irons
And the aches o' the backs
And the tireless agony.

Then I'd see some Norseman's
Prow aflame and wrapped in smokes,
And liliated o'er, with the pyre

All draped and the flames
Licking their way across.

Then the hulk of some prowster,
Seeking lands, bladed and booted high,
With a pirate's flag and a tasselled cap
And his cape afloatin' free!
And I'd hear him swear and damn the tides
Till the moon went white with fear!

And I'd see the fishers
Line their boats, and set their nets afree,
Singing their bellies up with song;
And windin' the nets back in.

Oh, all o' this would I see.
When the moon had dipped the depths
And climbed the sky from the sea's bowl deep,
Streaming the way with gold.

The Sorry Tale

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 1st.

Editor Patience Worth's Magazine:—Ever since reading "Patience Worth, A Psychic Mystery," which I did soon after its publication, my intense and most sympathetic interest in Patience has steadily grown. I read all that I know of as having been published, and wish to miss nothing. Many parts of "The Sorry Tale" I read, and re-read. For over a quarter of a century my own study, 'my specialty,' has been historical and critical Bible study, with a background of ancient history in general, and of history of religions or development of religious conceptions in particular. The geography of Palestine is familiar; also, the conditions of life in Judea at the time of Jesus, so far as I have been able to learn them. I have read, I believe, every important work of fiction which tries to depict those times.

"The Sorry Tale" is as different from them all as *life, in the sunshine*, is different from musty grave-clothes. While reading that book one is not reading about that period or getting information on a subject, one is *living in those times!* It is the most unusual sensation, when laying the book down, to come back to the present. I have never read anything that approaches that book, in making me *realize* a life other than my own. That is the *literary* quality of the book. After all, its real value is in making one feel the shortness and incompleteness of *the seen*, and the reality and the fulfilment that comes when that which is seen shall have passed away.

We need the stimulus of that assurance, now, in these troublous times. I am deeply thankful for "The Sorry Tale," and for much else that has come from Patience. I hope some time soon there may be a little book of selections—a small limp-covered book that one may slip into pocket or hand-bag.

But just now I want, O so much, to see "He is the Gentleness," printed by itself on a card that one may send to one's friends, just a simple card, to put into a letter. Surely "the gentleness" hovers over each torn, suffering body, over in the World's Sorrow; and reaches welcoming, sheltering arms to each soul thrust from out the known. *And, glory of glories!* "His *strength*" will surely bring *right* out of all this horrible wrong.

Very truly yours.

L. R. WILSON.

The Month With Patience Worth

Mr. Hamlin Garland, chairman of the Joint Committee of Literary Arts of New York, advises us that *The Sorry Tale* has been included in its exhibit of important books of the year at the National Arts Club. The advice contained an invitation to attend a reception given to the authors of books of the year and the speakers included Rupert Hughes, Edwin C. Marsh, Amy Lowell, William L. Phelps and others. Patience Worth, the author of "*The Sorry Tale*," sent her regrets by proxy.

The Christmas number contained nothing in regard to the Patience Wee and in answer to many inquiries we will say that she is doing exceptionally well. She was fourteen months old December 7th, has four teeth, can speak many words, both understandable and otherwise. She can whistle, which of course in a woman is a bad sign. She dances most bewilderingly, and we fear she will grow flat from falling so often. Friends who are expecting her to be something out of the common will be disappointed, for while we find her the most wonderful being in the world, so are all the children in the neighborhood. So there you are.

Her hair is still scant but curly and shows little "drake-tails" behind. Held against the light it shows a slight shade of pink, the promise of ginger. She is still taking milk, but prefers zwiebach, beef broth, wafers, paper, mashed potatoes, orange juice and comic supplements.

The new story which Patience began late in October, has now reached a total of about 10,000 words. It seems to be laid in Spain. The hero is a little hunchback boy whose body is too frail for the spirit within it. His mother seems to have brought him from France among strange and unsympathetic people. There is a great chateau and an abbey with a Padre tutor for the boy and nuns living in it. The boy is a lover of the viola and plays wonderfully. The language is modern English, but is very different in style from the *Hope Trueblood* story.

The Red Cross entertainment given by the friends of Patience Worth and Mrs. Curran was a great success. The program was carried out as printed and the audience, which was composed of the best people of the city, was loud in its praise. The Morse School of Expression did its part in presenting the scene from the *Sorry Tale* under the direction of Mr. Harry McClain. The atmosphere of the East was caught and held in the portrayal, and the *Nada* of Mrs. Anna M. Sanky was fine, the beautiful lines coming across the footlights as clear as a bell. The violin solo of Mrs. Rosalyn Day was a special delight, while the piano numbers of Mr. Ernest Kroeger and his rendition of his own compositions to words of Patience Worth were in keeping with this great composer's best work. His improvisation to the tone poem cantellated by Mrs. E. Geo. Payne, together with Mrs. Payne's work, was so wonderful that the audience fairly gasped. Mrs. Curran spoke for forty minutes, giving a personal view of her relations with

Patience Worth and reciting and reading a number of poems and prose extracts, all of which were well received.

It has not been possible to work more than two nights a week for some time, but a glance over the work since September 1st will show that the stream is still running with fair results.

Since September 1, 1917, Patience has given us an even hundred poems of from ten to sixty lines. With this she has written 25,000 words of "*The Lash*"; some on the old "*Merry Tale*", and has given us 10,000 words on the new Spanish story. She wrote the Christmas story for the Christmas number in two sittings late in November. She has given also much religious discourse, the set of proverbs appearing in this number, another short story not printed, much conversation and miscellaneous matter, all amounting to about 95,000 words.

We started the magazine to be able to print the matter which was not in the form of books, but at this rate, we shall be getting more each month from Patience than we can possibly give space to in the monthly at the present size. We will either be compelled to enlarge or have Mrs. Curran break an arm again.

We have just finished reading Mr. Reedy's *Mirror* for Christmas. We cannot recall a number which does him more credit from every standpoint. From cover to cover it is rich with food of a high intellectual character. As time goes on and adds its toll to the life of Mr. Reedy, his mentality seems to ripen and become enriched. His blade is just as keen as ever and it is the smooth edge of the well-whetted; there are no harsh wires on it. In the turmoil of war's alarms his mind has broadened, taking in its sweep the whole world's activities. He grasps the machinery of war and the underground wires of world politics, but ever there is the heart current in his work, the personal call of the man in the trench and the mother knitting through her tears. William Marion Reedy was one of the very few who first recognized and appreciated the work of Patience Worth, and he has ever been the faithful friend. While never acknowledging that any spirit might return and communicate with the living, he has mounted the heights with her.

This is not the only debt owed to Mr. Reedy by the literary children of St. Louis and elsewhere. He has tended and watered many a flower that would have curled up and died in the desert air of St. Louis without his care. May he live long to see many more Christmas numbers of his "polished steel", as Patience calls it, and to feel and know that his corner in our hearts is kept warm for him.

It will please our friends to know that our publishers, Henry Holt & Co., of New York, have advised us that Patience Worth's book, "*The Lash*," recently completed, will be printed so as to come out with their early spring publications. This story is in modern English and will be welcomed by those who have had trouble managing the language in her former books.

An Evening with Patience

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., and the Family.)

As we sat down at the board, we were discussing what Patience had said about Mrs. W. pointing at the top shelf of the cupboard. Mrs. W. was afraid it was in the nature of a rebuke.

Patience: "See, thou hast ta'en o' the words o' me, yea, and looked 'pon them as flesh, when lo, do I for to set a tickle amid the words! Yet sayst thy handmaid 'tis adeed a trick o' dames that they do to tip 'pon toe that they look 'pon the topmost o' the cupboard!"

We all laughed and agreed, especially the men.

Patience: "'Tis a man, yea, a husbandman that loveth o' the deal o' grain like unto that that pleaseth him full well!"

Here the men folks got "theirs."

Patience: "Man be like unto the donkeys that set them from the homeway and strain o' their long-eared heads aback unto the grain's pack o' the field places! Yea, the donkey spatst o' his tail 'pon his hind, at the swear he be on, and yet doth his head set aback and his heels tarry at the putting!"

"I be loth that I ope the scripts at the teared put, and tarry me a whit. Look, that the owl (Dr. W.) be outed o' the drop's-but o' the merry put and set him eased, then do I on and put o' the beauties o' it!"

We discussed the rough part of "The Merry Tale."

Patience: "Lor', man, nay village, nor yet dell's place stood at the day o' me, athout a drop's dealer (a tavern)! Yea, and men, e'en though they did for to set them o' words that dealt noised, stood them not such a wicked lot! Fetch then that I do set o' Anthus at his do."

And she wrote about 1,000 words of "The Merry Tale."

We spoke of Omar and his days and words and his lack of knowledge of God.

Patience: "See ye, e'en the sage tungs be follied by fools' prate! Yea, and he who hath ne'er known the smile of Him, the tender o' His mercies, may but deal o' a word that holdeth not o' Him. Yet with unseeing eyes they look unto the there, and groping hands that reach them unto the where they know not. See, these words be musics o' a soul and shadowed not o' Him.

"Look, thou knowest men o' thy Earth have set weighty words and fallen them then short of Earth's days, and lo, man hath forgot e'en the days o' him, yet do they tear o' the mantle o' his words-cloth that they take o' its bright and deck o' thine o'er. Yea, then when a man's words be

severed by tides from the flesh o' him, lo, then do men o' the new day speak out and deal the words o' him unto ones whose measures shew filled far amore for the hold o' such words. And lo, look ye, out from the rotted filths springeth flower! Yea, and from out the lowly springeth might!"

Believing she referred to Shakespeare and Bacon, Mr. Curran asked for something about Shakespeare.

Mr. Curran: "You know, the skin-shoon man."

Patience: "I be nay adeal o' wares!"

Mr. Curran: "I didn't mean that."

Patience: "So sayeth the ass at the smite! See, he would that I tickle o' his nose o' thistle and I up and smite o' his rump!"

We had a good laugh and Patience explained:

"See, this be a tempt o' the tungs o' thy day, and seemeth that I do puff me o' the dealing o' the words o' me. Nay, lad, this be nay the pack o' me."

Someone said it was Mrs. Curran's turn next.

Patience: "He who proddeth o' a nag that hath weary, ever wasteth o' his prods!"

And we laughed at Mrs. Curran.

Patience: "Doth a one eat o' briar then doth he set for to wish his brother fareth likewise!"

"I be adeal o' sweet, like unto a sun's-beam, the banded gold that reacheth from the heavens to the Earth's dark. Do Thou shed unto these ahere o' Thy love."

The Endless Voice.

What is the Voice, that cometh
Sailing soft through the vasts,
Sweet, like the perfume o' Summer?

What is the Voice, that like
A silver stream, sails through the sky;
Like songs that strum on the strings
Of some harp hung within the heavens?

I hear the din of day.
I have harked to the anguished cries
Of the falling ones. I know
The wraths of the throats of men.
I know the fearful sounds
That come from death. I know
The sleeping monster that riseth up
And shrieks like the gale-winds,
Whipping the seas of anger.
I know all things that foretell sorrow,
Aye, and that make the sounds of sorrow.

Yea, but what is the Voice that calleth?
Whispering verily, yet clearly
Do I hear it, o'er the anguish,
O'er the wraths. Again I say me,
I hear its sweetness, yea, yet no tongue
Hath spoke one word, no throat
Hath cried out. Nay, the God-atom
Within me hath stirred, and stirring
Hath set the universe atuned,
Making my soul to know the Voice,
The endless Voice that speaketh
Unto all men, whispering tonguelessly
Unto his soul, the lovesong of Him, most high.

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lication, 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 conso-
lation 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 mag-
azine that goes out is "scattering the
seed." The publication has no com-
mercial intent. It has no expecta-
tion 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 bene-
fits of her words:

"This brew o' me," she says, "be
for the eat o' them who seek o' wis-
dom'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 has dealt shall
deal him then unto his brother.

"So be it that a day shall be that
thou shall be not here, and thy hand-
maid 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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Some Impressions of "The Sorry Tale"

(From the Hartford Courant.)

One may smile at this strange announcement, and wonder whence all this long narrative comes, from Patience Worth the whilom psychic mystery, from the medium or from the editor, but his smile will turn to wonder if he dips into the book and follows it even a while. As a work of literary composition it is unique and remarkable. Often wordy, sometimes tedious, abounding with archaic language, it is nevertheless the work of a masterly hand, noble in its conception and skillful in its development. The theme of this "sorry tale," or tale of sorrow, is the counteraction of the spirit of love in Jesus Christ and the spirit of emnity in a child of a courtesan, born on the same night as Mary's child. This slave-child is the impenitent thief who died on the cross with Jesus, and his mother, Theia, a Greek dancing girl, is one of the most striking of the very numerous and various characters who figure in the tale. There is nothing that borders on irreverence in the book. Old miracles are rehearsed and new ones supplied. The Gospels are freely used, but Christ is everywhere presented in all the dignity and benignity and beauty of his true character. The scenes of His life, trial and death are described with a vividness as of a personal witness.

Other scenes, of Rome, of the palace of Herod, of the desert, of the morning at Jerusalem, are not less wonderful. The great central thought of the story seems to be that Love, as personified in Jesus, proves stronger than Hate, as personified in the child of Theia. It is a somewhat wearisome book, not easy to read, but it is a wonderful work, well worth wrestling with, and the marvel is, who wrote it?

(From the New York Globe.)

But anybody who lights upon the dramatic opening words of the story, "Panda, Panda, tellest thou a truth?" will be quickly enthralled by this "sorry tale." Its queer and mysterious authorship is soon forgotten. There is nothing queer or spooky about the story itself. It asks for no allowances because of its shadowy origin. Its dramatic construction is excellent. Although there are many characters and crowded scenes, the narrative is flowing and natural, in its admirable simplicity hardly excelled by George Moore in his Bible story, "The Brook Kerith." In passages of extreme tragedy or pathos or beauty there is this same apparent simplicity, with no effort toward what the author herself would quaintly call "wording." Although much of the language is absolutely original with "Patience Worth"—and she uses many strange forms—there is little confusion. Her favorite word combinations are always descriptive and poetic and effective. She speaks of the "hill's way" and the "sea's way," and the "stone's sharp." The "babe's town" is Bethlehem, and the "see woman" is the prophetess.

The story theme of the book is absorbing and romantic, while the moral theme is as exalted as it is impressive. Two babes are born in Bethlehem. One is Mary's Son. The other is Theia's—the "deer-footed, the ewe-eyed, the sun-locked," the Roman courtesan and dancer, defiled and abandoned by Tiberius, who in the bitterness of her soul calls her child "Hate." The lives of Jesus and Theia's son cross each other, until ultimately they are brought together on the cross, Hate being one of the two transgressors on Calvary who is "mended" through love, and is told that he shall be with the Father, "even as I."

Nothing can match the exquisite tenderness of the narrative whenever it touches upon Jesus and the miracles of loving. A passage on page 407, beginning, "Who hath set this witchery upon Nazareth," is thrilling in its beauty, and there are unending passages like it. While no Matthew or Mark or Luke or John, but only a woman probably, could be so sympathetic and tender with the woman Theia, the vain one, who drank honey-eyed words and ate of first fruits, and who came to know the vat's dregs, that "the grape and worm maketh wine"—

And sick came upon her, and no word comforted—no word. And Theia knew how full days might be as empty as skulls of deserts' dead.

Caspar Yost, editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, who stood sponsor for "Patience Worth" when she first appeared and told her story, reviews briefly for the present volume the main details of her mystery—we had almost said life, so real she seems. Whether she is an English woman of the seventeenth century, as she says, or lived many moons before, she gives the impression of being a real personality. But the wonder of "The Sorry Tale" is as much in the beautiful story itself as in its baffling origin.

(From the American Hebrew.)

Whether or not "The Sorry Tale," by Patience Worth, came to be written in a somewhat mysterious way through the agency of an ouija board, does not really matter. What is of importance is the merit of the novel as a literary production, and as such it is little short of an epoch-making work. Not since "Ben-Hur," "A Story of Christ," "Quo Vadis," the romance of Nero and the first Christian martyrs, has a book been written illuminating as brightly the events of nineteen hundred years ago as does "The Sorry Tale." It is replete with descriptions and pictures of life in the Holy Land at the period described, and independently of the religious views the reader may hold it reads with tremendous interest, and, what is more, leaves in one's mind an indelible impression of spiritual beauty interwoven with the great tragedy of life.

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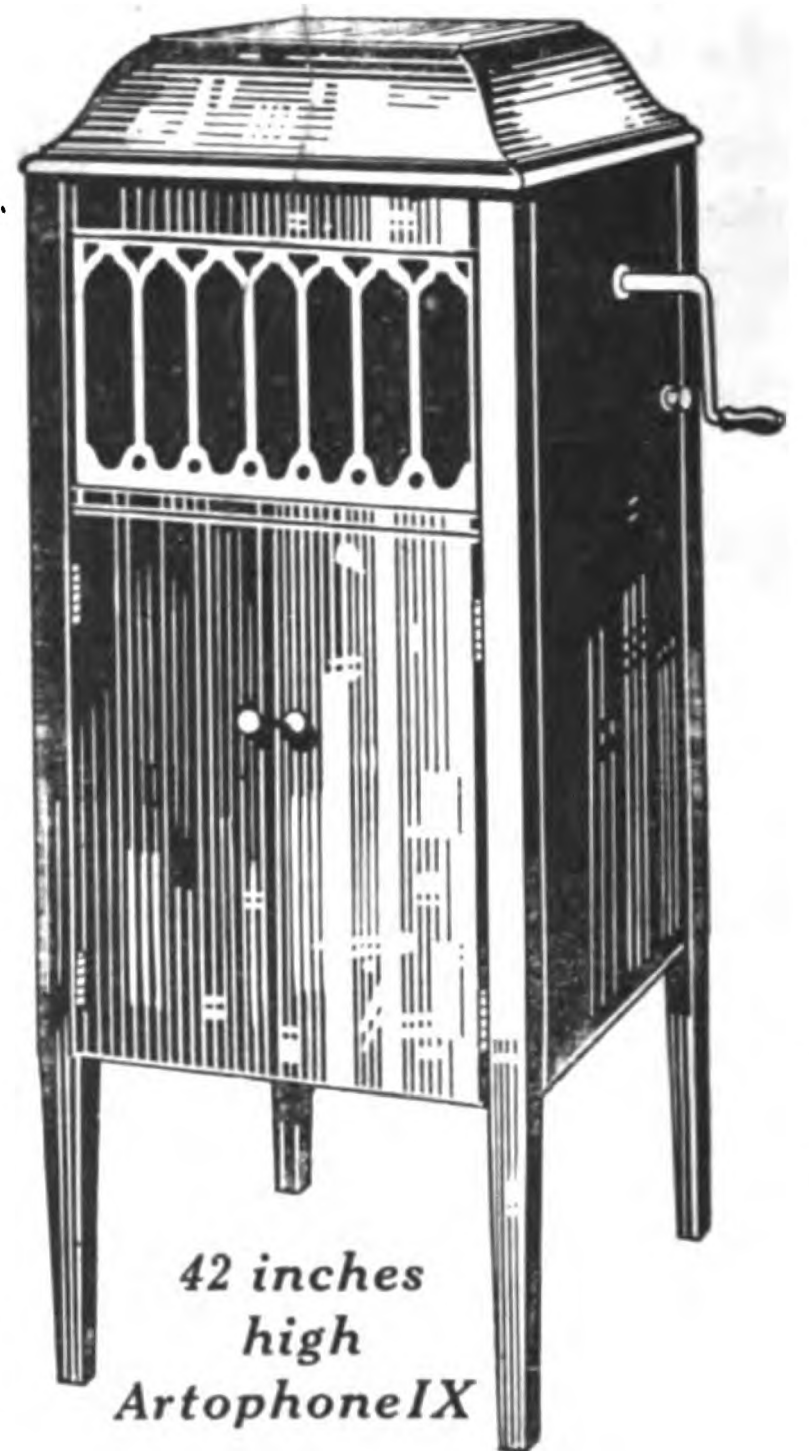
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Edited by Casper S. Yost

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York

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