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Patience Worth's Magazine

 H comrade, brother.
 Thy tatters I know
 And the thorns on which
 They were torn.

Let us upon our way; beggars mayhap,
 but understanding fellowship, leaning
 upon one staff, knowing the same
 path and waiting the same morrow.

Besides us is another Comrade. I shall
 not speak His name, but His hand
 shall raise the morning from her
 couch.

PATIENCE WORTH.

February 1918

Patience

YRA

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Patience Worth's Magazine

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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 physical 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.

Patience Worth's Magazine

Vol. 2

St. Louis, February 1918

Number 2

Getting a Story From Patience Worth

By Casper S. Yost

Watching the development of a story under the direction of Patience Worth is uniquely fascinating. A story coming out of the naught! Streaming from an invisible source to become visible and tangible through the instrumentality of an insensate board! No one knows what its development is going to be. One can rarely guess rightly. Patience seldom gives even a hint of the nature of a story in advance of its dictation. While it is always evident that the plot has been fully formed before the composition is commenced she never discusses it, and she seems to derive a great deal of pleasure from the continuous curiosity of those concerned in its transmission, but will not gratify it in the least. Now and then Mrs. Curran will be given a glimpse, in waking vision, of a scene in advance of the composition. There is nothing abnormal about these visions except in their origin. One may walk along the street and some thought will bring into his mind's eye a far away scene. His eyes are open; he is seeing everything about him; he is perfectly conscious; yet within is a picture, clear and distinct, of something not physically visible at the moment. It may be of a loved one; it may be of one who is hated; it may be of a place or of an event; but it does not affect his consciousness of the surroundings. Always, of course, it is something he has previously seen with the eyes or has conceived in the imagination. Therein lies the only difference between such ordinary visions and those that Mrs. Curran gets from Patience Worth. They come to her at any time, wherever she may happen to be, but they are always pictures of persons or places she has never seen or never imagined—in most cases never could have imagined. They are but flashes upon the mirror of the mind, but sooner or later they will appear in the story. Yet they reveal no more of the plot than does an illustration in a novel. On the contrary they rather increase the curiosity.

Patience begins a story without any formality, without any apparent preparation. That she has prepared is clearly revealed by the work itself, but there is nothing in what she says beforehand to indicate preparation. Before beginning she has written a poem bearing upon the subject of the story then in her mind but no one could see in it any intimation of her intention until after the story was started. "The Sorry Tale" is an exception to some of this. In that case something of the nature and purpose of the story was revealed beforehand, and the poem that preceded its commencement was understood at the time of its reception to refer to the story. There was also a little formality at its beginning, as was told in its introduction.

But she revealed no more of the details of the story in advance of composition than in any of the others. She commenced "Hope Trueblood" in the middle of an evening's session, turning abruptly from her archaic speech to launch into this story of 180,000 words in modern English without a word of notice or explanation, without saying whether it was to be a long story or a short one. The astonishment created by the form of the language afforded her some amusement but did not induce her to reveal any part of her purpose.

One just has to wait for the story to develop. When reading a story in a book one can, if one wishes, look ahead, or one, if particularly absorbed, may read it through at a sitting. One reading a serial may be sure that at a certain time one will have another installment of a fairly definite length. There are no such opportunities, and no such certainties, in the stories that come from Patience. If she is pressing a story to completion for reasons of her own, there is rarely a session at which she fails to dictate from 2,000 to 3,000 words of it. But if she is in no hurry she may drop it for weeks and even months. In the "Merry Tale" she left "Cato," the roystering hero, on his bare knees before "Sir John," on a very cold day, and left him there through many weary weeks. Occasionally she would stop in the production of another story to exclaim, "Poor Cato!" or some archaically worded expression of sympathy, and then on with her task. So one never knows whether she is going to push ahead with a story to its finish or lay it aside at some interesting point for an indefinite rest. Again, one reading a serial story knows when he gets his magazine that he can sit down and read the installment it contains. The little company that is privileged to follow her stories as they develop direct from her mind, can never be sure when they begin a session what she will do. Perhaps the last preceding session left the story at a critical point and they are particularly eager to see what is coming. Patience may elect to write a few poems or just to talk before she takes up the story, or she may not touch it at all on that evening. One never knows. She is an incorrigible tease. On such an evening as this Patience had written four poems and talked and jested for some time. Finally Mrs. Curran insisted that she write on the story—"Hope Trueblood."

"Ye be at uppin' and o'erin' o' the task," responded Patience, "then set ye a whit." Meaning, if you are directing this task go ahead and write the story yourself.

"I will write some," said Mrs. Curran.

"Yea," laughed Patience, "do I to choose."

Then began a good-natured controversy, the two men defending her playful wilfulness, and the two women, one of whom was Mrs. Curran, objecting.

Patience said: "When the wench o' the lord flew into a rage the dames said, 'Hussy!' and the lord said 'Delightful!'"

After some more badinage she said: "Ye see, I have a something sweet and I ween ye whet." Meaning it was her fancy to whet their impatience. Then she made a pretense of beginning the story, wrote one word, paused for a full minute and wrote another; then a long pause and a third. "Be ye whetted?" she asked demurely.

"Oh," said Mrs. Curran, laughing, "if I had her I could whip her."

"Ump!" said Patience. "The lashin' o' thy great-granddame's great-grand-dame!"

Patience, it should be remembered, says she lived in the seventeenth century.

After this she proceeded with the story and wrote 600 words without interruption.

She enjoys their "whetting" over the possible developments of the story. Naturally, in the pauses for rest, there is discussion of what has just been received and guesses as to the trend of the plot. But Patience is never influenced by their guesses. On the contrary, it is their firm conviction that if they happened to guess right she would change her plan as to the point in question. At any rate there has never been the slightest evidence that their discussions had any influence whatever on the story. Patience will not lay herself open to the implication of profiting from the ideas of others. Nor will she permit anyone to

assist her with a word, or submit to any correction of her English. Occasionally Mrs. Curran will have a little difficulty in getting an unusual word or a proper name coming for the first time in a story. She may get three or four letters and then hesitate, but if one attempts to anticipate by guessing the remaining letters, Patience objects. "I be a-setting this," she will assert, and perhaps choose another word. If it is a proper name, however, she holds to the task until it is done. On one occasion, when transmitting "The Sorry Tale" she came to the name "Legia." Mrs. Curran could not get it. Patience resorted to a trick. "Thee hast an arm," she said; "thee hast an eye; thee hast a leg—ia." And so the name of the Roman girl came into the story.

But, of course, the thing that gives the coming of a story from her the greatest fascination is the mystery of the source of it. Where does it come from? Whence came this vast and intimate knowledge of man, and of man in his relation to many times and many places? How is it that this material knowledge as well as spiritual knowledge can be poured out unceasingly and rhythmically through years without repetitions, without contradictions, without noticeable anachronisms—always at a high level of intellectuality, often arising to genius? Never in the nearly five years of her connection has Patience Worth failed a single time to measure up to the character and the personality she revealed at the beginning; never has she failed to respond when called. That is one of the absolute certainties about Patience Worth. She is always there, she is always ready to do whatever she chooses to do, and she is always herself.

Patience Worth's New Story

"Hope Trueblood," Patience Worth's new story, which is to be published by Henry Holt & Co., early in the spring, bears no resemblance to "The Sorry Tale" in form, in scene, in theme, in treatment, or in language, yet it bears equally the impress of her unmistakable personality. The language differs from all her previous productions, being plain, standard English of the present day, free from archaisms and grammatical irregularities. And it is a story of the present day, or very near to it, for many are yet living who were alive in the period in which it is placed—the mid-Victorian. The scene is laid in England, and centers in an English village, a typical English village of the nineteenth century. Never does the story wander more than a few miles from this unnamed town, and never does the outside world penetrate its self-sufficiency. Here "Hope Trueblood" was born, the child of "Sally Trueblood." Who was her father? Nobody knows but "Sally Trueblood," and she doesn't tell. In an attic room, up under the eaves of the old Gray Eagle inn, "Sally Trueblood" and her "brat" are permitted to dwell, the pariahs of the smugly immaculate village. But "Hope," at the opening of the story, knows nothing of her social station nor of the ignominy of her position. She is but a child of seven or eight, a bright, imaginative elf, who knows only that "Sally

Trueblood" is sweet and gentle and good, and that is sufficient for her happiness.

It is "Hope Trueblood" who tells the story, tells it when she has reached the maturity and the resignation of middle age, and she begins her autobiography where the life of her mother ends. One gets but a brief glimpse of that mother, but it is sufficient to reveal her personality and to enable one to understand the influence it exercised upon Hope Trueblood throughout her life. Sally Trueblood disappears in the second chapter, but the memory of her, the fragrance of her, the purity of her, permeate the work from cover to cover. Nowhere, we think, has the continuing power of a mother's personality and a mother's love been more impressively shown. A bit of the story will serve to show the child's worship of this woman:

When I waked the rain roared upon the roof and the chill of night filled up the room. I sat up in my cot and rubbed my eyes open, yawned and looked to her cot. The light was still pale. I shivered and arose to hasten to her side. She lay huddled, shivering. I threw my small arms about her and let my lips press her cold cheek, saying:

"Sally Trueblood, I love you."

She did not wake and I crept to her side beneath the covers that she might warm upon my body. I could not sleep, but lay

watching a small hole in the roof where the rain dropped slowly through. I watched the gray-bright that showed through, and knew that though it was raining, the hour was late, and the darkness was but the cloud.

Long we lay. I heard the dog arise and shake. He had slept next the hearth. I wondered why he might sleep there, and resolved in my small mind to watch the latch and wait the Gray Eagle's sleeping at some future tide and sleep beside it too. There was a high hearth in the Gray Eagle Inne, and it smoked in the wet tides; but when the days were crisp and cold, it sparkled. I had watched from the doorstep and seen the shadows skip the walls and floors, and went upon wondrous travels in their changefulness.

I lay dreaming anew these dreams, and my back ached, for I feared to move lest I wake her. It was chill, and she coughed when the chill hung. Yes, this was a thing I knew too well; this, and that her cheeks flamed and her eyes seemed filled of tears. I turned my aching neck slowly to see her. Yes, her cheeks flamed and her lips were dry. I lay my cool hands upon them, and touched her sweet locks that clung in damp curls unto her white brow. Her lids fluttered and opened, and I kissed her and cried softly:

"Sally Trueblood, it is morning!"

She did not smile, but this was no new thing. I waited but she did not speak, but lay gazing up to the roof as though she saw something there that I did not see.

"I think," I whispered softly, laying my cheek to hers, "I think you are dreaming shadow-dreams, Sally Trueblood."

She did not smile. I stroked her burning cheek and wondered what to say. She drew herself up upon her elbow and coughed, and I seemed to feel within me, deep down, an aching. Suddenly I remembered and laughed, laughed until the empty eaves rattled, and I cried:

"I know. You are playing! Look!" And I puffed out my cheeks, making a sound with my small fists pushing out the air I had filled them with. She hid her eyes. "Listen, Sally Trueblood, listen! Hold out your white hand."

She held it forth—all too white and shaking. I kissed it.

"Open up your eyes! Let me see the morning!"

She opened them slowly. Oh, the thing I saw not then is clear now!

"I am hungry, Sally Trueblood, but listen; I went last night to Miss Patricia's. You know she has moles and they work, and she has Scotch cake and plums, and Mr. Reuben."

My mother suddenly arose and clung to the coverings, wrapping herself within them and coughing. She seemed like a slender reed in the wind, the cough swayed her so. I forgot Miss Patricia, for the doves awake that nestled in the chimney corner. I heard them coo and flutter, and I sped to the spot, and found that they were wet. She busied at the cupboard and brought forth a cold mutton joint almost bare, and I knew that the Gray Eagle Inne had brothed.

I watched her lay the table carefully as though it were a feast. Her slender hands lay the bowls lovingly, seeming to fancy other things. The meat from the cold joint she plucked daintily and put into the bowls and she heated, at the new kindled fire, a brew of herb tea. I watched her, and I seemed to feel I was losing something. Her cheeks were thinner, and her hands shook more. I remember when her step had been light and when she would throw herself upon me, hold me fast and cry out happily, even though her voice seemed filled of tears:

"Oh, my dream-baby? Will you fade?"

And she would arise and shut the door suddenly and look fearful, and come back and hold me close unto her breast. And I could hear her heart throbbing, throbbing, throbbing, and she told me it sung: "I love you! I love you! I love you!"

I left the doves and sped to her side and drew her down, and lay my ear upon her breast, and it stammered. I wondered was it singing and asked her. She smiled and coughed and held me to her, and spoke softly: "Wait! Wait the Mayin'."

"Will it sing in the Mayin'?" I asked, and she kissed me and smiled, and whispered close to my ear:

"How may we sorrow when the buds burst?"

I stopped and wondered, and asked: "Do you believe that Miss Patricia's chin has budded?"

She laughed and pinched my cheek and said: "No, Miss Patricia is a winter tree. Oh, my darling, the May sun is upon you!"

The brew was ready and steaming, and she bade me sup. I sat beside her upon the bench beside the table, my arm around

her slender waist, and I watched, for I knew she would not eat. We sat long. I watched her eyes. They looked heavy, dull. Her hands lay motionless in her lap. I broke the loaf of dry bread and supped the broth. She did not look. I hugged her close and whispered: "Dearest." She started, and I placed upon my lips a crumb. She smiled and lay her lips upon it and I laughed, for she had smiled. This was an old game, the game of "dov-ing." I brought forth a bit of the meat and did the same, and she ate it. I supped the bowl of brew anew and offered it to her and she supped. This was too much. I crushed her within my small arms and kissed her sweet cheeks o'er and o'er.

After the mother is gone and buried without ceremony in the little church yard, and the child is left a lonely outcast, comes this scene:

I saw the sexton go toward the chapel and I knew he was turning the great key to let the Vicar see God. I had seen the Vicar sit, before the village came to worship, and I had watched his lips move and I had often wondered what he was saying to God that he would not say aloud. Somehow, I did not associate the Vicar's God with Sally Trueblood's and mine, for when Sally Trueblood spoke to Him her beautiful eyes seemed to light up and her voice was never so sweet. I knew that she knew Him. I remember she never spoke of Him except in endearing terms, and I often had lain long and heard her tell Him aloud of things that I did not understand, and always within me was the feeling of comfort, for I knew that He knew her. But the Vicar always shut his eyes when he prayed, and his voice seemed to tremble, and I always had a feeling of fear, way down within me, for I knew that the Vicar's God always frowned.

All of this swept through my mind as I played with a web that some industrious spider had spread from the top of the stone reading "Willie Pimm Passwater," to a thorn bush that stood some distance away. It was a beautiful web, and a little silver-winged moth was struggling to free itself from its silken embrace. There were little drops, all beady, upon the strands of the web, but the moth, I knew, wanted to flee and seek some shady spot where the larkspurs nodded. So I loosed it and it clung to my finger.

I don't know why, but the great silence of Sabbath seemed to make me lonely. The villagers were now coming, one by one, to the chapel. Even they did not speak, and those that would have nodded brightly or spoken to me, passed straight-backed and solemn into the chapel. I had left the web and gone slowly, plucking grasses and flowers, to the gate, and sat upon one of the great stones that were its base.

I saw the Vicar Giffords come down the path, led by Mrs. Gifford in her best black and Nebuchadnezzar upon her hip, with his crystal stream still flowing. Teeny followed, and Sephira, the eldest, of whom the village knew little except that she was wayward. She was a pale girl, tall, like the Vicar. Her locks were dark and shiny. She was dressed in black, with a white band on the throat and sleeve bands. I had heard of her. Sally Trueblood had told me that she loved to play games, but not being sufficiently prayerful she was kept in the background. They passed me and did not turn. I suppose they did not see me. I am sure that Teeny's back did not bend, nor her eyes fall from the heights. Then the "Coffin" Giffords passed, and I remember that their eldest had an overskirt trimmed of white fringe such as Rudy Strong had shown to me, and some little glistening buttons that reminded me of nails. Even "Coffin" Gifford, himself, looked long and black like a box, and like his brother, the Vicar, he was powerful of prayer. Then the Sniflys. Miss Snifly with her frounces bounced past, her mittens primly exposed, and a little feather in her bonnet that whipped the air, pst, pst, pst!

I resolved to wait the outpouring following the meeting, for I knew I should hear all the village knew. Miss Snifly spied me, stopped her frounces, bouncing, raised her eyes, pressed her lips firmly and ejaculated, "Well!" and bounced on. Mrs. Kirby followed her closely, and I saw a gleam in her eyes as Miss Snifly had stopped and spoken the word, and I knew that they would discuss me. I wondered why Miss Patricia did not come, nor Mr. Reuben, and I waited. They were singing now, something very, very sorrowful. I do not know why, but I wanted to cry. It was something about angels and singing, and I wondered if Sally Trueblood was an angel and if she heard, and I laughed, for I knew if she did she was laughing.

I remember that many passed me and I forgot to watch,

playing with my blossoms and the little black bug that had begun to run up and down one of the stems. I had not realized that the chapel was well filled. Having recognized my acquaintances, the other comers did not interest me.

Then I heard the Vicar's voice saying something about children and suffering. I arose and forgot the singing, and within me came a longing to be among people. I stepped very slowly and timidly to the chapel. I had never been within it. You see, she never went, for eyes hurt her. We had sung in the eaves and she would read me all about the wonderful things in the little black book. I had heard how they sang at the chapel and had stood outside and watched the Vicar through the window. I stepped through the doorway and was frightened. They all seemed so quiet, like things I never knew. * * * I wondered where I might sit. There was no spot vacant, so I sought the shadows where I might stand unnoticed. The Vicar raised his hands, and his lips opened and he said:

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

I walked very slowly down the aisle. The Vicar saw me, and his jaw hung open. I was soiled and disheveled, but I clutched my blossoms and went straight up to him and held them out. He reached out one white, thin hand and took the flowers, and he looked dazed, but continued:

"For of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

There was an awful silence. I was frightened, and looked up to the Vicar, who stood staring first at the flowers and then at me. I saw the sexton start as though to come forth, but the Vicar held up his hand. Then there sounded whisperings and rustlings and a commotion among the congregation. The Vicar stood very straight and silent. Then he stooped and took me up and sat me upon the great height where the Big Book lay, and he turned very slowly to his flock, and I looked at him and his eyes looked like Sally Trueblood's. His lips were very grim, and he said:

"Let him without sin cast the first stone."

Then he lay one arm about me, and I remember he talked, and his pale face flushed, and he said things about love and gentleness and pity and giving and blind virtue. And then he ceased, and held his hand up to pray—and he did not shut his eyes. And he said things softly but clearly. And he spoke endearingly, and when he had finished, I said clearly, like I always said for Sally Trueblood: "Amen, dear God!"

The Vicar bowed his head and held me to him.

The meeting was over and the villagers went out of the chapel as one man. Never turning—even Mrs. Gifford and her flock—they left us. The Vicar saw it and his eyes glistened, and I heard him whisper:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I kissed him and whispered: "You see, I am Sally Trueblood's brat."

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, I see."

"She never came," I went on, "because she said eyes hurt her."

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, I see."

"Eyes do hurt, don't they, Vicar Gifford?" I asked. "Do you think God wanted me? She told me He did, and when you said it I just came."

He was fingering my blossoms.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes."

"She told me about the chapel. She told me how she used to sit and love God, inside. Then she told me that eyes had made walls that she could not climb, and then she had made a chapel in her heart. We went in there every day. But the village did not know."

He was listening, and took out a linen and wiped his eyes. The chapel was all quiet now. Even the sexton stood without, waiting. I sat wondering, for I had never dreamed that the Vicar might touch me.

"Where are you going?" the Vicar asked.

"I do not know," I answered. "You see, she is out there in a box. * * * I tucked larkspurs under the sods, and you know she told me that every larkspur bell tinkled fairy whispers. The pink ones were the love fairies, and the white ones were angel fairies, and the purple were king fairies."

"Yes," the Vicar murmured. "I see."

"She told me that one did not have to come to the chapel, for these fairies sung every day when the bloom time was, and their little echoes sang all the winter time. You see, she says God does not want us lonely and He talks all the time. I think I shall just live here, if it's God's house. He brought Sally Trueblood here. Yes, I shall stay."

The Vicar stood up slowly, and took me by the hand and led me without. The sexton came up and made to lock the great door. They spoke softly one to the other, and the Vicar finally turned and said:

"This is God's house. You may stay."

They did not tell me how I was to stay, or where, but I was happy, and I ran down the path and said aloud over the mound:

"Listen, Sally Trueblood, listen! I shall live with God. The Vicar says so. Do you hear? Do you?"

Such were the beginnings of Hope Trueblood, although these extracts give but fragments from the wealth of detail of childlife which forms the foundations of the story. She is befriended by a stern and sharp-tongued old maid, Miss Patricia, who gives her a home, and is herself ostracised by the villagers for her benevolence. It is not the purpose of this article to outline the story, nor to discuss the fascinating mystery that grows out of the secret of Hope Trueblood's origin. These extracts are presented to show the beauty of sentiment and of word that characterize it from beginning to end. There is much humor mingled with the pathos of the childhood of Hope Trueblood, but there is little humor in Hope Trueblood, the woman. The anguish of shame takes the gayety from her nature, but with the sadness that comes, and sometimes the bitterness, there is always the sweet, self-reliant womanhood that rises like a star above the narrow prejudices of the village. It is a beautiful story, with a beautiful purpose.

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 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.

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 Mac, 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 Mac, 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 second installment of the fifth act follows:)

ACT V.

Scene II—Continued.

(Enter Charles and Retinue)

Doorman: "His Majesty, King Charles, the Iron Fist!"

Charlie (askip and hobble to the hall): "He, he, he! my noble kinsman, he, he, he!"

King Charles, her Majesty, the mother of the bride,

And Ermaline—he, he, he!—my bride!

She hath a whim to mute her

Till our wedding hour—he, he, he!

Dost not then envy me the loosing

Of her tung—he, he, he!"

King Charles: "'T-t-t-is most flattering! My homage, M-m-majesty,

And the L-l-l-lady, I k-k-kiss her hand.

Charlie: "Hast thee spilled thy tickle box, Page?

Take that! And Singer, were I

To meet a beg-man with that look of thine,

I'd flee me, that I would—he, he, he!"

Dougal: "Your Ladyship, the hour draweth nigh.

'Tis time the Princess robe. She be

Whiter than the wedding gown, I vow.

But bid me how the guests should march

And rest thee that 'tis done."

Queen: "Dougal, what fire be burning thee,

Aflaming either cheek and leaping

From thine eyes?"

Dougal: "My Queen, I beg favor. 'Tis a whim,

But I do crave a game of chance

Afore the Princess weds. Do thou then

Crave it so and order done.

Trust one whose heart hath beaten sore

For thee. I beg ye call an audience

Afore the priest and Princess Ermaline,

Arobed, be there."

Queen: "Ah, Dougal, I but be a tool.

'Tis as ye wish, for naught

Could worse this hour. The Troubadour, where?"

Guard: "He speaketh at the gate

With a trinity, a funny mix—two friars

And a witch behooded."

Queen: "Go bid them here and rank them

'Mong the guests."

Guard: "But Highness, they be not o' royal blood."

Queen: "Paugh! Go, do my bid! Thank heaven

The King and Prince be robing.

Go, Dougal, bid the audience;"

(Exit Dougal.)

(Aside) "Ah, me, 'tis Redwing a-fluttering

'Mid the vine! I take ye as a token, Redwing."

(Dougal returns with Ermaline.)

Dougal: "Majesty, she hath wept

Till sob a-shaken; yet murmureth not;

But, see ye, be most weak to drop!

The waiting maid did say that as ye spoke,

A-back to her, she looked and reached forth

Both her hands like to a little child

And sank a-sob."

Queen: "Come, child, rest ye so;

Thy mother's heart be torn.

Would that thou wert a clod, child,

And I a dame; we'd live us in the sun.

Weep not; I fear to speak. But take heart!

Go, Dougal, bid the audience;"

(Exit Dougal.)

(Enter Troubadour with Simon and Don disguised

Queen: "Ah, Singer, thy friends a-welcome!

as Friars, and Hoody Mac.)

Come sit ye, good Friars.

Good brother, do thou but finger

At thy beads, and thou, too, Friar,

A prayer to strengthen me."

Friar: "I'd put my beads to better use.

They be full long, and stout enough to hang."

Troubadour: "Shut thee, Friar!"

Friar: "What is this masking play?

Art thou afeared I be a thief

And villagers a-search for me?"

Troubadour: "Nay, I promise 'tis the day

The kitten's eyes do ope."

Friar: "Well, I but pray upon my beads

To hold these hands from wringing

O' the old cock's neck. Here comes

Our honored guests! Singer, tell me;

Doth yonder doorway lead afield?

I'm sorely tempted for to flee

With Ermaline. 'Tis shame to kill her so.

'Twere better that the butcher

Knew his trade and did strike aright!

(King Charles appears with attendants, followed by

Dougal, Charlie, Retainers, Lancers, Ladies
of the Court, etc.)

Friar: "Gad, Redcoat, be that the corpse

Of Charlie, buried at last Spring, arisen?

I've fetched a strand.

Hadst not best tie him at the joints?"

Troubadour: "Make silence; the Queen speaketh!"

(The Queen arises to address the audience.)

Queen: "My subjects and my honored guests,

I've bid thee here to bid farewell

As queen. 'Tis of my heart,

The love I've born my land.

I failed to bear another king

To crown upon this day, but I do pledge ye

That thy sorrowing hath been but shadow

To mine own. To fulfill this lack,

I've given on this day the flower

Of my very heart. Ye know how dreary

Be a sunless day, but drearier far

A flowerless May. And sun and flower--

Alack, what dark! My hand doth waver yet

To lay this child's unto thine own,

A gift free-hearted to my land.

My Ermaline, in thy father's name,

Do step thee here. Good people,

She be all thine own!"

(Swoons. Dougal supports her.)

Dougal: "'Twas all too much! Hasten! water! air!

Come, Singer, call thou unto a waiting maid

And fetch a litter here

Whereon she may lie!"

(Much confusion.)

(To audience): "Silence ye, in the name of the Queen!"

Charlie: "What then! A court take orders

From a page! He, he, he! We'll wed, eh, Ermaline,

Tho' she do swoon again! The friar be ready

And the company at unrest."

Dougal: "The Queen reviveth; hush,

She speaketh!"

Queen: "My people, 'tis fitting

That we make a-merry afore we seek the church,

And as a gift unto my servants

And my people here, I've bid them make a play,

And named Dougal master o' the game."

Voices: "God bless her Grace!"

"On then with the play!"

"Up, Dougal! What ye would?"

Dougal: "The play be called 'An Honest Man,'

And the trick doth be to match.

He who starteth up the move

Doth choose a something he doth name,

And the trick then be to seek

A double of it 'mong the gamesters.

Honor bindeth he who plays. Be truly honest man,

Else forfeit. First hand, to be a truly game,

Let players cast them at the winds

Their warring plate and lance.

A-stack thy lances! Cast blades,

And leave but gentry with an arm."

(Lancers stack lances.)

Dougal: "He who matcheth may make free

To question him who weareth double,

And 'tis 'pon our persons we must choose."

(To Troubadour): "Come, Redcoat, take thou a chance!"

Troubadour: "I be at loss. Do leave me

Ponder on 't . . . I choose to name

The ribbon 'bout my neck. Come!

Who, then, matcheth me?"

(Friar matches his neck ribbon.)

Troubadour: "Aye, Friar, what question putteth thou?"

Friar: "I put to thee a task. I bid thee,

Ask his Grace why 'tis ahind

His knuckle joint he weareth such a stone,

And fain would wish he match with mine."

Troubadour: "Your Grace, 'tis put!"

Charlie: "This be a scurvy trick, to mix

The water o' the land with honey

O' the court. I damn the play!"

Chorus: "Forfeit! Forfeit!"

Troubadour: "It be our right, your Grace,

To beg forfeit. Friar, name thou the price."

Friar: "'Tis to my fancy that I see

The seal ahind his hand."

Charlie: "What! Thou art a seer, truly.

There be no seal or ring!

Thine eye betrayeth thee—he, he, he!"

Troubadour: "Stretch forth thy hand then, Prince,

That we may see. (To Friar) 'Tis bare of jewel, Friar!"

Friar: "Yes, but should the ring be hot,

'Twould scorch him at the seat!

I whet me hotter for the sight o' it.

(To Charlie): Come, Ladybird,

Thy feathers be beruffed, but ne'ertheless

Thou hast the stone within thy craw!"

King Charles: "W-what, Majesty! thy court

B-be run upon a j-j-jester's p-p-plan

And friars d-d-demand a c-c-closing o' the game!"

Queen: "Nay, 'tis my will to put ahead. On, Trouba-
dour!"

Troubadour: "I beg your Grace, delay not,

Else 'twill be our task to unburden thee!

At play, a king and townsman

Step the same grounds, ye know!"

Charles: "I—I do d-d-declare that he be 'posed upon!"

Charlie: "The ring be not mine own;

'Twas gift from Uncle. Here. My head, he—he!

Doth sail upon a sea o' ale.

I—he, he!—put down too strong, he—he!"

King Charles: "Thou seed of fools!
Thy s-s-s-sire a son o' fool, and I a fool
For p-p-p-putting thee amid a p-p-p-pack o' fox!
Do hold thy t-t-t-tung!"

Charlie (beblubber): "Here take it, drat upon it!"

Friar: "God strike me dumb, 'tis match for mine!
Look, Troubadour—and Dougal, lad!
Look, your Majesty, 'tis the same!"

Queen: "What, Friar? 'Tis 'deed a wondrous thing.
Didst thou then find its mate?"

Troubadour (in whisper): "In heav'n's name, Friar,
Silence thee! The kit yet liveth at a-dark."

Friar: "Ha, ha, ha! I found it, Majesty,
Amid a field o' hay, and wear it
As a charm. On, then; 'tis enough!

(To King): "What set thee, Highness,
Upon edge? Why murmuring and afret?
His simple Grace hath but befogged
His giggle in a cup of ale."

(To Charlie): "Come, thou are next to choose,
A-teeming titter!"

Charlie: "I—he, he!—choose—he, he, he!—
Mine own limb—he, he!"

Dougal: "This be a game o' honest men!
Come, be fair, my Sire. No man
May match thy pegs, in truth."

Troubadour: "He sinketh at a-drowse.
Do leave him to his dreams,
For man may drowse upon his wedding eve,
What not?"

Dougal: "Take thou a choose. Nay, do punch him
At the rib and squeeze a choose!"

Troubadour (shaking Charlie): "Prince! Your High-
ness!
The ladies o' the court do beg—"
Charlie: "He—he—he!
I choose—he, he, he!
My—sword—he, he!
Who matcheth me? He, he, he!"

Troubadour: "Since we, the people of the land,
Cast arms, and Dougal not yet
But a budding man, there be none
To match ye but the King.
Come, your Royal Highness, do make match."

King Charles (throws scabbard): "There 'tis."

Troubadour: "Nay, 'tis but its shield!"

Chorus: "Forfeit! Forfeit!"
(Charles throws sword to Charlie.)

Dougal: "Come, Prince, what ye will?"

Charlie (sword in either hand): "He, he, he! Two
swords!
He, he, he! No! —
This be not mine own—he, he!
Damn! I be cut! The hilt's besplit—he, he, he, he!
I would my lord to tell me how—he, he, he!
Ah, now I—he, he, he!—'member how 'tis,
Charles Iron Fist—he, he!—I then
Was but a—he, he, he!—comely laddy.
Gad! My tung hath licked the dust—he, he!
'Tis dry o' truth!"

Troubadour: "Yea, Prince, thou wert
A comely laddy. What then?"

King Charles: "Oh, come! Enough!
'Tis p-p-p-pity to him that he be
D-d-d-drunkened so. Why waste upon his ravings?"

Dougal (eagerly): "What then, Prince? Thou wast

A comely lad. What then?"

Charlie: "He, he, he! I climbed a hillock.
He, he, he!—no, I climbed—he, he!
His—he, he!—knee—sword! I saw it then,
I did—he, he, he!—bebroked—
Do leave me—sleep.
No, 'twere a hillock I did climb
And bawled at jolting, and he—
Did smite his sword—he, he, he!—to crack!
He, he! I dubbed him 'Iron Fist'—
Wait—oh, worry me! He tucked me
'Neath his—no—'neath a mow—te, he!
Do leave me now!"

King Charles: "A d-d-d-drunken drivel! Art p-p-p-
paid?"

(Friar strides angrily forward.)

Troubadour (whisper): "Hold thou, Friar!
In God's name, not yet!"

Friar: "The fire consumeth me! I fear
To leave my fancy play. Do leave me
Settle for the debt if I be
Bastard of his stock!"

Troubadour: "Do trust me, Friar.
As thou lovest me, silence!"

(To Charles): "Your Highness, we do pity him.
'Tis naught but ayle-soaked fancy,
This we know.
(To Dougal): "Come, then, on with the game!"

Dougal: "Without the hall then, lancers!
'Tis not fitting that the subjects
See a prince asprawl."

Chorus: "The Lady Ermaline! 'Tis meet
She choose—but breaketh not her vow."

Dougal: "What would your Ladyship?
Ah, she catcheth at her breast!
Dost thou desire to match thine own
True heart? 'Tis not a fairish wish.
She wearyeth. 'Tis best to wear her not.
On then, and out!"

Chorus: "Nay, nay, the Witch! the Witch!
Let her then work a sooth!"

Doorman: "Come, Dame, wilt have a brush-broom?"

Troubadour (aside to Dougal): "Yea, Dougal,
The kit yet blinketh! Come, Dame,
What seeth thou for her who weds?"

Hoody Mac: "I fancy that I cunger
For the Price and King, yea,
For the King, 'twill be!"

King Charles: "I 'fess I have n-n-n-no loving
For a d-d-d-drivelling tung. Waste not
Its d-d-d-drip on me."

Hoody Mac: "Ha, ha, ha! What fuddles I do see!
Ha, ha, ha! Sirrah, thou hast
A hidden treasure; but thou art
A foolish husbandman, else why
Didst hide it 'neath a mow?"

King Charles: "What! Do ye l-l-l-leave such m-m-m-
madness
Free upon thy lands? D-d-d-do stop the rattle!"
(Exit Ermaline.)

Chorus: "Nay, nay! On!"

Hoody Mac: "Ha, ha, ha! I be a trickster, too!
Come, Friar, thou who hast uttered not.
Thou hast a stolen waste about thy neck.
Do fetch it here that I do place it
To its groove."

(Don brings the bit of sword hilt.)

"Ah, a cunning bit—what?

(To King): "Ah, Majesty, the Prince hath unbladed thee.

Come, thou hast best bebuckle it!

But leave me match unto its clefted hilt

This bit—so!"

(The broken piece fits.)

King Charles: "This, indeed, b-b-b-be strange.

Your Majesty, 'twas l-l-l-lost at hunting

A full score years ag-g-g-gone."

Hoody Mac: "Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis strange, so 'tis.

But I do tell thee still

A stranger tale and work me stranger trick!

How 'tis, my lord, thy limp? Ha, ha, ha!

'Think ye 'tis strange that I know

Thy right foot be full short o' the left?

Ha, ha, ha! Wet earth, lord, telleth tale!

Come, Friar, 'tis stranger still

That thou shouldst match at that!

Ha, ha, ha, ha! The eagle then would swim!"

(Compares King's foot with Don's.)

King Charles: "Her p-p-p-prating doth amuse!"

Hoody Mac: "Aye, but thou art yet to learn

'The trick o' laughing!"

King Charles: "Enough! M-m-m-majesty, what aileth thee?

And Ermaline, where?"

Troubadour: "She batheth her brow in air and cometh yonder."

(Enter Ermaline.)

Charlie (aroused): "He, he, he! 'Tis time!

Come, I do crave a kiss

And fain—he, he, he!--rest my poor

And aching head—he, he!--upon thy busum, so!"

(Troubadour bars his way.)

Troubadour: "Stay, thou toothless skull agape!

I'd fain pluck out thy festered eyes

Upon my sword's point!

Dougal, fetch me a blade from yonder stack.

I'll play a lyre's chord upon his ribs.

(To Charlie): "God curse thee for a fool

Not o' His making! (To guests): "Go, get thee!

(To Queen): In God's name, Majesty, do bid them go!"

Queen: "So be it! Go then,

And wait bidding without. 'Tis done."

(To be continued.)

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. F., Mr. C., Mrs. R., Miss H., Mr. and Mrs. S. F.)

Mr. C. sat down with Mrs. Curran after a long discussion of the work and its extent. Patience said:

"See! the words o' me flow e'en as the streams o' the hill's sides. Yea, I set me o' the word athin this pack."

This last sentence was drawn out as confirmation of the statement that Patience dictated what she should say. Then, to Mr. C.:

"Look ye, man! thou that hast sought ahere; thee knowest man may for to offer unto his brother o' grains, yea, but he falleth him short o' the make that he set o' his brother 'pon the eat o' it. (Cannot make him eat). And lo, see! doth a husbandman shut o' his web-foot (duck) athout (without) the flock's fold, and keep it there, yea, till hunger filleth its empty; and then doth he for to offer o' grains and look him that this web-foot doth eat thereof, and scatter at a tempt the grains, lo, the fowls athout the web (having no web), will for to eat thereof, and the web uppeth and seeketh o' a mucked pool. Web-foot be a muck seeker. See! there be men like unto this. They be for the seek o' the muck's pool.

"Offer thee, then, nay grain; for thou hast sorry dost thou do this thing.

"Lo, hath thy handmaid wove of sweets, and there be men that would of the mucks."

After more discussion here we resumed and Patience, always thrifty, turned to her story writing, thus:

"See! there be a brew, a brew o' the Merried Put. ("The Merry Tale.") Fetch ye then the bobbin, that I set at this put."

So we brought out the "Merry Tale" and she wrote about 200 words.

It was asked here if Patience would answer a question and on our saying she usually would, several questions were put in one breath. Patience dryly remarked:

"Lor', did I for to prance as the men o' thy day set for me to follow, then would thy handmaid to fall asprawl!"

Then turning to Mr. C. she said:

"Look! I put me o' thee, thou wiseun." But before she could say what was on her tongue, Mr. C. asked the question: "What most does the world need today to better conditions?" Patience said:

"Man needeth naught save that that He (Christ) hath left unto thee!

"Yea-aday! From off the lips o' Him that suffered for thee and me fell words that be as fruits, yea, rich and ripe. And lo, they did fall them unto the earth even as the blood-drops fell, and stood them, e'en as the blood-drops, sopped up o' earth. Lo, like unto riped fruits, the meat thereof fell a-shriveled, and the seed thereof bedded it athin the earth, and upped; and thou mayest eat thereof e'en unto this day."

Mr. S. at this point sat down with Mrs. Curran.

Patience: "Lawk! A youthed sirrah! Yea, and there be them o' earth that shake them yeas and nays unto him!"

"And I speak me out; herein be a seed that uppeth unto the heights ayet!"

Mr. C. could not keep his hands off the records and was snatching bits here and there and rolling them under his tongue. Patience noticed it thus:

"Look! he aside hath such an love for the musical words, and lo, he suppeth o' these, e'en as men o' earth sup o' wines.

"Look ye, he (Mr. C.) hath ta'en that that men o' thy day love and wax a-fatted o'er, and lo, he hath nay love for this thing. Nay, nay, nay! Look ye, he knoweth o' the shadow o' Him that falleth 'pon the words that live them ever."

Then she turned again to Mr. F. and said:

"Look! this youth's hand setteth it at the halt! Yea, ayet it hath ne'er grasped o' the thing that uppeth him 'pon the path. Look! On! On! On! Man, loose Him that be athin thee!"

We all remarked how she gave everybody good things and Mr. C. still grubbing within the record!

Patience: "Lawk! Ahunt and taste for sweets! Lawk-aday! And I be at the weave o' such a song!"

"O, let us have the song," we cried.

Patience: "Nay, I sing me o' Him. Yea, and look, 'tis unto all men."

THE RESURRECTION!

Earth took unto itself the dusts
That clothed o' Him, the God.
Yea, the sealed pit a-shewed nay ope.
The fields stood mute. The streams,
A-saddened, crept them slow, slow,
A-winded 'bout the hill's skirts.
The arch, the golded bowl, the Sign o' Him,
Stood jewelled o' the sun;
His rays swept sorrowing to mockery.

And they, a-timid, sought;
She that bore the Flesh
And she whom Earth spake stained.
And lo, the pit stood ope!
Yea, the whited mists a-spread
Like winding sheets across the sunlit sky.
And lo, His holied smile stood o'er the earth.

The fields burst ope their sods
And bore o' blooms. The streams, a-silvered,
Silvered, silvered o' their tongues.
The sky's arch deeped, and lo, a bright a-shewed.
And they, a-timid, stood to see
The fleshed, the smitten One, a-whole
To rise Him up, and leave but smiled forgive
Unto the earth. And earth doth ope
And fields do ope, and all doth ope
In sign thereof.

Mr. C., still digging, had found a place in the record where one had asked if Patience knew a father who had died. This suggested to him that he wanted to ask about his mother. We explained as best we could what the attitude of Patience had been toward answering such questions, but she took the words out of our mouths and said:

"Look thee, man! thou askest o' thy dame. Yeaday, it

be not the task o' thy handmaid for to tell o' the Here. But hark thee! Thou hast a softed heart, yea, a tendered ear, yea, a big, golded measure athin which thou takest o' the earth.

"Yea, and hark! the mild eye, the sweeted smile o' her hath dreampt athin thee this thing. Yea, e'en as the pearled drops o' the pured dews, the sweeted word o' her hath fallen from the thin, smiled lips.

"Yea, athin thee there be deep, deep hunger at the empty o' thy day o' this thing. Look thee! Look thee! Thee knowest not the day that be athin this day o' her e'en now. See, thee! this hand hath lent it unto thee. See! I be a-tellin' thee this thing. Thou hast asked in thy love; yea, and I be a-tellin' but o' her smiles and that that be a-fleshed o' her. Yea, the hand o' her hath plucked e'en from the Here, that she deal unto thee. Be I not a-truthed, sirrah?"

"Look! thee dreamest dreams, e'en now. Look! and weave amid the days wrath, beauties."

Here she noticed Mrs. F. sitting beside her son and said to him:

"Aside thee sitteth a one who knoweth hearts. Look, look! She taketh unto her busom none save him o' great heart."

Mrs. F.: "Do you mean, Patience, that I think more of hearts than I do of heads?"

Patience: "Nay, dame, there is nay great heart that is not thatched o' a great top."

In writing, Mr. Curran left out the second "nay" in this last sentence. Patience stopped and said:

"Look! Look! There be a twist athin these words!"

We didn't understand what she meant, but guessed much.

Patience: "Nay, it seemeth unto thee so, and yet ye shall set nay so."

Still we couldn't see but passed the matter over. In writing up the copy it was plain to see we had omitted "Nay."

She had not, up to this time, noticed Miss H. Now she seemed to sense her presence, for she remarked:

"A weaver o' words (a writer) ahind. (Miss H. sat behind Mrs. Curran.) She sitteth e'en as the birdlet, at sit and flurry should she seek and feed 'pon this crumb!"

We all had a good laugh over this and Miss H. said she owned up to the hesitancy, that she didn't like to be swept off her feet by anything. Patience continued:

"See, I be a-worded much. What wouldst thee?"

Mr. C.: "What is the cause of the world's awful troubles of today?"

Patience: "Lack o' the fill o' Him."

Miss H.: "What will be the outcome of it all?"

Patience: "List thee! He who emptieth o' all save sorrow, findeth him athirst o' Him. Yea, yea, dame—look! Thou hast supped wisdoms! and found that they held bitters o'er the sweets. Yea, and thy barque hath rocked 'pon roughed seas. Yea, yea; o'er the shimmered silvered path o' thy life's sea, cometh light, pale, pale gold, and then, and then, and then, a-spiced, a-spiced, a-spiced, the light unto thee."

Mrs. R. referred indirectly to the second coming of Christ and Patience said:

"I telled unto thee that the come o' Him back unto earth's crust be the oping o' man's heart that He goeth in. And this thing be."

Mrs. R.: "Would any circumstances justify the United States in joining in the war?" (This was in 1916.)

Patience: "What think ye? That a one who hath wrong should then set 'pon his brother the blade? Dame! Dame! 'Tis a wise man who knoweth the wisdom o' folly. Look! thy handmaid falleth short o' this thing, and I fear me nay sage might set unwound this ball o' folly's wind, that men who know Him not did wind."

Mrs. R.: "Should we not follow the teaching of Christ in this?"

Patience: "See thee! they o' Him did speak 'tooth! tooth!' yea, yea, the God's ones (the priests) have spake this unto His people. He hath spake naught save love o'

one unto the other. Yea, but see! his gentle words o' wisdom set them 'gainst the sages o' e'en the day o' Him. Look ye! man hath drunk o' his words, but sorry! sorry! sorry! they know Him not."

Mrs. R.: "Are we not in danger of being drawn into this?"

Patience: "This be earth's wocs, wove o' the follies o' man; and 'tis His wisdom that man unwind that that he windeth. Nay one o' Here shall speak His wisdom for thy understanding." This ended the sitting.

The Month With Patience Worth

It will interest our friends to know that the design for the cover of the new "Hope Trueblood" book which is to be out in a few weeks, has, at the request of the publishers, been suggested by Patience Worth herself. The suggestions are significant of the contents of the book and consist of a pair of scales, weighted down very low on one side. There is also the roof of the old inn where Hope and her mother lived in the eaves, and the sun coming up over it.

Many of our friends do not know that Patience has furnished the cover designs for the "Sorry Tale" and also for the first "Patience Worth" book. The latter was suggested while in the office of the publisher in New York. Thus it may be seen that Patience takes an interest in everything connected with her work.

Patience Wee, after wabbling the scale finger around eighteen pounds for two months, even going back to seventeen at one time, has finally pressed it to twenty pounds, scant. It's a mighty small weight for a baby of fourteen months and we apologize for not doing better, but when you realize she started at just a little over three pounds, it doesn't look so bad.

Her mental scale records many more pounds and her physical activity is astounding. We sometimes even call in the neighbors to aid in keeping track of her and keep her entertained. She sleeps now about fifteen hours per day and does enough in the remainder of the day to make it easily forty hours long. Her hair is coming fast and while it is gold in some lights it still shows the red tinge. She now has a large vocabulary but still requires an interpreter. She also has a sign language, both of the hands and eyes, and the hands play like butterflies, busy, busy always. When the snow melts and the clouds begin to let the sun through we will take a new picture and show it to you in the magazine.

It will be remembered that while we were writing on the "Sorry Tale" it was so somber in places that Patience began writing simultaneously a story she called the "Mer-ry Tale," in order to give us a sort of mental "balanced ration." For some reason best known to herself she had practically quit writing this story, although promising of-

ten to bring it to a finish. Since last Summer she had written nothing on it, but on January 18th she suddenly started again and finished about 800 words before stopping, and although we had not looked at the manuscript for months and had entirely forgotten the former stopping place, Patience took up the thread exactly where she had left off.

The new story we told you of last month is coming along at a satisfactory rate. The scene has changed from Spain to France and to the lover of France there is a wealth of beautiful sentiment which at this time is particularly apropos. The book shows that Patience is acquainted with both Spanish and French history and also with their ancient and modern poets and singers as well as with the scenery, manners and customs of the people of France. Lately she mentioned Francois Villon and a certain Basselin whom we had to look up in the old-time Who's Who. We found him to have been an old song writer and singer, the originator of what developed into the modern vaudeville. Since no one of us has ever been to France and since the book is written of times several centuries ago you can imagine the intense interest with which we are receiving this marvelous story.

It has been a comparatively quiet month with Patience and her workers. The almost continuous stormy weather, the worst in the memory of any except the oldest inhabitant, will account for it. Out-of-town visitors were few, there being one learned doctor from a Nebraska college, one woman from France with a wonderful mission, one San Francisco journalist and one or two from nearby towns. It is needless to say that they all received a real Patience Worth welcome and god-speed from our "little gray dame."

The circle of close ones in St. Louis has been narrowed further by several who have either gone to the front or are preparing in some other city or camp, to go. We are thinking of making a service flag for Patience the stars of which will represent her loved friends and scatterers of her grain who have entered the service of their country. God grant they bear with them her words of soothing for the wounds of men, and that they may return safe and sound, but stronger and purified in the fire of toil and battle.

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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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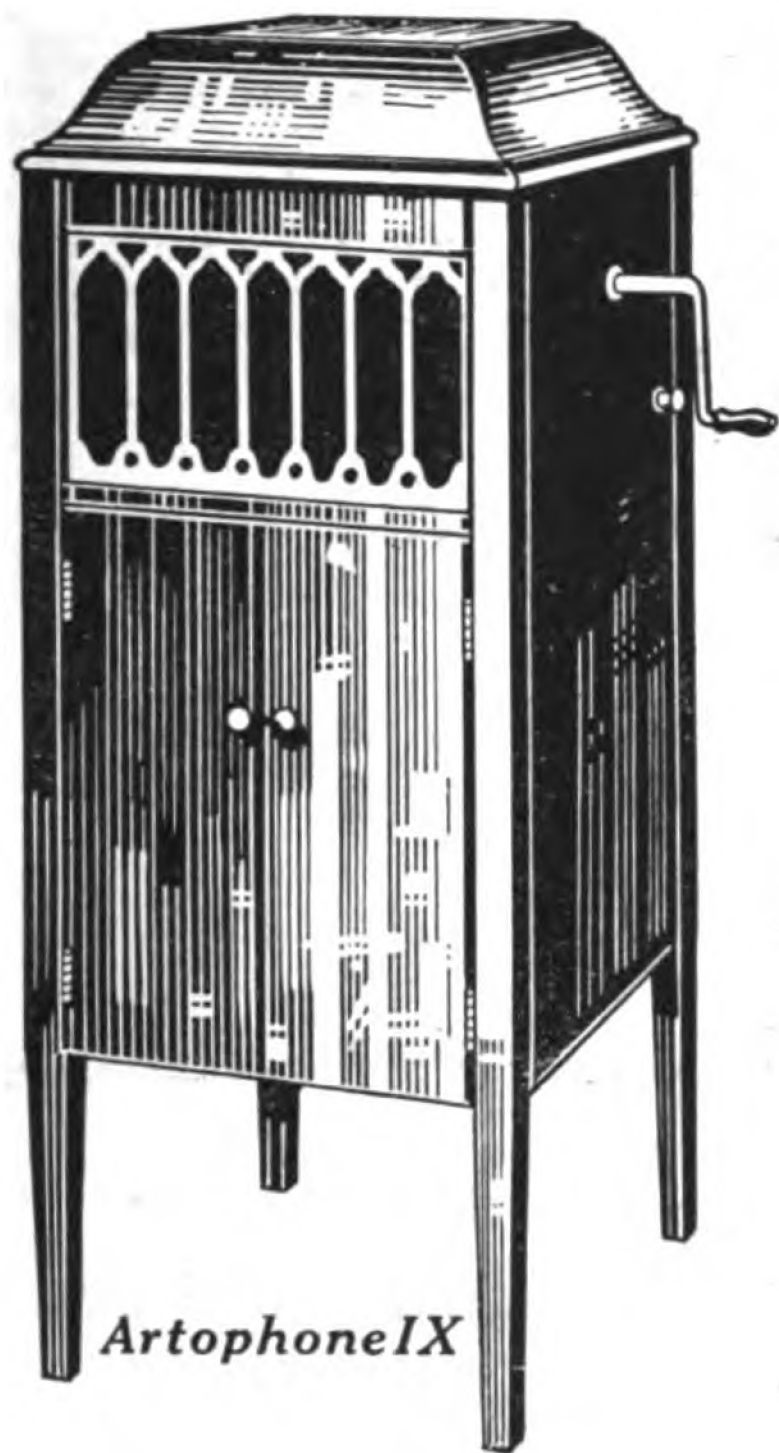
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