

# Patience Worth's Magazine

**K**NOW ye, truth be the heritage  
of all men. Each man is dealt  
alike, but receiveth not in ac-  
cord. Look ye unto it that, if thou  
receivest not the fullness of dealing,  
thou undoest not thy brother.

He who would build an house for  
truth, falleth short, for he hath not a  
stuff that shall hold. Let no man  
set him up to speak the tongue of  
truth in its entirety, for he hath not  
a throat for the song nor the tongue  
for the speech.

Behold, truth be rooted in God and  
the universe is the first whisper of its  
voice.

PATIENCE WORTH

April 1918

Patience  
YRA



# Patience Worth's Magazine

Founded in July, 1917

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
THE PATIENCE WORTH  
PUBLISHING CO.

SUITE 628-629  
705 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.  
Phone: Bell, Main 3240

SUBSCRIPTION RATE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS, POST PAID  
*Advertising Rates Made Known Upon Application*

Entered as second-class matter, November 13, 1917, at  
the postoffice at St. Louis, Mo., under the  
Act of March 3, 1917

## CONTENTS:

The Fool in the "Merry Tale" - - - -	3
A Dozen Poems at a Sitting - - - -	6
Evenings With Patience Worth - - - -	9
The Month With Patience Worth - - - -	12

## Rosalind M. Day

VIOLIN

Will accept a limited number  
of advanced students

Studio 27, Musical Arts Bldg.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Concert Engagements Considered

Studio Phone: Lindell 4890  
Residence Phone: Cabany 2427W

## Patience Worth's New Book

(In Modern English)

## Hope Trueblood

Will be off the press in a few days. It is Patience Worth's "loved tale;" a plea for the little nameless ones of Earth; a mother story; a story full of quaintness, heart interest and soul-stirring situations. If you have never read a Patience Worth book, you will read this through smiles and tears.

Price, \$1.50 the copy, net

Postage, 10c

### ORDER THROUGH US

Or Your Local Dealer, or the Publishers:  
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY  
New York City

The Patience Worth  
Publishing Co.

St. Louis, Mo.



# Patience Worth's Magazine

Vol. 2

St. Louis, April 1918

Number 4

## The Fool in "The Merry Tale"

(The scene is a cross-roads inn. Cato, the roystering hero of the tale, had, but a short time before, fought here with a black-robed man who wore a ring set with black onyx. Cato ran him through with his sword and apparently he was dead. Cato ordered the body taken out and dumped in the deep snow. His friends obeyed him and returned with the information that the dead had come to life when they dropped him and had run away. Cato "swore a black swear such as no dame would set," rushed from the inn, mounted his horse and sped away. "The Merry Tale," from which this scene is taken, is a medieval story upon which Patience Worth has worked from time to time during the past two years, dropping it perhaps for months and picking it up as casually as a piece of unfinished needlework. Anthus is the innkeeper, Gilda the pretty waiting maid, Fredrico a mysterious musician, and Emelio and Kirby friends of Cato who had remained at the inn when he hurried away.)

The dark was comin', settin' the fire brighter, and the cold was creepin' in. Fredrico nodded at the hearth's side, his pipe held in his long slim hand, and Gilda watched, her eyes dark and hollow and brightly gleamin'.

Time sped, and save for the whine of the dogs and now and then the crackle of the logs or the clatters of the mugs as Gilda's hands righted them, or the sound of leather squeak and rattle from the bootin's of Emelio or Kirby, silence held the inne.

The wind arose and whipped the eaves about and a thick snow swept swirling upon its currents. The inne's door clattered upon its thongs and the snow banked at its bottom. Anthus listed to the wind, cuppin' his hand o'er his ear and noddin' to Gilda and sayin': "Fetch the lamp. It's a witch-black night."

And Gilda went her within and Anthus fetched forth from the embers a bit of brand, makin' him ready to light the lamp. And the wind ran its nags up to the inne's door, to halt and champ.

Sudden the latch gave way and the gust blew the fire low and sent smoke out into the great room. Snow drifted in, dancing crisply upon the hot air, to fall in mist upon the cheek. Emelio sprung to his feet, and Anthus made to reach the door that swung rattlin' upon its thong. The fire leapt up to beckon the darkness, and within the inne's doorway lighted up a round face, scarlet bit by the cold, and a wise eye a-gleamin' and lips that spread in smilin'; wrapped of a scarlet cloak and the head monk-capped of scarlet.

The wind howled anew and clapped its hands upon the stranger's back, shovin' him in, and he ran swift footed to the hearth side, castin' his cloak wide and displayin' his motley. Emelio clapped his hands one to the other and laughed. Fredrico arose and made a merry little sound upon his pipe, and Anthus clicked one mug 'pon the other while Gilda watched with her lips parted, smilin'.

"Quintissimo!" Emelio cried, "Quintissimo! What devil's trick brings ye?"

"The foal hath a mare  
The fox hath a lair  
And a fool's happiness  
Hangs 'pon a hair!"

Good Emelio, Quintissimo seeketh a hair."

And he smote his thigh and raised his toes together, pattin' them upon the flags.

"From a nag's tail  
From the head of a snail  
Or the hair in a spinster's mole.  
It matters not the goal,  
But the hair."

Emelio sat upon the settle and thumbed into the side o' Kirby and shook his head thrice, wisely.

"It's a devil's night, Quintissimo. Didst thee pass Cato 'pon the roadway, ridin' 'pon a nag that kicked the stars?"

"Not so fast, good Emelio! Thou art slow, for the nag's heels have put the stars all out.

"Tis a night  
For bats or owls,  
Not fish or fowls.

So the fool takes the path!"

And Emelio watched the feet of Quintissimo liftin' now and then, and his movin' as he folded his scarlet cape and cast it o'er a settle, rubbin' his hands one upon the other and stretchin' his legs toward the fire. And Emelio spake him:

"Thou hast played at hide and seek from his lordship. What hath kept ye? His lordship's belly hath soured so that no man's seat be safe. I'll wage my hip boots thee'rt at play o' page for her ladyship, Diana."

"Not so, Emelio,

A lord may play the fool; 'tis his right,  
But a fool must be a fool with all his might."

"Five times a fool, Quintissimo, more fool nor any man. Where a fool forgetteth to be foolish there Quintissimo's folly beginneth. Eh, gad! Emelio, Quintissimo wearth funny bones upon his heels. The hairs upon his head,



the three o' them, laugh each separately. His tongue's tip laugheth at its root and the root's laugh tickleth his belly. An apothecary, gad! is he, who plasters the earth with laughter and leeches gloom from the blood. Gad! man, no man but a dullard is safe, and Quintissimo would bleed e'en him with a cudgel of laughter to burst his head; for a man is better dead than dull. Laughter is the flint for the striking of fire and no man's soul is worth a whit without the spark.

"His lordship needeth not a fool. Right said, eh, Emelio? Why should Quintissimo tarry at the court? He left him with a late wit, and a fortnight hence thee'll hear the laugh. Ha, ha, ha!

"Cato. Cato. A good fool spoiled. Canst tell, Emelio, which of two, a fool and lord, or lord and fool, beneath a fool's cap be the fool? Yet, ah, me! as the cat sayeth when she climbs a tree, a fool looketh to the lord and speaketh 'me lord', and the lord looketh to the fool and sayeth, 'damme, fool'! Ah, me! as the cat sayeth when she climbs the tree, but she hies not down in glee.

'Tis not a time for the rhyme

Nor a rhyme for the time.

Canst tell the riddle, Emelio?"

And Emelio shook his head bewildered and looked to Anthus who shook his head and mumbled, "Unwholesome." And Quintissimo shook him like a dog, flappin' his scallops, and with his hands raised palms up, queried:

"A new wit, Emelio. It hath a dog's bite and shaketh like a dog and is a dog. Who is't?"

And Emelio scratched his head slow and Quintissimo winked him meaningful and whispered ahind his hand: "E'll find the answer pinned to a bat's tail."

And Quintissimo bowed low in court style and perked his head to the side like an inquisitive sparrow, snappin' his thumb and finger.

"Another! Hast heard that no fool hath a bottom to his thirst? The fire of his laughter keepeth his throat dry. Having not of the lord's coffers nor price of the quaff—a song, eh? or a riddle?"

And Anthus shook him mournful, nay. And Emelio licked his lips and fingered in his pouch, bringing forth a boar's tusk. And Anthus with his finger turned it o'er in Emelio's outstretched hand and shook him, nay, and spake:

"Na, na. Fredrico's pipe be more nor man can stand."

And Quintissimo bowed and laughed and the rafters seemed to crackle with the mirth. And he reached to his bosom and brought forth a ring of gold of onyx set. And it gleamed in the fire's light, and Emelio's eyes glinted, and Kirby started up, and Anthus edged toward the spot. And Quintissimo held it high, slow lookin' to one then the other, then he spake:

"Hast heard o' the hen and the wren? E-e-na? Listen!

In quest of its nest, the wren found the hen's.

In quest of her's the hen found the wren's.

Now the hen in the wren's

And the wren in the hen's

What will the hatchin' be?

"The answer is surprising. I see it upon you all. What will you? A drink, Anthus? Have I justly won it? Is the riddle worth? The answer is at the bottom of a mug."

And Anthus turned him slow and went to the flagon, bringin' forth the mug. And he poured him slow and Quintissimo watched him, laughing and shaking. And them that watched crowded about, waiting. And Quintissimo raised the mug, holding it up high and speaking:

"Thou undoer of man's wits, undo me!" And he winked slow and added: "Who am already undone."

And he drank to the dregs, and they waited expectantly. And he looked at the mug's bottom, tilting it, turning its bottom up slow, and with a grieved look, spake:

"Sore disappointing! 'Tis not there. You may look for yourselves. Methought to find it upon the last swallow, but alas! I swallowed it! The king dropped a bit of curd. I wonder did the mouse find it. (This last is a bit of byplay for Gilda, to whom the fool seeks to convey information secretly.)

"Emelio, canst tell why lads whistle?"

And Emelio replied him slow: "Whistle? Whistle?"

And Quintissimo laughed and rocked from side to side, putting the ring upon his thumb, and he perked his head like a sparrow once more and waited, whistling.

"Since time thou hast harked unto them that whistle, and yet ye know not. List! 'Tis the pipe of youth, the twiddle of happiness, the twitter of mirth and the tinder of his young soul. 'Tis indeed the pipe of Youth. She gave it youth, and time is the flint upon which youth strikes and the whistle kindles mirth. Ah, me! as the cat sayeth when she climbs the tree, give Age a whistle and let him hang. Good Emelio, Quintissimo sayeth that when he is dead mirth shall crack his body ope and let his soul out. Cato. Cato."

And Emelio turned him slow about, lookin' toward the door, and he queried once more: "Didst thee pass Cato?"

And Quintissimo's eyes squinted and he perked his head sideward and spake: "Pass Cato with his star-heeled nag, holding as a torch the moon, chasing morning! No, but list, Emelio. Four score and ten tethered nags stand champin', waitin' dawn, and Quintissimo sayeth their jog shall lead them hence."

And Emelio leaned startled toward Quintissimo, saying: "And ye loutin' in the inne, knowin' this!"

And Quintissimo raised his brows and asked: "And thou, Emelio? Lout to lout is the devil's clout. His lordship hath my latest wit and I await his laughter. Quintissimo carrieth with one hand love's missives and with the other a broadaxe—right fitting armour for any man. His lordship needs no fool, Emelio, but a wise man, and alas! he hath fooled his wise man."

And Emelio raised his voice high and spake:

"Cease thy riddles, fool. Speak as wise men speak. Emelio would hear thee."

And Quintissimo laughed and spake: "Yesterday I cast a hand'sful of pebbles up. They have not come down yet. Wait! they shall surely fall, later, later. I could lead thee. Emelio, at this instant to an ass's bed, but hist! we should wake the ass.

"To prove that Quintissimo is a fool, list to the wind. He and the wind do fellow. The wind shall pipe and Quintissimo shall whistle and dance the measure.

Cold? Na.

Bold? Ya.

Cold and bold? Ya, ya.

And his funny bone shall tickle the wind in the ribs, and the sleet shall laugh upon the ice crusts, chattering silvery.



Right merrily we shall make our way to the fool's court where the lord plays fool and the fool plays lord."

And he took up his cape and bound it about him, flapping his scallops. And he took a scallop between his finger and thumb and raised it and whispered, and another and whispered, and he turned and spake: "This dog hath many ears."

And Emelio bawled: "Thee'rt dull. Damme! how may a man for to know when an ass brayeth?"

And Quintissimo laughed and perked his head sideward: "So asketh Quintissimo. Hark, didst thee hear the pebbles descend?"

And he listened long, silently harking and shaking him no, stalking slow toward the doorway where he turned and spake:

"The rose blows where the fool goes,  
And a fool goes where the rose blows.  
Red for the rose's cheeks  
And red for the fool's breeks.  
Alike, the fool and rose.

"More pebbles. Wait, they shall descend."

And he opened the door and the wind whipped snow in his face, catching his cape and pulling him out. And the darkness swallowed the flit of the scarlet cape, and the sound of the wind's whistle was broken with laughter flung back until a ha! ha! ha! sunk down tired at the chimney's snow bank and crept over into the inne, falling into the pot. And the pot boiled over in mirth, and the fire tittered.

#### THE OLD, OLD SONG.

The day seemed o'erheavy  
And the eve hastened, bringing night.  
I saw not the open script  
Of the hours. I knew not His hands  
That fondled o'er His creation.  
I had not seen His shadow  
Beside me, nor his smiling lips  
At my groping.  
I knew not the path, inviting,  
'Pon which He would lead me,  
Within His shadow enwrapped,  
Knowing His fellowship, His comrade clasp—  
And the hours were slow.

But a song—strangely like one  
I had forgot, soft like one  
I had heard when my head  
Had rested 'pon a pulsing bosom,  
Long, long ago—  
Telling me not of wonders  
But of little things, upon which  
I might lay my hands  
And feel the pleasures of knowing.  
And I knew it was Him,  
Whispering as He whispers to the night,  
Through the rushes, and to the morning,  
With morn's first sigh.  
Then I ceased to strive to know  
New things, but listened to the old  
Old song, content.

—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 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.



## A Dozen Poems at a Sitting

The following is a copy of the session of March 4, 1918, when Patience dictated twelve poems in succession, the greatest number she has ever given at a single sitting.

Patience started the evening by telling us that she had a singing and at once gave us this poem:

### WE TWO TOGETHER

We two together, dear one,  
Thy hand in mine and mine  
In thine. We two together  
Upon the roadway of days;  
Days drab as monk's cloth, stretching  
Before us like a dust-robed path  
Of endlessness. We two together,  
Battling the way, taking the dole  
Of Providence, beggars at the hand  
Of God, wearily plodding on;  
Or, child-like, forgetting weariness,  
And playing.

We two together!  
What care we? Yet beyond us,  
Ominously uprolling like evil,  
O'erspreading some distant day,  
Is the parting! We two,  
Together no more.

And thou, mayhap, shalt leave  
My side, and pilgrim some far path  
Where I may follow not; or I  
Shall leave thee, dear one,  
Unwillingly. God knows,  
But bidden by a higher Power.  
We two, together no more,  
And the path of drab days  
Left to newer comrades.

If thou dost remain—but I  
Shall not even entertain the thought.  
If I remain I know thy face  
Shall flit the drab day  
Like some dream, beckoning me;  
That thy lips shall smile,  
And I shall know their old  
Familiar flash of brightness;  
That thine eyes shall gaze  
Through eternity's long day,  
Steadily beaming the quickened love  
Within thee. I know thy voice  
Shall call, and I shall hear  
Not the fellows of my path  
But follow its dulcet music.

I shall tread the drab path  
To the far horizon's edge  
Where I shall see the coming sun  
And the light eternal. And there,  
At the path's end, I shall reach forth  
My hand and find thine within it—  
And we two, together, shall journey on.

This she followed by another poem without remark.

### THE MIRACLE

My dear, I can understand  
God's creation. I know  
His wondrous power. 'Tis no  
Great wonder to me  
That His hands upbuilt the mountains  
Or cupped the valleys.  
I can understand this.  
The morning is not a wonder  
To me, who understands;  
Nor the evening, though  
More gorgeous blended;  
Nor fledgling spring, yet  
Unfeathered; nor the splendid  
Blazing summer. I understand them  
As His.

'Tis no wonder to me  
That He set up the lopping sea,  
Nor the trickling streams,  
Nor the rains, nor showers,  
Nor sleet, nor hails, nor wrathful winds.  
I understand them as His moods,  
And, smile or frown, I understand them.

But when I think of thee,  
With thy tenderness, and the thing  
About thee that hath unloosed  
The golden latch of heaven's gate for me,  
I fall down, prostrate  
Before Him, undone!

Then she gave this whimsical view of our relations to life:

### PERCHANCE

Mayhap I may shuttle through  
The days' hours, weaving tatters,  
Loosely threading my time,  
Neither looking to its pattern  
Nor its completeness.  
Mayhap I may weave on  
This worthless cloth, and perchance  
Make barter for a price to God.  
I say, perchance!



We liked this very much and she, in a way, whipped the world over her own shoulder, giving us this:

## THANKLESSNESS

I remember—it seems, a long, long time ago  
How with thanklessness I took  
What befell me. How little it seemed!  
How little to me, who hoped,  
And hoped, and hoped.

Ah, I remember, it seems so long ago  
How Hope crept upon me,  
Bearing her fruit, and it seemed  
To me little, oh, so little!  
I remember—it seems long, long ago,  
Though I know that that yesterday  
Is beside this today; that I took  
Those rich-dealt gifts of His  
And thanklessly slept, or expected more.

And now, what seeming yesterday  
But is to me far richer than  
My coming morrows! For youth  
Is gone, and thanklessly laughs me  
From those long passed yesterdays.

And I stand with thankless age,  
Still expecting, but ashamed.

Following this she gave this poem which evidently refers to the war and its end:

## GOLGOTHA

Cry ye enough! enough!  
When within blades there still  
Remains the power to slay?  
Cry ye enough! when Youth  
Stands ready to swing the blade?  
Cry ye enough! when tirelessly  
The blood flows, wearying not,  
Though anger-reft the scarlet tide?  
Cry ye enough? Nay.

Let thy voice die in its  
Gnashing curses? Let thy arm  
Fall listlessly to its rest?  
Let thy head bow shamedly?

Nay! Thou hast reached  
The Place of the Skulls!  
From which thou shalt cry out  
Aloud for their forgiveness,  
And spreading thy arms, pierced,  
With thy head uplifted, crowned,  
Thou shalt wait the call  
Of the Father; not until then  
Crying out: "It is finished!"

She followed this with another one referring to the same thing.

## THE OFFERINGS

Father, what offerings?  
Pale lilies, fainting from their sweetness?  
Scarlet blooms, dripping their hearts away?  
Purple fuchias, whose tear-tipped blossoms,  
Sobbing, shakes? Canary garlands

Twined, woodbine, honey-steeped,  
Or doveswort, whose spiced scent  
Creeps the airs like holy incense?

Father, what offerings?  
Death-stopped youth, whose smile  
Is choked with scarlet, drowned  
In his mother's blood?  
Men, withered things, whose lips  
Gape formlessly, or drop into green caverns?  
Hosts, new-slain, smelling warm?  
Gasping dungheaps, flung before  
The face of Thee?

Father, what offerings acceptest Thou  
At the hand of Thine own?  
In folly-wisdom I beseech Thee,  
Which pleaseth Thee? Knowing  
That Thy compassionate lips  
Shall only smile.

She evidently had the war on her mind, for she gave this prayer of a mother who has lost her son in the war, which she called a

## REQUIEM

Oh, Father, God, most High,  
Bend down! He is young!  
His eyes scarce knew Earth's day,  
And I am fearful.  
New is the aching here  
Whereon I knew his warmth,  
Loving laid, in trust,  
In love and trust.  
And I pointed him the way,  
Oh, Father, God, bidding him be on  
Upon the glittering path  
Beside Thy sons!

Oh, Father, God, bend down!  
He is young, seeking  
With his trustful eyes  
The pathless way I know not.  
Oh, Father, God, hear,  
I charge thee, hear!  
Thou, who quickened him,  
Betray him not! Bend down,  
Bend down, and whisper Thou,  
"My Son,"

And I shall hear.

After this she gave us this:

Tutored not, unlearned am I.  
Left to sift the ash of ages  
That I find one lentil  
Upon which to feed.  
Oh, the prattle of wise men,  
And the wisdom-heavy wagging of fools.  
Their yeas and nays clink like pence.  
Within the purse of time.

We waited for more of it, but Patience said:  
"Why tail a cat who hath a tail?" and proceeded to give this:

## THE SINGER

Sing, oh, singer!  
Fetch forth thy lute.



And make thy songs resound!  
Tune its note of gaysome lilt.  
Make thy voice arise  
Like a dancing nymph,  
Swaying the shadows  
And bending o'er the sunbeams!  
Make lightfooted music  
Trip the valleys and run the mountain sides,  
Skim the seas and plunge its waves!  
Send music like a balm  
Of dripping cool or dew-hung night,  
Or silver-fringed spring's boughs.

Carol, oh, singer!  
Make thy throat swell  
In a bottomless lay!  
Flute, like the trill of fledglings,  
Or the gay song of mating time!  
Bespeak the earth to life and love  
And happiness! Take up  
The seven pipes and put new songs  
Within their dead throats,  
Breathing their laughter and tonefulness  
To living song!

Oh, sing! sing!  
For Earth is weeping.

After she had completed this and we had re-read it we suddenly thought that we had not yet received the matter for the front page of the March magazine, which was ready for printing. We asked Patience to give it to us and she said that she had already "set" it and called our attention to the paragraph beginning "Tutored not." She had remembered that when we had forgotten.

"I shall set ye a chidin'," she went on, and gave the following:

#### A PRAYER

Father! I cannot call Thee God,  
Nor Creator. Father! Father!  
Sire! The words take on  
New sweetness as I speak them.  
Father! Sire! I am not fearful,  
Sire, if I may know Thy Smile,  
Or feel that Thou  
Wouldst have me do Thy will.  
I am not weary if I know  
That Thy labour awaiteth me.  
I am not sorrowful if I know  
Thy woe as mine.

Let me kneel beside Thee,  
But touching Thy kindly hand,  
But knowing a footstool  
At Thy feet where I may  
Gaze up into Thine eyes.  
Then but point the way.  
I am not fearful,  
Father! Sire!

#### DEAR SORROW

Oh, precious pack!  
What shall I do  
When thou forsakest me?  
When within a newer day  
I shall fling me free

Of thy familiar weight?  
What, when mine eyes shall dry  
And glisten but of happiness?  
And when weariness  
Shall forsake my feet,  
And my tired hands uplift  
In ecstasy?

What, when I shall see  
My sobs flee from out my breast,  
Like dull gray birds  
Freed at last?  
And my tears, dried up  
With sunlight, laughed to flee,  
And twinkling with the mirth of it?  
What, when I am free?  
Ah, I fear I shall sigh  
For sorrow!

#### THE MILL

Oh, mill of the waters of Time—  
Clickety, clickety, click!  
Grinding the grist of days—  
Clickety, clickety, click!  
Meting the grain of God—  
Whirrity, whirrity, whirr!  
With waters e'er flowing  
And never returning—  
Whirrity, whirrity, whirr!

Oh, mill of the waters of Time—  
Clickety, clickety, click!  
Turned by the Master's own hand—  
Clickety, clickety, click!  
In thy hopper the woes and the smiles—  
Whirrity, whirrity, whirr!  
Slow to the dust of eternity  
Grinding the souls of men,  
With your clickety, clickety, click,  
And whirrity, whirrity, whirr.

Patience: "Loraday! thy dame hath fetched ye a puddin', bag and string! Set ye at the eatin' o' it, and abed!"

#### HOPE AND FAITH.

Make a new lute at each dawning.  
String it of Hope, and strum it  
With a hand of Faith, that the song  
It setteth be a glorious thing,  
Perfect in its blending.

Open thy lips at the new dawning  
With a newer word, making loud thy voice  
In new praise. For the Lord of Hosts  
Is upon thee. Yea, his hosts  
Trode behind Him and before Him.  
Yea, the legions of His sons pour endlessly,  
And his daughters even so.

Glorify His name at each dawning.  
Make ye a new lute.  
String it of Hope and strum it  
With a hand of Faith.



# 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. A., Mrs. I., Miss I., Miss W., Mr. Y.)

"See, 'tis a puttin' that I do be at this day! Yea, athin the kerchief's tucker there be such an song!"

We remarked she always sang for Mrs. A.

"Se ye, 'tis 'deed for her ahere! See amore; there be the dawn o' a brighted day and still a darked dawn."

Then noticing Miss W., she said:

"Yea, such an youthed un! Wee dames, like unto sunshine and like unto the fall's tide!"

This last referred to Miss I.

"Yea and yet a-frosted thatches! (Mrs. I and Mrs. A.).

"Yea, and I be at the teeter that I do put a fires-top!"

This referred to Mr. Y., whose hair is red.

"Yea-aday, thou o' longish ear, aye, and thee'lt be alike unto Anthus o' the balded pate ayet!" (This was to Mr. Curran. "Anthus" is a character in the Merry Tale).

"See, did I for to set o' thee, thou dame o' the hearth (Mrs. Pollard) lawk, he o' the long ear would up and be at thee!")

"See, yea, and 'tis nay awicked e'en then he be, nay, but lawk! 'tis little that he lo'eth o' the sharin' o' the sweets."

Then as if regretting the waste of time she said:

"Afillin' o' the scripts o' follies put! I'd at and unto the weavin'! Thee and thee, and thee be athirst for the top milch (the cream). Yea, but thee dost to sup o' the bluein' afirst. See, didst thee for to set thee gooded amuch, aye, amuch, then thy handmaid might set o' the feared tale. (The Sorry Tale). Yea, but I be dame and at the Merry!"

And she wrote 200 words of "The Merry Tale."

Then she said, "'Tis nuff; I set me then o' the teared tale. I be dame!"

And she started the second book of the "Sorry Tale," writing 800 words.

"See! this be a gooded put, eh? There be the song, yea, for her aside, and then on 'pon the put."

She meant Mrs. A., who now came to the board. She at once gave this poem:

## THE BLADE

I know me of a wanderin' one,  
Who troddeth 'pon the warrin' ways,  
And smitin's fall and wickeds fall,  
And woes and woes and fears.  
And e'er he strideth o' the warrin' path  
And slays the comin' hosts!

And lays o' woes a-woein'  
O' their trackin's 'pon his ways,  
And setteth fearin's withered,  
And driveth sorrows fled.  
And men do seek this wanderin' one  
And bid he shew his blade.  
And lo, they look them 'pon his face  
And see the merried smile.  
And he doth laugh their seekin'  
And on at warrin' o' the woes,  
A-slayin' with his smile!

I do know me o' a wanderin' one  
Whose steps be slow;  
Whose hand doth falter 'pon  
The latch-way o' the sealed path;  
Whose eyes a-dimmed,  
Look wondering to the where;  
Whose ear doth shut, and yet  
A-harkens to his heart's own song;  
Who stoppeth 'pon the warrin' fields  
A-bladed not and tottered much;  
And yet, and yet,  
The merried smile shall be the Key,  
The Blade that dareth it  
'Pon hosts and lays them low.  
And days shall fall  
When man shall seek this one,  
And lo, the withered one shall lie,  
And 'pon his lips this sign,  
The sign o' Him, the Blade  
Of His own hosts.

Then to Mrs. A., she said:

"See! this be a sorried put, dame, but what be athin one must come athout one! See, this be e'en aneath thy hand, yet beeth not unto thee."

Then, as if to give her dear friend another, nearer sweet, she said:

"See, now do I to fashion out o' thy musics."

And she gave this poem:

## THE PLAYER

Lo, the fingers' fall  
Doth spell the soul's own breath  
A-flow from 'neath the soft,  
The heart's wrapped dream.  
Afar, afar, as slip the fingers o'er,  
There cometh unto thee, the hark,  
The hark unto the musics o' the Here.  
Yea, from throats o' mothers,  
Sweeted o' love, be the stream  
O' loved song that beareth thee o' Him.  
From 'neath the hands that loving lie,  
There breatheth dreams o' Here.  
See ye, thou sweetest of a string  
And lo, it whirreth and its sister whirreth,



And lo, they sing them melodies.  
And Dame, I bid thee, why?  
Look! 'Twixen their whirs He standeth Him!

Miss W., cousin of Mr. Y., here sat with Mrs. Curran and Patience gave these sweet words to her:

Where the cool morn bathes,  
Where the lilies play,  
Where the silver moon hangs high  
And pure abathes,  
Where He hath sought Him that He shew  
Unto the Earth of Him,  
Lo, 'pon a maid's pure heart  
He graveth of His smile!  
And pured it be as the cools,  
Or yet the silvered moon,  
And jewelled be the courts o' Him  
O' such as these!

Then remembering Miss I., she said:

"Lo, there be yet for the bud o' her. Lo, list thee dame, (to Mrs. I.) thy wee one, thy loved, thy handmaid speaketh unto her."

So Miss I. sat for her "sweet."

"Yea, nay a sweet o' word! Nay, but that that thou shalt know. Look! Look! Men drink up the musicked word o' Earth and look 'pon the day and speak them much. Yea, and 'pon the nights and speak them much, and yet do they to mouthe much o' their loves. And yet I say me list. Man speaketh, 'This be a gloried day!' 'This be a beauteous night!' 'This be a musicked word!' And thou speakest naught! But look! at the night's hour when thou lookest unto the sunked moon, whose wraithed light still hangeth 'pon the skies' rim, thou seest this thing and man seeth not. And thou speakest athin thy heart word that man heareth not. But He heareth! Yea, and when the day be gloried, man speaketh loud; and thou mayst pluck up a golded flower and find the day's full therein! And man seest nay this flower; but He knoweth thee! And lo, thou hast athin thee such an spiced myrrh that spreadeth it 'bout thee ever. Yea, e'en as the eve's winds stir the spiced scent o' the myrrh, e'en so, 'tis gentle touch that shall set thy sweets aloosed."

Mrs. I. here took the board for a word.

"Lawk! A one atrod upon a warrin' path! Dame, thou knowest a dame may shew wisdom in her seamin' that undoeth Rome! Yea, hosts afore e'en this did fall athin a seamin'! Lawk, there be many o' the swains that went awarrin', yea, and sent awither by the prickin' o' a needle!"

Mrs. Curran was getting tired. The board circled slow. Patience finally said:

"This be a grind adeed!"

Then: "Smiles dot day as daisies do the field's ways. Tears wash the grayed tides as waters o' the spring's day."

She was writing a poem, but stopped and said:

"This be, nuff o' such. I be o'erfulled o' tears! Yea and laughin's ato! Set at put."

But Mrs. Curran was too tired and the sitting was concluded.

(Present: Mrs. F., Miss P., Miss M. P., Miss L. P., Mr. P., Mr. F.).

Miss L. P., who is blind, first sat with Mrs. Curran. Patience seemed drawn at once to her and said:

"See, I be at the weave from out the fairied heart o' her ahere!"

"Look ye, I do for to set 'pon the sorried put (her "Sorry Tale"), and yet 'pon the merrie ("The Merry Tale"), and yet a song, and yet amore o' the word unto thee and thee and thee.

"Fetch ye o' the merried script that they do tickle them aneath their smocks!"

So the "Merry Tale" was brought out and she wrote about 200 words of it.

Here Miss L. P. asked if Patience wouldn't talk to us some more. Patience stopped the run of the story and said:

"See, I set me o' the merry put and the dame sayeth that I lend a bit o' the tung o' me! Yeaday I'd sing, dost thou to will it so?"

Miss L. P. said, "I will it!" And Patience gave her this personal poem:

Sweet hath hung the eve.  
The clustered leaf a-hangeth dewed.  
I set me 'pon the path o' even's hours,  
A-search o' strands that I do set aweave.  
The tasselled youth-bush sheweth  
Like unto a traced wonder-work,  
A-silvered o'er o' white eve's breath.  
And do I stop me here? Ah, nay.

I set me 'pon the morn's first break  
When still the purple hangeth  
'Neath the mornin's wings,  
When sweets ahang them 'pon the field's a-wetted sod,  
And, jewelled o'er, the webs a-spread the ruts.  
And do I stop me here? Ah, nay.

I step me 'pon the noon-tide's heights,  
When gold doth splash the garish earth,  
When heats hang close and dry the mornin's breath,  
When silvered stars have fled and moon ahid,  
And earth hath wearied much.  
And do I stop me here? Ah, nay.

I step me on the night's tides' way,  
When dark a-robos his glories o'er,  
When eve's awcaried breeze  
Doth hang a-heavied o'er the Earth men's prayers,  
When babes a-rove the rosed lands afar man calleth dreams.  
And do I stop me here? Nay.

Of all there be nay strand  
That sheweth fair unto this hand  
That I do set aweave.  
For lo, would I to set this song a-riched o' love,  
And man hath all that sheweth to his see,  
And what man hath a-holdeth naughts unto His will.  
For lo, man doth to take of all He offereth,  
And speak him naughts as thank song unto Him,  
And fill him up and take and take,  
And lo, doth e'en forget to turn  
One glance unto the Sender o' the store.  
Naught o' this do I to seek to weave.  
Ah, nay; of tatters shall I weave.  
Not of Earth's days but o' days a-bedded in this heart;  
Not o' Earth's morns, but morns a-bedded here.  
For lo, he who knoweth Him  
A-needed not that he see His works,  
But knoweth, deep, deep athin,  
The noons, the nights, the morns, the eves  
Are His! Of tatters do I weave.



Of this pure hath she wove a cloth,  
And this would I to weave  
Athin this song—to Him.

Then she said to Miss L. P.:

"This be nay a song o' beauties, dame; nay, for thou knowest o' Him and needst not that thou dost see.

"Ayea, this setteth a-true. Thou knowest, dame, thou hast shut unto Earth's day, and yet, ah me! ah me! such wondrous days are, thine!

"He whose measure falleth short of Earth's deal shall set unto a building up of a measure full for the filling o' the empty.

"Yea, amore; the folly of the unlearning that that be false that the eye, taketh in!

"See! earth holdeth fulls o' follies, and wise men shut up their eyes unto this and fools drink up the see.

"I be at the set for thou, the wench aside."

Miss M. P. sat at the board.

"Such an dreamer o' dreams! Yeaday, look! Out from the dark o' gray she fashioneth o' color pots that she colors the days unto merries, merries, merries! See, such an brewer o' words! Yea, she breweth and steweth and tasteth and setteth at the bake o' this and that, and taketh o' this and that, and storeth aneath this skull's cap. 'Tis a wised dame o' wenches years!

"Lor', 'pon the sirrah's face he pulleth o' a sour!"

(This referred to Mr. F.): "Look ye, he seeketh not o' the Here. Nay, he deemeth 'pon this earth be nuff that shall set him at the plod o' roughs. Eh, brother? He who filleth o' his skull's cap setteth him wised. Yea, but hark! 'Tis well he leaveth one crumb o' folly, lest the wisdom sour!

"Yeaday, but hark, there be naught 'pon earth but that some man may for to prate o'."

Mr. F.: "Does she mean what anyone don't know won't hurt them?"

"Yea, e'en he who hideth o' that he deemeth tucked deep past the see o' men, lawk, e'en he be bit o' the knowin' o' it!"

Here Mr. P. sat with Mrs. Curran.

"Lor', 'tis adeed a youngun! Yea, and look ye, be I a dame o' the tide o' him and ne'er a one athout flesh, lo, he would for to up and doff and smirk, a-truly.

"See, I set me o' such an tale."

"Look! there be men who take o' grains and sack them athin their bins. Yea, and set o' these grains unto their brother men. Yea, and yet there be men that set them o' the take o' Earth's wares o' all that Earth's paths offer, and take and set unto their brother men. Yea, and yet I say me this man shall take o' the wares o' all men and set him unto the measure and weigh out that men be a-dealt fairly, yea, meet and right.

"Yea, and yet I say me this sobered one shall look him 'pon the works o' men, and set athin his skull's cap o' their measurin', and 'tis the grain's bins o' him shall hold the wares o' other men! Yea, and yet shall men for to

seek o' him and speak out this wiseun shall for to minister unto the needs o' the day. Yea, and of the lack o' the skull's full (lack of sense) o' men, shall he, to fatten him."

This was discussed and Mr. F. was rather slow in re-suming position at the board. Patience said:

"Lor', e'en a one apast thy day uppeth a wraith past thy pace!"

"See; I be a-set the wee dame hath a song."

This referred to Miss M. P.

"I shall to set a wished song."

And she gave this poem:

Out from naughts do I to cunger me.  
O' all the sprites shall I to coax.

Do thou, thou sprite o' love,  
To cast thee budded bloom  
That bear the freshed sweets  
O' all the springtides' days  
For trod of her!

Do thou, the sprite o' happiness,  
To spill thy store unto her path,  
And weave thee, o'er the rutted cuts,  
Thy soft o' happinesses?

Do thou, thou sprite o' woe,  
Forsake her path!  
Yea, shed thou thy tears  
But that the buds shall blow.

Do thou, thou sprite o' mercy,  
Spread thy wings and hover her,  
And set this heart to weave,  
Yea, weave the dreamings o' its hours;  
For out the dreams shall wonders spring.

"See ye, thou art a-set o' youth 'pon wised path!"

It came out here that the folks had been urging Miss M. to follow up her talents and make her dreams come true. Patience counselled going slow:

"Look ye, still shall the hunger burn and this shall turn of a beacon unto the path.

"See ye, wee dame, he who setteth heart's pure dreams, setteth store unto Earth. Yea, for nay heart spilleth follies. Follies be the bruise o' skulls!

"Look ye, still I be asong for thee; thou athout a sup!  
(Miss P.) Lawk, dame thee knowst the last sup o' brew be best!

"I know a somethin'! Here too be a weaver o' dreams! Look ye. Yea, out from sorrows hath she wove sweets. Yea and thee knoweth this thing. Look ye. Yea, song."

We remarked about the circling of the board.

"Nay, I be at the brewin' o' it."

I'm wearyin'—the day be long.

I'm wearyin'—the path be stoned.

I'm wearyin'—the sun be lost

I'm wearyin'—the stars a-fade.

I'm wearyin'—for hearts forsake me here.

I'm wearyin', a-wearyin' sore.

I'm joyin'! The day hath broke!

I'm joyin'! The rays betip the cloud.

I'm joyin'! The nights do flee.

I'm joyin'! I'm joyin'!

For I do know of Thee.



## The Month With Patience Worth

We are often asked if Patience ever fails to write when Mrs. Curran puts her hands on the board and also if there is any likelihood of her ceasing to communicate altogether.

To the first we can say that never in all the hundreds of times the board has been under Mrs. Curran's hands, has Patience failed to come fully and freely.

To the latter we can only say that Mrs. Curran is thirty-three and in good health and sound in mind and heart. Moreover, Patience has told her that as long as Mrs. Curran would list to her voice and not become "apuffed" the honey would drip from her fingers' ends. It is hard even to think of losing the familiar presence, though we must realize that one day she will "fall short of the days of earth," but by that time the million and more words she has given to us will doubtless have grown to many millions, and will have grafted themselves into the literature and religion of the world so that they will go on and on long after all those who know her now and love her shall have gone, shall we say to meet her?

We have had a number of inquiries as to whether we were not going to soon print a volume of poems of Patience Worth. The books have crowded each other so swiftly that we have not yet seen our way to this but if the demand grows great enough we shall try to fulfill it. We would like to hear from any of our friends who would like to have us print such a volume.

There has been little to write of the Patience Wee. She is still a wonder for sweetness and goodness and is the sunshine of the house. One night recently we were writing and Patience stopped work on her dictation of the Merry Tale to give us this poem for the Wee, who was asleep in an adjoining room:

Slumber, slumber, slumber.  
Oh, kiss o' the angel's lips,  
Like a bud, unoped, my bonny  
Art thou, mine ain, my sweet.

Oh still, ye hosts o' heaven,  
Pressin' close to her, bearin' dreams,  
Lest thy wings disturb her langour  
Or wake her dreams sae sweet.

Link thy hands one to the other,  
Ye angel hosts o' His,  
Makin' a chain to heaven,  
Pointin' the way to bliss.

But soft thy whirrin' wings,  
Oh ye who close would press.  
Soothe with heavenly musics  
The hour of her rest.

Quite a unique gift was received last month by the Patience Wee from her friend and admirer, Mr. Richard Fischer, of Boston, who had ten shares of stock in the Patience Worth Publishing Company made out in her name. So the earthly bearer of Patience Worth's name is now a duly accredited member of her financial family with the documents to prove it.

**RICH  
PURE  
Jersey Farm  
MILK**

**12c Per Quart**

**THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
AND DIGESTIBLE FOOD  
YOU CAN BUY**



**STOP A JERSEY FARM WAGON  
OR ORDER BY PHONE**

**Bell Phone,  
Sidney 73-74**

**Kinloch Phone.  
Central 962-963**



## JESUS ON THE SHIP

Patience Answers a Bible Teacher's Question and Discusses Prohibition

We had been anticipating a quiet little evening with Mrs. I., but early in the evening a familiar voice sounded on the phone and Mr. Curran's old friend, Dr. C., arranged to come out for his first visit. We had the usual long discussion and after the baby awoke she was brought out for the Doctor's inspection. After this we read a number of poems and then sat at the board. Patience was anxious to get to work on "The Merry Tale" for she said:

"At the settin' o' the cloth, for the winds be a-whippin' and I tell ye I be at the bakin' o' loaves that I keep the embers bright and lose not the warmth of the hearthie."

The winds were "whipping" and had been all day, part of the time at one hundred miles an hour, it being the windiest day we had known for years. However, she went on and wrote about 250 words of "The Merry Tale."

Finally some questions of Dr. C.'s broke into the proceedings and we explained the deep religious character of Patience Worth's work and how she had been able to amplify and clarify in "The Sorry Tale" scenes of the Bible which were so interesting and yet so scantily told.

The Doctor here told of his Bible class in Chicago and the discussions they had had, mentioning that the previous Sunday they had had a discussion about a very interesting point. He wondered if Patience would express herself on it. We told him we thought she would and he put the question thus:

"At the time when Jesus, having gone with certain disciples upon a ship and having slept through a storm until the disciples, fearful that the ship would sink, awakened Him and He, reproving them for their lack of faith, bade the sea be still; at this time, had they not awakened Jesus, would the ship have sunk?"

Patience: "I shall answer thee, sirrah. Look ye unto it. Should it have sunk? Unto one, yea, and unto another, nay. Unto him with Christ within him, never.

"I say me that there be the same boat even at this day, and within it, such a company as then. Look ye

unto it; Christ hath set (himself) within thee, and he who doubteth, verily the waters of wrath shall o'ersweep him. But he who waketh the Master, waketh Christ within him, and the waters (of wrath) shall still."

The Doctor here discussed the subject of drink and of prohibition, asking Patience for an expression on the subject. Patience is writing on a story in which there is a great deal of drinking, though the lesson is obvious. She jokingly replied:

"Lor'ame! and thy damie spillin' flagons o'er each script (page)!"

However she went on with her answer:

"Who is he who cloaketh himself within a mug? Not his shadow's brother nor a fellow with God. Nay, he hath recreated himself, a thing whose soul is unpinned, flapping like tatters to the whither-winds! Aye, I say me should his God call he would ha, ha, ha! Should his soul return and stand before him, he would touch his brow and say: 'Mornin', brother! Who art thou?'"

"Behold, then, let earth weight such a man within the scale, held by justice. Let earth first find him who set up the thirst. Let it scourge, even as an evil, the thing that hath set the itch of thirst within his throat.

"Behold, the head of man, not his belly, should lead his legs!

"Look, a-more. Hold up a carrion, a maggot rot of slime, and aside it a newborn babe and let man choose. Make clean the flesh and the head will not fall into the belly. The thing that shall purify is not the water that quenbeth thirst but that quenbeth evil. Ah, sirrah (the Doctor), weep ye; for sin creepeth the throats of generation after generation, even as He foretold."

### Samuel Dakota Trask

Public Stenographer Notary  
MANUSCRIPTS AND WILLS

711 Third Nat'l Bank Bldg.

Olive 5450

## Classified Advertising Department

Open Rate 15 cents per line  
THE PATIENCE WORTH CO.,  
Suite 628 and 629  
Central Nat'l Bank Building  
Phone Bell, Main 3240  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

CHEAPEST place in town for printing.  
McGill & Co., Central 7178R, 121-123 N.  
11th, St. Louis.

### Photoplays Wanted.

\$25 to \$300 paid anyone for ideas, suggestions suitable for photoplays. Complete outline sent Free to any address. Producers' League, 518, St. Louis.

### BE AN INVENTOR OR MANUFACTURER!

The World is Now Being Remade!

Inventions of all kinds are in demand. This is the era of the inventor and manufacturer. Which field will you choose? If your resources are limited, invent something for the manufacturer; if your resources are ample then manufacture and market some practical invention.

In either case we can help you! We commercialize inventions and Patents on cash and royalty basis—make models, obtain patents, etc. This is your opportunity. Inventors, manufacturers, investors and promoters are invited to call and examine our model displays and get free booklets. Or write

ADAM FISHER MFG. CO., Desk P. W.,  
2048-2049 Railway Exchange Bldg.  
St. Louis, Mo.

Phone Olive 4236

(Established 1898)

LINDELL 1695—DELMAR 1144

*Colonial*  
LAUNDRY CO.

THE CLEANEST LAUNDRY

### Do Business by Mail

It's profitable, with accurate lists of prospects. Our catalogue contains vital information on Mail Advertising. Also prices and quantity on 6,000 national mailing lists, 99% guaranteed. Such as:

War Material Mfrs.	Wealthy Men
Cheese Box Mfrs.	Axle Grease Mfrs.
Shoe Retailers	Auto Owners
Contractors	Tin Can Mfrs.
Druggists	Farmers, Etc.

Write for this valuable reference book; also prices and samples of fac-simile letters.  
Have us write or revise your Sales Letters.

Ross-Gould, 1001 Olive St.

**ROSS-GOULD**  
Mailing  
Lists St. Louis



**MORSE SCHOOL OF  
EXPRESSION**

**Advanced Educational Method**

PHYSICAL CULTURE,  
PUBLIC SPEAKING,  
DRAMATIC ART.

Send for Catalog.

**Musical Art Building**  
**Boyle and Olive, St. Louis.**

**STATEMENT OF THE  
OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,  
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF  
CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

Of PATIENCE WORTH'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at St. Louis, Missouri, for April 1, 1918:

State of Missouri }  
City of St. Louis } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John H. Curran, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Patience Worth's Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of	Postoffice address
Publisher—Patience Worth Publishing Co.	
Editor—J. H. Curran...	
Managing Editor—none.	
Business Manager—	
John H. Curran.....	705 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

2. That the owners are: C. S. Yost, 1316 Union, St. Louis, Mo.; P. L. Curran, 5715a Cates, St. Louis, Mo.; J. H. Curran, 5715a Cates, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Douglas, 3337 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Patience Worth Curran, 5715a Cates, St. Louis, Mo.; F. H. Woodruff, 49 Kingsbury Place, St. Louis, Mo.; P. G. Mesker, 4953 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.; Miss M. Tansey, 525 Clara Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; E. A. Munger, 35 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.; E. W. Hill, 619 Oakwood, Chicago, Ill.; F. H. Drury, 105 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill.; Miss S. S. Dickinson, John Crerar Library, Chicago, Ill.; C. F. & M. Hunn, 606 Northbrook Courts, Washington, D. C.; H. C. Smith, 4561 W. 2d St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Theodore Pope Riddle, Farmington, Conn.; T. S. Ward, Lewiston, Idaho; E. O. Sutton, 12 Ingraham Terrace, Springfield, Mass.; and D. C. Garrett, 8 Sudbury Road, Concord, Mass.; F. H. Drury, Chicago; Mrs. M. Ives, St. Louis.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN H. CURRAN,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1918. EUGENE LUMELIUS,  
(SEAL) (My commission expires Jan. 24, 1923.)

**Dorr & Zeller**

Manufacturing Confectioners  
Wedding and Society Functions  
Served at Short Notice

Plant  
3924 Washington Ave.

**FRANK H. DRURY  
PATENT LAW**

Specializing in Industrial, Chemical, Physical and Scientific problems and Inventions.

Suite 1610, 105 W. Monroe St.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

LECTURE RECITALS

PRIVATE MUSICALES

**ALLAN BACON**

**CONCERT PIANIST**

School of Advanced Pianoforte—Serious Students Accepted—Beginners and Intermediates Under Competent Assistants

STUDIO BUILDING

TAYLOR and OLIVE

**JEFFERSON**

ST. LOUIS'  
LEADING PLAYHOUSE  
Sunday Night and Week

Mats. [Wed. & Fri., \$1.00; Sat. Mat. 50c-\$1.50; Nights 50c-\$2.00

Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert Present

NEW YORK WINTER FARDEN INCOMPARABLE REVUE

**THE PASSING SHOW OF 1917**

A TEEMENDOUS TOOT 'ON TRAVESTY'S TRUMPET

Stars Enough for Seven Shows

"WHERE EVERYBODY GOES"

**15c Columbia Theatre 25c**

Sixth and St. Charles

**10---High Class Acts of Vaudeville---10**

Circus Novelties. Photo Plays. Musical Comedy

Show Never Stops—Come Any Time—11 A. M., Continuing to 11 P. M.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE**  
ON MARKET ST. Bet. Broadway and Sixth

TEN STANDARD ACTS OF THE BIGGEST AND  
BEST ADVANCE VAUDEVILLE

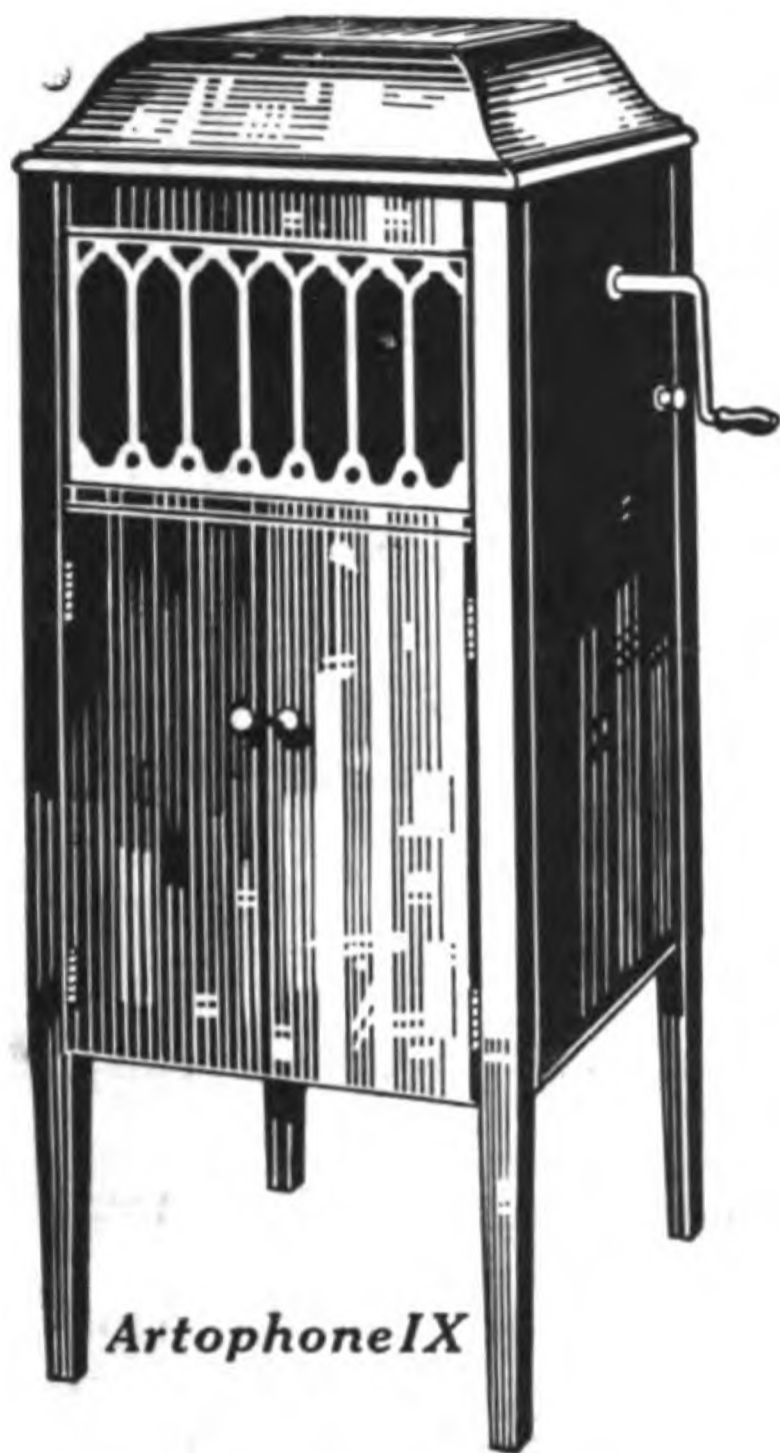
Ever Offered at Popular Prices

Box Seats 30c; Lower Floor 25c; All Other Seats 15c

**The Theatre of Liberal Policy**



# The ONLY Phonograph playing ALL Records without special adjustment



Artophone IX

The only phonograph that will play all records without any special device, set-screw or adjustment. "A TOUCH OF THE HAND" puts it in position.

The only phonograph that is ball bearing at sound-box. Gives it an elasticity that takes up vibration of sound-box, whereas all other phonographs must use rubber, and rubber deadens the tone.

## The Artophone

"Nearest to the Human Voice"

Plays all records without changing needle or tone arms. Other phonographs couldn't play all records without buying attachments. The Artophone plays all makes of records without changing attachment. Some one, not knowing just the required adjustment to make in playing the different records, is liable to put on the wrong attachment and ruin the records. This cannot happen on the Artophone

**\$55** convenient terms

THE ARTOPHONE COMPANY, 1113 Olive St., St. Louis

## ANNOUNCEMENT

### To the Friends of Patience Worth

The Patience Worth Magazine is a success. It has made its way and established its place among the literary ventures of the country. To the friends who have supported it with their good words and their subscription money is due much of the credit for this success. As we announced before, this is not a business venture and we feel at this time that we can, without crippling ourselves, announce that our subscription price is

**REDUCED TO ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR**

**Single Copies, Ten Cents. Postpaid in the United States and Canada.**

THE BLANK BELOW MAY BE USED FOR CONVENIENCE IN ORDERING

The Patience Worth Company,  
705 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed please find \$ \_\_\_\_\_, for which send me (state whether Magazine or Books) \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ 191

City and State \_\_\_\_\_



# Patience Worth's Publications

*Any of the following publications may be ordered direct from us, or purchased at any first-class bookstore or from the publishers, Henry Holt & Company, New York.*

## The Sorry Tale—A Story of the Time of Christ

BY PATIENCE WORTH

Communicated through Mrs. John H. Curran

Edited by Casper S. Yost

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York

"It is a wonderful, a beautiful and a noble book. The long and intricate tale is constructed with the precision of a Master hand. The touching beauty and simple dignity of the figure of Christ are treated always with reverence. The pages are full of exquisitely described miniatures, but they are merely the jewels that adorn and hold in place the rich robes of the story.

New York Times."

"Greatest story ever written. Patience Worth's 'Sorry Tale' is equal if not superior to any of the world's greatest masterpieces, in literary and intellectual expression and is incomparable in its religious significance.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

"Unquestionably this is the greatest story penned of the life and times of Christ since the Gospels were finished.

Roland G. Usher, in Reedy's Mirror."

## "Patience Worth; A Psychic Mystery"

BY CASPER S. YOST.

In this book is given a full account of Patience Worth, the manner of her coming, her personality, her purpose, and numerous examples of her poems, stories, parables and conversations.

### PRICE LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

Patience Worth Magazine	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$1.00 per year
The Sorry Tale	-	-	-	-	-	-	1.90 per copy
"Patience Worth"	-	-	-	-	-	-	1.50 per copy

### CLUB PRICE LIST

The Three Publications named above	-	-	-	-	-	\$4.00
Patience Worth Magazine and The Sorry Tale	-	-	-	-	-	2.75
Patience Worth Magazine and "Patience Worth"	-	-	-	-	-	2.25

Add 10 cents for mailing each book

P. S.—Please See for Coupon on Another Page