Strongely enough the first familiar name my cye me, on first opening the first paner I ever saw from Andever, was that of Flora Bundy; if the same one. I remember her familiar same one, I remember her fondly as school-mate; and perusal of the paa school-mate; and perusan of the pa-pers you so, kindly forwarded to me was a teast of reminisence; names of those dear to me in my very young days (about the time Abe Lincoln and I and others were helping to and I and others were heiping to make a great nation of this) names long slumbering in the cradle of memory, rose up to greet me again; Brundage and Clark and Slocum and Burdlek and Crandall sounded a fa-Burdick and Crandan sounced a ra-millar chord in my recollection ap-paratize—but conning over the per-souals there were the names of so many people that surely the old time hills, couldn't hold them, and I trem-ble lest you have moved "Wintergreen Lini" and the others to make room for a little city where the old town was. If the creek has grown as the town appears to have done, it must

town appears to have done, it muss be a respectable river by this time.

I suppose, the this is hardly of interest new, unless perhaps there—be, some old residents. To me Andower was the Gate of Life. I was born there. That wasn't Andover's fault. from it by surprise. I have no doubt it hampered the growth of the em-bryo a long time, but Andover seem to have got over it. I haven't go selected Andover as my starting point or not; but I did pick the 4th of No-vember, the day after election, to make my advent in this little old world, and which has most of the time been the best world I remember et having lived in. I have been told, but cannot vouch for the truth of it, that the first poise I made was to ask the doctor "Who's elected?" And when he renited "thrusher I handled. when he replied "Abraham Lin 'I have a dim recollection of saying that the country was safe, as Abe, in spite of his penchant for telling funny stories, was a good fellow and had

My theory of bringing up children did not agree with the practice of my parents and at the advanced age of two years I refleved them of that duty and conferred my company on family of Dr. and Mrs. Th Raker, whose methods I hearfily ap Baker, whose methods I hearthy approved; history and the human race (at least most of it that I have come across) concur. Seriously, they were grand and noble couple. If there ever was, or ever is, a pair of persons as gentle, kindly and self-sacrificing, there will be a moving picture of them prepared by angel hands and them prepared by angel hands and presented and preserved in Heaven for the edification of the cheribim and seraphim. At the stage of eight 1 realized that the world would not roll I waded out into it, and as it chanced I collected some \$5 or \$6 for the Sunday School, and some of the town boys got it away from me and urged soys got it away from me and urged ma to go to Buffalo with them and buy the place. Ashamed to face the dear old doctor and his wife; I journeyed to Hornellaville (seems some printer had a "pull out" on the hind and of that name and sut it to Hornellaville. nell) and then started roaming over the earth. In Paris I became so wee-fully homeaick that I remitted the int with interest and detailed the circumstances, of course boys will, absolving myself, laying all the blame on the other fellows. On the other side of the earth came to me the letter from the loving han of Mrs. Baker, reassuring me of my belief in my own innocence and as-suring me a welcome home. And I got there as soon as the seas and the But in a few weeks the itch of

But in a few weeks the itch of travel tickled my toes and I started out to kill Indians, which, at that time, was a popular pastime with boys of lock, there was a commotion and time, was a popular pastime with boys of lock, there was a commotion and or three days to find a house, and half, from over a knoll came M Troop 8th the time that was empty. But when I get a chance to kill an Indian I was agreements. The cowdoys killed them weller them that was empty to dash down the "draw" (a gully in agreements). The cowdoys killed them weller them that was empty to the form the reported that they in the same response that they in the first tribe, which I have the henor to the draw with a barage from 16 from the reservation."

I do not know the bar of the bott in the war of the bott. I do not know the bar of the bott. sight the reach boss, Harry Seidel, and myself were in a discost (a balf side and myself were in a discost (a balf side and myself were in a discost (a balf side and myself were a sum and we fired through the side as gun and we fired through the state of the side as gun and we fired through the state of the side as gun and we fired through the side as gun and we fired through the side as gun and we side as gun an met for our guns and removable by bodbar of testile.

New highest and partly eaten. They

are thinkly to starry proper bys.

SIGN-BOARDS ON THE UP-ROAD

Hamilton B. Williams

only called Truth.

oad the profound courage of faith-let not your hearts be troubled . . .

prets every human experience. I have

ive an orchestra. He can; there ore it must be accomplished.

What brutal ignorance wrot

We must not let go the shuttle of-

seeing one who does not believe in

himself in eternal principles, in God. Such a one has not yet become soul-conscious. A living soul is a con-queror. He beholds the Face of

ing is for completing the poor shards out

God loves — or what's a God for? The kingdom of happiness is within. It is not to be digged out of the

ground, but digging's good. It is not to be woven of silk; it is not to be

comes to the unfit; never to the flesh, ist, the materialist, the impure, the

worldling, the sensualist, the hater, the hurter, the selfist. The kingdom of happiness is possession of the Good, the True, the Beautiful. In an

old Indian language the word happi-

Happiness is interchangeable with

every quality of the Eternal God's

And the road there is always a

means also beauty.

Being. We do believe in happiness.

God, the Eternal Comrade.

(and so do I)

songs tha

friend who knows

Anatole France tells of the king terpret him to a pauper world that is who was sick—sick in body, mind and spirit. All the magicians, sooth-sayers and physicians could do prof.

There is a religion that drives thru sized not a white. At leat, and a last itsel not a white. At leat, and a last resort; the king set [20] to find a boule. They do not not the white resort; the king set [20] to find a boule. They do not not the white ited not a whit. At last, and a last resort, the king set out to find a happy man whose shirt, it was said, would by the wearing give health to and whimper if things go wrong they do not demand that God equate

would by the wearing give health to the king.

Many were found who, so people said, were reckoned happy, but upon investigation each one lacked something, often a trifling something; which, however, kept him from complete happiness. Finally after a long search the king happened upon a man who affirmed his happiness to be complete. Unfortunately, however, he had no shirt.

But we still believe in happiness. umph of that which ought to be -

omnot, cried out a comfort to so truggling brother of the road. "Trembling one pursued by evil, Dash thyself against the bosom God." But we still believe in happiness The human has developed an un-discourageable optimism and insists upon being a God-seeker. His God may be inhuman, pettish, jealous arbitrary — but he still worships Of course God is beautiful and the or course of kindness beyond com-prehension — but few know that. It speaks a wonderful determination to live on - even the one's god is not ecisely what one would have.

that he has the genius to evoke won-derful interpretations of music thru an orchestra. The days have not of He is, however, that which ought fered opportunity ... but Somewhere my friend as God is good, must And the dreading folk shall go out

into a blaze of mercy.

Why? Because God is under of His Reine, Infinite Love Think that out with the light of the "finis" at world's end? Some have had dreams to fashion songs

Think that out with the face.

We are not mist, dust, sparks vapor; we are made of God stuff.

If one listen to his immortality here. shall stand up and challenge time is capable of loving God and fate and darkness. We are re shall. God hungers too.

sponsive to ideals; therefore, on! to We must not let go the shutt desarmat the goals!

ne goals! The materialists, selfists, worldings are unhappy necessarily. Happiness does not lodge in houses of clay. The caravans of the Great God journey on the highroads of Light and Love.

The disaster has not yet ass but that some one has risen-enqueror. Death itself has not ye

not keen Jesus from his quest of Joy John Massfield, poet of the experi ence of the broken writes: And men in desert-places, Men abandoned, broken,

fears, lose singing, swinging their swords

And laughed and died among the spears." Joyce Kilmer, dying in No-man's and, could understand Jesus. Hear

Kilmer's song to Jesus:

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack....
(Lie easier Cross upon His back.) My rifle hand is stiff and numb (From Thy pierced palms red rivers come.)"

brotherhood of hungerers for

spiritual bread and wine know the And the heart of Jesus. They only may in lifting road.

(A-many lives ago, ten-thousand births and deaths ago
A Dream kept house with me.)
Last night as I mused my ancient comrade came to my door,
His hands filled with flowers
Of Gardens we had found across star-ranges behind the Dawn.
We were far wanderers,
Seeking the worlds my Dream had heard of whispered by other

We were far wanderers, Seeking the worlds my Dream had heard of whispered by other dreams As they sped on the Roads.

One glory-day we found You mongst verbens: And there, was journeys end.

All confort there, you is the well with you? and do the on And I said: 'h' is well.

My house is on the highroad where Life's caravans go by,
And Love bides at my hearth."

And softly, as the Twilight slips behind the purple hills, My Dream passed as he came.

You are Dawn's flutes for high emprise; Dusk's viols for resting;
You are fragrance and music.
You are Life's mystery and bove's enfleshed, Beloved.
You are the Dream-come-true.

Wint was that the tro

instructions as prescribed in the Articles of War. "The ground was frozen however, and it being interpracticable to inster them we left the bodies to be disposed of by a party

sent the detail; but I do know the wolves saved the trouble for the cootes buried them in travelling cen-teries. To make sure they would, w drove the cattle nway affer I was start after that Seidel was with me !

OOK TO THE CIRLS

Little girl you took so mall. Don't you wear no Don't you wear no shimy shirt? Don't you wear no petty skirt? Just your corsets and your hose; Are those all your underclothes? Little girl you look so slight, When I see you in the light, Ain't you 'fraid to show your calf It must make the fellows laugh; Little girl what is the cause? Himself in gear and prosperity and problemiess days.

This is the religion of the stal-warts who behold the ultimate tri-Why your clothes are made of gauze.

Don't you wear no undervest.

When you go out fully dressed. Do you like those peek-a-boos, 'Stead of normal underclothes, Little girl, your 'spenders show,
When the daylight plays on you;
I can see your tinted fleah;
Thru your thinnest gown of mesh I lift a gesture of friendship to that Assyrian wherever he is in the universe, who 4,000 years before Christ, cried out a comfort to some Is it modest, do you s'pose Not to wear no underclothes? Little girl, I see your chest —
Yes, I see way past your throat; To a region most remote; Jesus offered the brothers-of-the Tain't my fault now, don't suppo Why not wear some underclothes? Little girl, your socks are shoals. Of these tiny little holes; We've got to fight the temptatio

Why you want to show your limb, as much right on earth as we; they had some splendid, manly qualities once in a while. Anyway, killing In-dians is not the fun that boys of my day thot; I had rather set type or edit

I insert a check-for "Two Bones" to buy a year of communication of the old home place. It may be that time that I will have some n surplus and try it again. If I had known there was a paper published in Andover, I'd had it if I'd had to pawn-my-hat and go bare—headed. Especially as good a paper as the samples sent; and the I may not know much of anything else, I sure know a paper when I see it. The man who took me to raise—the rest of the way - when I was 20 was as editor, and he incorporated me inthis family, and as I had never known the name of my family, he labele me with his own, St. Clair. He tal toed, so to speak, it on me with the pen of the Court, so it would stick Mrs. Believ told me that the name o tion of consonants; and I heard she your old timers can tell me anythin aten, drunken; it is not to be worked no matter what, of them, or either, I

en, a seat wherein I have sought

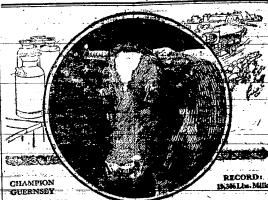
told him I didn't know my mother's name, he might send me to the muse eum of curious characters, or migh

erve. St. Peter might ask, and if I

tell me to come back and stay until Yours semi-seriously, ALBERT ST. CLAIR

Of each fellow passing ff Little girl, where is the obs long, uncovered arm? In the Y behind your neck? Is it for the birds to pack?
Little girl, I tell you those Ain't so nice as underclothes. Little girl, now listen here You would be just twice as dear f you'd cover up your charms Neck, back, legs and both your arm I would take you to ome snow If you'd wear some underclothes. Little girl, your mystery, Luring charm and modesty Is what makes us fellows keen To possess a little Queen; Wants a girl same underclothes, S'pose I wore some harem pants Or no shirt, like all my aunts, Or a ringlet thru my nose, They'd arrest me, don't you suppose I must wear a coat of mail, Clothed from head to big toe nail; I must c<u>over</u> up my form Even when, the weather's warm.

Do you KHOW why toasted



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