

# From the MINDS of OUR READERS

## WHITE LIES

A Circus Story Told By A Former Trouper.

**ELLSWORTH PLUMSTEAD**

With January comes the "White Lies," often—may say usually—broken by February. Many of us have received never more than a "white lie," are, perhaps, mentally excepted.

Waister defines "white lie" as a pious fraud, and some of us know, by experience, that the white lie, more often than not, is against the "white lie."

**Anecdote, Apos:**

Once there was a boy, traveling with a circus an "old time troupe," that drove from town to town. The men troupers rode in the band-wagon, and the manager led to see that they were all in the wagon before the "start" order was given, for they all had to go to the next town in time to dress for the noon-time parade. Well, this boy hated to get up in the morning. He dearly loved to sleep, as do some boys in other parts of life. "Old Boys" included.

This boy was the only fly in the manager's ointment—a very bad fly. "The circus manager" (as he is called) decided to try an idea that had lingered in his brain for many years, but the towns had been so far apart. The next town was only about three miles away. After throwing cold water on the boy, and shooting his "gat" out the window, he went to breakfast. About 10 a. m. the boy awoke, owing to the hot sun blazing in his eyes.

He jumped from his bed, jumped to his clothes (for he sensed something was wrong) and dashed down the stairs, where he found only Mr. Boniface, who sat smoking his pipe.

"Falls all in to breakfast?" he asked.

"Breakfast! Haw-haw-haw! It's only two hours to dinner time, and your troupe started four hours ago. The manager said you could walk to Forest, and mebbe you'd know enough to get into town when he calls you after this. But, it's only a little better than three miles, and mebbe somebody'll pick up before ye get very far."

Without a cent in his clothes, the hungry boy started, hoping the "old time troupe" might be somewhere, and at some farmer would pick him up. The only human he saw was a young farmer, picking apples in an orchard, hailed him and invited him over.

"Ain't you the feller that was lanced that plow and whip and things at the circus last night?"

"Yes, that was me."

"Well, why ain't you with the rest of the gang?"

"I'm sorry when I was milkin'—part of 'em—then some others went 'em' in the big band-wagon, two or three hours ago."

The boy explained, and remarked that "those apples smell mighty good."

"Help yourself, pitch in, ye must be hungry."

"Did he 'pitch in'?"

With pockets and tummy loaded, the boy plodded on. He had liked but half a mile when he came, on horse-back, and lead another by the halter, came out of the barn-yard and headed toward the boy's town.

"Where you bound for, son?"

"I belong to the circus at Forest, and I ought to be there now, I'll be late for the procession."

"There's where I'm goin'—can't ride bare-back?"

"Sure, the only way I ever did jump up, it's only half-a-mile, so, but that'll help some."

In about ten minutes they drove to town, and met the paraders, so to face.

The boy and farmer sat astride in "mounts" to watch the procession, and, as the performers in their regalia passed, the boy stuck his chin out and made each answer, including the manager, in the carriage—a broad and handsome. Johnny Rivers, the little black clown, riding the trick, gave him the "ha-ha-raz."

The manager the boy gave them to understand that he had horse-back it all the way from the last town.

At 1:30 p. m. the performers were seated in a circle around the sleeping tent wall, preparing for afternoon show.

The clown, called from spot across the tent, so that he could hear—including the manager—

"Sigh, Charlie, 'ow far did you ride those 'orses'?"

All the way from our last town, Johnny," declared our manager.

"You're a bloody liar! I saw two ponies in the blacksmith shop, coming ova'here from the town, and I asked the man you were with where he lived and 'e about a 'alf mile out! I saw the man was blowing funny man would bring two 'orses or four miles, where there's a couple of 'orses in the last town that shoed 'orses, don't yah 'e?"

The clown never got a word in for laugh—and "the boy" is in!

**Episode II**

He laughs best who laughs last, and "compensation works and night." The boy had the laugh, and the clown received his compensation. D. D. Chaney never absorbed a "white lie" than did Johnny Rivers about a week ago when he pulled a new act that he had promised his comrades for a "bit of more." The act consisted of the advance-man had been

requested to procure eight cats in one of the towns ahead, and a box of certain dimensions. "Johnny went with the canvas and 'prop' wagon early that morning, to have everything perfect. He wouldn't chance a "hop," for he had assured all hands—including the manager—that this was to "knock'em off the benches!"

Called the night—

All the performers stood around a box on a stand, as Johnnie revealed the "big idea. At the side of the box were eight cats heads protruding, in a straight line, clamped in, as they used to "stock" prisoners. The cats tails protruded through holes at the back. Johnnie demonstrated the modus operandi: standing behind the box he pinched the ends of the tails and the cats would "protest" from the front. So there you are.

The ring-master was speeling his spiel out in the usual manner, announcing Mr. Johnny Rivers and his "wonderful cat act, which had taken him years to train etc. etc. Out came the property-man with the box of cats. The orchestra barred the usual "come on!" and Johnny came running to the ring, made very extensive "bows" all around, turned to his cat-box, and—very dextrous cat had pulled his tail inside out of reach!

Johnny stopped the show all right, but he did not "jinx in" the howl that raised the big top, as well as the dressing tent. He kicked over the box, which fell apart, releasing the cats, bowed low to the audience and, after things had quieted down, remarked, "speaking of cats, reminds me of a funny story!"

## About This Page

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Response to a call from this newspaper to the amateur writers of the village for manuscripts for this page has been more than gratifying. So great has been the response, in fact, that some manuscripts will have to be held over for publication until the next issue, because of space limitations.

The idea of this page was to give our readers a chance at expression. Manuscripts, other than the usual run, were asked for and received. They were submitted for their own sake, without the idea of monetary gain.

In presenting them, we hope other subscribers will take the same pleasure in reading them that we did, and that the reception will call for another such page at an early date.

## LEGENDS OF OLD DETROIT

**Le Nain Rouge, (The Red Dwarf)**

Soulange speaks: "Mes amis, (draws near: Ill omens appear.) The fateful Nain Rouge, with his hump and leer, Grinning in the fog, squat-legged on a log; Or like will-o-wisp at night in the bog, Ugly, shambling, red, with distorted head, And protruding eye, we tremble in fear! Is it Massacre? or dance on a bog? Ugly, shambling red, with distorted head, And protruding eye, (I tremble in fear!) Is it Massacre, or dance on a bog? Mes amis, Nain Rouge last night was seen here!"

**Henri speaks:**

"Hold your cross to the light! 'Sacre Bleu! hold tight! He dances at night in eerie moonlight. With black cats at Pont Rouge in a fog and mist; Or grinds at Presque Isle the Devil's grist, Riding all night without track thru the snow, With laughter at Death and grimace at Woe! Fore runner of Famine, Pestilence, Blight! Beware lest you meet with him here tonight!"

**Louis Robert speaks:**

"He jumped old Jean's horse, the devil's own sort; Over twelve foot fence and stock on the fort! A thief of a horse, too fancy for grass, A horse like a fiend, it drank melted brass! Didn't hear how Soulange's lad, guarded by Fate, In wheel-barrow paddled over the Strait? When the youth landed and hastened to court, The dwarf gnashed his teeth, gave a hoary snort! Angelique speaks: 'He chuckled grimly, when youths set out space, Last year at Noel to run their mad race For buffer Beauvais' winsome daughter Claire, When her lover won on Indian mare Bright sparks seemed to fly from the Red Dwarf's face!"

**Old Josephette speaks:**

"He crept late one night to that old chief's bed, Who killed le bon pere, when he would not wed; Chieftain's dark daughter to her brave, white swain! When she drowned her self, the chief felt like Cain, Heard the chaplain's voice each night in the wind; Heard the mass-bell toll, because he had sinned! Half-crazed with grief by the dwarf insidied, Half-mad with fear, he confessed his blood-ahed!"

All: "How we fear! we fear! ill omens appear!"

## Summer Morning

How cool and fresh the flowers seem  
In early morning as they nod  
In the breeze. The dew drops  
Sweet smells the newly untanned  
sod.

2  
The sky so blue with clouds like cream  
Is calling to a lovely floor,  
How can one stay abed and dream?  
Come out and live and sleep no more.

3  
It makes one feel so very small  
To think how much our Lord must  
tol!

To make a day which suits us  
So let not sleep the morning spoil.

4  
The fragrant summer seems to be  
A vast and noble hymn of praise  
To the all powerful Deity,  
And God the one who makes such days.

Written by Carol Dwellley, 12 years old, 605 east Maple avenue, Birmingham, Mich.

**A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR - 1925**

By REV. C. M. THOMPSON

My Father God, I gently place my hand in Thine, Lead me, I pray thee, thru another year of time, Assist me each hour in broadcasting cheer, Thus helping to make this a glad-some New Year.

May I strive to be useful throughout this New Year, Each day helping others thru burdens to bear, Assist me each hour in broadcasting cheer, Thus helping to make this a glad-some New Year.

More Reader's Stories on next page and on page seven, this section.

## Radio at Its Best

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## Illusion

If I could catch the crystals, cool  
In your eyes, your rouse started four  
Which lie, imprisoned, in each  
drop of rain,  
I'd roll them down the rainbow's  
ribbon lane  
Where greens and blues in brilliant  
stripes are met—  
Then follow where the bleeding  
sun has set,  
Yet left its painted pools of scar-  
let stain!

I'd drain the yellow from the  
golden grain  
I'd dye these lilies, I'd dye these  
drops; still yet,  
Would I rewind the tinsel string  
that leads to star,  
Back to some star and tear the  
shimmering thread  
Dream off its spool to string my  
gleaming brass!

In place of garish gold, I'd forge,  
instead,  
A clasp of moon-glow, set with  
poppy seeds  
And bind these pearls about my  
pagan head.

AGNES CLEVELAND O'DELL

## Could We But Know

What is the soul—an embryo, a  
song?  
With life at last withdrawn, will  
all we feel  
In flesh fall from us and then  
softly steal  
Away, thus leaving but a seed to  
furnish  
For its futurity? From out the  
throne  
Of countless of its kind, will it  
be strong  
Enough to know another seed  
and kneel  
Before its own old love? Is all  
this wrong  
And does this spirit, winging up-  
ward, rise  
To dwell within a star? Then do  
I  
So glorified, each other recog-  
nize?  
Shall we but own the same feet,  
hands and scars  
And hungry mouths to feed and  
thirst?  
That strain to see beyond the  
blinding bars?

AGNES CLEVELAND O'DELL

## TWO POEMS

By DR. HUGO ERICHSEN

### MOONLIGHT

The sleeping waters of the lake  
Reflect the moonlight's beams,  
The birds that nest within the reeds  
Stir rustling in their dreams.

A graceful slip with sails outspread  
Glides noiselessly along,  
And leaves a silvery path behind;  
And then the steersman's song!

Is heard no more, and quiet reigns  
Again upon the deep,  
As Luna Kisses tenderly  
Pond lilies in their sleep.

### LULLABY

O sleep little darling—  
The sun's gone to bed  
In the West,  
The song of the birds  
Is hushed. All the world  
Is at rest,

The flowers' petals  
Are folded in sleep,  
Till the day  
Comes from the East  
In splendor and drives  
Night away.

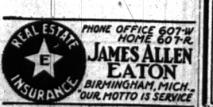
Then will a grand chorus  
Be joyfully greet you  
From far and near,  
And a feathered friend sing:  
'Awake, little darling,  
For day is here.'

## TOWN TALKS

By Eaton



**WHEN sleeping pow-  
ders won't put you  
in slumber land and your  
worry wires are crossed  
take out the proper fire  
insurance and get a good  
night's sleep.**



A GOOD sized check at Christmas time will spread much happiness. If you have never joined our Christmas Club, you will be surprised how easy it is to get that helpful check.

Start now with a small sum. Put away the same amount every week, and by the time fifty weeks are up, those little sums that you never missed will come back to you as one big check.

Think of the other things you need money for . . . insurance . . . your children's future . . . buying a home. Why not use the easy Christmas Club way to make the little sums of money pay for all these big things? Let us help you—Join today!

## What the different classes amount to

25c Class, deposit 25c each week, in 50 weeks \$	12.50
50c " " " " " " " "	25.00
\$ 1.00 " " " " " " " "	50.00
2.00 " " " " " " " "	100.00
5.00 " " " " " " " "	250.00
10.00 " " " " " " " "	500.00
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