Sometimes the grass may be greener in the other pasture — but it’s usually the same old bull.
It is hard to get people interested in what you used to be.
The biggest coward in the world is a man who is afraid of a new idea.
Monuments

Editor note: The National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vt.; whose slogan is "Solid as the Granite Hills of Vermont," broadcasts a program daily over Station WDEV.

Recently, Dorman B. E. Kent, who was on the program, gave a talk on monuments which interested many listeners, including one, Athol R. Bell, who suggested its use in THE QUARRIER.

Here it is, with the permission of the National Life and Mr. Kent.

PROBABLY in three hundred thousand cemeteries in this country stand memorials erected in memory of the dead.

Many (yes, perhaps most) of these cemeteries are well cared for, but tens of thousands of these last resting places have become forsaken and perhaps almost forgotten.

I have seen men and women suffering from excruciating pain—others who, old and broken are nearly deserted by their nearest of kin—all these are indeed pathetic sights to witness.

And to me—as it should be to any man with one spark of tender memory left in him—how pathetic it is, while touring the country to drive by an old burying ground, half of whose graves are sunken, and all of which have been forgotten. The whole place is covered with weeds or tall grass, the fence is liable to be down and cattle have roamed through that little God's acre again and again.

Such a sight never brings tears to my eyes but it does bring disgust to me—disgust for the voters of that town who allow such a state of affairs to exist another month.

Ever since man appeared on this earth, it has been a custom with every civilized and uncivilized race to erect memorials to their dead. Millions have been beautiful or fine and other millions have been crude, but all have done their part. So, too, have other memorials erected—not in memory of dead men and women but those places to show historic events or persons.

The squares and public parks of our great cities and small towns and villages have monuments erected in memory of statesmen, army and navy officers, and our soldiers and sailors who participated in the wars of their country. And other
monuments mark historic sites, most of which are historic or unusual and some of which are comical.

In Glover, Vt., in 1810 there occurred a curious event which was told and retold in the northern part of this state for over 75 years and even now it is not forgotten. When the first settlers reached that section, Long Pond mostly in Glover and partly in Greensboro, discharged southward into the Lamoille River. On June 6, 1810, about sixty enterprising souls decided to change its outlet so it would flow northerly into Lake Memphremagog and provide more water power on the little stream running out of Mud Pond.

They succeeded well. After a few hours of hard work, they made a small stream—but the soil proving to be quicksand, the whole pond commenced to move and they fled in terror. In fifteen minutes, the pond (a mile and a half in length) and half a mile wide was no more. The deluge roared on, sixty or seventy feet high and thirty rods wide, bringing destruction with it and carrying rocks weighing 100 tons half a mile, together with homes, barns, horses, cattle and fences.

The water reached Lake Memphremagog 27 miles away in six hours. Ever since that day, it has been alluded to as Runaway Pond. A fine highway passes through its old bed and a granite monument marks its former site.

William Scott, a young man from Groton, Vt., was the 22-year-old private soldier caught sleeping at his sentry post in Camp Lyon on the Potomac, court-martialed, sentenced to be shot and pardoned only by order of Abraham Lincoln. The facts of the case were that Scott had been on duty the night before in place of a sick comrade and a second night without sleep proved too much of a strain on the young fellow.

Lincoln—after being petitioned by the unfortunate boy’s comrades (went in person to visit Scott) and the next day the President’s order for a pardon was issued and Scott was freed. Lincoln was severely criticized for his act which opponents declared would certainly undermine the morale of the Union army and ruin military discipline. William Scott went on to serve as a good soldier and fighting man until he died under the Confederate guns at Lee’s Mills, Va., April 16, 1862.

The incident of the court-martial and pardon made the Vermont lad for a time, one of the best known soldiers in the Northern Army and the fact that he died gallantly in action made him a legendary figure.

After leaving Groton village on route U. S. 302 coming toward Orange Heights, one sees beside the highway through the low hills and sparsely settled woodland, a large granite marker on the deserted farm which shows the birthplace in 1839 of William Scott, the famous sentinel of the Civil War.

But naturally the commemorative urge has sprinkled America with some strange monuments. For example, in Columbia, South Carolina, a practical philosopher who appreciated its comforts erected a monument to a bed. Underneath the first class small brass bed is the inscription:

"Most of us are born, die and spend a third of our lives on one of these."

Of more historic interest, is part of a marble slab in the U. S. Museum of National History which is all that remains of a monument that once commemorated the spot near Weehawken,
N. J., where Alexander Hamilton was shot by Aaron Burr in 1804.

The monument became a favorite place for duelists and was destroyed to prevent the ancient so-called "art."

A similar landmark of early America is a memorial near the little town of Hansburg, Pa., where George Washington once lost his watch. The monument is still there, but George never found his watch.

Animals are immortalized by a large variety of monuments. In Cheyenne, Wyo., there stands a memorial to Prince Domingo, a bull who sired one thousand three hundred calves.

The good citizens of Lee, Mass., erected a monument to Lulu, a cow that set a world record for milk during her lifetime.

One year the farmers of Alabama saw their cotton crop destroyed by the boll weevil which forced them to diversify their crops and a new prosperity resulted. This pleased them so much they erected a huge monument to the boll weevil to show their appreciation of the lowly worm.

Eager to see the Rhode Island red hen get its just due, the people of little Compton, R. I., erected a monument

**BARANIK**

In memorial design the vertical type of memorial lends itself particularly well to the Gothic style because this style, unlike any of the other traditional styles of architecture, was developed with the express purpose of stressing the vertical and soaring lines. The BARANIK MEMORIAL while of modified Gothic detail, obtains its emphasis of verticality from the Gothic treatment of the panels, buttress-like setbacks and sharply apexed top. While the double base at first seems to produce a strong and opposing horizontal note the tapered faces modify this feeling and carry the eye inward and upward to the vertical lines of the die.—Erected in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Detroit, Mich., by Brawa & Rausch Co., Detroit, Mich., produced by Chiodi Granite Company, Barre, Vt., of Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite.
commemorating this famous breed of chickens.

Another feathered friend to man, the sea gull, boasts a granite shaft twenty feet high in Salt Lake City. It commemorates the coming of thousands of gulls in 1848 to destroy insects which were ravaging the grain fields.

And in Somers, N. Y., a bronze replica of an elephant is perched on a column where the first elephant brought to America is buried.

At Topeka, Kan., Carrie Nation the famous saloon wrecker is remembered by a sympathetic memorial and it’s a running fountain.

On the well-paved street in South Carolina, lives the editor of the local paper on the way to a well-kept cemetery. On the closely cut, vacant lot next to his residence he has erected a granite monument that bears the words:

"This stone stands here in living memory to Eve who was the ancestor of all of us."

Even though it may seem strange to you—it's a fact that about a hundred years ago tomatoes were called "love-apples," they were grown or cultivated—only in flower gardens for ornament and children were cautioned against eating them because they were believed to be poisonous.

And for dispelling this age-old superstition, a monument has been erected in memory of Michel Feline Corne in Newport, R. I., for he proved his point the easiest way by eating three tomatoes.

Many monuments have been erected to persons who never lived anywhere. Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer both survive in bronze at Hannibal, Mo., which was Mark Twain's birthplace.

Longfellow’s Evangeline—a woman, of course, who never existed—enjoys statuary immortality at St. Martinville, La.

A 22-foot, 40 ton granite replica of Santa Claus is by far the most conspicuous thing in Santa Claus, Ind., and visitors to Lake Geneva, Wis., can’t miss a statue to one of America’s most famous comic-strip characters, Andy Gump—without a collar.

Old Guys

THREE old duffers were comfortably situated in their favorite seats at the club, where they could watch the girls passing by. Two of the gents were very excited. “Gentlemen,” said the first, “I’m seventy-eight years old and last night my wife presented me with a baby daughter.” “Not bad,” added the second, “but not so good either. I’ll be eighty-five this March, and last night a son was born to my little bride.”

The third old fellow was silent for a moment. Then he sighed, and said, “My friends, let me tell you a story. I’m almost ninety. I used to hunt a lot, but I’m too old for that nonsense now. Last week I was taking a walk in the park and a rabbit bounded out of the bushes. Instinctively, I raised my cane to a shooting position, cried ‘bang! bang! . . . and the rabbit rolled over dead. The same thing happened again a few minutes later, and again, the rabbit dropped dead! What strange thing is this, I thought. Then gentlemen, I glanced behind me. Thirty feet in back of me was a young boy shooting with a real rifle!”
The movement in art and architecture, to break away from the traditional forms of the past is by no means a new one. This movement has gone through many phases, from the homely late Victorian to the present day functional. The design of the MULLIGAN MAUSOLEUM is based on a phase of the movement away from the traditional, which took on the French name of Art Nouveau. This phase adapted features from all previous styles and combined them as the designer felt appropriate. Thus the Gothic character of the doorway, and the modified buttress feature combined with the Renaissance character of the Vases and Urn bases. This architectural phase may well be compared with an earlier period when the change from the Gothic to the Renaissance was in process and which resulted in a mixture of style and motif that was frequently most pleasing in general appearance. So, the MULLIGAN MAUSOLEUM retains a pleasing general appearance and sturdy character attesting to the good taste in the combining of the varying style motifs.—Produced for the J. H. McCarthy Mont. Co., St. Louis, Mo., by Jones Brothers Company, Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass., of Wells-Lamson Select Barre Granite.
A Few Interesting Facts About Barre

Barre, Vermont, with its 19,000 acres and 12,000 population, was chartered on November 6, 1793, under the name of Wildersburgh. At the first town meeting held on March 11, 1793, the name of Wildersburgh was changed to the present name of Barre by Ezekiel Dodge Wheeler. Local tradition, however, claims that this was decided by a sparring match between Capt. Joseph Thompson and Jonathan Sherman—and won by the latter.

Nine years after the town was chartered, its present great industry of granite quarrying began. Later in 1880, many skilled workmen poured into Barre from the more important monumental producing centers of Europe—principally Italy, Scotland and Scandinavia. These men formed the nucleus of the artists and craftsmen who produced many of the most beautiful and admired of all memorials. They brought from the Old World ancient skills which had been handed down through the ages and were perfected through generations of practice.

Two remarkable masterpieces of monumental architecture can be found in Barre. The Burns Monument sponsored by the Burns Club of Barre is one of them. The design for this magnificent pedestal was furnished by William Barclay, Sr., who also contributed these memorials. The four panels were modeled by James B. King of Milford, N. H., cut by Eli Corti, and Samuel Novelli carved the statue.

The other piece of monumental design is the War Memorial—"Youth Triumphant" which was dedicated on November 11, 1924. Its sculptor was Paul Jennewine, New York City; its architect was Howell's, New York City and its carver was G. Tosi, of Barre.

Paul Harris

Back in 1905 a young Chicago lawyer tossed a pebble into the pond of human relations. With three of his clients he started the first Rotary Club. Today Chicago Rotary has more than 700 members, and there are 6,000 other clubs like it all over the world. More than 293,000 Rotarians are active in community betterment undertakings, in the promotion of ethical standards in business relations, and in the advancement of international understanding, good-will, and peace. Rotary has been criticized, and with some reason, for its failure to come to grips internationally with anti-democratic ideologies. But it was Paul Harris' idea that Rotary's greatest opportunity was in building leadership qualities in the individual Rotarian, so he could go out and take his place in the community, in his vocation, and in world affairs. Paul firmly believed the root of most of our trouble was lack of understanding, and that, as we came to know one another better, our usefulness to society would grow. Paul Harris is gone. But the pebble he cast in 1905 will continue to send out its ripples as long as civilization endures.
LAST Friday afternoon a gentleman accompanied by a very striking blonde stopped at a noted furshop and asked to see mink coats. The salesman showed them one around $3,500.00 which the man said was not good enough. The salesman showed another one at $4,500.00 and finally brought out what was considered the finest mink coat in the store at $6,000.00. The man turned to the woman and said:

"Honey, how does that suit you?"

"Very nice," she replied. "I like it."

"O.K." he said. "We'll take it."

Then the man turned to the clerk and said: "We're just up here on a visit. I come from Nashville, Tenn. Of course, you don't know who I am and I don't expect you to deliver this coat until you've found out that everything is okay. Here are my credentials, showing who I am and what I am. You can check them and when you find that everything is okay, you can deliver the coat to us at the Waldorf-Astoria probably on Monday." The salesman, delighted, said that everything would be satisfactory.

On Monday afternoon the gentleman returned to the same shop and said: "I stopped here on Friday and looked at mink coats. At that time I left certain credentials which I would like to pick up." The salesman who thought he had sold the coat, came forward and said: "We checked and found that you haven't got $6,000.00 and that your reputation in Nashville is anything but good." The man answered: "I know all that. I just stopped in for my credentials, and to thank you for a wonderful week-end."

A Problem

A MAN starts out with some eggs to barter for groceries. At the first store, he swaps half his eggs and half an egg for a loaf of bread. With his remaining eggs, he goes to a second store and swaps half his eggs and half an egg for a pound of sugar. Finally he goes to a third store where he swaps half his remaining eggs and half an egg for a yeast cake. This last transaction exhausts his supply of eggs. Considering that no eggs were cracked or broken in the process, how many eggs did he start with?

(For answer—see page 14)

Cure

A BARRE woman lay very ill. Having brought up a clever orphan girl, the sick woman called the orphan to her and said: "I shall soon leave my little children motherless. They know you and love you and after I am gone, I want you and my husband to marry."

The young woman, bursting into tears, said, "We were just talking about that."

The wife recovered.

CORRECTION

The "Orr" mausoleum and the "Childress" sarcophagus erected and described in the last issue of The Quarrier should have been credited to the Joplin Granite Co., rather than to the Joplin Monument Co. The buildings are located in Mount Hope Cemetery near Joplin. We're sorry.
Regardless of one's style preference, be it Gothic, Renaissance, Classical or functional modern, few can deny the simple and direct beauty of the Greek Doric order properly proportioned and carefully executed. The sturdy simplicity of this style is exemplified in the CAINE-MARVIN MAUSOLEUM. The entablature of the order as developed in this building has been reduced to its simplest form yet with simplicity of design made the keynote of the entire building the plain frieze completes the harmony of the composition. The bronze door while departing from the Greek pattern is in perfect accord, through delicate and careful handling of detail, the motif of which is the Rhododendron. The CAINE-MARVIN MAUSOLEUM is an outstanding example of the best in Mausoleum design, placed in a setting which does credit to the building, the family and the cemetery.—Furnished for Bristol Memorial Works, Bristol, Conn., by Jones Brothers Company, Barre, Vt., and Boston, Mass. Erected in Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, Conn. A Guardian Memorial. WELLS-LAMSON SELECT BARRE GRANITE.
An Ideal Husband Is One Who...

Is so handsome that he makes every heart flutter, but who never looks at another woman.

Makes mints of money, but never goes away on business trips, stays late at the office or plant, brings business friends home to dinner, brings work home with him at night, or drags his wife to dinner on company business.

Is capable with his hands and, if necessary, could make his living as a plumber, carpenter or electrician.

Dances divinely and plays a beautiful game of Contract, and is not averse to helping with the dishes.

Writes all bread and butter letters and letters of condolences.

Loves symphony and lectures on art and can carve perfectly.

Never sulks when constructive suggestions on how to drive a car are made.

Can find a parking space within a few yards of a theatre or other place of amusement, and pushes right ahead and gets the only remaining seats at a crowded movie.

Does not lose his hair or add an inch to his girth as time goes on.

Can be turned loose with pruning shears, sickle in a flower garden and without ruining it.

Is completely free of entangling relatives and has no recollection of his life before his marriage.

Is a man's man, but doesn't chew with his mouth open, does not leave rings on tables with wet glasses or burn places on mantel with cigarettes.

Corrects the children and never shatters discipline by taking sides with them.

Is a paragon of virtue but when things go wrong at home, humbly confesses that it is all his fault.

Old Friend

A VERMONT lady who volunteered as a Red Cross aide during the war, attended a wedding reception recently and was introduced to a handsome young man with a discharge button in his lapel.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.
"Well, you do look familiar," she said, "but I can't seem to place you."
"That's peculiar," said the young man, "the last time we met, you gave me a bath!"

Books for Everyone

Uncle Tom's Cabin—John L. Lewis
Strip Nuning—Gypsy Rose Lee
How to Pick Your Teeth—Emily Post
Free Love—Scarlett O'Hara
A Lifetime in the White House—F. D. Roosevelt
Stand By—Caesar Petrillo
The Traffic Jam—Forever Amber
Through Missouri on a Mule—Harry S. Truman
How to Start and Stop Fires—F. H. LaGuardia
Little Women—Tommy Manville
What Charles Atlas Did for Me—Frank Sinatra
Time on my Hands—Ingersoll

Book of the Weak Club:
"Where the Book Worm Turns."
A.M.A. MEMBERS PHOTOGRAPHED AT ANNUAL MEETING, STEVENS HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
JANUARY 12, 13, 14, 1947


Other A.M.A. members who attended the Annual Meeting but who were not present when photo was taken: Glenn T. McGarity, Elberton, Ga.; Edward R. Peterson, Rockford, Ill.; Donald Bohmer, St. Cloud, Minn.; and August Luckemeyer, St. Cloud, Minn.

* Leonard H. Braun, M.B.A. President, was A.M.A. guest of honor.
One a Day

THE young doctor and the young dentist shared the services of a receptionist and both fell in love with her. The dentist was called away because of a death in his family, so he sent for the receptionist and said: “I am going to be away for ten days. You will find a little present in your room.”

She went in and found ten apples.

The Cocktail Hour

BETWEEN the dark and daylight... When most of us feel pretty sour... Comes a lull for a lovely libation... That is known as the cocktail hour... It is then that the orange tree blossoms... And lemons appear by the score... The frigidaire’s merry with music... And cracker crumbs cover the floor... The Bicardi flows like Niagara... The gin bottle gurgles its tune... The grenadine’s red as a rosebud... Rare as a day in June... The ice has now frosted the shaker... The glasses go clinketty clink... And when that first cocktail goes in you... You know that you’ve guzzled a drink... A feeling of joy sneaks up on you... Your black flag of trouble is furled... In other words, baby, you’re plastered... And everything’s right with the world!—WALTER COX.

Uncertain

A STORY comes from Detroit about the reporter who was recently invited to a nudist convention in Indiana. The man who received him made one stipulation: He would have to undress to get in. The reporter went into an old barn, disrobed, took a deep breath as one about to leap into ice water, and stepped out into the open—au naturel.

Two young married couples called to him. He joined them wishing he had pockets to put his hands in.

During the introductions he said to one of the attractive young women: “I suppose it is socially proper to compliment you ladies but honestly, I scarcely know where to begin.”
Shamrocks Ain’t Irish

IT WILL surprise no loyal sons of Ireland to learn that thanks to the ignorance of an Englishman, for 400 years people have been paying tribute to a phoney shamrock.

What? The shamrock we all know is an imposter?

Right, says Rev. Hugh T. O’Neill, of Catholic University.

He reached his verdict after considerable study of plants and languages. Now he’s ready with this conclusion:

The shamrock you so often see, with the three petals resembling hearts, really is a wood sorrel. Scientists, when they want to get chummy, call it the oxalis acetosella.

The real shamrock, declares Father O’Neill, is the small hop clover. Its petals are smaller, and it’s a true clover. Indeed, he adds, the very word “shamrock” means clover.

Father O’Neill, a merry-eyed priest with an astounding range of knowledge, told a reporter that as far as he can tell, the original error was made in 1571. The Englishman Campion, writing in his “History of Ireland,” apparently became confused because the Gaelic words for clover and wood sorrel are quite similar.

Other authors, probably rewriting Campion, repeated the error.

But Father O’Neill is ready to forgive and forget.

He said the mistake was an easy one to make, and that maybe it would be wise not to stress that the Irish shamrock has been messed up by an English boner.

“Great heavens, man,” he added cheerfully. “There’s no sense in starting another war!”

How Old?

A young girl talking to her grandfather asked: “Grandfather, how old does a girl have to be to get married?”

To which Grandfather replied: “She must be old enough, yet young enough, big enough yet little enough, wise enough yet dumb enough, weak enough yet strong enough, to chase a man until he catches her.”

Choice

A Vermont boy living back in the hills had been calling on his girl for more than a year when the father finally cornered him one night and asked: “Tell me, you been seein’ Nellie for nigh onto a year and a half. What are yer intentions—honorable or dishonorable?”

The eyes of the backwoods boy sparkled: “You mean I got a choice?”

Lie

The parrot was sound asleep in his cage, so Willie got a big, colored Easter egg and put it inside. Then he woke the parrot up. The parrot took one look at the egg and squawked, “That’s a lie!”
What Price Glory?

THE late winter months of 1944 found our armed forces in battle on fronts the world over. In early March raged the battle of Iwo when a 100-yard advance by our Marines made headlines. Victory, at a price, came on March 16—after 26 days of bitter warfare. Losses were heavy: 4,189 Marines gave their lives; the wounded totaled 14,308, missing, 441.

From Dickens' "Haunted Man" comes a phrase that should be on our lips today: "Lord, keep my Memory Green..."

The Purple Heart, the medal they give for wounds received in action, was a dark blotch in his hand. "How much?" he asked firmly.

(The day was gray and sticky when the landing boats started for the beach. "This is it," you kept telling each other.)

The pawnbroker's eyes were kindly as he handed the medal back to the boy. "I couldn't take it, son. That's something you'll want to keep."

(You were on the beach. Where were the Japs? You couldn't see them. Your nose dug deep in the sand.)

"I've gotta have some bucks," the boy said. "Let me pawn it for a week. By then—"

The pawnbroker ran a hand through his hair in an embarrassed gesture. "Look, son, haven't you got something else—a watch or a ring? This medal means a lot to you but it's got no real value."

"No value?" the boy asked.

(The big sound didn't come, not for you. Just that awful light and later, the pain in your leg.)

The pawnbroker was talking again. "Like I said, I can't take the medal. But here's a couple of bucks, on the house."

It happened in Chicago, says Chicago Daily News.

Answer to Problem—7 eggs.
Faith

IN THE orient they tell the story of a hell that is 10,000 miles deep. Every 10,000 years a god lets down a thread as thin as a spider’s web, and every condemned soul who has faith can climb up 10,000 miles until he gets out. One time the god let down the thread and one poor soul saw it and had faith. He started to climb up and up until he saw daylight. Then, just as he was putting his foot over the edge, he looked down and saw all hell climbing up after him on the same thread. He lost faith. “Let go! Let go! This is mine!” he yelled down and the god snapped the thread and cast him and all the other condemned souls back into Hades.

Today the entire world is attempting to climb from the bottomless pit of international rancor and strife, and our only hope of rescue is the very thin thread of international cooperation. We shall win this struggle together or together we shall be plunged into the darkness of despair. We can reach our goal only if we have faith — faith in each other. It is the only means of escape offered so far.—(Words written by Richard C. Hedke, “Nations Are People,” in the March Rotarian.

Ladder of Success

100%—I did
90%—I will
80%—I can
70%—I think I can
60%—I might try
50%—I suppose I should
40%—What is it?
30%—I wish I could
20%—I don’t know
10%—I can’t
0%—I won’t

Viewpoint

A woman social worker in the Vermont Welfare Department called on a poverty-stricken housewife with a brood of dirty, hungry children. A woman to woman talk followed, during which time the poor mother unfolded her story — hunger and privation, two boys headed for reform school, and a drunken husband who loafed and stole the rent money.

The social worker had confided a few minor details of her own personal life, including the fact she was a spinster.

Hearing of her visitor’s unmarried state, the housewife was filled with pity and compassion, “Oh, dearie,” she sobbed, “I can feel for you. Ain’t it hell to be an old maid?”

Punishment

The man who weds a “fashion plate”
May find to his dismay
That maidens who “dress to kill”
Quite often cook that way.

FIFTEEN
A kiss that speaks volumes is seldom the first edition.

* Every man likes to see a broad smile—especially if she smiles at him.

Ducks: Chickens with snowshoes.

* All some girls know about cooking is how to bring a guy to a boil.

Many a belch is a message from departed spirits.

* Just because a man is polished is no sign he has a clean mind.

Modern girls are fond of nice clothes, but they are not entirely wrapped up in them.

* Marriage is a committee of two with power to add to their numbers.

She was boy crazy but outgrew it. Now all she thinks of is men.

* Courtship is that period when a girl wraps a man around her little finger preparatory to putting him under her thumb.

* Any girl can handle the beast in a man if she's cagey enough.

Wolf: A dame hunter.

Honeymoon sandwich: Just lettuce alone.

Debutante: A bareback with greenbacks.

She: Thanks for the hug.
He: The pressure is all mine.

* Her dress was tight
She could hardly breathe—
She sneezed aloud—
And there stood Eve.

Then there was the mountaineer who put a silencer on his shotgun because his daughter wanted a quiet wedding.

* Another good way to get a trouble off your mind is to go in for horseback riding—especially if you've never ridden a horse.

The press report tells of an explorer who captured, in the jungles of the Amazon, a wild woman who can't talk. That, without question, is why she is wild.

* A woman looks at the way another woman's dress fits.

More women are going for antiques, says a noted dealer. But then, older men are steadier.

* Many a fellow comes out of his shell when a girl eggs him on.
When two egotists meet, it's a case of I for an I.
Consider the Oyster: with a little grit it can produce a pearl of great value.