

NUGGETS

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NUGGETS

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THE GREATEST pleasure I know
is to do a good action by stealth,
and to have it found out by
accident. —Charles Lamb.

THE
Butterworth Mortuary

**1921 First Avenue
SEATTLE, WASH.**

NUGGETS

Yuletide Thoughts



AGAIN the holiest and
most venerated day
in all the year approaches.

Already we are knee-deep in that happy season when, as with one accord, men and women open their shut-up hearts freely to the influx of the joyous Yuletide Spirit.

The spirit of "good times" — kind, generous, forgiving, charitable, delightful times—is abroad in the land, making glad the hearts of everyone.

We have cause to be thankful—profoundly thankful. Our misfortunes during the year, however bitter they may have seemed to us, were trivial in comparison with the innumerable blessings that have been showered upon us.

Though everything else be taken from us, there remains faith, hope and love—and the greatest of these is love, the imperishable, the ever-present. It is this Greatest Thing in the World—"love in expression"—whose divinest example we soon shall celebrate, and seek to emulate as far as lies within our feeble means.

In our city Christmas will be observed much as in other cities. In many homes on Christmas morning there will be a fond exchange of tokens of love; and little folks will rise to be greeted with gorgeous Yuletrees bountifully laden with treasures that delight the childish heart.

It is good that this should be so.

But in many other homes Christmas will be just another weary day for careworn hearts to struggle through, amid cold and hunger and perhaps pain; and little folks who, in the simple faith of childhood, pinned their stockings by the chimney, will awake to find them empty—and then crawl back in their little beds to weep, broken-hearted, because Santa Claus failed to stop at their house—they were too poor!

This must not be.

In a city that boasts of a Christian population there should not be a single family or a solitary person left in need of food, clothing, fuel, shelter or medical attention on that day when all Christendom celebrates the birth of Him whose ministrations to the poor and afflicted compel alike the love and reverence of the faithful and the admiration of the unbeliever. There should not be a child left without some toy that it may love and cherish as a memento of that happy day when his faith in Santa Claus, though broken for the moment, was renewed and strengthened by some generous scout of the jolly Dutch saint.

Our citizens have been reasonably prosperous, and they are and will ever be generous, so there is little danger that any unfortunate will be neglected if he can be found.

But it must be kept in mind that often those unfortunates most deserving of Christian charity are least likely to place themselves in the way to receive it. We should therefore seek them out and report all such cases to our religious and fraternal organizations engaged in dispensing Christmas cheer.

There is pleasure and satisfaction in the knowledge that you have contributed generously to a common fund for such a purpose, but it does not equal the thrill that comes from the realization that you are personally responsible for bringing relief and cheer to a certain needy home.

We gladly seize this opportunity to extend to every one of our readers the wish that this gracious and hallowed season may be filled to overflowing with undiluted joy and happiness.

Sincerely yours,

G. M. Butterworth

A Prayer

LET me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair o'ercome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking o'er the verdant hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of a silent river, when a quiet light glowed within me. And I promise to have courage amid the tempests of changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments; may I not forget that poverty amid riches are of the spirit though the world know me not.

May my thoughts and actions be such as will keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the use of the stars; forbid that I judge others lest I condemn myself; let me not follow the clamor of the world but walk calmly in my path.

Give me but a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope, and though age and infirmity overtake me and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for oldtime memories that are good and sweet, and may the evening twilight find me gentler still.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Our Treasures

My friend has lands of vast estate
And many goods of earthly store,
But I have roses o'er my gate
And Love to greet me at the door.

We both are rich, my friend and I,
Tho each one thinks the other poor.
He owns the land, I claim the sky;
Whose treasures are the more secure?
Mine are the blossoms and the dawn,
The raptured song of every bird
When sunrise gems the dewy lawn;
His heart a thrush has never stirred.

Mine are the beauties of the wood,
Rare sunsets and soft crooning rain;
My neighbor never understood
Pan piping down a June-brimmed lane.
And he has troubles for his part
That vex and worry him the while—
I have contentment in my heart,
The thrill that comes when babies smile.

But he is rich and I am poor,
So are we gauged by worldly rate;
Yet you would follow me, I'm sure,
Where Love trails roses o'er the gate.

—*F. B. F.*

Not to be Trusted

A cantankerous, argumentative person had called on the vicar to discuss some local matter. In the course of his remarks he explained most emphatically that he was an atheist.

"But, surely," said the vicar, "you consider the Ten Commandments, broadly speaking, to be an excellent rule of life?"

"No, sir, I do not!" replied the man, almost savagely.

The vicar rang his bell. "Jane," he said to the servant girl when she appeared, "show this gentleman to the door, and keep your eye on him till he is safely beyond reach of my hat and coat in the hall."—*London Post*.

Wisdom in a Phrase

WHEN President Eliot, of Harvard, was asked how he accounted for his good health and vigorous mind at his advanced age—he is in his eighty-eighth year—he included in his reply this significant phrase:

"A calm temperament expectant of good."

Here is a phrase of only six words, but one of concentrated wisdom. Others have expressed the same idea differently but none so felicitously as did

President Eliot. This phrase is an inclusive definition of optimism, for the optimist calmly looks on the bright side of things, and the bright side is expected to bring forth good.

To be sure, a calm temperament is denied to many, and it is difficult to acquire, but anyone, if he choose, can live his daily life "expectant of good."

President Eliot has clothed an old idea in new words, and the more they are pondered the more effective they appear, the more worth while to be stored in one's mind. Old age cannot be prevented, but its unpleasant mental manifestations may be retarded to a degree, without doubt, by a "calm temperament expectant of good."

The One Great Truth

"THE ONE GREAT TRUTH to which we all need to come, is that a successful life lies not in doing this, or going there, or possessing something else; it lies in the quality of our daily life. It is just as surely success to be just and courteous to servants or companions or the chance comer as it is to make a noted speech before an audience, or write a book, or make a million dollars. It is an achievement on the spiritual side of things; it is the extension of our life here into the spiritual world that is, alone, of value."

SCREENINGS

If you want to "get ahead," first learn to use the one you have.

A bold front often indicates a weak back. The man who has the stuff in him never attempts to bluff.

The "maddest" man in the world is the fellow who has been trimmed while he was trying to trim some one else.

Don't knock the fellow who talks of nothing but the weather—at any rate, he isn't knocking anybody.

When everybody adopts the rule of how much they can give for what they receive, instead of how little they can give for what they get, the high cost of living will be lowered.

A man's backbone should be long enough to keep him from sitting down when he ought to be on his feet, and strong enough to

keep him on his feet when he gets there.—*Exchange.*

Possibly the dentists call their offices dental "parlors" because "drawing rooms" might sound too suggestive.

The three balls over a pawnbroker's shop probably signifies that the chances are two to one that you won't come back.

"The main difference 'twixt me and my boy Jim," explained an old farmer, "is that when I put in a day at work I don't feel like runnin' around nights, and when Jim puts in a night runnin' around, he don't feel much like workin' days."

—*Rotary Punch.*

A new toast: "The Ladies!—God dress 'em—we can't!"

When the family must choose between beefsteak and silk stockings for

daughter, it has bean soup for dinner.—*Boston Post.*

A western evangelist makes a practice of painting religious epigrams on rocks and fences along public highways. One ran: "What will you do when you die." Along came a patent medicine man and painted under it: "Use Delta Oil. Good for burns."

The character of jazz music (?) is aptly illustrated in this little incident. A young couple was dining at a cafe. Suddenly the young man rose from the table, saying, "Shall we dance, Miss Flopper?" His companion smiled, and replied: "That wasn't the orchestra starting up. One of the waiters just dropped a tray of dishes."

It is said that an unsophisticated farmer's son went to the city to seek his fortune. Two weeks passed without a word from him. Then one afternoon his father received the following note: "Dear

Father—Meet me under the old bridge after dark. Bring with you a blanket or a suit of clothes. I have a hat."

London restaurants now provide crimson-tipped cigarettes for women smokers, so if the lip rouge comes off it won't show on the cigarette. Perhaps the next step will be to provide the gentlemen dancers with white evening coats.

"Henry," said his Sunday School teacher, "can you tell me what an inebriate is?"

Little Henry vaguely remembered the word "invertebrate," which he had learned in his zoology lessons, and "inebriate" sounded so much like it that he replied: "Yes, ma'am. It's an animal without a backbone."

Perhaps these jokes are stale, but smile and laugh like fury; you might some day be cast in jail, and we'd be on your jury!—

Adscript.

A Puzzler

HERE is a little story that is going the rounds of the electrical trade papers. Though seemingly simple enough, if you relate the transaction to three people, you are likely to get three different answers.

A man came into an electrical store with an electric iron needing a slight repair. He waited until the job was finished, and being told that it would cost a dollar, handed the dealer a five-dollar bill. The dealer was unable to make change, so the customer said:

"I haven't another cent, and I must take the iron back with me. Let me have a dollar and I'll come back for the bill tomorrow."

The dealer consented, took the five-dollar bill, and handed the customer a dollar and the iron. The following day the man returned, gave the dealer four dollars and received his five-dollar bill back.

Was this a profitable transaction for the dealer?

Improving Our Calendar

FEW people are aware of the fact that a concerted effort is on foot to do away with our calendar and substitute a new and improved edition. Scientists and economists have

claimed for twenty-five years that the calendar we now use can be and should be improved, and they have come to the conclusion that this reconstruction period is a good time to undertake the task. They say that our calendar is "a curious hodge-podge" and that a more senseless and inconvenient arrangement could hardly be conceived.

The weeks do not fit the months, and the months are of uneven and irregular lengths. It is impossible without consulting a printed calendar to know on what day of the week a future day of the month will fall; neither can we tell on what day of the month a given week day will fall, without "looking it up." This is often inconvenient in the conduct of business and social duties. Wages are often in dispute when an employee, working by the month, quits at the end of any week previous to the end of the month—because the week is not an integral part of the month. Millions of people work by the month, and yet there is no standard month. We have standardized almost everything except our measure of time—the very thing we use the most.

So much for the arguments presented by the champions of the proposed change. We have not space to elaborate and exemplify them.

Changing the calendar is not such a startling and ultra modern idea as many of us may think. This country did business under the old Julian calendar for 130 years. George Washington was a

lad of twenty when we changed over to the present form.

Prior to the world war, there was strong public sentiment in Europe in favor of calendar reform, and a bill to this effect was introduced in the British Parliament in 1914. Then came the war and everything was upset for the time being.

In 1918, right after the close of the war, a company of Northwestern business men decided they would take advantage of the reconstruction movement and endeavor to push calendar reform to a conclusion. Independently, and without knowledge of the European plans looking to the same end, they devised and championed what has come to be known as the American, or Liberty Calendar. It has been pronounced by experts to be absolutely the last word in scientific calendar construction. These men incorporated an association, elected a board of directors, and are carefully considering plans for bringing about the improvement. Their first step was to have Hon. Thomas D. Schall, of Minnesota, to introduce "The Liberty Calendar Bill" in the House of Representatives. We do not know what action, if any, has been taken on it.

In a speech recommending the bill, Representative Schall said, in part: "We have replaced the old-time hand sickle with the modern self-binder, we have replaced the ox-cart with the automobile, we have replaced the wooden plow with the farm tractor, and it will be a sad reflection on the intelli-

gence of this age of telephones, wireless telegraphy and airplanes if we shall not be able to substitute for this cumbersome calendar of the ancients a modern and convenient form."

The Julian calendar was introduced by Julius Caesar in B. C. 46, and slightly modified by Augustus. The year consisted of 365 days, every fourth or leap year having 366 days. The months had the same names, order and length as now.

Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582 A. D., introduced the calendar now in use, and which is known as the Gregorian calendar. It was not adopted in Great Britain and the English colonies in America until 1752. Since the Julian year is about eleven minutes longer than the astronomical year, the date of the vernal equinox had, since 325 A. D., become displaced by ten days. In order to restore it, Pope Gregory suppressed ten days by ordaining that October 5, 1582, should be called October 15. In other respects the Gregorian calendar is the same as the Julian.

The proposed American, or Liberty Calendar comprises thirteen months of exactly four weeks each, each week having seven days. The names and the order of the months are: January, February, Liberty, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December. Each month begins on Monday, which will be designated as the first day of the week, Sunday being the seventh day. Thus, every day in the

month has its fixed place in the week, and could easily be memorized. For example, the first, eighth, fifteenth and twenty-second days of any month would always fall on Monday. The Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas would always fall on Thursday. It is an interesting fact that July 4, 1776, was Thursday.

Now thirteen months of 28 days each would make a year of only 364 days. To make up the shortage of one day, New Year Day is to be regarded as an extra-calendar day, to be observed as a holiday, but not to be known or named as any day of the month or week. Leap years are taken care of in the same manner. Leap Year Day is also to be a holiday, and is inserted (but as no part of the calendar year) between the last day of June and the first day of July.

We present these facts, not as propaganda, but as something which may be interesting to our readers. Undoubtedly our present calendar can be improved, and must be improved, eventually—and so the ardent supporters of the Liberty Calendar are asking, “why not now?”

Those sufficiently interested may secure a copy of the Liberty Calendar Bill, H. R. No. 13574, from the Government Printing Office, at Washington.

It is pleasant to have people love you even when they don't know you. But far sweeter is the love of a friend who has found you out and still loves you.

Wisdom From the Long Ago

COMMON sense never goes out of style. If we are as liberal minded as we like to have others believe we are, we can relish the wise cracks made by the ancients quite as much as though we had made them ourselves. Following we quote a number of interesting “fossils” that have been dug up from the debris of ancient and mediaeval wisdom.

Nothing venture, nothing have.—*French*.

Through not spending enough, we spend too much.—*Spanish*.

A spot is most seen on the finest cloth.—*French*.

Advice, like water, takes the form of the vessel it is poured into.—*Hindoo*.

Today is yesterday's pupil.—*Old English*.

Lofty towers fall down with the greatest crash.—*Horace*.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without aim.—*Cato*.

Who moves, picks up; who stands, dries up.—*Italian*.

To spoil what is good by unreasonableness is like letting off fireworks in the rain.—*Chinese*.

To avoid great faults, beware of small ones.—*German*.

A thing too much seen is little prized.—*French*.

They who seek only for faults, see nothing else.
—*Scotch.*

Follow the river and you will get to the sea.—
Gaelic.

He that would look before him must look behind
him.—*Gaelic.*

A single fact is worth a shipload of argument.—
Old English.

Take everybody's advice—then use your own.—
Scotch.

The way to make ourselves admired is to be what
we expect to be thought.—*Socrates.*

He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure.—
Chinese.

Wilful waste brings woeful want.—*Spanish.*

Keeping from falling is better than helping up.—
Italian.

Fairest gems lie deepest.—*Italian.*

We carry our neighbor's failings in sight; we
throw our own over our shoulders.—*French.*

The shortest answer is doing the thing.—*Old
English.*

A man does not seek his luck; luck seeks its
man.—*Turkish.*

The branch is seldom better than the stem.—
Danish.

To commit an error is bad; to ignore one is
worse.—*Hindoo.*

THE HILLS OF REST

Beyond the last horizon's rim,
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene, and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift,
The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
To soothing note, on scented wing;
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there; the days of dream
That built the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years of deem,
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold,
I'll follow day into the west;
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

THE ROAD TO YOUTH

Since I resolved to look for joys
In all created things,
To turn my back on what annoys,
And hush all murmurings;

To look upon my neighbor as
A man who means me well,
And let the cloud that lowers pass
All heedless of its spell;

To seek the brighter side of all
That comes athwart my way,
And every morning to recall
Some happy bygone day;

To thrust from out my heart and mind
All evil thoughts, and mean,
And everywhere I glance to find
Some beauty in the scene,

I find that though my days increase
My years diminish. Truth
To tell, the method brings me peace,
And holds me close to Youth!

—John Kendrick Bangs.