

Maggie and Jiggs at the Golden Gate
 St. Peter stood guard at the Golden gate
 With a solemn mien and an air se-date
 When up to the top of the golden stair
 Maggie and Jiggs, ascending there,
 Applied for admission; they came and stood
 before St. Peter so great and good;
 In hope the city of peace to win,
 And asked St. Peter to let them in.

Maggie was tall and dark and thin,
 With a scraggly beardlet in her chin.
 Jiggs was short and thick and stout,
 And his stomach was built so it rounded out.
 His face was pleased and all the while
 He wore a kindly and genial smile.
 The choir in the distance the echoes woke,
 And Jiggs kept still while Maggie spoke.

"O thou who guardest the gate," said she,
 "We two come hither beseeching thee
 To let us enter the heavenly land,
 And play our harps with the angel band.
 Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
 There's nothing from heaven to bar me out.
 I've been to meeting three times a week,
 And almost always I'd rise and speak.
 'Tis told the sinners about the day
 When they'd repent of their evil way;
 I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em all
 'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall.
 I've shown them what they'd have to do
 If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
 I've marked their path of duty clear—
 career.

"I've talked and talked to 'em, loud and long,
 For my lungs are good and my voice is strong.
 So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
 The gate of heaven is open for me.
 But Jiggs here, I regret to say,
 Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way;
 He smokes and swears and grave faults he's got,
 So I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,
 Or to go to revival, or join in a hymn.
 While I the sins of my neighbors bore,
 He gadded about with that Dinty Moore.
 He made a practice of staying out late,
 Which is a sin all women hate;
 But at last when he did come home,
 The rolling pin went straight for his dome.

"I know him, St. Peter, know him well;
 To escape from me he'd go to hell.
 But, St. Peter, I need him here,
 And hope you can see your way clear.
 On earth I bore a heavy cross;
 Give me in heaven still Jiggs to boss.
 I've brought my rolling pin, plates and jars,
 To keep him dodging among the stars.

"But, say, St. Peter, it seems to me
 This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
 You ought to stand right by the opening there,
 And never sit down in that easy chair.
 And, say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
 But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed.
 They're cut too wide with an outward toss;
 They'd look better narrow and straight across."

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,
 But in spite of his office he had to laugh;
 Then said with a fiery gleam in his eye:
 "Who's tending this gate, Maggie, you or I?"
 Then he arose in his stature tall,
 And pressed a button upon the wall,
 And said to the imp who answered the bell:
 "Escort this female around to hell."

Slowly Jiggs turned, by habit bent,
 To follow wherever Maggie went.
 St. Peter, standing on duty there,
 Saw that the top of his head was bare.
 He called the old boy back and said:
 "Jiggs, how long hast thou been wed?"
 "Thirty year" (with a weary sigh)—
 And then he thoughtfully added,
 "Why?"

St. Peter was silent with head bent down;
 He raised his hand and scratched

his crown;
 Then, seeming a different thought to take,
 Slowly half to himself he spake:
 "Thirty years with the woman there,
 No wonder the man hasn't any hair.
 Swearing is wicked; smoking's not good;
 He smoked and swore—I should think he would!"

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp—
 Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp;
 A Jewelled harp with a golden string.
 Good sir, pass in where the angels sing.
 A! Gabriel gave him a seat alone,
 One with a cushion, up near the throne.
 Call up some angels to play their best;
 For Jiggs has surely earned a rest.
 "See that on finest ambrosia he feeds,
 He's had about all the hell he needs,
 isn't hardly the thing to do—
 To roast him on earth and in the future too."
 They gave him a harp with golden strings,
 A glittering robe and a pair of wings.
 And Jiggs, looking down from his high level,
 Thought of Maggie and felt sorry for the devil.
 —George Bradshaw, in *Pere Marquette Magazine*.

SUNBURN
 As a preventive, apply Vicks Vapo-rub before going into the sun. Rub well in. To relieve the burn, apply Vicks Vapo-rub. Do not rub in.



THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME
 By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WHERE TO MEET

A bad beginning makes a bad ending.—Euripides.

ACCORDING to strict etiquette, of course, a young man, if he has an appointment with a young woman, meets her at her own home, and escorts her from thence to their destination. He does not suggest that she meet him at the corner drug store or that they make their rendezvous at a park bench under a certain tree or the lobby of a certain hotel or the public library reading room or a railroad station waiting room.

However, for practical purposes this rule cannot always be carried out. The busy young man, who works at some distance from the residence section of town, sometimes finds that he is quite unable to take the time needed to get to a young woman's home and then accompany her to the theater or party as they have planned. There is then no very sensible reason why he should not feel free to ask the young woman to meet him half way. That is, of course, unless they are members of the ultra formal society in which such a thing would be looked upon askance. There is nothing inherently ill-bred about it. Then, too, the young woman and young man who work in the same neighborhood often find it convenient to meet each other after business hours for dinner or the theater. It would be absurd to insist that they have to meet them in the young woman's home. But one or two simple rules ought to be observed in this matter of meeting outside of one's own home. A young man ought never to set a time for such a rendezvous as an hour when he is not sure to be free. He should always strive to be at the appointed place in advance of the time set, so that the young girl will not be the one kept waiting. The young woman, on the other hand, while she should not keep the young man waiting, should not arrive ahead of time.

It is never in good form to make your rendezvous a hotel lobby or reception room unless you are planning to have luncheon or dinner there. There are some people, to be sure, who make use of the hotels in this way, but it is in rather poor taste. Even when planning to meet a young woman for luncheon or dinner at a hotel it is better to arrange to meet her in the reception room than in the lobby where she must usually walk or stand or at least encounter something of a crowd.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

CYNICAL



"Any casualties in the paper?"
 "Two engagements and one marriage."

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

MERELY ROTATING

AMONG the restless men and women of this nervous age are those who take up their pursuits much in the manner of spinsters who are given to knitting and dreaming.

Often they start to crochet a muffler and end by playing whist.

They are good-hearted souls, but moved mostly by impulse.

When the spirit stirs them they are off in a flash, but in a little while they toss aside their work, stare vacantly about, dab their noses with powder, light a cigarette or take a nap.

They are not in tune with the higher activities of the serious-minded.

Their happiness, if they have any at all, reposes on a precarious base. They nod pleasantly enough, smile benignly and tell the less fortunate what should be done to set mankind on a higher pedestal.

Yet these would-be instructors have no valid interest in vital things, no goal to which they are pressing their way, no thought beyond themselves. They are merely rotating in their own prescribed orbit.

Living in ease on money earned and saved by frugal ancestors, they find their greatest pleasure in feigning wisdom and handing out advice.

Their intentions are good from top to bottom. They are neither better nor worse than the common run of mortals, being generally amiable and kind, their counsel is usually disregarded.

Even the man that digs ditches stops his ears, for in his opinion he is judge and jury unto himself, and such a plender in his court will not be tolerated.

To do the most good in this world, we should become one of the world by intimate association, speak its language, read the hearts of the lowly, understand their yearnings, win their affection and confidence.

Failure to do these things will put a brake on any ennobling purpose.

Lincoln knew the hearts of men, because he was one of them.

He understood their unspoken language. They were always hungry for his words of wisdom, willing always to follow his leadership without question or quibble, for the reason that they were confident of his sincerity in their welfare and sure of his friendship.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

ANGELA

ANGEL-LIKE is the translation of Angela, from the Greek angelos, meaning messenger, which the Romans interpreted as "heavenly messenger" and hence "angel." Angelos first became proper in the Byzantine empire. It is believed to have begun as an epithet since it comes to light in Konstantinos Angelos, a young man of noble family whose beauty caused him to be the choice of the Princess Theodora Komena in 1109. Because of the beauty of the family, Angelos became its surname.

The misdirected crusade of the Venetians brought it to Greece and a monastic saint, who preached at Palermo and was afterward murdered by a wicked count whose evil deeds he had rebuked, was one of the first to bear the name. The Carmelites claimed St. Angelo as a saint of their order and the name, in both its masculine and feminine forms, caught the fancy of Italy.

It became popular in the other nations, due perhaps to its inseparable associations with beauty, and also to the fashion of complimenting women as angels. The derivative Angelica is noted in romance as the faithless lady for whose sake Orlando lost his heart and senses. But she was a gratuitous invention of Bolardo and Ariosto, for Spanish ballads and earlier Italian poets make him the faithful husband of Aida. However, Angelica obtained that character for beauty which has made the name popular through the centuries. It has been a particular favorite with authors through all ages of literature, particularly in mid-Victorian fiction, where its heritage of fragile, virtuous beauty fitted it exceptionally for the name of its heroines. Angela, from time immemorial, has been applied to the fluffy, youthful, unsophisticated type with curly hair and wide innocent blue eyes.

The French call her Angélique and Angéline. England has evolved the derivative Angelot. Angiola, Angioletta and Angiolotta are the Italian forms. The Teutonic versions are Engel and Engelchen. Ancela is Polish and Anjela and Anjelina have been evolved in Bohemian.

It is fitting that the pure beauty of Angela should have the pearl as her talismanic jewel. It assures her charm and purity and popularity. Should she dream of pearls, she will find new faithful friends. Monday is her lucky day, when she wears a pearl, and 7 her lucky number.

(© by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

He Who Signs Must MAKE GOOD

A responsible man puts his name to a piece of paper and it becomes a check—the equivalent of money.

He signs his name on another piece of paper and it becomes an endorsed note—good for money.

The adding of the name makes things solemn and legal obligations.

The man who signs is responsible.

Just so with an advertisement—the moment a man signs his name to it he has made a pledge to the public.

He is bound by his word as much as if he signed a check or note. He must do what he promised on the terms he promised.

If he does not, he courts business disaster. The man who advertises a lie publicly proclaims himself a liar. Such men are seldom in business but frequently in asylums.

It is safer to buy advertised articles than nondescriptive ones. It is safer to deal with merchants who advertise than with those who do not.

An advertisement is a signed pledge of good faith to the public.

See the merchants and manufacturers who welcome the chance to back their goods and products with their names "In Our Home Town."

PASSING A GOOD THING ALONG

Cooperation is the Big Idea in Modern Industry—Team Work is the thing that counts. —Elbert Hubbard.

Cooperate locally. Advertise your merchandise and your local district, with special sale days. Or, at least, if you are really red-blooded American with live interests in the local welfare at large and want to keep the trade at home—Advertise in your local papers and have faith in local advertisements.

Herbert Kaufman says: "When you lose faith in yourself, or your business, your main spring has run down, the rest of the work is useless."

Give us a month contract in advertising your merchandise. You'd do one or all of these things—You pass, a good thing along. There's no other advertising like it.

One month of advertising in the DEMOCRAT will bring results far above your expectations.

The Watauga Democrat
 SINCE 1838