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View of Mr. Grouch View of Mr. Grin

THE years are all a bore to me, And I confess I cannot see Why any one should celebrate A mere new figure on the slate Of Time. The days just drag along; They're full of woe and pain and

With only here and there a streak Of pleasure. Seven make a week, And thirty days a month we call, Twelve months a year, and-well,

THE PESSIMIST.

THE years are all a joy to me, For in them each and all I see So much of beauty and delight Surviving all decay and blight. It makes my heart a shrine of song As God's good years just glide along.

I'm very glad to be alive Three hundred days and sixty-

And so I celebrate with cheer The coming of another year. THE OPTIMIST.

The Verdict

ONT look so gloomy, Mr. Grouch!

Your visage hurts a fellow-Or so in length. Do try to smile! Just take a glance at Mr. Grin

And get his viewpoint-now, begin! This world of ours is middling fair; There's lots of space and light and

And many other pleasant things Enjoyed by common folks and kings. Since life appears so dark to you Just get the sunshine point of view, And I say ten to one you'll find The world is comfy-like and kind. At any rate, if I'm the judge My verdict's this-and I won't

budge An inch to either side. I say It pays to smile-just any day. So, Mr. Grouch, you lose your case;

Your sentence is a year's disgrace. And as for you, good Mr. Grin, The court hereby decides you win.





Traps That Await English Speaking Tourists In Portugal.

THERE ARE NO TOES THERE.

But, Then, One Has Twenty Fingers to Make Up the Loss, Fingers of the Hand and Fingers of the Foot-Oddities of the Verb "to Walk."

The Englishman or American in Portugal who thinks in his own language and tries to speak in the language of the country he is visiting is a great smile producer.

For instance, you never marry any body in Portugal unless-strange paradox-you happen to be a priest. You marry "with" your beloved Maria, and the priest marries you both. In the same way you never dream about any-body, but always "with" them. When the landlady at your boarding

house is ladling out your soup you call out, "Arrive." You are telling her to arrive at the stopping point-in other words, that you don't want more than she has put out. When you see a child that you want to fondle at the other side of the room you say to her, "Arrive here." And the child prompt-

In England when we speak of walking we refer to a certain use of the legs. But the Portuguese verb "to walk" has many more significations. In Portugal not only do the people walk, but also the carts and cars walk. the trains walk, a balloon walks, and a boat walks. Stranger still, the hands of a clock walk round the face! A clock, by the way, never goes; it

Unless you are very intimate or very rude you never say to your fair part-ner at dinner, "Will you have some bread?" etc. You inquire, "Will your excellency have some bread?" or, "Will the lady have some bread?" the "lady" meaning not some other lady, but your fair partner herself.

In spite of winter you are never cold In spite of winter you are never cold in Portugal unless you are a corpse You are "with" cold. In the same way you are occasionally "with" heat, "with" headache, "with" hunger or "with" thirst. When you have occasion to discuss the weather you say. "It 'makes' cold." "It 'makes' fog." etc. On your way home from an en tertainment you tell your companion that it "makes" dark.

If speaking of her husband a wife says he is a "tame" man. She merely means that he is a man of peace and justice.

The word "house" means more than with us. Your buttons share your own privilege of living in a house. The burtonholes are called "houses of the buttons." The squares on a chess-board are also "houses." You don't say. "I'm going to shave." You say "I'm going to do' the beard." Neither do you say on the way to the bar ber's, "I'm going to get my hair cut." but you say. "I'm going to cut my

When you are in Portugal you have twenty fingers, but no toes. If you want to make a distinction you say "fingers of the hand" or "fingers of the foot." Instead of telling the servant to set the table you tell her to "put" it. When you go to the theater you "assist." You don't mean by that that you "come on" nor even that you do a little scene shifting. You mean that you are there

Residents in flats who meditate tak ing a holiday in Portugal will be relieved to hear that no one plays the piano there. They merely "touch" it Neither do they ring bells. They "touch" them also. But they "play" stones, meaning that they throw them, and a ship at sea "plays" when it pitches and tosses.

Be careful how you tell your land lady that you intend to dine out or she may think, with a shrug of the shoulders. that you intend dining "outside"-i. e., in the garden. In answer to the kind inquiries of vone friends don't say that you are well say that you are "good." Be careful your use of words. Some words similar in form are widely different in meaning, as an American missionary once discovered to his cost when preaching in Brazil, once a Portugue colony. His subject was "The Prodi gat Son," and he gravely informed his hearers that when the young man rethe fatted beetle! But he had merely made a mistake in one solitary vowell

A "sleeping" bridge means a bridge that is immovable (not a drawbridge) Stagnant water also "sleeps" So de trucks or trains that wait anywhere during the night. When they laugh in Portugal they "untle themselves to laugh," and when they cry they "und make themselves in tears." A persist make themselves in tears." A persist unlucky that if I fell on my back I should break my nose!"-London An-

Hopeful Names.

Two bright looking colbred boys about seven years of age laughingly accosted a lawyer on the street. The man stopped and asked the boys their

"Johnsing," was the reply. "We'se twins."

"Well, what are your first names? Insisted the amused questioner. "Mah name," answered one, "Is See and his name, pointing to the other." is Saleratus. Maw done lose all de others, and she give us names she find successful in raisin'."—Newark Star.

Greatness is its own torment.-The

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