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# THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Prince Edward Island

## THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding "The Prince Edward  
Island Magazine". Issued Every  
Saturday Morning

### Mr. Casey Talks On The Nationality Of Ireland's Patron Saint

Written for the Magazine Guardian.  
"Good-day, Mr. Casey, I see by a western paper you were in Ottawa consulting the Premier, and since that, according to Tom-a-Hawk, you have been discussing current events in the Tired Talkers' Club."  
"Finnigan, don't be seeing things especially during this festive season, surrounding St. Patrick's Day."  
"I am not particular about consulting the Premier, and if he wants to consult me he will have to come right down here and see me in the shop. If he crosses the Cape all the better, for the dear soul, I'll warrant you will be dreaming of Ottawa every night for a year. 'T'd just like a few of us had the whole

Dominion Cabinet out in the middle of the Straits on a cold day. We would take every one of them by the heels and whisper gently in their ears, 'Now say Tannel or we'll drown you.'"  
"If the word didn't come quickly a good souce down to the ankles the wrong way. Then once, twice third and last time 'Say Tannel.'"  
"The Caseys, you have seen in papers, other than The Guardian, are not Irish for they try to write that beautiful dialect that daoges call the brogue and they make a divil of a mess of it. Do you see, Finnigan, we Irish supply wit for half the witless races on earth and now they think if they torture language into something

resembling that sweet intonation of our ancestors that it must be witty. Don't say a word for it pleases them."  
"Mr. Casey, I want to ask you a question. Was St. Patrick a Scotchman?"  
"No, but Pontius Pilate was an Englishman. St. Patrick was a Frenchman, but he had the good sense to come over and become a naturalized Irish citizen."  
"I'll tell you how it happened. A long time ago, when we Irish were called 'Scots', a lot of our people went over and settled in what is now called Scotland, but which was then called some other old name. The natives they met with were called Picts—a very civil race when they were civil, which wasn't often. These Picts welcomed the Scots and

allowed each one to homestead a quarter section of mountain scenery, but one night at a spree the Irish boys beguiled a lot of the prettiest girls away from the young Picts. Now there is nothing young fellows will fight over quicker than a pretty girl. The Irish got well quitted and went home vowing vengeance. They sent word over to King Niall the Great of Ireland, and no man on earth was fonder of a fight than he was; so over he came with thirty thousand of the best soldiers in Ireland. He walloped the Picts on sight, and then to show he had no ill-feeling shook hands with them. He complained that he had a lot of trouble coming over, and was seasick, and it was hardly fair that he didn't have a decent fight to

repay him."  
"He invited the Pictish chiefs to go down to England with him to have some sport. He marched down through England, lacing the English whenever they ventured to meet him till he came to London. On his arrival the Cocknies took to the woods and he rased a few days, much disappointed as there was nothing doing. Then he seized all the ships on the coast and crossed to France where he chased the natives as far as the Loire."  
"He got up one morning in bad humor and made some remark about how far he might have to go to find some one who knew how to fight, when Teddy Sullivan a colonel of dragoons just for

a joke said 'If it pleased you majesty I could give you all the fighting you want.'"  
"Niall got mad, and said he could quill the best Sullivan ever stood in shoes. That was before the days of John L."  
"Teddy forgot himself and said things he shouldn't. Out flashed their swords and in the first rush down went Niall the Great killed by one of his own officers."  
"The Irish army sorrowfully retraced their way to Ireland, but among the captives were the future St. Patrick and his two sisters."  
"St. Patrick became the slave of a corporal. The corporal spoke to the young slave in Irish and got back the response 'Parlez-vous Francais.'"

"What's the matter with you?" said the corporal, and they understood, one another beautifully."  
"What's your name?" "Patrious Cal-porcolas," said the boy."  
"The Irish for the first part of that is Patrick," said the corporal, "and I call you Pat for short."  
"The last part you'll have to make easy."  
"The boy understood him to say make Casey, so he called himself Pat Casey."  
"When St. Patrick became the greatest man in Western Europe some of his relations came over from France, and to show they were related to him called themselves Caseys; so you know, Finnigan, the Caseys come from and who they were related to. Good afternoon, Mr. Finnigan."

### WHEN THE WORLD LAUGHS

BY MARVIN DANA, IN LIPPINCOTT'S.  
The prosperity of the jest lies chiefly in the ear of him who hears, as does beauty in the eye of him who sees. Beyond that it lies in the personality of the narrator. To analyze further is not of much avail. A request to define beauty once elicited the apt answer: "That is the question of a blind man." To him who required such a definition, all definitions would be useless. So of humor: the only one requiring a definition of humor is he who has no sense of it, and all the definitions in the world would never make him understand what it was.  
It is equally difficult to draw any exact line of division between wit and humor, though many have tried to do so. They are, in truth, but different sides of the same thing. Humor is nature, we know; wit is art. Humor has its source in the emotions; wit in the intellect. From humor comes laughter, but wit may self to being even so much as a smile. Nero made a ghastly play on Seneca's name when he passes sentence on a philosopher: "Se neca"—a bald decree that the wise man should kill himself. Here is grim cleverness, but hardly of a kind to excite laughter.  
Of one thing we are sure—a sudden contrast between the expected and the actual will provoke laughter, unless a more serious emotion intervenes. Any departure from the line of expression of deportment sanctioned by common usage has everywhere and always been a fertile source of laughter, of caricature, and of satire. Fun is often purely local in its character. An African tribe roared with laughter when a missionary told them that the world was round. One mikado is said to have died in a fit of laughter after hearing that the American people ruled themselves.  
The Chinese have their humorous tales that would be likely to tickle the risibilities of the people of almost any other nation. For example, one of the ancient tales is of a man condemned to wear the thief's collar.  
"How on earth did you get into this scrape?" a friend asked him.  
"Oh, it was this way," was the answer. "I was walking along the road when I chanced to see a piece of oil-hay-baad rope. I knew it was of no value to any one, and as no one claimed it, I took it home with me."  
"But why did they make the punishment so severe for a little thing like that?" the friend demanded, much astonished.  
"I don't know," the culprit replied, "unless it was because there was an ox at an end of the rope."  
The classic Greeks cracked many a jest that has provoked the laughter of the generations since. Heracles, who was a Platonic philosopher at Alexandria, five hundred years before Christ, compiled a book of twenty-one jokes, called "As eis." Many of these are quoted to-day as Irish bulls, which is hardly fair either to Greece or the Hibernian. It was Heracles who told the simper that resolved never to enter the water until he had learned to swim; of the man who determined to teach his horse to live without food, and had

reduced the animal to a straw a day, and was just about to reduce the diet still further when the animal chanced to die, thus spoiling the experiment; of the horse-owner who carried about a brick from his mansion as a sample of the building for exhibition to prospective buyers; of the curious person who stood before his mirror with his eyes shut in order to see how he looked when he was asleep. The man who caught a crow, and determined to keep it as long as he could, and to learn from his own observation whether or not the bird would really live two hundred years, and the shipwrecked mariner who clung to the anchor to keep from sinking, are also examples of this ancient philosopher's humor. Still another of these anecdotes in "As eis" cites the case of a man who demanded of an acquaintance whether it was he or his brother who had recently been buried.  
Among the Germans we find a humor and wit extensive and admirable. The chief characteristic, so far as one exists, is a certain quality based on investigation into the reason of things; it is almost metaphysical—sometimes quite physical—as here:  
A little boy, strolling with his mother along Unter den Linden, observed with interest the young misses of a seminary taking their daily parade. The girls were walking two by two. In front were the youngest their skirts to their knees; after them came the others in the order of their ages, their skirts increasing with their years; last of all came the young ladies, whose skirts reached even to the pavement.  
"Mamma," questioned the little boy, "why is it that the girls' legs grow shorter as they grow older?"  
Yet the best characteristic of German jesting is its excellence, which must appeal to all the world. Though the story has been claimed for both French and English writers, it was a German, Heine, who wrote to an author from whom he had received a book:  
"I shall lose no time in reading it. I am reminded of the striking comparison made by another Frenchman, the gastronome Brillat Savarin, that

A pocket Notebook  
It is not the usual custom of young people to take notes but as they grow older and their interest in the affairs of life widens, they will discover that a number of matters will come to their attention and will slip away again unless there is something to help the memory. While the suggestion may not be of use to many of you, for the benefit of the few who like to be sympathetic, the habit of carrying a little notebook with an alphabetical index is strongly recommended. In this put down at least a brief note regarding what you wish to remember, in each case entering it under the letters beginning the most prominent name or word connected with it. If you cannot put down the exact item you wish to remember at least note where you found it. The amount of time saved by this habit as you grow older will enable you to read a large number of excellent books, for to lack in vain a bit of information is not only extremely irritating, but exceedingly wasteful of time. Particularly in reading a little notebook prove a great help. It is better to choose a tiny book, so that it will never be in the way.—St. Nicholas.

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### BOOKS ARE OUR FRIENDS

BY LAURENCE WARD.  
There is no worker in the world no matter what his lot, who cannot fit himself to occupy a better place, and in many cases cannot fall to win that better place if he will only read. The men that have succeeded are the men who have read. The men who have failed are the men who have acted as if they thought their experience in the world was to be unique and that they did not need their book to be lighted by lamps that had burned for others.  
As Laurence Ward tells the story when Andrew Carnegie chose libraries as the means of the distribution of much of his wealth, he struck a responsive chord in all of those intelligent workers who fully realize what weapons against adversity and ill luck may be drawn from rooms in which books are kept and read. The museums and libraries of the world contain books for which vast sums have been paid, yet the contents of all these books are available to every work-

er. He does not have to pay thousands of dollars for the rare bindings. Small matter to him whether his Shakespeare is of the rare first edition with portrait. The printed words make up the book and these printed words are studied and gone over many times by the wise worker who wants to get ahead.  
But the worker that really gets ahead is the man who does for himself in contradiction to the man who has something done for him. The man who will go farthest is the man who goes to the book rather than the man to whom the book goes. Abraham Lincoln's famous long walks after books and his famous reading of them by the light of the fire have done worlds of good in stirring up a desire for learning in men who might not have had it unless they had been brought to realize the struggles which some men have made for it.  
That which everybody can have nobody wants. It is that which we have not that

we desire. It is that to get which we have to struggle that we desire most. Now that books are free almost and that every worker can walk into the fields of the best literature, there to pick and choose that shall be of most help and assistance to him, there is no excuse in the world to be found for the worker who does not read. He is of malice aforethought cutting himself off from an advantage in the race ahead. He is neglecting an opportunity to advance not only himself, but his fellow men.  
It is better to read anything than to read nothing. The essential thing is to form the habit of reading. Once it becomes a pleasure to read, it becomes a pleasure to learn, and it is when we learn with joy and work with joy that we do the best work of which we are capable, and are of assistance to the rest of mankind. Only the man who prefers idleness to helpfulness and absence of labor to absence of the fruits of labor will neglect the world that helps and comforts that are to be found in books.

### Afghanistan, Land of Mystery

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL IN LONDON MAIL.  
At Chaman you are on the threshold of the land of mystery. No country with which we are connected by close political ties keeps purdah so rigorous as Afghanistan. Nepal you may enter with difficulty, and see the home of the Gurkhas—our allies and brave mercenaries—who live in stern isolation and independence. Afghanistan is forbidden. From the Khyber you may look over rugged mountains and glens and watch the caravans of bearded Afghans and the camels gurgling under loads of merchandise. But Lundi Kotah shuts the gate with a bang. At Chaman your gaze may wander across the great plateau toward the Afghan fort on the plain—see that your feet do not follow your eyes. If you doubt and are tempted, they will tell you the story of Colonel Yate, who strayed over the border, and was held a prisoner in sight of his regiment.  
Not modesty but suspicion has drawn this impenetrable veil across Afghanistan. Yusuf and Isak and Ayub—descendants of the commander of King Solomon's armies and of Jeremiah, son of Saul—know neither modesty nor fear. These untamed children of Israel pray Allah to give them death on the battlefield against the infidel. But Abdur Rahman taught them wisdom in presence of "the lion and the terrible bear, who are staring at the poor goat, and are ready to swallow it, the first opportunity." The goat has with drawn into the mountains to grow strong. Railway and telegraph may not follow, and no alien may approach. For news of the poor goat we have only the gossip of the bazaars when the caravans come to Peshawar and Quetta and Nushki. The gossip is good, for it tells that the law established by wise and ruthless Abdur Rahman abides.  
In the strenuous days of his youth this "vice-regent of God"—so piteous Abdur Rahman named himself—

learned that when the King of the Afghans strayed a few miles from his capital another king reigned in his stead, and fight was his only refuge. To-day his son is touring through the land. We hear of him at Jellalabad showering rewards and punishment. Yet neither son or brother has seized the occasion to rebel. This is proof that Abdur Rahman did not live in vain; that feudal lords were not blown from guns to no purpose; that ruler chiefs did not hang in chains to no good end. It may be long ere the Afghans set up an Ekteer Hall in Kabul, and sent missionaries to spread the gospel of Mahomed; but Habidullah need not repeat in anglish the thoughts of his father:  
"Fair are the vales well-watered and the vines on the upland swell."  
"You might think you were reigning in Heaven—I know I am ruling in Hell."  
The Afghans have been tamed for more than a day. A wonderful story is that to which Habidullah is heir. A quarter of a century ago, when Abdur Rahman was fighting his way to the throne, every priest and every chief of every tribe and village was king in his own right. Tyranny and cruelty were rampant. For a few rapese you might slay your enemy or amuse yourself by cutting off a neighbor's head, to see how high it jumped on a red-hot iron. Assassination was a legitimate business, and robbery an honored profession. If ambition seized you to become a saint you had only to stick your knife into an infidel and pass unchallenged before the Judgment Seat straight into Paradise.  
Unless rumor belie them, Afghans have forgotten these ancient and honored customs and are turning their energies to commerce and industry. It is significant, at any rate, that the Amir is reported to have urged the need for railways and telegraphs. His advisers, however, are opposed to these innovations, and abide by

the wisdom of Abdur Rahman, who held that railways make the country accessible to enemies, and must wait "until we have an army strong enough to fight our neighbors." Meanwhile the fierce Pathan has to be content with the telephone, which is said to be spreading its net over the land. If he wants a train instead of a camel he must go to Kushk, where the Russians have a railway which they are anxious to extend to Herat, or he must come to Chaman, where our rails point to Kandahar.  
These rumors of peace which trickle across the border and follow the progress of the Amir may be well founded. They are confirmed to some extent by the state of the frontier. Now and again an isolation post is attacked and men are killed for their rifles, or a native is found stark on the road with a dagger between his ribs and a note explaining that some disappointed Pathan desires to call the attention of the Government of India to his grievances. But these incidents of frontier life are comparatively rare. The tribes who lived by plunder and raid regret the good old times when men lived by the sword and died by a rifle fired from the security of a rock. I met a man the other day who complained bitterly of these "peace" days. A tall and stately ruffian with a baggy turban and am, le white robes, with a turban over his long black locks—the face of a Hebrew prophet, and bold dark eyes that flash like a sword. He remembers the time when all that he needed to be rich and respectable was, to set light to a village and kill a few neighbors. "Now we are women, and must tend sheep and goats, and may not look over the fence."  
The fence has a vigilant guardian in General Smith-Dorrien, Warden of 900 miles of wild frontier—of snow-clad mountain and sun-scorched plain—of wild tribes with whom war is a passion and plunder an instinct. He knows every weakness and every strength of the strategic frontier. Stand on the summit of Kohjak and look down on the plain and the peaks of snow, and you see the sentinel that

keeps watch over India—the strong man, armed and alert in the ice and the sun, waiting for the foe who halts by the way. You may have doubts about the "forward policy," but they will vanish when you ascend from the naked plains through the Bolan Pass and come to the ramparts of that nature raised for the defence of our Indian Empire. From Herat all roads lead to Quetta and at Quetta you may bolt and hit the gate to India or throw it open to strike on front or on flank. Quetta may be approached only from the north or the south. On the north it is guarded by fortified hills, and at Baluch, in the narrow exit from the plain between the cliffs of Takatu and the rugged foothills of Mashelak, are strongly defended lines that could not be turned save by a miracle. From the south an enemy advancing from Selsitan through Nuski would have to pass along narrow valleys and over difficult hills capable of prolonged resistances. The citadel of the south-west frontier—strong by nature—has been made doubly strong by art, and under the new redistribution scheme will have a garrison of two complete divisions.  
India has, therefore, a double defence—the frontier and Afghanistan. The late Amir made no secret of his dependence upon the British in the event of an invasion. His successor has hinted

that he is not necessarily bound by the engagements of his father. He has, however, shown no disposition to depart from the policy of Abdur Rahman, and has directed his energies to the peaceful development of the country. He has given no countenance to those frontier intrigues which encouraged chiefs of bordering tribes to be Afghans in Summer and British in Winter, ready to accept money and robes of honor from each in turn. The system of frontier levies has removed temptation to this double dealing, and has tended to convince the Afghans that we have no designs on their country and no desire save to see them a strong and self-contained nation.

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### THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD GRAFT

New York Mar. 18.—It was the late Josiah Flynn, Willard who really gave to the world the word "graft" which he first heard while engaged in one of the explorations of the underworld. It has been said of Mr. Willard that other investigators were lacking in the quality which made him pre-eminent. One writer declares "He never took on a superior air or behaved with condescension to those about whom he was curious. He was simply interested in the life of all sorts of queer people—crooks, petty grafters, the enemies of the police in general. The books he wrote about men were the natural result of the travels. The travels were never undertaken for the purpose of writing the books. There is an essential distinction here."

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