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THE KINGS COUNTY RECORD

C. R. DAVIS, Manager

Record Building, Sussex, N. B.

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Correspondence is earnestly solicited from every part of this and adjoining counties, and must be sent in not later than Tuesday.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1925

USED HIS POEM AS PROHIBITION TRACT

Of Hugh D'Arcy, who died recently it might be said in Houseman's striking phrase "the name died before the man." But this would lack precision for the name was never illustrious. But one thing D'Arcy did in his life was famous. That was the production of a poem, which, we suppose, is nothing but doggerel. Nevertheless hardly was a poem more quoted. It was "The Face on the Floor," better known as the face on the Barroom Floor." Hugh D'Arcy's pride that his poem should have attained world-wide celebrity was almost cancelled by his disgust that it should have been used as prohibition propaganda. It was not intended for that purpose. He called it "The Face on the Floor," but somebody whom he yearned unavailingly to discover and chastise, called it "The Face on the Barroom Floor," and it is the incorrect title that has stuck. On one occasion the author said that if he thought his poem had helped prohibition he would jump in the Hudson River. "I wrote it," he said, "as an admonition to all to be kind to the poor derelict. I have never been intoxicated but I beleive a man has a right to drink like a gentleman."

The poet was born in France in 1843 and went to England at an early age. He was drawn to the stage and in London played many character roles with success. In 1871 he went to the United States and thereafter turned his attention to the business end of the theatre, managing such stars as Mary Anderson, Ada Grey, Frank Mayo, Jas. O'Neill, and De Wolf Hopper. He was also the composer of many poems and songs, but only one of them won universal attention. How he came to write it D'Arcy told not long ago. "An honest to goodness 'bum' came in. He walked over to our table at Joe Smiths saloon at Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street with Frank O'Brien, then mayor of a town in Alabama; Jake Tannenbaum and others, all of whom were connected with the theatrical business, and began begging for drinks He drew the picture of a woman's face on the floor. Just then Joe Smith's 'bouncer' spotted him and out he went, with Toby, a wirehaired terrier, owned by Smith, hanging on the beggar's coattails. We went outside to see what had become of him. I picked him up, gave him some money and asked him his occupation. He said he was an artist. And that's how I got the inspiration for my poem. The next morning I brought the poem down to Joe Smith's and he was all broken up over it."

The entire poem, which appeared in the New York Despatch of 1887, consists of seventeen verses of four lines each, and is rather long to give in full and in publishing the following verses we trust we do no great violence to the artistic entity of the poem or to the story it has to tell:—

'Twas a balmy Summer's evening and
a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-night filled Joe's barroom
on the corner of the square.
And as songs and witty stories came
through the open door
A vagabond came slowly in and posed
upon the floor.

"Where did he come from?" some one
cried. "The wind has blown it in"
"What does it want?" another cried.
"Some whiskey, rum or gin."
"Here Toby, sic him, if your stomach's
equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork; he's
as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took
with stoical good grace;
In fact he smiled as though he thought
he'd struck the proper place.
"Come, boys, I know there's burly
hearts among so good a crowd,
To be in such good company would
make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want
—I'm out of funds, you know,
When I had cash to treat the gang
this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as though you
thought this pocket never held a sou
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as
any one of you!

"I was a painter—not one that daubs
on bricks and wood,
But an artist, and for my age, was
rated rather good.
I worked hard at my canvas and was
bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame
before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen
—'tis called 'The Chase of Fame,'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds
and added to my name.
And then I met a woman—now comes
the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain and
sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that
the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect
her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two
her smiles were freely given,
And when her lovely lips touched mine
it carried me to Heaven.

"Did you ever see a woman for whom
your soul you'd give,
With a form like Milo Venus, too
beautiful to live,
With eyes that could beat the Koh-i-
noor, and wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was
another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine,
who lived across the way;
And Madeleine admired it, and much
to my surprise
Said she'd like to know the man that
had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and
before the month had flown,
My friend had stolen my darling and I
was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed
above my head
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead!

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why
—I never saw you smile!
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while.
Why, whats' the matter, friend? There
is a teardrop in your eye!
Come, laugh, like me! 'Tis only babes
and women that should cry.

"Say, boys! If you give me just another whiskey I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of
the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which
you mark the baseball score.
You shall see the lovely Madeleine upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand
the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy
the soul of any man;
Then as he placed another lock upon
the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and
fell across the picture—dead.

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THE COOK MEDICINE CO. Toronto (formerly Windsor) The Proprietary and Patent Medicine Act Register of 1909

FORD CAR COMPLETED TRANS-CANADA TOUR

Completing the first trans-Canada tour made by an automobile under its own power in the history of the Dominion, the pioneering Ford touring car reached Vancouver, B. C., after a 4,794 mile trip from Halifax.

The car left Halifax Sept. 8 on a trip designed to stimulate building of the transcontinental all-Canadian highway and to direct the world's attention to Canada's wonderful scenic resources. Undeterred by blinding snow storms, hundreds of miles of slushy gumbo roads and almost continuous rains, the trail-breaking Sord reached Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 17.



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KRAFT K CHEESE

Equipped with flanged wheels the car was despatched as a special train for 853 miles through courtesy of the Canadian Pacific railroad officials who tendered the use of their line in areas lacking highways. This novel arrangement was used from Sault Ste. Marie to a point near Winnipeg and in two Rocky Mountain districts.

Bearing a message from the Mayor of Halifax to the Mayor of Vancouver the car traversed country heretofore regarded as impassable for auto traffic. It was reported in perfect condition on arrival, when Mayor L. D. Taylor headed a reception committee of prominent business men.

Motion pictures of scenic and economic interst were taken at points enroute. The films will be shown by Ford organizations throughout the British Empire to encourage immigration to Canada, to stimulate tourist traffic and foster the good roads program.

An outstanding event of the tour was the first crossing by automobile of the new Quebec bridge on Sept. 14, when Dr. P. E. Doolittle "father of the Canadian good roads movement," acted as pilot after flanged wheels had been substituted. The crossing was arranged to demonstrate the need of a span as a link in vehicular traffic of the trans-Canada highway. The car is to be shipped later from Vancouver to Toronto for exhibition at the Royal Winter Fair.

A Hindu woman on returning home with her baby from a journey, is careful, before entering the house, to pass seven small stones seven times around the infant's head, and then scatter them in different directions, believing in this way that she destroys any evil which may have been contracted during the trip.

KEATING'S KILLS

BUGS FLEAS FLIES ROACHES

Use freely in dog kennels—rub into dog's coat—to kill

LICE AND VERMIN

A MODERN EDEN IN A FAR OFF OCEAN

According to the captain of the British tramp steamer Penmorvah, the real Eden of the sea exists in the Seychelles Group, an English island colony about 1,000 miles due east of Mombasa. In spite of the close proximity of the group to the Equator a never failing trade breeze from the south is declared to maintain perfect climatic conditions.

The Seychelles Islands are thus far almost unknown to travellers, though a mail steamer of the Messageries Maritimes, making French colonial ports in the western Indian Ocean, touches in the group several times a year. Tramp steamers call occasionally for cargoes of guano, or powdered coral, which exist in apparently inexhaustible quantities among the tropical islands of the Indian Ocean. But so far as the tourist is concerned, the Seychelles Islands are thus far an undiscovered fairyland of the ocean, having according to mariners who have been there, all the beauty and charms of the Pacific South Sea isles and more. The process of spoilation now well under way in all those islands, is said to have not even commenced in this fairy Indian Ocean group, where climate is perfect and never varies, where flowers and fruits and all things that grow in any tropical latitudes are so abundant as to be free for the taking, and where the inhabitants are as hospitable and kindly as the Tahitians themselves.

So unusual a sight is a white stranger, according to the captain of the Penmorvah that every native stares in wonder at the infrequent new arrival, and at once profiers every hospitality available. With the exception of one other thinly-settled group of islands, about 800 miles separate the Seychelles from any other land, the nearest being the wild and little-known north end of Madagascar. So that the inhabitants of the group have been undisturbed and uncontaminated for years, with the result that with them time has, in effect, stood still, while they have retained all the simplicity and primitive customs of their ancestors.

An extraordinary thing about the Seychelles Group is that the political control is English, while the language spoken is French, the few white people there, with the exception of the Resident, and a few officials, French, and the entire atmosphere is French as in Tahiti. The inhabitants are, for the most part, of the French Creole type, and are said to have all the fascination in appearance and manner, that marked the people of America a hundred years ago. Their existence is leisurely and unperturbed. They know nothing of what is going on in the outside world except when a steamer arrives, for there is no wireless. They are unfamiliar with radio, jazz, motors and all other up-to-date diversions; but according to the few people who have been there, the care-free and joyous nature of their existence is remarkable. They are an unspoiled people in a faraway, unspoiled land, hundreds of miles from the beaten track of travel, and likely to remain thus isolated for a long time to come.

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OLD MAN HUDSON'S AUCTION

Old man Hudson's auction day
Drew a fearful mob.
All the village folks were there,
Early on the job.
For the things he had to sell
Were "priceless" so he said;
Tables all with marble tops,
And a walnut bed.

Antique hunters come in droves,
For 'twas noised around
That many relics of the past
Could hereabouts be found.
Old Jim Pelton, auctioneer,
In the doorway stood,
And his sunbaked, wrinkled face
Seemed as carved from wood.

"Now folks—what'm bid for this?
Come set the ball along;"
So his voice droned clearly out
In a quaint sing-song.
He never laughed nor cracked a smile;
But his wit was keen,
And the bids came thick and fast—
No time in between.

Old Jim Pelton knew the "folks,"
Called them all by names;
Selling Jones, the butcher there
Fourteen big gilt frames.
Dishes, too, of divers sorts,
Books and stands and chairs,
Baby's cradle, kettles, pans,
Andirons, several pairs.

Then a chap who sells antiques
Said he'd like to bid
For the doors about the house—
And that's what he did.
Everybody laughed at that,
Thought it such a joke;
But the joke was all on them,
For the doors were oak.

Then the other antique fiends
Got inside the place,
And they bid the wainscots off,
It was just a race
To see who'd make the biggest find;
Cupboards torn from wall,
Attis stairs pulled out of place
In the old front hall.

Old man Hudson's weathered home
Looked a dreadful sight
When the auctioneer was through;
But that very night
Old man Hudson chuckled long,
And he told his wife
That they'd made enough that day
To keep them both through life.
—Iva H. Drew in Concord Monitor.



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ERB SETTLEMENT

Nov. 8—The ladies of the Carson Missionary Society of the United Church, Erb Settlement, met at the home of Mrs. Geo. Patton on Nov. 11. The meeting was opened by Scripture reading and singing, after which took place the reading of the minutes which were approved by all. Miss Ella Keith gave a reading on Missions, which was very interesting. Mrs. Arthur Watters and Mrs. Henry Pollock also read a paper on mission work, which was very good. There was also some recitations and Mrs. Geo. Patton gave a solo. Mrs. Lackie gave a reading. A special collection was taken up for Thanksgiving. After the routine business had been finished a social hour was spent, the hostess serving tea, assisted by the ladies.

Mrs. Wm. Ready and daughter Tressa spent Monday in Sussex.

Matthew and Goggin have started work on their new lumber cut in Hammond Brook. They have quite a number of men employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hattrick spent Sunday afternoon with he rdaughter, Mrs. Raymond Getchel.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Getchel arrived here from St. Stephen last week and intend spending the winter at her old home.

HAMMONDVALE

Nov. 23—Rev. Mr. McLeod, of the United Church, held service here Sunday morning.

Mrs. Thomas Alexander, of Albert county, is spending a few weeks with Mr. Calvin Alexander and family.

Mr. Rufus Porter, who went out with the harvest excursion, returned home from the west last Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Peters, of Saint John, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard Peters for a week.

Mrs. Thomas Walker, Earl and Eileen, of Jeffery Corner, spent a day last week with Mr. and Mrs. Syme Crawford.

Mrs. Edna Anderson spent a few days last week visiting in Upham and Hillsdale.

Mr. Richard Peters and son Bernard, of Saint John, spent the week end with Mrs. Edna Anderson.

Harry Crawford and sister Edith of Big Salmon River, spent Sunday in this place.

Ferguson Alexander and John Lisson of Silver Falls, spent Saturday in this place.

Mr. Thomas Alexander, who is lumbering on the Irish River, spent the week-end with his brother, Calvin Alexander.

A tea your grocer recommends is usually good tea

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

And most grocers recommend it. 52

NEWTOWN

Nov. 23—Next Sunday, the 29th, Rev. Wm. McLeod will preach in the Methodist Church here at 7.30 p.m.

Miss Francis Keith of the general public hospital, Saint John, spent a few days at her home here.

Mr. David McGowan, of White's Mountain, has moved into the store owned by Mr. Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Parlee spent last Sunday in Newtown.

The roads are in a very bad condition.

Mr. David Taylor has received the apointment of Road Commissioner of Studholm No. 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Taylor and little son David have arrived home from the West.

Mr. J. T. Dimock preached to a large congregation here last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Otty Manning had the misfortune of losing one of his valuable silver black foxes last week. He has purchased another male from Mr. Teakles, Penobsquis.

A birthday party was held at the residence of Mrs. E. Hall on Saturday, the 14th inst., in honor of her son, Mr. Bruce Hall, on the anniversary of his thirtieth birthday. Invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Wilcox and daughter Ella. The evening was spent in games and music; refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening enjoyed.

Miss Adeline Crosby was in Moncton one day last week on important business.

KNIGHTVILLE

Nov. 23—Mrs. John Chambers spent the week in Moncton visiting friends.

Mrs. Chasley Parlee and son Hedley spent Saturday at Mrs. Tilley Manning's.

Miss Carson, school teacher, spent Friday evening with Mrs. John McQuinn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Manning visited John McQuinn Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Anderson are receiving congratulations on the birth of a baby girl, November 13.

Mrs. Tilley Manning, who has been very ill, is able to be around again.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Taylor spent Tuesday, 17th, in Moncton.

Miss Tottie Chambers spent Wednesday afternoon at Mrs. Tilley Manning's.

Mr. Willie Belding and Gerard Lemore have gone to Big Salmon River to work in the woods.



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