

Frank McKinney Hubbard

Abe Martin's Back Country Sayings

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by the Author

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER,

EDGAR O. HUBBARD,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

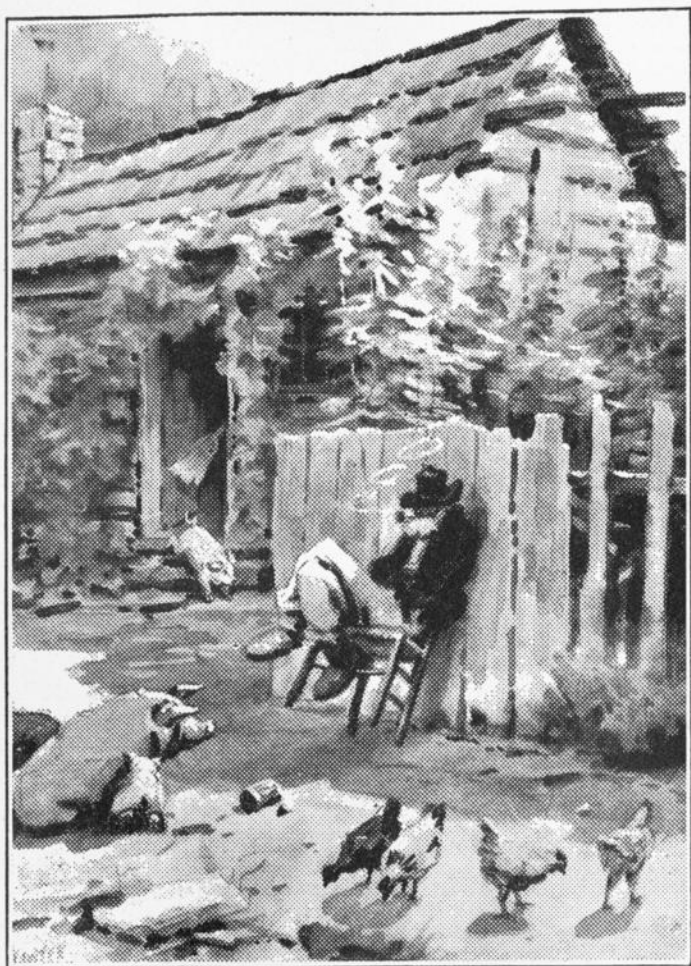
FRONTISPIECE

ABE MARTIN, of Brown County, Indiana

Drawn by Will Vawter

for

James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "To Kin Hubbard—
th' Father of His Countryman, Abe Martin,"
in "Poems of Friendship," and here re-
produced by the courtesy of the
Bobbs-Merrill Company.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PINKY KERR.....Retired Tuba Player
LAFE BUD.....Agent Acme Crayon Portrait Co.
PROF. CLEM HARNER.....

.....Leader Harner's Silver Cornet Band
'SQUIRE MARSH SWALLOW.....

.....Justice of the Peace
ALEX TANSEY.....School Teacher

and agent for Gems of Verse and Prose
TELL BINKLEY.....

Enthusiastic motorist and tornado insurance agent
UNCLE EZ PASH.....Who brought

the first organ to Brown County, Indiana
UNCLE NILES TURNER.....

First white child born west of Chillicothe, Ohio
LEMMIE PETERS.....

..Who graduated with such high honors in June
STEW NUGENT.....Unattached

NEWT PLUM.....Constable
TILFORD MOOTS.....Country Gentleman

TIPTON BUD.....Country Gentleman
MRS. TILFORD MOOTS.....General farm work

MRS. TIPTON BUD.....General farm work
MISS MYRT PASH.....Fourteen,

and the best painted girl of the younger set
MAME MOON Proprietor of the O. K. livery barn

and active worker for the emancipation of women
MISS TAWNEY APPLE.....

Ticket seller for the Fairy Grotto nickel theater

MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT...Elocutionist, writer
and authority on love, courtship and marriage
MRS. LAFE BUD.....Late of the optical
counter of the Monarch 5 and 10 cent store
DR. MOPPS
Ear, eye, nose and throat and croquet authority
CALE FLUHART.....
Editor of The Weekly Slip Horn and in-
ventor of the Little Napoleon towel roller.
ABE MARTIN....."A kind of a comical
mixture of hoss-sense and no sense at all."

ABE MARTIN'S

It don't git you nothin' t' tell a feller
he's lookin' fine when he haint.



Mrs. Tipton Bud has got so she kin
drive her electric in th' garage without
hittin' th' sides only a little bit.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has lowered her
skirts fer Lent.



Lots o' fellers buy expensive cars
that wouldn't think o' payin' over a
nickel fer a cigar.



Ther never wuz a hustler that could
play a guitar.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Why has a feller that's broke allus got his hands in his pockets?



Lots o' fellers git credit fer bein' close mouthed when it's jest because ther' hain't no cuspidor handy.



No matter how a dun is addressed, it allus reaches you.



Mrs. Lafe Bud says th' hardest thing o' all is powderin' a black eye.

ABE MARTIN'S

Mame Moon has a nephew in th' aviation corps. He's a snare drummer with a fly-by-night circus.



It's got so if you don't git killed on Sunday you stand a purty good chance o' livin' another week.



"I'd love t' go, but I haint painted," said Myrt Pash, t'day, when Elmer Moots asked her t' take a auto ride.



Mr. Lemmie Peters, who graduated from school with such high honors a year ago last June, is undecided as t' whether he'll learn t' knit or join th' aviation corps.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Mrs. Lafe Bud had t' buy string beans at th' grocery t'day, as she couldn' find her garden hat.



Mrs. Tilford Moots' nephew lost a valuable wife last week.



It seems like th' more triflin' a feller is th' more circulars he receives.



Some fellers even look good in a bald head.



Stew Nugent has enlisted jest t' git th' socks.



Who remembers when beauty used t' be skin deep instead o' nearly an inch?

ABE MARTIN'S

Miss Mame Moon's niece, who wuz married in April, has resumed her paintin'.



Th' ole fashioned mother that used t' rock a cradle with one foot an' operate a Wheeler an' Wilson with th' other now has a nephew that kin run a seven-passenger car with one arm free.



It's jest about got so that folks who live decently are accused o' not gittin' anything out o' life.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

CARIN' FER YOUR OWN CAR

By Tell Binkley

One o' th' most pleasant diversions o' th' day aside from workin' in a boiler factory, is



takin' care of your own car. I'm surprised that so many people entrust th' care o' anything so expensive and complicated as a car t' th' mercy o' hirelin's who have nothin' t' lose, but an eye or a limb. Many o' us who would not think of entrustin' a cow t' a stranger, never feel th' least concern about who tinkers with our car. In

order t' give a car th' time an' attention it's entitled to, one should be so situated that his

ABE MARTIN'S

time is his own. You cannot give a car th' care it requires an' be obligated t' others. Unless your car is extremely large, it is all right t' be married, but in assumin' th' care of one's own car it is best t' be heart whole an' fancy free. Don't attempt a garden or th' care of a furnace as they take your mind off your car. Allus remember that ther is never a time, after th' demonstrator bids you goodby, that ther haint somethin' wrong with your car. It may be hittin' fine an' coverin' th' ground with no apparent effort or distress, an' still be sufferin'. It's th' things you can't see—th' things you have t' change your clothes t' find—that need loyal an' devoted attention. A keen ear is indispensable in keepin' a car in its proper efficiency. On startin' in t' care fer your own car, begin by polishin' th' bumper. Then tackle th' southeast front spring grease cup an' proceed slowly an' methodically around th' car, bein' careful not t' overlook a cup, or a nut or a plug, or an oil hole. Git acquainted with all th' bolts an' what ther fer. Ther's much of interest t' be seen under th' body of

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

a car. "My, what a maze o' contrivances an' do dads!" you'll say upon your first worm's eye view of your car. Ther haint a thing of a mechanical nature on a car that don't have t' be there—nothin' but what ought t' be swimmin' in grease—so don't neglect some seemin'ly useless part. Cars are great institutions an' git you where you're goin' if you've got any sense. Very often th' slightest adjustment 'll remedy a stubborn car, or eliminate a distasteful rattle, but after you've done all you kin see an' th' car still seems indisposed an' noisy, an expert should be called in. But be sure t' git an expert, rememberin' that ther's fifty thousan' cars t' one expert. Ever' feller in one-piece khaki overalls haint an expert. Cars are fer oftener ruined than repaired by our bein' too tight t' pay a real mechanic. Th' one draw back t' washin' an' polishin' your own car is your reluctance t' expose it t' th' dust an' grime after spendin' four hours cleanin' it. However, after a year or so, you'll firgit all about washin' your car. Ownin' an auto is not a money makin' proposition, an' one must git used t' frequent an' liberal outlays,

ABE MARTIN'S

fer, while motorin' is fine an' invigoratin', th'
scenery costs a car owner about twenty cents
a tree—not countin' telephone poles.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

It won't be long till th' feller with a quart 'll be as popular as th' feller with a seven passenger car.



It's a wonder th' ditches haint full o' autos th' way most girls hug up t' th' driver.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has knit her first pair o' army socks an' they look almost alike.



"I've seen a lot o' Uncle Tom's Cabin troupes in my time, but I've never yit seen a Little Eva that didn' need t' have her adenoids cut out," says Mrs. Lafe Bud.

ABE MARTIN'S

Too many girls are makin' a specialty
o' ther feet instead o' ther heads this
season.



What's become o' th' ole time raven
mustache with th' curled ends?



Next t' a bubble ther haint nothin'
that loses its pep quicker'n a pair o'
white cotton stockin's.



Lafe Bud is wearin' spats, but shows
no sign o' turnin' gray.



If there is anything worsern' a thick
head it's thick ankles.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

"I seen th' most beautiful rainbow this mornin', an' it lasted almost as long as a movie kiss," said Miss Tawney, t'day.



Mrs. Tilford Moots is confined t' her front window with lard on th' heart.



Since we got int' war Miss Tawney Apple has crushed three beautiful purple sailors in settin' down after "Th' Star-Spangled Banner."

ABE MARTIN'S

When it comes t' bein' proud, a little girl with her first parasol hain't in it with th' driver of a team o' young mules.



Th' more darin' th' styles th' braver th' thin spaced girl becomes.



Folks that used t' ring th' door bell now look in your garage first.



Even a loafer has all he kin do t' attend t' his own business.



Ever notice how some girls jump at th' chance t' wear a veil?

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Stew Nugent, who wuz accepted by th' selection board yisterday, has asked fer a demit.



"I'm goin' t' have all th' fun I kin while I'm young, fer I'll be eighteen soon enough," said little fifteen-year ole painted up Myrt Pash, t'day.



"I wouldn' be surprised if our big cabbage crop wuz jest a part of the 'German propaganda,'" said Ez Pash, this mornin'.



Th' smile that won't come off is all right, but a water proof complexion is th' thing.

ABE MARTIN'S

"I'm allus glad t' see summer go 'cause you can't watch th' neighbors fer th' leaves," said Mrs. Lafe Bud t'day.



We wonder how high wheat an' hogs 'll have t' git before th' farmers 'll admit times are good.



Next t' Harriet Beecher Stowe's great moral drama ther haint nothin' that draws as well in a little town as a horse fallin' down.



Th' ole-time bride that used t' bring her husband some real estate, or a little money, now has a daughter who'll need about ninety dollars' worth o' dental work done t' begin with.



Mrs. Tipton Bud's twin nieces are as much alike as two Fords.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

"I'll be glad when th' war is over, fer I'm gittin' awful tired shiftin' my lapel flag back and forth from my blue serge suit t' my Palm Beach suit," said Tell Binkley t'day.



Sometimes a feller gits so pop'lar with himself th' tonsorial artists bankrupt him.



Miss Tawney Apple has a new sport dress an' she looks like an Arabian acrobat.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' day's gone by when th' collar-wiltin' brand o' political oratory fools anybuddy.



Allus wait fer th' second thought.



Nothin' 'll dispel enthusiasm like a small admission fee.



Some folks never borrow trouble—they jest borrow \$2 an' fergit it.



After waitin' fer years fer a millionaire with a broken leg t' come along, Mrs. Tilford Moot's niece has given up nursin' an'll return t' her ole position as graniteware clerk at th' 10-cent store.



Tilford Moots has a nephew that's a splinter hunter fer a barefooted dancer.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Some fellers stick around jest as long without a chair as if you'd offered 'em one.



A feller an' his wife may live t'gether after he teaches her t' drive a car, but she will never agin feel th' same toward him.



You could have your choice o' two kinds o' desert at th' New Palace hut-tel t'day—beans or cabbage.



We've certainly traveled some since th' days when a beau could git by on a nickel's worth o' peppermint drops.

ABE MARTIN'S

Ever notice how quick a store delivers somethin' you've had charged?



At th' Pash family reunion yisterday ther wuz fifteen children, thirty-seven gran'children, nineteen great-gran'children, seven great-great-gran'children an' seventeen Fords.



Th' feller that's pop'lar on account of his pull never seems t' tumble.



Tell Binkley found a nickel under th' back seat cushion o' his car t'day—th' only money he's saved since ownin' a car.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS



Some folks seem t' buy Fords 'cause
ther families are so big.

ABE MARTIN'S

Who remembers when a political argument allus concluded with a fist fight?

Ta

Tell Binkley has removed his mustache on account o' th' increase in dye-stuffs.

Ta

You git so little fer your money these days that you're expected t' carry it home.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

SHALL TH' BABY RULE TH' HOME?

By Miss Fawn Lippincut

"Th' pride an' joy o' our home is our baby, Oscar," writes a young mother. "He will soon be three years ole.

Before he came t' us we wuz active members o' many social an' civic organizations. We attended th' the-aters an' took in all th' intellectual treats such as lectures, recitals an' barefooted dancers. Th' advent of his first tooth found us estranged from two-thirds of our clubs.

By th' time he could walk, our amusements were cut t' one bridge game an' one visit t' th' the-ater per week. By th' time we took him off th' bottle his father had quit smokin' so



ABE MARTIN'S

that he could educate our son properly. I'd made th' same hat over three times. As he grew we cut out one thing an' another until an' occasional film wuz our sole diversion. It has been jest five months t'day since our last film, 'Myrtle's Triumph.' Our one ambition seems t' be t' raise our son an' direct him t' th' proper paths o' life. We are censored fer neglectin' our social an' civic obligations. Our friends have cut us an' we have no callers 'cept an occasional p'tater peddler or a meter reader. I have been called a 'foolish martyr,' an' last week th' gentleman who employs my husband said t' him: 'Wilbur, I admire your love o' home an' family, but what I want around here is a feller that'll take some interest in my business.' Our son is at th' age now when ever' moment is liable t' bring some new surprise, an' it is our constant endeavor t' be ever nigh him lest we miss some fresh prank. Are we doin' right?"

T'day th' American baby is dominatin' too many homes. Quiet, orderly homes are turned topsy turvy by th' advent of a child. Industrious, sensible husbands, an' good, level

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

headed wives are transformed int' silly excitable creatures upon th' appearance of a baby in ther homes. They seem t' lose ther senses. They seem t' think some new, tremendous, sacred responsibility has suddenly been thrust on 'em, an' that they must neglect ever'thing else an' assume it. Ther's absolutely nothin' new about babies. Ther's no reason why a baby should disturb th' orderly routine o' th' home—no reason why a husband should not go about his business as usual. A baby 'll git along if th' parents an' relatives give it half a chance. Th' ole time mother, long before th' days o' maids, laundries, vacuum cleaners, fireless cookers, corner drug stores an' baby foods, never got excited over a baby. She kept house with th' floor strewn with babies. Occasionally she threw 'em a bacon rind, but you bet she never let 'em interfere with her business.

ABE MARTIN'S

Very often th' quiet feller has said all he knows.



These are th' times when folks are judged by what they give instead of what ther worth.



Tilford Moots says that if a woman didn' want a hat or a pair o' shoes once in a while you couldn' live with her.



Give some folks an inch an' they'll take a smile.



'Bout the tamest, uneventful thing we know of is a disciplined child.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

It's a mighty fine thing t' know when
not t' know too much.



We still have quite a lot o' fine ole
gentlemen, but it don't look much like
ther wuz any in th' makin'.



Some folks haint worryin' jest so th'
nickel the-aters have got in their coal
supply.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has returned
from th' state fair an' says th' exhibits
wuz swell, but that her relatives were
not up t' former years.



Lew Plum, Barn 43, ariel route, is
visitin' his uncle here.

ABE MARTIN'S

A wife should allus remember where her husband laid his pipe. By follerin' this simple rule one o' th' most love blightin' annoyances common t' the married state'll be eliminated.



"It wuz almost cool enough t' go without furs last evenin'," said Tawney Apple, t'day.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Mrs. Lafe Bud's gran'father passed away yisterday. He had long been prominent in th' business life o' th' community an' wuz a constant church-goer till he got a car.



Mrs. Tilford Moots's nephew writes her from th' army trainin' camp that th' beds are hard, but that th' vaccinations are all that could be desired.



It's goodnight honeymoon when th' salt shake gits damp.



No matter how purty an' facinatin' a woman solicitor is her ears must burn as she walks away.



I wonder if a umbreller mender ever sends any money home?

ABE MARTIN'S

Who remembers when we used t' fall
back on pork chops when money got
tight?



Mr. an' Mrs. Tipton Bud wish t'
thank all who assisted in th' marriage
o' ther daughter.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

If we could only hear ourselves eat
as others hear us.



If Germany wuz an Uncle Tom's
Cabin company she'd a had a new man-
ager long ago.



Ther's moments in th' life o' ever'
auto owner when he'd sell out fer five
cents on th' dollar.

ABE MARTIN'S

Ever' girl you meet these days looks like she'd jest walked out of a musical show chorus.



If there's any funny lookin' people hidin' around a circus pe-rade'll bring 'em downtown.



Some women are resigned after forty an' others wear chin straps.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

It's hardly worth while t' take a basket t' market any more unless you're out o' beets.



Our idee of a really-fer-sure pacifist is a feller who says, "When my wife fixes carrots, why carrots is my choice."



It's purty hard t' put anything over on little children or dogs.



You're more apt t' be remembered if you don't give somebody somethin' Christmus than you are if you do.



Ther wearin' garlic masks in th' nickel the-aters at Linton, Indianny, on account o' th' foreigners.

ABE MARTIN'S

Lafe Bud has an Airedale pup, but no auto.



True greatness comes from ability, but ther's another kind that some folks achieve by keepin' still.



"It seems like jest as soon as a feller gits rich an' prominent he trys t' shake th' wife that stood by him in th' days when he cut his own hair," said Mrs. Tilford Moots today, as she looked up from her newspaper with a sigh.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Mr. Lemmie Peters, who electrified his hearers when he graduated from school, wishes t' announce that his decision t' enlist in th' home guards comes only after a patient, careful study o' th' other branches o' th' service.



It seems like ther's allus somethin' human an' likeable about folks that eat onions.



Mrs. Lafe Bud is visitin' her ole home in Vevay, where she wuz so happy an' so single.

ABE MARTIN'S

Another funny thing about th' war is that th' higher th' grass grows, th' higher butter goes.



If we ever have national prohibition there'll be more reformers than bartenders starve t' death.



"Her Sweet Face Haunts Me Still," is the title of an ole song, an' ther's another face we can't git away from—th' face o' th' returns.



Nothin' puts th' kibosh on a town any quicker than a big, dismantled factory buildin' near th' depot.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

"There haint nothin' as disappointin' these days as catchin' up with a girl an' findin' out she's an old woman," said Lafe Bud, t'day.



Talk is cheap or some folks would be broke all th' time.



A husband that has his own way soon goes t' th' dogs.



Th' stingiest an' meanest feller we know of is Piney Sargent. He wore an umbreller cover fer a four-in-hand neck-tie at his wife's funeral t'day.



Th' most demoralizin' thing in th' world is a rich loafer.

ABE MARTIN'S

Sometimes an explanation 'll avert a fight, but it never yet cured a bad taste.



Ole Santy Claus is th' best advertiser an', if you've noticed, he delivers th' most goods.



At last somethin's come along that some fellers can't butt into—th' army.



Ther's still a few carrots in excess o' th' demand.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Mr. Lemmie Peters kin name th' members o' th' Greek cabinet, but is not workin'.



Ther'll be no stay-at-home vote among th' women when they git th' ballot.



What's become o' th' ole time girl that wuz more ashamed o' powder than a shiny nose?



Th' ole time girl that kept an autograph album, now has a daughter with a dresser drawer full o' scarf pins.

ABE MARTIN'S

Who remembers when a feller wuzn' considered dressed up if he didn' have a tooth brush stickin out o' a vest pocket?



Mr. Winnie Bud wuz buried under a auto, yisterday, an' Dr. Mopps, who has been tinkerin' with th' family fer years, says he'll prob'ly lose th' use o' his car.



Some folks are great aviators when it comes t' gittin' up in ther own estimation.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS



Politics an' patriotism won't mix.

ABE MARTIN'S

Tell Binkley says he'd run fer sheriff if he had enough gasoline.



Ther's too many people in this country that want t' be on th' winnin' side regardless o' anything involved.



Mrs. Tillie Mapes, long prominent in political an' club life an' a writer of considerable power, has received word that her husband is still alive an' livin' in Iowa.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Skirts should come to th' shoe tops
this fall, so now it's up t' the shoemaker.



What's become o' th' ole-time brim-
stone preacher?



Th' ambition o' ever' woman is t'
only wear th' same hat once.



Some fellers spend half o' ther lives
tryin' t' hide a bald spot.



One good thing about bein' a legisla-
ture doorkeeper—you don't have t' take
a much needed rest when the session
closes.

ABE MARTIN'S

Lots o' smiles go a long ways that
would work wonders right in th' family.



Allus hide your watch when you meet
a feller that travels on his honesty.



Some fellers are jest like hens—they
lay off jest when ther needed th' most.



What's become o' th' tall, sallow fel-
ler that wore a black diagonal frock suit
an' hair watch chain?

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

TH' WAR TIME HAM SANDWICH

By Lafe Bud

Ther haint nothin' that shows th' effect o' th' witherin' hand o' war like th' five-cent ham sandwich, an' watchin' it dwindle int' a mere shadow of its former self has been one o' th' most interestin' studies created by th' great world struggle. Who don't remember th' round, plump, glistenin' five-cent ham sandwich when th' world wuz at peace? Th' bun wuz full sized an' had a beautiful hardwood finish. It wuz buttered with real rich yeller butter, an' th' ham between wuz home boiled, pink an' sweet an' fringed with fat as white as th' driven snow. Ther wuz no attempt t' cut th' ham t' fit th' bun. It wuz cut thick an' care-



ABE MARTIN'S

lessly an' protruded with reckless abandon on ever' side. But th' five-cent ham sandwich has shrunk, an' its shrinkage has been so gradual an' cunnin' that we've scarcely noticed it. Th' first alteration in th' five-cent ham sandwich t' be brought about by th' European conflagration wuz th' substitution o' undyed oleo fer butter. Then as hog prices begun t' soar on account of exports, th' ham grew thinner an' conformed more accurately t' th' bun area. In fact you couldn' tell a ham sandwich from a one leaf lettuce sandwich until you lifted th' lid, so thin an' well hidden wuz th' ham. Then with th' advent o' th' ruthless submarine campaign an' th' awful loss o' wheat at sea, flour went up, an' th' first t' suffer wuz th' five-cent ham sandwich. A smaller bun wuz necessary if th' five-cent ham sandwich industry wuz t' live, so th' war bun follered—a poor, undersized, sallow excuse fer th' buoyant, robust peace bun. Th' present day bun has neither lustre or sponginess. Ther's somethin' cold an' brutal about it. It's hard an' unyieldin', an' when made int' a five-cent ham sandwich, it opens an' closes with th' rattle of an ole

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

dried out daguerreotype case. Even th' splat-ter o' oleo has disappeared from th' five-cent ham sandwich, th' ham is dry an' transparent, an' when you buy one an' lift th' top off t' see what you've drawn, th' interior wears a brazen expression an' seems t' say t' you: 'What do you expect fer a nickel when th' whole world is afire?' "

ABE MARTIN'S

It don't make no difference whether a feller knows beans when th' bag's open or not if he hasn' got th' price.



Tell Binkley exchanged his Christmas slippers this mornin', as he lives so fer from th' nickel the-ater.



"Love may be blind, but it seems t' pick off all th' swellers," said Lafe Bud t'day.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Ther's all kinds o' wives, includin' th' one that refers t' her husband as "my man."



Tell Binkley is confined t' his home with a Ford fracture.



Th' feller who keeps still gits th' benefit o' th' doubt.



We can't live our lives over, an' it would be a blamed good thing fer lots o' us if we couldn' think 'em over.



Lots o' fellers git credit fer havin' good judgment when they havn' got nerve enough t' take a chance.

ABE MARTIN'S

T' hear some fellers kick on th' high cost o' livin' you'd think they set th' best table in town.



Next t' a yisterday's cream puff ther haint nothin' worse'n a stale newspaper.



Th' papers are full o' beauty hints these days, but some girls don't seem able t' take a hint.



Next t' a circus ther haint nothin' that packs up an' tears out any quicker'n th' Christmus spirit.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

It haint th' coat that makes th' man,
it's th' wrong kind of a hat.



Men may look further ahead these
days, but not as high.



Some folks don't seem t' know when
they haint well off.



Some women think that ther' entitled
t' anything they want jest because ther
husbands smoke one or two nickel ci-
gars a day.

ABE MARTIN'S

It haint been so long since we used t' say, "I'd no more do that than I'd attempt t' fly."



A woman may fergit, but she never lets you fergit that she's fergot.



They had meat at th' Tilford Moots home yisterday.



Aviators seem to drop out jest as soon as they git famous.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Th' roller towel at th' New Palace hut-tel has gone eighteen thousan' miles without a puncture.



While motorin' near Morgantown t'day, Tell Binkley narrowly escaped bein' killed by a train as th' engineer could not see him fer a corn field.



"Why does a head waiter allus seat you where you can't see anything?" said Lafe Bud t'day.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' best reformer in any community
is th' feller that pays his debts.



It wuz as dull here yisterday as th'
openin' of a horse meat butcher shop.



Wine, women an' song! Th' songs
alone are enough t' put you on th' hum-
mer.



Lafe Bud bought a 14-carrot beef
stew this mornin'.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Nobuddy ever left a umbreller hangin' on a sody water bar.



Th' hardest blow some folks ever git is when they finally realize that ther's a few things they'll have t' miss.



Th' feller who used t' hitch in front o' th' bank now parks behind th' courthouse.



If ther's any way t' git thro' th' pearly gates fer nothin' we know some folks that'll make a try.



Miss Tawney Apple has a beautiful new fibre sweater in one o' th' pop'lar fliver bus tones.

ABE MARTIN'S

You kin bluff any woman by tellin' her t' do as she pleases.



The family circle that once had its favorite authors now has its favorite screen stars.



If others could only see us as we think we are.



Th' less a feller knows th' more untir-in' he is in demonstratin' it.



A clean collar makes a fine disguise fer some fellers.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

What's become o' th' feller who used t' say, "I won't pay it; I'll do without first?"



Tilford Moots talks some o' buyin' his wife a pair o' shoes.



Th' feller who argues with a woman is wrong if he's right.



If it wuzn' fer smooth strangers a lot o' money would never git in circulation.

ABE MARTIN'S

Mrs. Tipton Bud's father died t'day.
He was a promisin' checker player in
his early days, but grew indifferent.



Miss Fawn Lippincut is studyin' t'
be a vampire.



When it hurts t' buckle your skates
you're gittin' ole.



Troubles should be smothered an' not
aired.



Give some folks plenty o' good clothes
an' they'll hustle around an' git th' eats.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS



Opportunity is like some callers—it seems t' know when you're out.

ABE MARTIN'S

Miss Tawney Apple started fer Indy-noplus this mornin' painted up like a candy pear.



We'll be glad when th' war's over so th' word "ruthless" kin take a much needed rest.



If ther's anything that ought t' be all out an' over by ten o'clock it's an amateur show.



What's become o' th' girl that used t' complain o' high street car steps?

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Good roads lead t' good towns.



"Women are jest like elephants t' me. I like t' see 'em but I wouldn' want òne," said Tell Binkley, today.



Beans on th' easy payment plan 'll be th' next thing.



A good front is half th' battle in love or war.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' feller who used t' vote th' prohibition ticket t' save our boys is now fer state - wide prohibition t' save our girls.



If ther's anything mean in a feller a little authority 'll bring it out.



Women allus speak o' some married friend as "seemin' " t' be happy.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

It's a wise woman that counts th' noses before she bakes any p'taters.



Some fellers live in th' open an' others have full beards.



Th' best place t' camp is at home.



Tilford Moots has bought his wife an electric iron 'cause its fastened.



Charity has a hard time beginnin' at home these days with nobuddy there.

ABE MARTIN'S

Who remembers th' ole time street faker that used t' play a guitar an' sing "Jim Fisk Wuz a Man with His Heart in His Hand?"



What's become o' th' ole-time barber that used t' dash an extra dobber full o' lather in your left ear so he wouldn' have t' reach fer his brush again?



Master Woodrow Bud has had his adenoids took out an' now he kin name all th' presidents.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

DOMINATIN' FIGURES

By Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhast

A dominatin' figure is a feller who dominates. He will, as a member o' a committee on fireworks, run th' fireworks. If he happens t' be a member of a committee on decorations, he will run th' decoratin'. If he is chosen as a member of a committee t' select a site fer th' new gas works, the new gas works 'll be built on a site o' his selection regardless o' th' views an' argyments o' those associated with him. A dominatin' figure runs whatever he's identified with



ABE MARTIN'S

—a convention, a business concern, a jollification, a board, or anything else that's in th' hands o' several fellers. Ther's a dominatin' figure at ever' picnic an' on ever' jury. Wherever ther's anything doin' ther's a dominant figure. When two or more dominatin' figures happen t' git on th' same committee or commission, it is only a question of a short time till such committee or commission 'll have t' be reorganized an' trimmed down t' one dominatin' figure, fer dominatin' figures won't work double. Results are only obtained where ther's one dominatin' figure. Th' first step, after it has been decided t' have a 4th o' July celebration, a centennial or any big public function, is t' appoint committees t' look after th' various details of th' undertakin' such as pickin' out th' bands, selectin' th' speakers, buyin' th' buntin' and entertainin' th' visitors. After these committees have been formed fer a couple o' days, a dominatin' figure 'll develop in each one. Then th' remainin' members lay down an' th' dominators dominate. In other words, after a committee gits organized an' ready fer business, th' dominatin'

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

member runs th' business. A well balanced committee fer ordinary purposes should be made up o' five members an' th' types should vary t' make it appear strong an' resourceful. One full set of whiskers should adorn ever' committee. Then let us select a tall, fallow feller with a smooth, kindly face, a big Adam's apple, an' a small cravat. Next we'll pick a serious lookin', narrow feller with eye glasses an' knit brow. Now comes th' fourth member with a large bald head an' mustache connected up with well defined sideburns. Now, fer th' cap sheaf we'll select a round feller with wiry hair, a firm chin, no jewelry, an elastic step an' a small ragged mustache with th' ends chewed off, denotin' determination. Now, then, we've got a committee that'll not only photograph well, but a committee filled with variety—a committee that looks th' part. Ther's nothin' as dull an' unconvincin' as a smooth faced committee.

ABE MARTIN'S

You don't have t' be trained t' nurse
t' tide a grouch safely through.



Most every saloon uses th' double
entry system.



A cold buckwheat cake is a total loss.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Tell Binkley starts fer Californy in his auto t'morrow, an' he's tryin' t' find a wet an' dry map o' th' western states.



Ther's lots o' fellers wedded t' ther art that ought t' split up.



Ther's too many folks that only know jest enough about a subject t' start it.



Ther's lots o' difference between th' band wagon an' th' water wagon.

ABE MARTIN'S

Campaigns wouldn' be so awful if
ther wuzn' nothin' but th' silent vote.



"Nothin' shows up your wheel base
like a pair o' white shoes," said Fawn
Lippincut, t'day.



You can't enjoy th' best unless you're
prepared fer th' worst.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Tipton Bud has th' sawdust contract
fer th' revival at th' Baptist church.



You have t' be jest about as careful
where you place your kindness as your
confidence these days.



Miss Fawn Lippincut's cousin, o'
Canal Dover, Ohio, is visitin' her. He
looks a good deal like a feller that'd go
up on th' stage if a magician invited
him.

ABE MARTIN'S

T' err is human, but t' admit it haint.



Ever noticed how embarrassed a girl gits when she thoughtlessly raises her skirt at a crossin' these days?



No matter how hard th' son of a great father hustles he never gits much credit.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

You might jest as well carry a banner readin' "Keep away," as go about with a long face.



One o' th' silliest wastes o' time is figurin' up how much money you'd have if you'd stayed single.



Some folks seem t' require three or four violent setbacks before they hit ther gait.



By fer th' greatest industry in this country is furnishin' amusement fer th' people.

ABE MARTIN'S

We've allus been anxious t' know how
a good spender's friends feel after he
gits caught.



We're all mighty unselfish when it
comes t' handin' out advice we could
use ourselves.



Th' more beautiful homes folks have
th' less they seem t' stay in 'em.



Th' time t' argue is before you put
th' gloves on.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Myrt Pash is only fourteen an' she kin paint a pair o' eyebrows that you kin hardly tell from th' real thing.



"Ther's been a heap o' progress made in soldiers' uniforms," said Squire Marsh Swallow, t'day. "I went clean thro' th' civil war wearin' a cap as heavy as a cement urn."



Th' honeymoon ends when th' bride decides t' visit her mother a week longer.

ABE MARTIN'S

We hain't very particular 'bout most things, but we think ther ought t' be some way t' comb a waiter's hair back so it'll stay.



Ther' haint much t' a dime's worth o' liver these days after you subtract th' butcher's thumb.



Most of us never appreciate a good job till we try t' spend a two weeks' vacation.



Some fellers would rather find an argyment than a pocket book.



Nothin' turns th' house upside down like a sick fat man.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

"Plowin' up circus lots an' plantin' 'em in garden sass strikes me as carryin' our patriotism a trifle too fer," said little Artie Pash, t'day.



Next t' gittin' away from a half pickled story-teller th' hardest thing is t' shake a nickname we acquired in our childhood.



Many a pleasant little dinner party has been ruined by somebuddy tryin' t' tell th' plot of a late novel.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' first case o' painters' colic amongst th' girls wuz reported t'day when Miss Tawney Apple wuz found unconscious before her mirror.



Blessin's often come disguised, an' not infrequently hard luck shows up lookin' like a million dollars.



It occurs t' us that a good many young men are too busy brushin' ther hair back t' think about enlistin'.



Carnegie builds th' libraries an' Rockefeller builds th' fillin' stations.



Th' trouble with a educated feller is that he allus insists on beginnin' at th' top.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS



Sawin' wood is a lost art, but we kin
still say nothin'.

ABE MARTIN'S

"Soft collars look purty nice, but they don't turn away any wrath," said Tell Binkley t'day.



We suppose ther's a lot o' good fer nothin' folks in ever' business, but they have a better chance t' hide it than a shiftless farmer.



What's become o' the feller what used t' say, "My teeth are as sound as a dollar an' never had a brush on 'em?"

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

A failure allus returns t' th' town
where he wuz th' poorest.



Beware o' th' girl that admits she's
beautiful.



We all like busy people, even if they
haint very polite.



Cold feet wont save you. They've got
t' be flat.



Another good way t' help win th' war
is t' fergit your politics.

ABE MARTIN'S

"I don't know whether ther's any mutton tallow in th' various beauty creams on th' market t'day, but I do know some awful purty girls didn' use nothin' else when I wuz a skylarker," said Uncle Niles Turner, this mornin'.



Ther never wuz a hotel that knowed how t' cook string beans.



"I never had any use fer men, but clerks seem t' prefer 'em t' women," said Miss Mame Moon, t'day.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

If you must raise chickens in town,
handcuff 'em.



Nobuddy is as thoroughly an' lavishly
despised as a squelcher.



"I don't know how they feel about it
t'day, but when I lived in th' country a
farmer thought anything wuz good
enough fer city folks," says 'Squire
Marsh Swallow.



More dogs than widows have died o'
grief.

ABE MARTIN'S

They say th' Lord loves a cheerful giver, but as fer ourselves we don't remember o' ever havin' met one.



It don't make much difference what else you've got if you haint got application.



Ther's an awful lot o' difference in bein' acquainted with somebuddy an' knowin' 'em.



Some fellers' idea o' economy is light-in' a fifteen-cent cigar after a meatless dinner.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

They never erect any monuments t'
a homebuddy.



A clerk allus gives you too much attention when he hasn' got what you want.



Elocutionists have t' be self made, fer nobuddy ever boosted one.

ABE MARTIN'S

It's all right t' be married if you don't bring your grouch down town.



"One thing I've noticed in my travels," said Lafe Bud t'day, "is that vests are allus cleaner in dry towns."



We hear very little o' some folks 'cause they attend t' ther own business.



Miss Fawn Lippincut wuz run down by a motorcycle t'day while knittin' t' th' pust-office.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Tilford Moot's brother bought a \$3000 car t'day. He makes his money easy—farmin'.



Miss Tawney Apple says she hates t' ride on a train 'cause th' oranges are so high.



What's become o' th' uproarous applause that used t' foller th' mere mention o' Bryan's name?

ABE MARTIN'S

Mrs. Tipton Bud had intended t' lobby at th' legislature t'day, but she can't stand nickel cigar smoke.



Ther' hain't half as much in a name as ther' is in a good location.



Loafin' around knockin' th' government must be healthful. We know a feller that's been doin' it fer forty years, an' he looks good fer forty more.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Ther's lots o' offices within th' gift o' th' people—if you've got th' price.



“Anyhow, sody fountain clerks haint as affable as bartenders, say what you please,” said Tell Binkley t'day.



Th' best scheme is t' love yourself an' take no chances on your neighbors.

ABE MARTIN'S

We don't know who th' farmers mostly voted fer, but we do know that th' government at Washin'ton has done about ever'thing fer th' farmer but shuck his corn.



Miss Fawn Lippincut' went down town this mornin' t' find a pair o' shoes t' match her purse.



"Hooks an' eyes have gone up 5'cents on account o' th' war an' I didn' even know soldiers used 'em," said Miss Fawn Lippincut, t'day.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

"Eyes have dropped considerably since women's shoes went up," said Prof. Alex Tansey, t'day. Alex is purty comic fer a teacher.



Very few people ever live down a front view photo.



When I see some fellers playin' golf I wonder why they wish t' prolong ther lives.

ABE MARTIN'S

When you do git a hold of a good nickel se-gar you've got somethin'.



"I'd rather be a poor sewin' machine girl all my life than marry a slacker," said Miss Fawn Lippincut, t'day, after lookin' over th' marriage license column.



Some people are so prominent an' identified with so blamed many things that we often wonder when they bathe.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Miss Tawney Apple has responded t'
th' call t' th' colors an' bought a sport
skirt.



No girl wuz ever so purty that she
could chew gum with impunity.



When a pop'lar girl finally marries
she never gits credit for gittin' th' one
she wuz after.

ABE MARTIN'S

What's become o' th' ole time mother that used t' say, "Well, I expect we'd better be puttin' long dresses on Emmy?"



It's a cinch a girl that won't help her mother won't help a husband.



If we wuz all as well behaved as a farmer's dog when he comes t' town this would be some world.



A feller with any individuality is never neutral about anything.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Who remembers th' ole jackknife
with a picture o' Lily Clay in th' handle?



High-heeled shoes make dandy holes
fer onion sets.



Th' persons an' animals most difficult
t' combat are th' ones that bite smilin'.



One thing's a cinch—you can't make
a speech without practicin'.

ABE MARTIN'S

Miss Tawney Apple says she'd git a new fall hat if she thought anybuddy would look that high.



Remember how discouragin' it used t' be t' have t' buy new buggy tires ever' ten or fifteen years?



A husband kind o' feels like givin' up when his wife comes home with jest a cheap little ole fifteen-dollar hat t' wear ever' day.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

You might as well try t' hide behind a walkin' stick as a woman's skirt these days.



Lots o' necessities are dwindle in size an' goin' up in price, but it'll be many a day before there's anything as little fer th' money as a drink o' liquor.



Emblematic watch charms don't git th' business like they used to.

ABE MARTIN'S

Tipton Bud is too ole fer war, but he offers his second wife's three sons.



What's become o' th' ole fashioned feller that only got shaved "on occasion"?



Th' thing that's allus bothered us th' most is how a widower with a string o' little children finds a second wife so soon.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS



Some fellers don't object t' goin' t'
th' front if it's t' be a group photergraph.

ABE MARTIN'S

Mr. Lemmie Peters, who graduated a year ago last June, has decided t' quit lookin' fer a position an' announces that he'll accept a situation.



Who ever dreamed th' time would come when it would be considered a compliment t' be called a "small p'tater"?



What's become o' th' feller who used t' git t' th' front with a log school education?

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

You have t' be mighty ornery or
mighty great t' be missed these days.



Uncle Ez Pash has joined th' Slaves
o' Catarrh beauty contest—after takin'
five bottles.



Rev. Wiley Tanger broke both arches
comin' out flat footed fer Hughes.

ABE MARTIN'S

Ther's too many folks with opinions
an' no infermation.



Lots o' fellers are like a soft drink—
they look th' part, but won't do th' work.



A good personality is almost as essen-
tial as havin th' goods.



No matter how attentive an' amused
folks seem t' be when you're talkin'
about your children nobuddy really
wants t' hear about 'em 'cept ther gran'-
parents.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Up t' date, nobuddy has been able t'
describe a play without makin' us tired.



You're never successful till you're
happy.



Some folks are born in society, others
are taken in, but th' great majority o'
people tunnel in.

ABE MARTIN'S

Ever notice how a movie audience applauds a film baby 'cause it can't hear it?



White stockin's should be worn once. We're not snoopy, but we know when a pair o' white stockin's are all in.



Ther' haint nothin' in attendin' t' other folks' business unless they hire you.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Ther's one thing we all ought t' let people find out fer 'emselves, an' that's how honest we are.



If you'll take th' time t' look him up you'll find that th' feller that's lucky is also a hustler.



We never pick up a paper but what we read that somebuddy has accepted a position when, as a matter o' fact, they've finally landed one.

ABE MARTIN'S

"Well, thank th' Lord, war didn' come till we got used t' carrots," said Mrs. Lafe Bud, t'day.



We all love t' see our names in th' paper. I used t' know a feller that stole a horse occasionally jest t' keep before th' public.



Little Amy Moots put her dolls away an' painted her cheeks an' went down-town t'day.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Marriages are made in heaven, an' a lot o' them git an awful long ways from th' factory.



"I'm goin' t' watch an' see if beets go up, an' if they do I'll know somethin's crooked," said Mrs. Tilford Moots t'day.



A feller never knows what he kin do till he tries—an' a woman till she cries.



Who remembers when we used t' git pulled inside if we stopped in front of a clothin' store?

ABE MARTIN'S

Ther's few things in this life that
equal th' sensation o' bein' paid up.



Wearin' furs in th' summer time is th'
limit, an' if they happen t' be goat furs
it's fierce.



Th' world loves a good loser better
than a winner.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Hominy eventually—why not now?



Remember th' ole five-cent soup bone
that'd make a dinner fer a tiger?



Jeff Mapes died at th' poor house
t'day. He wuz raised on a farm, but
never practiced.



What's become o' th' ole fashioned
housekeeper that used t' ask fer a bar
o' Sunday soap?

ABE MARTIN'S

Who remembers when a feller used
t' whisper when he ordered a plate o'
beans?



Who remembers when workin' men
used t' fill ther dinner buckets at home
instead o' at th' nearest grocery?



Miss Garnet Pash is in town t'day
havin 'a little pre nuptial dental work
done.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Miss Opal Pash has resigned from th' optical counter o' th' 5 an' 10-cent store t' take th' ticket window o' th' picture the-ater, th' latter furnishin' a finer vehicle fer her talents.



Ther's lots o' good lookin' women that are not built that way.



We often git the reputation fer bein' a grouch by talkin' plainly t' th' wrong bore.

ABE MARTIN'S

Remember how your mother used t'
dig your ears out with a rough towel
when you wuz a little boy?



My idea o' bein' hard up fer somethin'
t' fight about is quarrelin' o'er th' ac-
curacy o' your thermometer.



Speakin' o' period furniture, Miss
Tawney Apple has bought a Mary an'
John davenport.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Mrs. Lafe Bud buggied to Helmsburg
t'day.



Give Dame Fashion an inch an' she
takes almost a stockin' length.



A girl can't help it if she's got a pug
nose, but she kin keep from wearin' a
close reefed turban.

ABE MARTIN'S

It pays a whole lot better t' git even with your friends instead of your enemies.



Nothin' seems t' boost some things like adverse criticism.



"When I hear a little painted up strip-lin' of a girl address her companion as 'kid' I'm kind o' glad I won't be here much longer," said ole Niles Turner t'day.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Th' most unbecomin' fad th' girls have yit adopted is th' painted face an' hash brown neck.



A college career is a fine thing t' look back on, but it hain't got nothin' on ole boardin' house days.



Th' visitor that never has time t' take a chair allus stays an hour.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' hardest thing a farmer raises is his help.



We've often wondered if it wuzn' a great experience fer a mother t' eat at a hotel an' git waited on.



Ther's few things that look as triflin' as a man carryin' a guitar.



Who remembers th' oletime dog collar inscription, "I'm Johnny Green's dog, whose dog are you?"

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

It's purty hard t' be informed without
bein' obnoxious.



Elmer Bud has quit goin' with his
girl till he kin save enough t' marry her.



This has been an awful hard summer on mother—killin' p'tater bugs an' haulin' th' flag down ever' day at sunset.

ABE MARTIN'S

Mrs. Tilford Moots is in town t'day,
as it is too wet t' hoe.



Sometimes ever'buddy is satisfied
with a feller's wages but his grocer.



What's become o' th' ole time country
dude that shaved with a barlow knife?

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS



Actions speak louder'n flags.

ABE MARTIN'S

Who ever dreamed that he'd live t'
see th' day when cigarette cases wuz
among th' Christmus suggestions fer
mother?



Who remembers when if you had an
electric blue coat an' vest an' a pair o'
light striped trousers ever'thing else
looked easy?



You can't save anything but the cou-
pons these days.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Who remembers when our farmers used t' raise more whiskers than anything else?



You won't have to worry about a fall suit if you enlist.



Who remembers when you used t' git a pair o' suspenders free with a hand-me-down suit?



"I wouldn't trust th' feller that's keepin' still these days as fer as I could throw a anvil," said Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart, t'day.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' less mail a feller gits th' oftener
he goes t' th' postoffice.



Some folks are so patriotic they stand
up fer "Silver Threads Among th'
Gold."



Mrs. Tilford Moot's niece has three
children—two goin' t' school an' one t'
th' dentist's.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Miss Fawn Lippincut did not attend "East Lynne" last night as tears make her complexion run.



A feller kin go all spring without findin' work, but he knows where th' mushrooms hide.



In makin' a garden, first kill your neighbor's chickens.

ABE MARTIN'S

Next t' a green persimmon, ther haint
nothin' worsen' a green motorman.



Ther's few people as obnoxious as a
learned n'er-do-well.



Some fellers never begin t' cough till
they git in a restaurant.



Some girls couldn' be as bad as ther
painted.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Another thing that seems t' be absolutely indispensable t' th' equipment of a first class loafer is a big bunch o' keys.



Do you think thirty dollar shoes 'll keep 'em at home?



After a couple splits up it don't take very long t' tell which one wuz t' blame.



When I see some fellers lookin' fer work I wonder how long they'd last as detectives.

ABE MARTIN'S

Mrs. Tilford Moots is seriously ill from intensive p'tater culture.



When you come t' think about it, th' feller that runs fer a good, fat office an' expects ever'buddy t' neglect ther business an' help him, has got a whole lot o' nerve.



A mother is a great institution, but th' father nearly allus has t' interfere when she buys a suit fer ther little boy.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

It's all right t' be poetic if you kin spare th' time.



Th' feller that can't turn down an agent 'll have t' take th' consequences.



Who remembers when yeller pug dogs wuz all th' rage?



One o' th' oldest of all th' git rich schemes is marryin' a rich widow.

ABE MARTIN'S

Next t' a safeblower, ther hain't nothin' that's got as many aliases as a Ben Davis apple.



Farmers either raise too much rhubarb or ther abnormally fond of it, which is jest as bad.



When you begin t' age you kin dye your hair an' kick up, but ther's no known way t' stave off fallin' int' th' habit o' tellin' th' same story t' th' same people four or five times.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Th' war has taught us two things up t' date—that women are equal t' any emergency an' parsnips have a food value.



Next t' an indigent optimist th' worst thing is a rich grumbler.



"A half of a grapefruit makes a dandy base fer a desk flag," said Miss Fawn Lippincut, t'day.



We often hear o' fellers havin' a chance t' go west, but most of us go east without havin' a chance in th' world.

ABE MARTIN'S

What's become o' th' ole fashioned patriotic citizen who used t' say, "Well, I didn' vote fer him, but he's my President jist th' same"?



Miss Tawney Apple has received a handsome smokin' jacket fer her birthday.



Evidently some folks only think they're cured that git ther pictures in th' newspapers.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Miss Fawn Lippincut wuz down town t'day wearin 'a pair o' stockin's that wuz so thin you could read th' serial number on her paper money.



Some folks are so hard pressed fer distinction that they'll admit bein' th' youngest o' a family o' fourteen.



"Well, ther's no one gittin' killed in th' rush t' git in th' king row these days," said Uncle Niles Turner t'day.

ABE MARTIN'S

What's become o' th' feller that used
t' ride at th' head of a circus pe-rade an'
cry, "Watch your hosses"?



Business got so bad at th' Fairy Grot-
to nickel the-ater last week that they
had t' put up th' "Adults Only" sign.



After you're forty, it don't take long
t' wait a year.



Th' only thing a woman 'll admit she
can't do is wear pink.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Ever notice how much more abuse a woman kin endure from a poor husband than she kin from a rich one?



"I'd git married t'day if I could find a gal as purty as th' women in th' carpet sweeper ads," says Pinky Kerr.



Th' feller that kin put a p'tato over th' plate these days is certainly fit fer the Three Eye League.

ABE MARTIN'S

I guess th' hardest thing about bein' fifty is tryin' t' fergit it.



Miss Coral Plum went t' Morgantown this mornin' by horse.



After most fellers git t' hoverin' around fifty they begin t' look fer a young men's club t' join.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS



How some folks look so nice on nothin' 'll allus be a pop'lar mystery.

ABE MARTIN'S

Some folks go clear thro' life without
savin' anything but a little tinfoil.



Who remembers when a feller used t'
give up at twenty-five an' raise a beard?



If at first you don't like succotash,
try, try agin.



Th' latest thing in stallers is th' feller
that regrets that he's too ole t' go t' war.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Ther' hain't nothin' as good fer a home as a little company occasionally—even if the dishes do pile up.



Some people don't care what goes on at home if they kin be th' whole thing downtown.



What's become o' th' feller who used t' look wise an' whip out a gold tooth-pick ?

ABE MARTIN'S

Ther's very little sympathy in th' world, an' none at all fer folks that are land poor or lodge poor.



So few people stay at home any more that it's a wonder th' burglars don't all git rich an' retire.



Poverty an' gratitude never go hand in hand.



Miss Fawn Lippincut's class in succotash will have a reunion in February.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

One good thing about a city is that you don't have t' look at th' same lead-in' citizen all th' time.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has adopted a fern.



How some woman kin sit on th' front porch all forenoon is th' leadin' mystery in ever' neighborhood.



One good thing about fellers that like t' fish—they never cripple any industries when they lay off.

ABE MARTIN'S

It strikes us that th' modern little girl don't play with dolls long enough.



Gran'maw Pash is too well along in years t' be o' much help t' her country these days, but she's t' have two beetless days a week in her home durin' th' war, which 'll "help some," as she puts it.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says she'll be glad when East Lynne comes an' goes, so she kin wear her good clothes ever' day.

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Th' world may be gittin' better, but jest th' same we've all quit payin' over a dollar fer an' umbreller.



One way t' be pop'lar is t' be easy.



When a feller's necktie begins t' climb up on his collar it don't make no difference whether his shoes are shined or not.



Who can't recall when a pound o' strong butter used t' upset th' ole home ever' few days?

BACK COUNTRY SAYINGS

Wearin 'a Norfolk coat after you're fifty don't fool anybuddy.



Have you noticed th' close an' beautiful bond o' friendship that exists between th' owners o' cheap cars?



A feller has t' work harder t' make his wages go round these days than he does t' make th' wages.



Newspapers are all right for some things, but ever' time they boost th' food value o' somethin' it doubles in price.



The End

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