

12/27/1913



A DRESSING-ROOM CONFIDENCE

Myrtle—How can you stand that Jack Brazen, Mary? I think he's the limit.

Mary—Well, he's got a sixty horse-power cat, Myrtle, an' you can't expect everything.

“IT ALL come of this here power o' mind over matter, your honor. Ever since the day that new-fangled preacher hit Bugginsville, Josiah wasn't the same—an' I 'low that I wasn't—but I ain't goin' to have no av'leemists probin' into my skull an' sayin' I'm crazy, because I ain't an' neither was Josiah.”



“I 'low I had only a mild case of this mind-over-matter stuff until Josiah went clean dippy over it, an' then it seemed to git me all at once. Josiah called it 'consecratin' your mind' an' he was forever an' everlastin' consecratin' it, your honor. First, it was on a cow that bruk her leg. 'Maria,' sez he to me, 'Maria, I'm goin' to cure that cow's leg by mental consecrashun. I'm goin' to prove to you indissolutely,' he sez, 'the proof of power o' mind over matter.' The cow got well,

Josiah's Defeat

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

an' there was no holdin' Josiah down after that.

“Pretty soon I had the rheumatiz, caused by Jack-of-ile between the j'ints, an' Josiah sez to me, sez he, 'Maria, I'm goin' to consecrate my mind on you all day, an' by night your rheumatiz'll be better.' An' sure's you've got whiskers, judge, it was! That settled it for me, an' I began consecratin' along with Josiah, an' I 'low I soon got pretty nigh as powerful as Josiah at mental consecrashun.

“Now, the good Lord knows Josiah warn't no angel to git along with, though I do hope he's among 'em now an' learnin' a little onselfishness. He never would agree with me, an' when we both got to consecratin' it, it was just his natur' to consecrate all o' his power o' mind agin my power o' mind. It was then that things

began to happen, your honor. The real trouble began when Josiah wanted the hens to lay in February, an' I wanted 'em to lay in March. He began consecratin' his mind, an' would consecrate for hours at a time, an' I began consecratin', too. Josiah, he consecrated for the hens to lay in February, an' I consecrated for 'em to lay in March, an' because he was so pig-headed, your honor, an' the power o' our minds bein' e'kal, the hens didn't lay at all! An' because they had had so much consecratin' of two different kinds put on 'em, most of 'em took the pip an' died. There was a lot of consecratin' went on after that, your honor, an' everything went bad, because Josiah wouldn't agree with me. But the chief trouble didn't come until I began consecratin' my mind for a new dress an' coat for New Year's, an' Josiah began consecratin' his'n for a new buggy for spring. It was then, one night, that Josiah sez to me, sez he, 'Maria, there's just one way I can make the power o' my mind a blessin' to us all, an' that's by destroyin' the power o' your mind,' he sez.

“Oh, it is, is it?" I sez, smilin' at him



ON THE ELEVATED

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as hard as brass tacks. 'It is, is it?' I repeats. 'An' how are you goin' about it?' I sez to him.

'I'm goin' to giva up all other consecrasshun for a time,' he sez, 'an' consecrate entirely on you.' An' then he sez, grand as a lord, 'In the end you will do everything I wish, an' you'll be happy. My slightest desire,' sez he, 'it will be your greatest pleasure to obey.'

'Oh, it will, will it?' I sez, an' I could hear my mind fairly buzz, it was so anxious to begin consecratin' on him.

'Then we began, your honor. Whenever he come into the house, he'd fix me with them gimlet eyes o' his'n, an' I'd fix him with mine, an' we'd consecrate until my head almost busted. After supper we'd consecrate until bedtime, an' once I opened my eyes to find that Josiah was consecratin' me in my sleep. The end of it all came on the washday before Christmas, your honor, when it wasn't fair to take advantage of me, because I had a big wash. I was weaker'n usual that day, an' all at once Josiah come into the kitchen, walks straight up to me, takes me firmly by my front hair, turns up my head, gimlets me with his eyes, an' sez, deep an' ghost-like, 'Maria Hoch-rattle, I pernoounces you consecrated—I pernoounces your mind under power o' my mind—I pernoounces you from this day forrard, forever and ever.'

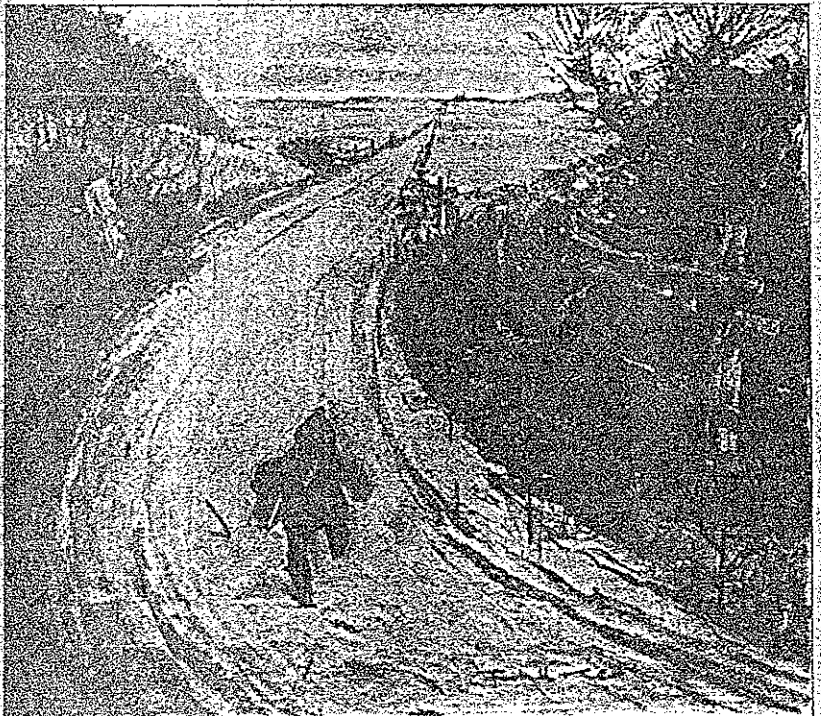
'An' all the time, your honor, his grip was growin' tighter, an' I could hear my front hair rippin'. I could have stood that, mebbly, but when he tells me I'm consecrated forever an' ever, I couldn't stand it any longer, an' I gave him a biff

that sent him over agin the red-hot stove. Then I makes a grab for him, an' I sez, sez I, 'I'm consecrated, am I?' My mind is under power o' your mind, is it?—

sayin' which, I junks him down in a tub of h'iltin' hot water an' holds him there until he begins to peel. Then I lets up, merciful-like, an' he comes at me with a yell an' hands into my hair with both hands—an' you can see the bunch he left, your honor, ain't bigger'n a nut. You could make two switches of what he pulled out in the next two minnits, an' I'd 'a' been bald if my hand hadn't come in contact with a fryin' pan, with which I gave him a belt that put him to the floor. I fellers him up with a pan of dishes, an' then he jumps up out of the mess like a wildcat an' comes for what little hair I've got left.

'You're consecrated!' he yells, mad-like, an' spittin' soapsuds from his mouth. 'You're consecrated, I tell you!—an' ripl comes another bunch of hair.'

'Am I?' I retorts, an' I welts him over the head with a rolling pin, an' you'd 'a' knowed he hadn't any brains by the sound his head made. 'Am I?' I repeats, biffin' him agin, an' we goes down together in an offal mess. We gets up together, an' mebbly we'd 'a' stopped pretty soon, but he gets a good hold of both my ears, an'



A GOOD BOY'S MEMORY

The little red schoolhouse when you thought you were late.



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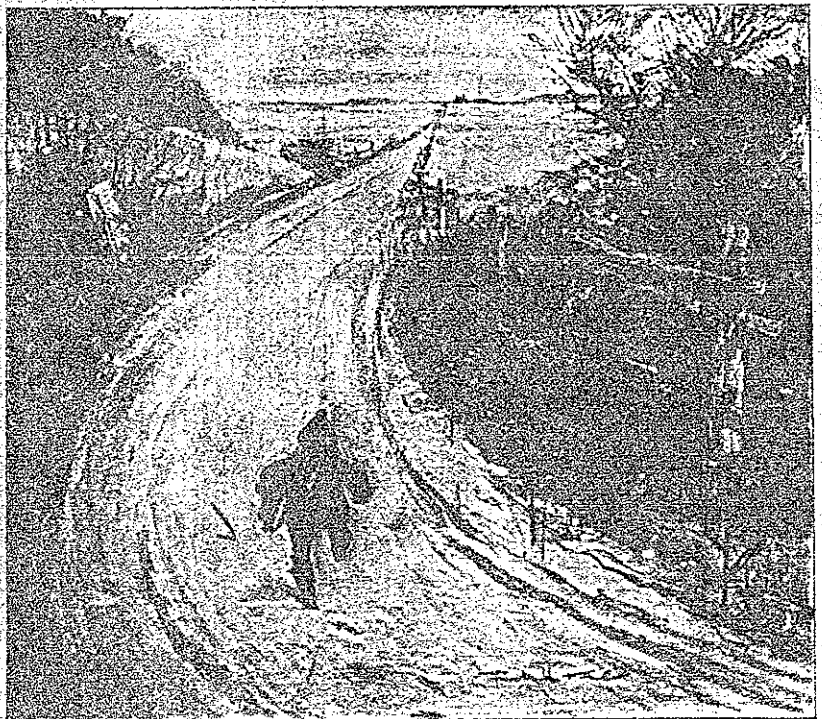
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then he gets his face close to mine
 gimlets me up his eyes agin, an' yells,
 "You're consecrated, I say! Go to sleep!
 Go to sleep! Obe'y the will o' my mind!"
 At that, your honor, I picks up
 a flat-iron an' I bruis' him

