The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1920.

DON'T STOP

If you want to win up to the heights of success,
Gain a place and a name at the top,
There is one little motto to bind in your heart:
When you've once started climbing—
Don't stop!

Don't stop to look back o'er the distance you've come,
In the bucket 'twill seem but a drop!
Or else you'll be proud of too little—
that's worse—
So, until you have "got there,"
Don't stop!

Don't stop to look forward, and count your rewards;
Don't harvest your just-planted crop.
Keep pegging away, and shoeing your crop,
One sure way to fail is
Just stop!

Yes, even if Fame drops a laurel or two
From her palace 'way up on the top,
Don't think you can rest "just a moment on that"
That time of all others—
Don't stop!

For resting on laurels is almost as bad
As trading Old Cerberus' sop,
Or feeding on lotus. Just throw them ahead
Like the heart of the climber—And—
DON'T STOP!

—Winifred Arnold.

Under the Balanced Rock

Charles Moreau Harger

So far as any of the herding crew knew Quin just appeared. When or how he came to town was a mystery. Slight, wistful-eyed, silent, he joined the group preparing to go out to the big pasture, and seemed to belong.

Ben Hoover was the first to give him attention, and that was just as the wagon was starting. "Here, what are you doing on this rig?" he called brusquely.

"I want to help you—I want something to do," was the quiet answer, as the boy kept straightening out some of the paraphernalia of the outfit.

"Who hired you?" came the sharp query.

No answer. Ben jumped from the driver's seat and ran into the bank. In a moment he was back. "It's all right—we need somebody to wait on us. Take him along, the boss says."

Twenty-six miles south were the herds. The pastures started at the Indian hills and reached off toward the Arkansas river in long, green slopes. Not a fence nor a road nor a division of the lands existed for miles on miles, and it was necessary that the owners keep guard over their own stock.

It was a long, jolting ride over rough roads and Ben saw to it that the stranger did his full share toward keeping the wagon from scattering its belongings. Somehow he seemed to have a grudge against the boy—perhaps because the ranch owner had ordered that he be taken along without Ben's advice.

"Here you—what is your name?" he demanded when we were getting well out of town.

"Quincy Farrish, sir," came the soft answer.

"We'll call you 'Quin'—got busy at tyin' those ropes tighter." The boy unhesitatingly obeyed.

Fifteen miles out, the team was stopped and lunch was spread under a lonely cottonwood tree. As the crew gathered around the rough food, Quin's eyes fairly snapped. At the word, "Pail to," he began stuffing the meat and bread into his mouth as if famishing.

"See here," yelled Ben fiercely. "Didn't you ever eat before?"

"Yes—no, sir—not since Tuesday," come the embarrassed reply.

"Nothing since day before yesterday?"... The boy shook his head.

"Then go to it," and the leader of the crew unbent enough to heap the eatables before him.

But Ben did not like the youth and showed it in the many menial tasks he put upon him. Still silent, watchful, Quin did his best to carry out the orders to serve his companions whom he seemed to hold in great respect. The crew was thoughtless and he fetched and carried like a pack horse. When camp was made that evening, he fell asleep in the shelter of the wagon almost before the team was unhitched.

The camp was in the foothills where great rocky steeps made a natural wind break and the cabin at the foot of the largest mound seemed like a toy in comparison with the rocks that loomed above. Huge boulders were left by some upheaval, resting one on the other and seemed like sentinels watching over the corrals. These were so spacious as to be almost fields and the hundreds of head of cattle each evening were gathered there. During the day the herders took them out on the broad pastures.

Quin was fascinated by the rocks. In the long summer evenings, after he had cared for the cattle ponies and helped cook and clean away the supper, he would climb to the top of Red Indian rock, which was so fairly balanced that it seemed almost ready to topple over, and enjoy the racing winds that swept the plains.

Two months went by with the monotonous round of herding and driving in the cattle. Quin was still kept busy. He failed to gain the approval of Ben who put upon him the hardest tasks of the ranch. One day when there was little of interest, the leader ordered Quin to mount a new pony that had just been brought in for the herders. Without a word the boy leaped on the horse and in a moment the animal was charging over the prairie, bucking and rearing wildly. Ben was frightened and swinging into his saddle, followed. He found the boy lying on the grass three miles out, weak from his ride and the fall he got at the end. Ben brought him in and for two days Quin was unable to perform his tasks.

But the boy never whimpered—he continued as faithful and obedient as before, and would have mounted another wild pony if ordered. I think we all resented a little the hard treatment he received, but Ben went his way, bullying us all a little and we were afraid to protest too strongly.

Then one morning "Red" Wheeler came running from the corral. "Six head are gone," he announced excitedly. Sure enough, evidence showed that we had lost the animals during the night. Someone had entered the corral and driven them away.

"Go out and look for 'em," ordered Ben, and all that day and the next, riders scoured the country without result. The nearest neighbor was the Collins family eight miles to the east, a rough and reckless lot, a father and three hulking boys, always riding the range and having only a few scrubby cattle. They had visited us only once. Red and I rode over to their ranch—there was no visible sign of our cattle, though they might easily have been driven out on the prairie and hidden from us.

Two nights later we were aroused by a sound from the cattle, and all rushed from our bunks in the cabin to find the herd nervously huddled in one corner of the big corral. The next morning we rigged a narrow chute against the fence and drove them through—the count showed 1,747 head; there had been 1814 when we came to the ranch.

Things looked serious. The herders were all little more than boys and new to the cattle country, with a great responsibility on their shoulders. Some of us slept out of doors night after night with no results and the days wore on toward autumn.

On a rainy night Quin was the last one in; he had been riding through the storm and was wet to the skin. Weary and white, he sat by the fire in the bunk house and munched his supper while the others turned into their bunks.

The boy must have gone to sleep in his chair, for he was the only one awakened later when a queer swish of feet passed the cabin. As we learned later, he slipped out into the rain and made his own observations. Four men had passed the building and were dimly visible as an occasional lightning flash illuminated the hills. The party was climbing the mound back of the cabin and Quin followed, dodging behind rocks to avoid their seeing him.

Up and up they clambered until, with their pursuer close behind, they came to the great rock that stood sentinel-like at the top of Red Indian Hill.

"Get under at this end," he heard one say, and there was a clink of iron. Puzzled, he crept on his knees closer to the group, one of whom he made out as Collins, the father of the three rough sons. The men had long iron bars and were placing them under the rock as levers.

Suddenly it burst upon him. In the rain and lightning there was a chance to make it appear that the balanced rock had broken loose—and the cabin was just below.

Scrambling, rolling, tumbling, the boy went back over his track. It was a rocky road downward and bruises and cuts marked his limbs as he hurried. Once a lightning flash showed the brink of a ten-foot precipice—but he did not hesitate and leaped, wrenching his arm as he fell. Regardless of pain, on he went and sought the dark form of the cabin.

"Quick—out of here," he shouted. "The rock is coming!"

The sleepy herders turned drowsily as he awoke them; he half led, half pushed them out into the rain without having time to explain.

"Away—get away from the house," he pleaded and, only half understanding, they started to obey. Suddenly the lightning made the scene plain for an instant. High on the hill could be seen the forms outlined against the sky and the great rock swinging backward and forward as it was pushed by the wreckers. With real alarm the herders, terrified, broke into a run and sought safety far out on the prairie. Then they took count—one was missing. They had not realized that Ben had evidently not been awakened and was sleeping in the cabin.

In an instant a slight figure left them, racing back to the building. "Quin, Quin!" they called, for they could now see the rock swaying farther and farther and ready to come crashing over the edge. But the figure vanished in the darkness.

Into the cabin like a whirlwind, pulling, shouting, he seized the unconscious leader. "Quick, Mr. Ben, quick."

"Get out, let me al—" Ben started to say, then he grasped the terror in the boy's actions and allowed himself to be led through the darkness into the rain outside.

When they were a few feet from the door, the rock made its last sway, its balance was at last broken. Thundering down the hill came the roar of the great mass, the crackling of timbers and in an instant the cabin vanished behind them and past went a huge shape that rolled and tore its way through the wreckage and went rushing on until at last it stopped rods away against the fence of the corral.

All was silent; lightning flashed, showing the devastation; the rain poured. The two watchers had sunk to the ground and clung to each other in the moment of terror. Now they arose trembling, and the boy led the way toward their companions.

It was Quin who had the thought that was most timely. "Maybe they will try to steal the cattle."

"Of course," agreed Ben, and he led the way toward the gate of the corral. As they approached, they saw the gate open and the cattle were being rushed about evidently by drivers. On they raced. But it was too late. The horses of the strangers were at hand and in a moment the party was all mounted. The herders ran at their best speed through the dark and just reached the gate as the last horse leaped into the darkness and was gone. Four forms rapidly disappeared, leaving only the watchers.

"Follow 'em," shouted Ben and every one made a rush for the horse corral where the cattle ponies were kept for the night. Soon all were mounted and away. Up hill and down they raced, facing the rain and taking their course by the flashes of lightning that illuminated the plains.

Finally, far off, in the distance, they caught a glimpse of dark forms, but they were travelling fast. The sturdy ponies were bending every effort to overtake the thieves, but made little headway.

"They're turning," shouted Ben. Sure enough, the riders ahead were making a wide circle and going almost northeast instead of south.

"Follow and see where they stop." Mile after mile they rode, keeping the dark forms in view. In a flash of light they saw Collins' house ahead and the men were making for it. They watched until they saw the four riders alight and enter the dwelling, then turned homeward.

"That is enough—we can't capture them," said Ben. "We know where they are and the officers will get them later."

Steadily they cantered on through the storm and at last came to the corrals and then to the horse yards. Leaving their mounts, they sought a place to be protected from the rain and at last climbed the hill and found an over-hanging rock where they could at least be dry.

Long and dreary was the wait till morning. Huddled under a near-by rock, the silent group waited through the long watch. At last the sky cleared, the sun rose and they came out into the glorious morning, the plains glistening and the air fresh with the prairie ozone.

Still silent, they approached the heap of splintered lumber that remained where had been their summer's home. The great rock that had been the sentinel of Red Indian Hill lay like a fallen monarch on the level ground.

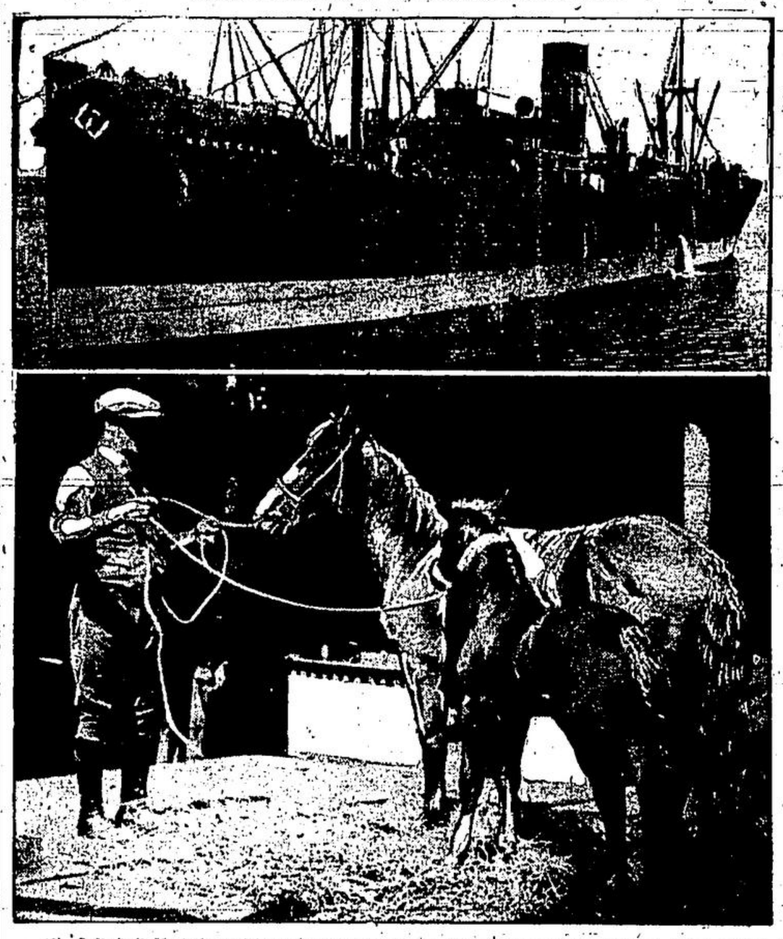
Quin, as usual, stood in the background, but big Ben Hoover, with moist eyes had a huskiness in his voice the others had never heard before, turned to him and took his hand.

"You haven't got a square deal, Quincy," he stumblingly began, "but I want to tell you—"

"Yes I have," broke in the boy, "you all have been good to me."

"Listen, I know better; but let me tell you one thing—you are going to have the squarest treatment I and the boss ever in town can give anybody from this time on."

THE PRINCE'S HORSES ARRIVE



(1) C. P. O. S. Montcalm arriving at Montreal, having on board horses and ponies for the Prince of Wales' Block Ranch near Calgary, Alta.

(2) Prince of Wales' ponies for his Canadian ranch. A Dartmoor pony and her foal about to leave the hold of the C. P. O. S. Montcalm, upon her arrival in Montreal.

MAKING BUTTONS

Few persons know that buttons are made from such queer things as nuts, potatoes, hoofs, horns, blood, porcelain, skim milk, shells, glass and sawdust, as well as various kinds of metals.

Buttons are children of civilization. Savages use string to fasten their clothes together. The Greeks and Romans got along with merely a girdle, the flowing, sheet-like nature of their garments not requiring anything more certain in the nature of fastening.

Buttons were first used on clothing for ornamental purposes. This was soon followed by loops and buttons. The evolution of the buttonhole came last of all. Buttons were first used in southern Europe in the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

Vegetable ivory is one of the most popular materials for the making of buttons. It is made from the fruit of a South American palm called the ecuza nut, and really resembles pure ivory. They are easy to manufacture on account of their susceptibility to dye and the ease with which they can be turned in a lathe. These nuts are shelled in a rotary iron drum, arranged with sharp three-edged irons in the interior. The nuts are then cut in halves out of which the buttons are bored.

The dyeing is done by expert chemists who guard their processes carefully so that competitors may not learn their methods. The buttons are dyed in wire trays and are subjected to considerable heat. They are polished by means of felt-lined barrels, by polishing stones and by hand.

The taking of a bath in the Sangamon river in Illinois by J. F. Boepple in July, 1887, was the beginning of the pearl button industry in the United States. Boepple cut his foot while plunging around in the river and, being of a curious temperament, he sought to ascertain the cause, and, to his amazement, he found the bottom of the river covered with mussel shells. They were exactly what he had been looking for since coming to America.

The demand for shells for button making has brought into existence the mussel fishery industry. The men engaged in mussel fishing gather from 40,000 to 60,000 tons of shells annually, worth from $600,000 to $1,000,000. In addition to this they find from $300,000 to $400,000 worth of pearls every year.

There are approximately 500 species of fresh-water mussels in America. The commercial species are practically restricted to flowing waters derived from the drainage of limestone regions. Here the mollusk finds an abundance of lime, as well as of food, with the depths of water, currents and other conditions favorable to its reproduction and growth. Many species of mussels occur in the streams of the Atlantic coast, but their shells are either chalky and eroded or else too small and too thin for commercial use. Fresh water mussels of commercial value are not as yet known from streams on the Pacific slope.

Each year Americans use $32,000,000 worth of buttons, including fresh water pearl, ocean pearl, metal, vegetable ivory, cloth, bone, composition celluloid and other specialities, the bulk of them being made from mussel shells.

WHY HE WAS NOT PROMOTED

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was always behindhand.
He asked too many questions.
His stock excuse was "I forgot."
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart in his work.
He learned nothing from his blunders.
He was content to be a second-rate man.
He chose his friends among his inferiors.
He turned his ability by half doing things.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He thought it clever to use coarse and profane language.
He imitated the habits of men who could stand more than he could.
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelope.—Exchange.

THE OLD BANKER'S ADVICE

Some years ago a young farmer applied to the bank in his home town for the loan of five hundred dollars, offering his note as security, endorsed by his grandmother, a woman owning considerable property.

The cashier of the bank, an aged man, asked the young man a number of pointed questions relative to the use to which the money was to be put.

"We can't discount your note," declared the cashier after a time.

"Why, my grandmother's name is good for twenty times that sum!" exclaimed the young man.

"That is true," replied the cashier, "but nevertheless we would not care to advance the money. However, I can tell you where you can raise that amount, without the shadow of a doubt."

"Where?"

"On your farm," replied the cashier, looking keenly into the young man's eyes.

"I don't want to mortgage my place for so small an amount!" exclaimed the farmer.

"You misunderstand me," said the banker. "Go ahead with your farming. Do the best you can with the tools you have, and another year you will have the five hundred you wish to put into farming tools. There will be no note staring you in the face, and no interest to meet. Make the most of the opportunities within your reach, and bigger ones will come to hand in due time."

It is a lamentable fact that borrowed money, whether from a bank or a private individual, is apt to be far too lightly considered. Needless expense is incurred when the final day of reckoning is somewhat removed, expense which, were the money hard earned, would be carefully weighed.

A clammer was advised by the clam wholesaler in his native town to purchase a power-dory.

"I'll back a note for you, so you can get it," said the wholesaler. "The day of rowing to and from the flats in that. You can easily meet the note inside of four months."

The clammer thanked him, but shook his head. "I'll earn the money first," he replied.

The day came that he did own a power-dory, also the day came a few years later that the wholesaler found himself in financial trouble. The passing of the years had brought about a great change. The clammer had not only purchased a power-dory, but he had saved a thousand dollars or more. A few days after the wholesaler failed the clammer opened up a similar business. The local banker well knew his thriftiness, and came to him to extend him credit. While he availed himself of the offer, it was only to a very limited extent.

Trading the most of one's own resources, then, is the keynote to success. The man who digs in, himself, not depending upon others to assist him, is almost sure to win out.

STAY-AT-HOME MINDS

Some people who travel a great deal as far as their bodies are concerned, have little stay-at-home minds. Amid the sublimity of the Swiss Alps they would think chiefly on buying material for a new gown, and on the Italian lakes would be more concerned with the dinner menu than with the scenery. Travel cannot do much for the people with stay-at-home minds, the minds that can never get away from themselves.

And on the other hand, there are many people who have never been out of their native state who have travelled minds. They are interested in politics and literature and music. They like to read the history of the past and they keep posted on the latest favorites. The stars and woodland flowers are their friends, and when the birds come back in the spring they can call each by name. It is not necessary to see remote parts of the world in order to acquire breadth and culture. The people who stay at home and send their minds on a journey are much better off than those who have travelled widely, but throughout their wandering, have retained the narrow, stay-at-home minds.

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These men appreciate the best kind of an implement that it is possible to produce for its specific job—shaving! The hard-tempered, double-edged, scientifically-sharpened blades are the same Gillette Blades that stand for a saving in time and effort to millions of men the world over.

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A most comfortable Hammock for the warm weather. Priced complete $34.00; Hammock $19.00; frame $8.00; canopy $7.00.

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Adjusted to four positions. These are made with arm and foot rest. Priced at $2.75, $3.25, $4.25.

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½ cent per mile Winnipeg to destination.

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½ cent per mile starting point to Winnipeg.

GOING DATES
AUGUST 9, and AUGUST 16.
AUGUST 11, and AUGUST 18.

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From Stations in Ontario, Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Havelock-Peterboro Line.
From Stations Kingston to Renfrew Junction, inclusive.
From Stations on Toronto-Sudbury direct line, between Toronto and Parry Sound inclusive.
From Stations Deanoe to Port McNicoll and Barkston, to Bobcaygeon, inclusive.
From Stations South and West of Toronto to and including Hamilton and Windsor, Ont.
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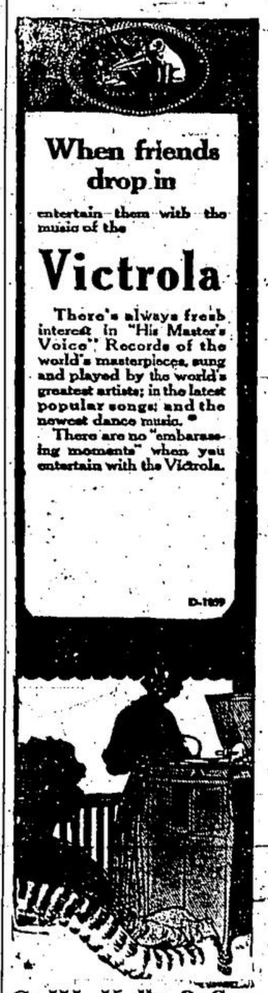

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