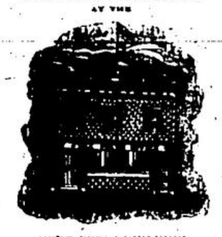
The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVIII.---NO. 49. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1913. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE



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MILL STREET. ACTON, ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. $1.50 to subscribers in the United States. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 50 or inches more, per annum, 10 cents per inch each insertion. Yearly contracts for reading matter 10 cents per inch each insertion.

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All accounts collected monthly.

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Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence by the evening.
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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin, and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimosa P. O., or Caledon telephone in residence in connection with the telephone in residence at your door in vain, if not promptly welcomed with trained ability.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH - - ONT.
Will give you education and training that you can readily exchange for dollars and cents. We have trained thousands of young people to become successful men and women. A best of our graduates are living testimonials to the practical efficiency of our methods. Write today for particulars, or come in and talk it over with us at 137 Upper Wyndham Street, Masonic Block.

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English Liquid Paints
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ALL OTHER SEASONABLE GOODS FOR HOME OR FARM
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TO NEW STORE IN
Warren Block
FIRST QUALITY
BREAD CAKES
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MAPLE SYRUP and HONEY
HEINZ'S PICKLES
57 varieties
FRUIT and VEGETABLES
CONFECTIONERY
Best lines
CALL TO-DAY
T. Statham & Son
BAKERS and GROCERS
Mill St. - ACTON

Wedding Gifts

We have laid in a fine stock of goods suitable for Wedding Gifts in

STERLING SILVERSPOONS
STERLING SILVER NAPKIN RINGS
TEA SETTS
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"Silver Deposit Ware"
BON BON DISHES
SUGAR BOWLS
BUTTER DISHES
FLOWER VASES
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CANDLESTICKS
ETC. ETC.

Come in and see our stock when in Guelph next time.

Savage & Co.
JEWELLERS
Guelph - Ont.

The Sun Defeated

Instead of spoiled food and indifferent tasting fruit a BRANTFORD REFRIGERATOR provides wholesome and delicious refreshment when required. Perfect ventilation, perfect drainage, perfect finish, perfect workmanship.

The Bond Store can supply you with Hose, Refrigerators, Screens, Screen Doors, Screen Windows, Hammocks etc. Ring up or call for information.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - - GUELPH

If Those Headaches
Are still keeping up come in and have your eyes examined at once. If glasses fail to give relief there will be absolutely no expense. It is our Lens Grinding Plant that makes possible the low prices we ask for glasses.

A. D. SAVAGE OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN
"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"
PHONE 527 - GUELPH

You Need
THAT ORGAN
Now
A few splendid instruments are to be sold at especially low prices.
How would you like to purchase a really beautiful organ in handsome walnut case, full five octave, every key in perfect condition, as good as can be, at a price that makes you wonder how we do it, and on terms so easy that you have no trouble in the paying, and delivered free.
These can only be had from
C. W. KELLY
133 Upper Wyndham St
GUELPH - ONT.

Seed Corn, several varieties—Mangles, Sugar Beets, and Turnips—All Garden Seeds—Full Stock of Flour and Feed.
R. NOBLE - Merchant Miller
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BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be secured at his stables
A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10.00 a.m. and 6.10 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Spring & Summer
SHOES
Choose your shoes from our superb stock where you have so many shapes and sizes. Take a look at the shoes in our windows and get acquainted with the new styles. In our windows we can show but a few of our latest, but those shown will give you an idea of what our stock is like. We now have a large assortment of high grade shoes.
W. WILLIAMS
"The Home of Good Shoes"
Mill Street Acton.

The Sun Defeated

Poetry.

THE SHORT ROAD

It hasn't seemed such a long road we have come,
The singing of birds and the chatter and hum
Of children and birds must have shortened the way;
Why I was a boy, just a boy yesterday.
And my figure was slim, and my face wore a grin—
And now I am stout and my hair has grown thin,
And it's only a little short day since I sat
By the rivers or chased bumble-bees with my hat!
It is laughable—almost—to think of the way
I thought of the road I must go yesterday;
It seemed such a very long road and the joy
Of the thought of the things I would do when the boy
Had merged in the man was benumbed for the road
Seemed so long ere the boy could assume the man's load!
It is laughable—almost—to think of the woe
Of the boy at the thought of the long way to go!
It is laughable—almost—and still there are sighs,
And so moisture and mistiness come to my eyes—
How I longed to be grown! how I longed to be gone!
Ahead all the sky red-rosy with dawn!
Now I'm here, where I longed so to be, and I find
That only the sunset's before; and behind
Is all of the glory of dawn, and the gold
Is black where the boy was who longed to be old.
Oh, the glad little boy! oh, the dear little lad!
Whose bed-time meant loving, whose waking was glad!
His little back itched for the feel of the load!
He waited impatient, the mocking bird's note
Had no beauty for him—there's a lump in my throat
At the thought. It was grand! there's been love all the way—
But I'm old who was only a boy yesterday!

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Select Family Reading

The Test and the Reward for Honesty

"NOW I call that good luck," said Allen Murray across the tea table to his mother. "Here it is the week after commencement and I'm the only fellow in the class who has struck a job."

"They say that old Brady is pretty cranky. Just jumps on you all over if you don't walk the chalk line, but as for that, I've made up my mind to suit him and I will." Allen's teeth closed firmly together.

"Why, with thirty-five a month for a starter we'll be regular aristocrats, won't we?" he ran on merrily. "Just watch us after we belong to Jim Brady's Coal and Lumber Company!" His mood became more and more sedate.

"In two years I ought to save up enough money to pay off the mortgage and—let me tell you right now there will be no more baking for you with a wage earner in the family. You can tell your customers that henceforth you are to be a lady of leisure," he said smiling affectionately at his mother.

True to his expectation Allen found that the man who worked for James Brady must keep his eyes open.

"Murray," said Brady one morning during Allen's first week of service, "Brown who usually drives this team is sick. You jump into this load of coal and take it around to the I. X. L. Laundry on Exchange street. I'll send a man around to help you unload.

Upon Allen's return he was summoned to the office.

"You delivered that coal to the laundry in Exchange Street?" questioned Brady curtly.

"Yes sir."

"Then why on earth did you go down East Street? Don't you know that Wabash Street would have been at least twenty-five rods nearer?"

"Yes sir, I know it but I didn't think of it at the time."

"Well, after this think then. That's what I'm paying you for," said Brady sharply as he turned to his desk.

"You bet your hat I don't make that mistake again," muttered Allen as he returned to his work.

Brady found no ground for a second reprimand. He even made the discovery that he rather liked this straight forward alert young fellow who looked one square in the eye. As a matter of business it paid to have someone in the company who could help out the book keeper if need be; who could turn in a letter for signature correct, clear, concise, or whose muscular arm could shovel coal with the steady swing of a stoker.

"Brady is really becoming quite genial," said Allen to his mother over a year later. "He asked me to-day if I thought he and I could run the business while Rhodes went up in the mountains for a month. You know that Rhodes' lungs are in bad condition. Brady is sending him up there, footing the bill and all that. Rhodes latinated so much to me last night and said the boss told him, 'If you ever so much as thank me Rhodes, I'm not sure but I'll discharge you on the spot.'"

"Brady is kind hearted for all his apparent curtness, and the men fairly swear by him. He does the fair thing and the square thing every time. They know they can bank on that," Allen went on loyally.

"Why, Martin O'Brien would lay down his life for Brady, if necessary. You know that it was Martin's boy Joe that Brady sent up to the hospital for that operation, and the kid can walk now straight as I can. I was in the office when O'Brien with tears in his eyes came to thank Brady. The boss just clapped his hands over Mart's shoulders and said "that's all right O'Brien. You know I haven't any boys of my own and of course I have to look after those in the company.

"Half of Brady's gruffness comes from his nerves. He looks miserable and in my opinion ought to be taking a rest himself," said Allen, with real concern in his face.

"You have it straight Jim, you have about reached your limit." Dr. Stuart leaned back in one of the leather chairs in Brady's private office and looked critically at the haggard face opposite.

"You may have your choice," he continued, "either drop everything and take six months off—I'm giving you the minimum time—or in another six months your business will drop you and about all you will need will be your six feet of earth."

"Nonsense, doc., cut it out! cut it out! I'll take a couple of weeks or a month off and take a run down to the seashore."

"Six months and a sea voyage," said the doctor. "It's the only thing I'll consider."

"Why man, do you think a fellow can pull up every time you doctors get scared, and pack off to Egypt or some other outlandish place? What will become of things? Maybe you don't think it but it takes a little head work to run this business of Jim Brady's. Who'll run things while I'm prancing around the globe? Tell me that will you?"

"Well you won't live long, if you don't get out of here. I'll promise you that," exclaimed the doctor warmly.

Brady's eyes twinkled. "You're an old granny, doc, or else you're trying to get even with me for the time I licked you when we were boys at Shelby's Corners."

The doctor laughed.

"No use in your talking, Jim. I'll order your state room on the Celtic for the sixteenth."

"Tom, you're an old fool, I've always surmised it. Now I know it," said Brady almost tenderly as the doctor left the office.

For fully twenty minutes the head of Brady and company sat with his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets staring intently at the floor. His touched a bell sharply. Bob, the office boy, appeared.

"Look Murray up and send him here immediately," he ordered.

"See here, Murray," said Brady as Allen entered the private office in response to his summons. "Here is a little matter I want you to look after. I sold Bradshaw and Company coal so low that the only way to save ourselves is to dock the amount a little. You see that every ton delivered to that firm is at least one hundred pounds short. That's all. Brady turned to his letters.

Allen stared blankly.

"What are you waiting for?" Brady asked irritably.

"Do I understand you mean to—to cheat them?" stammered Allen at last.

"Understand that you are to obey orders. I'll give them," said Brady, imperiously.

The stalwart figure of Allen Murray straightened. His face turned white under its healthy coat of tan, but his eyes met those of Brady coolly, and unflinchingly.

"I can't do it, Mr. Brady," he said quietly.

"Why not, if I may presume to ask?" Brady's eyes, keen and piercing, were upon him.

"It's a question of honesty, sir."

"Oh, it's honesty, is it?" Brady's voice was full of sarcasm.

"If you can't obey orders I'll find someone who can."

"Very well." Allen wheeled about.

"Wait a minute, Murray," said Brady, in a conciliatory tone. "You have done good work since you have been here. I'll give you an advance of twenty dollars a month and three days to consider it in."

Allen left the office puzzled beyond expression. He had known Brady to discharge a man for not measuring lumber correctly. He could not understand it.

"Hello, Allen. You look as though you had seen your grandmother's ghost," sang out Bob as Allen passed through the outer office. "Boss jump on you very hard?"

"I'm fired."

"The dickens you are." Bob peered down the corridor in amazement at Allen's fast retreating form."

Young Murray felt humiliated that the twenty dollars increase kept recurring to his mind. He would not consider it and yet—twenty dollars would mean two hundred and forty a year. It was no mean sum to be rejected.

Expenses had been heavier than he had anticipated during his three years with Brady. The house had reached a condition where repairs had been among the improvements. Then, the thriving town had voted all sidewalks must be flag stone or cement; and the Murray corner lot had proved an increased expense.

Barely were these three demands settled when his mother was taken seriously ill. Not only were the services of a trained nurse required but a maid had been necessary to look after the house work. Recently a doctor in presenting his bill had suggested that a change of scene might hasten Mrs. Murray's convalescence.

Doctor's bill not yet paid, girl to hire all winter, a mortgage of six hundred hanging over the place, and mother needing a change of scene.

"That's a nice prospect especially when you're out of a job," thought Allen bitterly. How that two hundred and forty would help to pay expenses. Under the circumstances would he not be justified in complying with Brady's demands? No, it was stealing in plain English. There was no way getting around that.

Mr. Murray had been a carpenter as to trade, a philosopher in life, and a noble man as to character. Over and over again he had impressed upon the mind of his son his views as to right living. All these precepts like faint ghosts of his childhood days passed through Allen's mind at this crisis of his life.

"I remember," he mused, "how father used to say, 'I'd rather have you honest and truthful, my son, than the richest man in the state."

When Allen turned into the yard at noon the question was settled. Mr. Brady could have his answer then and there. He would look for another job.

"I'll keep it quiet from mother until I am settled in other pastures," he said, summoning a smile to his usually bright face as he entered the house.

"Do you need another man?" inquired Allen the next afternoon of the superintendent of a large establishment on Main Street.

"O, if you'd been around this morning, Murray, I might have given you something. There is nothing now, I'm sorry," he added looking kindly at the square shouldered young fellow. He had known Allen way back in his newspaper days.

At the next place the proprietor asked him where he had been working.

"At Brady's," answered Allen briefly.

"Why did you leave Brady?"

That was a poser. Allen hesitated. His sense of honor forbade him going into detail. "It was over a question of honesty," he answered at last.

The man smiled insolently.

The color flamed into Allen's face at the look.

That his explanation admitted of two interpretations had not occurred to him.

"We're not wanting such help," said the man curtly.

"Gee! catch me making that kind of an idiot of myself again," muttered Allen under his breath as he stalked angrily out of the shop.

Places were just filled, he might call next week, or they required no more men. It was not so easy after all—this obtaining work when one was out of a job.

Allen recalled a series of articles written for a prominent magazine, the personal experience of a college man seeking work in Chicago. At the time he had considered them overdrawn; in the light of his present experience they appeared true to life.

On the afternoon of his second day he came upon a foreman overseeing a gang of workmen digging a sewer.

"That's better than to go around looking for a job. My coal shovelling may do me a good turn now," he said smiling grimly as he walked over to the foreman.

Had young Murray seen the smile of satisfaction on James Brady's face as he later drove around the corner with Dr. Stuart, behind a span of Brady's high steppers, he would have felt puzzled indeed.

"Doc," exclaimed Brady, "do you see that boy?"

"Bless me, if he isn't working with a gang of dagos. He's the right stuff. We'll telegraph for the stateroom at once."

That night Mr. Brady received the following note. It was brief and to the point:

Mr. James Brady:

Dear Sir: No inducements you may be able to offer can alter my decision of yesterday. It is still a matter of personal honesty.

Thanking you for past favors, I am, yours respectfully,

ALLEN MURRAY.

Two hours after the receipt of the letter another in James Brady's well known hand was left by special messenger, at the Murray home. It said:

My Dear Murray:

With you it was a question of honor but with me it was a question of honor and business. The two are, in my opinion, inseparable. It is absolutely essential that the superintendent of Brady's Coal and Lumber Company be honest, not because it is the best policy, but because honesty is right. You have come out of the test the purer, the stronger, the braver for it, as I was confident you would.

I have the honor of offering you the position of superintendent of Brady's Lumber and Coal Company at the salary of two thousand dollars a year.

Dr. Stuart, not satisfied with worrying all his other patients into their graves, has taken it into his hands to banish me to Timbuctoo or the North Pole—perhaps he knows where—I'm sure I don't. I leave on the New York express to-morrow evening. If you will run up in the morning we will talk over matters that may be of interest to our new superintendent. Most cordially yours,

JAMES BRADY.

THE GREATEST CATARACT

Among the recent wonders of lands recently opened to tourists is the Kaleteur Falls on the Potaro River, in British Guiana. Time was when Niagara was named as the world's greatest cataract, but now Kaleteur claims the distinction. From a height of 810 feet the water dashes down in a majestic flood, with a width of over 400 feet. The spray forms a cloud and what is said to be the most beautiful rainbow known frequently appears when the rays of the sun are at a certain slant.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE

"Your pok seems unusually docile."

"I have her where I want her until after next election. She's a candidate for something and she wants my vote. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday June 5th, 1913

The clover crop is beyond the farmers' expectations.

Carpenters are now working on Mr. Thos. Perryman's new store, John and Mill Streets.

The accommodation train, which has been substituted for the afternoon express, and runs as far as Guelph only, is due here at 3.16 p. m.

The other evening while the fast express due here about 7.15, was passing through at a high rate of speed, it grazed the end of a waggon rack of a farmer who expected the train to stop and had crossed.

Mr. Adam Brown, ex-M. P., of Hamilton, lectured on "From Ocean to Ocean" in the town hall on the 1st inst. under the auspices St. Albans Church.

An altercation on Monday night between lacrosse and football players at the Park became so intense that the timely arrival of the village fathers, including the Reeve, probably deprived the medical profession of patients, and the caretaker of Fairview Cemetery possibly of a day's pay.

While Mr. John Eccles, of Terra Cotta, was throwing a stone over a hill, his team ran away with a set of harrows. The harrows lit on one of the horses' back. The horse may die as a result of the gashes.

Epworth League Officers: President, N. F. Moore; 1st Vice—Christian Endeavour, H. F. Moore; 2nd Vice—Missionary, Miss Edith Wright; 3rd Vice—Literary, Miss Maggie Ebbage; 4th Vice—Social, Chas. Jenner; Secretary, Miss Maggie Matthews; Treasurer, Miss Ada Clark.

Rev. Dr. Gifford, Fergus, has written to the Globe appealing to Christians of all denominations, to fight against the opening of the Great World's Fair at Chicago on Sunday.

BORN

MILLARD—In Acton, on June 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Millard, a daughter.

DAVIDSON—In Esquesing, on June 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Davidson, a son.

PAYNE—In Richland, Ohio, on June 6th, to Dr. and Mrs. Jesse D. Payne, a son.

McPHAIL—In Rochester, N. Y., on June 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McPhail, a son.

MARRIED

HOOVE-MEREDITH—At the Manse, on June 2nd, by Rev. J. W. Ross, Mr. Robt. Hoove, to Miss Jessie, daughter of Mr. Charles Meredith, all of Limehouse.

MEREDITH-KNOX—At the same time and place, of the same, Mr. Albert Meredith, to Miss Alaura Edge, all of Limehouse.

WARREN-NELSON—In Acton, on June 7th, by Rev. Joseph Edge, assisted by Rev. A. E. de Hi. Dubois, Mr. James Ir. Warren, of Esquesing, to Miss Maggie H. Nelson, second daughter of the late John Nelson, of Acton.

DIED

DAVIDSON—In Esquesing, on June 4th, Mary McDonald, wife of Charles Davidson, aged 61 years, 9 days.

TRUE COURTESY

Nothing so decidedly stamps the character of the individual as manner. I do not mean the outward veneer of conventional politeness, but the inherent courtesy and consideration for others, which makes itself felt in the little things of life, and which should be characteristic equally of prince and peasant. This virtue may be native to many a man or woman whose environment gives it few opportunities of exercise. The air in which we live and breath has everything to do with the growth of rank weeds or beautiful exotics, so we see little of the sweetest side of life where the Cross of Christ has not been planted and the breathings of God's Holy Spirit have not purified the atmosphere.

Inherent courtesy is ever linked with thoughtfulness for the comfort and well-being of others; it is not self-assertive. The person who is considerate of the feelings of others rarely finds his own feelings intentionally hurt.

He who seeks to give place to others is often the one to be called up higher. Little kindly attentions to the child, to the feeble or to the aged evoke recognition from the recipient, which in turn flows back in glowing warmth to the heart of the bestower, and so pleasing is this quality that we are naturally attracted toward the person in whom we find it.

Moreover the habit of courtesy is infectious. The more boorish individual when brought into daily contact with a truly courteous person is unconsciously influenced and led into a sweeter and more unselfish existence.

Christianity has this refining and uplifting power, for he who cultivates the Christian graces will not be lacking in courteous consideration for others.—American Messenger.

INQUISITIVE

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?"

As no one answered he explained: "White," said he, "stands for joy and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

A small boy queried: "Why do the men all wear black?"

STRIVING FOR THE NON-ESSENTIALS

Did you ever think how easily our needs are met, and how much of the scramble and heartache is due to striving for nonessentials. Most of us can have abundant food to nourish us. It is the indigestible delicacies that are costly. The diamond twinkling in a woman's ear would dress a whole family comfortably for a year. The passenger on a street car is vastly less liable to accident than those who glide past in their automobile, yet how the street car patron envies the party in the touring car. For that is the strangest part of all. We rack our hearts with yearning not only for the things which we do not need, but for the things that actually are injurious, for food that will upset our digestion, for luxuries which will undermine our constitution.

FIGHT IT OUT

Does destruction seem to lurk
All about?
Don't believe it! go to work!
Fight it out!
Danger often turns and flies
From a steady pair of eyes;
Ruin always comes apart
From an undefeated heart.
In the spirit there is much,
Do not doubt,
That the world can never touch!
Fight it out!

Do the portals of your brain
Freedom lack?
Never let them thus remain;
Push them back!
Do not give the efforts o'er,
If they number half a score;
When a hundred of them fail,
There a thousand might prevail
Germs beneath a clod must lie,
Ere they sprout;
You may blossom, by-and-by:
Fight it out!

All the lessons of the time
Teach us fair,
'Tis a blunder and a crime
To despair!
When we suffer, 'tis to bless
Other moments with success;
From our losses we may trace
Something better in their place.
Everything in earth and sky
Seems to shout,
"Don't give up until you die;
Fight it out!"

—Will Carlton.

A RICH INVESTMENT

One evening last fall a noted young man, who is a brilliant scholar and at the head of one of the departments of a great college, was to deliver a lecture in our town.

He came on the noon train and immediately after luncheon disappeared. Toward evening the reception committee began to look for him, as they wished to consult his convenience in arranging a reception after the address at which some of the prominent people of the town were to meet him.

But they searched in vain. The Professor was not at any of the hotels, and no one had seen him on the streets. It seemed the distinguished visitor had disappeared from the face of the earth. At last, however, someone told the committee that it was possible he had gone out to Wilson—they were friends of his.

The committee were surprised. They did not know there was anyone in town who knew the noted man. Out near the edge of town they found the modest home of the Wilsons.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, beaming with happiness, "the Professor is here. Come in."

They found him in an easy-chair in the plain, little parlor, surrounded by the entire Wilson family, having a delightful "homey" visit.

While a member of the committee conferred with the visitor about the reception, another member said in an aside:

"Mrs. Wilson, we did not know you folks were acquainted with the Professor. You must come to the reception to-night.

"Oh, yes," she said, her face shining, "we have known him nearly fifteen years! He has been to see us three or four times, and has written us a good many letters. That's his picture up there, when he graduated."

That evening the opera house was packed, for the Professor was as noted a speaker as a scholar. During his address he paused, and said with that engaging smile which always won his audience:

"To illustrate this point I will tel you a story.

"Fifteen years ago a boy we may call Ralph came to our college from your town. He was the son of a farmer who lived five miles north of here. The college authorities gave him as a roommate a tall, gawky young fellow named Jim. Now Jim was fresh from the hills, as green as buckbrush in April, and was so poor and had grown so fast that his toes were sprouting through his shoes.

"This poor, awkward, lonesome fellow began to work his way through college. He earned his board, but clothing was a problem that gave him sleepless nights. When Ralph came home for the holidays he brought Jim with him. Jim's clothes were so shabby he was ashamed to ride on the train, but he came, partly because he had not had a square meal for two months, but mostly because he was lonesome.

"In that little farm home north of town there was no luxury—in fact, the family were pinching to pay their own boy's way in college. But the good woman—she was and is a good woman. God bless her kind!—took only two or three looks at Jim's clothes before she decided something had to be done. She belonged to a church sewing circle and the next day started out. Just what she said to the women I never knew; but I do know when Jim got to town on his way back to school there was waiting him there a new suit of clothes.

"And"—the Professor's voice was not steady—"that was the best fitting suit of clothes I every had. And, except my mother, Mrs. Wilson is the best friend I ever had."

While the people cheered, down in the audience a plain little woman with a kindly, wrinkled face struggled between a happy smile and joyful tears, gripped her husband's arm to keep from crying. Did her investment in that poor, lonesome boy pay.

Scattered here and there all over the country are plain, unassuming people who smile inwardly when this or that successful man or woman is mentioned. They will tell you modestly the know them, but seldom say when or how. It was back in the days of struggle. A winter's board, a loan of money at the critical time, a room and attention when the struggling youth fell ill. Whatever it was, it didn't cost much; and never, never have we heard of one who wished to call it back. Instead, the glow of satisfaction and the wealth of friendship which it brought has paid for the effort scores of times. In fact, the investment in struggling boys and girls is such a rich one it is a wonder kind-hearted people do not have more competition.