The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1919

CHEERING SOME ONE ON

Don't you mind about the triumphs,
Don't you worry after fame;
Don't you grieve about succeeding,
Let the future guard your name.
All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when life is gone;
Just be glad that you are living,
And keep cheering some one on.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms,
Let your comrades wear the crown;
Never mind the little setbacks
Nor the blows that knock you down.
You'll be glad when they're forgotten,
You'll be glad with youth and dawn
If you just forget your troubles
And keep cheering some one on.

There's a lot of sorrow around you,
Lots of lonesomeness and tears;
Lots of heartaches and of worry
Through the shadows of the years.
And the world needs more than triumphs;
More than all the swords we've drawn
It is hungering for the fellow
Who keeps cheering some one on.

Let the wind around you whistle,
And the storms around you play;
You'll be here with brawn and gristle
When the conquerors decay.
You'll be here in memories sweetened
By the souls you've saved from pawn
If you put aside the victories
And keep cheering some one on.

—Wheeling Intelligencer.

BOB'S SACRIFICE

Mrs. A. M. Pierce

THE boy, standing on the corner with his bundle of papers, watched the car glide up to the curb and stop, to let its owner tall and handsome, step out, and run into the bank.

Bob forgot his afternoon's work. What a beauty the car was—green—so dark it was almost black—and smooth and shining as glass. (The plate-glass window of the bank, gave Bob his simile.)

Someone else was watching the big Overland, a sleek individual, who presently slouched over to the car, and put his foot on the running-board as if to get in.

"Here," yelled Bob, suddenly awakening, "I know the guy what runs that and you get out.

The man got in. He began hurriedly to press the electric starter, but the engine did not respond, and like a flash, Bob darted to the centre of the street, and caught the traffic officer by the arm.

"Thief—robber—" he screamed frantically. "Catch 'im quick—he's running off with another guy's ortymobile," and the officer hurried to the side of the car.

The thief looked him calmly in the eye. "Well, what do you want?" he asked with a cool impudence that, for a moment, dashed the policeman's confidence.

"Why—well—" began that functionary hesitatingly.

"Please step aside," the voice from the car said smoothly, "you are delaying me."

"Officer, arrest this man," interrupted a voice from the curb, crisply, and himself confronted by a young and the would-be thief whirled, to giant who calmly took possession of the steering-wheel. The fellow tried to make a quick dash to the ground, but found himself held in a grip like a vice, while the officer hand-cuffed him, and led him away through the crowd that had quickly gathered.

"Gee, but I was afraid he was going to get away," breathed a voice so fervently that, John Graham laughed outright.

"And would you have cared?" he asked amusedly.

"You bet I would"—Bob shifted his papers to his other tired arm—"I'd hate to see such a beaut as that stole."

"How did you happen to notice what the fellow was up to?" asked Mr. Graham curiously.

"I saw you when you got out to go into the bank"—Bob's voice was fervently admiring—"and when I got my lamps glued to your car, I couldn't take 'em off. I knew the secunt I saw that feller, he was a thief." Mr. Graham put his gloved hand on Bob's curly head.

"My boy," he said slowly, "I don't suppose you realize what you have done. When you came dashing into the bank, I thought you were guying me, but that was a slick thief, and in another minute he would have gotten away with about eight thousand dollars. Jump into the machine. I'll pay for all your papers, and I want to take you to your home."

"Ain't got no home, mister."

John Graham, looking down into the earnest eyes, felt a sudden lump in his throat. "No home or folks?" he asked kindly, and Bob shook his head. "I've jest stayed on in the room grandad had, and where he died," he said very simply.

"All the better then, in one way," cried Mr. Graham cheerily. "I'm going to take you with me, and have you for my boy."

The worshipping eyes never left his face.

"You don't mean," whispered Bob, "that I'm to live with you?"

"Sure thing. Hurry and jump in, or we'll have an officer after us, for leaving our automobile here too long. Here boy." Taking Bob's bundle of evening papers, and tossing them to a little fellow whose supply was nearly gone, he pushed Bob quite unceremoniously into the car, took the seat beside him, and the next moment, Bob was having his first ride in an "ortymobile."

"You are sure," said John, looking down into the big eyes, blazing with excitement, "that there is no one who will be trying to hunt you up and have me arrested for stealing you?"

The shining eyes filled with sudden tears that Bob dashed impatiently away. "Nix on it," he cried bravely, though his voice shook, "before grandad passed in his checks, he told me he was the only relation I had on earth, and that I'd have to hustle for myself. I git along all right in summer, when it's warm, for he learnt me how to cook and keep things clean, but last winter"—the excited voice ended in a quick shudder of remembrance.

John Graham could not trust his voice to speak, till presently he drew up in front of the handsomest club-house in the city. His chauffeur, who had evidently been waiting for him, started with the car for the garage.

"Come up to my room, James, as soon as possible," Mr. Graham called after him, and then led the boy up the wide marble steps. "I want the room opening into mine," he said to the clerk.

The man eyed Bob dubiously. "For him?" he asked, dubiously.

"For him"—Mr. Graham spoke with the quick decisiveness of a man of the world, accustomed to getting what he wants. "As you can see, he is perfectly clean and decent." Without more ado, he signalled the elevator, and Bob found himself rushing upward. In another moment, he was in a room so big and luxurious, that he stood but in amazement and admiration too deep for words.

Mr. Graham left him alone till the paralyzing effect began to wear away, and when Janira appeared, gave the latter quick, implicit directions as to taking Bob to the nearest clothier's, outfitting him from the ground up, and then treating him to such a bath as Bob had never dreamed of.

"Oh, wasn't it wonderful?" sighed Helen. John Graham looked down into the exquisite face, luminous with some new and wonderful light, and frowned slightly. "Y-e-s," he said slowly, as they left the Auditorium, "it was a great talk all right, but nation-wide prohibition would never do, you know. Helen was silent as he helped her into the car, and presently her companion continued, "You know I don't believe in a wide-open saloon, any more than you do. I would have every man locked up who sells to minors, or to men who can't control their appetites, but this prohibiting the sale absolutely would be taking away our rights, and that, you know," with a haughty lift of his handsome head, "we won't stand for."

"Oh, I see"—there was a note of subtle sarcasm in Helen's voice, "taking away the rights of the old toper is all right, for that is about all he owns, anyway, but we, who own so much, must not be deprived of ours."

"Oh, Helen, dear, are you going to turn into a crank?"

"I heard a song once," smiled Helen, "that said, 'A crank is what you run things with,' but John," suddenly serious again, "I'm in deadly earnest about this subject of prohibition. We have such a comparatively short time in which to make our nation 'dry' and oh, John, there is so much to be done."

John Graham's face was a study as he helped Helen to alight. "Dearest," he said gently, "you must forgive me if I cannot sympathesize with you in this, but to me the subject is abhorrent."

He stood in the lighted hall of Judge White's mansion, his hands on Helen's shoulders, looking into the lovely face that paled, suddenly with intense feeling.

"But you will, John"—he could scarcely catch the whispered words—"you will soon, John—I know it, or I could not live. It would break my heart, dear, if we were to be divided on this most vital question of the day."

A sudden smile lighted John's face—he would not let anything shadow their happy evening. "All right," he cried gaily, "what you say goes, and I want to tell you about the addition to my family."

In the cosy library, Helen listened with widening eyes to her lover's very graphic description of his afternoon's escapade.

"Oh, John," she cried, and there was a world of love and longing in her voice—"how splendid. What a good man you are—but don't you know, dear," reaching white, impulsive hands to him—"if you have taken this young life to mould and control, you are the more obligated to see to it that you make temptation less possible to him?"

John rose. "Helen," he began firmly, "if every subject I bring up has got to lead up to this, I may as well go."

Helen rose also, "John," she began, just as firmly, "I expect that every subject from now till nation-wide prohibition is declared, will begin and end with just that, for there is nothing of so much importance, in all the earth, right now. If it has taken a world war to open our eyes, more's the pity."

John flung himself down the length of the room and back before he said softly, "I can't quarrel with you, Helen—I love you too deeply—we can't agree but sweetheart, I will not quarrel, so good-night," and Helen found herself alone.

"Oh, please let me stay in the office with you, dear," begged Bob. "I'll go to night-school, for you are mostly out then, anyway, and I'll study till I can talk jest like you and Miss Helen—honest I will—but please let me stay with you dears."

John looked into the adoring eyes, filled with a dog-like worship, and his heart melted like wax within him, and Bob had his heart's desire—the chance to serve Mister John all the day long, and to go to school in the evening.

The happy days flew by on wings of light, and then something began worrying Bob. He had not been sent to Judge White's with violets for days; neither had Miss Helen stopped her electric car in front of his idol's office, and worst of all, Mister John was distinctly in the blues. Had they quarrelled? Much as he adored Miss Helen, Bob would have been ready to fight anyone who made his master unhappy.

But what worried Bob most of all was that he had seen Mister John going oftener and oftener to the ice-chest in the closet at the club-house.

Bob knew what was kept in the chest, and he feared it as he feared nothing else on earth. Had it not (in a cheaper and less destructive form) been the destruction and death of both his father and granddad. And had not granddad with his last breath begged him, whatever he did, to leave "that" alone?

John Graham felt dimly, but with bitter self-loathing and abhorrence, that, for the first time in his life, he was under what was called "the influence of liquor"—not much, of course, just enough to make him feel unaccountable and irresponsible. He would take the car out. What did it matter if he did run into the ditch? What did anything matter, if Helen was going to turn him down, and for a fad like that, too—for of course it was nothing but a fad—girls were always having fads.

But then, Helen was like no other girl in the world. He could still see the look on her face when she told him he must give up either liquor or her—a look of exalted purpose—of unalterable resolve and pitiful renunciation. Hot weak tears blinded his eyes.

He would go to her, and—good God——was he going to hit the boy? He had hit him—

John's brain cleared instantly, and in another second he had stopped the machine and was lifting the boy in his arms. A groan like the cry of the lost was wrung from him, for it was Bob—Bob whom he had sent on an errand, loyal, adoring Bob, who later gasped out at the receiving hospital, "It was all my fault. I ran—right in front—and he—couldn't see me—I'm done for—I know that—so now, you guys,—smiling whimsically at the doctors and nurses,—"can go out, for I want to see my—dear Mister John—alone—but remember, he couldn't help it."

Alone with his idol, Bob tried to reach the loved hands, and John Graham, controlling, with a mighty effort, the sobs that shook him, raised the bruised form tenderly in his arms. The curly head lay on his shoulders, while Bob panted out his last plea:

"I know what done it;—I've seen dad and granddad—goin' the same way—only they—went the limit—and over-board. You'll let me say it now, Mister John, but I'll gladly die—if it will help—you to see where you was headin' in at. You've been so tarnation—good to me, Mister John, dyin' ain't nuthin'. There ain't nothin' I wouldn't do for you, Mister John, only for my sake—don't never tech it again."

The door opened, and Helen entered hesitatingly. "You sent for me?" she asked, but Bob's voice rang out triumphantly. "He ain't never goin' to tech it again. You can trust him now, Miss Helen."

The adoring eyes gazed proudly and triumphantly for a moment at his beloved master, and then closed forever. After the simple funeral services, John Graham turned to a pale, tear-stained face beside him. "Helen," he said humbly, "I can never, on God's earth, forgive myself, but will you try to? I swear to you that I will make the boy's words good, and you can trust me. Every influence I have in this world shall be used to wipe out intemperance, and I would die before I would ever touch another drop. Can we work together, dear?" And Helen, lifting tear-filled eyes to his, whispered softly, "By his grave we will pledge ourselves anew to each other, and to national prohibition."—The Union Signal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1919

BY JESSE L. HURLBURT

CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR—Luke 2. 10, 11; Mark 2, 1-12; Rom. 5, 6-11.

Additional Material for Teachers—John 1. 1-14; 6, 66-69; Rom. 8, 31-39; 1 Tim. 1, 15; Heb. 1, 1-9.

Common Scripture Passage

10. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people:

11. For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

1. And then he entered again into Capernaum after some days, it was noised that he was in the house.

2. And many were gathered together, so that there was no longer room for them, no, not even about the door; and he spake the word unto them.

3. And they come, bringing unto him a man sick of the palsy, borne of four.

4. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the crowd, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay.

5. And Jesus seeing their faith saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven.

6. But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts,

7. Why doth this man thus speak? he blasphemeth: who can forgive sins but one, even God?

8. And straightway Jesus, perceiving in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, saith unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts?

9. Which is easier, to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?

10. But that ye may know that the Son of man hath authority on earth to forgive sins (he saith to the sick of the palsy),

11. I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house.

12. And he arose, and straightway took up the bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion.

6. For while we were yet weak, in due season Christ died for the ungodly.

7. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; for peradventure for the good man some one would even dare to die.

8. But God commendeth his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

9. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, shall we be saved from the wrath of God through him.

10. For if, while we were enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, shall we be saved by his life.

11. And not only so, but we also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the reconciliation.

Golden Text—God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.—John 3, 16.

Departmental Topics and References

Primary Topic: Jesus our Friend—Luke 2. 10,11; Mark 2. 1-12.

Memory verse—Ye are my friends. John 15: 14.

Junior Topic: Jesus our Friend and Saviour.

Memory verse—John 15: 14.

Intermediate and Senior Topic: Our Lord and Saviour.

Young People and Adult Topic: Christ the World's Emancipator.

Blackboard

JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF MAN
JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF GOD
JESUS CHRIST THE SIN-BEARER
JESUS CHRIST THE SAVIOUR

Lesson Thoughts

We call this year 1919, Anno Domini, "the year of our Lord." That means that the whole civilized world dates its years from the birth of Jesus Christ. Let us consider what Jesus is to us.

1. He is the Son of man. This is the name which Jesus used of himself oftener than any other—"Son of man." It means that Jesus Christ was a man like ourselves, born as we are born, living as we live, of one blood with us—our Brother Man. It means, too, that he stands for all time as our model and example.

2. But Jesus Christ is more than man; he is also the Son of God. Once, and once only, God stood among men. If we would know what God is, we look at Jesus Christ. In his purity we see at once God's holiness; in his hate of sin and love for the sinner we see at once God's justice and mercy.

3. Jesus Christ is our Sin-Bearer. The heaviest load for any man to carry is the burden of his sins. In all the universe there stands but One who can lift that weight from our shoulders, and that One is Jesus. He frees us from it by bearing it for us.

4. Oftenest spoken and most precious of all the names of Jesus is our Saviour. Through him we are not only set free from our sins but are brought to God and find him our Father. Jesus Christ takes us by the hand, leads us to God, bids us call him 'our Father," and brings us into sonship with him.

Readings for Next Week

Monday—Christ Crucified, Mark 15. 25-28.

Tuesday—Christ's Body in the Tomb. Mark 15. 29-47.

Wednesday—Our Risen Lord, Mat. 28. 1-10.

Thursday—After the Resurrection, Luke 24. 13-31.

Friday—The Resurrection a Fact, 1 Cor. 15. 1-11.

Saturday—Christ the First-Fruits, 1 Cor. 15. 12-24.

Sunday—Victory over the Grave, 1 Cor. 15. 50-58.

MORE RIGHT WAYS THAN ONE

A young man once appeared before a school board to demonstrate his fitness to teach the winter term of school, and he was given a stumbling-block in the way of previous applicants. This candidate solved it first by arithmetic, then by algebra, and finally by geometry and the examination closed then and there. Without further testing, the young man was accepted as capable of filling the position.

This story illustrates the fact that a thing may be done in one of several ways and yet be right. A schoolboy whose mathecatical studies have not advanced further than arithmetic would be likely to say that the geometrical solution of the problem referred to was incorrect. It takes a certain development to make the discovery that how a thing is done is a matter of less consequence than to get the right result.

MERRITT'S DISPOSITION

One of the clerks had made a mistake, not a very serious one perhaps, but a blunder entailing considerable correspondence. And the senior partner in the firm, who happened to be the father of the junior partner, remarked rather testily, "I don't see why we keep that young Merritt. He's always blundering. He's not worth his salt."

The junior partner smiled. "That's where we don't agree, father. It's true that Merritt is not as accurate as some of our men. Every now and then he blunders, and I don't like that any more than you do. But if he were even less accurate than he is, we could afford to pay him his salary because of his disposition."

"His disposition!" snorted the senior partner. "What has that got to do with it?"

"A good deal," replied his son, tranquilly. "As I noted when Merritt took his vacation and on one or two other occasions when he has been away for a short time. They are rather a high-strung set in our office. Phillips is a gloomy, pessimistic fellow. Marks and Leigh rub each other the wrong way, and are always on the verge of a quarrel. When Merritt has been away, I've often noticed how the boys would go to their desks with lowering faces and there would be such a tension that I could fairly feel it as I pagged through the room. You know as well as I do that the best work cannot be done under such conditions."

"You mean," said the senior partner, "that we're obliged to hire an entertainer to amuse our office so they will be able to do their work. Rather novel idea, that."

"I didn't mean that," the son returned, unruffled. "But I do think the atmosphere Merritt creates in the office is worth what we pay him. He's a sunny-spirited fellow, you know, and he always comes in smiling. Even if he is a little under the weather, as he was last week with a bad cold, he somehow manages to turn it into a joke. He isn't always talking, but if Marks and Leigh exchange sharp speeches as they do every day or two, Merritt always has a comment to make which sets everybody to laughing and the strain is over. Even Phillips, if he and Merritt go out to lunch together, comes back looking as if he really found life worth living. I know what I'm talking about. That young man's cheery influence in keeping our force 'fit' is worth all we pay him."

"Hm!" said the senior partner. "Well if he really does all you say, I guess you're about right."

"THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE"

The travelling man from Michigan had been telling his chance acquaintances at the railway junction the story of a business interview with the late President Madero of Mexico. But the best part of his story came at the end.

"I rose to go," he said. "Mr. Madero rose also, and said, 'Please sit down again, unless you are in a hurry.' When I replied that I must not take his time, he answered, 'I am willing to match my time against yours. I want to ask you a question.' He motioned me to a chair, and continued:

"'First, I want to say this. I believe the United States of America is the greatest government in the world. No other can equal it. Tell me why it is so great. How do you hold your wonderful group of states together, so that you have really a United States? What keeps the various states from fighting each other? What keeps your political parties from war? How is it that on the day after election, men of opposite politics will meet as the closest friends, when two days before they were at swords' points?'"

The travelling man paused. In silence he watched a number of children passing the station with books under their arms; for it was late afternoon. Then he went on: "And this is what I said to him: 'Your question, sir, is easy. The answer is, "the little red schoolhouse."'

"Mr. Madero was silent for a moment. Then he said, 'I was educated in the United States. I know what you mean. You are right. I will put a schoolhouse on every hilltide in Mexico.' And when I asked him what Mexico would do during the generation or two that must elapse before his schoolhouses could educate the people, he answered, with a sigh, 'I do not know. I do not know. What can a nation do without education?'"

DREAM CASTLES

Every edifice built, no matter how substantial, began as a dream castle. Before ever the plan was drawn, or the blueprint made, it stood complete and beautiful in the thought of its designer. Our achievements all begin as castles in the air. The practical people who find fault with the dreamer forget that the dream must always antedate the reality. It is only the dreamer whose dreams never get beyond air-castles, who deserves criticism.

A WAR SANDWICH

"Say, there ain't no ham in this here sandwich," said the rough customer to the girl at a lunch counter.

"Oh, yes there is," she said. "You ain't come to it yet."

The man ate a while longer and then said:

"I ain't found no ham yet."

"Oh," she said, "you've bit over it now. You've gotta be careful eatin' them sandwiches."

A GRACEFUL HOSTESS

There are ungracious persons, of whom a certain Mrs. Gomer is one, who cannot do anything for themselves or anyone else without magnifying the difficulties of the task.

If Mrs. Gomer baked a cake or prepared a special dish she always remarked at the table, "Land sakes, it ought to be good! It was a turrible job! I nearly roasted myself over the stove baking it!"

If she sat up with a sick neighbor she spent the evening telling about what a 'turrible mess" she had left her house in, and how difficult it was for her to get away, and how hard she would have to work the next day to make up for it. One afternoon while Mrs. Curtis, her next-door neighbor, was away, her sister unexpectedly arrived from another city.

Mrs. Gomer, seeing the visitor and her grips on the Curtis front porch, and knowing the Curtis house was locked, invited her to come over to her house and wait for her sister's return.

That evening, when both families were on their front porches, Mrs Curtis called across.

"O, Mrs. Gomer, I must thank you for taking my sister in! She says you entertained her all the afternoon"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Gomer, 'and it was a turrible job, too"

ACCORDING TO ORDERS

The following unusual interpretation of a common command appears in Tit-Bits: The mistress came downstairs and tried the door of the sitting room, only to find it locked against her, while the key, which was usually in the lock, was missing.

"Bridget, I can't get into the sitting room!" she cried.

"Sure, it's myself knows that; and yo won't, fur I hev the kay in me pocket."

"Open the door immediately."

"Will yez go in if I do?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then yez won't get the kay."

"Open the door, I say! What do you mean?"

"Sure, it's by your own orders. Just yesterday ye said, 'Don't let me come downstairs in the morning and see any dust on the sitting-room furniture.' So I just puts the kay in me pocket, and says I, 'Then she shan't!'"

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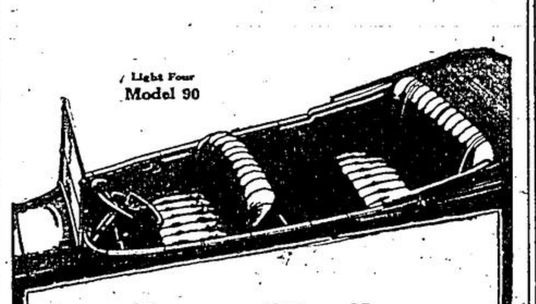

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It is a mistake to continually dose yourself with so-called laxative pills, calomel, oil, purges and cathartics and force bowel action. It weakens the bowels and liver and makes constant dosing necessary.

Why don't you begin right today to overcome your constipation and get your system in such shape that daily purging will be unnecessary? You can do so if you get a 15c box of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and take one each night for a week or so.

NR Tablets do much more than merely cause pleasant easy bowel action. This medicine acts upon the digestive as well as eliminative organs—promotes good digestion, causes the body to get the nourishment from all the food you eat, gives you a good, hearty appetite, strengthens the liver, overcomes biliousness, regulates kidney and bowel action and gives the whole body a thorough cleaning out. This accomplished you will not have to take medicine every day. An occasional NR tablet will keep your body in condition and you can always feel your best.

Try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and prove this. It is the best bowel medicine that you can use and costs only 25c per box, containing enough to last twenty-five days. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is sold, guaranteed and recommended by your druggist.

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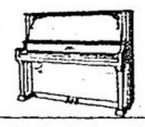

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