The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1919

IN APPLE PICKIN' TIME

'Long in apple pickin' time there is
something in the weather
That will set your spirits dancin' till
they're lighter than a feather,
You can hear it in the music of the
neighbor's rooster's call,
You can see it in the squirrel carrying
nuts along the wall,
An' the rustle,
An' the bustle,
An' the hurryin' in o' crops,
An' the weedin',
An' the seedin',
An' the drying of the hops,
There's a hum y feeling in the air that
sets your soul a-rime,
In the hearty, healthy, workin' days
o' apple pickin' time.

Every critter is astir with the news o'
changin' weather,
You can hear the wild goose honk as
he calls his flock together,
An' the hounds are on the mountain,
an' the woodchuck's in his lair,
An' the squirrel fills his cellar in the
hollow hemlock there,
An' the singin',
An' the ringin',
Of the axes on the hill,
Gettin' ready,
Workin' steady,
All the empty bins to fill;
An' when youth has crept behind an'
your life is past its prime,
You feel your boyhood comin' back in
apple pickin' time.

HALLOWE'EN AT LAKESIDE

IT was the day before Hallowe'en and in the little village of Lakeside, the young folks belonging to all the prosperous farm families had met together in Betty Connor's comfortable sitting room to discuss their plans for fun and frolic on the coming delightful evening.

Hallowe'en was always commemorated in great style by the youngsters of Lakeside. Many secret councils were held in the homes of the more inventive and adventurous ones, where the absorbing questions of costumes and hair-raising tricks to be played were discussed very lengthily. The roles of ghosts, witches, clowns and other weird characters were rehearsed carefully in Mr. Connors old tumble-down wood-shed near the orchard. Every evening for two weeks before October 31 the children had hurried joyfully to the shed laughing to themselves and dancing madly with glee in anticipation of the coming fun.

Jack and Fred Connors had planned to be twin ghosts. Such ghosts had never before been seen in that countryside. Their heads of glaring white canvas, held two eyes which by the aid of a torch glared wickedly in the darkness. The children were looking forward to scaring some of the neighbor folks, and these ghosts were to be the biggest scarers in the troupe. Beside these there were niggers, imps and jesters and witches wild.

With delighted simplicity all the children had confided in their parents the wonderful secrets that Hallowe'en night was to discover; but with many a "Don't tell now, Mother" they fully expected great surprise to be shown on all fathers' and mothers' faces when the uncanny procession of figures wended its way in the night, from house to house.

And now on the day before the evening when black cats with eyes aflame, witches sweeping past on brooms and grim and sprites were to reign over the happy little village, all the young conspirators had gathered at Betty's home to see that everything was ready.

"Sh"— said Fred, "here's father coming!" and every child flew to hide the queer garments that were scattered about.

Mr. Connors smiled to himself on the other side of the door. He had been a rollicking lad himself—oh! not so very long ago it seemed and it did his kind heart good to hear the children having such fun getting ready for Hallowe'en. Of course he pretended not to know any thing about it and knocked very politely at the door before going into the committee room of the S. S. H., which being interpreted is the Secret Society of Hallowe'eners.

"Betty," he said, "come here, a moment."

Betty went to her father, and talking together they left the room. Immediately afterwards the children separated for the night. Everything was ready, pumpkin faces were cut, brooms for the witches, trailing robes for the ghosts, even the bell and ribbon for Marjory Bates' black cat were there in readiness.

"Gee, it's going to be fun, isn't it," the kiddies giggled, and then they scampered home in the moonlight, running briskly with faces aglow for old Jack Frost was just beginning to tickle the air with his snappy fingers and it was not wise to linger long out of doors.

Mothers had been busy as well as the children, and all unbeknown to the youngsters large dishes of taffy and fudge and delicious cakes and pies were cooked ready to satisfy eager appetites when the strange visitors entered the homes next night.

When Betty went in with her father she saw that he looked a little worried "What is the matter, Daddy?" she asked. "Has something happened?"

"Oh, no, said her father. "Every thing is fine. But I have to go to town on business Betty and I want you to stay with your mother to-morrow evening. She is a little nervous yet, after her accident."

"But Daddy—," began Betty, and then a brave little guardian angel that always whispered sweet things in Betty's ear, just when she needed good advice, whispered very softly.

Betty never could tell in words exactly what that little angel said, but she knew that if she followed its advice everything would be all right, so instead of protesting against her hard luck she smiled bravely and oh so sweetly up into her father's face, and said, "All right, Daddy. You know, I really am too old now to be playing Hallowe'en tricks. I'm fifteen years old, next month," and then she sighed so very softly that her father did not hear. Only the brave little guardian angel heard that sigh, and he took no notice of it, for he might have been wanting to play Hallowe'en tricks himself. Who knows?

Anyway, next night while the children hurriedly donned their costumes Betty came to them and said, "I'm sorry I can't go, but I've sent my witch's dress over to Linda Gray. She wanted to play to-night, but had no dress, and no money to buy one, for her father has been sick. So just wait awhile till Linda comes. She said she wouldn't be long."

In a moment or two Linda came, and such a happy girl she was. Her lovely grey eyes were just jumping with mischief and her mouth was one smile. Then off the troupe went, on frolic bent.

Betty watched them until the last lantern disappeared around the bend in the road, then she went indoors.

Her mother was in the living room on the wide comfortable couch where she had been lying all the day. Her horse had run away one afternoon, overturning the buggy and throwing her heavily into the ditch, and though she was getting much better, did not like to be left alone in the house. Betty and her mother read together for half an hour and talked confidentially about many things.

Then the tired woman dozed. Betty sat in the dark by her side. She forgot about her disappointment at not going to the neighbors with the other children and sat watching the stars twinkling and the large round moon shining serenly through the window.

Suddenly old Rex their trusty watch dog growled fiercely. Betty started up, with beating heart and all sorts of things flitting through her imaginative brain while she listened. She heard a kind voice speak reassuringly to the old dog who stopped barking right away.

Then a tap came to the door. Betty lighted a lamp and went to see who was there.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said a voice which sounded real enough to Betty but where did it come from? She could see no person there, though she looked intently into the darkness, when suddenly as her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness she could see a huge shaggy bear standing right on her mother's own doorstep. Betty opened her mouth and eyes wide and round as saucers. "Oh, my goodness!" said she, "what—who—oh my!" Then the bear began to laugh, and he laughed as if he never would stop. Others heard him laughing and came running down the path towards him. A wonderful fairy lady came first with beautiful curly hair and eyes like forget-me-nots. She smiled like—why of course, she smiled just like Julia Selbey, who was home from college to see her grandmother, living two miles east of Betty's home. Then came a fat old nigger mammy. Betty never would have known her if she had not shouted, "Hallo there Betsy Ann, and whatever's scared you?" Then she knew that ole-mammy was just Tom Selbey, who really was twenty-eight years too old for doing such foolish things. Presently a ghost six feet tall, two witches, a funny old dog that was no dog at all, for it had four long feet with boy's boots on, and five little fairies dressed in pink, yellow, blue, red and green dresses, all stood around the doorway and laughed at Betty.

"Oh, come along in, all of you, and I'll soon find out who you are," she cried. And in they all trooped. The bear explained that they were on their way to Cedarville to attend a Hallowe'en masquerade, when the axle of their wagon had broken right outside the Connor's gate.

Bill the hired man was sleeping the sleep of the just, by the kitchen stove, when the noise of the visitors wakened him. Poor Bill scratched his head in amazement when he saw all the queer creatures in Mrs. Connor's kitchen. He thought he had nightmare, until the bear asked him to lend a hand with the broken wagon. Then Bill got busy and worked away with a will.

That night, while old Bill worked outside in the frosty moonlight blessing rather uncertainly a waggon that had to break down of course, just when he wanted to sleep in, and he'd been working mighty hard, too, Betty sat for one glad hour by her mother's side and watched the masqueraders play their parts. They had heard of Mrs. Connor's illness and were only too glad to relieve the monotony of waiting, by performing for Betty and her mother. They did their very, very best, and instead of passing a lonely evening, thinking of all the fun the kiddies were having Betty had the best time of her young life. She laughed so heartily that the fairy had to stop dancing and the little fairies all stood on tip toe in silent awe, and ole mammy went to sleep, right before the interested audience, until her laughter spent itself.

Then they all ate fudge and pumpkin pie, then more fudge and fairy cakes, and then more fudge and still more pie until Bill came in and shouted, "All aboard for Cedarville."

"I'm afraid you will be late for your party," said Betty.

"Party!" said Mr. Bear. "Let me tell you, Miss Betty, we've had one lovely party already, and I doubt whether we'll be alive when we get to Cedarville, after all that fudge."

"There's more in his pocket, too," whispered one of the fairies, at which they all laughed. Then Ole Mammy shouted "Geddap Maud," and away they went galloping down the road.

Betty went indoors smiling. Her mother was asleep. Ole Bill was snoring upstairs, so, leaving a light ready for the children when they came in, Betty went to her own little blue and white room. She said her prayers kneeling in the streak of moonlight that shone through the window, and she was sure she could hear her little guardian angel whispering in her ear, "It was all right Betty, wasn't it?" It was all right, Betty," but before she could answer she fell asleep, and what with dreaming of blue fairies with pink eyes,—and bears with boys' feet and nigger mammies that walked like real live men and a whole lot of other things all mixed up together, she never really could tell just what did happen until she heard Fred calling, "Get up there Betty. It's half past seven and we want our breakfast quick right away!"

LEAVE IT TO BOBBY

A patriotic Scotchman was present at a meeting at which an eminent Shakasperian scholar dwelt on the glories of his favorite author. At the close the Scot approached the lecturer, and said:

"Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, Doctor?"

"I do, sir!" was the emphatic reply.

"An' ye think he was mair clever than Rabbie Burns?"

"Why, there is no comparison between them!"

"Maybe no; but ye tell us the nicht it was Shakespeare who wrote, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a croon.' Now Rabbie wad never hae written sic nonsense as that!"

"Nonsense, sir!" cried the indignant doctor.

"Ay, just nonsense! Rabbie wad hae kent that a king, or a queen either, dinna gang to bed wi' the croon on his head. He wad hang it ower the back o' his chair!"

A NATURAL INFERENCE

The teacher was trying to convey an idea of devotion to the members of her class.

"Now suppose," she said, "a man working on the river-bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim, and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene. The man's sudden cry, the cry for help. His wife knows his peril, and, hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

Whereupon a boy in the rear exclaimed, "Why to draw his insurance money."

2,500,000 CHILDREN LOST TO GERMANY

Professor Emil Abderhalden, the noted psychologist, says that Germany's deficit in children since 1914 was 25,000,000, and children mortality has continued to increase. During the war Professor Abderhalden devoted much of his time to sending tubercular children to neutral countries, chiefly Switzerland, but the drop in the value of the German mark precluded the carrying out of the enterprise on the scale required by the state of juvenile health in Germany.

SEED GRAIN DISTRIBUTION

The annual free distribution of samples of seed grain is being conducted at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, by the Dominion Cerealist.

The following kinds of seed grain will be sent out this season:

Spring wheat (in about 5 lb samples) White oats (about 4 lb), barley (about 5 lb), field peas (not garden peas) (about 5 lb), field beans, early ripening, only for districts where the season is short, (about 2 lb), flax for seed (about 2 lb), and flax for fibre (about 2 lb).

Only one sample can be sent to each applicant.

Applications must be on printed forms which may be obtained from the Dominion Cerealist at any time until February 1.

As the stock of seed is limited, farmers are advised to apply early to avoid disappointment. No application forms will be furnished after February 1, 1920.—C. E. Saunders, Dominion Cerealist.

HER INCONVENIENT FATHER

When Miss Alice Roosevelt was a little girl she uttered a complaint that must surely find an echo in the heart of every wilful lawbreaker whose case has fallen into the hands of the uncompromising President.

Her teacher at school had been inquiring for Mrs. Roosevelt, who was ill, and Alice answered, plaintively:

"She isn't much better yet. Yes, it's pretty hard. Papa stays at home most all the time, you see, and that makes it dreadfully inconvenient."

"Why, how is that?"

"Oh, don't you see? He doesn't understand, like mamma. When mamma tells me to be home at four o'clock, and I get there at half past, she understands; but when papa says four and I get there at even quarter past —he doesn't understand at all!"

THE CHIEF SOURCE

The question of milk prices brings to mind one of the best of Sir Harry Lauder's stories. A farm hand was sent one morning by a Scottish cowkeeper to feed his cows with cabbages. "But mind," he said, "that ye gie the biggest to the coo that gies the maist milk."

"Ay!" replied the boy, and disappeared to do his master's biding.

"Did ye do as I told ye?" asked the cow-keeper, on the boy's return, "and gie the biggest cabbage to the one that gies the maist milk?"

"Oh, ay, maister," answered the boy. "I hung the biggest on the pump!"

SAVE WITH A PURPOSE

A six-year-old girl brought the visitor her small iron bank to admire. "Isn't it heavy?" she said proudly. "And there's two dimes in there and one quarter."

The visitor expressed admiration. "What are you going to do with so much money?" she asked. And to her surprise the child answered promptly. "I'm saving it so I can go to college when I'm a big girl."

Whether the fund in the little iron bank is ever used for the designated purpose or not, this small girl has started right. There is nothing creditable about saving for saving's sake. The girl who simply learns to hoard, without any thought of what the money is for, is in danger of developing in an undesirable way. For even in this extravagant age, miserliness is not unheard of and there are an amazing number of people who love money for itself and not for what it will bring.

Save by all means, but save with a purpose.

HER VERSION OF IT

"O-o-oo-oh! Bo-o-oho-oo!" As the childish wail rang through the house, the anxious mother sprang to her feet. Rushing into the hall, she met her little daughter coming in from the garden and carrying a broken doll by the leg.

"What is the matter, darling?" the mother asked tenderly.

"O-o-o-oh, mo-o-ther," sowled the child. "Willie's broken my do-oll!"

"The naughty boy! How did he do it?"

"I—I—I hit him on the head with it!" was the slow response.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and sedatives are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

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THE BLESSEDNESS OF BEING "COMMON"

A young man was speaking of an opening in life which had just come to him, to a woman who was deeply concerned for his success.

"I believe you are exactly fitted for this city missionary work," she said; "you are so social, so sympathetic, and so—so—"

He caught the expression of her face. "And so common," he supplied, laughing.

"Yes," was the quick response, "that's just it. Thank God, Charlie, you are 'so common'!"

And was it not something for which to thank God? Many a highly-gifted man fails of large usefulness because he does not know how to be "common" —because he does not approach the common people on a common ground. The language of his neighbor's workshop is more foreign to him than is the speech of Spain or Italy. He knows what the culinary art was as practiced by the ancient Egyptians, but he could not conduct an intelligent conversation with his own cook on the subject of her daily occupation. He can discourse learnedly on the chariot races of the Romans, but he can not talk to his coachman for two minutes without running out of material. He does not know how to be common.—Selected

Certain morbid conditions must exist in the stomach and intestines to encourage worms, and they will exist as long as these morbid conditions permit them to. To be rid of them and spare the child suffering, use Miller's Worm Powders. They will correct the digestive irregularities by destroying the worms, conditions favorable to worms will disappear, and the child will have no more suffering from that cause.

DOING IT

The head of a large business house bought a number of those "Do it now" signs and hung them up around his offices. They were effective beyond expectations, and yet it can hardly be said that they worked very well. When after the first few days of those signs, the business man counted up the results, he found that the cashier had skipped out with £1,000, the head book-keeper had eloped with the stenographer, three clerks had asked for a raise in salary, and the office boy had lit out for the West to become a bushranger.—The Soldier.

"Oil for Toothache.—There is no pain so acute and distressing as toothache. When you have so unwelome a visitor apply Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil according to directions and you will find immediate relief. It touches the nerve with soothing effect and the pain departs at once. That it will ease toothache is another fine quality of this oil, showing the many uses it has.

How Cooking is Done In a Fireless Cookstove

The principle of fireless cooking is simplicity itself. The heat that does the cooking is stored up in small discs called "radiators." These radiators can be heated over any kind of stove, any kind of fuel. The heated radiators are placed in the cooking compartment with the utensil which contains the food to be cooked. The food is usually placed in the Fireless Stove in its raw state and cold. As the heat from the radiators cannot escape from the Fireless, it is held imprisoned within the cooking compartment. These imprisoned heat rays penetrate the raw food and cook it. The cooking time is practically the same time as that allowed for an ordinary stove. Enough heat can be stored in a radiator in a few minutes to thoroughly cook an article of food which would require several hours of continuous fire by the old-style stove method. There is a saving of more than 80 per cent. of the fuel consumption.

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