The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1920

ELISHER'S SMILE

Elisher—he's our hired man—
Allows there ain't no better plan
Of circumventin' woes, an' cares
Than smilin' when y' come downstairs.
Elisher smiles soil 'fore you know
The rest of us is smilin' so
Kotchin'-like it is. My law!
It must from Elisher to me an' maw;
I've seen it set the pup
A-waggin' 'fore the sun was up!
Then himself, as like as not,
Some-mon will pass that's mebbe got
A mortgage that his crops can't fetch,
But like as not the man will ketch
Elisher's smile and drop his frown
An' into the smile away to town.
An' peddle it where, bein' thus,
The people need it more than us!
An' then the feller brings it back
At night along the back-urds track,
An' scatters it on either side
The country round, both far and wide,
Until by time when we get in
From work, the smile is back again!
Back home agin—an' comes to bless
Elisher for his cheerfulness,
"Because you smiled," it seems to say,
"The world has had a holiday."

—John D. Wells.

GRAPE PRUNING FOR THE GARDEN

The average neglected grapevine is generally such a tangled mass that it is very difficult to describe how to prune it. The owner should determine what sort of a trellis he means to fasten his vine on. If there are a number of vines in a row the general practice is to grow it on two wires, those to be drawn tight on posts about 16 feet apart, first wire three feet and second wire five feet from the ground. If only one or two vines are in a place it can be grown on a trellis made of two narrow strips of board nailed to posts.

One thing never to be overlooked is that all fruit is produced on last year's wood. Most neglected vines have too much old wood. Try to get one or two upright canes of two-year-old wood or older with four ~~eyes or~~ younger canes equally distributed on the two wires. These arms should not be over six feet long, giving four arms of this length. This is sufficient bearing wood for any vine. Suppose the upright part is satisfactory and there are four arms on it, from these arms laterals or side shoots will grow, on which the fruit is produced. A vine should be pruned after it froozes before winter and before it thaws in the spring. Pruning in mild weather causes bleeding from the cuts. The laterals that bore fruit should be cut back, only leaving one bud to sprout thd following season and the fruit will grow on that sprout. It is quite easy to occasionally renew one or more arms by training a young branch to take the older one's place. When that is done cut off the old branch. With a little practice pruning is easy, the common fault being to leave too much wood. If in doubt as to the above method of pruning write for Illustrated Bulletin 237, "The Grape in Ontario."

WHY RINGS LOSE SETTINGS

Why is it that women's rings lose their stones so much more frequently than men's, even if the setting is identical? As a man's ring usually receives rougher treatment in the course of his work than does a woman's, the opposite would appear logical. The explanation is that well-made rings seldom lose sets even under rough usage unless the little points which hold the stones are worn, and those of women's rings wear faster. This faster wear is due to the fact that women wear gloves so much more than men do, and it is the constant friction of the glove which wears away the small clasping points.

If rings are constantly worn under gloves they should be submitted to a jeweller at least once a year for examination and probable repair; otherwise the loss of the stones may result from the worn condition of the gold points.

A DISAPPEARING CLASS

We have had a large measure of provincial prohibition in Ontario for more than three years. It has wrought great reforms, evidenced in many ways.

And, by the way, have you noticed how the old toper and the younger men whose red eyes and bloated face branded them as victims of the drink habit are disappearing? They were numerous before; you seldom see them now.

And isn't it a real, good thing?—Pioneer.

ACRES IN RECTANGULAR FIELDS

Finding the number of acres in a field of rectangular shape is easy. Here is the method: Find the length and width of the field in rods. Multiply these dimensions together and divide by 160. The result is the number of acres in the field.

To determine what part of an acre a garden or city lot is, find the length and width in feet. Multiply these together and divide by 43,560, the number of square feet in an acre. In the case of small fields of this kind it is better to find the dimensions in feet rather than rods because such measurements are more accurate.

PRIZE MONEY FOR SUB CREW

The Privy Council awarded $150,000 prize money to the crew of the British submarine E-14 for sinking a Turkish transport four years ago in the Sea of Marmora. This constitutes a record prize and figures about $5,000 for each member of the crew. The size of the award is due to the fact that it is customary to award prize money at a rate of $25 for each person. The Turkish transport was carrying 6,000 troops at the time it was torpeoed.

BRITISH LIKE CHEESE

Statisticians have figured out that England eats the larger part of Europe's output of cheese. Europe's output amounts to 340,000,000 kilograms. England alone consumes 180,000,000 kilograms of this amount. Next comes Holland, which takes 58,000,000; Switzerland takes 43,000,000; France 31,000,000, and Germany 20,000,000 kilograms. The only people on earth who eat no cheese are the Chinese.

REMARKABLE AGE OF SPANISH HEN

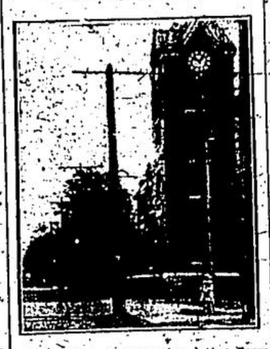
The death of Eusatia Pallidant, aged 32, a Spanish black hen, said to have been the oldest hen in the United States, is announced by the owner, James Blanchard, of Dayville, Conn. In her youth Eusatia was a prize-winning pedigreed beauty. When 15 years old her black plumage became white. Last spring she mothered a brood and laid eggs in the fall. Old age ended a busy life.

MOTHER REMEMBERED

Father (very severely): "Now, look here, Jenny, you must not encourage that young man to stay so late every night. It is simply disgraceful. What does your mother say about it?"

Jenny: "She says men have not altered a bit, dad!"

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



That was a very nice letter from Major Grant, of Georgetown, with reference to the "Old Man's" recollections of long ago, which he sent for last week's Free Press. I'd very glad indeed, if I can give so much pleasure week after week to the old folks of the days of "auld lang syne." The popular gospel of the day is that we ought to give the other fellow help and pleasure and I think that's right. I always did think so, but it never struck me until a few months back that I could give so many old folks pleasure as they seem to be getting out of the "Old Man's" yarns of former days. I never was much of a writer, but always hankered after trying to say something to get my name in print. When I asked the Free Press man to give me space to write about a few things I was ruminating over last spring I never dreamed I'd be at the job all those months. But, honestly, by cracky, I like it, and the people seem to like it, and if it gives some of my old cronies of fifty or sixty years ago a good time I'll stick at it as long as my rheumatic will allow me to write stuff which that young man who runs that new-fangled type-setting machine they have at the Free Press office can read my jerky chirography. That's what the "high brows" call it, isn't it? Let me whisper, the circulation man at the printing office tells me that the old residents, both in town and out and far away, are subscribing for the paper now by the score, just to read the "Old Man's" scribbling, they say, but I know they want to hear all about the old town and country-side, and the Free Press gives them belly reading for their money on every page.

Say, I've been thinking over what Major Grant said about the incidents I miss in my recollections. Well, it'll take a good deal bigger and smarter head than this old one of mine to remember all of the incidents that happened in this here precious old town "away back." I am quite well aware that my forgetter gets the best of my rememberer often. If the gray-haired old major, who got into scrapes here half a century ago when he was one of our liveliest young chaps, thinks I can tell everything, who got born, or married or drunk, everyone who has died or gone away, or came, or fought, or lost a cow, or found a bear, he's all off. Some things happened in those days which he knows about, and which he wouldn't care to see in print in this column. However, if the Major will address any incidents which would make good reading for the other old folks to "The Old Man," in care of the Free Press, or the Acton Postmaster, I'll put them in.

Acton, like every other town or city, is not benefitted by having in its population, when they use their contrary streak, a quota of citizens who would sooner spite a man or men than benefit the town. If, like me, you've had lots of time to ponder and observe life, you have noticed this streak assert itself. How any man who understood the issue or did not have this childish jealousy could vote against the waterworks commission last week is inconceivable. But I believe all the fault of the defeat of this issue is not at their doors. True, this childish jealousy element talked much and influenced all they could, but there was a considerable number of voters who understood the issue and never polled their votes. This is a class of citizens who surely haven't the true interests of their town and country at heart. While the first bunch sticks together and pull all the votes possible their way they are by no means the majority. They are simply the active minority. People who can see clearly and past the end of their noses seem to have the faculty of keeping their thoughts to themselves. To this class I would like the proud honor of belonging. Just like the rest of us old dumb heads though I never for one moment doubted the passing of the Waterworks-Commission by-law. I held my peace, never discussed the issue and simply put in one lone vote for the Commission. But I think it's about time that we got together and organized ourselves into a club of some kind with the motto: "Acton first, regardless of personal enmity to any private citizen." Let's consider the old town's interests ahead of our own hereafter and keep her the good old town she has always been in the past.

The big fire which started in the Adams' store swept away that block, Ebbage's store and house, Charlie Welgar's tinshop and old rags, and went perlously near Ebbage's planing mill, which occupied the lot just on the line of Mr. John A. Mowat's fine residence. The Sunday night of the fire old Mrs. Lamby, Joseph Lamby's mother, had tea with her friend, Mrs. Ebbage. She walked up to the farm in the evening, Mrs. Ebbage accompanying her as far as the railroad. She had just reached home, the farm where Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Bailey reside, when the glare of the big fire was seen at the farm, and she walked back again to offer her sympathy to her friend, Mrs. Ebbage and family.

The fire made a clean sweep. With much energy Mr. Ebbage promptly rebuilt the house and store—the double house on Main Street, it having been re-arranged for a double house later. They kept store again for a time and then discontinued. George Morrow had a drug store there for several years. At that time there were three other drug stores in Acton. Dr. Morrow had one in the store where Harold Wiles' confectionery is now, Charlie Manders, the Englishman, had another in the building where Mr. Stuckey's furniture hospital does business, and the Milburn drug business, where A. T. Brown, chemist, is located, had not yet removed to Toronto.

Mr. Ebbage's fire loss crippled him financially and he took Mr. D. W. Campbell, of Esquesing, into partnership in the planing mill and pump business. They did a large business for a time, but finally Tom and Dan found they could not see eye-to-eye in their transactions, and Tom sold out to Dan, and removed to Grassendale, where lumber was cheap and plentiful, to recover his fortunes. Here he conducted a planing mill for five or six years, when the devouring element again visited him, and the accumulated savings of his years there went up in smoke in an hour. That was forty-one years ago. The hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Ebbage and the family turned again to the old town, and July, 1879, found them back again, bag and baggage—all that was left. Mr. Ebbage built a new planing mill beside the old plow factory at the foot of Willow Street, where the oscillating tank is now in full blast, concluding if he operated it with the water power there available there'd be no danger from fire. But this, ten or twelve years later, was also destroyed by fire, and with it Isaac Francis' glove leather tannery and stock which occupied the second floor. This fire was in the day time and was one of the prettiest fires imaginable. The volumes of smoke against the snow-clad hills in the distance made a picture for an artist. A. T. Brown, who is an amateur photographer of note, got a photo of this fire which for seconds effect is the favorite of his large collection.

Mr. Ebbage then rebuilt the factory in the rear of his residence on Main Street and there he reaped the fruits of his skill and industry until death called him three years ago.

I must not forget Charlie Welgar's place. This was originally a store, built by Capt. Ebbage, father of Thomas Ebbage, and operated by himself for some years. Charlie Welgar was a little German tinsmith. He did his tinsmithing in the front, slept in a room in the rear, and kept his rags and other junk upstairs. Charlie was a good tinsmith, very industrious and lived very much to himself. The school boys tormented him a good deal. Some customers thought he was not very cleanly when they saw him empty the contents of the wash dish—the water which he had used over and over again for his ablutions—into the cozen pot or tea kettle he was mending to test the repaired spot for leaks, so. After the fire kind-hearted residents built him a shack so he could continue his work. But Charlie's heart was broken. He'd lost tons of valuable rags, "Mine rags, mine rags," for which he had paid numberless putty pans, cake cutters and cups and dippers, in the fire, and his fortune was gone. His lonely heart turned to the old home in Germany, and in a few months he sold out his tools and stock to Bob Fisher, who was starting business, and took passage for home. The boat on the German line on which Charlie shipped from New York went down in mid-ocean and Charlie and his rags were never heard of again.

The old planing mill is gone, but it had a busy history for many years. Old residents will remember the old sign, which was attractively executed by a skilful local painter. He, like many of his class, had an eye and a hand for the artistic, but was short on spelling and punctuation. The sign read: "T. Ebbage Plaining Mill." Scores of pupils of the school were permanently impressed with the correct way of spelling "planing mill," when Mr. Little called attention to the sign they passed every time they went to or from school. Paradoxical—yes, I guess that's the word—paradoxical as it may be, it was one of Mr. Little's own early pupils who painted this attractive sign.

As I said, the planing mill was a busy place for many years. Mr. Ebbage made sash and doors, and floorings and house trim for the country side, and every carpenter or customer who got stuff from Tom Ebbage always knew it would be sure to fit and up to specifications. Tom always did his work with mathematical precision. He made pumps and these were as honest and reliable as his carpenter work. One time, before the era of pumps in every home, yes, long before organs were thought of for the ordinary home, or for the church either; yes, before melodeons came into vogue, a wave of desire for some musical instrument in advance of the "Jewsharp" or the whistle went over this community. Some one had brought a dulcimer to Acton. It was examined and played, and somebody said, "There is a fortune in the manufacture of them." The craze stuck. Mr. Ebbage commenced to make dulcimers, with the help of Jimmie Switzer, a cabinet maker of repute. John Speight also went into their manufacture. A few were sold, and some of the young folks with the little hammers attached to flexible whalebone handles, became quite proficient in bringing sweet music from these primitive music boxes. Scores of years afterwards, however, partly finished dulcimers by the score might have been found quietly reposing on the collar beams and roof plate recesses of both the Ebbage and the Speight shops.

In the course of time Mr. Campbell, who missed the directing head and skilful hand of Thomas Ebbage, his former partner, and who gave more of his time to the winding up of the estate of the late Ransom Adams, of which he was an executor, and other outside pursuits, than he did to his business of making washes and doors, found the business falling to pay and disposed of it.

Williamson Ramshaw and his son, Thomas, next came into possession. They were both practical carpenters, ran the business lively for a time with a chopping mill on one corner as a side issue and convenience to farmers.

Finally John Cameron bought the business and the property. He improved it, enlarged the premises, put in new machinery and did a thriving business. For years Mr. Cameron in his triple capacity as architect, builder and manufacturer was one of our busiest citizens. He worked with his hands and thought deep things, and fulfilled his contracts. Occasionally John, who liked machinery in motion, got a nasty gash or lost the tip of a thumb or finger in a buzz-planer or jig saw, but he was soon on the job again. He had to his credit a number of the best built and most substantial residences and public buildings in town. A few years ago, Mr. Cameron decided to retire from business. He gradually reduced his stock, disposed of his machinery, tore down the old planing mill, and utilized the site with the pretty bungalow owned by Mr. Harry McIntosh, and the commodious residence of Mr. Mowat and family.

Next week we'll come to the site of the first Presbyterian Church built in Acton, the old school house and "God's Acre" in the rear. If all's well I'll tell you something about the first things in that historic locality.

THE OLD MAN.

THE PAY ENVELOPE

The workman was digging. The wayfarer of the inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said the wayfarer at length, "what are you digging for?"

The workman looked up. "Money," he replied.

"Money!" exclaimed the amused wayfarer. "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"On Saturday," replied the workman, as he resumed operations.

In cold temperatures rats are found to develop a sort of "overcoat" or additional outer covering, which grows very quickly.

His OBJECTION

"Why do you object to ragtime?"

"It puts tunes into my mind that I can't forget. And I don't dare whistle them in public because of the words they suggest."—Star.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

New Books for the Public Library

The following new books have just been added to the Acton Public Library and will be available to readers on Saturday evening:

Adult Non-Fiction

Author	Title
000—GENERAL WORKS	
Hill, Henry Chase	The Wonder Book of Knowledge
300—SOCIOLOGY	
Peterson, C. W.	Wake up, Canada
King, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie	Industry and Humanity
500—NATURAL SCIENCE	
Chapman, Wm. Gerard	Green-timber Trails
Mills, Enos A.	The Grizzly
800—LITERATURE	
Hinton, Joe Huckin	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children
Sylvester, Lieut. Edward	Love Letters of Bill to Mable
Drummond, Wm. Henry	The Great Fight
Garvin, John W.	Canadian Poets
Macfie, Lieut.-Col. John	In Flanders Fields
Kipling, Rudyard	The Years Between
920—COLLECTIVE BIOGRAPHY	
Johnston, Chas. H. L.	Famous Generals of Great War
900—HISTORY	
Bairnsfather, Bruce	From Mud to Mufti
Nasmith, Col. Geo. G.	Canada's Sons and Great Britain in the World War
Freeman, Lewis R.	Sea-Hounds
Hurd, Archibald	The Heroic Record of the British Navy
Locke, Geo. H.	When Canada Was New France
B—BIOGRAPHY	
Grenfell, Wilfred Thomason	A Labrador Doctor
Hyldman, H. M.	Clemenceau

Adult Fiction

Barclay, Florence L.	The Rosary (new copy)
Bassett, Sara Ware	The Harbour Road
Beach, Rex	The Spoilers
Beach, Rex	The Winds of Chance
Benson, E. F.	Across the Stream
Hindlous, Harold	Partners of the Out-Trail
Bower, B. M.	Rim O' the World
Buchan, John	Mr. Standfast
Burnham, Clara Louise	In Apple Blossom Time
Burt, Katharine Newlin	The Branding Iron
	Christopher and Columbus
Cody, H. A.	The Touch of Amor
Conrad, Joseph	The Arrow of Gold
Coppleston, Bennett	The Last of the Granvilles
Cummins, G. D.	The Land They Loved
Curwood, James Oliver	The River's End
Day, Holman	The Rider of the King Log
Dell, Ethel M.	The Lamp in the Desert
Durkin, Douglas	The Heart of Cherry McHaint
Gregory, Jackson	The Bells of San Juan
Hueston, Ethel	Leave it to Doris
Ibanez, Vincente Blasco	The Shadow of the Cathedral
Kirby, Elizabeth	Little Miss Muffett
Knibbs, Henry Herbert	Ridin' Kid from Powder River
Lewis, Sinclair	Free Air
Lincoln, Joe. C.	Cy. Whittaker's Place
Lincoln, Joe. C.	Cap'n Warren's Wards
Lincoln, Joe. C.	Shavings
London, Jack	On the Makalo Mat
MacKay, Isabel Ecclestone	Mist of the Morning
McKowan, Evah	Janet of the Kootenay
Montgomery, L. M.	Rainbow Valley
MacGill, Patrick	Glenmornan
Mundy, Talbot	The Ivory Trail
Norris, Kathleen	Sisters
Norton, Roy	Drowned Gold
Orczy, Baroness	His Majesty's Well Beloved
Oppenheim, E. Phillips	The Box with the Broken Seals
Oppenheim, E. Phillips	The Curious Guest
Packard, Frank L.	The Night Operator
Phillpotts, Eden	A Storm in a Teacup
Porter, Eleanor H.	Dawn
Reeve, Arthur B.	The Soul Bear
Richmond, Grace S.	Red and Black
Richmond, Grace S.	The Second Violin (new copy)
Richmond, Grace S.	Twenty-fourth of June (new copy)
Rinehart, Mary Roberts	Dangerous Days
Robinson, H. Elliot	Smiles
Rogers, Grace McLeod	Joan at Halfway
Stacpoole, H. De Vere	The Beach of Dreams
Tarkington, Booth	Ramsey Milholland
Thurston, E. Temple	The Word of Wonderful Reality
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor	The Starling
Watson, Robert	The Girl of O. K. Valley
Weyman, Stanley J.	The Great House
Widdemer, Margaret	You're Only Young Once
Williamson, C. N. and A. M.	The Lion's Mouse
Willsie, Honore	The Forbidden Trail
Wright, Harold Bell	The Re-creation of Brian Kent

Juvenile Non-Fiction

J—300—SOCIOLOGY	
Lang, Andrew	The Green Fairy Book
J—500—NATURAL SCIENCE	
Burgess, Thornton W.	Adventures of Bob White
Burgess, Thornton W.	Mrs. Peter Rabbit
Burgess, Thornton W.	Ol' Mistah Buzzard
Chaffie, Allen	Adventures of Twinkly Eyes
Burgess, Thornton W.	
	The Burgess Bird Book for Children
J—600—USEFUL ARTS	
	The Boy Mechanic
Brackner, Maj. Gen. W. S.	
	The Wonder Book of Aircraft
J—800—LITERATURE	
Bailey, Carolyn Sherwin	Stories of Great Adventures
J—900—HISTORY	
Clay, Beatrice	
	Stories from King Arthur and His Round Table
Parrott, Sir Edward	
	Children's Story of the War (10 volumes)
J—910—GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS	
Perkins, Lucy Fitch	The Japanese Twins
Uren, Alfred E.	Bob and Bill Hee Canada

Juvenile Fiction

Ashman, Margaret	Isabel Carleton in the West
Brasil, Angela	A Harum-Scarum School Girl
Brereton, Capt. F. S.	A Hero of Lucknow
Brereton, Capt. F. S.	With Our Russian Allies
Brereton, Capt. F. S.	Under Foch's Command
Brereton, Capt. F. S.	With the Allies to the Rhine
Brereton, Capt. F. S.	With French at the Front
Brown, Ethel C.	The Three Gays at the Old Farm
Davenport, Spencer	Rushton Boys at Treasure Cove
Davenport, Spencer	Rushton Boys in the Saddle
Gray, Violet Gordon	Margery Morris, Mascot
Gordon, Grace	Patsy Carroll Under Southern Skies
Heyliger, Wm.	Bartley Freshman, Pitcher
Heyliger, Wm.	Fighting for Fairview
Hendryx, Jas. B.	Connie Morgan with the Mounted
Hasbrough, Mark	When Wolf Meets Wolf
Ingersoll, Ernest	Raisin Creek Exploring Club
Johnston, Annie Fellows	Mary Ware in Texas
Johnston, Annie Fellows	Mary Ware's Promised Land
Lowrey, Harold C.	
	Young Canada Boys with the B. O. S. on the Frontier
Murku, Jeanette	Children in the Wood Stories
McKean, Capt. G. H.	Scouting Thrills
Saunders, Marshall	Golden Dicky
Wells, Carolyn	Patty and Azalea
Wells, Carolyn	Patty's Butterfly Days
Westerman, Percy F.	The Secret Channel
Westerman, Percy F.	The Submarine Hunters
Westerman, Percy F.	Winning His Wings

EACH BARREL DISFIGURED

"You look as though you had been riding a barrel," said the fat man to the bow-legged one.

"And you look as if you had swallowed one," was the answer.

It is not the spurt at the start but the continued unrenting, unhasting advance that wins the day.

PATIENCE

How smooth the seabeach pebbles are!
But do you know
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so?
And once I saw a little girl
Sit down and cry
Because she could not cure a fault
With one small "try".

—Jewels.

To own a fault is but to say,
"I'm wiser now than yesterday."

A FATHER TO THIRTY-ONE

John R. Taylor, of Crystal Springs, Miss., who furnished more man power to the army in the war than any other man in the United States, has married the third time. Mr. Taylor is not yet 60 years old. When a young man he married and there were born to the union 18 sons and daughters. Six of the sons had grown to manhood at the outbreak of the war. They enlisted. Mrs. Taylor died and Mr. Taylor married Mrs. Thornton, a widow with five children, which brought the Taylor household to 21 persons. To that union were born six children, making in the household at one time 27 sons and daughters. Several months ago Mr. Taylor's second wife died. A few days ago he married a Mrs. Brown, of Magnolia, Miss., a widow with four children, which brings the total number to 31 now under his fatherly care. Some of the children have married and have sons and daughters of their own, so Mr. Taylor's sons and daughters, stepchildren number more than 100.

WHAT A CIGARETTE WILL DO FOR OUR BOYS

1. It will add to his nervous troubles.
2. It will subtract from his physical energy.
3. It will multiply his aches and pains.
4. It will divide his mental powers.
5. It will take interest from his work.
6. It will discount his chance of success in life.

Knowing this to be true, a wise boy will not smoke cigarettes.—Exchange.

WORLD'S BIGGEST CHEESE

A cheese weighing 31,864 pounds was manufactured at Appleton, Wis., June 17. This enormous product required the milk of 12,000 cows, located on 1,800 farms. Seventy-three cheesemakers, representing fifty factories, took part in making the cheese. The container weighed 2,000 pounds, and when the top was forced down an ice-house was built around the cheese. After aging in the ice-house the cheese was shipped to Chicago, where it was exhibited at the National Dairy Show.

AN EARLY INVENTOR

The witch who chased cobwebs had lived not in vain:
'Twas she who invented the first aeroplane.

RULING THE ROOST—A FABLE

A hen hustled for bugs and scratched for worms the greater part of each day in order that she might be able to lay eggs for the suburbanite. But at night her rest was disturbed by the lusty crowing of her lord and master. She stood it for a while and then forsook him and took up her roost in a tree.

"Why did you leave me?" he asked the next day, after he had fooled her into running to him by shuckling and acting as though he had found something to eat.

"Because I cannot and will not be kept awake all night by your foolish crowing."

"Very well," replied the rooster. "Our position in society is maintained solely by my famous crowing. When I lift up my voice an answer comes from all the roosts in the neighborhood, and I wake up our master every morning at seven o'clock. Since you do not appreciate it, you may hereafter do the crowing yourself."

The hen tried and tried to crow, but a shrill cackle was all she could produce. Being a bright hen she quickly decided on a course to pursue.

A day or so later, when she had some noise enough to the rooster to be heard she said: "The corn and scratch feed you gave us is solely because of my ability to lay an egg a day, but since you don't appreciate it you may hereafter do the egg-laying yourself."

The rooster tried with all his might to get into the habit of laying an egg a day but none could he produce.

After a ten-day separation and deep thinking for the same length of time, a reconciliation took place and the hen and rooster are again occupying the same roost in contentment and affection—

Or, they kept up the fight, the hen striving to learn to crow, and the rooster straining every nerve and muscle to produce an egg.

You may take your choice.

THE ARK WAS SOME BOAT

Our modern interest in ships has started a ship expert on the measurements of Noah's Ark, and he has translated the Bible dimensions into terms of modern measurement so as to make the Ark 480 feet long, 80 feet wide and 48 feet deep. Her tonnage was 11,413, with plenty of room for pairs of all the distinct species of animals that are classed by Buffon—144—and she could have accommodated a thousand persons and there had plenty of room for the storage of supplies.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN

Can you guess who it is? Go over the list of the men who have gathered unto themselves fabulous of wealth, the men who have accumulated much of what the world regards as riches, and pick out the one you consider the richest of all. Your guess is wrong. The world's richest man resides out in Nebraska. His name is E. P. Meyers, and the proof of this statement is found in a letter he has written to the Norfolk, Neb., News:

"I wonder if you know that one of the richest men in the world lives here in Tilden, Neb.? That man is the writer. I am just a common plug blacksmith, but, oh, how rich! I go to my labors each morning, work until noon, go to dinner, return at 1 p.m. and work until six o'clock. I enjoy the greatest of all blessings—good health. Rockfeller would give all he possesses for money or holdings for my stomach, but he can't have it.

"Each day sees something accomplished, and every job of work I turn out I feel that I have done my customer a service worthy of my hire.

"I have a most wonderful little wife. She has stuck to me twenty-two years now, so I know she must be a dandy to accomplish that. I have a little home, a beautiful little daughter, a son grown to maturity and now in life's game for himself. Rich? Why, man alive, who can possibly be any richer?

"Then, to add to all the above riches I take down my old shotgun in season and ramble through the fields, woods and tangles in search of the elusive cottontail, teal and mallard, with my faithful pointer at heel (now past eleven years old), and he is just as happy as I when we are on the hunt. Then, when I get back, oh, how good everything does taste! Then, when night has spread its mantle over this good old universe, I settle down in a good old easy chair, enjoy a smoke, and then roll into bed to be embraced by Morpheus, and never hear a sound until the beautiful break of day. Rich, did you say? Well I guess. Dollars? No, not many. You enquired about riches, not material wealth.

"The height of my ambition is so to live that I may have no regrets for having lived, when the time comes for me to shuffle off this mortal coil, and I hope by that time to have accumulated that amount—dollars—that my self and mine may not be objects of charity. This, then is my idea of a rich man. If any enjoys life more than I do he is to be envied for his riches."

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We are naturally a little proud of our Editorial Page since we have been able to branch into a six-page weekly. Every week these articles take up considerable time and attention. They are not written at random. Everyone is carefully considered and thought upon. Another feature of these brief Editorial Comments is the wide range of subjects covered every week—A complete synopsis of activities in all fields being carefully commented upon.

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Just Another Feature of the Many

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