The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1920

SOME FUNNY LITTLE FOLKS

Once there was a little boy who never
slammed the door,
Or took his shoes and stockings off,
and threw them on the floor;
He never slid down bannisters, and always wore his hat,
And never asked for pudding twice, or anything like that.

And once there was a little girl who wore her dress all day
And never got a spot on it when her mother was away;
Her hair was never out of curl, her bow's were always neat;
Nor when her mother's back was turned did she run off down street.

There was a little mouse as well that never tasted cheese,
Or took a bite of anything but he said, "If you please."
He never scampered here and there and all around the house—
The only one I ever knew as quiet as a mouse.

So, too, there was a little dog that never barked or whined;
He wore his head in front of him and had his tail behind;
Except for that he was unlike all other dogs I know,
For he had perfect manners and behaved himself "just so."

There was a little pussy cat that never purred or mewed,
Or did a thing that one could say was impolite or rude;
She was so well behaved a cat in everything, I'd grieve
To think she'd ever taste her milk and not say, "By your leave."

The boy said, "Pray, excuse me," every time he went to sneeze;
The cat said, "By your leave"; the little mouse said, "If you please";
The dog said, "Beg your pardon," if he passed from left to right,
And the little girl said, "Certainly," which surely was polite.

You may think I am joking, but I'm sure it is not so;
For if you find the boy or girl I tell you of, I know
You'll find the dog and pussy cat and mouse of which I tell,
And find them all together, too—I know it very well.

—James W. Foley, in Youth's Companion.

Perfumed Epistles

By R. Ray Baker

BIG BRUCE FORRESTER was not a woman hater. He was not interested, that was all.

While the rest of the surveying crowd that was measuring the Low Ridge range for the coming of the railroad spent its spare time in receiving perfumed mail and answering it Big Bruce sought solace in nicotine in the seclusion of his bunk or roamed the wilds of Wilderness woods and communed with nature.

"Go it, boys," was his advice. "Some day you'll learn better. Women are all right as parlor decorations and to consume surplus cash in candy and clothes, but for me—well, I'm going to buy myself a farm some day, where I can have horses, dogs and cows and chickens. They're of some use in the world, and they don't go back on you when you're down and out."

Naturally, the others resented these outbursts. They defended the fair sex valiantly, and by sheer numbers forced Big Bruce to desist from his oral attacks.

"All right, I'll keep still in the future," he growled; "but you can't prevent a fellow thinking; and while you're fooling you're time away with pens and ink you can let your minds dwell on the fact that I consider you're all confounded idiots."

Sunday was a day of rest in the woods as well as the places where civilization reigned, and also it was a day when a great deal of letter writing was accomplished in "Love's Lodge," which Big Bruce sarcastically christened the shanty where the surveyors were making their headquarters.

On one of these Sundays Bruce set out on a hike which he called a "relief expedition."

"I'm going to get relief from the perfumed air of this shack," he announced as he took an old walking stick he had carved from a tree branch, a package of sandwiches and a sanitary cup. "Here's hoping you all get married ah settle down to blissful contentment—no excitement, no pleasure, no nothing," and he strode disdainfully from the shack into the woods.

It was not a case of envy with Big Bruce. He could have been admired by many girls had he chosen, for he was a good, healthy, handsome specimen who looked well either in ballroom or backwoods. However, Big Bruce had not met the right sort of woman.

His mother died when he was a toddler, and when he grew up his father's financial standing threw him in with a lot of society buds who had no mission in life other than to look beautiful, sip iced drinks and play bridge. No, women held no interest for him. They were to him, as he had said, mere ornaments or playthings and not to be given consideration in a serious, busy world.

Big Bruce drew his lungs full of pure air as he swung along the ridge, heading for Lake Crescent, where he knew a flat-bottomed rowboat was drawn up on shore. It was well along in summer and vegetation was in full bloom, with birds chirping in the trees and insects buzzing merrily—and some of them stinging just as merrily.

Bruce expelled clouds of pungent tobacco smoke, drawn from a venerable pipe, and hummed a tune. He was enjoying himself immensely.

Getting into the rowboat, he propelled it across the lake, which was about two miles wide and five miles long. A stiff breeze ruffled the water into choppy waves, but Big Bruce's strong arms drove the scow through them without noticing the resistance. Arriving on the other side he drew the craft up on shore and continued his wanderings.

Suddenly, while walking along enjoying the solitude of the woods and thinking of his foolish friends back in "Lover's Ledge," he felt a sharp, piercing pain in his right side. At the same instant the report of a rifle echoed through the forest. Big Bruce tumbled in a heap on the ground and almost lost consciousness.

For moments that seemed like hours the young man lay there helpless, the pain growing more intense all the while. With an effort he reached his left hand to the wound and withdrew it covered with blood. He felt nauseated and black dots swam before his eyes.

Realizing it would not do to lie there and allow his strength to ebb, he forced himself to crawl along the path on which he had been walking. It seemed that he had crawled at least three miles, stopping frequently to regain strength, when he came into a clearing, in which some one was cooking over a fire.

With the knowledge that help was at hand, Big Bruce drifted into unconsciousness. When his eyes opened some time later he looked up into a pair of black ones which were owned by a girl of about twenty, who was garbed in well-fitting buckskin clothes, with a short skirt, leggings and a wide-brimmed hat.

She had dark hair that fell in heavy folds around her neck, and she had white teeth and a pug nose and lots of freckles. She was attractive in some ways, but in others she was decidedly plain.

"I've got you're wound fixed up," she told him. "Some fool man just been hunting out of season and got the wrong kind of game. If I had fired that shot it would have hit what it was aimed at."

She snorted in disgust. An examination with deft hands showed Bruce that his shirt had been cut away around the wound and a bandage put in place. The bandage was wet, but he ascertained that it was with water instead of blood.

"It's not serious—if I hurry you home," she told him, in business-like tones. "If you'll try to walk, and lean on me all you want to, we can make it to the canoe."

It was not a great distance, and somehow, in spite of the pain and his weakened condition, which became more pronounced when he essayed to walk, Bruce was almost sorry when they arrived at the shore and she helped him into the canoe.

It was growing dusk, but Big Bruce could see that there were white caps on the lake. He doubted the girl's ability to paddle through the savage waves, but he kept his own counsel.

Before pushing the craft into the water she filled his pipe for him, placed the stem between his teeth and lighted it. He was so amazed by this act of thoughtfulness that he came near forgetting to draw on the pipe.

Soon they were tossing on the lake. Big Bruce was somewhat apprehensive, but he knew he was powerless to help the girl who was seated in the stern paddling vigorously to keep the nose of the boat headed into the ridges of foam. If she faltered and allowed the oncoming waves to turn the canoe and sweep against its side there was no telling what would result.

However, she worked like a trojan, never uttering a word, and despite the fact that it was now so dark the shore on either side was blotted out, she seemed confident of being able to reach her destination, whatever it might be.

At last they were landed, and the girl surprised Bruce by dragging the canoe clear of the water with him in it, almost tipping him out.

"There," she breathed, rather heavily. "Now for the car."

She left him, and presently a flood of light from the spotlight of an auto surrounded him. Again she aided him to walk, and presently he was reclining in the tonneau of the car speeding over the road.

Soon they came to a branch road, which they followed for a short distance, stopping finally in front of a comfortable looking cottage, in which cheery lights were burning.

Half an hour later Bruce was in bed, a fresh bandage over the wound, the girl's brother having come to help look after the patient.

"Father will be back soon," the girl told him. "He's a doctor and he'll fix you up right; but I know you'll have to stay here three weeks. It's lucky we didn't go back to the city yesterday as we had planned."

Three weeks later Big Bruce was back in "Lover's Lodge," practically recovered from his wound.

One day one of the boys came tearing into the shack with a packet of mail in one hand and a lone letter in the other.

"Help! help!" he cried, in mock distress. "Here's a letter for Mr. Bruce Forrester—and it's pink and got perfume on it."

Bruce took the letter, his face blazing, and retired to his bunk. The others gathered round, and looked on in open-mouthed astonishment while he read to himself, smiling the while.

Presently he finished perusing the missive and when he looked up he apparently noticed for the first time that he had an audience.

"What's the matter with you boobs?" he snorted. "Can't a fellow fall in love if he wants to? Say, where in thunder's some ink, paper and pen?"

THE NEW LANGUAGE

Long ago we cut from some paper and laid in our Bible a little poem. It was to be a reminder and a warning, for one is apt to forget, in the struggle to learn strange tongues, and in the endeavor to improve oneself in the use of his mother tongue, that there is yet another, and that if we hope to live some day where that pure speech is current we must begin now to practice ourselves in it. The poem runs thus:

"Some day or other I shall surely come,
Where true hearts wait for me;
Then let me learn the language of that home
While here on earth I be,
Lest my poor lips for want of words be dumb
In that high company."

And what may that language be which is spoken "in that high company?" Surely the language of praise. That was the language of the great white-robed throng, who had come up out of great tribulation; and it was that which was spoken by those whom the evangelist heard chanting, "Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."

It will be the language of truth and purity; all that is unclean or false will be forever shut out from that blessed place. The language of love will be spoken there, for God is love; and of perfect trust—no shadow of suspicion shall part friends there, or want of faith sever us from "God who is our home." The language of whatsoever things are true, and honest, and just, and pure and lovely, and of good report, of that place will be the familiar speech.—Indian Witness.

CAMOUFLAGING SIN

Doubtless we have all observed the tendency on the part of some people to underrate the real nature and significance of sin. As a common help to this end they have built up a vocabulary that greatly softens the hard aspect of sin. A lie is a "prevarication," a drunken debauch is only a lark or a spree, and gross immorality is merely being a little fast or sowing wild oats. Thus we hope to make the truth seem less offensive and terrible than it really is.

But sin is sin. No amount of verbal camouflage or specious nomenclature can make it anything but what it is—something repulsive, abhorrent, and deserving of the wrath of God. Some may call it "error" or "mistake," but however we dress it up, it is the same monster it always was, a thing not to bargained with, but ever to be reckoned with.—Exchange.

Miller's Worm Powders are par excellence the medicine for children who are found suffering from the ravages of worms. They immediately alter the stomachic conditions under which the worms subsist and drive them from the system, and, at the same time, they are tonical in their effect upon the digestive organs, restoring them to healthful operation and insuring immunity from further disorders from such a cause.

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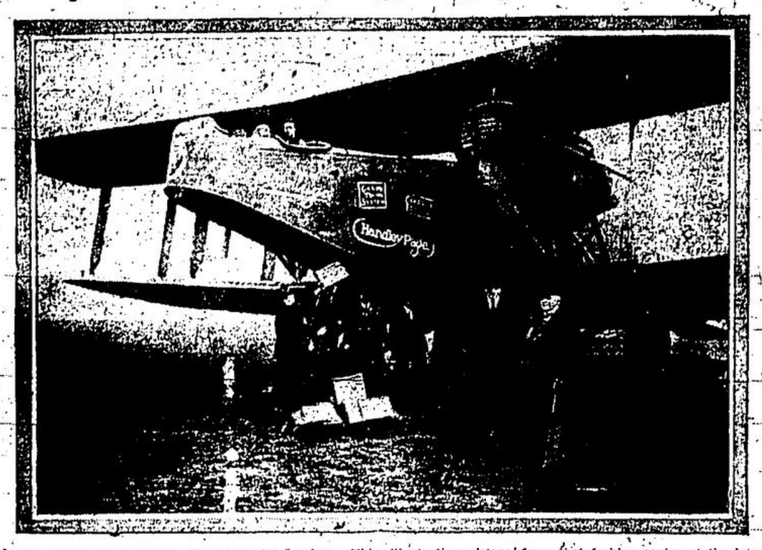

The Canadian Express Company and the Grand Trunk System in conjunction with the Handley-Page Air Line, is now despatching express packages from London to Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam by aeroplane, with return service from these points to London. This illustration shows shipments from Paris, destined for Canada, being unloaded from one of the big machines at Brooklands. These shipments include high class model millinery purchased by Canadian merchants in Paris and shipped from that fashion centre at the latest possible moment to catch the fast steamships, so that such models will be able to reach the cities of the Dominion as quickly as similar models reach New York. Passenger service by aeroplane is also in operation.

A PAYING INVESTMENT

"Father, Jack Adams told me his father has sold that bit of land on the north side of town."

"Did he?"

"Yes, and he's made such a good thing of it. Doubled on his price."

"Indeed!"

"And after holding it only two years. Jack says his father's a great man for making money. Always succeeds in his investments. I suppose he'll be a rich man some day—just by putting money in the right place. It goes on and makes itself. I wish, father, that you had some money to put into things that way."

"I am making what I think about the best investment I can of what I have."

"Investment? Why father, I didn't know you had any money invested."

"I have though."

"Why, I've often heard mother say that it takes about all you can make for us to live."

"Your mother is right there," said his father, with a smile.

"Well," said Ned, who had become warmly interested in business topics, "do you mean it is money you put into something some time ago?"

"Yes, I began quite a number of years ago, and I'm keeping it up yet."

"Oh, that's good," said Ned. "And has it been a good investment, father? Does it keep on doubling, and are you going to make a real good thing of it sometime? Do you get any returns from it yet?"

"A good many questions to answer," said his father a little gravely. "Yes, your mother and I think we are getting something in the way of returns already. We hope it is going to keep on doubling as you express it. As to its being a good thing some time in the future, the future must tell its own tale; but if the hopes we cherish are fulfilled we shall receive a thousand-fold on our investment."

"You certainly must have a good thing. Now, I'm old enough to understand about such things—I wish, if you don't object, you'd tell me what your investment is."

"I don't object at all. We are investing in you and your brothers."

"Oh!" Ned drew a little breath of surprise.

"Yes, his father went on quietly. "Three boys are a good deal of an investment, you can easily understand. An investment on which continual payments are necessary."

"I see," said Ned, slowly and very thoughtfully. "There are clothes and shoes and school books; house for us to live in; everything we eat. It keeps you going all the time, doesn't it father?"

"It seems to," said father, with a smile.

"And mother; she's always busy. She sees to everything. There wouldn't be a bit of comfort if she were not at the head of things. Hundreds of dollars every year we cost. Father, if you didn't have us boys, you'd have a lot of money to put into other things."

"Yes, all I am putting into you."

"And we're—your investment." Ned appeared to be grappling with the thought. "Well, I don't see, father, that you and mother are getting much out of it yet."

"Can't you think of any way in which we begin to get our returns?"

"I suppose—when we try to do our best."

"Exactly that. When you are dutiful and obedient, showing a loving appreciation of what is being done for you, we feel that we are not making a poor investment."

"Well, I tell you,"—Ned put on a calculating expression—"looking at it from a business point of view, it's a good while to wait, twelve or fourteen years to get a little return for money put into a thing—and where you have to put in more and more money all the time."

"Mother would tell you," said the father, laying a hand on the boy's head, "that she began to get her returns very early. With the first glance of your eye and the sound of your baby voice she felt that she was having her reward. And now, as the years go on, ask her how it is when you are loving and attentive to her, looking for every opportunity of being helpful and comforting. Ask her if it isn't—well, at least a hundred per cent. to her. Possibly she would make it a thousand."

"Dear mother!" Ned said it with a face full of earnest resolve.

"And if you go on as we hope you will, if you and your brothers grow up to be good men, doing your best to make the world wiser and happier because of your being in it, what sort of a percentage will that be to us?"

"Well,"—Ned spoke after a pause—"I never looked on myself as an investment before, but I guess it's very much like it. You and mother are putting about all you have into us boys. All your money, and the money doesn't begin to be all. I'm glad"—added the boy earnestly, "that we ourselves can help in seeing to it that your investment is a good one."—Sydney Dare.

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AN IMPORTANT LITTLE STRIP OF COUNTRY

Of world-wide importance is the little strip of country known as the Republic of Panama. This republic occupies practically all the isthmus joining North and South America, and is 350 miles miles long, from forty to 120 miles wide and has an area of 31,600 square miles, about the same as that of South Carolina.

Ever since the settlement of the New World the Isthmus of Panama, which derived its name from a native village on the Pacific coast, has been an important strategic point. The country is mountainous, has a tropical climate and is subject to heavy rainfall, but is vastly rich in resources.

The Canal Zone, proper, over which the United States exercises all the rights of sovereignty under a treaty with the Republic of Panama, boasts an area of 448 square miles. It begins three marine miles from the mean low water mark in each ocean, and extends for five miles on each side of the centre line of the route of the canal.

The cities of Colon and Panama City are excluded from this special sovereignty, except that the United States may enforce sanitary ordinances therein and maintain order, in case the Republic of Panama shall at any time not be able to do so.

By use of the Panama Canal the water route between New York and San Francisco is shortened 7,873 nautical miles, and that between New Orleans and San Francisco 8,868 nautical miles. The distance between the Atlantic ports of the United States and the Pacific ports of South America are also greatly shortened as well as the distances from New York to Australian and New Zealand ports. In fact the Panama Canal has meant a radical change in the numerous ocean routes, not only to United States ports but to Latin America, to Europe, to Asia—in fact to all the world.

The tonnage of the Panama Canal in 1919 made its highest record, according to Government statistics, being over 7,000,000 net tons of merchant ships with 1,000,000 tons of the United States naval vessels. The tolls collected were a little under $7,000,000 for the year.

THE CAN CAN

Take a tin can, large enough to insert the hand easily. Remove the cover, and paint on the side the word CAN. Place in the can a number of slips of paper each naming some good thing that Sunday School pupils can do:

Be ready to answer the teacher's questions.
Get a new member for the school.
Study the Sunday School lesson.
Read the Bible every day.
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Do one kind deed each day.
Keep cheerful.
Be brave.

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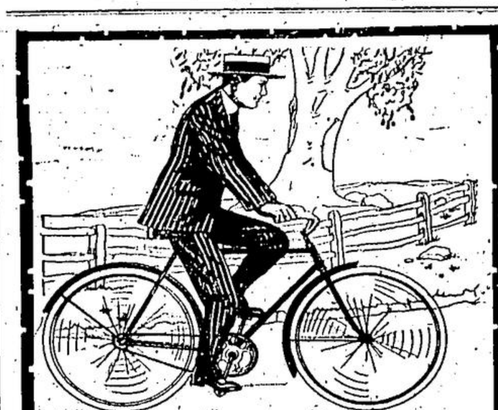
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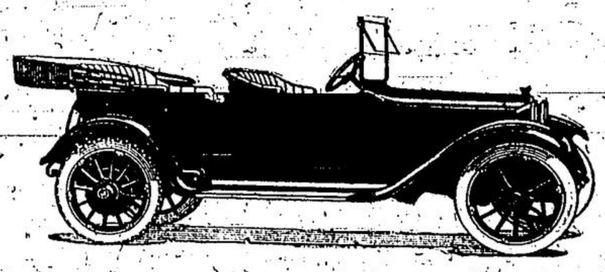
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