The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1920

BACK ON THE FARM

They said, "You must be lonely back
here upon the farm!"
I looked at them in wonder, and I
wonder at it still;
They did not know the mountains with
their never-waning charm,
Or the glory of the setting sun upon
the western hill.

There in the fine old homestead, girt
round with orchard trees,
No queen upon her royal throne was
happier than I;
The gardens with their singing birds
and honey-gathering bees
Were little plots of paradise roofed
by a summer sky.

The herds that grazed the pastures,
the white geese by the brook,
The social chat of hens and ducks,
the old dog, shepherd-wise,
All these, the guardians of the farm;
and everywhere we'd look
The miracles of nature unfolding to
our eyes.

The children trudging off to school,
the good man in the field,
The evening hour around the hearth
—all there, and safe from harm.
I turn the pages of the book, so many
chapters sealed,
And know life gave me of its best
back there upon the farm.

A CAMP HONEYMOON

By Izola Forrester

"WELL, it's seven miles from Nowhere, sure enough," Dell declared with a sigh, after they had climbed the trail for three hours, and still the camp on Mirror Lake lay far ahead of them. "I don't care, though. The farther the better, and I hope we'll never see a white man all the time we're here."

Wah-tonah, the guide, heard and never changed his expression. If the white women who camped on the lake chose to think nobody else cared to camp there likewise, it was not his fault, nor his duty to instruct them. Two weeks before he had climbed the same trail with the three men who wanted to be where there were no women. One had been very ill. One was his brother and helped him over the rough places along the trail. The other sang much. His voice rang out in the wilds like some clear-toned bird call. The guide remembered, too, that he had been like the old hero hunters to look upon, tall and slim and strong, and he had laughed much and cheered the other two.

There was no fear that they would meet unless the curling smoke of the camp fires betrayed them to each other but Wah-tonah felt his conscience was perfectly clear in the matter. They each had a whole side of the lake to themselves. If they would stay on their own sides there would be no trouble. And here he had a happy thought. Gravely he looked at the three; the one too fat, the one too thin, the one with the hair like sunlight and eyes like deep water in shadow. He did not know their names, but this one he liked best so he addressed her.

"Too much bear on lake," he told her. "Not where you go. All good there. Too much bear other side lake."

"We'll stay right on our own side, thanks, Wahtonah," Beth said promptly. "Anyway, we're all pretty good shots."

But she remembered what he had said. After the second week at the camp one day she had swung out into the woods to pick berries, and there came a suspicious crackling in the underbrush. Watching keenly, she heard the slow, heavy movements of a body pushing its way through, and before she thought twice she had slung her rifle to her shoulder and sent a good shot straight at the moving bushes. Almost instantly there came a good, heavy broadside of strong language, and Beth sat tight on a log, longing to laugh and only glad the shot had not taken effect.

Out from the woods came her "big game," six feet two, dressed in khaki, and frankly furious. At sight of her he stopped short, stared and then laughed with her.

"Well, you did clip my hat," he said ruefully, showing the two neat holes through the peaked crown. "Do I look like a bear?"

"You acted just like one," said Beth. "How was I to know. "Wah-tonah, our guide, told me there wasn't a soul up here but us, and there were bears on the other side of the lake."

"The cheerful liar!" exclaimed the intruder. "He took our whole outfit up there a month ago, and knew we were going to stay, and he's been up with supplies twice since, and never told us anybody was here but ourselves."

"We've got a dandy camp down on the shore in that little curve where the pine grove is. Probably he didn't tell us about you because—well, my aunt's with us, and Dell, that's her daughter; Dell's just had a really terrible experience. She is completely disillusioned, and the engagement's broken, and we came up here to try and make her forget. She had heard of the lake from him, and always wanted to come, I believe."

"Isn't that too bad!" Stanley settled himself beside her sympathetically. "May I help pick berries, too? Maybe we can fix up a truce whereby I'll trade fresh fish with you for huckleberry pies; how's that? I'm dying for a whole pie. We're not much on cooking, any of us. There's Frank Carter—maybe you've heard of him, awfully clever fellow, scientist at Columbia—and his brother, Hal. I roomed with Carter during his post-grad. years and when he had to come up here with Hal, I told him I'd stand by. He's been pretty sick: nervous breakdown and worry."

"Halbert Carter?" queried Beth, eagerly. "Why, he's the man, you know."

"The man?"

"Yes, the one Dell was engaged to, and they were to be married this fall, and she went to visit a girl friend, Madelaine Collier, and she found out he'd been engaged to her, too."

"Well!" Stanley tried to look serious.

"But he has told Dell she was the only girl he had ever loved!"

"Didn't that prove it, when he'd found out the other was a mistake?"

"I don't know." Beth looked away from him over at the waters of the lake. "I suppose to men engagements are just happenings, but perhaps they don't realize there are girls who are different, who really do believe in—"

"What?"

"Why, in romance. She didn't know," she flushed a little but went on, feeling she was pleading Dell's cause against one who was an infidel in the faith of loving. "It was an awful shock to her to find out he had been all through a real engagement before, Madelaine told her she had even started the trousseau."

"It may do her good to tell her"—his tone took on a quick starkness as he stood up—"that Hal's absolutely smashed up over her silly nonsense. He loved her completely. He made me bring him up here because it seemed they had planned to spend their honeymoon here in camp—"

"That's what Dell told me. I must get back, or they'll miss me."

"Let's try and tie up these ends of romance again, you and I," he said. "And don't think me an infidel, I believe, too, in love at first sight."

She fan back down the overgrown path to the camp with his words ringing in her ears and a guilty load on her conscience. But the secret of the other campers was as safe with her as with Wah-tonah, and when she coaxed Dell to take a long hike with her she never betrayed the plan Stanley had laid out. He was to bring Halbert halfway round the lake, up to the rocky point where the pines were and leave him there to rest just when Dell would find her way up the narrow trail.

The two conspirators waited down at the base of the cliff. They had known each other now for two whole weeks, and when Dell and Mrs. Cameron had marvelled at the fish Beth caught she only smiled happily. There was too much at stake to give the secret away.

"How long shall we leave them up there?" asked Beth, hopefully.

"Till they come down. If there had been any trouble she'd have come flying back the minute she saw him. It's all right. I'll bet a cooky they get married up here and chase us all away," he laughed up at her. "I've had a corking time, haven't you? I wonder if you still believe that?"

"What?"

"Love at first sight." Above them there was a whistle, then a hail from Hal. "Don't answer yet," he began. "They won't miss us a bit. Didn't you know the first day we met that—"

"They're coming down," said Beth. "I know it's all right."

He took her two hands in his and forced her to turn to him.

"I've never even asked a girl to marry me before," he said, "and here you won't even listen to me. I'll throw you over my shoulder and carry you back to camp if you don't answer me."

She laughed up at him teasingly as Dell and Halbert came in sight together.

"I'd love a honeymoon in camp, too," she said.

METHOD OF ORCHARD CULTIVATION

The method or system of cultivation to be adopted may be varied to some extent to meet local conditions. In reality, however, all systems should be, and in most cases are, a slight modification of the "clean cultivation and cover crop system."

The clean cultivation method, calls for all the ground under and around the trees to be ploughed and frequently harrowed until around July first.

This system has much to recommend it viz: (1) maximum conservation of soil moisture, (2) excellent conditions for liberation of plant food especially nitrogen, (3) sightliness and cleanliness of the orchard and (4) control of insect pests.

In connection with this, either fall or spring ploughing may be practised, the former, however, only in those localities with a favourable enough winter to so permit. The great secret of success with any system of cultivation designed to conserve moisture and liberate plant food is to get on the land as early in spring as possible, otherwise, if the orchard is not ploughed until late, most of the advantages of cultivation are lost.

Modifications of the above consist of leaving a strip of sod about four feet in width next to the trees. In old orchards where it is difficult to get close to the trees this may be practised successfully, in which case the grass is cut once or twice during the season and allowed to remain as a mulch.

In both these instances, on the cultivated portion a mulch is maintained until about July first, when a cover crop of some sort should be sowed. If the seed is not too expensive, some leguminous crop like red clover or crimson clover at the rate of about 12 pounds per acre for the former and 10 pounds for the latter, or summer vetch at the rate of 50 pounds per acre is advisable, as these will add a considerable quantity of plant food to the soil.

If too costly, rape may be used as a cover crop, at the rate of 330 pounds per acre.

The sod mulch system, if properly handled may be advisable on moist soils where there is abundance of plant food. This system must not be confused with the sod system, which is not to be recommended. In the former, for the first few years grass or old straw is hauled on to the orchard and placed around the trees to form a mulch. This practise is continued until the cuttings from the sod beneath the trees is sufficient in themselves to form a heavy mulch.—M. B. Davis, Pomologist.

WISDOM, WIT AND HUMOR

Friends are a priceless possession. They can conquer who believe they can.

One should give a gleam of happiness whenever it is possible.

One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy!

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.

What do we live for if not to make life less difficult to each other?

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Do it to-day. To-day is the tomorrow for which you hoped so much yesterday.

If you would succeed, work your tongue little, your hands much and your brain most.

A man's reputation is what his fellowmen think of him. A man's character is what God thinks of him.

Things don't turn up in his world until somebody turns them up. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

A house is built of brick and stones, of tiles and posts and piers; but a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand years.

Learn to give and not to take; to drown your own hungry wants in the happiness of lending yourself to fulfill the interests of those nearest and dearest to you.

"What is the difference between cowardice and caution?" asked the teacher. "Caution," said Johnny, "is when you are afraid; cowardice is when the other fellow is afraid."

A NEW BARN STARTED THEM

A man moved into our neighborhood. It was the spring of the year when most folks were not very busy—waiting for "the frost to get out." It was not long, however, before the neighbors heard pounding and other sounds from the home of the new man.

"Aha!" New loads: new lawd!" they laughed and strolled up to see what was going on. The old barn was receiving a transformation that made it the pride of the neighborhood; the old house jumped up a foot and a half to a new wall; other improvements took place all round the place, until people wondered "where it was going to end. It will be a long time before the returns are all in, for the rest of the people are doing things, too.

Old barns are being overhauled and made more comfortable; the houses which were weather-beaten and grey are taking on brighter colors; old hedge rows are being dug up and fences are being made better. Pastures that never felt the hoof of a pure-bred bow now are beginning to feel a good many.

AN "EXQUISITE GRACE"

Mr. Hardy looked keenly at the pile of letters Martha was preparing to drop into the mail box.

"Stamps are on rather crooked, Miss Aldrich," he remarked. "It's a small matter, and yet it gives an impression of carelessness—don't you think so?"

Martha's gray eyes met his frankly and with no lessening of their always sweet expression, though she flushed.

"Yes, I do," she said. "I was rushing them through, but of course it wouldn't have taken any more time, to speak of, to put them on straight. I'll be more careful next time."

She did not see the exchange of satisfied glances that passed between Mr. Hardy and his partner as she went out.

"That girl's all right," said Mr. Hardy, his eyes beaming with kindliness under his silver hair. "I have never known her to resent a criticism yet. Now to-morrow her stamps will be as straight as if they'd been put on with a ruler."

Lois Fenton who had overheard the conversation between Mr. Hardy and Martha and had followed her out, was less admiring in her comments.

"You don't want to make a doormat of yourself," she said energetically. "He's funny—that was an absurdly small thing to take up! Why didn't you say, politely, of course, but in a way that would show you meant it—'They'll go just as straight, Mr. Hardy, if they are on a bit slanting!' Let him see you don't intend to be found fault with!—and capitally these days when it's all they can do to keep their clerks from walking out to better positions. No indeed, my dear, you don't have to take criticisms like that unless you prefer to!"

"But—but I really do prefer to," Martha said. "When I started out in my first business position, I remember a little talk I had with father. He urged me not to be foolishly sensitive to criticism, and he said that nine times out of ten I'd find I could make good use of any that was offered to me. Even if sometimes it seemed to me a little bit unnecessary or unfair, there would probably be something of value in it, if I took it right. And I've found out how correct he was about it." Martha spoke with a very tender intonation, for the beloved father was no longer walking earth's ways with his young daughter.

"Well, of course," Lois admitted half-grudgingly, "that's a very nice, generous way of taking it—but—" she shook her head dubiously.

"And as for those crooked stamps," Martha said cheerily, "that criticism was all right. I was careless. My mother can't bear to see a stamp put on crooked, any more than she likes to have the window blinds pulled down slantingly. Usually I'm more careful about it, myself."

"Well, Mr. Hardy won't catch me being so gentle and docile," Lois said decidedly. "He is too fussy and exact anyway."

"Miss Fenton," remarked that gentleman the same afternoon, "your desk looks as if a whirlwind had struck it. A little time spent in arranging your papers would be well put in, it strikes me."

For a few seconds Lois' eyes met his. Her face flushed, as Martha's had done, but with a difference. There was a spark of resentment in her eyes.

"I'm so busy getting my work out in good shape, I don't have much time to look after the unessentials," she replied.

"Indeed?" Mr. Hardy's quizzical inflection made Lois flush more deeply, but she tossed her head. She was glad she had made her retort, she assured herself. "And I'll leave the desk just exactly as it is till to-morrow. I was intending to fix it up, but now I'll not," she remarked to Martha. "That's the difference between you and me," she added, complacently.

Possibly, just possibly, if she had heard Mr. Hardy's comment to his partner she might have felt a bit less self-complacent.

"I'd like to tell that girl to hunt another place to-morrow, if we could replace her efficiency and have a more pleasing personality thrown in like Miss Aldrich's."

Some writer, I think it was Susan Warner, in speaking of one of her heroines, has said, "If people only realized the exquisite grace there is in submission, it is a virtue that would perhaps be more often practised.

You young girls filling your places in the business world, don't allow yourselves to feel resentment at criticism or reproof. Take it frankly, sweetly, willingly, seize the opportunity to profit by it, and believe me you will not only be doing the right, brave thing, but you will also be in every way the gainers by such an attitude!—Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

THE MATTER WITH AMERICA

What's the matter with America these days? Answer:—

Too many diamonds and not enough alarm clocks.

Too many silk shirts and not enough blue flannel ones.

Too many pointed-toe shoes and not enough square-toed ones.

Too many serge suits and not enough overalls.

Too much decollete and not enough aprons.

Too many satin-upholstered limousines and not enough cows.

Too many consumers and not enough producers.

Too much oil stocks and not enough savings accounts.

Too much envy of the results of hard work and too little desire to emulate it.

Too many desiring short cuts to wealth and too few willing to pay the price.

Too much of the spirit of "get while the getting is good," and not enough old-fashioned Christianity.

Too much discontent that vents itself in mere complaining and too little effort to remedy conditions.

Too much class consciousness and too little common democracy and love of humanity.—Fargo Forum.

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MERELY A SUGGESTION

At an "at home" given by a country gentleman's wife, the footman had to do duty for the butler.

The said footman was much astonished at the thin bread-and-butter with which he served his mistress' guests.

As he was supplying an ancient dowager for the fourth time, he said to her, in a voice which was meant for a whisper, but which was audible to the whole room:

"If you slap three or four slices together, mum, maybe you can get a bite!"

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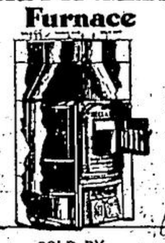

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SELF FEEDER FOR SWINE

One often hears the statement made that it does not pay to perhaps give pigs more than the most ordinary attention and the farmer can scarcely be blamed for this respect if his hired help is inexperienced and yet has to be paid as high a wage as a real good experienced man.

The keeping of a few pigs is practically always a paying proposition, but to make it more so means must be resorted to whereby the labor can be reduced to a minimum, particularly as the pigs are apt to receive the scantiest of attention in any case. Towards this end, therefore, it seems only natural to try to find out just how well pigs will thrive if allowed to feed themselves. By feeding themselves is meant the adoption of a "self-feeding" method whereby the pigs are allowed access to a limited supply of dry feed whenever they feel so inclined. This system is of value to the breeder who goes in for swine-raising on a large scale and also to the small farmer who has other countless duties to perform but finds the feeding of pigs the worst chore of all. The latter might find the "self-feeder" of great value particularly in reducing expenses.

With a view to gaining some definite information on the use of the "self-feeder" for swine, experiments have been carried on at the Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C., for several seasons. Comparisons have been made in the use of the "self-feeder" as against the trough-feeding method. As far as cost of feed is concerned results go to show very little difference one way or the other, but when the labor question is considered the value of the "Self-feeder" cannot be ignored. This comparison of the "self-feeder" with the trough feeding method is being continued until absolute and definite results are obtained, but up to date, however, the advantages of the "self-feeder" have been strikingly evident.

With all classes of feeders this device can be used to advantage while it also may be made use of in the feeding of young sows up to breeding age. With mature breeding stock, however, it is wise to avoid the use of the "self-feeder."

The "self-feeder" for swine has many features to commend it, one of the most important being the fact that, of all farm animals, none adapt themselves so profitably to this method as do swine. Where only two or three pigs are kept, the use of a "self-feeder" can hardly be recommended, but with more than ten pigs the adoption of a "self-feeder" is well worth a trial. Finally, as a means towards the reduction of the labor expense, the "self-feeder" has a distinct advantage over hand-feeding methods.—K. MacLean, Assistant to Superintendent Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C.

THE MISFITS OF LIFE

An old railroad man recently related this interesting story: One day, there stepped aboard his train a well-dressed business man who, as he tendered his fare, remarked: "I see you are still on the road, Mr. Sheldon." "Yes, I" "but I am not certain that I remember you though I think I have seen you before." "Yes, you have seen me before," emphasized the passenger, "and while you doubtless have forgotten it I still remember that you once did me the greatest favor of my life. Come to my seat when you get time, and I'll tell you about it." When he had finished collecting fares the conductor dropped into the stranger's seat and the passenger continued: "Years ago I was four days a brakeman aboard your train. At the end of the four days you took me aside and remarked in a tone of sympathy: 'I'm sorry to have to tell you so, but the fact is, young man, you are too much of a fool to ever make a good railroader. Take my advice and quit.'" The passenger continued, "I took your advice and went into another business, and the result is, I made a fair fortune. I thank you, Mr. Sheldon, for your wise counsel." "What is your name?" the conductor asked. "Philip D. Armour of Chicago," replied the ex-brakeman. So you see a man who is too big a fool to be a brakeman may make a great hit at packing pork. Let every young man, or young woman, seek to find the thing they can do best, for a large part of the unhappiness of life comes from trying to make a square peg fit in a round hole. To try to make yourself pursue a business for which you are not adapted is to fight against God.

HE WAS ABSENT-MINDED

A farmer noted for his absent-mindedness, went to the market town and transacted his business. He started on his way home, however, with the unpleasant conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home the conviction strengthened, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocketbook in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who exclaimed, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"

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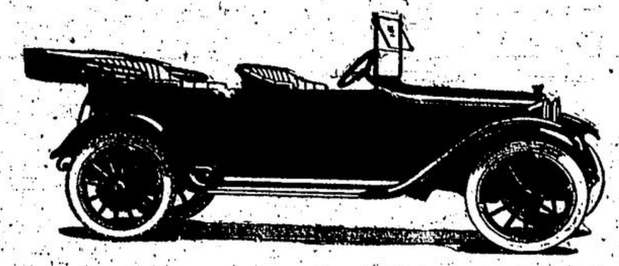

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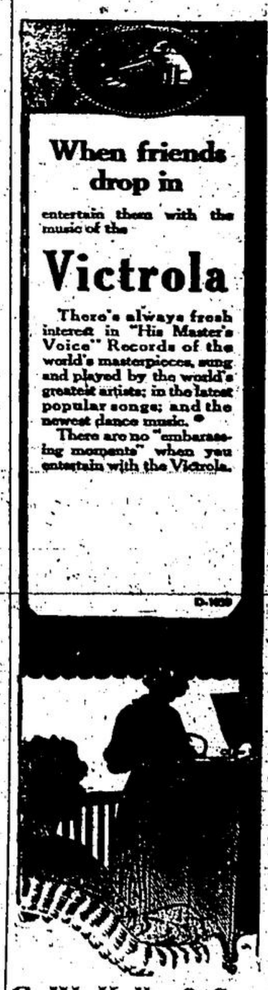

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