The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1920

THE BOND OF UNION

One Sabbath, as my Presbyterian feet
Conveyed me to our simple house of prayer,
I passed the home whose kind protecting roof
Shelters old women, friendless and alone.

Here the Salvation Army held the street,
Giving an early service of glad hymns,
And music sweet from trumpets silver-toned;
Their offering of cheer to dreary lives,
Waking soft memories in burdened hearts,
And lighting faded eyes with misty smiles,
Like evening sunshine kissing ancient trees.

As I drew near, they ceased; the Army turned,
And to the drum's low tap they marched away,
Up the ascending street. Unconsciously
My step fell in with theirs. Then on the air,
From the Cathedral's tower Episcopal,
Pealed out the chimes, in notes sublimely clear,
Aurelia's tone majestic, singing plain,
"The Church's one foundation—Christ, the Lord!"

The Army band, and I took up the strain,
And with the bells in unison we went.
To Barranks they, and I to my own Church,
One Song, one Purpose pulsing in our hearts.

—Presbyterian and Westminster.

As Told by Mr. Tubbs

By May Kelsey Champion

OLD Col. McIlvain carefully turned his horse out of the road and drew up in a thick mass of ragweed at the side.

"Get in and ride home, Mr. Tubbs?" he called.

The man with a staff stopped on the sidewalk and looked over his shoulder. Then he came through the ragweed.

"Fraid I'll put you out of your way, colonel," he said.

"Not at all. Wait a minute." The colonel turned the wheel and Mr. Tubbs climbed slowly into the phaeton.

"Fine day," he said as he settled himself.

"Fine day, fine day," agreed the colonel with his eyes on the other side of the rather broad street. As they drove on he lifted a stiff forefinger to his high silk hat and bowed courteously. "Ah—what lady was that, Mr. Tubbs?" he asked a little doubtfully.

"Lady?" said Mr. Tubbs, with a gurgling sound in his throat.

The colonel regarded him. "Did you know her?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir." Mr. Tubbs took time to spit over the wheel; then he stared straight before him up the road. His face was dark red and his eyes protruded.

"Ah!" said the colonel, with an encouraging upward inflection. There was a sudden indescribable explosion, followed by a moment of breathless silence.

"That—that was Wi-William B. Hopper's cow!" spluttered Mr. Tubbs.

The corners of the colonel's mouth crept slowly toward his eyes—his untrustworthy eyes.

"Ah, indeed!" he said. "Indeed! Well, all honor to her sex—all honor to the sex, John wherever we find it!" Then Col. McIlvain leaned back in the carriage and, letting the reins hang loose, sought another subject—one the two debated in much the same terms every year. "Election day to-morrow, Mr. Tubbs. I hope you have considered well."

"Democratic ticket, sir," said John firmly.

"Ah! Democratic ticket! Democratic ticket again!" exclaimed the colonel with affected surprise. "Too bad! Too bad! An intelligent man like you!" And he shook his head sadly.

"How are you goin' to vote, colonel?" asked Mr. Tubbs.

"On the right side—"

"Glad you have p'ceived the error of your ways, sir," interrupted his companion.

"With the Republican party," continued the colonel.

It was now Mr. Tubbs' turn to shake his head. "You're a great disapp'intment to me, colonel. I told 'em at the Corners you'd come over this year certain."

"Not while the Lord preserves my reason!" said the colonel fervently. "You put up a poor enough ticket every year, but this year I believe you've outdone yourselves!"

"Well, it struck me you wa'n't exactly makin' a collection of angels on your side, either, this year, colonel." Mr. Tubbs lifted his stiff knee with his hand and placed it in an easier position. "Rheumatism's never got its grip on you yet, has it?" he said, with a groan.

The colonel nodded unhappily. "I feel it a little here, sometimes," and he put his hand round to the lower part of his back.

"Speakin' of angels," continued Mr. Tubbs after they had driven along for some time in the mellow autumn sunshine, "speakin' of angels, I guess about the futhest off from one you ever run was the man that used to own this farm here."

"Dave Stevens?"

"Yes."

"Dave Stevens never was up for any office."

"Yes, he was, colonel; you've forgot—or else—I don't know—mebbe you wa'n't here then. Mr. Tubbs mumbled indistinctly a series of dates and after several subtractions and additions came to a conclusion. "No, you wa'n't. 'Twas when you was representin' the United States at the Portugee court. He run for selectman twice and was defeated both times, as was natural. He must have been away from here fifteen or twenty years now, and they ain't quit tellin' new stories about his meanness yet. Ever heard about the load of hay that he sold the minister?"

The colonel shook his head and waited.

"Dick Will Adams told it at the corner store last night. He'd kep' it all these years because he promised the minister he would, but last night he up and let it out." Mr. Tubbs pushed his hat to the back of his head, and cleared his throat in preparation. "It takes Dick Will to tell it," he said. "He'll tell it to you sometime."

"Go on," said the colonel encouragingly. "Richard William may not think of it."

"Well, 'twas durin' Mr. Gallup's pastorate. Mr. Gallup had bought a load of hay of Dave, and Dick Will happened along the road just as they had it on the scales. There was several standin' round. Dick Will said, talkin' how much they reckoned it would weigh, good judges, too, but they all guess short, from two to five hundred pound.

"Dick Will said that while they was talkin' quite a bunch of hay fell off the back of the load; so he reckoned he'd ought to tell Dave. So he climbed up on the load and shouted down that there was quite a bunch of hay fell off back here and he reckoned he'd ought to tell him. He said he didn't see the hull thing tremble a little. That was the first he suspected that 'twa'n't all right.

"'Good, solid load!' says he, stickin' the fork in kinder careless all round.

"He was sure the hay moved again.

"'All in knowin' how to stow it.' He jabbed two or three times more with the fork, then threw it back on top and walked off. 'Goin' to rain, ain't it?' says he, lookin' up toward the nor'west. Dick Will said 'twas all blue sky except for two or three white thunderheads such as you can see most any day in summer.

"'Ain't you a little scairt?' said the others.

"'Looks to me 'tl we might get a shower,' says Dick Will. 'Where's your boys?' says he to Dave.

"'Horse race up to Hartford,' says Dave, lookin', to see how his clothes fitted. 'Them Charter Oak races sets 'em crazy every year.'

"Dick Will said he noticed Dave didn't exactly say they was to 'em, though why he couldn't lie as well as do some other things was more'n he could see.

"'If 'tain't one thing, it's somethin' else,' says Dave. 'All week 'twas revival meetin's out Flanders way', lowerin' his voice so't the minister wouldn't hear him. 'Home about mornin', and good for nothin' all next day!'

"'Too bad your offsprings causes you so much sorrer,' says Dick Will. 'Well, you don't want this hay to get wet, so I'll go along and help you unload. You'd ought to have somebody,' says he, lookin' up at the sky again.

"Dick Will said 'twas wuth money to see how dreadful polite Dave got. Called him Mr. Adams, and stood up one leg to make him understand that he didn't want to trouble him that he could get it in alone, and that he didn't think it looked so much like rain as it had, anyhow.

"But Dick Will wouldn't take no for an answer. He jest waited until Dave got ready to start and then went along with him. They didn't say much on the way, but in front of the barn they had it all over again—'Mr. Adams' and 'Mr. Stevens,' and one hatin' to trouble and the other sayin' 'twas a pleasure, and so on.

"Well, it ended by Dick Will's goin' up inside the barn and climbin' out on the load. When he begun to pitch in the hay, he said he never see a man so distressed as Dave in all his life.

"The minister come along then, left him at the scales tryin' to 'get Lihu Miller to promise he'd come to meetin' the next Sabbath,—so there wa'n't nothin' to do but for Dave to get up on the load.

"'Don't you worry; we'll have it in all right, Mr. Gallup,' says Dick Will, glancin' up at the nor'west, where 'twas gettin' all clear sky. The minister looked puzzled enough, Dick Will said, but he thanked him kindly.

"Dave fussed round on top of the load for a while, pickin' up a little hay at a time and shakin' more'n half of it off the fork again, like company to supper. Fin'ly he says, says he, 'If it should come up a shower,' says he, 'I'm 'fraid Mr. Gallup might get wet, standin' round, and—and ketch cold.'

"'Ketch your grandmother!' says Dick Will. 'Ain't here the barn! Tell Mr. Gallup that story 'bout old Marcus Hunt's oats that you was tellin' at the store the other night,' says he raisin' his vice 'cause he thought the minister was goin' to start for the house.

"'Oh, I've forgot it,' says Dave fidgetin'.

"'No, you ain't. You're bashful,' says Dick Will. 'Go ahead.'

"Well, the minister was walkin' towards the cart with his hands behind his ear, so Dave swallered two or three times and put down his fork.

"'It seems that years ago, when old Marcus was up in the north part of the state on one of his peddlin' trips, he fell in with a shoemaker. They travelled along together for part of a day and put up at the samp tavern overnight. Jest before goin' to bed old Marcus went out to the barn to see to his horse and found what feel like a bag of oats in the other feller's wagon. He untied the bag and put his hand in and emptied out a good feed for his horse. In the mornin', when he went out to the barn, he found the other feller there ahead of him, lookin' kinder peculiar. He was not long seein' why. He'd poured out a full measure of boot pegs the night before, and his horse hadn't seemed to relish 'em.

"Well, Dave told the story; but he didn't tell it so well as he'd told it the time before, Dick Will said, and he told it slower. But the minister laughed.

"'Honesty is the best policy,'" says Dick Will as Dave picked up his fork again. "That's what we used to write in our copy books when we was little shavers—'Honesty is the best policy.' Hello! What's this?"

"Dick Will said he stuck his fork down kinder careless, and there was a big feller right under his feet.

"He scraped away the hay, and up come Eary, Dave's oldest boy, a big, strappin' feller that would weigh considerable over two hundred. Right at his heels come Lommydoo. He was the next oldest, remember, and pretty near as heavy's his brother.

"There wa'n't much said for a minute, and the two boys stood there lookin' pretty sheep-faced.

"Fin'ly Dick Will turned to the minister. 'Well, Mr. Gallup,' says he, 'I suppose Mr. Stevens must of been readin' the Good Book where it says "all flesh is grass." Shall I pitch 'em in with the rest of it?'

"And Dick Will said he guessed he could of done it, for the boys were limp's a rag.

"Then Dave spoke up. 'T-t-t-twas a mistake,' says he stutterin'. 'They—they must of crawled in somehow and gone to sleep.'

"'Twas a triflin' error that was goin' to be wuth the price of quarter of a ton of hay to Mr. Gallup, though,' says Dick Will in an even voice.

"Mr. Gallup was white's a sheet, Dick Will said, and looked as if the bottom had pretty much dropped out of things gen'rally, Dave bein' a member of his church, and all that. 'Fin'ly he says, says he, 'Mr. Stevens, if you will come into the house, we will engage in prayer.'

"Dave started down so willin' that Dick Will asked the minister if he'd objeck to waitin' a few minutes till they'd finished unloadin'. He didn't know how much more truck they might find in the cart. But that was all.

"When they had pitched in the last forkful of hay and shut the door, Mr. Gallup motioned to the boys to follar, and he and their father started for the house.

"But the boys hung back, as you might s'pose. Neither one of 'em wanted to make the first move; so fin'ly Dick Will says to 'em, 'If you ain't in any pressin' hurry, boys, I reckon you may's well go up to the store with me first as last and be weighed. I'm afraid the minister'll get so concerned for your souls that he'll forget all about he's payin' at the rate of twenty dollars a ton for your savvydepois.'

"So they went along, kinder hangin' their heads, up to Deacon Sisson's store.

"When they got inside, Eary—the oldest one—straightened up, Dick Will said, and tried to act natural and 'alf he'd come of his own accord, and says he to Deacon Sisson, 'Ma'n' Lommy's been weighed sep'rate a good many times, Mr. Sisson, but we've always been some curious to know how much we'd weigh together.'

"'Ain't you never added up?' says Deacon Sisson.

"And then Dick Will said he'd be blowed if they didn't, but that they'd never thought of it, and they guessed they'd ought to.

"'Well, I'll be happy to do it for you,' says the deacon, reachin' for a piece of chalk and a clear space on the scales beam. 'Let's see, how much did you say Dave's boy weighed?'

"Dick Will said, and after he'd set it down in his memorandum book he took 'em back to the prayer meetin.'

"You know Dick Will wa'n't a great churchgoer, but he's as honest a man as there is in town. He said Dave was on his knees when he went into the room, as he jest touched him on the shoulder and said he was sorry to disturb him, but he thought mebbe he'd like to know how much to deduct from that hay. Then he laid the piece of paper on the chair seat and come out.

"Dick Will said that Dave never would speak to him on the street f'rdin that day on, and 'twa'n't long before the hull fam'ly moved away. West, I believe; nobody seems to know jest what become of 'em."

Mr. Tubbs drew out his handkerchief.

"It takes Dick Will to tell it, though, as I said," he concluded, modestly, after a pause, during which Col. McIlvain had gathered up the slack reins and touched the horse with the whip. "He can set off a story better'n any man I ever heard. He jest about brought down the house when he took off Eary in the store."

The colonel laughed. "Richard William's a good fellow. I wonder he could hold on to it so long though," he said. "Strange I don't remember more about those Stevenses!"

"As I say, 'twas when you were away that Dave was most flourishin'."

Mr. Tubbs pulled his hat to the front of his head and felt for his stick.

"Well, I believe this is my res'dence, colonel," he said as they reach a small shingled house. "I'm much obliged for your kindness."

"Not at all. Not at all," returned the colonel, lifting his finger to his hat with the stiff courtliness that he never omitted toward any man, woman or child in the village. "I'm glad I happened along."

He waited while Mr. Tubbs clambered laboriously out into the road, then carefully turned his horse about, cramping the wheel unskillfully. Just before starting on he bent round the side of the carriage and looked back.

"If I had known though, that you were going to vote the Democratic ticket to-morrow, Mr. Tubbs, I'm not sure that I should have asked you to get in."

And John Tubbs, standing in the path, leaning on his cane and chewing a piece of grass that he had picked up, laughed and called back:

"I dassay, colonel, I dassay. And I hadn't s'posed you had experienced a change of heart yourself, I don't know's I should 'a' felt 'slf I could 'a' rode with you. Well, mebbe I'll see you tomorrer mornin' at the polls.

With so thorough a preparation at hand as Miller's Worm Powders the mother who allows her children to suffer from the ravages of worms is unwise and culpably careless. A child subjected to the attacks of worms is always unhealthy, and will be stunted in its growth. It is a merciful act to rid it of these destructive parasites, especially when it can be done without difficulty.

A Series of Talks on Music

By Prof. C. C. Laugher, Mus. Bac., Sarnia

VIII.—EARLY TRAINING IN MUSIC

All teachers are aware of the need for the best possible drill in life. The idea one so often hears expressed: Is: since my child is only beginning her studies, any teacher will do.

If such a man is about to build a house, shall we hear him say: since I am only laying a foundation, any kind of trashy material will do, but when I get to the roof I will engage the finest roof makers in the world.

Then we will agree that just as the husbandman carefully prepares the ground before he puts in the seed so does the teacher, for the teacher will confine himself to one thing at a time.

A true teacher will think more of his pupils' musical development than of the class he is likely to obtain, it is certainly up to the teacher to make it interesting not amusing.

The child who is destined for a musical career should receive as much musical instruction in early life as is compatible with the child's health and receptivity.

Children learn far more rapidly than adults, the child's power of absorption in music study between the ages of eight and twelve is simply enormous, between twelve and twenty it is less and still less between twenty and thirty and lamentably small between thirty and forty.

There are yet exceptional cases of astonishing development late in life to the enormous ambition and industry.

Someone separates a child's musical education thus: 20 per cent. teacher, 60 per cent. mother, and 20 per cent. just plain child, from this it appears that mother controls the majority, if the mother exerts her majority, luck will be the child.

It is plainly observed that to obtain dexterity of the hands and the mechanical side of the instrumental performance, one should start young and should certainly make the study of technique the most important.

Technic is like money in the bank, a good thing to draw on when you need it but it is unlike money in the bank in this respect, that you cannot exhaust it by drawing upon it freely and frequently.

During the period of practice the major and minor forms will be dealt with and it does seem strange that one should feel that the major and minor are opposite for they both present the same face, now more joyous, now more serious and a mere touch of the pen suffices to turn the one into the other.

An examiner once said to a candidate, you play very nicely, but why did you omit the two measures in the second line, also the middle section of the second page? Oh, said she, I'm cannot bear the minor parts and I always leave out those bits in order not to distress him when he is tired.

It is needless to add that this is wrong, for the major and minor must be heard in constrast. Major and minor—contentment and discontent—joy and sorrow—light and shade. These things make variety in music and by them you may remember some one piece that stands out from all others.

Often some incident which happened in your young student life will have a lasting influence on you.

I remember reading of a little boy who's first attempt at instrumental music was with the bass drum, for when as a boy Haydn was studying in Hambourg it happened that his boy friends were invited to church in a grand procession, but the drummer was missing; one boy suggested Haydn, so he was lined up and we can assume that he acquitted himself finely.

In after years he often recalled that he never recalled a prouder moment than when scantily clad and half starved, he marched proudly among his boyish friends beating the bass drum.

Acquiring musical knowledge should be a pleasure, because it comes naturally, and should help to cultivate and improve our affections.

THE MOST VALUABLE HALF HOUR

A busy business man who has attained success and fortune was asked to state, if he could, what part of the day was the most valuable to him in its effect upon his business.

"I can do that easily," he answered at once. "The most valuable portion of each and every day to me is the half-hour I find use when I rise in the morning."

"Of course you get up early?"

"Never later than six-thirty, and more often at six," said the business man proudly.

"And the first half hour: You use it in exercise?"

"Exercise—yes, but not physical," smiled the business man. "That comes afterward. First of all is what I would call exercise of the heart, mind and soul. Thirty minutes of uninterrupted personal devotion, of earnest prayer, of getting in harmony and in tune with God, 'my Big Partner,' puts me in prime condition for the rest of the day's work."

Whether we are "big business men," or only common workers in lowly places, we might well follow the plan of this successful captain of industry by "keeping the morning watch." A half-hour, when we first get up in the morning, used regularly in personal devotion, in prayer, in "getting in harmony and in tune with God, our Big Partner," will surely make us stronger, better prepared for the day's duties. God, is indeed, our "Big Partner" and we should take him into our confidence, considering early in the day the things we wish to do before the day's work ends. If we do this we will most certainly do that which is just and honest and right. We will do the best we are capable of doing. And such a practice, daily followed, must certainly lead us onward to success.

LONDON'S QUICKSILVER FOUNTAIN

There has been exhibited in London a fountain in which quicksilver takes the place of water. When illuminated at night, the flashing streams of liquid metal make a dazzling display. They flow over the edge of an elevated black bowel, about four feet in diameter, and fall into a larger bowl placed beneath. In the lower bowl, pieces of rock, flat-iron and similar heavy objects are seen floating about as cork would float in water.

The quicksilver is drawn off from the under bowl, and conducted through a concealed pipe to an ingenious elevator, consisting of an endless chain of cups, like a chain-pump, which driven by an electric motor, carries the quicksilver up to a reservoir, whence it flows back to the upper basin, and this keeps the metallic cataract ceaselessly falling.

HE UNDERSTOOD

Yesterday when the black clouds gathered in the north and betokened the coming of a thunderstorm a citizen who was coming down on a Jefferson Avenue car remarked to an elderly man beside him:

"A storm is portending."

"Hey?" inquired the other.

"I say there are tokens of a storm," continued the first.

"Hey?" was the brisk inquiry again.

"Appearances indicate a storm!" exclaimed the citizen, a trifle embarrassed.

"Hey! What did you say about indelicate?" queried the other.

"There's going to be a thunderstorm!" shouted the citizen, dropping his big words all of a sudden.

"Ay! Now I understand," said the old man—"going to be a thunderstorm. Well, what do you want; me to do about it?"—Detroit Free Press.

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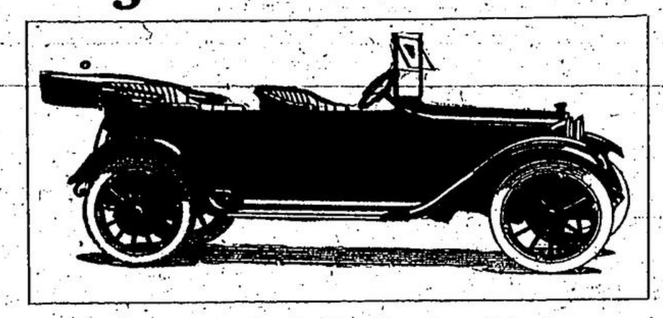

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GIVE FURNITURE THIS CHRISTMAS

Furniture has always been one of the most popular, most appropriate and most useful of Christmas Gifts

THIS year it is doubly so, because of the movement "to beautify the home" that is, at present, sweeping across the world. Therefore, gifts that will help to make the home more attractive, more refined, more comfortable and more hospitable, are particularly timely this Yuletide.

Christmas in the Dining Room

Just think how much more delicious and more delightful the savory turkey, the plum pudding, the entire dinner, will taste if served in a dining room that is furnished to reflect the good cheer and warm hospitality that are associated with Christmas time.

Why not give "The Home", itself, a gift of a beautiful new dining room suite? "The Home" is just as deserving of a Christmas gift as the individuals who live in "The Home" and to whom it is the dearest place in all the world.

A Family Gift

Let all the family club together and give "The Home" a real, true Christmas gift. If not a dining room suite, then a Chesterfield suite, or some bright, cheerful sun-room furniture, or a richly designed library table, or a handsome chair, or an attractive, decorative hall seat and mirror, or some other appropriate piece of furniture.

For members of the family there are more than a score of suitable gifts of furniture.

For father or big brother, one of the handiest and most welcome of gifts is a Chiffarobe or Chiffonette. It is a real aid in keeping clothes, shirts, ties, etc., in smart orderly shape.

For mother, there's the curate or the tea-wagon and frag that she's been wanting for such a long time. Or wouldn't she be happy if she were to receive a modern vanity dresser, or a little bedroom rocker, or a sewing cabinet, or a charming writing desk.

More Furniture Suggestions

For the musical daughter what would be more appropriate than a handsome piano bench or an artistically designed music cabinet?

And for baby, there's the cute little cot, or a high chair, or a small table and chair, or a suite of juvenile bedroom furniture.

For the friends that are dear to you there is nothing more appropriate or that more truly represents faithful, lasting friendship than gifts of beautiful furniture.

For men friends, there's the smoking table or stand, the bench on which to rest the feet, the card table, the easy chair.

For women friends, there's the bedroom box, and many kinds of artistic tables and chairs.

As a present to a man and his wife, what could be more suitable than a telephone table and chair, a flower box, a jardiniere stand, a floor or table lamp, a pedestal, a reading table or a fireside bench?

Tokens of Happiness

Gifts of furniture are gifts of cheer and happiness. Unlike many other gifts, they have the advantage of permanency. A piece or a suite of furniture is a lasting token of your love or friendship for the person to whom it is given. And it will help to beautify the home, which makes it the ideal gift—

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This announcement is inserted by
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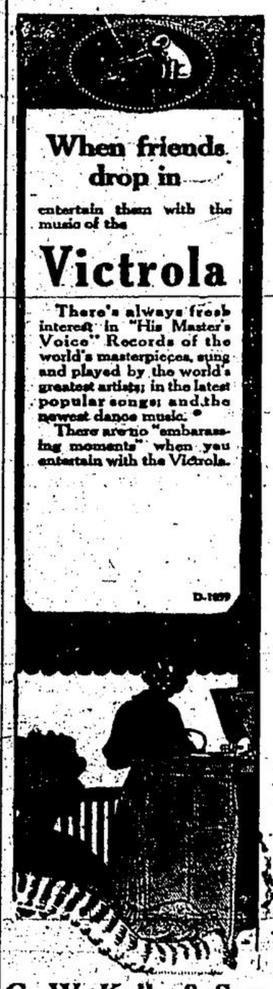

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