The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1921

LITTLE GLASS HOUSES

There are rows of little houses
Marked "To Let" in Pantry Lane
That are the summer season's past
Will all be full again.
They're made of glass, and quick and
man
Outside as well as in;
And each is covered snugly
With a shiny roof of tin.

The occupants are searched before
They are allowed to pass;
For people should not carry stones
Who live in homes of glass.
Gay Mrs. Cherry is among
The very first to come;
And then the Berry family,
And Mrs. Purple Plum.

The Apple tenants soon move in,
And live in sweet accord;
While sometimes, for variety,
Will take a friend to board.
Miss Currant and her sisters
In their crimson frocks appear,
While Mrs. Peach is seldom seen
Till later in the year.

Then comes blue-blooded Madam
Grape,
Of Spanish lineage rare,
Who wears her glowing rubies
With a truly regal air.
But she is never haughty,
And she never eyes hints
That she feels herself above her
Neighbors, Raspberry and Quince.

They're very quiet neighbors,
Never quarrel or dispute;
I would that all our family trees,
Could boast such pleasant fruit,
For when you call upon them,
They are sweet as they can be,
And most delightful company
At dinner or at tea.

—Pauline France Camp.

BUFF GINGHAM

By Lulu Linton

"I BELIEVE," said Mr. Ward "I would give that bolt of gingham to some one just to get it out of the way."

He had come over to the side of the store where Lynn Barton was rearranging the dry goods on their shelves and was watching her sort out and put things in better order than they had ever been in before. The store was Ward's Mercantile Establishment of Walton City, and he was the Ward. At first the big name for the store and the word "city" tacked to the name of the little town had seemed ridiculous to Lynn, but she was learning to accept both along with all the other queer things of this strange big state.

"It has been lifted and shoved about so long that I wonder it's not worn out—and never a yard sold off it," Mr. Ward continued. "My customers prefer brilliant colors and big plaids; so I have learned to buy with an eye to what will sell instead of trying to please my own tastes. I offered that bolt of gingham at ten cents a yard to the Ladies' Aid Society, but they rejected the offer."

After Mr. Ward had gone back to his desk in the rear of the store Lynn examined the bolt of gingham carefully. It was a soft, smooth cloth, and the color was clear and pretty. She compared it with the newer bolts of gaudy stripes and plaids that were lying on the counter waiting to be arranged on the shelves. She would soon need new dresses to wear in the store. The new ginghams would sell quickly, but the buff gingham was the only piece that she would care for. It would be so different from the dresses worn in Walton.

Suddenly an idea occurred to her that sent her at once to Mr. Ward's desk. "Will you sell that buff gingham to me at ten cents a yard and take the pay out of my wages?"

Mr. Ward looked at her curiously. "Why, child, there are forty yards in that bolt! What would you ever do with all of it?"

"It isn't good policy to give away your business schemes," she answered mischievously. "I have a plan for using part of it. I'm not asking for it as a gift, but will gladly pay you what you offered to take from the Ladies' Aid Society."

"Well, keep your schemes to yourself," said Mr. Ward with a chuckle. "Take the buff gingham and use it to suit yourself. I'll take the pay out at the rate of a dollar a week, and I only hope you are not throwing away your four dollars."

"I'll take the risk," Lynn declared.

Mr. Ward worried a little over the transaction. He was sure that Lynn needed all of her weekly wage to meet the expenses of the little cottage in which she and her mother lived. He had a feeling of responsibility toward the widow and her daughter; he and the late Mr. Barton had been friends, a fact that had led them to write to him for advice about coming to the Southwest; and he had advised them to come to Walton City, partly because of the climate, for the doctor had warned Mrs. Barton that she should seek a warmer country, and partly because the cost of living in the little town was not high. Remembering that Lynn's father had helped him in a time of trouble, Mr. Ward had offered her a place as clerk in his store. Now, however, as he watched the girl go about her work, he was beginning to doubt the wisdom of the step. Lynn had proved herself quick, courteous and willing, but she did not try to get acquainted with her customers.

Lynn herself, as she saw the great improvement in her mother's health, had grown more cheerful and had resolved to bear life in this strange, new place until they could return to the kind of people she had always known—people who read and studied and who knew how to dress and how to live! Of the people in Walton she did not care to make friends, so she waited upon them as customers; and they remained customers only.

It was Wednesday afternoon when Lynn carried the bolt of gingham home and laid her plans before her mother, who entered into them heartily.

"It is beautiful!" she exclaimed, holding up a length of the clear buff goods. "And forty yards of it! We can make the pretty dress, and there will be plenty left for the comforts for your bed and overdrapes for the white curtains and scarfs for your dressing table and your dresser. Why not have two dresses of it—with different trimmings?"

By working in the evenings and by getting up an hour earlier they completed the new dress Friday night, and Lynn and her mother were happier than they had been at any time since coming to their new home; for it had seemed like old times to sit sewing together in the little dining room with patterns and ginghams strewn over the table and the chairs. When Lynn was ready to start to the store on Saturday morning they both felt well repaid for their efforts, for the gingham had made a becoming dress. It was cut on the then straight lines, but the collar, the belt and the pockets, which Mrs. Barton had embroidered, gave it a stylish, jaunty air.

When Lynn entered the store Mr. Ward uttered a prolonged whistle. "Well, well," he exclaimed, "you've slyly put back my faith in buff gingham as a dress fabric! That surely is a pretty frock; and even if you throw the rest of the bolt away, you're not out much, unless you had to pay the dressmaker a big price. It has more work on it than she usually puts on a gingham dress, hasn't it?"

There was only one dressmaker in Walton City, and, since she always had more work than she could possibly do, she set her prices to suit herself. The women and the girls, who could always get good wages for working in the fields, paid what she asked without a murmur.

"I've figured that I am safe on my four-dollar investment," Lynn said. "At forty-nine cents a yard a new gingham would come to two dollars and forty-five cents for five yards, and Mrs. Meade charges three dollars and a half for making the very plainest gingham. Do you see, I am wearing almost a six-dollar frock, and I have thirty-five yards of my gingham left."

"Don't see how you ever persuaded her to hurry up that fast," said Mr. Ward, looking at Lynn shrewdly. "You must have slipped in somewhere between folks in her waiting line."

Lynn laughed but did not explain.

Saturday afternoon was a holiday for the community round Walton City. Everyone stopped work and came to town for supplies. While the men loafed at the blacksmith shop or the garage the women and the girls gathered in one or other of the stores and made of their meeting a social occasion. At Ward's a number of girls hovered round Lynn. She did not realize that they looked forward each week to seeing a new girl and observing carefully just what she was wearing. Her clothing did not seem to them to be any comlier than their own, but it was so different! Lynn's first customer that Saturday afternoon was Matie Vance, a pretty black-eyed girl who from the first had seemed particularly attracted to Mr. Wards' new clerk. Although Lynn had made no effort to be friendly, the girl usually lingered near the dry-goods department most of her Saturday half-holiday.

"My, but that's a pretty dress you're wearing!" she said admiringly while Lynn was wrapping up the purchases she had made. "I suppose you brought it with you."

"No; mother and I made it in the evenings this week," Lynn answered.

"Well, you certainly are lucky to be able to get your things made at home. We all had talked about it and wondered what it must have cost you to have such pretty things made, when we have to pay so much for just plain things. I reckon you brought that pretty goods with you, though."

"No," Lynn laughed. "I bought it right here. You see, I felt that I ought to buy my clothes from the store that employs me."

The girl was looking eagerly over the shelves of goods, and Lynn knew that she was hoping to find more of the same gingham; her conscience gave an uneasy twinge as she thought of the yards of it waiting to decorate her room. Other customers came crowding in, and many of them commented on her pretty new dress; by the time Lynn had thanked them all cordially she actually felt her heart warming toward the people who so evidently admired her taste. It was Matie's final remark that fully awakened her conscience in spite of her efforts to quiet it. Matie had lingered until all the other girls had started for their homes.

"I wouldn't mind working hard for my money if I could buy nice-looking dresses like yours," she said wistfully. "I don't think I ever had a really pretty dress in my life. Mother has always worked in the cotton fields except when she had to stay in for the housework. She likes it outdoors. I like outdoor work, too, but I wish she had known how to sew and make pretty things, just as your mother does. I want to know other things beside chopping cotton and picking it. I've brought my money to buy new dresses to-day; but I don't seem to want any of those things," with a sweeping gesture toward the newest ginghams, "since I've seen yours."

"I'm sorry," Lynn said sincerely.

Then her conscience really went to work. "She could have as pretty a dress as yours if you'd give up decorating your room," it said. "Perhaps even without the bedspread and the overdraperies and the scarfs your room is much prettier than any room she has ever had. You have all the pretty furniture from your room at home and all your pretty pictures. For shame, Lynn Barton, hoarding the only pretty gingham in town!"

By the time Lynn reached home she had a new plan, which she enthusiastically presented to her mother, and, although it meant a busy week ahead for both of them, that lady entered into it heartily. Lynn worked faithfully at the store every evening and early morning with an eagerness that her mother had not seen her show in anything for months.

At closing time on Friday Lynn asked, "Mr. Ward, may I have just a little space in your front window to display some of mother's and my work to-morrow?"

The window was usually filled with an untidy assortment of canned goods, shoes, hosiery and vegetables.

"Take any space that is left," Mr. Ward answered; "You can't hurt the looks of that window. I'd been thinking of asking if you would take time to fix it up a little some day when we are not rushed. I thought maybe you'd know how to give it a little touch here and there and make it look more like a show window. Put anything into it that you want."

Lynn stayed after hours to clean up the front window. Sorting the things that were in it, she arranged them in an orderly display and left a free space in the centre. Then she stretched a cord from side to side just a little higher than her shoulders. She arrived the next morning before Mr. Ward, and she was just putting the last clothespin on the shoulder of the third buff gingham dress when he came across the street that faced his show window. The dresses were all made according to her own pattern, for she knew that a dress cut on those lines would fit almost any girl. The hem, which was generously deep, was only basted, so that the wearer could raise it or lower it to suit her height. Each dress had some little touch that made it different from the others. One had for trimming tiny, dull blue pipings and small buttons covered with the same blue. The one next to it had little cross-stitch designs in rich brown on the collar, on the belt and on the pockets; the third one had a white piqué collar, belt and cuffs, and tiny buff flowers were embroidered on the corners of the collar. Swinging jauntily from the improvised clothesline, the three dresses certainly made an attractive window. As Mr. Ward came in Lynn was pinning above them a card that said, in pretty lettering, "Silk choice for $4.95."

"Do you object to my window display?" she asked eagerly. "If you do, I can take the dresses right out. Only a few people have passed so early."

"No, indeed!" he answered heartily. "That window will attract every girl that comes to town. But, say, what I'd like to know is how you ever persuaded Mrs. Meade to make them for you?"

Lynn laughed gayly. "Did it ever occur to you that other women might be able to make dresses? Mother made these, with the little help I could give evenings and early mornings. I can cut out things if mother sits by the table and plans just where to put each piece of the pattern to the best advantage; and I can run all the long, tiresome seams, leaving her the pretty finishing touches. She has enjoyed the work so much, and she wants to make four more dresses for next Saturday—if these will sell."

"Sell! Well, I'd think they would sell. My, but they're pretty! Your mother must be a wonder! But you have priced them too low to make any money out of it."

"Mother priced them. She allowed two dollars and forty-five cents for the gingham; then, after counting up her time, she decided that two dollars and a half was a fair price for making them; so that was all she would allow me to charge. Taking the five cents off makes them sound real bargainy to me."

"Yes, and you'll see how it sounds to other folks this afternoon," Mr. Ward prophesied. "I'm thinking you've started something with that window of yours."

Before the rush of Saturday work Lynn found time to telephone to Matie Vance's farm home. She had learned that Matie lived farther out than most of the girls, and, remembering how Matie's eyes had searched the shelves hopefully for more of the buff gingham, she wanted her to have first choice of the dresses. Matie's voice showed her astonishment when Lynn told her who was calling. "I just wanted you to come in as early as possible," Lynn explained. "I have something to show you—something you will like."

Matie came very early, and at sight of the row of pretty dresses her black eyes fairly sparkled. She did not hesitate in making her choice, but picked the one with the white collar and cuffs and the tiny buff flowers. "It is the most like yours," she said.

The two girls were soon chatting away together like old friends. After asking Matie's permission to keep the dress in the window until it was time for her to start home, Lynn made out a card saying that the dress was sold and pinned it to the gown.

Before that afternoon was half over she had sold the other two dresses, and girls were clamoring for dresses by next Saturday. "There can be only four more of this kind," Lynn explained to them, "but there will be new ginghams in next week; and the girls who fail to get the buff ones can pick out something else that will make up prettily. My mother will make dresses just as fast as her strength permits. I think she would be willing to come down to the store on Saturday afternoons and help you pick out becoming colors and trimmings."

The next Saturday four buff dresses swung for a brief time in the window of Ward's Mercantile Establishment, and at closing time Mr. Ward said with a chuckle, "You moved that bolt of gingham in a mighty short time, considering—how long it had been on my hands, and you've certainly started a gingham stampede in this store."

A few weeks later Mr. Ward asked curiously, "How will your mother ever get all those dresses made up? The first customers seem to be wanting their second dresses already. She set her price too low."

"They are willing to pay more when they want them made up with more work on them," Lynn explained. "The women and the girls are all earning good wages at chopping cotton now, and they know that they will earn more the fast at picking it. They feel it's unjust that they earn the money quicker than mother can earn it sewing, but mother thinks that her work is much easier than theirs. So, you see, both sides are satisfied. And as for how mother is going to do it all by herself, I've been thinking of taking it over with you. I have decided that it will be best for me to stop working here and help her with the sewing. You can hire a real clerk. I—I've felt afraid—that perhaps you loaned me—just because you thought we needed the money."

"See here!" Mr. Ward said gruffly. "It takes two people to decide some things, and I guess I'll have a word to say about your quitting work here. I heard you say that during your biggest rush week Mrs. Tompkins helped you and your mother with the cutting and the plain seams. You said she did it well, and that she seemed glad to find work that she could do and still take care of her baby. Why not let her help all the time? Wait a minute before you say what is in your mind. You can afford it, for beginning with Monday your salary doubles. I'll have to admit that during the first few months you weren't, as you say, a real clerk, but you've waked up and warmed up somehow, and the customers like you. Within the last six weeks trade has increased until I feel that you are worth twice as much as you were when you first came. You've made a big change in the dry-goods department by arranging things attractively, and you've drawn all the women and girls to the store by being friendly and nice to them."

Lynn's face was glowing, and her eyes were very bright.

"Oh, if you really want me—and think I can clerk," she stammered, breathlessly, "I'll try so hard, for I do enjoy helping select pretty things for the women and the girls who work so hard for the money they bring to the store. I just love the busy Saturday afternoons when the store is crowded."

"Then you're a real-for-sure clerk all right," said Mr. Ward, laughing with a relieved air. "And it's all settled for you to stay."

When Lynn told her mother about the unexpected raise in salary and about the unexpected praise they both felt that the burden of hard times had lifted. The dry, unhealthy climate had already dispelled the fear they had felt about the mother's throat; so even in that strange land life seemed bright to them once more. Lynn's mother, looking up from the bit of embroidery she was putting as a finishing touch on the dress of one of the girls who adored her, said happily, "We have each of us found a place where we are needed. With work and health and friends you can be happy anywhere; and, Lynn, dear, I think that the best investment you ever made was four dollars for forty yards of buff gingham."

POSTERS PASSING OUT

In years that have gone, and not so very long ago, advertising matter could be seen all through the country on sign boards, telegraph poles, etc., but the day has gone, because a farmer in his auto drives too fast to read the posters. Not many years ago farmers came to town in buggies or wagons to get their mail, do shopping and other business. What a change has taken place for to-day almost every farmer has a mail box at his gate or telephone in the house and his car to drive him around in. The way to get the farmers' attention is by advertising in local newspapers.

FRESH

Tea—to be good—must be fresh

"SALADA" TEA

is always fresh and possesses that unique flavour of 'goodness' that has justly made it famous.

BUTTER AND CHEESE

In 1919 the United States reached its peak in the export of butter, the amount going abroad that year being 32,739,066 lbs., of which, 203,372 lbs. came to Canada. In 1917 our neighbors exported 66,050,013 lbs. of cheese, that year being their heaviest in that commodity. Of this amount 460,080 lbs. came to Canada. Our best export year in these products was 1920, when of 37,464,172 lbs. of butter imported by the United States we supplied 10,693,311 lbs. and of 15,093,725 lbs. of cheese imported by that country we furnished 6,031,404 lbs. But last year was very exceptional for, in the first twenty years of the century, our imports from the United States of butter amounted in all to 13,554,553 lbs., and our exports to 9,394,581 lbs., and of cheese to 12,607,143 lbs. in imports and 4,031,915 lbs. in exports.

Reverting to the year the world war broke out, namely 1914, we find that the United States imported 7,200,699 lbs. of butter of which we only supplied 500,623 lbs., and 55,477,044 lbs. of cheese of which 1,346,128 lbs. was from this country, or less than one fortieth. Taking the years 1910 to 1918, official figures issued both from Ottawa and Washington show that Canada imported practically 60 per cent. more butter from the United States than she sent to that country. The greatest disparity however, was in cheese, as in those years we imported from the United States no less than 10,314,594 lbs., while we only supplied to that country 2,743,583 lbs. In the last six years the United States has exported 245,196,429 lbs. of cheese against 31,370,357 lbs. in the previous six years and imported 108,655,648 lbs. against 287,205,591 lbs. In the same period, that is in the last six years, Canada exported to the United States 2,372,447 lbs. and imported from that country 2,035,995 lbs. Thus in each case we imported more than we exported. Of butter in the last half dozen years Canada exported to the United States 16,277,598 lbs. and imported from that country 7,136,630 lbs. In the previous six years we exported to the United States 2,724,400 lbs. and imported from there 3,121,412 lbs.

That the trade of the United States in dairy products exceeds greatly in exports is proven by the fact that for the last four years the average value in exports has been $97,711,557 while the imports from all countries have only averaged $15,903,570, or less than one-sixth. The manufacture of condensed milk increased enormously in the United States during the war. The demand having since fallen off, it is evident that there must either be a lessening in the production of milk or the surplus must be used for the making of butter and cheese.—Dominion Department of Agriculture.

THE LEAGUE OF LITTLE MOTHERS

Over in Poland there is an enormous task to care for the little children left stranded and alone through the effects of war and famine. As one help, in Warsaw there is at work a society called the League of Little Mothers, a most charming name that really describes the organization. School girls are trained in the care of children, and the practical way that they are taught is shown by the fact that their school is connected with a day nursery. There are the children for them to experiment with and meanwhile they have begun their service in doing it. Every afternoon the girls hear lectures on anatomy and hygiene, and then they study the condition of the children under their care so as to apply what they have learned in class. The girls are all between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, fully able to learn rapidly and strong enough to care for even the most active and troublesome of their charges. In all of Poland this is the only society that has such excellent connection between theory and practice. The field for service is great, and the need of funds is constant. So far the American Society of Friends has done most to keep the Little Mothers themselves well fed and properly trained. England has also given aid by sending an English nurse to train the girls in this service. But the League of Little Mothers, like the Girl Scout work here, is sure to expand rapidly because it is practical and necessary to the good of the nation.

GAIN OR LOSS IN WEIGHT

After a number of persons gathered together have enjoyed a good dinner one of them is almost sure to remark: "Isn't it extraordinary that a man weighs no more after eating a heavy meal than he did before?"

It would be extraordinary in the extreme if true, but it isn't. The man who tucks away two or three pounds of solid food, or of liquid, for that matter, will show it on the scales. This does not mean that if he eats, say, two pounds of food, he will weigh exactly two pounds more after dinner than before, but he will come very near to it.

The slight difference is due to the fact that the body is continually losing weight, whether one is eating, taking violent exercise, or doing nothing at all, by perspiration through the skin and by the moisture and carbon dioxide gas exhaled from the lungs. The more exercise, the greater the loss of weight, of course.

At a certain athletic club records were kept for some time of the weights of members before and after dinner, and it was found that the average increase due to dinner was two pounds three ounces.

The average man will weigh one and a half pounds less after a Turkish bath than before, and a very fat man may lose two or three pounds. Men in good health who do very hard work not infrequently lose five pounds weight during the day and regain it during the night.

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Use Murine Eye Remedy "Night and Morning."

Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy.

Write for Free Eye Care Book.

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ALWAYS HAVING TO BE TOWED

There is something forlorn in the appearance of an automobile that is being towed to the garage. It may be a handsome machine with all the latest equipment, but as it trails along in the wake of another car, it looks pathetically helpless. And yet a great many young people are in the same position as that motor car. They were designed to produce their own motive power but instead they trail after someone else, following some forceful leader and surrendering their brains and intelligence and individuality. Everybody knows that something is wrong with the machine that is towed into town. At the garage it will be examined, and whatever is wrong will be corrected.

An automobile that always has to be towed would not be worth anything. And yet some young folks are always trailing after someone else. They never rely on their own decisions. They never act on their own initiative. They should find out what is wrong with themselves and correct it as soon as possible. We are not worth much as a human being if we are always having to be towed.

SOMETHING MORE THAN FAVORITISM

The youth who is always accusing his employer of favoritism forgets one fact, that any employer who disregards merit and ability is blind to his own interests. Any business organization manned by workers selected solely according to the strength of their "pull," would soon be on the rocks. It is as much to an employer's interest to advance the youth who shows promise, as it is to the interest of the promising worker.

The youth who feels that he is not getting fair treatment may possibly not be cognizant of the facts in the case. It may be true that someone is promoted over his head who does no better work than he is doing, but perhaps the personality of the one thus promoted is peculiarly attractive and that is an important factor in the new work he is to undertake. Perhaps he has given evidence of constructive ability while the disgruntled worker who does what he is told extremely well, has never given any sign that he could blaze his own trail. The employee who is so ready with the cry of favoritism, forgets that he himself may be a little prejudiced in his own favor. No business could be long successful if all advancement was due to favoritism.

WHY SUFFER PAIN?

YOU can't do justice to yourself in business, social or home life if you suffer from headache, backache, neuralgia, monthly pains, or any of the thousand and one pains with which all of us are afflicted at one time or another.

These pains indicate a very real physical danger. But there are very few pains of any nature that are not promptly relieved by Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

Get them in handy boxes at our drug store. A box is insurance against headache, car sickness, neuralgia and pain of almost any nature.

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There are no disagreeable after effects. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

STOP THE PAIN

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Spring Coats and Dresses

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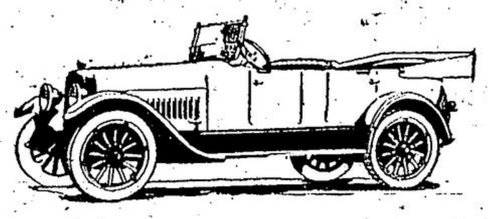

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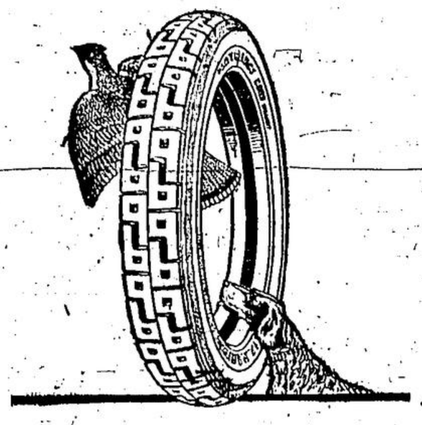

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No. 18 adjusts to four positions, hardwood frame, with foot rest. Priced at $2.95.

No. 17 adjusts to four positions, folds flat, hardwood frame. Priced at $2.25.

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GARDEN SEATS

The seat and back slats are screwed firmly to the supporting frame, strongly made. For four people, $2.25; for two people, $1.50.

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