The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1921

THE GREAT COMMISSION

Matt. XXVIII: 19, 20

Forward, forward! Haste, ye heralds!
Round the gospel's clarion call!
Gather round Immanuel's colors;
Let them float high over all!
Haste ye with the Great Commission;
Fling his banner far afore,
Till it wave o'er Asia's millions
And ob' Afric's sunny shore.

Go, ye messengers of Jesus,
In the gospel's world-wide sweep;
Go where reigns the ancient darkness
And where thousand thousands sleep.
Wait not; stay not; falter, never!
Onward! Jesus leads the way!
Soon the nations, long in error,
Shall acclaim Messiah's sway!

Prince of Peace we will not waver,
Though unbeaten paths be trod,
Till thou bid the nations gather
Round the banquet board of God.
Then, with mighty hosts assembled,
Paean's sush as angels sing
We will sound on golden trumpets
Through all ages to our King!

—H. N. Harrison.

ALICE'S SKELETONS

By Susan M. Hane

"WAIT a minute, Kate," Alice Shumway called to Kate Forester, as the latter stood locking her door.

Kate was on her way to an eight o'clock class. She put the key of her door in her pocket.

"What's up?" Alice asked. "Has the horse been stolen? I've never known you to lock up before. Why are you?"

"I can only say 'just because.' Every puzzled woman is allowed that reason, isn't she?" Kate laughed mirthlessly. "I've reformed," she added. "My open door has been the bane of Miss Warren's existence. Never was house mother pestered by a more forgetful student. I've decided to be a model of propriety the remainder of my senior year."

"Year?" Alice threw up her hands as if to ward off some evil. "You mean senior days! And but two of them left for our last assignment in English. Of course yours is done, as usual, too. Hurry, Kate, unlock and let me have it!"

Kate made no move to replace the key in the door.

"I'll see that you don't forget to lock up again," Alice insisted. "If you only know what arrears I have to bring up, as well as this last useless English manuscript, you would help me save these precious minutes."

Kate fumbled the corner of her note book. She did not look at Alice when at last she spoke.

"I can't let you have my English manuscript, Alice."

"Can't let me have it?" Alice laughed a little harshly. "Why, Kate, you must let me have it. You know I couldn't prepare that assignment even if there were ten times two days in which to do it."

"I can't let you have it," Kate repeated. "I shall hand it to Professor Clough this morning."

"Without letting me see it?"

Kate nodded.

"I don't believe you are handing in work before time. You never have. That's the reason you've locked your door to keep me from getting it. I've never taken anything from your desk but your English lessons, and you granted me that privilege years ago." The girl's voice trembled with anger. "You're jealous! Professor Clough praises me, and—well, it's plain enough; he snubs you."

The injustice of the cruel words made Kate's cheeks blaze. She hurried from the angry girl's presence.

They were classmates. As Freshmen they had entered the university from the same city, but from different high schools. On Open House Day at Clarke Hall, the campus dormitory for women, they met for the first time. Their home city pennants had been the means of their introductions; each was looking for the other among the girls as in merry throngs they wandered from room to room in the large building, getting acquainted and inspecting one another's furnishings and their arrangement.

They met, finally, in Ruth Warden's room. The girls were lonely, as most Freshmen are in the earliest days of their first college year. Alice had a room on the same floor with a friend of Ruth's, and Ruth was on Kate's floor. It did not take long for the girls to make an appeal to the house mother for a change of rooms between Alice and Ruth.

A warm friendship sprang up between Alice and Kate. On several occasions it was tested but remained unbroken. Alice was lovable, and Kate, generous to a fault, always could find ways to smooth difficulties that arose.

Kate reached the lecture room and in a dazed way responded to the greetings of those seated around her. The lecture she did not hear, but spent the hour reviewing her college years and in apprehending what seemed inevitable—the shattering of her most intimate friendship, and, worse, her dismissal from the university in disgrace on the eve of her graduation.

Kate Forester was not a brilliant student. To get her work she had to be what the girls called a "grind," and not a few of them, more apt but less steadfast, profited by her daily plodding. To their credit none except Alice made a practice of regularly taking work that the plodder prepared and offering it to their instructors as their own.

Both Alice and Kate were majors in English.

"I hate themes," Alice used to say in the Freshman days. "Let me see yours, Kate."

Out of kindness of heart Kate let her friend read her papers. Soon it became the custom for Alice not only to read them, but to reproduce them. They were somewhat disguised under a few well-turned phrases that gave to the reproduction a brightness which Kate, with her labored style, could not approach.

Soon Alice came to be praised in the English classes for her brilliant papers. Sometimes the praise troubled her, and on one occasion the girls discussed the matter.

"Don't ever let that prosy curmudgeon of a professor know that I'm a dresser of literary skeletons and not the writer he thinks I am," Alice said, and shook her dainty finger warningly at Kate.

"'Literary skeletons' is right," Kate replied. "I wish I could put a bit of tinsel on my poor skeletons. Try as I will, I can present only the bald facts of a theme!"

"Hush, envious one! What should I do if you were a literary embellisher? Keep right on setting up your skeletons and I'll dress them to the professor's taste."

So the thing went on, and it might have continued till the end of their course had Kate not had occasion to call on Professor Clough, who was chairman of the faculty committee that looked after securing positions for graduating students who desired to teach the next year.

Alice had already been appointed to a position as teacher of English at a fine salary for a beginner. So, too, had all the other girls whom Kate knew who wished to teach. She wondered if by any chance she had not filled out the blank which the committee sent to students.

"Yes, your application is on file," Professor Clough told her when she went to inquire about it.

"I suppose, then, I shall receive an appointment soon," Kate said a little anxiously. She had dreaded to make the call. For no reason that she could explain she felt that man did not like her.

"Be seated, Miss Forester." The professor, unsympathetic by nature, waved toward a chair with a severity of manner that made Kate wonder if safety did not lie in flight from the room.

"As chairman of the committee I can't recommend you," he began. "For some time—longer I'll admit than it should have been without informing you—your work in English has been under suspicion. It seems but a review of Miss Shumway's. Even when the assignments are individual themes, yours are always developed in the logical way Miss Shumway pursues in all her work."

Amazement and indignation made Kate dumb. Her silence was construed as guilt by Professor Clough.

"I see you have no explanation to offer," he coldly said.

"None, whatever," the girl declared at last. "But I deny your accusations." She rose and left the room.

Kate had reached this scene of her humiliation in her backward glance through the years of her college career. The lecture was over. The droning words of the next day's assignment fell meaningless upon her ears. She knew the professor had made the peculiar little gesture with which he dismissed his classes. She felt the eagerness of the student throng crowding through the doorway yet she sat still, staring vacantly at the man at the desk. His voice aroused her.

"Did you wish to speak with me?" he asked.

"I hadn't thought of it," she answered, rising.

She went calmly toward his desk.

"But I'll give you an opportunity to apologize, if you wish it, Professor Clough."

"The evidence in the case calls for an apology, Miss Forester, but not from me," he replied sarcastically. Mistaking her manner for discourteous defiance he added, "It is a matter for the graduating committee to settle." He held the door open for her to pass out.

Kate was stunned. In a vague way her dismissal from the university had come before her. With the man's threat ringing in her ears she now saw plainly that she had weighed the matter only as it concerned her relations with her friend and a prejudiced professor. She was guiltless. She tried to make herself believe that she cared nothing for the man's false opinion of her. With her friend it was different. She realized now that Alice had wronged her—that she had been needlessly indulgent with the girl in complying to her requests—but she refused to betray Alice.

She intended, as she told Alice when they met in the hall before the early lecture, to hand Professor Clough her final assignment that morning. That decision was made after the first shock of the professor's accusations had passed. By doing so she hoped to correct his wrong impressions. She knew Alice would be late with her work. If the manuscript were in the professor's hands when she called for it there would doubtless be a few reproaches, but they could be overlooked and she trusted that some circumstance would arise which would prevent her from giving Alice aid if she were insistent. Far into the night she had labored. At last her troubled mind refused to work.

The unfinished manuscript she intended to complete after the lecture. Although the unexpected meeting with Alice and the bitterness of her words had greatly disturbed Kate it had not caused her to change her mind about getting the manuscript to the professor early. Now, with what seemed before only a vague possibility about to become a stern reality, she was blinded, dizzy. As she made her way down the long corridor to the great swinging doors through which she had so often passed, glad, young, and strong, she felt old and burdened. The doors opened to her groping pressure. The fresh spring air revived her, but she felt that work with the tumult raging in her heart and brain to be utterly impossible. She took the path leading to the beautiful arboretum. By the brook flowing there and along the paths she wandered.

Gradually, the songs of birds, the sunlight sifting through the fringes of the green canopy above her, all the varied balms of Nature which flowed in the great space around her—ah! how she loved every foot of the campus; how her soul rebelled against the thought that her name should become a reproach to the institution which was located on it!—all the sweet influences of her college associations worked to heal the deep wound she had received. Tears flowed, but only to separate the dross of the past two days from the better part of the happy college years.

Luncheon was served when Kate entered the dining hall of the dormitory. She smiled at Alice, seated at a table near by, but received no answering smile. After luncheon, she refused all appeals of groups of girls to stop and chat, and went to her work which she had just completed when there was a rap at her door.

"Come in," she called.

When Alice Shumway opened the door Kate rose from her desk somewhat embarrassed for she had not expected Alice. She shuffled the sheets of the manuscript and tapped them on the desk to even their edges. While doing so she regained her composure.

"I've disturbed you. I'm afraid." Alice looked searchingly at the manuscript in Kate's hands.

"I had just finished," Kate replied, laying the paper where her caller could see it if she wished. "I'm glad you came, Alice."

"So am I. I wished to apologize for my hasty words this morning, but I see I do not need to." She pointed to the manuscript. "That proves all I said, and more. You never intended to hand it in until the regular time."

"Don't go, Alice. Let me explain." Kate reached imploring hands toward the girl who passed through the door.

The door shut, and Kate Forester, more perplexed than she had been in her life, slipped back into her seat. Ignoring the manuscript a above, the evenly piled sheets were scattered over the desk. Indifferently she determined not to be shamed for something she was innocent of and take Alice's insults besides. She would go straight to Professor Clough and tell him everything.

From the closet she took her hat and went to the mirror. Her tear-brimmed eyes and hot cheeks made her doubt from her purpose, for she feared meeting some of the girls or Miss Ware. They would wonder, or perhaps inquire what was the matter.

She laid the hat on the dressing-table, stood for a moment with her cold hands pressed closely to her burning cheeks, and then stared at herself in the mirror. Her glory of brown hair was disheveled, her blouse was untidy, and deep rings were about her eyes.

Shocked at her appearance, she began taking the pins from her hair.

"You're not guilty, and you're not going to look guilty." A smile played over the face she addressed in the mirror.

To make herself look the part was her next undertaking. While doing so she tried, as she had tried a hundred times since her humiliation, to think out some way of removing the suspicion against her without betraying Alice.

Outwardly she was soon her trim self, but her mental confusion had not been relieved, and her mind was thrown into a state of agitation by a letter she picked up that the mail, delivering the local mail, had slipped under her door.

The professor had acted quickly. The stamp of the university was on the corner of the envelope. Kate dared not open it. She sat tapping it on the arm of her chair, trying to determine what she would do if it contained a notice to appear before the graduating committee.

At last she opened the letter. Her fears were all realized. Before she had finished reading it she decided the part she would play. Tearing the letter to bits she tossed it into the wastebasket, and a moment later stood at Miss Ware's reception room door.

"May I have some one to help me get my trunk from the storeroom?" she asked.

"Packing already?" Miss Ware questioned. "It's three weeks till graduation, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I leave for home to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes," Kate calmly answered. She was prepared for Miss Ware's searching eyes and bristling curiosity, and volunteered no further information. Miss Ware's wonder changed to sincere sympathy.

"I can't tell you why I'm going, Miss Ware. You've been a good mother to us girls, but just now I need my own. I'm going to her as quickly as I can."

If Miss Ware thought to find some clue to the girl's trouble by helping with the trunk herself instead of calling the janitor she was disappointed. She stood a moment in Kate's room after the trunk was brought in.

"Would you like a maid to help you pack, or may I help you myself?" she offered.

"You are very kind, but I've plenty of time, and I'd—I'd rather be alone, Miss Ware."

The door was closed and locked. The dismantling of the room where Kate had spent four happy years began. Happy reminiscences flooded her mind as each college souvenir was examined. Lovingly the packing progressed but not with the speed of the news of her going, for Miss Ware immediately sought Kate's friends in an effort to find out the reason for the girl's strange action.

The afternoon wore away. Girl after girl—friends, and those merely curious—rapped, and offered help. Kate opened to none. To all she replied, "Thank you, I'll soon be through."

Miss Ware came again.

"Do let me do something for you, Miss Forester," she called through the closed door.

"Telephone the expressman, dear Miss Ware. Tell him to be here by five o'clock."

It was about that hour. Kate had finished her packing, and sat waiting for the expressman. What a different home-going she had planned! Associations had kept her mind busy during the packing. Now, sitting among bags and trunk and the desolation of her room, she pictured the sorrow and disappointment of her parents. She knew the sacrifices they had made to give her the advantages of four years of higher education. Not for a moment did she think they would blame her for the stand she had taken. The coveted degree would be lost and her reputation would suffer for a time, but they would not have her endure further humiliation, provoked, as she truly believed, by a professor's personal dislike. She was not ready to analyze Alice Shumway in her new role. The wound that Alice had inflicted was too fresh. Time would reveal her true character.

Kate looked at her watch. A man's step hurried toward her door. It took all her courage to answer the rap that followed; her college life would end with the passing out of her belongings from the great rambling hall. She opened the door wide. Alice Shumway's light step had been drowned by the heavier ones of Professor Clough. The two stood before her.

"Oh, Kate! I was afraid you'd be gone. May you forgive me, do?" The girl's voice and the tears on her cheeks were evidences of her repentance.

"Let us forget to-day," Kate replied, drawing her into the room.

The professor looked perplexed.

"I've explained nothing to Professor Clough. I wanted to do it in your presence, Kate, and Miss Ware is coming."

Kate, bewildered, asked the professor to enter. Miss Ware soon appeared. Behind closed doors Alice told the story of her English course from her Freshman days.

"I'm ashamed, oh, I've been ashamed so many times before to-day, but a place to stop I could never find! I have not been dishonest in my other studies!" the girl concluded, and bowing her head on Kate's desk she sobbed aloud.

The paroxysm of remorse over she turned to Kate.

"I never thought you would suffer for my conduct, Kate, and how you must have suffered! I am unworthy of such friendship!"

"Miss Forester," Professor Clough said, "I deeply regret my stupid part in this matter. I can only sincerely ask your pardon."

"And I am too happy not to grant it! But how—who began the straightening out of this miserable entanglement?"

"Who?" Alice repeated. "This friend of every girl in trouble." She dropped to the floor beside Miss Ware and buried her head in the woman's embrace.

"You blessed foster mother!" Kate said, pressing ardent kisses on Miss Ware's brow and cheeks.

* * *

Every seat in the beautiful Assembly Hall of the university reserved for spectators and friends of the graduating class was filled. The great throng rose when the orchestra began to play "Alma Mater." The song ended, the strains of a triumphant march filled the room. The eyes of all turned expectantly toward the entrance doors. The graduating procession was approaching.

In the first row at the forward end of the gallery stood a pale-faced girl. Beside her was a woman who held her hand. Eagerly they watched the procession. It divided. The faculty members, with caps tasseled and gowns hooded with colors—badges of distinction—filed to right and left and then down the aisles leading to the stage, while the center aisle swayed with the flowing rhythm of the black-robed, black-capped students passing to the rows of seats assigned to them.

The last student stood in his place. A joyous burst of melody finished the march. The president of the university stepped to the front of the stage. Responding to his gesture the assembly was seated—all but one, the girl at the end seat in the gallery. Regardless of those near her, who heard her sobs and saw her streaming tears she leaned forward above the railing and waved her handkerchief toward the students. One saw her. Instantly the subtle message seemed to be transmitted to all the others and a sea of happy, youthful faces suddenly was upraised toward the girl but only one among them knew the agony that was in her heart. Kate Forester, among the students, returned her wave, then bowed her head above the vacant seat beside her and Alice Shumway dropped back into her seat among the spectators, her face dense and hands clinched in pitiable distress.

After a moment she grew calmer. Her right hands responded to the gentle caresses of her companion. She whispered:

"Miss Ware, you'll never be sorry that you pleaded for me, and that I've been given another chance at the university. It is better, to-day, that my seat is vacant. I'll be in my place in next year's class—and—and I'll have a right to be there."

CONSUMPTIVE CAMPAIGN PROPAGANDA

Tuberculosis is a disease which only the rich, with assured means to defray expenses, can fight without requiring to take advantage of the facilities which are afforded in an institution equipped to combat the dread malady.

To people of moderate means, who live close to their incomes, consumption is a terror, with its slow, long-drawn-out, lingering, torture. The man without any income other than his salary or wage, can not lay off work when he feels the early symptoms of the disease. He has to stick at his job, growing weaker and thinner, while his body cries for rest, relief and air.

When it is too late, when consumption finally makes its sudden, crimson assault, the salary man or the wage earner, finds himself on his back, with no means to pay for the long, weary, expensive period of battle and slow recovery.

Then is the time when the need of free hospitals to fight the deadliest enemy of man is emphasized.

Typhoid is over in a few weeks; fevers, appendicitis and the commoner ailments of man are of more or less short duration. Money for such emergencies can usually be scraped together without great trouble.

But consumption is a disease that may last for months, if not for years. It brings straightened circumstances and poverty into homes that have usually been free of want.

For this reason as well as for patriotic motives which all must feel in regard to Tuberculosis, the National Sanitarium Association is expecting a very substantial response from the salary and wage earners of the Province in its Consumptives Emergency Million Dollar Fund Campaign which is now in full swing throughout Ontario.

The emergency arises through the destruction by fire of the Muskoka Free Hospital last November. There, about the ruins of the old hospital, where thousands of Ontario folk have made their winning fight, are clustered the tents and cottages in which patients have spent the winter.

A new hospital is urgently needed; and while they are at it the National Sanitarium Association plan to erect a hospital that will, as nearly as possible, meet the requirements of, and fight the tuberculosis problem in Ontario to a successful issue. The building which it is proposed to erect is not an elaborate and costly fitted up one. It is to be of the simplest and most economical fire-proof construction. The money to be spent is going into size and equipment of building that will accommodate as large a number of consumptive cases as possible.

The wealthy men of the Province have responded to the appeal for funds in a generous spirit, but those who are not of the wealthy class have the greatest interest at stake in the new institution.

In this connection it is worthy of special mention that all sections of labor have endorsed the Association's appeal for funds. Labor is represented in the committee by John Doggett, secretary Builders' Trade Council and J. T. Gunn, secretary Canadian Electrical Trades' Union.

At a recent luncheon held in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Mr. Doggett, in addressing the gathering, said he could not emphasize too strongly the claim the National Sanitarium Association had upon the working man. He considered the work carried on by the association at their sanitarium and at the Gage Institute in Toronto as highly patriotic and humane and voiced his personal approval of the appeal. He said he would urge every working man to see that he did his bit. "The working man never lets down on a worthy cause and you can rest assured he will not let down on this one," concluded Mr. Doggett.

The war on tuberculosis is being waged for rich and poor alike; every citizen is looked to for real support in the attack.

WHAT HAPPENED

An Irishman, returning home after gathering dollars in Canada, decided to give his old father an outing.

The old Yellow had never been in a train before, and he enjoyed the compartment with much fear and trembling, and with many outspoken anticipations of what would happen.

Suddenly the train dived into a tunnel, and as suddenly the old chap's fist flew out and dealt his son a hefty blow on the nose.

"Ye jobers," he roared, "Oi tould yez something would happen. Oi'm struck bloind!"

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CONUNDRUMS AND QUERIES

What key is the hardest to turn? Donkey.

On what did Noah live when he was in the ark? On water.

Why is a watch-dog bigger by night than by day? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

Why is the letter O the most charitable letter in the alphabet? Because it is found oftener than any other in doing good.

What is the difference between a child and an envelope? One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

What city does a kiss resemble? Nice.

Why is the letter "e" like death? Because it is at the end of life.

Why is a kiss like a sewing machine? Because it seems so good.

Why are the prairies of the West flat? Because the sun sets on them every night.

How does the water get into the watermelon? The seeds were sown in the spring.

Why did the farmer call one of his pigs "Ink"? Because it kept running from the pen.

Why doesn't the lightning strike twice in the same place? Because it isn't necessary.

If a cement walk runs a mile into the country how far can a board walk? If the moon had a son would the sky rocket?

GROWING EDIBLE BAMBOO

The tender sprouts of the bamboo plant, according to a recent statement from the bureau of plant industry of department of agriculture, when prepared like asparagus, is a most delicious vegetable. Already several bamboo plantations are being operated on a paying basis in Georgia, and Louisiana. In addition to the edible sprouts, of which about 1,000 are secured yearly from each acre, the plantations sell much of the grown timber which is worked into barrel hoops, ladders, trellises and similar articles.

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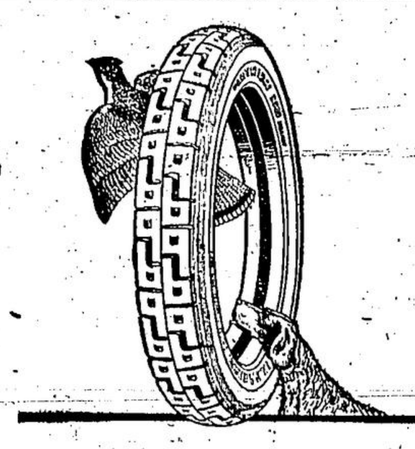

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