The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1921

THE BUSY MAN

If you want to get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise safe and sure,
On which you can depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan;
But if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare,
He's always "putting off" until
His friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time—
He can not stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done,
Don't wait it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works twenty hours a day,
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere
That has no other use,
And fix you, while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.

—W. H. Willis.

Only a Little Stenographer

"BUT, mother, I love her." Philip Gunter, looked imploringly at his mother, an expression of suffering in his fine gray eyes.

"You don't really. No son of mine could possibly love a motorman's daughter. And think of the opportunities you have and are throwing them away for a little, middle-class, Brockton stenographer."

"Mother, I can't let you talk like that about Edith, and I'll ask you to avoid mentioning her in the future."

"Hoity toity! How pompous we are, and so surely as you do marry her I'll disinherit you and you can have love in a cot—the real thing."

"I don't care a snap of my fingers whether you disinherit me or not."

With finality he rose to go and frantically Mrs. Gunter cast about for another line of tactics.

"Ah, but Phil," she exclaimed, dropping her haughty manner and holding out her arms pleadingly, "you know how I love you, my only boy, and this thing will kill me. It will grieve me to death—you know my heart is bad—and my whole life is wrapped up in you. I lie awake at night dreaming about you and planning your future."

Philip winced and a cloud passed over his clean open face as he rose and put his arms about his mother.

"There, there, Mommy, don't get so worked up."

A maid tapped at the door and presented a card.

"Heavens! Mrs. Mangaton's down stairs. Go and talk to her, Phil—I'll come in a minute."

Grateful for the escape, the young man greeted the caller warmly.

"How's it going?" the lady asked with motherly concern.

"Worse than ever. She's just made a dreadful scene and I feel like a murderer."

"Hh-h-h-h, here she comes,"

"My dear Mrs. Mangaton, what a pleasure this is!" said the hostess cordially.

With a bow Philip excused himself, and soon the two were deep in conversation.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gunter bitterly, "the boy's determined to marry this little stenographer in Brockton and as surely as he does it I'll cut him off without a farthing."

Her voice shook as she spoke and the heavy diamond brooch sparkled and glittered with the rise and fall of her breast.

"Even if you do cut him off that won't prevent his marrying her. What you seem to want to do is to prevent the match," said Mrs. Mangaton thoughtfully.

"But how?" asked the other desperately.

"Another girl is usually the best cure," remarked the caller.

"But he says he's sick of girls in his set. He calls them artificial and empty-headed and won't look at them any more."

"Of course not; it'll take some new girl that'll sweep him off his feet."

"But where can we find such a creature?"

"Let me think." Mrs. Mangaton puckered her brow as she stared absently at the floor. "Now, I have a sister who has just moved here," she went on after a moment, "and it seems to me that she said that she was going to have a little girl visiting her next week. I might get up a dinner in her honor and invite you and Phil."

"That would be wonderful if you could," said Mrs. Gunter, enthusiastically.

"Good! This girl's coming Monday; let's make the dinner Wednesday."

"You're really too kind," smiled Mrs. Gunter as they parted.

"Not in the least. I'm simply so devoted to Phil that I would do anything in the world to help him out."

Anxiously Mrs. Gunter waited, for the appointed time, and after much coaxing, persuaded her son to accompany her.

"Dinners are always a bore, and I know more girls than I want to know," he grumbled as he jerked on his dinner jacket.

They arrived punctually and with covered eagerness Mrs. Gunter watched the meeting between her son and the girl and was gratified to note a glint of admiration in Phil's eyes as he took Randolph Parker's hand. Later, she decided that she had never seen him so brilliant and entertaining as he was at dinner that night.

"It's working beautifully," she whispered to her hostess.

"But she's such a lovely girl, who could help being gone over her?" replied Mrs. Mangaton.

"Who, indeed? Now, why couldn't he have fallen for a girl like that in the first place? How long's she going to stay?"

"Two weeks."

"Better than nothing."

As they took their leave the mother rejoiced to hear her son say,

"Have you any engagement for tomorrow afternoon, or may I take you out in the car and show you some of our points of interest?"

"I shall be glad to go," said Randolph, as she extended her hand.

"Isn't she the most fascinating thing you ever saw? And what beautiful hair and eyes she had!" raved Mrs. Gunter on the way home.

"She's all right," answered the man carelessly.

"I'm going to give a reception and dance for her Friday night," his mother babbled on. "We must show her a good time—let her see how hospitable our city is to strangers."

As the days passed Mrs. Gunter went into ecstasies to learn that practically every day her son took Randolph out, although he never mentioned it to his mother.

"I think they're simply crazy about each other," Mrs. Mangaton told Mrs. Gunter toward the end of the visit.

"If we could only make a match of it before he gets his mind on his old flame again."

"It isn't wise to show eagerness," admonished the other woman.

"I know it, but how can you help it when your heart's set on a thing? I don't know's girl I'd rather Phil would marry."

Randolph was persuaded to extend her visit another week, but at last the day arrived when she had to leave. Mrs. Gunter upbraided herself for having foolishly hoped to hear of their engagement.

"Three weeks," she scoffed to herself. "I'm as idiot to expect them to do it in so short a time."

She was interrupted by the sound of suppressed laughter, followed by a knock outside her door.

"Come in," she called, and in walked Philip and Randolph holding hands like two school children.

"Mother, I want to introduce my wife!" said Phil happily.

"What! Why, it can't be possible! My dear children," she laughed and wept as she took them both in her arms. "I loved you the second I saw you, Randolph, and how I wanted you to marry Phil!"

"Mother, this makes me so happy," said her son, "because she's really Edith, you know."

Mrs. Gunter opened her mouth to speak, but no sound came forth as she stared at the girl incredulously. At last she spoke:

"I understand now why Phil was willing to give up his inheritance and defy his mother. Under the circumstances I should have done so, too."

"Mother, you're a regular trump!" exclaimed her son as he gave her a bear hug and waltzed her across the floor.

"WE WILL BE KIND"

Two fine, up-standing boys, in the uniform of Boy Scouts, were standing on the brow of a hill some hundreds of yards away. They were waving their signal flags with a grace and assurance that spoke of confidence and experience—much more experience, in fact, than they had ever had!

On the lawn in front of our house were grouped the rest of Troop No. 46—grouped around two of their number, one with signal flags, and the other with pencil and pad, writing down the signalled message:

"W-E W-I-L-L B-E K-I-N-D T-O A-N-I-M-A-L-S"

The boy with the pad read the message off, and turning to me,

"Is that right, sir?"

"Yes, sir, that's fine," I replied.

You see, I had been signally honored. Men sometimes feel honored when the governor or maybe just the mayor comes to see them, or when they receive a friendly letter from their United States Senator, with his mysterious legend in one corner of the envelope and the government frank in the other corner. But while such things are all very nice, and give a fellow that important feeling which makes him feel rather sorry for his more common brethren, they are mere chaff when compared to the honor I had received, because it was multiplied by twenty-two! There are twenty-two Scouts in Troop No. 46, and the troop had called on me. With straight spines and natty, new uniforms, they went through their drills, demonstrated bandaging of broken heads and arms, built their human signalling tower, three Scouts high, sang "America," and repeated the Scouts' oath and pledge of allegiance.

If there is any value in the power of suggestion, this little story is worth telling. It may suggest a way for other men to win the same high honors which I have received. And here is the way of it:

It just happens (and I tell it because it is incidental to the rest of the story and responsible for it as well), that the writer is crippled; much as he dislikes to insert an unpleasant fact in an otherwise pleasant recital, he has been confined to a wheel-chair for the past ten years and more due to an accident which is not a part of this story. And he is editor of The Creston News, a fine weekly newspaper. So there; we have made all the admissions we expect to make in that connection.

Troop No. 46 was organized only six months ago. It happens that I am a firm believer in boys, and in Boy Scouts particularly, and it was natural that I should write numerous "Boy Scout" editorials, and also that I should give a few hours of my time—most enjoyable hours, too!—to encouraging and helping the new troop.

When the boys of Troop No. 46 gave a banquet in the school auditorium of District No. 5 for Scouts and their fathers only, except that of course the Scoutmaster and his assistant were included, I was urged to attend, as a sort of associate member or ex-officio member of the organization. And when I very regretfully declined, a plot was hatched at the banquet, and as a result of that plot the Troop called on me and gave an exhibition of its six-months'-old prowess.

Hence, when the signalmen asked me to give them a confidential message to signal, "We will be kind to animals" was the message I wrote and that they signalled faithfully. And they will, too!

Where does the "power of suggestion come in?" you ask. Why, editors of weekly or daily papers might, by helping and encouraging Boy Scouts, win similar honors! And what is sweeter or more worth while in this life than the friendship, trust, and confidence of a bunch of fine boys and, perhaps, a good dog? What is there that makes life more worth living? But there is a grave responsibility attached, too. Those boys expect you to live up to what they think you are! And you must do it.—Chas. B. Mazennis.

RUSSIA'S SAD PLIGHT

Famine and pestilence are sweeping over Russia. Typhus, cholera and hunger are slaying thousands daily. From one end of Russia to the other crops are complete failures, transportation is paralyzed and practically all industries are closed down. Russia is a breadless and meatless country. Unless help comes speedily millions of people will die, and it would seem that only by a miracle can this great tragedy be prevented.

While the failure of the crops is due to the long drought there is no doubt that the complete breakdown of Russia's industries and commercial life is largely responsible for the famine. It is one of the results of the revolution. Instead of the condition of the Russian peasant being better under Soviet rule it is infinitely worse. The rule of the Soviet in Russia has meant the breaking down of civilization in that country. Russia has large areas of fertile and productive soil. In the old days great quantities of agricultural products were exported, but production ceased, the railways became disorganized, factories were closed down, and there was no surplus of farm or factory products, therefore crop failures meant famine. There are evidently many dark days ahead for this unfortunate country.

MORE APPROPRIATE

"Mammy, what is the use of keeping the strap for use on me behind the motto, 'God bless our home?'"

"Cap you suggest a better place?"

"Yes, mammy, put it behind the motto, 'I need thee every hour.'"

Do You Know "SALADA" GREEN TEA has a far finer flavour than that of any Japan or China Green Tea? Send for a sample and be convinced. Address—Salada, Toronto.

AN AUTHOR'S PENNAME

How did Rev. Dr. U. W. Gordon, moderator in the Presbyterian General Assembly, get the nom de plume of Ralph Connor by which he became known to fame? It is an old story but it is worth repeating because it is unusual as one of the few cases chosen by another than the author himself.

Out of the west came the young Gordon, full of enthusiasm and zeal and with a message to tell of the great opportunities for religious work. He communicated his thought to Rev. J. A. Macdonald, publisher of the Westminster and later editor of the Toronto Globe, of whom he became later a great friend.

"Well and good," said Mr. Macdonald, "but tell them in the form of a story."

So the young minister went back west and wrote the first chapter of the novel, "Black Rock," calling it "A Tale of the Selkirks." After he had mailed the story to Mr. Macdonald he was afraid some of the homely expressions used therein would offend his more conservative friends. So he telegraphed to Mr. Macdonald, "Sign story Cannor," the name containing the first syllables of Canadian and of Northwest.

"What sort of a name is Cannor?" exclaimed Mr. Macdonald as he read the telegram. "The operator must have made a mistake. Put it Connor. And he must have a first name. Call him Ralph." Thus Ralph Connor flashed into the literary horizon.

It is a curious reflection upon the supposed shrewdness of our cousins to the south, that Ralph Connor's first book which was highly valued in England, where it made a decided hit, was rejected by United States publishers, though when his fame became established the sales of pirated editions mounted up to the millions and publishers eagerly competed for the privilege of printing his next book, "The Sky Pilot."

Dr. Gordon's first ministerial job was a tough one—missionary at Banff, now a beautiful health resort in the Rockies, but then famous as a booze joint for lumberjacks and railroad navvies. It was in this environment that he learned the muscular Christianity which he afterwards gave to the world in his books.

It is related that the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen discovered him at his obscure post during a tour of the West. They heard him preach at the little mission church and invited him to dinner. But, according to A. C. Laut, in the Saturday Evening Post, he sent his regrets, despite the fact that a governor-general's invitation was practically a command—he had an appointment in the woods with the navvies and lumbermen.

He stuck to that job until he was well on in the thirties, when he came "out" to take a poor little mission church on the western outskirts of Winnipeg. That church is to-day one of the biggest and best in Western Canada and Rev. C. W. Gordon, its pastor, is head of the Presbyterian Church.

ABOUT YOUR BOY

What an Acton boy does with the knowledge he gets in school depends chiefly upon the sort of life-knowledge he gets outside of school.

Minds are instructed in the classroom. But motives and character are developed largely in the boy's spare time.

The underprivileged boy has the street, the alley, and the vacant lot as his playground. The poolroom is his club house. The "gang" is the organization constantly inviting him.

It is from these under-privileged boys, from this rotten environment created by city life, that the youthful gunman and petty criminal usually are recruited.

Obviously, remove this criminal breeding atmosphere—put the boy in a clean, constructive environment and a potential criminal can often be made into an industrious, law-abiding citizen.

This thought occurred some time ago to a lot of Chicago business men. They went into one of the wards in Chicago and started a boys' club. This club had no age limit. Its slogan was "If a boy is old enough to be on the streets, he is old enough to be in our club."

The club, officered by shrewd psychologists, diverted its boy members' attention to healthy recreation.

In one year of operation, juvenile delinquency has decreased 73 per cent. in that ward, due to the boys' club.

DRYING WET SHOES

Shoes are peculiarly subject to damage after they have become soaking wet while being worn. The wet leather is soft and therefore readily stretches out of shape. The stitches cut through the wet leather more easily than through dry leather, and wet soles and heels wear away rapidly. Great care must be taken in drying wet shoes, for they often burn before it seems possible. Moreover, if dried too fast and without proper attention, they shrink, becoming hard and misshapen.

To dry wet boots and shoes properly, first wash off all adhering mud and grit with tepid water, and, in the case of work or rough shoes, at once oil or grease them with one of the preparations. Then straighten the counter, heel, camp and top to the proper shape, and stuff the shoes with crumpled paper which helps them to hold their shape and shortens the drying period. Finally, set the shoes aside in a place that is not too warm and allow them to dry slowly.

Wet leather burns very easily, much more readily than dry leather. If it become hotter than the hand can bear it is almost sure to burn. The shoes should not be worn until they become thoroughly dry.

AGE OF THE WORLD

The Abbe Theodore Moreaux, Director of Observatory at Bourges, has recently given some estimates of the age of the earth and when the phenomenon of life appeared on it. He considers 500,000,000 years about right for the age of the earth and he thinks that the temperature dropped to a point where life could exist about 250,000,000 years ago. Man was a comparative newcomer and the Abbe gives only some tens of thousands of years, thus refuting an estimate of a German scientist, who recently gave 400,000 years as the probable period for the advent of man.

GOOD ADVICE TO DRIVERS

A heavy draft horse should never be driven faster than a walk, with or without a load.

Do not let your horse drive himself, but handle the reins gently. Never jerk the reins; to do that is the sure mark of a bad driver.

If you get angry with the horse, or if the horse gets angry with you, stop at once. Wait a few minutes and thus avoid a fight with your fellow-worker and friend.

Try to deliver your load with as little backing as possible. Backing a heavy load is apt to strain the hind legs.

Take the horse out of the shafts as much as possible; and if you drive a pair or four, unfasten the outside traces while the horses are standing; they will rest better that way.

Water your horse as often as possible. Water in small quantities will not hurt him, so long as he keeps moving.

Bring your horse in cool and breathing easily. If he comes in hot he will sweat in the stable; and, also, the sudden stoppage of hard work is bad for his feet.

In hot weather or in drawing heavy loads, watch your horse's breathing. If he breathes hard, or short and quick, it is time to stop.

Saturday night, give your horse a bran mash, lukewarm, and add a tablespoonful of saltpeter

Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if his ears droop, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sun stroke and needs attention at once.

If the horse is overcome by heat, get him into the shade, remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs, and give him two ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, in a pint of water; or give him a pint of coffee warm. Cool his head at once, using cold water, or, if necessary, chopped ice, wrapped in a cloth.

Clean your horse at night, so that he can rest well, and clean him thoroughly. The salt dandruff drying on his skin makes him uncomfortable, and often produces sores under the harness.

If it is so hot that the horse sweats in the stable at night, tie him outside, with bedding under him. Unless he cools off during the night, he cannot well stand the next day's heat.

CONVICTED BY THEIR CONSCIENCE

The means by which the Frenchman, Daguebert, was induced to make a dramatic confession of the murder of a Mr. Gourlay, who mysteriously disappeared from Boulogne, France, last year, have come as an eye-opener to many people who do not know the way in which the French deal with the suspects.

According to British law, every man is innocent until he has been proved guilty.

The French, however, do these things differently: with them, if the evidence is strong enough to warrant a man's arrest, he is regarded as guilty, and it is for him to clear himself of the charge if he can.

The accused man is handed over to an official called the Juge d'Instruction, or Examining Magistrate, whose business is to obtain evidence for the prosecution.

The prisoner is visited daily by the Juge, who seeks, by asking him sudden and unexpected questions, to obtain an unguarded answer that will serve to incriminate him.

Very few guilty persons can hold out for long against an inquiry of this kind. The innocent man is able to establish his innocence by the answers he gives; the criminal usually gives himself away.

Sometimes no amount of ordinary questioning will obtain an admission from the accused. When this happens a different method is employed. He is confronted with people believed to be his accomplices.

"I know how you got rid of the body," says the Juge; "you and Charles Dubois threw it into the pond."

"I do not know Dubois," answers the prisoner.

The Juge raises his hand; a door opens, and in a moment the accused is face to face with the man in question. If they know each other their faces are bound to show mutual recognition.

The prisoner, if guilty, is now on the horns of a dilemma; Dubois is certain to have been interrogated, and the accused has no means of knowing what kind of answers he has given. As a rule he will incriminate himself very quickly.

Hardened criminals, however, may pass successfully—even—through this ordeal. Then the Juge calls to his aid the most powerful place of legal procedure ever devised; he reconstructs the tragedy.

One day the prisoner receives an order to quit his cell and to accompany a police officer. He finds himself outside the house where the crime was committed.

He is taken to the room in which the victim was murdered. Outside the door the Juge awaits him.

"I am going to show you," says he, "just how you killed Annette Lefevre. She was sitting at the table when you came in."

The door opens; at the table is sitting a girl.

"Watch," says the Juge. A man enters made up as the prisoner, and so like him that he cannot repress a start. He speaks roughly to the girl and in a moment the two are engaged in a violent quarrel. The whole grim tragedy that he has tried so hard to forget is being enacted once more before the prisoner's horrified eyes.

Suddenly the mock criminal drawsf from his belt a knife—no other than the weapon with which the deed was done; there is a realistic struggle; the knife rises and falls; the victim screams and sinks in a heap upon the floor.

And what of the prisoner? From his lips pours a torrent of words. "Yes, yes," he cries, "I cannot keep it up. I am guilty. I killed her."

Though some people may not like these methods, there can be no doubt that they are effective. It is a rare thing for a criminal to escape the consequences of his crime. The cleverest counsel will avail him nothing if his own conscience convicts him.

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is an excellent medicine to destroy worms!

PULLING TOGETHER

You will get more out of life in satisfaction and money by pulling with your neighbor instead of backing him. The old saying "You'll catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar" has a depth of meaning to the business man. Try molasses instead of tartaric acid and note the result both inside and outside whether in relation to friends or competitors. "The lacuna have no king, yet go forth all of them by bands." If co-operation is such a valuable engine in destruction why not try its use in construction purposes. The next time you are tempted like the Priest and Levite to "pass by on the other side" try the opposite tack. Give your competitor a cheery smile instead of a dark scowl; give that busybody in the lodge or church a slap on the back instead of a kick under the rest—talk and work the result. Amongst business men there is too much side-pulling and saw-sawing and it costs a lot of cash as well as mental and spiritual force in a year. It is not good for man to be alone in business or anywhere else. No man liveth to himself on this world. The hermit in business is as pitiable and selfishness a proposition as the bewhiskered recluse that lives in his lonely hut in the mountains.—"Solomon" in Shoe and Leather Journal.

"BEYOND THE PALE"

The expression "Beyond the pale"—meaning "outside the law" or "beyond jurisdiction"—owes its origin to the fact that the word "pale" is used in history to denote a circumscribed limit of authority, a definition which dates back to the time of King John.

This monarch divided that part of Ireland which was subject to English rule into twelve counties, and the entire district was known as the "Pale." Inside the "Pale" English law was acknowledged and obeyed, while the land outside was in an almost constant state of uproar and dissension.

For this reason there sprang up a reference to matters being "within the pale"—or managed according to law and order—as contrary to those which were "beyond the pale," or in a disordered condition.

FALL WHEAT FACTS—No. 2

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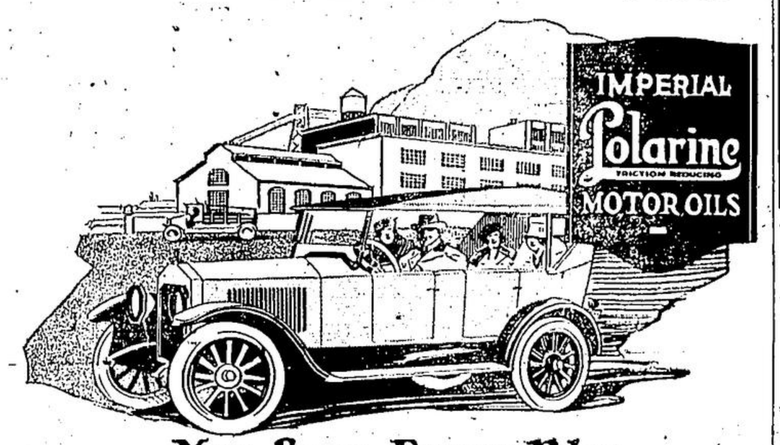

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