The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1921

DOWNTOWN SOMEWHERE

(Suggested by a recent address to young preachers by Bishop W. F. McMurry.)

The business was very important that day.
And I in a rush for a train,
When I called for a brother and found him away.
"Downtown somewhere" it was plain.

And thus it has happened again and again,
No matter how needy the call,
He's always downtown, they try to explain;
"Downtown somewhere," that is all.

Is he seeing the sick, the lost, or the well?
Is he carrying sunshine and cheer?
No! What he is doing no human can tell
He's always "downtown somewhere."

In pool hall or pleasure, in park or in street,
He flitters the moments away;
His talk is to loungers who live but to eat—
"Downtown somewhere" every day.

He's only one of an army of derelict men
Who fall in the battle of life.
He's helping the helpless still deeper in sin—
"Downtown somewhere," says the wife.

How aimless and foolish and careless the throng!
Will such folly as this never pass?
Just living and dying and drifting along
"Downtown somewhere"—O alas!

—Rev. Henry T. Young.

The Good Will Girls Go Fishing

By Ida Reed-Smith

FOR one reason and another the membership of Good Will Class had fallen away below normal. Girls who had been leaders in class work and play had gone away to school. Death had claimed one. Two or three had taken class letters to other schools as their families moved away from Westerly. Those who were left behind were lonesome for those who were gone and—to tell the whole truth—not a little discouraged about class affairs, and the future of the Good Wills.

Looking back on that dreary time they all say the tide turned toward better things on the Sunday when they had the lesson on fishing. They thought it rather queer for a class of girls when Miss Blaise a week in advance announced:

"The Master said to those early disciples, 'Follow me and I will make you fishers of men.' Suppose we take for our subject, 'How does one become a successful fisherman?' Maybe we shall see how the Good Wills can apply some ideas to its own work."

"So that we can be fishers of girls?" asked Peggy Margaret, who had the knack of seeing through a very small hole in the grindstone.

"Exactly!" smiled Miss Blaise. "So that we may be fishers of girls, and bring home a full basket."

There was a lively discussion the next Sunday. The girls showed more knowledge of fishing than might have been expected. From tackle and bait to skill and patience, they made a comprehensive list of a fisherman's needs and had a glorious time in applying them to the things they represented in class affairs.

The result was that the Good Will Class pledged itself by a rising vote to win a membership of sixteen—which, as Peggy Margaret observed, would be just three apiece. Alas, only four remained of the twelve who had organized with such high hopes, and chosen the motto "Always Faithful."

"Well!" said Peggy Margaret when someone mentioned this fact a little sadly, using the little downward inflection which gave finality to her "well's." "It just happened so. It isn't because we've been unfaithful that we're reduced to our lowest terms this way. That's some comfort."

"It'll be more comfort, though, to see this room full again," said practical Torrey King. "And it'll take some faithful fishing to fill it, I promise you!"

"It will, but—I go a-fishing," said Bernice, of the gentle voice, and the other three, replied with a girlish, twentieth-century version of the answer to Peter's declaration.

In the days that followed Miss Blaise, watching, smiled as she noted the clever tactics which the four employed. There was no more pairing off, two and two, on the way to and from school. The Good Will Class now made half of four couples instead of two whole. When Torrey filled her father's big car for a ride around the lakes she took Peggy Margaret or Bernice, or Edith "to help with the landing net," as she put it—never the three together. And no matter how full the car was, there was always room to take in Miss Blaise as they overtook her—quite by accident—on her way home.

There were many promising nibbles, but the actual landing of the fish—their final enrollment as members of Good Will was a slow process, and the girls puzzled over it a good deal. Why did girls hesitate, when the class offered them so much of what is best in life—education, friendship and the opportunity for service? At last Peggy Margaret could stand it no longer. Waylaying Zillah Penrose in the corridor one day, she slipped an arm around her waist and propelled her resolutely to a remote corner of the upper hall.

"See here, Zillah Penrose," she said, facing her captive squarely; "don't you like me?"

"I love you to distraction, Peggy Margaret," laughed the tall girl, wondering what was coming next.

"And Torrey, and Bernice, and Edith?"

"Each and every one."

"Isn't Miss Blaise a wonderful teacher, and the dearest thing that ever was breathed?"

"Crazy about her."

"Then why—why—why—" Peggy Margaret emphasized each "why" with a little shake of Zillah's shoulders—"don't you join our class?"

Zillah Penrose grew suddenly sober.

"Peggy Margaret," she said gravely, "I'm going to tell you the truth, even though you never speak to me again—and I wouldn't blame you much if you never did. It's because you all dress so well!"

Peggy Margaret cast a bewildering glance first at Zilah and then down at her own blue serge while Zillah hurried on.

"No, no—not here, but on Sundays. I don't suppose I can make you understand—you've always had everything, so how can you?—but sometimes good clothes mean more to those who can't have them than to those who can. I'm not mean enough to envy you your new brown velvet, Peggy Margaret. It makes you look like a picture and I'm glad you have it. But this Peter Thompson is the best-looking thing I've got—and who wears Peter Thompsons on Sundays?"

"Who cares?" cut in Peggy Margaret.

"I care," came back Zillah briskly. "I've worn my coat two years and I expect to wear it two more. With my wool scarf and tam I don't mind—much. But next to Torrey King's blue fox furs in the Good Will classroom my things look queer and out of date. So you see how it is. On Week days there isn't so much difference, but on Sundays—Oh, you'll think I'm a hopeless goose, but that's just the kind of a goose I am!—on Sundays there is a difference. Honestly, Peggy Margaret, I don't believe you girls notice it, but—I do!"

Peggy Margaret was silent but thinking hard.

"Zillah," she said suddenly, "do any of the other girls—the new girls, I mean—feel so—well, flat out?"

"Oh, I wouldn't call it that, but as Lyda Manning was saying it is hard to feel homey when there is such a difference."

"I wonder if that is why she has not been with us of late?"

Zillah was silent a moment and then said, "Lyda told me she did not think Bernice's coral hat chimed very well with her tam."

"In plain English then," said Peggy Margaret, "she simply don't feel at home with the Good Wills?"

"That's about it," said Zillah.

Clang! clang! clang! The gong echoing through the corridor sent the girls flying to different classrooms. Peggy Margaret's head was in a whirl. "Well," she was thinking as she passed up the stairs, "there is a difference and I don't blame them. We do make ourselves too conspicuous in dress these days. That coral hat of Bernice's wasn't appropriate for Sunday and the girls' plain tams are nicer. What they don't know is that Bernice would wear a tam all the rest of her life if she could see through geometry as Lyda does. And I'd give up my brown velvet any day if I could write such themes as does Zillah.

"The week-day difference of their being ahead in their studies makes some of us feel uncomfortable for week days and our gay dressing makes them uncomfortable for Sundays. The former can't be helped, unless new brains are given us, but the overdoing in dress can be helped, and I'm mistaken if it isn't helped right soon. I'm sure the other girls will feel as I do when they come to know."

There was a conference on Saturday afternoon, the original Good Wills having been called together by Peggy Margaret. After its conclusion they dropped in on their teacher, Miss Blaise, and when they left they felt well satisfied.

When the Good Will girls began again as fishers they were garbed in a way suitable, and an earnest loving look was on their faces, while their bearing was of Christian young ladies.

"You see, Zillah, you were right," Peggy Margaret said as she accepted another chocolate from Zillah's dainty plate, the two being together in Zillah's own room. "The way we were dressing was not suitable for God's house and if you girls take hold with us as you promised, the Good Will girls as fishermen will carry full baskets in our work for the Master."

There were tears in Zillah's eyes. "You made it so beautifully homey for us new girls last Sunday. We shall never forget it of you, and Miss Blaise is such a lovely teacher."

"And deserving of a class that does her honor," said Peggy Margaret.

It took time, for perseverance, steadfastness, patience, and some self-sacrifice were needed to bring full baskets, but their hearts sang with gladness, they were proving their worth as fishers of girls.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

The old-fashioned country doctor passes to his reward. Brief despatches from little out-of-the-way places chronicle his demise. Four such have appeared in the newspapers during the past few days. Two told of services extending over fifty years. Yet he lives—in memory, in story, in tradition. He leaves little—and much; little of the world's goods, much of the world's greatness. He is the hero of Luke Field's immortal picture—the serious, silent figure sitting in the lamplight by the bedside of the fever-stricken child. Thousands of Canadians know him. He was often a character—hale, hearty and impetuously outspoken, but very human and very sympathetic. He came close to those to whom he ministered. He understood. He shared with the preacher, the intimate confidences of fathers and mothers, or sons and daughters. At all hours of day or night, in all conditions of weather, over roads that were rough, or miry, or deep in drifts—when miles were miles not translated into rods by the modern motor—he drove to the scattered homes of his patients, and often, through the long, dreary hours of darkness wrestled in earnest fervor with the Angel of Death.

Times are changed. The modern doctor is different. He diagnoses and prescribes and delegates the midnight vigil to a capable nurse. With an efficiency that destroys romance, in order to save life the modern doctor converses and concentrates his energies where they will do most good. Instead of waging battle single-handed he rallies all the legions of science to his support. Nevertheless, as The Chatham News recently stated in paying its tribute to one of them, the "good old doctors" of other years did wonderful, heroic work. They united a profound devotion to the highest ideals of their profession with a singularly deep and comprehensive sympathy. They will not soon be forgotten. And from their ranks, with the advance of science, have been recruited some of the greatest physicians of the modern school.—The Toronto Globe.

BERLIN'S BEST JOKES

Is the ex-Kaiser as popular in Germany as he was before the war? It would appear that he is not the worshipful idol he was. At one time his very name inspired fearful admiration among the German people—their great ruler who could do no wrong. Nowadays he is the subject of music-hall jokes.

The following patter was given by two cross-talk comedians (Germans both by nationality) in one of Berlin's leading vaudeville theatres recently:

"Good-evening, Hans!" said the first comedian. "So you're back from the war?"

"Good-evening, Fritz!" replied the second. "Yes, I'm back from the war, but it took me a long time to get back."

"I suppose, Hans," continued Fritz, "you must have been the last one to leave."

"No, Fritz; there is one who isn't home yet."

The "one" referred to was the ex-Kaiser, and the house roared with laughter.

CLEAN THRESHING SAVES WHEAT

Members of the farm bureau of Kittson County, Minn., last year saved $77,000, or about $500 to each threshing machine, by using tight-bottomed racks, canvas under the feeder, cleaning up when required and after each setting of the machine during the threshing season. A conservative estimate of the saving by clean threshing in this county was 27,500 bushels of wheat, 20,400 bushels of oats, and 10,000 bushels of barley.

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is truly delicious at all times. 30 years' reputation for fine teas.

DAILY DUTIES—WITH VARIATIONS

"Hoo-o-o," called a familiar voice at the side door of the Anderson home. "Heater! where are you?" The screen door swung open, and the owner of the voice stepped inside.

"Here, Jessie—in the library," answered Heater, a lilt in her clear, blithe tones.

An instant later, and Jessie came to a surprised halt at the sight of her chum pressing with deft manipulations of her iron, one of her many blouses. "Why!" she exclaimed, "I didn't know you ironed in here!"

"Never have before," replied Heater, smiling. "You see, Jessie," she explained, as she moved the iron slowly, painstakingly over the garment in hand, "I'm playing a new game."

"A new game?" repeated Jessie, eyes full of wondering interest. "I wish you'd tell me about it. It's anything that will make more bearable the humdrumness, the everydayness of the things that must be done over and over again, tell me quick, for oh, Heater, I do get so tired of it all." The weariness in the girlish voice went straight to Heater's tender heart.

"Cheer up, chummie!" she exclaimed brightly. "I've discovered just the very way of spicing with adventure every step of the daily routine. And I'm going to tell you all about it. I can hardly wait for you to start in playing the game, too; it makes everything so much more interesting." She gave the pretty blouse a final pat, shook it gently out and hung it over a convenient chair.

"Who told you about it?" asked Jessie, curiously, as she watched Heater place on the board one of her trim little morning dresses.

Heater picked up the iron and tested it. As she turned off the current, she said, "Well, the idea flashed into my mind a couple of weeks ago when I was up at cousin Molly's. You know cousin Molly is quite a musician. She composes, some, too. It was when she was playing an arrangement of her own of 'Annie Laurie' that the inspiration came. Or rather, as she finished playing it. As she turned away from the piano she spoke about variations, and what a pleasing art they played in music. Then she played two or three other pieces that mother asked for—pieces with variations. Then the idea ran through my mind, suppose we introduced variations into our day's work—wouldn't they play a pleasing part there, too? And, so—that's what I've been doing since—and you've no idea how enjoyable it's working out."

"But—I don't quite understand," Jessie's eyes full of questioning, were raised to Heater. "How can you do all the daily duties with variations, as you say?"

"What am I doing now?" asked Heater, a dancing light in her eyes.

"Why, you are ironing, of course. But—"

"I am ironing—with variations," interrupted Heater. She couldn't restrain a gay little ripple of laughter at the puzzled expression on Jessie's face. "Listen, Jess," she said. "Usually I iron in the big laundry. I've never even thought of taking this work anywhere else in the house before. But—to-day, I introduced a variation into the task. I can connect the iron here as well, so why not vary my environment when I can? Perhaps next week I'll take the ironing board into the dining room. See how you can iron with variations?" she asked, glancing over to Jessie with a quick smile.

"I surely do," responded Jessie, her eyes kindling as she added, "and I know just where I'm going to place the ironing board next week, too. In the alcove so I can get glimpses of the hills."

"I knew you would enter right into the idea," laughed Heater, as she guided her iron skillfully around the jaunty cuff that finished the elbow sleeve of her dress. "There's the marketing. Mother usually depends on me to do that when I'm home. Guess how I market with variations, Jess," challenged Heater, as she slipped the dress from the board.

Jessie thought a moment. Then she shook her head. "Too much for me," she said. "Tell me how, please."

"Easiest thing in the world," said Heater, starting in on a good-sized roll of handkerchiefs.

"I take different routes. Sometimes I go through the heart of the village. Sometimes I cut through by the bakery. Another time, I go by way of Hewitt's. Or, I take the path through the park. And there are several other ways."

"You could go over the rustic bridge, and up the sand path," suggested Jessie, lively interest in her tones.

"Happy thought!" exclaimed Heater. "I'll take the rustic bridge route tomorrow."

After a moment's silence, Heater held up a sheer square of linen exquisitely embroidered in one corner. "Isn't this beautiful, Jessie? Grandmother's work—she sent mother the handkerchief for her birthday."

While Jessie was expressing her admiration of the embroidery, another thought came to Heater. "You know, Jessie, you can play this variation game with your mother, too. Last week one day, we took the mending basket and a utility basket, and we went up to Watkin's grove of pines. We had a wonderful time mending—with variations. Mother said she never had such a happy time mending in her life."

"That variation makes an exceptionally strong appeal to me," declared Jessie. "If I can, be out where the birds are singing, and the green leaves meeting overhead, I believe I can face even the mending basket cheerfully."

"Just try it," said Heater. "There are dozens of ways of putting variety into the must-be-done things, and when you start doing them this way, why the humdrumness seems to drop right out of them. Instead of taking up what must be done, half-heartedly, you undertake it with real zest, challenging yourself to put a variation or two into it."

"It swirlly revolutionizes routine," commented Jessie. Then, glancing out of the window, as the honk of a motor horn sounded, she jumped up, exclaiming "There's Bob! I must go. And, I'm almost forgetting what brought me here this morning. I came to see if you could go on our annual huckleberry hike to-morrow. The berries are at their best now, and mother thought to-morrow would be just the day to go. Can you arrange it, Heater?"

"I surely can," promptly agreed Heater. And then with a twinkle in her eye she added, "And we won't pick huckleberries in the old, ordinary way, either. Well—"

"Pick them with variations!" exclaimed Jessie, with a merry laugh, as she hurried down the path in response to Bob's impatient honk.—Blanche Coonley Blessing.

DISAPPOINTING THE HOME FOLKS

When George's mother named him, she was so certain that her boy was going to be somebody in the world, that she called him George Washington—after the greatest American! But George started at once to grow away from his name. He didn't like school and played truant; he shirked lessons and failed to pass several terms. Just couldn't measure up!

Since George was not "booklish," his father decided to give him business training; he sent him to business college—then took him on in his own store where he had a place considerably above the beginners. But again George disappointed the home folks who still believed in him; he didn't like the confinement of a steady job, the long hours, or the dusty grubbing in the packing room. He wanted to try some other business.

George is still trying to find something that he can like and that will pay him well without much labor, but has not been successful in the hunt. Father is still helping the boy out when salary and expenses fail to balance, which is a great part of the time. George's trouble is self; he has pleased himself; considered himself first so long that he has lost ambition.

What about this question of disappointing the home folks boys? Did you ever consider how much anxiety and toil; how many tears you have cost them? Ever weigh the dreams they have woven for you? Ever wish you could measure up to be the man they expect you to be? Ever try to be so big and fine that they could point out with pride to the neighbors? If not, try it a while and watch the light and joy of youth come again to the eyes of father and mother!

Whether the corn be of old or new growth, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Remover.

FITTING CATTLE FOR SHOW

The writer holds no brief to write on this subject to experienced showmen. The showing of cattle is an art which they have long since mastered and could give unlimited advice on if they would but put pen to paper. The purpose of the writer is to touch on a few points which may be helpful to beginners be they old or young.

In the first place if you would top the class and the judge knows his business you must have the goods, consequently select closely. In the second place fitting, in so far as proper feeding is concerned, takes time, consequently preparatory feeding should extend over a period of a few months previous to the time of showing. This preparatory feeding can be done on pasture in the case of cattle that are out.

Taking for granted then that those two factors have been taken care of the next step is to put the finishing touches or "bloom" on the animal. To do this the animals should be stabled three or four weeks previous to the date of the show. During this time feed fairly liberally on suitable roughages such as good hay, green corn or other soiling crops, and a grain mixture containing ten to fifteen per cent. oil cake meal, the latter being idout to put a good glossy skin on the animals. All animals should now be washed, particularly if white in color. Stand the animals on some good washing platform and wet them all over. Then rub up a lather with soap preferably some mild soft variety. Scrub with suitable brush until clean, then rinse soap off thoroughly as any left in the hair will tend to stain it yellow. In the case of white animals a particularly clear white color can be obtained by applying bluing water after the last rinsing this water being allowed to remain in the hair for a time before being pressed out. The animals should now be blanketed with light blankets, preferably with a soft finish next the body. Any work necessary to get animals in proper shape such as trimming feet, filing horns smooth so as to make later polishing easy, and trimming hair with clippers in those breeds where the practice is followed, should be done before leaving for the show. Special attention should be laid upon the proper training of the animal to lead, stand, etc., for often all the work of good fitting is defeated by bad manners in the ring.

Having arrived at the show grounds the first endeavor of the showman should be to make his charges feel at home, comfortable and well fed. This can be accomplished to a certain extent by a ration of home grown feeds brought along for the purpose as well as by liberal bedding, good water, etc. After they have become rested up the final washing may be given preferably just previous to the day on which they are to be shown. This washing should be similar to the first with a somewhat heavier blanketing afterwards using where possible a fine flannelette blanket next the skin. After this final washing fresh bedding should be put down and an attendant detailed to remove all droppings as soon as voided and thus ensure cleanliness until the cattle are shown. Milk cows are usually milked out clean the evening before show day and the milk then left on them until after the showing is over. This makes for a good showing in the milch class. Unbalanced udders may be leveled up milking out a little of the milk from the heavy quarters. The evening previous to showing is usually given over to the finishing touches such as polishing horns with oil, plaiting tails, and giving final trimmings with clippers and scissors.

A careful feeder will have rising appetites in his cattle on the morning of the showing so that they will eat heartily and appear well filled up. Care must be taken, however, not to overdo the filling up with feed or water as a gorged animal neither looks nor handles well.—G. W. Muir, Animal Husbandman.

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THE MONDAY MORNING SMILE

A London newspaper man set out one Monday morning to count the smiles on the faces of people walking the Strand. He took note of a hundred representative passersby, and found that 72 were frowning, 23 had expressionless faces, 4 were chatting brightly, and 1 was smiling to herself. The one seemed happy.

The Monday morning gloom, expressive of "blue Monday" is a state of mind. Why should Monday have a different psychological state than Saturday? On Friday and Saturday most people—especially in the summer, seem to wear an eager, interested look. They are calculating on the pleasures of the week-end. In England week-ending is much more common than in Canada, but even here Saturday outings are the rule, and Sunday is becoming almost as much of an outing day. Monday morning re-introduces a period of prosaic work, which most people seem to abhor, and in beginning it, the reluctance shows in frowns.

To begin the day well is a habitual rule with many people. They believe in the psychological effect of a pleasant breakfast, a brisk walk, and an attuning of the mind and body to the call of Nature's new activity. But Monday morning is the hardest for them. It seems like a bit of the "morning after the night before"—a shaking off of freedom and detachment from cares and toils. If more people would accustom themselves to begin the week well, making Monday their star day of endeavor, their whole week would be brighter, and the week-end would be more enjoyable from a consciousness of a full week of labor well and cheerfully done.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

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