The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1922

IN THE SCHOOL OF I'LL TRY

Oh, there's many a smile and there's many a sigh
In the school of I'll Try:
And there's many a wish and there's many a why
In the school of I'll Try.
But it's being and doing that win, after all,
Though many a failure and many a fall;
For they never drop back very far beyond call
In the school of I'll Try.
It's the truant and dullard that never get far
In the school of I'll Try.
But the wise and the willing keep safe above par
In the school of I'll Try.
And it's Hopeful that asks just a bit of a start,
And it's Purpose that knows every line of his heart
In the school of I'll Try.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

The Testing of the Team

Made M. Pridaux

THE Howard Lake boys were going in for athletics strong, that fall. The football team was considered the best in the country, since wresting the loving cup from the three contesting schools the previous year. The boys took to all forms of sport more readily than to one new feature Phillips Brown, the athletic manager, was trying to introduce, that of the cross-country run.

"No running for me. I don't mind a hike now and then, but that's too far," complained Bill Spencer, as the basket-ball captain had asked their opinion on the subject.

"Say, boys, there is only one available, that I see, that's Joe Benson," said one of the boys striding across the court with a long shambling walk.

"He's the one, if you judge a fellow by the length of his legs, or the cut of coat," called Bill, where upon all burst out in a yell, thinking of Joe's all too short trousers and still shorter coat.

How, and why Joe Benson, "High Pockets," as the boys called him, had chosen Howard Lake school, a rather select boys' school, where the parents of those there lavished all the little luxuries, known to suburban schools of its kind, no one knew. The faculty rather admired Joseph for his brilliant mind and his droll way of putting things. Restful, in connection with some of the boys, "hurry up there" style. But Joe had failed absolutely, so far in manifesting the least desire for any form of athletics; he could swim, or ride, but had no desire for ball or like athletic sports.

Phillips Brown called a meeting of the athletic association for Saturday morning, the end of the first month of school. He put the question to them about the cross-country run, saying that Highland Park was also going to try out. The appeal for volunteers was about to fail, when Ted Moore, a star basket-ball member said he would try, then Cecil Smith assented. These two were among the best, both in their studies as well as other things. They evidently hated to think of their rival school being ahead in anything. Finally, there was a shuffle of big feet, and Joe Benson rose to his full five feet, nine inches, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, said:

"Don't know as I could make much headway, but believe I'll try 'er," he said, with his undemonstrative drawl, as he slowly surveyed the once composing the company.

There was a burst of applause, and "Hurrah for High Pockets!" And then the boys settled to a low, undertone discussion which brought a flush to Joe's face, especially when now and then there came a derisive cough. His only hat, was almost twisted into a knot. But Ted Moore saw nothing amusing in the fact that Joe was going to try out. Ted was the winner of the cup the year before, or at least it was through his skill that they had carried off several honors. He also remembered the last geometry test, wherein he had led the class, before Joe got ahead. But the talk of the boys terminated with more yells, and a slap or two on Joe's shoulder, and one after another they drifted away.

The following Saturday morning, the three boys gathered for the "maiden effort" at a five-mile run, together with all the others, were on the campus at eight o'clock, sharp.

Ted and Cecil were fittingly garbed for the adventure, but Joe showed no evidence of change whatever, as so far he had never appeared in any other than the slick navy blue suit apparently a couple of years old.

Their director explained the route. "We will try the Baker road out toward Cedar Springs, turn into Hewitt's pasture at the big iron gate and cross the woods to the boathouse at the dam creek. I will meet you there, have lunch and we will come home in the car."

"Here's a toast to Joe," called one of the boys, winking at Ted.

"It isn't all legs that count every time," hastily added Ted, thinking of the ungainly rival, whom he knew to be only a greener at any kind of athletics.

The first attempt at the new sport resulted in Joe arriving more than thirty minutes ahead of the other boys. Mr. Brown was pleased, for he knew there was dependence in Joe and he would prove a formidable rival in any meet.

"It's so beastly hot to-day is the reason I could make little headway," panted Ted as he came up to the boathouse, where Joe and Mr. Brown were ready to spread a lunch. Cecil was a few paces in the rear, and evidently played out.

"It is unusual for this time of the year, but you boys did exceedingly well for the first try out," said Mr. Brown, for he was sure the first effort would tire them, then, too, the day had been warm. Not a breath of air, still and brilliantly clear.

Highland Park boys were training every day almost, for the end-term run. They had a couple of new boys, who bid fair to carry off the trophy. These two schools had been running neck and neck for the inter-collegiate cups, in previous contests; so this was to decide the one to go to mid-term athletic association as representative for the district.

Ted, Cecil and Joe practiced diligently, each time making it a little closer. Then Ted and Joe were very close, each seemed bent on one thing, that was a win. Still Joe was just ahead every time, he was long-winded, and his long limbs seemed to be decidedly to his advantage.

The afternoon before the contest Ted met Joe on the campus and said, "Say, Joe, want to speak to you about a little matter."

"Fire away," drawled Joe.

"It's this way: you know I've won several things for the school, and since this is my last year, I don't want to fall out; you see you are only a freshman," said Ted more friendly and in a confidential way.

Joe did not speak, but waited for Ted to go on.

"What'll you take to just ease up a little and give me the lead to-morrow? I'll give you a ten-spot," said Ted, thinking of his ample allowance, from which he would hardly miss the money and he did not have to give an account for same.

Joe's face turned red; his eyes which were naturally large, opened wider, and with a toss of his head said, "full out to you, take a bribe, that's the idea is it?"

"Aw, not a bribe, you see the point, don't you? My uncle is so proud of my record so far, and has offered me twenty-five if I make it. Besides, I know that short-winded bunch over at Highland. I can beat them easy."

"You don't know me, my friend. But you can just put this down, Ted Moore. I don't do that sort of thing," said Joe deliberately. Ted glared at him, and then strode away. Joe watched him go down the campus, then looking down at his shoddy shoes, wholly needed half soling, he walked slowly toward the street.

Ted was not foiled in the first effort, for he thought with a night's reflection and of what ten dollars would mean to Joe, all he would need in the morning was to produce the crisp green or the clinking coin.

A clear, crisp morning, which followed a slight whower the night before, added a bit of zest to the atmosphere as well as lent a brilliant freshness to the campus, where a throng of boys, with waving pennants, had assembled for the cross-country run.

Cecil was first to appear among the number that was in the contest.

Fifteen 'rahs were given him, then yells given the Highland boys.

Ted next appeared, dressed in a new sport suit for the occasion.

A brilliant green checked cap which was in keeping with the rest of his togs, gave him a decidedly sporty look. All cheered him, much to his pleasure. But there was almost a riot and a regular hubbub, all good natured, of course, when Joe strode up in a suit that was a cross between baseball and golf, which had been borrowed here and there for the occasion.

Highland Park boys thought at first it was all a joke, that Joe was only making light of their runners, but was assured by Ted that Joe was really going to run. "And he can run like a coyote, too," added one of the boys, near by.

"He'd make a coyote get up and beat it I'll wager, if that animal ever got a squint at him." Whereupon all roared.

Ted got only one word into Joe, about the race.

"I'll make 'er another five if you will slow down about the Hewitt pasture, how goes it, Joe?"

"Just get up and beat me if you can, that's all I ask. I don't want your money," said Joe, calmly.

All lined up and started for the Baker road amid the profuse cheering of both sides. Ted swung off in the lead which brought forth more cheers. Joe strode along in the rear, at an easy gait, which only emphasized his ridiculous attire all the more.

Ted stayed in the lead, out of sight down the Baker road, and soon appeared a gray-moving object ahead of the others who were all close together.

Joe gradually worked his way ahead, but he did not care to overtake and pass Ted just yet; he could do that later, as Ted always got short-winded toward the last.

Just as Ted entered the Hewitt pasture and turned into the dim, seldom-used road through the woods, he was feeling his strength go, he would have been better to have taken it a little slow. He came to a walk now and had gone only a short distance when he met a boy riding a small brown pony. He stopped, spoke, then something within him welled up again, and he accosted him.

"Say, I'm a little rushed for time, can't you take me across the pasture toward the boathouse? I'll give you a couple of dollars."

"I was looking for black-haw, there may be some over there, and I'll drive that way if it'll help you any. What's your hurry?"

"Just want to meet a pic-nic bunch, was all," boldly said Ted.

"Hop on behind, but be careful not to kick 'er in the flanks, or she'd throw us both, and be quick 'bout it," said the boy as he held the pony while Ted climbed up behind him, then he turned the horse and they galloped off.

Near a slight clearing, only here and there an ash tree and small underbrush, the horse shied at a rabbit crossing the road. She jumped to one side, almost throwing Ted off. His cap caught on a low limb of a tree, flipped up, and threw the cap into a thick tangle of briars at the side.

"Such luck," said the boy with the horse, "just get a dead limb and maybe you can reach it."

"Those beastly things scratch something awful," said Ted after a desperate effort to extricate the cap.

The pony was restless, stamped and shied around. It was all the boy could do to hold her. With one final thrust at the offending cap, Ted only pushed it down deeper among the briars; he threw down the stick, and gave it up. "Let's go on, I wouldn't get scratched up for the worthless thing," snapped Ted, whereupon he made several attempts to get up behind the boy on the horse, finally making it, rode off sullenly, for he felt considerably worse than over now.

Joe Benson, some distance in the lead of the other boys, was making rapid strides through Hewitt's pasture, expecting every minute to come in sight of Ted, for he had overtaken him each time before this distance. Joe stopped, listened, but heard only the rustle of dead autumn leaves, as they here and there fluttered down. Then his eyes fell upon the track of the horse, he looked closer, but only this one track was visible in the fresh sand, packed firm by the shower the night before. "Ted has cut across another way, or there is something tricky about these horse tracks," said Joe scrutinizing the wood road. But he hastened on with renewed strength, and determined to find out one of two things, whether Ted was the boy he had appeared to be in offering the bribe, or some one had played him a foul trick.

Joe never halted, but was busy with his thoughts as he swung on down the road into the wood. Suddenly at the clearing, he halted. There the rider had evidently stopped for something. Joe looked at the shoe prints, there was only one kind, and he couldn't swear that they were Ted's, too, the horse seemed to have been restless, no doubt someone fixing his saddle girth. He was about to start on to make up for the delay, when he caught sight of something, among the briars. The brown silk lining of the cap, shone brightly in the sun. Joe darted forward, grabbed a heavy limb, poked at the object, then caught sight of the green and white plaid sides of the cap, but saw that only made matters worse. So with his heavy feet, he trampled down the vine as much as possible, reached into the underbrush, unmindful of the thorns, and tore the cap out. His borrowed shirt was torn on the shoulder, and the cap also had a good-sized tear across the top. He stepped back, glared at the cap, then anger allow came, for Ted had been the rider of the horse.

He knew the other boys were not far behind, and thought, of course, Ted was already at the boathouse, receiving the cheers and applause of the schools. First defeat and shame met him face to face. No one would suspect Ted of anything underhanded, then, too, being a new boy at the school, and to be dealt such a trick made Joe rebel at all the pomp and show, and want to get out and go to an honest upright place, if this was what higher education stood for, he was done. But then he reversed his thoughts; there is someone in every crowd no doubt who will do such a thing, and he knew there never was a better, more zealous faculty than there, for they had at once found Joe to be their best pupil, and all the boys as a whole had been fairly decent to him except a very few, Ted being the worst. He he rushed away, and was crossing the slight ridge behind the last clump of heavy trees, when he met Ted coming at full speed.

"Joe, I just couldn't do it," gasped Ted out of breath.

"Do what?" snapped Joe as he felt the rolled-up cap in the pocket of his trousers.

"Go on; when I got near enough to hear the crowd and know they were expecting you, instead of me, I was ashamed," admitted Ted cowardly.

"Where's your cap, Ted?" said Joe, looking at Ted's auburn hair shining in the sun.

"Well, I lost it. Say, Joe, you've got the goods on me; I know you saw the horse tracks, and the cap was jerked off by a limb of a tree," said Ted making a clean breast of it all.

"Here's your cap; I got it out of the briars down in the clearing," said Joe and thrust the cap into Ted's hand.

"Say, Joe, you're the straightest chap I ever knew. When you wouldn't take that money, I saw that honor amounted to more than anything else," said Ted, looking Joe straight in the eyes.

"I'll pass it up this time, Ted, but you must tell the whole thing to Mr. Brown. I want him to see the inside of the whole thing."

"Good, I can promise him one thing also; you're the straightest boy on the team, and I'm going to be, after this," admitted Ted.

"Go on ahead, Joe, it's your win, I'll come on later," said Ted.

"Here, let's shake Ted, I ain't anything but a freshman, and sorter green, but I believe you are my friend now."

Joe won the race by only a few minutes, for the boys all came in about the same time, just as Joe was being borne aloft on the shoulders of the cheering crowd.

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

You people who are tampering with home brew!

You people who talk of "my bootlegger:"

You little women who go about the living room shaking a cocktail mixer!

You editors who are trying to make the law a lie by bringing back wine and beer and the beer saloon!

You politicians who want the old saloon back because you think you need it in your business.

What are you doing?

When your daughter goes down the street after dark her safety depends upon the law and the respect of the people for the law.

Your property, your house, your business, your bonds, your bank, depends wholly upon the law for protection.

Your children play around the house and the school and pass through the streets safely because the law watches.

Everything that is in and of America—everything that is worth while in the life of every individual in the country—rests squarely upon the basis of law and order.

You can't destroy the prohibition law, you can't ridicule and oppose the enforcement of that law, without striking directly at the safety of your wife and daughter, the security of your children, and the stability of your property interests.

Prohibition is a part of the basic law of the land. It is a stone in the foundation. There is only one way in which it can be gotten out of that foundation without wrecking the structure and that is by the due process of repeal.

The fathers who gave us this glorious country—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Madison, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock—determined how the prohibition law should be put into the Constitution. They said, "If certain things are done in certain ways, they must be accepted by the entire people."

They made it hard to make changes and they expected their children to accept the changes that were made according to the agreed plan of making them.

That plan is the bond of union, the only thing that holds our people and commonwealth together. Destroy it, convince the nation that the people no longer believe in the rule of the majority, let the people begin to think that it avails nothing to exert the effort necessary to cause the submission of a Constitutional amendment by two-thirds of Congress and its ratification by three-fourths of the legislatures, let them think that there is a minority who will hold that verdict in contempt, and the rule of the ballot breaks down in this country, with unlimited possibilities of chaos in prospect.

There are enemies of the Constitution, of law, of society, at work among us to-day. The Bolshevik, the anarchist, the man who wants to destroy all existing social compacts, is here. If he prevails, you men who made money for the first time during the great war while some of prohibition mothers were making the world safe for democracy, will hear the mob rappling at your door, will see your women cowering in the darkest corners of the basement, will see your newly acquired wealth ripped from your houses to feed the greed of anarchy. Only one thing stands between you and that—the Constitution and the law.

Take your choice, but remember what the break-down of the law will mean to you personally.—World Digest.

ADVANTAGES OF THE WOODLOT

Throughout Eastern Canada nearly every farm has its woodlot or bush. In many cases this portion of the farm is indispensable to the owner's comfort and prosperity. He could not afford to buy the fuel, fence-posts and timber that are required about the place. The cutting of these gives him occupation at a season when there is comparatively little else being done on the farm, and the sale of an occasional load of fuel or posts brings him in ready money. The protection the woodlot affords against winds for dwellings, gardens, orchards and live stock is often of great importance and one of its many values which cannot be readily expressed in dollars and cents.—Bulletin 69, Dominion Forestry Branch, Ottawa.

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FEEDING THE MARKET HOG

Breed sows and boars of correct bacon type and with size and quality are necessary to produce bacon pigs. The condition of the sow and boar at breeding has much to do with the quality, strength and size of the coming litter. Proper feed and exercise outdoors is absolutely necessary for success with the pregnant sow. The correct feeding and exercising of the milking sow is one of the most important steps in making market hogs of her litter. These are steps in the making of a bacon hog aside from the actual market feeding of the season's pig crop, but the proper appreciation of their importance is absolutely essential.

Feeding the Weaning Pig—There are thousands of little pigs from the best of breeding stock ruined annually through improper or overfeeding from weaning time to three months of age. Overfeeding at this stage makes a short, fat, dumpy, poor quality hog finished before he is heavy enough and liable to crippling.

Start the little pig at 4 to 5 weeks of age with a creep or separate pen to feed in. Feed middlings, mixing small quantities at a time with sweet skim milk. This gets the little pig gradually prepared for weaning. Scattering a few handfuls of good plump whole oats in the litter is good practice After weaning is the critical time. The following is a good ration for the weaned pig—oats, (either finely ground well-filled oats, feeding oatmeal, or, better still, ground hulless oats) 50 lbs.; middlings, 25 lbs.; shorts, 25 lbs.; ground flax or linseed meal, 5 lbs.; tankage, 3 lbs. This may be varied provided that the crude fibre in the mixture is kept low, and the fat content fairly high. For the two to three months pig of 50 lbs. feed a pound or so of the mixture daily. Soak for 12 to 24 hours beforehand. Feed with 5 lbs. of skim milk daily. After the pig is well over weaning the milk may be fed better soured (not decomposed). Feed it soured all the time thereafter. Do not occasionally change back to sweet milk. Buttermilk is excellent, probably the best milk by-product for the pig over 3 months.

Here are the three fundamentals in successfully feeding the weaning pig: 1.—Keep him hungry. Have him squealing for his rations an hour before they are due. 2.—Keep his pen clean, but see that the bottom of his trough is the cleanest part of his pen. 3.—See that he gets exercise, outdoors in the summer, or in a well bedded pen or shed in the winter, or early spring.

From three to four months use a mixture of oats, 50 lbs., shorts 25 lbs., middlings 25 lbs., corn or barley 25 lbs., linseed meal 5 per cent., or equal parts of oats, shorts and barley, with milk or tankage. From four to five months a mixture of oats, shorts and barley or corn, equal parts with 5 per cent. oil meal. For the finish the corn or barley may be increased either by feeding whole or adding to the ground meal mixture.

General Rules—

1.—Do not overfeed in an effort to finish a pig in record time.

2.—Where milk is not available tankage may be fed 3 per cent. to 10 per cent. depending on the pig's age. Best results are obtained by feeding it in a self-feeder.

3.—Green feed, either cut or pasture, is a need sayer in summer. A few roots (mangels) are a wonderful help to the winter fattened hog.

4.—If a prime bacon hog is desired, stick to a ration that will grow bone and frame for the greater part of the pig's life. Don't use much corn until the last two months—G. H. Rothwell, Dominion Animal Husbandman.

POISON WE ALL EAT

Few people know that in its original state tapioca is a deadly poison. The root of the manioc plant, from which it is prepared, is full of poisonous juice when freshly dug. The root is grated and subjected to great pressure, which eliminates every trace of the poison, and ultimately gives us the familiar tapioca of commerce.

There is no need to worry about the chance of being poisoned the next time you take a helping of tapioca pudding, for the natives have been preparing farinha for centuries for their own consumption, and know exactly how to make the poison root perfectly safe. Farinha consists of grains of similar size and appearance to the tapioca of our shops, and both are products of the same root.

Tapioca, however, is the purest product of the poison root. Farinha has a little woody fibre in it which gives it a yellowish color, and its hard, dry grains contain no gluten and very little starch, and crumble like earthy matter when mixed with water. Yet this product of the poison root is the staple food of the poorer classes in countries where manioc grows.

THE LAWYER'S SURMISE

In an Iowa court, recently a lawyer arguing his case became very earnest. Then he paused a moment, and said:

"I see your honor shakes your head as to that statement, but I desire to reaffirm what I have remarked."

The court retorted:

"I have not intimated how I shall construe your evidence or what my decision shall be. Your remarks are uncalled for."

"You shook your head," was the reply.

"That may be true," retorted the court. "There was a fly on my ear, and I reserve the right to remove it in any manner I see fit. Proceed with your argument."

MAKING BAD WORSE

Thomas Fiddle was a very learned young man. At school he shone like all the stars and planets, lumped together. A sixty candle-power lamp wasn't in it beside the burning flame of his genius.

But his friends were frightfully disappointed when he refused to accept the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

One of them tackled him on the subject.

"Ah, well," replied the genius, "it's bad enough to be named Fiddle, without being Fiddle, D. D."

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WONDERS OF SOUND TRAVEL

A famous balloonist named Glaisher always found that sounds from the earth varied according to the dampness or dryness of the air.

When in clouds four miles above the earth, he heard a railway train, but when the clouds were far above him, all was silent.

Two miles up he heard the barking of a small dog, yet at less than half that height he failed to hear the shouting of a large crowd of people.

Another balloonist, the Rev. J. M. Bacon, found how wonderfully piercing was the shriek of a railway whistle. The shouts of children were always the first to be heard among the many sounds rising from human beings.

The discharge of a gun was heard by Glaisher at a height of two miles. Bacon's experience in this respect was curious. He was ballooning between Woolwich and Plumstead in England, when he heard what he imagined to be the spasmodic yelp of a dog.

It was the sound of artillery practice on Plumstead Marshes a mile below. Each sound was heard for one instant only, and reminded him of those flashes of lightning which are followed by a single roar of thunder.

At a height of between 5,000 foot and 6,000 feet Glaisher could hear the dull sound of London rising like the roar of the sea. At a greater height still, the sound had sunk to a mere murmur, while at a height of four miles above London, all was hushed.

A noted French balloonist discovered that he could hear the crowing of a cock and the sound of a church bell at 5,000 feet.

FOR THE ARITHMETIC CLASS

Fred: "How many shirts can I get out of a yard?"

Ted: "It depends upon whose yard you get into."

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