

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1933

WHAT A BOY CAN DO

These are some of the things a boy can do:

He can run about as loud as the air turns blue.

He can make all sounds of heat or cold.

And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crawl or crawl, slither or slink.

He can grow the rooster, hen or chick.

He can knock the dog or cat or cow.

And the cat herself can't beat his mew!

He has sounds that are terrific, shrill, or plain.

He can thunder like a railway train.

He can make a station a breath, and then reply the station and the engine.

He has all his powers in such command.

He can turn right into a full brass band.

With all of the instruments over played.

And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill if he's wide awake and is keeping still.

But, earth would be—God bless their souls!

A dull old place if there were no boys.

NO QUARTER

Grace Margaret Callisher

A GAY little wind leaped out of the wood, ran across the tennis court, fluttered the leaves of a book that was lying on the ground, snatched at the hair ribbons of the spectators at the basketball game and finally whirled off the hat of one of them and whirled it to the ground. The owner of the hat sprang from the bench where he was seated and ran to recover it. The girl on the other end of the bench started after it also, and she was not of helplessness for Emily Preston.

But the first girl caught it up in one long sweep of her crutches. "Capitulate!" she cried and laughed up at the other.

"I never saw that she was lame till she got up," Emily murmured to Ethel Dickinson, the next girl, when she had returned to her seat.

"Oh, Sylvia Vaughn never needs any help. She's been lame ever since she was little—some kind of runaway accident—and she knows how to manage and get round wonderfully."

Emily, who was now at St. Barbara's, turned her rather scornful glance upon the alert figure and gay face of the lame girl. "She doesn't look lame," she murmured. "How she must hate it!"

Her friend stared. "She's never said so," she replied thoughtfully.

The minute the game of basketball was finished members of the team gathered round Sylvia with eager questions. "Do I get away from my good better, Sylvia?" "Are you improving about hunching?" The words seemed to tumble over one another.

"She doesn't play basket ball!" questioned Emily again of Ethel Dickinson.

"She could if she weren't lame, for she knows more about the game than any girl in school," Emily said.

At the entrance to the main building a group of four or five girls, all talking earnestly, blocked the way. But when they saw Sylvia skirting along on her crutches they at once separated and hailed her. "Hi, you must stop a minute to tell me how my part; I can't get the hang of it," "That first you must see if my costume's the thing for that kind of play," "She doesn't act," asked Emily with growing wonder.

"She could if she weren't lame, poor dear!"

"No, Emily, no, Jean," Sylvia replied, twirling away from their detaining hands. "I can't stop one single second. I have just thirty minutes in which to finish my chemistry before dinner. To-day's the last call."

"Why, child of goodness, the time was up yesterday!" Jean cried.

"It wasn't; it's the late afternoon."

"Well, to-day's the seventeenth."

"Is it really?" asked Sylvia. "Goodness! Then I'll have thirty minutes upon the mercy of Dr. Brownlee right this instant!"

She then stood up the stairs to the chemistry department, but the door on the landing to catch her breath and gain the door. Then she knocked softly at the door.

Dr. Brownlee received her stiffly and listened to her explanation with evident disapproval. "You have no calendar in your room, Miss Vaughn?" he asked.

Sylvia colored. "I have," she answered quietly, "only you see I forgot to carry it; still Wednesday, the sixteenth."

"If this were the correct day, I might call the postponement of your topic till the last minute a scholarly habit. I see no reason for allowing you an extension of time in which to do your work."

Sylvia stood up, and as she did so her foot struck her crutches, which she had laid beside her on the floor.

"Instantly Dr. Brownlee's black expression softened. "Ah—oh—Miss Vaughn, the two laboratories are in different floors, of course you have been forced to give more time and have till to-morrow noon to complete your topic."

The color fled from Sylvia's cheeks, and her blue eyes, but her eyes met those of the man unflinchingly. "Thank you very much, Dr. Brownlee," she said; "the laboratory work is no more difficult for me than for any other girl in the course. I cannot accept an extension that way."

Although her voice was low and gentle, Dr. Brownlee recognized a "very well, Miss Vaughn," he said, in a kindly tone, "your topic will be required to-morrow, but I would be marked for being late."

A moment after Sylvia stood by the window of the landing and gazed out upon the campus in the light of the golden sunset all that was real faded from her, and she saw a large shadow over his eye, who herself seated in a little pool of light on the floor beside her crutches, was reading the most interesting from his literature. How often he had said to her, "You and I, Sylvia, must be careful that the kindness of the world does not spoil us. We must never accept for our infirmities what we have not earned fairly by our own efforts. Fight always against ourselves; we must cry to ourselves always 'No quarter!'"

Sylvia drew in her breath sharply. It had been hard to refuse Dr. Brownlee's favor, but she had tried, and she whispered: "Indeed I have, but it's a terribly hard pull."

The long summer holidays were just over, and the little corner of the village in which St. Barbara's was situated was crowded with girls returning to school. "Of course," she slipped from a train that had just come in, and walked with graceful ease out of a crowd of girls.

"It isn't—it is!" Sylvia Vaughn thought. "Sylvia, whatever has happened?" Jean, Emily and the other all cried.

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Debts and Debtors

Patrick Pflim was at the range for the first time, and out of twenty-one rounds he never hit the target once.

An officer on looking over the book said:

"Pat, you have missed the target every shot. What is the reason?"

"Well, son," said Pat, "the only reason I can think of is that the man who stuck up the target hasn't put them in a straight line from here."

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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