The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1922

THANKSGIVIN HYMN

"The cattle on a thousand hills,"
All to the Lord belong;
And to His praise, who feeds them there,
We'll raise our grateful song.

He clothes the forests and the fields
With verdure bright and green;
And in the whitening harvests' yield
His goodness may be seen.

He crowns the labors of our hands
With plenty and with peace;
And, by the word of His command,
Makes all our goods increase.

He fills our garners to the full,
Our store-house runneth o'er;
And for the blessings which he sends,
We'll praise Him more and more.

The early and the later rain,
Which brought us fruitful yields,
How easily could He withhold,
And leave but barren fields.

Then let us unto Him return,
A portion of His own;
When thus we meet to give Him thanks
And praise for favors shown.

And, as through each succeeding year,
His goodness crowns our days,
To the Eternal Three in One,
Let us ascribe all praise!

Thanks! for a Day for Giving Thanks

Helen Ward Banks

"OH, AUNT HEPSY!" began Lucy from half way up the stairs; and then, flushed and fluttering, she stopped and dabbed her duster at the banisters, a charming picture of maidenly confusion.

"Well, Aunt Hepsy what?" demanded Miss Blount, pausing on her way to the sitting room. "Speak out, child. Don't stand there gaping like a chicken with the pip."

"I was wondering," stammered Lucy.

"I suppose I've got to sit down to it, cold as it is out here in the hall," answered Aunt Hepsy as she resignedly dropped into the rush-bottomed chair. "Now go ahead and wonder, if you've got a tongue in your head to do it with. I'm thankful to say that I've owned a tongue and known how to use it from the time I was born."

"I was wondering whether we could ask John Barstow to Thanksgiving dinner," finished Lucy with a rush. "He's a stranger in town, and I thought maybe he'd be lonely on Thanksgiving Day."

Miss Blount eyed Lucy keenly. "John Barstow? He's the young man that boards to Stone's and that walked home from prayer meeting with you last Wednesday? A very proper-appearing young man! He lifted his hat clear off his head to me on Main Street yesterday."

"Oh, may I ask him?" cried Lucy.

Aunt Hepsy gave a dry chuckle. "Ask him if you want to, but all he'll get'll be boiled potatoes and picked-up codfish, same as every Thursday. There isn't going to be any Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, Aunt Hepsy!"

"Now, there's no use arguing the matter, for, thank goodness! I know my own mind once I've made it up. All I have to be grateful for I've returned thanks for over'n' over again; all I have now is troubles, and so I've decided to give this Thanksgiving Day the go-by. I'm not even going to church."

"I am," answered Lucy, with shining eyes. "I'm thankful for piles of things."

"What?" demanded Miss Blount.

"I'm thankful for you."

"That's all right. I'm glad you're here, but you've been here five years. Why should I go down on my knees about you any more than because I've got a well to drink out of?"

"I'm thankful for my home."

"I'm not," said Miss Blount calmly. "It's as inconvenient as any house could be. I've always wanted to gad about the world, so why should I be grateful for being cooped up in a place like this, hot in summer and cold in winter? What else are you grateful for?"

"For being well," answered Lucy.

"I'm too used to that to stop to give thanks for it. What else?"

Lucy laughed. "I can't keep setting up nine-pins for you to knock down, but I'm thankful all the same. I'm thankful for everything. I'm thankful I'm alive."

"You're young and can be," answered Miss Blount grimly. "I'm getting on, and I ain't so joyous over just drawing in breaths. There's no use talking, I'm not thankful this year, and I won't act as if I was. I'm not a hypocrite, I'm thankful to say."

A soft light of laughter danced in Lucy's hazel eyes. "I've been talking to you just four minutes, Aunt Hepsy, and in that four minutes you've said you're thankful three times."

"I don't know what you mean," said Hehsibah Blount.

"You said you were thankful for a tongue and for knowing your own mind and for not being a hypocrite. You're thankful for things dozens of times a day, Aunt Hepsy."

"I'm not."

"You say so, anyhow."

"Nonsense! I guess I know what I say. I've got my senses yet, thank—" She stopped short at Lucy's mocking finger.

"You see!" cried the girl, laughing.

Aunt Hepsy rose. "Well, if I'm foolish enough to say what I don't feel, it's high time I broke myself of the habit. If between now and supper time I say anything about being grateful even as much as one dozen times, you can stop on your way to prayer meeting to-night and order the best turkey you can find and I'll cook it to-morrow, and you can ask all the young men in town to it if you want to."

"And I'll make the pies to-day!"

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched. I'm a barnacle at bargains. But make the pies if you like; they'll keep till Sunday."

"We'll eat them to-morrow. And I'll ask only one young man."

"Don't build up any foolish hopes, Lucy," said Aunt Hepsy. "You know when I say a thing I do it. If I've got a bad habit I didn't know I had, I'll break myself of it. I'm not in my dotage yet, thank—"

"Once!" cried Lucy joyously.

Miss Hepsy smiled grimly in spite of herself. "You go on now and red up the sitting room! you're spryer than I am and won't mind the cold room, and I'll go into the kitchen and make those Sunday pies myself. You can't beat me on pie crust yet, I'm thankful to say."

"Twice!" counted Lucy; and Aunt Hepsy grunted.

"If I've got to keep my tongue between my teeth all day it's just as well for you and me to work in separate rooms."

"That isn't fair," protested Lucy.

"It's fair enough," declared Miss Blount. "I'm not bound to put temptation in my own way, am I? But I'll play fair. If I find any swelling cause for gratitude in the flour barrel or the oven, I promise to tell you. You can lay a fire in the sitting room, for your young man might drop in to-night even if he won't eat here to-morrow."

"All right," agreed Lucy. "We'll have one to-night and one to-morrow. May I make some cranberry sauce—for Sunday?"

"If you want to," answered Aunt Hepsy, and went into the kitchen.

The kitchen was a comfortable place, for it was the only room with a fire, and the thermometer had dropped low the freezing point. Miss Hepsy never lighted her fires until the Sunday after Thanksgiving.

"I suppose Lucy'd say we might be thankful for a fire," she thought, "when there's folks that have to go cold. But I never could count thanks that way. I'm through being thankful for a kitchen stove when I'd like a silk dress and an electric toaster and a journey to South America."

Miss Blount made the pies for which she was famous and baked them to a turn. They were cooling in the battery and she was knitting when Lucy came into the the kitchen to make her cranberry sauce.

"Did your pies turn out well, Aunt Hepsy?" Lucy asked.

"Of course they did; and if you think I'm going to say I'm thankful for that, you're mistaken. It's just like that philopane you think you're so smart at, but you haven't got all the Blount smartness, thank—"

"Three times," said Lucy, kissing her aunt.

And she did. In spite of Lucy's most subtle traps, Miss Blount opened her mouth only to eat her luncheon. Lucy looked decidedly sober as she cleared away the luncheon dishes. There were only six hours left before supper, and three of them Lucy must spend with the Ladies' Aid. Aunt Hepsy never went to the meetings any more—a fact that cut the available time in half. If only she could be coaxed to go this afternoon! In her eagerness, Lucy swung round so quickly from the sink that she sent two plates rolling to the floor.

"Land sakes!" Miss Hepsy cried. "That's your great-grandmother's plate. Much as ever it isn't broken. Well, it isn't, thank—no, I didn't say it; you can break all the plates for all I care."

"You did say it!" exclaimed Lucy. "That's four times! Aunt Hepsy, won't you come to the Ladies' Aid this afternoon?"

Miss Blount smiled. "Think you'll get me talking and reeling off the dozen like lightning, do you? I'm not going out this afternoon; it's too cold. I'm going to light the fire in the sitting room and sit by it and knit."

"They miss you at the Ladies' Aid," said Lucy wistfully. "Nobody can cut out like you; Mrs. Powell said so last time."

"I'm thankful some one knows I'm alive," answered Aunt Hepsy, and did not know she had said it until Lucy counted, "Five." Then she shut her lips with a determined snap, and it was the last word Lucy could get out of her except a good-by when she went away.

Quite content with her unthankful state of mind, Miss Blount knitted peacefully and tended the sitting-room fire for two hours before she found to her annoyance that she had not enough yarn to finish the sack.

"There's nothing for it now but for me to put on my warm blue homespun and go downtown myself for it. I can't be all day Thanksgiving Day with no knitting. I declare I hate to leave this fire just as it's getting a good bed of coals. It's cold as Greenland out."

Her bedroom felt so much like Greenland after the tropics of the bed of coals that Miss Blount shivered all the time she was dressing.

"I believe I'll go up to the attic and get down my winter cloak," she decided; and up the attic stairs she creaked.

Her cloak, carefully done up with camphor in a linen sheet was hanging by a short rope high on an attic beam. Miss Blount jerked at it once or twice, but, failing to dislodge it, she got a little wooden cricket that lay under the eaves and placed it beneath the cloak nail. Then she stepped up, stretched for the cloak and lost her balance. As her foot slipped, the wooden stool turned over and went skidding back on its face under the eaves. Miss Hepsy was only saved from falling by the fact that the tight cuff of her stout homespun dress caught on the nail that held the cloak.

"Thank goodness, I didn't get a bad fall!" she exclaimed as her toes touched the floor and she swung half round, and then muttered, "I suppose I've got to let Lucy count that in the score. Now, what's the matter? I can't undo this pesky cuff. This is a pretty kettle of fish. I'm hung in my own attic."

That was about the truth of it. Her arm, stretched high above her head, was held fast; her toes barely touched the floor; the footstool was far away, and without it she could not raise herself to disengage the sleeve; she could not reach her left hand with her right; she could not tear the strong stuff of her dress; she could not jerk out the nail. She tried all of those things one after another, but succeeded only in wrenching her pinioned arm.

So she settled down to wait for help. Lucy would be home in half an hour, and Lucy would look her up. It was painful work standing stretched on tiptoe minute after minute. The attic was as cold as outdoors, and soon Aunt Hepsy's teeth began to chatter. The memory of the bed of coals in the sitting room mocked her to her icy isolation. She clumsily managed to draw the pins from the linen sheet and to wrap the cloak round her.

As minute followed minute Miss Hepsy became desperate; she was beginning to feel faint and confused. She tried once more to jerk herself free, but the nail hurt her wrist so badly that she desisted. Would Lucy never come?

Hours and weeks and months went by according to Miss Hepsy's count as she stood hooked to the ceiling; there was time enough to jog over her past and look into her future before she heard the front door slam.

"That's the best sound I ever heard!" grunted Miss Blount. "I couldn't have stood it much longer. Lucy!"

Lucy was too far away to hear the faint call, but she was on the trail. Miss Blount's listening ears followed the girl from room to room on the first floor, up the stairs, through the second floor until she stopped at the attic door.

"Lucy!" called Miss Blount again.

"For pity's sake!" Lucy exclaimed and came pattering up the narrow staircase with her lamp. "Where are you, Aunt Hepsy?"

"I'm here. I'm caught. I've been here years," answered Miss Hepsy. "I suppose you think this is something else to be thankful for. Give me that cricket so's I can get down."

With another exclamation Lucy brought the footstool. Miss Blount tried to step up on it, but the effort brought so much weight on her arm that she gave it up with a groan.

"John Barstow's downstairs!" Lucy cried. "I'll call him. Hold on one minute more."

The girl sped down the staircase, and her tremulous voice called, "John, come quick!"

He came almost before she had finished speaking and raced with her up to the attic.

"All right, Miss Blount!" he called. "We will have you down in no time! Let me get hold of you. There! Now, Lucy, when I lift her, you slip that stool under her feet. That's it!"

"Thank goodness for a stand!" murmured Miss Blount, and Lucy, in spite of her agitation, counted, "Six."

"Now you're free," said John Barstow. "Let your arm come down gently. Sit still a minute till you get your head. You're like an iceberg. Can you walk downstairs to the fire?"

"Of course I can," said Aunt Hepsy, "anything but stand still any longer." She looked at the clock as they passed. "Ten minutes to six? It seems to be ticking, but it must have stopped. It was twenty-five minutes to six when I went up attic, and I've been there an hour at least."

"It must have seemed a year," agreed Lucy.

"You'll never make me believe it was only fifteen minutes." If you'll take pot luck, Mr. Barstow, I'd be pleased to have you stay to supper."

Miss Hepsy thought she would get supper, but when John Barstow had built up the fire in the sitting room and rolled the couch in front of it she was glad enough to lie down and let Lucy tuck her in under the red-and-brown afghan.

She lay there while John and Lucy got supper in the kitchen. They had left the door open that they might hear her if she called. She did not call, but her keen ears caught a good deal of their chatter.

"I suppose this is where I lose a dinner to-morrow," John said.

"I'm afraid it is!" sighed Lucy. "Aunt Hepsy has only said six 'Thank yous,' and I can't go at her now to pry out the other six before supper, can I?"

"It would be a good deal like hitting a man when he's down," agreed John Barstow ruefully. "And you couldn't expect her to feel very grateful after this."

"No," answered Lucy, "and she's like a barnacle at a bargain. She'd never give in even if she wanted to. Most likely she asked you to supper because she wouldn't ask you to dinner to-morrow."

"We'll make the most of the supper, anyway."

When a moment later John peeped into the sitting room to see whether Miss Blount was comfortable, she was sitting upright.

"Tell Lucy to come here," she said.

Lucy came hurrying; John Barstow lingered in the background.

"Don't you feel well, Aunt Hepsy?" the girl asked anxiously.

"I'm going to tell you about my feelings," said her aunt. "You can listen, too, John Barstow. I'm thankful for my home; I'm thankful for my health and strength; I'm thankful for life itself! I'm thankful through and through for a niece that loves me enough to look me up when she doesn't find me; I'm thankful for a man's strength and gumption that got me out of a fix. That's five thanksgivings, isn't it, and with the one I gave while you were away you've all you need to make out your toll. I could give more if I didn't hate to keep supper waiting."

"Oh, Aunt Hepsy!" cried Lucy, with her arms round her.

"There, now, don't go to squeezing my arm! I was always one for being honest, and I'm free to confess that things look different to me now after hanging on a peg all the afternoon. I'm ready to go down on my knees to-morrow—if I wait as long as that—and thank the Lord for all the common things He's been sending me over and over for fifty years. And I guess I'll never be too busy or too stiff to say "Thank you" for 'em as long as He chooses to send 'em."

"Oh, Aunt Hepsy!" said Lucy again, as she kissed Miss Blount's cheek.

"There, child, don't take to being affectionate before folks. Set the table in here by the fire and we'll have supper."

"Does all this mean I'm asked to dinner to-morrow?" demanded John Barstow.

"I guess it does," answered Aunt Hepsy, with a twinkle. "It was a bargain, and I'm a barnacle when it comes to bargains. Lucky the pies and cranberry sauce are ready! After supper you can go down to buy the turkey. I'm thankful to say I'm able to cook it."

"So am I," answered John.

The two young people laid the table by the fire. When they had taken their places, Miss Hepsy suddenly bent her head for grace.

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for a day for giving thanks," she said, with all her old sharpness. She looked up and smiled.

INSPIRED EXPRESSIONS OF PRAISE

Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee and praise thy glorious name. (1 Chron. 29: 13.)

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God. (Psa. 147: 7.)

Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever. (Psa. 107: 1.)

I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord. (Jonah 2: 9.)

Your sacrifices every morning, and your tithes after three years; and offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving with leaven, and proclaim and publish the free offerings; for this liketh you, O ye children of Israel, saith the Lord God. (Amos 4: 4, 5.)

Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both ministered bread for your food, and, multiply your bread sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness; being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God. (2 Cor. 9: 10, 11.)

Just think how one short month ago
We all did much perspire—
Now down the cellar steps we go,
To light the furnace fire.

THE THANKFUL HEART

If one should give me a dish of sand, tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might . . . search for them with my clumsy fingers and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet through, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles! The unthankful heart, like my finger, in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING

I'm thankful just for chicken,
Though turk may beat it;
I'm thankful for the appetite
That helps me eat it.
I'm thankful with a dollar
As with a bankful,
And, most of all, I'm thankful
For being thankful.

The Finest Green Tea

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H 349

THE "COSY" OF ENFORCING PROHIBITION

The whiskey party weeps aloud over the vast expense of enforcing the prohibition law. The poor over-burdened tax-payer never had such touching sympathy shown him in all his born days.

Alas, these scalding tears are wasted. These tender condolences are altogether thrown away.

In ten months, thirteen counties of Illinois spent $23,455 on investigations and prosecutions under the State Prohibition Act. The fines and costs assessed against the various bootleggers came to a total of $114,380. That left neat sums to the good in the treasuries of these counties—altogether, $90,725.

The taxpayers are not complaining. The only people who find that prohibition enforcement is expensive are the bootleggers themselves—and, of course, on those who pay high prices and risk their very lives for the cheap joy of "a drink with a kick."

One Alabama bootlegger, when fined $450 and held in a bond of $1,000 against a second violation (which second offense would send him to the Atlanta penitentiary) said to the court, "I'm through, Judge. You won't be bothered with me again."

And he's not the only bootlegger who is through. They are quitting, voluntarily or on request, literally by hundreds. A decent respect for the "teeth" of the law is developing in quarters where not long ago nothing was discussed save the vast profits of the business.—Advocate.

WOULD HAVE NO QUIBBLING

In Vermont they tell a story of an elderly judge who cared little for legal quibbling. "If Judice controls your verdict," was his favorite charge to a jury, "you will not miss the general principles of the law."

At one trial, when the possession of a Farm was in question, the defendant offered a deed of the premises, to which the plaintiff's lawyer objected because it had no seal.

"Did your client sell the land, was paid for it and signed the deed, did he not?" asked the judge.

"That makes no difference, your honor," said the lawyer, respectfully, "the deed has no seal and cannot be admitted in evidence."

"Is there anything else wrong with the deed?" asked the judge.

"I don't know that there is."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, 'give me a wafer and a three-cornered piece of paper."

The clerk obeyed; whereupon the judge with great deliberation made and affixed the seal.

"There, sir," said he to the lawyer, "the deed is all right now. It may be placed in evidence. A man is not going to be cheated out of his farm in this court when there is a whole box of wafers on the clerk's desk."

A friend you have to buy won't be worth what you have to pay for him.—George D. Prentiss

THE REWARD OF LOVE

One hot summer day a little ragged street Arab stood with a gang of boys watching a flock of sheep being driven through the street. When the sheep stopped at a watering trough to drink, one of them seemed so exhausted that it could not crowd with the others to quench its thirst. Time and again it had vainly tried to push its way to the trough, and finally dropped to the pavement unable to move. The boy, seeing the animal's distress, was moved with pity, and taking off his old battered hat, filled it several times with water and took it to the poor half fainting creature. The water quickly revived it and enabled it to go along with its companions. One of the boy's comrades then began to twit him for his kindness, and asked if the sheep said "Thank you, papa."

"I didn't hear it," said he, but there was a light in the boy's face, as one who had witnessed the incident remarked, which told the bystanders that he felt the pleasure that always comes from the performance of a kind act.

Love is always generous and repays a thousand fold for any service in its cause.

How Furniture sales are being increased

by Long Distance

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"Much of our furniture is bought by Long Distance."

We can tell you how to apply Long Distance to almost any business

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Manager

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THE TESTS OF INTELLIGENCE

The informal tests of intelligence are well stated by a university professor in the following questions that can be answered by each one for himself:

Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Has it made you public-spirited?

Have you learned how to make friends and to keep them?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything but dollars and cents?

These are the ideal results set up as the ends of the college experience. They are the ideals of college trained men and women, but they can be attained by anyone who sees the merit in living for others instead of for himself.

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1st Prize	$10,000.00	11th Prize	$250.00
2nd Prize	5,000.00	12th Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	2,000.00	13th Prize	250.00
4th Prize	1,000.00	14th Prize	250.00
5th Prize	700.00	15th Prize	250.00
6th Prize	500.00	16th Prize	250.00
7th Prize	450.00	17th Prize	200.00
8th Prize	400.00	18th Prize	200.00
9th Prize	350.00	19th Prize	200.00
10th Prize	300.00	20th Prize	200.00

An addition prize of $2000.00 in cash will be given at the time of announcing the prize winners to the winner among them, whose entry bears the earliest official date.

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Examples of Slogans:
"National Tractors the World Over"
"National Tractors Never Quit"

No officer, official or employee of the company, or anyone bearing relationship to an officer, official, or employee of the company shall be eligible to enter contest.

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GUELPH — ONTARIO

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