

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1923.

GOLDEN BITS OF CHEERFULNESS

A golden bit of cheerfulness came out to meet the sun. It blazed a bright, joyful heart—with a golden bit of cheerfulness. And then the schoolboy, too, it home and scattered it around. Until there was but a little patch of a golden ground.

"There just is a bit of cheerfulness!" Two morning grand-sun spangled! But broken hopes and dreams revived the little bits of yesterday had scattered off to far-off corners. "I have a few healthy bits of cheer."

And some may think if nothing quite so whistly beat and sing; But what a grey old world would be without a golden laughter-ring! And when the golden, feel-up courage-strength was done—It left a bit of cheerfulness, forgot, yet twining with the jolly Harry Brown.

FATHER'S HOUSE-WORK

Your once father had a few minutes to himself, went into his study, watching mother busy about the kitchen. "Where do you put the linch while you're hanging them up?" he inquired.

"That's no way to do things," he reflected, and the next minute he had found some tape to sew loops on the linch bag that would slip along the clothesline.

Mother thought it was a tidy idea when she saw how it worked, and she soon finished hanging out the clothes. Then she went into her room to sweep the bedroom, and after that was thinking another good idea, followed.

"He found his daughter's clothes on the bedroom floor."

"What would he do if I put them up?" he said, "when there isn't a hook he can reach?" Father got busy, and that night the boy had no reason for unhappiness.

A child's house littered the floor of the clothes closet, and it was necessary to clean it up before mother could sweep. Father noticed this, too. The boy did not mind, for the broom had fixed on to the skirting board.

"No wonder you get tired!" exclaimed father, looking into the kitchen door, "but when we're through, I wonder, why I didn't think of that before?"

"What's that?" inquired mother. "Well," said father, "it's the first time I've noticed that the long way is from the table to the pantry. Why, you must walk miles every day."

"I do," replied mother seriously. "But what are you going to do about it—there's no other place for it."

Father just snatched in a minute or two he returned with four castors, and in less than no time the table was on rollers and moved to a more convenient place, temporary anyway, in the kitchen and stove.

And I'd take a tray with me next time I went to the ice box if I were you," suggested father, "and get all you want at once. Why you women make such a fuss over a few cents."

Mother laughed. "Are you sure there is nothing else you can think of while you're in the mood?" she asked.

"Oh, surely," he replied, looking critically at the girl, "I've been thinking about some log on that wood box—wouldn't that help some?"

"What a blessing to be born with both parents," mother said.

New father's words like mother's is never done, for if there isn't a job outside, there's one in.

THE OLDEST HORSE IN THE WORLD

The ordinary span of horse-life is two years, but there is a record.

On January 1st, the birthday of the Rev. Dr. Ulysses Myron, which is fifty-one years old and rated the oldest horse in the world, it might have been killed, because his owner could afford to keep him. But the story of his extreme age and admirable character has gone abroad, gifts of money have come from all over the world.

Old Mr. Merrill nodded slowly. "It makes a shame," he said. "But we can't pay rates can have the satisfaction of knowing that we tried as hard as we could."

His husband mused, chuckling. "She should be proud of him," he said.

"Minton will not seem like the same old town without a newspaper," Crook remarked reassuringly. He picked up a copy of the *Miller* four-page paper and spread it out upon the table.

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"According to these figures," said old Mr. Merrill, taking up a wretched sheet of paper from the desk before him, "our receipts during the last three months have been the same as the last three times six weeks we were in dollars ahead, and once we came out—exactly even." And—what—gradually each week the balance was growing in the "sinking fund." There is hardly enough left now to allow us to get out the paper for three weeks longer."

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The Free Press Short Story

Manton Style

"Bill, Mr. Merrill, how much is the dividend?" "To be frank, Mr. Crook, it's not much," the little man shovelled the mass of scribbled sheets back upon the cluttered desk and turned his gaze across toward the court-housed square.

The editor of the *Miller*, a little man with dimpled eyes, sat upright in his squeaky office chair, his hands clasped behind his head, his chin resting on his fist, his eyes half-closed, looking thoughtfully at the young reporter.

"Crook nodded thoughtfully; seemed about to speak, and then changed his mind. "I'm afraid," he said, "you'll think I'm being unfair, but I'm afraid."

"An angry spark from the unexpired restaurant owner was the only reply Crook got as he passed out upon the platform.

"Frank Humphrey, who was the prince, and who was making away with his success the night they met, was the last to leave, and he was the first to go.

"Two weeks later, May 1st, the editor of the *Miller* was in the office again.

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