

The Action Free Press

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SHINE JUST WHERE YOU ARE

Don't waste your time in judging
your character, importance, talents;
you are nothing until you are
seen. The brightness of angel wings;
don't spur to a rainbow.
Heavenly you are not;
but here you are, in the regions of darkness,
by shining just where you are.

There is need of the thickest candle
As well as the parish yard;
The humblest deed is magnified
When it shines;
You may never be called to "brighten"
The darkest regions afar;
He shines just where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
Just where God bids you to stand;
Though down in the deepest shadow,
The light of the sun still shines upon you;
That no gloom or darkness can mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
Will be added to your illumination
By shining just where you are.

Eva Williams Malone;

DISASTER BEGINS AT HOME

The outstanding question in world politics today is disengagement. The consensus of opinion, reflected by the press of our empire, is that to secure "peace on earth" armaments must go. The world is agreed that the way to the national intelligence equipment.

A nation is made of units—individuals. Then let us begin at home; disengage until the individual. Turn the searchlight of self-examination upon ourselves.

"Our worldly ambitions. Are they quidnoughts ploughing the waves of life? The heat of the heart of the myriad other craft await us." Reaching from their funnels the vaunting smoke of selfishness, screaming the whistles for right of way, sweeping the opposition, trampling over the principles of disengagement, dashes them methods, striking a full craft here and there for "King climb to eminence over me"; if we have such disengagements, soon these convert them into peaceful merchants.

Our open sins. These are the "destroyers" of the fleet, more plentiful in the number and heat of the heart of the myriad other craft awaiting us. Reaching from their funnels the vaunting smoke of selfishness, screaming the whistles for right of way, sweeping the opposition, trampling over the principles of disengagement, dashes them methods,

striking a full craft here and there for "King climb to eminence over me"; if we have such disengagements, soon these convert them into peaceful merchants.

Our secret faults. The mighty, silent sinners that lie in wait for their prey, dealing the furtive blow to an unsuspecting fellowman. Scrap them.

Our tongues. "The tongue is fire, a world of iniquity, it defiles the whole body." To what can we liken it but to that weapon of terrible power and potentiality—"poison gas".

Let the half an hour of hell Siberian units sustained by 10,000 casualties from a cloud gas discharge. No other weapon of destruction approached such figures in so brief a time.

Some poison gases are described as "persistent" gases. They linger over the area where the discharge has taken place for several days following, rending that area unsafe and perhaps death-dealing to unsuspecting wayfarers.

Even so it is with the tongue. It touched on a cloud of hell words, detached a cloud of hell words, discharged the "persistent gas" of slander, back-biting, innuendo, that lingers long in the mind, infecting the heart, making it one weapon of war, to which we must constantly cling, but we must do to disarm it, must perform, go to the scrap heap.

Let, yet without intent, those who thinketh in his heart so is he. We rise no higher than our thoughts. Is not the reason why the nations have in the last recent years built such structures of armaments, wherein dwells the Giant War Lord, because each anticipates aggression, hostility, from the other, and therefore he must be prepared.

Let the hatchet fall on the unit. Disarmament begins at home.—Isobel F. Smith.

THOSE WHITE SPOTS IN YOUR NAILS

A chap very much interested in spirituals, from the pulpit, and allied subjects, confessed that he believed in palmistry alone. Questioning brought out the information that he had seen his palms read and the reader had told him his past and the statement that he was just recovering from a severe nervous breakdown. Now this was really the case and of course, he was satisfied with such knowledge on the part of the palmist. Now was there really any clairvoyance about this knowledge? None whatever.

Physicians have noted that little white transverse lines with irregular edges often show on people below par physically. Now what does this condition mean? Has it really any significance? Is it the individual possessing such an individual possessing such an increased condition of health generally. The blood pressure is low, and there are unusual symptoms of physical and mental disease. What is it? It is a severe illness of some kind, being frequently the forerunner of tuberculosis or anæmic conditions. Don't mislead me, but I don't necessarily follow the oddities.

Don't get alarmed if you have a few of these white markings in your nails. They are fairly common as a matter of fact. It need not follow that you are, in fact, below par and so fresh air, good food, and sensible exercise are at once indicated.

NO NEED FOR HURRY

The steamer was only a few feet from the quay when there was a sudden shout from the deck. The men running madly from the dock gat the word to the officials to wait a moment.

Without pausing in his stride he flung his bag on to the boat, took out his cap and landed on the dock with a crash.

"Good!" he gasped, as he was assisted to his feet. "Just did it. A few seconds later and I should have missed it."

"Missed it!" exclaimed one of the passengers. "Do you realize that this boat is just coming in?"

NAVAJO BLANKETS

The origin of the famous Navajo blankets is picturesque. At the time of the Indian wars, the rough tribes of Indians were too independent to be mentioned. It grew, however, and in truth up to the Pueblo took many of the latter prisoners. From the Pueblo they had been masters of native culture; they had taken up the textile art; and then stealing sheep from the Spaniards, they augmented the weaving of the woolen blankets.

Only the women of the tribe were weavers, and in the early days they did it largely as an article of recreation, just as the women of civilization do embroidery or tatting.

COMFORTING

His Wife—John—said—she doctor says I need a change of climate.

Her Husband—All right! The weather prophet says it will be colder tomorrow."



Saturday Night in the Childhood Days at Home

The following pathetic scene takes me back to the days in the old home, when mother was our guiding star and constant comfort, and where the whole play of life that sure and safe, quiet existence under the roof of the dear old home.

HAPPY SATURDAY NIGHT—Placing the little kids all in a row, ready for church on the morrow, you know?

Getting them ready and fits the bed, while what mothers are doing to night.

Spying out holes in little work bags, laying by shins that are out at the toe.

Looking over garments so faded and worn, but a mother knows where to begin?

Changing a button to make it look like a new one.

Calling this little ones all round her, chafing their little limbs, saying evening prayers.

Telling them over the story so old, How the Lord gather His lambs.

Watching them listen with childish delight.

What quiet mothers are doing to night.

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Telling them over the story so old, How the Lord gather His lambs.

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Praying as only a mother can pray, God guide and keep them front going.

Say, I have to honestly confess I am not fit to go to bed. In this same community—One among my boyhood companions and friends are being called to the home beyond the sky. Who would say my mother long live?

The same story, my mother, I shall miss him sorely. Many a good "crack" we had together. Tom and I saw a good many things, we've done.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep, After the little ones are fast asleep, Anxious to know if the children are warm.

Putting the blankets round each little form.

Kiss each little face, rosy and bright.

What quiet mothers are doing to night.

Knelling down gently beside each little bed, Low and meekly she bows down her head.

Praying as only a mother can pray, God guide and keep them front going.

Now, I have to honestly confess I am not fit to go to bed. In this same community—One among my boyhood companions and friends are being called to the home beyond the sky. Who would say my mother long live?

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