The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1923

THE SWIMMING HOLE

When the sun rides high in a summer sky
And your shadow is short as your nose,
On the country road where the earth, dust-dry,
Puffs up through your naked toes;
When the grasshopper scrapes his monotonous drone
Half asleep in the withering grass,
When the thirsty leaves scarce turn their leaves
In the listless breezes that pass;
When the heat waves quake and shiver and shake
On the crest of the sun-baked knoll—
Come away with me to the willow tree
That shelters the swimming hole!

Come away with me where the willow tree
Dapples the water cool,
Where the skate bugs dash and the shiners flash
In the depths of the magic pool;
Where the lilies float at the mossy brink,
Where the thrushes bathe, where the robins drink!
Come away with me where the waters free
Dance merrily over the shoal,
Come away with me to the willow tree
That shelters the swimming hole!

—Cave Scout.

A BOOKKEEPER OF HUMAN LIVES

For twenty-three years W. H. Rintelman, a country printer and the town judge of Menomonee Falls, Wis., has been a bookkeeper of human lives, writes A. P., in the Madison News.

In 1900, Rintelman, who is keenly interested in sociological and religious questions, began in secret to make a record of the young men and women who joined several of the churches in the village near here.

Judge Rintelman has been the confidant and counsel for the young folks for many years. His kindly philosophical nature and shrew insight into the problems of boys and girls is attested to by the fact that he has been the first resort of boys who had got into scrapes and difficulties of all kinds. The young man leaving for the city to seek his fortune would invariably drop into the printing office to say good-bye to the "judge," who was busily making up country auction bills and sticking type in the village's weekly paper. His friendly smile and sagacious advice was a welcome start for the youth leaving home and friends. Also when the young man came back, either with laurels or otherwise, one of their first stops was the printing office to tell Judge Rintelman "how things stood."

The fact that the youth of the village had its confidence in him enabled Rintelman to gain much data on their lives in regard to their works, habits, marriages, ambitions, and religious activities. This socio-religious data he entered in a book using much of the same methods as a bookkeeper. The human ledger had a credit side and a debit side and all the activities of the young men were carefully tabulated under these headings.

Of the more than two hundred persons whose lives are recorded in the book kept by Mr. Rintelman, who are scattered over eighteen states, the following data was secured:

On the credit side the following: One banker, one prominent attorney, two ministers, three high school principals, three university, and college teachers, and one prominent welfare worker.

On the debit side of the ledger were the following: One murderer, six petty larceny offenders, one insane, one suicide, one defaulter and three accused of gross immorality. Among the two hundred persons there were eleven divorces and four separations which, according to Mr. Rintelman, bring the average of the small town marital difficulties nearly up to that of the city. The records show that only 10 per cent. of the subjects of the survey are active in church work.

The professors in the religious education department of the Garrett Biblical Institute, which is connected with Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., received a hint of what Judge Rintelman was doing through a theological student preaching at Menominee Falls. The result was that the "ledger" of the youth of the small town is being used for classroom study and discussion.

GAMES FOR THE PIC-NIC

Try this "bean-bag contest": Line up the players, girls in one line, boys in the other. At a given signal each leader starts a bean-bag down the line by tossing it back over his head. The player behind him must catch it and throw it over his or her head, and so on. The last in line runs forward with the bag to the head of the line and starts the bag again. When the original leader again reaches the head of the line the game is finished. Prepare ribbon badges for the winning side.

"Crows and cranes" is a good drill for the boys, who form in lines about ten feet apart. Those in one line are called cranes. The leader explains: "When I shout 'crows,' the cranes will dash off and the crows will chase them." He then calls: "Are you ready?" then begins with a "c-r-r-r," that keeps both lines standing tense and eager, awaiting the word. "Crows" comes out at last. The crows who bolt, instead of dashing after the cranes, drop out, while the cranes who dash instead of bolting also drop out; the side with the largest number of men remaining wins.

Do you know the old game "Jolly Miller?" This is the song which the players sing:

"Happy is the miller who lives by the mill;
The mill turns round with a free, goodwill,
Hand in the hopper, and the other in the sack,
The ladies step forward, and the 'gents' fall back."

Players choose partners and form in line, each couple holding hands, left hand in left hand, right hand in right. They march around, keeping step to the music, and when the last line of the verse is reached, the girls "step forward" and the boys "fall back," causing a change of partners every time. Continue until original partners meet again.

Follow with a "life-saving contest," in which the contestants consume doughnuts and lemonade. Every one will want to enter for this contest.

SMILES

A school teacher asked an Irish boy to describe an island.

"Sure, ma'am," said Pat, "it's a place you don't have without a boat."

Customer—"Are your eggs fresh?"

Grocer—"Why, madam, if they were any fresher, they would be impertinent."

Lives of great men all remind us
We can do great stunts as well,
And departing leave behind us
Antidotes we didn't tell.

There is a good deal of gospel in the right kind of a handshake. Beware of the grip.

Motor cars are encroaching so rapidly on the business of the blacksmiths that it is predicted that there will be nothing left for them to shoe in a few years but the hens. Exercutly.

The Free Press Short Story

He Said He Understood Women

FRANK H. WILLIAMS

BEN UNDERWOOD realized that all the neighborhood was interested in his courtship of pretty Alice Menefee. He knew that folks near Alice's home and, in fact, all the folks in the Lakeside section of Brampton, where Alice resided, were wondering whether he would win Alice's hand or whether she would bestow it on his rival, Howard Brahm.

And Ben, realizing all this, tilted his chair still further back and smiled at his good friend, old Mrs. Ferguson, through the smoke from his cigarette.

Mrs. Ferguson had been Ben's nurse when he was a baby. Now that her husband had become wealthy, she, too, resided in the Lakeside section of Brampton, but she had not outgrown her affection for Ben, and still mothered him, having no children of her own.

"You ought to be up and doing," declared Mrs. Ferguson, with asperity, evidently irritated by Ben's composure. "Brahm will be running away with the girl you ought to marry, before you know it, if you don't look out!"

"She'll never marry him!" declared Ben positively.

Again he puffed contentedly on his cigarette. He could see, too, that in spite of Mrs. Ferguson's irritation his calm assertion had made quite an impression on her.

"Now, why do you say that?" she demanded.

"Because I understand women," declared Ben easily.

"Because you understand women!" Mrs. Ferguson exploded. "A lot you know about women. You'll see, you'll see!"

"Well, I understand this one woman—Alice, in particular," asserted Ben, bringing his chair down on all fours. "And I tell you she'll never marry Brahm. I'm as sure of it as—as—as anything at all!"

"But look at what he's doing for her," Ben's old nurse cried.

"He's always taking her out in that big automobile of his. And then look at that big house he's putting up. My, but it's a big one! And all the folks are saying he's putting it up for her. You ought to be putting up an even better one. You can afford it."

"I know I can afford it," said Ben, "but I'm not going to do it. I tell you I understand women and I know what they want. Now, don't you worry."

He stood up and patted Mrs Ferguson reassuringly on her ample shoulder.

Mrs. Ferguson smiled a bit at this and caught his big brown hand in hers.

"I hope you're right, I do hope you're right, Ben," she said. "I want you to have everything you want. And I know you want Alice."

"Yes," said Ben, as a wistful look came into his eyes. "I want Alice—bad."

For a moment he said nothing, his glance abstracted. Then he patted Mrs. Ferguson's shoulder once again:

"But I've got to work things out in my own way," he said. "I'm sure I'm right. I'm not going to sit by quietly and let Brahm walk right over me. I'm going to do something, all right. But I'm afraid you'd not approve of it."

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Ferguson.

"That's a secret," Ben smiled. "I'll tell you later."

That night Ben went to see Alice and he knew that all the neighbors were watching closely as he drove up before her home in his last year's car and sauntered casually up the steps to the front door. Ben didn't care what the neighbors thought or said or did. If it afforded them entertainment if they enjoyed speculating about the outcome of the contest between Brahm and himself, let them keep on speculating. He didn't mind in the least.

Alice herself came to the door and greeted Ben with a cheery smile that made his heart pound loudly against his ribs and that brought home to him more forcefully than ever the fact that he wanted her very much, indeed.

Alice was a mighty pretty girl, though somewhat frail looking. She was the private secretary to the head of a big manufacturing company and worked hard all day. So Ben never stayed very late at night when he called on her. He knew she needed the rest and he felt it would be more considerate to her to go at a reasonable hour than to keep her up to all times of the night. And, surely, in this particular at least, Ben demonstrated that he understood women.

"I'm going to a big party to-morrow night," said Alice, "with Howard. I suppose it will be fearfully late and there will be lots of people there."

"Yes?" said Ben, without much interest. "We've just taken the agency for a new vacuum cleaner down at our store," he went on, taking a seat beside Alice on the davenport. "It's a little affair, only weighs three pounds. People will use it to clean upholstery and get into corners and all that sort of thing. See here, here's how you could use it on this davenport."

Ben demonstrated the use of the article as best he could. As he did so he looked quickly and thoughtfully at Alice. What he saw in her face seemed to please him immensely, for he smiled delightedly.

"There's a friend of mine going to get married soon," went on Ben, "who's got one of the most complete little bungalows you ever saw. Everything all arranged so that the work of taking care of the house won't amount to anything at all. He's bought one of these new hand vacuum cleaners. He's bought a lot of other labor-saving devices from our store, too. Would you like to look at his bungalow?"

Again Ben looked carefully and thoughtfully at Alice. And again he smiled as she clapped her hands and looked pleased.

"I'd love to go," Alice exclaimed.

"I'll come and get you Saturday afternoon," said Ben. "Maybe you can make some suggestions as to changes that ought to be made in the little bungalow."

Some time later, as Ben chugged down the street in his last year's car, his face wore a broad grin. Even the sight of the handsome new, big house on one of the most prominent corners in Lakeside, which was being erected by Brahm, failed to dampen his enthusiasm.

"I'll show these folks I do know a thing or two about women, after all," said Ben.

Ben still wore a smile on the following Monday when he was once more in Mrs. Ferguson's house.

"Ben," said Mrs. Ferguson, "I don't want to discourage you, but I'm afraid it's all off. I don't believe you've got any chance at all for Alice."

Ben puffed slowly at his cigar without showing much perturbation.

"Why not?" he asked, at last.

"Brahm's house will be finished soon and he's telling around he'll soon be taking his bride there. You know what that means?"

"Yes," said Ben, unperturbed, "it means nothing at all."

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Ferguson.

"Because," said Ben, "he doesn't understand women. Last Saturday I took Alice to see a little bungalow I told her a friend of mine was putting up. It's a neat little place—just the right size for a young couple. Plenty of labor-saving devices—just the sort of a house that a frail girl like Alice would love to live in. Do you think a great big house like Brahm's has any chance at all beside a little bungalow like that? Don't you think any girl would prefer to marry a man who thought so much of her that he wanted to give her a tiny, easy-to-take-care-of place, instead of a great big house where she'd be burdened to death?"

Ben smiled at his old nurse as he said this. He saw her eyes glisten with delight.

"And the bungalow isn't your friend's at all!" cried Mrs. Ferguson delightedly. "It's yours. And you equipped it all ready to move in and then showed it to Alice for a surprise."

Ben smiled blandly.

"Not at all," he said. "It really does belong to a friend of mine!"

"But, I don't get the idea," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson, greatly puzzled.

"Don't you see," he explained, "I showed the house to her so I could tell her it was my idea of the sort of a house she'd like to live in. But I didn't make the mistake of springing the whole completed job on her. Not at all! Why, one of the biggest things in any woman's life is planning the sort of a home she wants to live in, and actually seeing it go up! Remember that Brahm has put up his house to suit himself—to please himself and no one else in the world! Do you think Alice will ever marry him now?"

"No, I don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson emphatically and joyfully.

And Alice didn't marry Brahm. She is Mrs. Ben Underwood now, and very happy, indeed, in a little bungalow of her own designing, which is the envy of all her friends and relatives for its comfort and coziness.

Which goes to prove that Ben really knew what he was talking about when he said he understood women—the one woman, at least, in whom he was particularly interested.

ROSES

June is the month of roses. In spite of all dispute and competition, the rose seems to hold its place as the ideal and the typical flower. There are some who will question the assertion. The simple grace of violets has its perennial charm. To certain hearts the incomparable pure tender of lilies speaks more searchingly than the passionate crimson glory of the rose. And the large increase of botanical and horticultural ingenuity has given the curious splendor of the orchid a prominence that it could not claim in earlier times. Yet the rose reigns supreme and apparently always will. Its artificiality, its infertility, its sacrifice of usefulness, of fruitfulness, to beauty seem rather to enhance its hold upon the esteem of its adorers.

The poets have made it their own and by centuries of worship have given its a symbolical glory that perhaps its original charm could hardly have deserved. From the earliest ages of literature the rose stands out as the embodiment of color, of radiance, of all the passionate perfection of pure beauty, in the mysterious and haunting complexity of life. The Middle Ages, with their strange fancy for allegorical interpretation, wove about the ideal rose a great web of romantic legend. Shakespeare, with his marvelous gift of words, summed up all the intensity of love in one dazzling figure of a rose:

For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose: in it thou'art my all.

And as the rose has been made to image the concentrated beauty of life, so it has come to stand for its fragility. Strength, grace, wisdom and delight decay; but nothing more quickly reaches its splendor of perfection and more quickly passes away from it than roses. So have sung the poets of Greece and Italy and every other age and clime, none more delitiously than Spenser in his description of the Bower of Bliss:

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre:
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre.

Recently there have been published the exquisite letters of one of the greatest of American scholars, Prof. F. J. Child. These letters are full of noble thoughts and witty comments. They are also full of roses, and the glow and glory of the roses shed a surprising radiance over the dull routine of a scholar's life. See how they shine and quiver—and fade—in this passage in which the great scholar would impart his ecstasy to all of us: "Ah, what a world—with roses, sunrise and sunset, Shakespeare, Beethoven, brooks, mountains, birds, maids, ballads—why can't it last, why can't everybody have a share!"

THINNING FRUIT A GOOD PRACTICE

Thinning fruit is a practice that has not become very widespread in Eastern Canada as yet, remarks the Chief Assistant to the Dominion Horticulturist in his bulletin on "Modern Orchard Practice." If the growers, he continues, were really alive to their opportunities; much more thinning would be carried on in the future. In thinning, spotted or deformed apples are removed, and, in cases where there are too many apples in a cluster, the poorer ones are removed, thus giving the remaining fruit a better chance to reach maturity and go into the No. 1 barrel. A good safe plan is to thin so that no two apples will be touching each other or will be on the same cluster.

LEADS IN CHILD WELFARE

In a recent address before the New York Canadian Club, Dr. James W. Robertson, of Ottawa, Chairman of the executive of the Canadian Red Cross Society and Chief Commissioner of the Boy Scouts Association of Canada, declared that in the past four years Canada has made more real progress than any other nation along the lines of child welfare. Six Canadian universities are giving courses to women to fit them for work in saving the lives of babies, he said.

USE OF THE DIFFERENTIAL

The function of the differential in automobiles is to give flexibility to the axle, through which the power is transmitted to the wheels. When the car is turning a corner, the outside wheel travels farther than the inside wheel, and this difference is taken care of in the differential, by an arrangement of bevel gears and pinion.

MR. PEASLEE HELPS THE SCHOOL TEACHER TO JUMP

The school teacher eyed the brook doubtfully and shook her head. "I never can jump across in this world!" she asserted. "I may as well give up and go back to the house; it's too far to walk way up to the bridge."

Mr. Peaslee looked at her with a tolerant grin. "What makes you so sartain you can't jump it?" he asked. "Your try it?"

"No," admitted the teacher, reddening a little. "I've never tried to jump in my life; I've just known I couldn't, without trying."

Mr. Peaslee sighed with satisfaction. "I thought that was 'about the way of it," he said. "Now I'm comin' back on your side again."

He leaped the little brook easily. "Now," he said casually, "I thought I'd better be over here on account of that dog of Piper's you're so scared of. Just imagine he's close behind you! I'll look after the dog if I can git you out of the way; you jest keep your eye on that fur bank of the brook and jump for that. Don't look at the brook. Look at the fur bank!"

With a little scream of nervousness the teacher jumped desperately and landed safely on the opposite bank; Mr. Peaslee followed more leisurely. Safe and reassured, she turned to look. "Why, where did the dog go?" she asked wonderingly.

Mr. Peaslee patted her arm. "I didn't say there was any dog," he said mildly. "I jest told you to imagine the dog was here."

The teacher held her face in her palms and stared at him. "You scared me over!" she said at last.

"Mebbe I wouldn't have thought of it," Mr. Peaslee said, "only when you said you'd never tried to jump it fetched into my mind a fuller I had to work for me once. He couldn't climb a tree or go up a ladder, he told me—claimed it made him sick to his stomach and fatched on dizzy-headedness and I don't know what all.

"Fust I knew of it was once when I wanted he should go up on to the roof of the barn to tack on a few shingles that had come loose in a gale, and then the whole story came out. He seemed so aghast at the more notion of bein' aloft anywhere that I give up reasonin' with him and clim' up and fixed the roof myself.

"A spell after that I wanted him to climb an apple tree and cut out some of the suckers and water sprouts; it was a bellflower tree that stood in the edge of the pasture. A bellflower is one tree that seems to try to see how lofty it can grow, and this one was sixty foot high sartain and mebbe more; I never measured it to see. Well, one day I took him along with me and went down to the tree and p'inted out what I wanted done. The limbs growed down close to the ground, and all he had to do was to stand on the fence and scrumble a mite.

"'I want you should clean off every one of them sprouts,' I says. 'Take 'em close to the bark and don't miss a one of 'em.' I was goin' on to tell him what else to do, when I ketched sight of his face; his mouth was hangin' open, and he was lookin' at me as if he was sure I'd took leave of my senses. 'Why,' whe, 'I couldn't climb that tree to save my life; you know how I am about that as well's I do!' And do you know I couldn't budge him.

"So I fin'ly gin it up and went back to the house and left him to trim off what he could reach by standin' on the ground. I s'pose I'd been away mebbe fifteen minutes when all at once I heard an awful hollerin', 'fif somebody was in mortal danger of bein' killed outright; so I dropped my basket and made all haste to where I could help. And what do you s'pose it was?

"I had a pair of two-year-old steers in that pasture, and most of the time they kep' down in the far edge where the elders made a shade for 'em. There wa'n't a mussel of ugliness in either of 'em, but they was duick and spry and full of curiosity, same's all young cattle. Well, they must have ketched sight of the feller hoverin' round the tree, for the fust thing he knew they was about fifteen foot away, pawin' the sod up in flakes and bellerin' something terrifyin' to a man that didn't know it was all paw and beller and nothin' more. They jest wanted to know what was goin' on.

"But the feller didn't wait to tell 'em nothin'; he went up the tree out of the way of harm. I figgered the fust jump he must have gone up five foot straight and grabbed a limb, and when he got onto one with his feet he kep' on goin'. By the time I'd got there he was up twenty foot and looking for other limbs to carry him higher; I had to set down and laugh a minute 'fore I could speak; but fin'ly I hollered and made him hear. 'You're all right now,' I says. 'Those steers ain't broke to climbin' trees; they couldn't git up there if they wanted to!'

"'Well,' says I, 'you've learnt one thing; you can climb a tree. And now you're goin' to learn another one!' And I picked up a good stick I'd fetched along jest in case the cattle was madded at somethin' and stepped onto the wall where I could reach up to the feller's calf. 'Now,' says I, 'you get down onto the ground this instant, or I'll give you the full inch of this brad!' He began to whimper, but a touch of the goad that went through his hide fetched him off with a yell, and he lit on a limb, then hit the ground all in a heap. 'Now,' I says, 'you step along to them cattle and slap 'em on the nose and start 'em away!'

"He looked about the same's death-struck when I said that, but another touch of the brad drove him, and he charged at 'em with his arms wavin' and shoutin'. He was so scared he was about d'mented, but he was more scared of me than of the cattle. And, jest as I knew they would, the steers didn't wait to be cuffed, but turned tail and in less'n a minute they was out of sight. And do you know," asserted Mr. Peaslee, "that was pretty near the makin' of that feller? Yes'm. He'd found he could climb and that a man could drive cattle, and I didn't let him git either of 'em. He growed to be quite a man."

The teacher clapped her hands. "When we go back," she said resolutely, "I'm going to jump that brook again—without help this time!"

"Course you are," said Mr. Peaslee.

QUERIES

"What is most liable to go broke about your automobile?"

"The owner," replied Mr. Chuggins.

Teacher—How is Central America divided?

Pupil—By earthquakes.

Teacher—"Why doesn't lightning strike twice in the same place?"

Smart Boy—"Regular it isn't necessary."

"Can you tell me what Mrs. Crowley and Mr. Green have in common that should make them so fond of each other?"

"Why sure. She is a grass widow and he has hay fever."

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GEMS OF THOUGHT

Genius, without religion, is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace; it may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitant is in darkness.—H. More.

Rather wink at small injuries, than to be too forward to avenge them. He that to destroy a single bee should throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, would make a thousand.

You who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth. —Thackeray.

By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.—Goldsmith.

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense.—Swift.

There is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.—Longfellow.

I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear.—J. Wesley.

If you suffer injustice, console thyself; the true unhappiness is in doing it.—Democritus.

Flattery blows a bubble around a man; just praise puts a foundation under him.

One man's word is no man's word; we should quietly hear both sides.—Goethe.

The first day, a guest; the second a burden; the third, a pest.—Laboulaye.

The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs.—Bacon.

It is error only and not truth that shrinks from inquiry.—Thomas Paine.

The great art of learning, is to undertake but little at a time.—Locke.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Jeremy Taylor.

Fortune gives too much to many, but to none enough.—Martial.

If thou wouldst be borne with, then bear with others.—Fuller.

All men think all mortal but themselves.—Young.

LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT

A clever man once said that words are for concealment of thought. A wise man, long before him, said that they are for the expression of thought. Between the two it is a far cry—with limitations and defects of language lending themselves to the cynicism of the clever epigrammatist. Different inferences have been drawn from the same sentences of old authorities on religion or philosophy or economics or government. Bits from the same work or from the same author are not infrequently cited both pro and con in present-day controversy. When those who write thoughts in words they should exhaust the language and its syntax to make their expression inclusive of all that they mean and exclusive of all else, if they would have the future interpret it correctly.

When Holloway's Corn Remover is applied to a corn it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

"DON'TS FOR GIRLS"

Mrs. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale has just published a book entitled "What's Wrong With Our Girls?" In it she provides a set of rules which American mothers are pasting up for every-day observance. They include:

Candy only once a week.

No heels over half an inch in height to be worn, and heelless ballet slippers to be correct for dancing.

No transparent stockings and low pumps to be worn out of doors in the winter months.

No low-necked evening gowns to be worn before 18.

No soda-fountain eating or drinking between meals whatever.

No dancing during the holidays later than 11 o'clock for girls over 16, or 10 o'clock for those under 16. No theatres, except matinees, during term time, and no motion pictures later than 9.30 which should be bedtime.

No stimulants to be taken before 18, including coffee.

Absolute simplicity and comfort in dress, including the dressing of hair, with the prohibition of face powder and rouge, to be correct, and breaches of this observance to be discouraged by the withdrawal from the transgressor of desirable invitations.

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A BRIEF EXERCISE

A class of boys was commanded to write an an exercise a brief account of a football game. One boy sat through the period seemingly wrapped in thought, while the others worked hard, and finished their narratives.

The teacher, noticing that the laggard had not commenced his version, sternly rebuked him. The boy then concentrated all his attention upon the theme, and at last, with eagerness, scratched a line upon his slate and handed it to the teacher. And these are the words she read: "Bulp—No Game."

MIGHT HAVE SUGGESTED COUEISM

"My wife was feeling ill this morning and asked me to telephone for the doctor, but I pointed out a big bargain sale in the newspaper and she felt better at once."

"But wouldn't it have been cheaper to send for a doctor?"

"Confound it! I never thought of that."—Boston Transcript.

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What Did You Do with That Match?

The suffering and loss caused by forest fires are common knowledge and, yet, carelessness with fire in the forest continues. These forest fires are practically all preventable.

Save Ontario's Forests
They're Yours

Every individual who steps inside the woods should remember he is in the midst of highly inflammable property, for the upper layer of ground in the forest consists of partially rotted wood, which will burn. Lack of consideration for this gave rise to the strenuous situation in Ontario the last week of May and the anxiety for days in some settlements.

Thoughtlessness or bad judgment or carelessness cause practically all forest fires. Your co-operation, as a citizen, is needed to prevent these fires by taking the same care in the woods as in your own home.

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