The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1923

WANTED—MEN

There's the chap with the "Can't" and
the chap with the "Won't,"
And the chap who's betwixt, more
or less;
There's the chap with an "Aye," when
it ought to be "Nay," and
The "No," when it ought to be "Yes."

There's the chap who's too weak to
get up when he's down—too
Huffed to strike back when he's hit,
And the chap who hobs up when he
ought to stay down!
The chap who does nothing but sit.

There's the chap who is brave when
he's nothing to fear, and
The chap who's afraid, without
shame,
But the world waiting men has no
patience with these—what it
Wants is the fellow dead game!

What it wants is the chap with the
"Can" and the "Will," the
"Get up," and Hustle" and "Do;"
And the chap who "comes back" with a
smile on his face, when the
World thinks he's beaten clean
through;

The chap who'll back down when he
knows he is wrong, and the
Chap who'll stand pat when he's
right,
And the chap who keeps faith when he
pledges his word, and will
Back up his stand with a fight;

The chap who forever puts right above
wrong, and honor o'er
Riches and fame;
Ah, he is the chap that the world's
looking for—the trustworthy
Fellow—dead game!

—James Edward Hungerford.

BRINGING UP FATHER

So much advice has been given to fathers about how to treat their children that perhaps a little advice would be in order to children about how to manage father.

Let us indulge in no prelude and get to business.

First of all, study your father. Look him over and think him over. Do not assume that you know all about him and do not make it a business to keep away from him.

Be patient with him. He is probably doing the best he can according to his lights. He may not understand you, but then again, on the other hand, perhaps you do not understand him. It takes two to do a job of understanding.

Remember that not long ago you were a baby and it is a little difficult for father to realize that you are not one yet. He had to tell you everything to do and when one gets into that habit it's very hard to quit.

Sympathize with him. He is growing old, and some day, as you will find out, growing old is no joke. You are full of illusions and hopes. He is full of disillusions and his stock of hope is not as large as it was. Also remember that he has to get out everyday and find something wherewith to purchase bread and butter, which is some different from merely coming to the table when the bell rings.

Respect your father. He is entitled to that in any case. Never seem to disregard his opinion. When he speaks, listen. You may not always be able to obey, but at least you can listen.

You object to his being impatient and intolerant with you and therefore you should not be impatient or intolerant with him.

Be polite to him. There is no place where courtesy counts for more than toward your father.

Flatter him. Say things that you think will please him. He may not let on that he cares about this, but he does care. Between you and me there is no one whose good opinion a father values so much as his son's.

Be affectionate with him. If he makes it difficult for you to do this, then be as affectionate as you can.

Do not argue with him. He may think that you ought to accept anything he says without question. Let him think it. It pleases him and it doesn't hurt you. We all have our little vanities, and father should be allowed to have his. He may not know as much as you do, but some day you will be forty yourself, and then you will not know as much as you do now.

Do not contradict him. Well-bred people do not contradict each other flatly.

Help him. You know him perhaps as well as anyone knows him and know of many little ways in which you could make things easier for him. Remember that while you are the colt and frisking in the pasture, father is the pack horse and the load sometimes becomes burdensome.

Most of all and most important of all, never show that he hurts your feelings. He probably will hurt them, but do not let him see it. Get a grin on yourself.

Finally, remember that you are playing for high stakes—to win a father. You will never have but one father and when you lose him, you can not find another in exchange.

ATTRACTED BY HER HANDS

Recently I asked twelve different men what was the first thing that they noticed when they were introduced to a woman.

All were indifferent walks in life, and I asked them all at different times, Mary Manners writes.

One man said, "Her ankles," another "Her eyes," a third, "Her clothing," but, to my amazement, the other nine answered "Her hands!"

I never before realized how important the hands of a woman are in the eyes of a man, so I asked for explanations.

"I fell in love with my wife's hands almost before I had seen her face," one of the twelve confessed to me.

"She was playing the piano, and the way her little fingers rippled over the keys held me spellbound. I felt that a woman with hands like that could do anything, and I was right!"

"A woman's hands are so expressive of her personality," a naval officer said. "I instinctively distrust a woman with a fat, pudgy hand. She is usually lazy and empty-brained.

"As for the young woman with the 'lily-white' hands, preserve me from her! She is too helpless for words as a rule. All that she is good for is lifting chocolates out of a box and twiddling her rings."

"Give me," said another man, "a pair of hands that look as though they can sew, cook, hold a tennis racquet and a golf club, play the piano, lift a baby, drive a car, put flowers in a vase, hold a pen—and, best of all, hands which look soft enough to caress an aching head and graceful enough to kiss!"

"Graceful enough to 'kiss!'" That last sentence stuck in my mind.

So many women forget that while they deplore the death of chivalry they themselves have pulled down the pedestal on which they once stood.

So many of them now get a hearty, if ungallant, slap on the back, because, perhaps, their hands are not dainty and graceful enough to kiss.

Beautifully kept hands are a sign of inward refinement. We cannot all have our hands cast in a classic mould, we are not all blessed with "long, tapering, artistic fingers," but we can help Nature by making the hands with which she has endowed us beautiful, expressive, and indicative of our character.

The Free Press Short Story

PAID IN FULL

JOSIAH SWETT

"WE'RE stuck, Jimmy, an' the tide's a-goin' out," exclaimed Jonas Rutterfield, speaking to his younger brother, a boy of eight years, who was seated in the stern of the dory which had grounded on the mud flats a quarter of a mile or perhaps a bit more from the mainland. "It'll be a long time before we get 'way from here I guess. Gotto wait for the tide. We won't get home much before dark. Folks won't like that. I said I'd be home before noon."

"What are we goint to do?" questioned Jimmy.

"Do! Stay here until the tide comes in. I—"

"Oh, see the big bird way off there!" cried Jimmy suddenly, pointing off to the southeast.

"That ain't a bird, Jimmy," replied Jonas. "That's a arrowplane. I saw a picture of one t'other day."

"What do they call 'em arrowplanes for?" questioned Jimmy.

"I guess it's 'cause they go fast an' straight, just like an arrow. Looks as if it was comin' down. Jimmy, I b'lieve it is coming down. Jimmy, you stay here in the boat while I go 'shore an' maybe get a good look at it. I don't b'lieve it's more'n two miles down 'long the shore where it's settling down. I'll be back long before the tide comes."

Jimmy offered no objections and a moment later his brother, a boy of fourteen years, was trudging over the mud toward the shore. As for Jimmy, the hot July sun had made him sleepy, and it was not long after his brother started shoreward ere he curled himself up down in the bottom of the dory and went to sleep.

The two miles which Jonas figured on stretched into about three miles, but finally he reached the spot where the airplane had come down. There he had quite a chat with the operator of the machine. It was while talking with him that Jonas learned that the airplane was one of several which were being used for the purpose of taking passengers up in the air for brief trips.

"A dollar a minute!" ejaculated Jonas when he was told the cost of the trips. "Mm. I guess may be it's all right for folks that like that kind of fun, but I wouldn't go up in one 'of 'em if you'd pay me a hundred dollars a minute. No, sir. The ground is good 'nough for me. I fell out of the cherry tree up home once, an' when I struck I thought my feet was goin' up through my stomach. I'd hate to fall a thousand feet."

"Well, I think that I would hate to, too," laughed the aviator. "So I can't pursuade you to become a passenger, eh?"

"No, sir. You couldn't hire me to step 'board that contraption."

A mile or so farther down the shore was the landing place for the airplanes, and thither Jones finally wended his way, intent upon seeing all there was to see, so as to tell his brother all about them when he got back to the dory.

Time passed much more rapidly with Jonas that afternoon than he realized. In fact it was nearly four o'clock ere he started up the shore toward the spot where he had left the grounded dory. Halfway there he noted with alarm the rapid rise of the tide. The flats were entirely covered. As he ran along the shore he was astonished to find that there was nothing to be seen of the dory. His first thought was that the flood tide had brought it in to the shore, but look sharply as he would, he saw no sign of it. Then it came to him that the brisk off-shore wind had undoubtedly more than offset the tide, sending the dory out to sea.

Jonas studied the sea closely and it was not long ere he made out what looked like a dory far off to sea, though it was so small that he was not positive about it. Jonas looked frantically about him, hoping to see some boat drawn up along the shore, but saw absolutely nothing along that line.

Back along the shore ran Jonas at top speed. He was crying, and it was not strange that such was the case. "I'll never see Jimmy again!" he sobbed. "I went an' left him, an' now he's gone!"

As Jonas ran, however, hope again began to kindle within his breast, hope born of courage, courage which came to him in that dire hour of trouble.

"If he'll take me out there I'll get Jimmy yet," he choked. "I—I ain't afraid to go. I can swim good. He's got to take me out there!"

Jonas made record time back to where the aviator with whom he had first talked was still at work adjusting his machine.

"Forgot something?" queried the aviator.

"I—I forgot my brother!" cried Jonas. "He's drifted out to sea. Look! See that dory way off there? It's just a speck. Don't you see it? Just see where I'm pointin', Mister. See it?"

The aviator opened a little pocket in the machine and took therefrom a pair of marine glasses. Adjusting them, he looked off across the water. "Yes, my boy, I guess that's your dory all right," he said. "There is evidently a boy aboard of it."

"Mister, I—I ain't got no money to pay you with, but—but won't you please take me out there?" sobbed Jonas. "All you got to do is drop me somewhere near the dory. I'm a strong swimmer. Won't you please take me? Maybe someime I can pay you. I—I'll give you all the money I can earn for the next year if you'll only take me out."

"Well, my boy, climb in and we'll start," said the aviator, suddenly coming to a decision. "You are sure that you can swim good?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I'm the strongest swimmer of any of the follows up home. I never got the cramps nor nothin'. I'm just like a fish in the water."

The aviator started up the engine and it was but a few seconds later that the airplane began to gather speed as the wheels sped over the smooth sand. Then, all of a sudden the wonderful machine began to rise, and as it did so Jonas gave a little gasp. "I—I ain't scared none, Mister," he said. "Make her go just as fast as you can."

And that was very nearly what the aviator did do. Up, up, up went the machine, and the while were the eyes of Jonas glued to the far off dory. The time came that he could see his brother plainly and then all at once it seemed to Jonas as though the sea and the dory and Jimmy were all coming up to meet him in the air. "He's coming up, Mister!" he yelled. "Oh, Mister! He's coming up! Mister! Mister!"

"Climb out of there and get ready to dive, boy," commanded the aviator tersely. "Not a second to lose."

As in a dream Jonas obeyed. He watched as the dory and the sea apparently came up, up, up toward him. The time came that the dory was less than twenty feet below the airplane.

"Dive!" The command was sharp and impressive.

Jonas made one frantic leap, no very graceful dive, to be sure, but one which landed him in the water within ten feet of the dory. Striking out for it, he was almost no time in grasping the gunwale close to the bow. With a dexterous twist he threw one leg over the bow and an instant later was safely aboard the dory. Then he cupped his hands about his mouth, and shouted, "Thank you, Mister!" he yelled. "I'm goin' to row back to see you!"

Picking up the oars, Jonas headed for the shore. As he rowed along, he told his brother how great was his fright. "I wouldn't have cared if he'd gone ten miles in the air if he only got me out here, Jimmy," he said, swallowing hard. "I thought I never was goin' to see you again."

"Well, I guess you wasn't any more scared than I was when I seen that big buzzin' thing comin' straight down at me. Didn't you hear me holler?"

"I couldn't hear nothin' but the roar of that thing that was goin' round 'bout a million times a minute," replied Jonas.

It was about an hour later that Jonas reached the shore. Half a mile down the beach he came upon his aviator friend. "I come to thank you, Mister," said Jonas simply.

"That's all right, my boy," replied the aviator, shaking hands with him. "You are a brave boy, one of the very bravest. It was a pleasure to help you."

"Where will I send the money to as fast as I get it, Mister?" questioned Jonas.

"It is all settled my boy," replied the aviator. "Paid in full. The memory of such bravery will cheer me in the years to come. It will be vastly better than money. Good-by, and God bless you."

"And God bless you, Mister," choked Jonas. Then he started back whence he had come, back to Jimmy, the brother whom he loved better than life.

AFTER-HARVEST WORK AGAINST WEEDS

The time to start fighting weeds is in the spring, and among the prerequisites to success is the early sowing of clean plump seed, of suitable varieties, in a seed-bed that is well-prepared as regards drainage, fertility and tilth. By starting the crop vigorously, it is enabled to hold its own to the end with the minimum growth and seeding of weeds. However, in spite of the best of care there will always be weeds demanding some extra attention. In cultivated crops this can be given the season through, and especially before harvest; in grain and hay there is little opportunity until the crop is off. If not delayed then too long, many of the weeds of these crops can still be taken in hand, and some of them with the greatest of timeliness.

Some weeds like ragweed and Russian thistle push up rapidly about this time. Where grain has been seeded weed growth may have to be kept down by the use of the mower, but other stubble should be worked over by means of a disc harrow or cultivator or plowed very lightly. Besides preventing the seeding of weeds, this also makes conditions favorable for the germination of seeds already in the surface soil, which can be destroyed in the later fall plowing. Some seeds—wild oats for example—do not germinate readily, if at all, the first season but any farmer who has practised after-harvest cultivation knows that considerable germination of many weeds can be induced in favorable years.

After-harvest plowing of weedy hay fields is also desirable at the first opportunity that occurs. Such persistent perennials as couch grass, Canada and sow thistles, the hawkweeds, ox-eye daisy, etc., are probably at their weakest after using up their reserves in the attempt to mature seed, which timely cutting of the hay should prevent. Plowing at this season is not always the easiest done, but the dryness of the ground, if it does not prevent thorough work, is all to the good in weed destruction; couch grass, indeed, might well be left alone unless the ground is somewhat dry. The plowing at this time need not be deep; for couch grass particularly it should be only deep enough to get beneath the matted surface rootstocks. After blowing the object will be to drag the rootstocks into the drying sun by means of a spring tooth or other implement. Thistles and sow thistles will not be so readily dragged out, and can best be dealt with by the use of a duck-foot cultivator to keep all growth cut off as often as it appears. The amount of fallowing thus possible after the removal of a crop should go a long way toward cleaning a field, or at the least preparing for a cleaning hoed crop the following year. A rotation which allows of this procedure every three to five years will hold weeds reasonably well under control.

Many of the worst weeds of crops are also commonly weeds of waysides, pastures and waste places and should be cut by means of mower, scythe or spud or hand-pulled after a rain, if only to prevent their seeding. Places which can be broken up and cleaned may be later reseeded, if so desired, using strong-growing grasses and clovers which will fully occupy the ground. Besides removing the menace to crops—and often to good-will among neighbors—a little puttering about in odd corners of the farm works wonders in making the old place more likable. After mid-summer such weeds rapidly become conspicuous, and may well claim some of the hours or half-days when wet weather has upset other plans.—Herbert Groh, Division of Botany, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

WHAT HE COULD DO

He was an unkempt-looking fellow, and he stopped at the suburban residence and asked for employment. It was spring, and the lady of the house was herself superintending the transplanting of the plants. The door of the greenhouse was open.

"Are you a gardener?" asked the woman.

"Ain't had much experience."

"Can you plant these bushes?"

"I'd hate to risk spoilin' 'em, ma'am," was his reply.

"Then what can you do?"

"Well, ma'am, if you'll give me one o' your husband's cigars," he replied, meditatively, "I'll sit in the greenhouse an' smoke out the insects that's eatin' up the leaves o' them rosebids."

MERE REFRAINING

The slowness with which some people pay their newspaper subscriptions and blame it on carelessness or neglect reminds us of Brother Bogus:

"Does you still refuse, sah, to pay me dem two dollars I done loaned you de Lawd only knows when?"

"Nuuuah!" dignitedly replied Brothe' Bogus. "I doesn't refuse. I jess refrains."

MARION, THE SON-DAUGHTER

"Another daughter? Seven in little more than ten years. What is to become of that family is beyond me. John and Mollie ought to see that it is actually criminal—having a family of this sort, with no chance of providing for it," Mrs. Fortner commented fretfully, looking up from the special letter in her hands.

Miss Drave, her spinster sister-in-law, said acidly: "Seems like they're proud of their performance—in such a hurry to let you know of it."

"They are! You should hear Mollie," Mrs. Fortner returned. "Says she is so lucky—has never had to make a single set of baby clothes—just a piece at a time, as the first were handed down. And that she can be thrifty without hurting the children in the least—they don't have to wear things the least bit tight—shoes even can be passed on so no feet are cramped. I feel like shaking her—but what good would it do? John is just as bad. I asked him what under the sun he expected to become of his family. He only grinned and told me there might be too many women, but never in the world could there be too many good wives. Like Mollie, I suppose he meant. Anyway, he sounded mad to the no girl can marry well if she is not well brought forward, though I can possibly do something if I live to see them grown. I doubt if one of the flock will have looks enough or wit enough to make her worth my bringing out."

"You'd have to dress her—and everything. Bother 'Lisha would never stand for that," Miss Drave said reflectively.

Mrs. Fortner cast up her eyes, saying piously: "Life is uncertain. None of us can count on it."

If there was a note of regret over the uncertainty it was too well masked to fill a casual ear.

Mrs. Mollie Bryson's sole regret over her seventh daughter was that she herself was not likewise a seventh. That would mean untold luck for the small adorable mite—even better luck than having come into a place full of loving welcome. John had a fair salary—they owned a bit of a home instead of having life insurance, so with a trifle of savings against emergencies, what need was there for worry?

Mrs. Fortner was John's half-sister, the rich woman of the connection, so of course her attitude toward the Brysons set the family tone. All hands agreed that seven girls like stair steps were next door to a criminal offence—one that fate could not afford to leave unpunished. Spare visits to the Bryson house usually mitigated the visitors' harsh judgment. The girls were adorable—rosy, radiant, reasonably obedient, sunshiny spirits singularly alike, yet agreeably different. It was not, after all, so strange that John, who had put by ambition to be an artist for a steady job, and that Mollie should say, looking at the flock: "Beats everything I could ever have imagined." But once safe away prudence again prevailed—pity, kindly or acid, was meted out to the reckless parents.

Pretty girls, very pretty girls, with sweet home voices, adorable dancing feet, and Madame Mollie's knack of cookery, sewing and home-making, they were married out of hand, as it were, before they came to nineteen; to the rout and confusion of Mrs. Fortner, by that time a well-dowered widow, who offered to take Lenore, the oldest, and give her a two years' chance to marry well—that is to say, rich. Indeed, there was a candidate almost in the offing—Major Burke, a man of millions, just turned sixty, who had divorced one wife and buried another, hence was eager to find a submissive and well-broken third. John Brydon was so foolish as to resent even a mention of him, saying: "He shan't look at my girl—as for anything else—"

"But—think of the alimony, if she got to dislike him," Mrs. Fortner remonstrated—with a result of shutting herself permanently away from her brother's house.

With five married daughters John Bryson chuckled over the fact that there was neither a minister nor a millionaire among his sons-in-law. True, one of them, Joe Calverly, had expectations, but they didn't hinder his doing a man's part. Then Hymen stumbled—instead of carrying off Miss Marian seriatim, his dart hit Baby Bernice, just turned seventeen. Then, for the first time, John and Mollie cried hard. It did not in the least console them that Marie said, trying to giggle: "Dad, don't spoil your beauty—you know you've got your son-daughter left."

"For how long, I wonder?" John said, viciously. Marion swept him a curtsy. "Years and years and years," she said. "I'm serious—you must make me the son I ought to have been. You don't know it—but I'm a real good stenographer and typist—can't you use me down at the office? I won't tell I'm any kin to you."

"Why!—there is a chance. Poor Lucy Ames has to go away for six months—I'm wondering if you would fill in, and hold the place till she is well again! There, I can keep an eye on you—"

"How about my keeping one on you?" Marion asked impertinently. But as she ran away from her red-nosed parents, they smiled happily. Their one ewe lamb was, after all, almost the pick of the flock.

Marion filled the place so beautifully that in a month she was set the job of assistant to the private secretary. She had refused to be known as a Bryson—all the office called her Miss Lane. So there was fine comedy in keeping a straight face as she greeted her father, who, by this time, was pretty close to the top in all affairs. It pleased but did not in the least surprise him that Gayerson, an exacting bachelor rising forty, the main owner and court of last resort, said openly Miss Lane was a find—one so rare, they must make room for her when poor Miss Ames came back. Miss Ames was indispensable—witness she was getting well at the firm' expense, and under order to spare nothing. But sometimes, when Gayerson's eyes rested on her substitute, there was more than a shadow of speculation in them. Certainly his work had never before been better done—nor had he got so much quiet satisfaction in its doing.

One day he got a shock—like lightning from a clear sky—a letter, cheap, prim ly addressed, but ever so legible. In phrases as prim it thanked him for his great consideration. It was too much that, after so providing for her daughter, said the writer, Lucy's salary had been sent fortnightly to Lucy's mother. It was more than she needed—she had saved quite enough out of it to keep her comfortable until Lucy came home. So would he please quit the sending?—it made her feel like a pauper to take what she did not actually need.

Gayerson passed the letter over to Bryson, asking simply: "Can you explain?" Whereupon Miss Lane incontinently vanished, leaving her father puzzled for just a minute. "Why, it's Marion's doing—Miss Lane, you know—she is really my girl—I let her come to hold the place," he began.

"Please call her back!" Gayerson interrupted. "There is another place waiting for her—if she will take it."—Martha McWilliams.

WHAT SHE WANTED

The old negro woman called to see the probate judge in a certain city. When asked to state her business the following request was forthcoming:

"Is you the probate judge? If yo' is, Ah wants to say that mah husband died and lef' me with fob little infidels an' Ah wants to be appointed as their executioner."

HAVING A GOOD TIME

Something is wrong with the young people who do not want to have a good time. In fact the only possible explanation of such an attitude is mental weakness. Healthy youth demands pleasure just as it demands food and indeed the first is almost as necessary as the second, to its proper development.

But the occupation which means pleasure to one, is boredom to another. One youth finds especial delight in outdoor sports. Another is never so happy as when he gets into a quiet corner with a good book. And unfortunately there are others whose idea of a good time is closely allied to degradation.

We should not try to live without good times any more than we should try to live without food. But just as it is important to select our food wisely, so that we shall be nourished and built up, it is important to select the right sort of good times, those which can be properly called recreation.

Another important thing is not to be too exclusive in our good times. The youth who enjoys baseball and tennis and skating but does not read a book from the year's beginning to its close, would have a hard time if some injury should make it impossible for him to take part in these vigorous outdoor sports. And he is sure to have a hard time when he grows older. One who deliberately shuts the pleasure of reading out of his life has neglected to take out insurance against the boredom of old age.

Many young people who love books, neglect social pleasures. They would as much rather sit down in a warm room, by a good reading lamp, and spend an evening with their book friends, that they grow in time to be awkward in the company of flesh and blood beings. But books, invaluable as they are, cannot take place of friendship and an old age with only books for company, is pathetically lonely.

Have a good time, of course. Plan for it. Make a point of it. Have a good, good time. Keep away from everything that is unworthy of yourself, but in addition, have a varied good time. Learn to like all the good things, all the pleasant things, all the worth-while things. With all the possibilities of wholesome delight in the world, do not confine yourself to one or two.

THE TWO MURPHIES

A good story is told of the Irish comedian, Joe Murphy, who was appearing in a nearby city recently.

It was during the "blue ribbon" excitement of last season, and Joe was journeying to a small town in the vicinity of Pittsburg. As the train steamed into the depot, it was boarded by half a dozen men, who, after a hurried conference with the conductor, approached the comedian with beaming faces.

"Mr. Murphy, I believe," said the spokesman, hat in hand.

"At your service, sir," replied Joe.

"Delighted to meet you, sir. We are the committee appointed to take you in charge," and they fairly dragged the astonished Joe from the car, placed him in a carriage, and they were whirled swiftly away.

"God bless us," thought the exponent of Irish peculiarities. "This is very kind. Never was in this town before. A man's reputation does travel, and that a fact."

In a short time they reached the hotel, and the committee having placed Joe in the best parlor suite, prepared to depart. "We will call for you after supper, Mr. Murphy," said the spokesman.

"One moment, gentlemen," cried St. Joseph, as he pulled the bell-cord vigorously. "Waiter, drinks for the party."

"Drinks!" shrieked the conclave in a chorus. "Mr. Murphy, are you mad?"

"Mad," echoed Joe, "not a bit of it. Name your beverages, gentlemen."

"Oh, this is terrible backsliding," said one. "Francis Murphy ordering us drinks."

"Francis Murphy!" repeated perplexed Joe. "I am Joe Murphy, the comedian."

They saw it all, and rushed wildly from the room in search of the temperance apostle, who was even then toiling painfully from the depot on foot, "totin" a huge carpet bag.

Both the Murphys drew large houses that night.

LET ALONE

A gentleman, who went to take a lodging, asked the servant, a remarkably handsome girl, whether she was to let with the lodging. She answered, "No, I was to be let alone."

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

This is an extract from a letter written by a woman who is willing to share a good joke, even if the laugh is at her own excuse:

It was a damp, windy day—the sort of day that turns straight, straggly blond hair like mine into a mass of strings and ends that stick out about the face and neck with frightful effect. I was down-town on a shopping expedition that was exceptionally trying and I knew I looked so badly that I carefully avoided all chance glances into mirrors, for I was sure I could not, under the circumstances, improve my appearance much. Recklessly I entered an ice cream shop with a friend whom I happened to meet. As I placed my shopping bag on the floor near the table at which we were to sit, another bag exactly like my own was put beside it. Quite naturally my glance followed the hand and arm up to the face of my neighbor, and as I met her look, I said to myself, "Hite has hair just like mine—sticking out in every direction—and she looks even worse than I do, poor thing!"

Naturally, my heart went out to her in a great wave of sympathy. We smiled simultaneously as our troubled eyes met, and I said, aloud and quite distinctly, "If we are not careful we shall get our shopping bags mixed."

The moment the words were out of my mouth I wished very earnestly that the floor would mercifully open and let me through. It did not require the subdued snicker from the near-by tables to awaken me to the realization that I had been addressing the image of myself in the mirror of which the entire side of the shop was formed.

DIFFERENT VIEWPOINTS

Clergyman (who had forgotten the day of the month)—"Let me see; this is the 4th—the thirteenth, I believe?"

Friend (not catching the idea exactly, but thinking of her family)—"Why, bless your stars! No, this is only the 11th!"

MURINE FOR EYES
IRRITATED BY
SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS
RECOMMENDED & SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS
WRITE FOR FREE EYE CARE BOOK Murine Co. Chicago

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION
TORONTO
AUG. 25th—SEPT. 8th
The Show Window of Nations
Estimated attendance, 1923, 45th Consecutive year, 1,500,000
Programme without precedent in its variety and extent
Scores of new features and all of the old that have retained public favor
GEORGEOUS CLEOPATRA SPECTACLE
Crowning triumph in the production of super-pageants
1500 Performers
JOHN G. KENT, Managing Director ROBERT MILLER, President

RESULTS!
With Little Effort
The fact is that a newspaper goes into a thousand or two thousand or five thousand homes without a particle of effort of the man who advertises in it. The merchant must pay for the space he uses, and write the advertisement that fills the space, but having done this, all the rest of the matter of getting this message of the town dealers distributed is the business of the newspaper publisher. The local newspaper renders local merchants a wonderful service, and this at an absurdly small cost.
Are YOU Using this Easy Method of Selling Your Goods?

Enduring Values
THE trade-in price of a 1921 Ford is equal to the trade-in price of other 1921 cars which cost 30 to 50% more than the Ford when new.
This is proof of the Ford quality and the guarantee that the purchase of a Ford is an investment as distinguished from an expenditure.
Ford
H. A. COXE
Acton, Ont.
FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO