

The Action Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1923

GOD'S BEAUTIFUL SOMETIME

Humble sweet and wonderful morning
The mists will disappear,
The skies will be clear,
With them the birds will sing.
The world is bright and clear,
The overhanging sky is spanning.
God's beauty is in spanning.

But you're right—what is coming
Will open wide to the sunlight,
Fair flowers pure and sweet.
The earth is bright and clear,
The world is bright and clear,
God's beauty is in spanning.

Life's day will come in morn,
Adorned by the glowing east,
A golden light, a golden light,
Out through the gate of rest;
Then in its rosate beauty,
The world is bright and clear,
God's beauty is in spanning.

We wait not when all this gladness
Shall overflow the soul;
Nor when the shadowy morn
Will bring the silent cold;
But this we know: He hath promised;
His promises are sure,
In God's own beautiful sometime;
"Will all this place mature."

THE FREE PRESS' SHORT STORY

Carlton Summers' Decision

CEN dollars looked like a goodly sum to Carlton Summers. Translated into terms of roof hall torgery, it was goodly sum. And that was just what Casper Lawrence had offered if he would help him connection in his hardware store for a week while he, Casper, took a little automobile trip.

"Of course," he explained to his mother, "I'm repaid cashed with the importance of the man he's paying me so much is because I know the stock better'n anybody else in town excepting Bud, 'cause Dad

never did see." Mrs. Summers said smilin:

"He is generous with you, isn't he? Now it's up to you, sonny, to do your part and justify his confidence."

"Leave that to little Willie here," Carlton replied easily. "I'll be back in time to ride of school hours—out of course," Mrs. Summers agreed.

"It will be a pretty busy week for you."

"You know it. But anyone can afford to be busy for ten dollars."

"Yes, indeed. And it's something to have a man like Casper Lawrence desire your services. Try and please him, Carlton."

Carlson began his walk blithely. No cloud dimmed his horizon, no shadow crossed his path. All went well until Tuesday night, when Uncle Bob arrived limously.

Kander was not accustomed to large limousines and liveried chauffeurs and the villagers who happened to be about watched curiously as the little sedan drove past, flung open the door and a tall, handsome, middle-aged man alighted.

But Carlton was not awed—Uncle Bob!

Rich but unpolished, a boy, himself at heart, a boy who forgot to grow up and who was still a child and supercilious when he became rich.

The lad ran swiftly down the steps and was almost lifted into the air by the man. "Well, Carlson, quite a man! You're a good boy, but being leaders and a sweetheart. Glad to see your old uncle!"

"You know it!" the boy cried with real enthusiasm. "Will you stay a week?"

Uncle Bob laughed. "Just about long enough for you to pack your bags and get ready to go to New York with me."

"New York?" the boy gasped incredulously.

"Yes, sonny, you and I are going to attend the World's Series. I have our tickets purchased. How does that suit you?"

They were in the house now and Carlton's answer, if, indeed he made one, was lost in the cordiality of Mrs. Summers' greeting.

Uncle Bob resumed the subject.

"I've got to get on in the morning, Mary. I just stopped for Carlton. Wanted to take him along to the ball game, but he's been away about the time now to like a good baseball game."

"I love it," Carlson faltered. "I—mother—it's all right for me to go."

"Don't care," he cried passionately.

"Uncle Bob's invited me and I'm going. I shan't let old Casper Lawrence or any one else keep me home. I'm going to get a job and earn my living."

"Of course," Uncle Bob said easily.

"It's a matter for you to settle, Carlton. If you think it's all right to go, why, come along. It is your affair and you can make some satisfactory arrangement and get away. I'll be glad to take you."

Mrs. Summer started to protest, but something in her brother's face allayed her fears.

"Well, I am going, and that's all there is about it."

And Carlton banged quickly upstairs to his room, where Mrs. Lawrence, who had been quiet, burst into tears.

"Mother," she sobbed, "you know he can't always do his thinking for him."

"Sometime he'll have to solve his own problems. Let him begin now."

"No," she protested, "he promised Mr. Lawrence."

"That's all right, Mary. Let him decide for himself whether he ought to leave his parents or not."

She took her hands and tears came into her eyes. "If his father had only lived, I can tell you, Bob, a boy needs a man's guidance. I—I'm afraid he doesn't care to keep his word—and looks it hurts."

"Now, Mary, we'll just sit tight and see. And don't worry, little sister. I'm not."

She brushed the burning tear away quickly, just as Carlton rejoined them.

"All set. Ready to start?" He turned to his uncle. "What time?"

"About ten-thirty. We'll make the drive in an hour and be on hand for the game Thursday."

That slight Carlton Summer did not sleep well. Perhaps it was due to excitement over the next day's journey and joyous anticipation of the trip,

Acton Fall Fair of 1923 Added Another Success

(Continued from Page One)

Pure Bred Holstein Cow, any age—Sims McLean, J. D. McDonald.

Two-year-old Heifer—Sims McLean.

One-year-old Heifer—J. D. McDonald.

Bull, 2 years and over—Sims McLean.

Herd, 1 bull registered, and 4 females, pure bred or grade—Sims McLean.

Pure Bred Jersey Cow, any age—David Givens.

Cow, 3 years—David Givens, W. H. Allan.

Two-year-old Heifer—Chas. McLean.

One-year-old Heifer—J. D. McDonald.

Bull, 2 years and over—Sims McLean.

Herd, 1 bull registered, and 4 females, pure bred or grade—Sims McLean.

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Grade—Dairy Type Cow, 3 years—David Givens, W. H. Allan.

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Bull, 2 years and over—Sims McLean.

Herd, 1 bull registered, and 4 females, pure bred or grade—Sims McLean.

SHEEP Laister or Lincoln Horned Ram—James Parkinson.

White, 2 years old—A. M. McCullough.

Black, 2 years old—A. M. McCullough.

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