The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1923

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

The Old Year's is gone, with his pleasure and pain,
We hasten to welcome the New Year again;
We hail him our friend and we cannot refrain
From giving a cheer
For the gift of Old Time is a gift to us all.
May his woes never kill, may his joys never pall,
And may we ne'er spoil him, whatever befall—
Our gladsome New Year.

May all of his paths lead to plenty and peace,
May all from grief's bonds find a joyous release,
And may all the discords of enmity cease,
In every sphere.
May goodwill o'er all the earth brood like a dove,
May we speak words and do actions prompted by love,
And may every blessing from Heaven above
Come with our New Year.

May each one act kindly, forgetful of self;
May hatred and malice be placed on the shelf;
And may he bring plenty of pleasure and pelf
To all we hold dear.
May each of his days, as they come to an end,
Be filled with the will, help to others to lend;
And may each new day prove to each a new friend—
This gladsome New Year.

SOME SAD, BUT TRUTHFUL BOARDING-HOUSE REMINISCENCES

Boarders at thirteen boarding houses in a large city met on Thursday evening, not as an indignation meeting, but to talk over the different methods that might be suggested for inducing landladies to put more bed clothes on the beds. Resolutions were adopted expressive of the sense of the meeting, which the secretary was instructed to have transcribed and forwarded by mail to the proprietors of the boarding houses represented at the meeting. After the business that brought them together had been transacted, the boarders exchanged views on the subject of boarding houses, and discussed the different methods of bringing the landladies to terms.

Mr. Smith said that he had suffered from stewed prunes at the table where he boarded for thirteen years. He had not touched a prune for eleven years, but a glass sauce plate full soaked in tepid water had been set beside his plate every night since he had been there. While he did not wish to complain, he thought the thing had been carried far enough, and he would be thankful if any gentleman present would suggest a method by which a boarding house keeper could be induced to give prunes a furlough.

Mr. Brown rose to his feet, and said, unaccustomed as he was to public speaking, he could not let the occasion pass without relating his experiences. He said he had been troubled with prunes that way for six years, ten months and thirteen days. He got so that the sight of a prune set him into hysterics, and when he saw a barrel of them in a store it made him sea sick. Last summer, he said, he made up his mind to release prunes from their engagement at that house, if he broke up the business. He said he sat on the left side of the landlady at the table, and when she was not looking he put a dead mouse into her sauce dish. She took the mouse up on a tea spoon, and was just about to place it in amongst her false teeth, when he called her attention to the deceased. She shrieked, and took all the prunes off the table. He said there were no prunes for supper for some days, but at length they came again, and he put a mouse into a dish belonging to an old maid on the other side of the table. She was near-sighted, and thought the prunes were these preserved crab apples with the stems on, and she took up the mouse by the tail, on that understanding, and bit it, hanging on to the tail with her thumb and forefinger. Brown said he felt as mean as an Indian commissioner when he saw her trying to masticate that crab apple, and when she gave it up, and adjusted her glasses and looked at it, and saw what she had done and left the table, and the other boarders and the landlady looked at the mouse, he felt as though the days of prunes were numbered. That was last summer, and he has not seen a prune since, and he said he could conscientiously recommend the mouse plan.

As he sat down Mr. Smith asked what a good mouse trap would cost, or if any gentleman had a second-hand mousetrap to sell. He said he would try it on his boarding house at once. Mr. Robinson said he had a mousetrap a spell ago, but it had got lost, and as he had found a piece of wire in his hash he had concluded that the trap had got into the hash putter by mistake. Mr. Jones said that was not necessarily the case, as he had found wire in his hash also, and on tracing it up he found that a hairpin had been cut off in the flower of its youth.

Mr. Harvey, in moving to adjourn, suggested that the boarders form a society, and meet once a week for the purpose of exchanging experiences and devising ways and means to better their condition. The proposition was acted upon favorably, and the society is to be known as the Boarders' Exchange and Anti-Hash Society. A committee was appointed to secure rooms, and it was agreed to meet every Tuesday evening.—Milwaukee Sun.

LEAVING THE FARM

It has been many years since there have been so many farm auction sales in this county as are being held this fall. The reason is not far to seek. Farming has been unprofitable. This is a well-known fact. The trouble is the want of price adjustment. The farmer gets too little for what he sells and has to pay too much for what he buys. The farmer continues to pay war prices for most of his things he purchases, while the price of his produce has declined to pre-war values. The result is that farming as a business is unprofitable. This is the real cause of the present unsettled condition of the farming industry.

There is no relation between the price of farm products and the cost of production. The old saying that "If the farmer would stop to count the cost, he would never start the plow," is truer to-day than ever before. He is faced with high prices, high taxes, and high cost of labor. Commodity prices are based on cost of production plus profit. Labor costs are fixed by a labor market where production is based on cost. High taxes are due to a higher standard of living and greater cost of public service. But the farmer has no say in the fixing of prices for his product.

This is not a new situation, but it is aggravated by the present general economic conditions and it will not be improved until these conditions improve. As conditions exist there is much to be said in favor of some method of fixing prices for farm produce on a cost basis. Until some such method is adopted farming will continue to be at a disadvantage.—Picton Gazette.

The Free Press' Short Story

Emily's New Year Resignation

J. MERVIN HULL

"NO, MR. DANFORTH, it's no use talking. I can't stand those wild Indians any longer. I'm handing you my resignation now. You must have a new teacher for the class at the beginning of the year."

"Oh, come, now, Emily, those boys aren't such a bad lot—" Mr. Danforth was beginning to protest, when suddenly he noticed the expression on Emily's face, and went no farther in that direction. "All right," he waved his hand in agreement, "we'll call it a New Year Resolu—er—Resignation, and say no more about it. By the way, Emily, I'm rather busy to-day. Would you be willing to take these Home Department quarterlies to Mrs. Henderson? It's quite a little walk up under the railway culvert, the farm house on the brow of the terrace—"

"I'll be glad to go, Mr. Danforth. I love that walk, and a talk with Mrs. Henderson is a feast, any time."

"M-m, that's so. And, Emily—if you have a little talk with Mrs. Henderson, I wish you would just mention to her that you have resigned, and that I shall need a new teacher for your class of boys at New Year's." And John Danforth turned away to hide a queer little smile.

As Emily walked along over the crisp snow, she kept thinking about Mr. Danforth's last request. What did he ask her to do that for? He was a superintendent who was full of surprising ways of doing things, anyhow.

Passing through the railway culvert, she wound slowly up the mountain side till she came out on the terrace where the whole, white, beautiful view of the village and the valley below was spread out before her. She fairly held her breath at the loveliness of the scene, when suddenly the most terrific yells seemed to come right out of the ground beneath her. She walked over to the edge of the terrace, and looking down, she saw five boys climbing up and sliding down the steep slope on coasters made of barrel staves. They looked up and caught sight of Emily. "Teacher! Teacher!" they called. "Watch us go down!"

And down they certainly went, in all shapes and directions, and Billy Morgan's coaster catapulted over a hump, and Billy came down head foremost into a drift, till all that could be seen of him was two legs waving wildly in the air. Which only made the boys shout a little more joyfully as they pulled Billy out and waved a farewell to "teacher."

"Such energy!" thought Emily; "if only it could be—"

"Why, Emily Stowell! Come right in out of the cold."

It was Mrs. Henderson who had opened the door of the cosy farm house and stood beckoning to her. "What a racket those youngsters do make, don't they? I think it's a wonder they don't all break their necks, don't you?"

"Oh, I guess so," Emily spoke wearily, "though they seem to bounce like rubber balls. Anyway, I'm through with them after next Sunday. I told Mr. Danforth so this morning, and he asked me to bring these Home Department quarterlies to you."

Mrs. Henderson's gray eyes twinkled a bit as she took the quarterlies. "I got to thinking about John Danforth," she said, "when I was out on the terrace watching the boys coasting and shouting."

"Mr. Danforth! How did those whooping bouncers make you think of him?"

"Draw your chair up to the fire, Emily, and have one of these Northern Spies, and I'll tell you. You see, when I was about your age, I had a class of small boys in the Sunday School, the same as you have. John Danforth was one of them. Perley Gould was another, and Amos Dartt was another. The whole class was a lively bunch of boys, but a cat with a dog after her is a slow poke compared with those three. Amos Dartt was bright as a button—always knew his lesson, but land! he was like the famous flea—put your finger on him, and he wasn't there. And as for John Danforth and Perley Gould, they had to be doing something all the time, or else they would fly into inch pieces. So I always had them sit one on each side of me, so that I could keep them within bounds. I remember at that time, full dress sleeves were all the style, and I had a blue dress with some white corded stripes running down the sleeves. John and Perley took a great shine to those stripes, and they would sit quiet if I would let them run their fingers up and down the stripes."

Emily stirred uneasily in her chair. "Oh, Mrs. Henderson, how could you stand it? It would make me so nervous that I couldn't think of a word of the lesson. Why, didn't you jump up and run away?"

"Well, I guess I should, if it hadn't been for one thing. That promise, you know, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' I got to looking ahead, you see, and thinking what those troublesome boys might become if I was faithful to them. So I sort of nestled around, and sat as quiet as I could, and kept on teaching. And in due time I had a reward that just made my heart bubble over with happiness."

"What was it?" asked Emily eagerly.

"It was the day when John and Perley and Amos all stood up before the whole congregation to be welcomed into the church. And you know what they are doing in the kingdom of God now; John, a splendid Sunday School superintendent; Perley, a Christian business man in Shawmut, known all over the world for his gifts to the kingdom; and Amos Dartt, preaching the gospel to thousands."

Between Thursday and Sunday Emily did a lot of thinking. When her boys came crowding and hustling in, she greeted them cordially. "Glad they pulled you out of the drift," she said to Billy Morgan, which put them all in good humor, and made them ready to listen a little.

Oh, no, they did not behave like little lambs, and Emily knew that there were trying days before her. Nevertheless she went to Mr. Danforth after the session was over, and said to him: "I will recall my resignation, Mr. Danforth. I will be with my boys the first Sunday in the New Year."

The superintendent smiled happily. "That's good news, Emily." Got a new look at them, didn't you?"

"I'm looking ahead, Mr. Danforth," said Emily, eagerly. "I'm hoping there will be a John Danforth among them."

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

"And now that you have your sewing box, Grace, you can go over to Dora's house and have such fun making dolly clothes," mamma suggested. So she could! Dora loved to sew better than anything. Grace tried to forget how much she herself had wanted a book.

"Here is a little pincushion, and here are the needles. You know you were always losing your needle. And here all sorts of little patterns for aprons and dresses and caps." Mamma explained them till Grace became really excited. A sewing box was a very nice Christmas present after all. She had never much loved to sew, but she would now; and she and Dora would be better friends than ever.

She went skipping to Dora's house with the sewing box under her arm; but half way she met Dora coming to her house carrying her own Christmas present—a big lovely book, with an interesting hand organ and monkey right on the cover.

"My new book that Santa Claus brought me," she said proudly.

"See my new sewing box—isn't it a dear?" Just for a moment Dora's face fell. She had always wanted a sewing box and had secretly hoped that Santa Claus would bring her one; but she went on talking about her book. She was anxious that Grace should see it. She knew Grace loved books better than anything in the world. Grace was equally anxious to show her patterns and bright new needles. They didn't have a very pleasant visit, and the two little girls went home, sad for almost the first time in their lives.

"I thought I was going to have such a good time showing my book to Grace," Dora complained. "She always loved to read books better than to sew, but now she can't think of anything but sewing, because she's got a new sewing box. I don't care; I'll read my book myself," and she did and found it contained many wonderfully interesting things.

"And then, she doesn't love to sew any more at all now, so we won't have any fun with my new sewing box after all. She just pokes over her new book all the time. I don't care; I can sew all by myself, and when I've made a perfectly lovely dress she'll see!" So Grace went to work with her scissors and needle, and soon was surprised at what she could do.

When the two little friends met again they had a great deal to tell one another. There were stories that Dora had found in the new book too good to keep a minute, and little dresses and aprons to be displayed.

"I like to sew just as well as I like to read, now," Grace said.

"I like to read just as well as I like to sew," Dora declared. For a moment they stood looking at one another, then they both laughed.

"Isn't it perfectly wonderful, we both like exactly the same things now?" Grace said.

"And now we'll live happy together forever and ever," said Dora.

GOSSIP

Next to your own affairs the most interesting topic in the world is the affairs of your neighbors. So the tendency to gossip is natural and almost universal. Indeed, the person who never gossips or shows any interest in gossip is a dull companion; however efficient he may be as a worker, however worthy he may be as a citizen, he is undeveloped on the human side.

The trouble with gossip is that even when it is not malicious it may be evil in its effects. The desire to furnish some particularly interesting item of news to an appreciative ear, or to offer some remarkably intelligent speculation about motives or actions may lead a person inadvertently into a betrayal of confidence or other disloyalty. Also, gossip is insidiously demoralizing in that it tends to make a man cowardly about the consequences. Having thrown out the item of news or the intelligent speculation or deduction, he is very likely to add the cautious words, "But don't quote me about this"—so fearful is he of being confronted some time with a question from the person most concerned.

People who are truly interested in others cannot avoid commenting on incidents that illustrate characteristics of their friends, the bad traits as well as the good. Gossip that thus concerns friends, and is transmitted only to friends, is generally interesting rather than harmful. Gossip that concerns people who are not even acquaintances, and that is caught up and passed on to people who are only acquaintances, is usually either mischievous or inane.

NOT A MILLSTONE

In the course of the fourth lecture of the series which he is giving in the Physics Building in connection with the University of Toronto summer session, Prof. C. M. MacInnes spoke on "The Crown Colonies." He set himself the task of refuting the arguments of those who consider these colonies a millstone about the neck of Great Britain.

After quoting official figures which proved conclusively that, from the point of view of trade, the crown colonies were of vital importance to the Empire, the speaker turned to the criticism levelled at Great Britain for not granting complete self-government to them forthwith.

The reason in the first place this had not been granted was to save them from exploitation. Some well-meaning people had put forward the argument that because in the eye of the Lord all are equal that all were equal to undertake responsibility, they seemed to forget that the average natives of West Africa, for instance, possessed up to the present the mentality of a child of ten. These critics would hardly care to see their own children of that age thrown on their own responsibility, but would quite rightly prefer to protect them against outside exploitation until they had reached the age of understanding.

LIKE THE YEAR'S GENTLE DECAY

Gracefully and gentle wanes the dying year. The beauty of the woods lingers ere it finally departs, and each much-loved autumnal flower seems frequently to bid us farewell, in gradually sinking to the earth. In all this every heart not steeled to natural emotion must feel a designed goodness and gratefully acknowledge the unremitting care of a kind and bountiful Father. It were easy to point out, in this gentle decay of the year, many analogies to what we daily witness in human life; as, for example, that which obtains between the decay and the quiet ebbing of life in the aged and almost ripened Christian, whose gray hairs fall peacefully like the undisturbed leaves and whose time-worn frame is imperceptibly and by slow degrees fitted for the dreaded winter of the grave.—H. Duncan.

A MATTER OF FINANCES

A doctor was called in to see a negro who was down with influenza.

"What's I gwine to gib him?" asked the wife.

"Give him whiskey," the physician responded.

"How much du it cost?"

When the doctor named the price of whiskey per quart the wife remarked: "I can bury him cheaper dan dat."

MORE COMFORTABLE FOR TRAVELLERS

The Canadian railways have shown that they are willing to spend money to get money. In constructing thirty new sleeping cars boasting many improvements, they demonstrated that they are not going to starve the public. A modern rolling stock and also that the comfort of their patrons is a factor worth considering.

We all know the discomforts of the modern sleeper. When one has paid out good dollars for the privilege of sleeping on a shelf, half-smothered by shroud-like curtains, with the pleasant prospect of landing in the passageway in an embarrassing state of negligee, one comes to the conclusion that somebody else is getting the worth of one's money, remarks the Kitchener Record.

Have you ever tried—this question is for "Men Only"—to put on a pair of trousers when lying at full length in an upper berth? Have you ever attempted—this also is for the mere male—to descend from your eyrie without convincing the lady passenger below decks that you were trying to get a glimpse behind those awful curtains? Have you ever poised in mid-air on one of those perilous ladders that were supposed to land you on terra firma while the rapidly moving train rounded a curve?

Have you ever tried to shave in the men's dressing room—this is also asked of the sterner sex—when the water from the swaying basin swished like a miniature whirlpool and you clutched wildly at the taps with one hand while scraping your face with the other? Have you ever tried to put all your impedimenta into one of those invisible hammocks and watched your collar and tie slip through its meshes to secrete themselves between your shelf and the wall?

If you have had any of these experiments you will rejoice to hear of some of the improvements now proposed.

Upper berths are to be made safe for the sleeper (?) and inoffensive in case of accident. Thermos bottles, electric fans, radiant buttons on the bells so they can be operated in the dark, safety ladders for upper berths—oh, boy!—and separate curtains for upper and lower. No more evil suspicions from the party below decks!

We have never seen inside of the ladies' dressing room, but it is said that they are to have boudoir chairs and other accessories which will make the morning toilet a pleasure instead of a nightmare.

The spending of all this money by the C. N. R. means better service, and better service means better patronage and more money. The maximum of safety, comfort, and convenience is to be considered, and the exaggerated idea of fetters opposed to public ownership will be somewhat mollified by the policy set forth by the new administration. The whispers of death will doubtless continue, but the future will show the wisdom of public ownership as well as justify the expenditure of money for the public safety and convenience.

PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE FARM

Few places offer better opportunity for successful and even profitable amateur photography than the farm. Men and women at work in all seasons and weathers, domestic animals toiling and in repose, Nature in her friendliest and sometimes in her loveliest forms—homely subjects such as these have been the inspiration of great artists. Photographs of such subjects are especially interesting to people who live in cities, but who spent their childhood on a farm.

A girl with a camera can make photographs of farm life that will not only be of interest to herself and her friends, but that will have artistic and commercial value as well, for there is a market for farm pictures among the agricultural publications.

A set of photographs of farm occupations typical of the changing seasons, when mounted and bound together, forms an attractive calendar suitable for a Christmas, New Year's, or birthday gift. Good pictures of spots of local interest printed on sensitized post cards make charming souvenirs, for which there is often a sale.

If you have the time and skill, you may find it worth while to tint with water-colors, or with the transparent Japanese paints, especially prepared for the purpose, some of the best of your landscapes or interiors after printing them lightly on mat-surface black-and-white paper. Artistic prints, with or without color, framed in wood or passe-partout, make attractive decorations for the home or the school room. Enlargements are usually best; they can be made at home, but are not expensive when the local photographer makes them.

The secret of success in making good pictures of farm life lies in choosing subjects that are typical and common—ordinary people working at their ordinary tasks in the ordinary way—the things that at first seem commonplace and uninteresting. It is important that the background should be characteristic of the work, the season, and the place, and that the attitudes of the figures should be unstudied. The people should go on with their work as if they had no idea that they were being photographed. A picture in which the subject has paused in his occupation, and stands staring at the camera, has no artistic value. Much depends also on the composition of the picture. A careful study of the subject beforehand will usually reveal the best way in which to arrange it upon the plate.

Besides the usual forms of work and recreation upon the farm, there are many old-time diversions, such as husking bees, quilting parties, apple-paring, and barn raisings, that have especial interest and attractiveness in photographs.

The thing you must always remember is that the object of the picture is not to make a group portrait of your family, or of your friends and neighbors, but to show clearly, and as artistically as possible, what is going on.

COUNTRY BRED BOYS

A prominent professional man living in Toronto in conversation with the press not long ago, expressed himself as follows:

"I envy you people who live in small and pleasant towns, where one calls his neighbor Jack, and where Mary greets her neighbor Jane in a true neighborly and friendly spirit; where your misfortunes strike a responsive cord of sympathy in the hearts of the community, and where a home is a home in the truest sense of the word." He continued: "I was born in the country, and my boyhood days were spent on the farm. Since completing my college course I have travelled much, and interviewed and talked with many prominent men, and I have found that the greater number of the successful men came from small or country communities."

In this connection it might be interesting to point out that with few exceptions, all the Presidents of the United States were country bred boys or came from small towns. As an exchange recently pointed out, that half of the successful city men came from the country. One often wonders what would happen if the country influence upon our national life were removed. All half to the country schoolhouse, with its shy and awkward pupils whose learning, sometimes under trying circumstances, is at least thorough and free from many of the city vices and temptations.—Winchester Press.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE FARM

On a chilly March day, writes a Companion contributor, after Sally had started to school with the children, I undertook single-handed to repair a broken hayfork track in my barn. There would be no one to bother me, and no need to hurry.

My barn is built after a common plan. There are two haymows on either side of a fifteen-foot driveway. We drive the load into this driveway, and the fork hoists the hay into the air and carries it to one of the mows. An iron plate or switch up in the centre of the track determines to which side the hay shall go. At haying time the switch had not worked properly; some of my best hay was spoiled, and my barn was unevenly stored.

On a previous occasion three men had helped me repair the track. I did not have a ladder long enough to reach from the floor to the track, forty above. So we rested a short ladder over a beam in one of the mows. Two men sat on the lower end, while a third crawled out until he could reach the track. There was a load of hay below, and consequently not much danger from a fall.

But not I determined to attend to the matter all alone. The track was fastened almost in the comb of the roof with iron hooks at every rafter. Standing in the mow at the side, I passed a rope through the two middle hooks, tied one end with a stout leather strap to my ladder, pulled the ladder up, and fastened the other end of the rope to a beam.

After testing it cautiously, I crawled out on the ladder, with a wrench in one hand and a hatchet in the other. I could soon reach the track, and I kept a hand on that. I ran the carriage back and forth a few times, and tried to pull the hayfork up and down. I saw that the switch was too low to engage the proper trigger. The washers beneath it had sunk into the wood of the track. I must take the switch plate off, and put in new washers.

But the switch plate was fastened with bolts that came through from the bottom, and the nuts were on top of the track. The bolts would have to be driven out before I could get the plate off. I found this a hard task, for the bolts seemed to be stuck in their holes.

But they finally fell out to the floor, and I brought them up again with the new washers. I decided to put the bolts through from the top of the track, but the boards of which the track was made seemed to have sprung apart; the bolts would not go through. I pried and pounded with the wrench until my grip was gone, and my breath and patience, too.

So I got a heavier hatchet, tapped the bolt a couple of times to get the measure, and then leaned back to give a good swing. But the swing was too long. The hatchet glanced on a rafter above, and before I could stop it, the cutting edge came down, and cut off the strap that held my ladder to the track. The next moment I was dangling in the air by one hand, with a useless hatchet in the other. I lost no time in dropping that and catching hold of the track with both hands.

I could not see how I was to escape from my awkward plight. My stiffened fingers threatened every moment to slip off the track. Once I tried to "skin the cat." It took such a swing to get my feet into the track, that the jerk almost pulled my hands from their hold. My muscles began to ache. I tried to pull myself up, but I could get only half way. However, I could throw first one arm and then the other over the track. I raised myself a little in this way, but my head hit against the roof and my back raked on the nails that protruded through the shingles.

As I swung there in mid-air, I remembered how I used to hang on the old foot log at the swimming hole and kick the water years ago. If I only could sink into the water and swim out as I did then! I dared not swing hand over hand along the track. It was as smooth as glass from the friction of the carriage wheels upon it. If I dropped, it would mean serious injury, if not death.

Suddenly I had an idea. I might swing down the roof by grasping the rafters in the cracks between them and the shingles. The cracks at times would admit only two fingers, but I could get a pretty good hold with them. I drew a long breath, and started. The sharp edges of the rafters cut like knives, and my fingers were blistered in half a dozen swings. But somehow I hung on. At last I neared the edge of the mow. Beneath me was the top of an old surrey. I dropped, and went through it like a cannon shot to the seat below. I lay there a few minutes to get my breath, and then I went to the door for fresh air.

Sally was just driving into the barnyard. As I led the horse way, she said, "Why, John, what has torn the back of your coat so?"

"I don't know; is it torn?" I replied.

FORGETFUL EDGAR

Edgar Furbish is a singularly absent-minded youth. While he is in one of his "trances," to use the word by which his family refer to his periods of self-absorption, the most extraordinary things may happen without his being in the least aware of them.

Not long ago Edgar had a birthday; it occurred during the short, dark days of midwinter, while he was at home from college on his vacation. His mother desired to signalize the event, and arranged a family party at a hockey game, in the Arena, followed by a dinner and party for Edgar's young friends.

Edgar enjoyed the hockey game intensely. When he arrived home with his mother and sisters, he opened the door into the lighted hall with his latch-key, yawned, said he had had a "bully" time, and trumped off upstairs. Attending to the preparation of the dinner table and the dressing of the girls took up the next hour of his mother's time. After her own hurried toilet she went down stairs. Edgar, had not yet made his appearance.

"He'll drift in just as the first guest comes, mother," said one of the girls, reassuringly. "You know he's never a minute ahead of time if he can help it."

Five minutes passed, and still no Edgar. A limousine stopped outside. The waitress was filling the glasses in the dining room, the girls were preening themselves for the last time before the big gold mirror.

"Where can that boy be?" cried Edgar's mother, in alarm. "I'll run up and see if he needs any help. Possibly he can't make his necktie not as it should, or maybe it's a collar button!"

The door of Edgar's room was closed. She opened it, and faced utter darkness. In alarm, she felt for the electric light switch.

Edgar's clothes were folded neatly across two chair-backs, and Edgar himself was as neatly folded in under the bedclothes, sleeping the sleep of the innocent and the weary.

"Edgar!" his parent shrieked, as she pounced upon and shook him wildly.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, sleepily, as he opened one eye. "House afire? What you up for in the middle of the night?"

Edgar had gone to bed with the idea that he had been enjoying an evening with the hockey players, instead of an afternoon!

HIS REASON

Jimmy—"I'd like to be a doctor when I grow up."

Tommy—"What for?"

Jimmy—"He's when fellows' mothers brought 'em to me I could say, 'Keep 'em home from school for a week or two.'"

FRIENDS MADE TO ORDER

There is a story, told by C. A. MacKay, of a friendly farmer who asked some passing movers where they were going. They said: "We are moving from Johnstown to Jamestown. Can you tell us what kind of neighbors we will find in Jamestown?"

The other thought a moment, then asked, "What kind of neighbors did you have in Johnstown?"

"The very worst kind," was the reply; "our neighbors were gossipy and unkind and indifferent. We are glad to move away."

"You will find the same kind of neighbors in Jamestown—exactly the same."

The next day, another family moved past. Speaking to them, the farmer asked where they were going. "We are moving," he was told, "from Johnstown to Jamestown. Can you tell us what kind of neighbors we will find there?"

"What kind of neighbors did you find in Johnstown?"

"The very best. Our neighbors were kind, considerate, and very nice indeed. It almost broke our hearts to move away."

"You will find the same kind," the farmer assured them, "exactly the same kind in Jamestown."

We will all find that our neighbors, friends, business associates are largely what we make them. Kindness reflects kindness. And if others do not seem to like us, do not blame them. Look, usually, for the reason in yourself. The person of friendly, helpful disposition will attract friends.

I once heard a girl of disagreeable ways, who had been unpleasantly rebuffed, sobbing out, "People don't understand me." But the real trouble was that people did understand her too well for her own enjoyment.

Our success in the business world, as well as the social, depends much upon our good will and courtesy—as much as upon our good knowledge of the work. A. T. Stewart, merchant prince, made the politeness of all employees—a sincere desire to please—one of the main characteristics of his store.

A man returning to a certain city after an absence of years, asked why a particular person he knew had failed in business. "He had sufficient capital," he recalled, "a thorough knowledge of the business, and exceptional shrewdness and sagacity." "He was sour and morose," was the reply. "He always suspected his employees of cheating him, and was discourteous to his customers. Hence, no man ever put good will or energy into work done for him, and his patrons went to shops where they were use of civility." His employees and customers were largely what he made them.

Yes, you can make your business associates and your other acquaintances to order. Do you want pleasant ones—those who like you and are eager to help or patronize you? Then be kind to them and try to help them. Life is a looking-glass. Your kindly smile and helping hand are reflected back to you.—Agnes E. Valentine.

NO RUSH TO GET HOME

"I understand you gave a performance at a prison during Christmas week."

"Yes," said the eminent tragedian, "and I found the convicts an ideal audience."

"Appreciative, eh?"

"Yes, very appreciative; but better still, not a single person left the hall to catch suburban trains or trolley cars before the final curtain fell."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN

A friend met Ellery on the street and stopped him to say, "I tried to find you last week. I was down at the Mac-Ebony plant, and they told me that you'd gone on the road for the Harper people."

"Well, yes," Ellery said. "I was with the Harper company for a few months, but I found I didn't like a road job. I'm back in town now with Meekins and Blake. Come in and see me any time."

"You weren't with the Matchboy people long, were you? Seems only an short time since I heard of your leaving Wescott's."

"Oh, I stayed with them about six months. The old man's all right, but I couldn't stand his son. Well, glad to have met you."

The friend said something equally polite, but as he went on, he looked anything but pleased. He had always liked Ellery, had believed in him, but now he felt that his hopes for the boy's future were unwarranted. There is only a very limited success for the one who has not learned to stick.

The train that costs the railroad company is the accommodation. Few people realize the expense of those frequent stops and starts. All the momentum gained is lost every time a trains halts for a station. The power required to start is much more than that required to keep a train in motion. And so the accommodation, shabby as it generally looks, is more costly than the express which takes advantage of all its momentum.

A good many young people are running their lives on the principle of the accommodation. They are using too much energy by frequent stops, which result in the necessity of starting over, that they have little left for getting ahead. They cannot take advantage of their momentum.

The young folks who like Ellery, seem to be looking for a position with no drawbacks, are of course, destined to disappointment. There is no job which does not have some disadvantages. And while there come times when a change is desirable, or even necessary, the best promise of success comes from holding to the course you have chosen, with as few stops as possible.

WHAT HE WOULD HAVE DONE

Ben Foster was noted for his shiftlessness. If it had not been for his wife, he would not have done a stroke of work on his little farm and garden. It was all his wife could do to get him to work, for he preferred to sit and read all day.

One evening, after he had been reading French history with deep interest, he closed the book and said to his wife, "Do you know, Maria, what I'd 'a' done if I had been Napoleon?"

"Oh, yes, I know well enough," his wife responded. "You'd have settled right down on a farm in Corsica and let it run to ruin, while you grumbled about your hard luck."

THAT'S ME

Stranger (at the door) "I am trying to find a lady whose name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy."

Servant: "Really, sir, I don't know—"

Voice (from head of stairs): "Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute."

MY RESOLUTION

I may not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength may fail me,
Or, half way up the mountain peak
Fierce tempests may assail me;
But, though the place I seek gain,
Heeds less comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor,
I may not reap results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor,
But though my goal I never get
This thought shall ever dwell with me,
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall on my way;
My path may ever lead through night
Like some deserted by-way,
But though life's dearest joys I miss
There lies a manly strength in this,
I will be worthy of them.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94 PER CENT. AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, F. N. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W. Montreal, is offering to send a [illegible] FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make $250 to $500 per month.

We Want 300 Men

Right now for big paying mechanical jobs. If you are mechanically inclined and like working around automobiles and tractors, don't delay. Never was there such a demand for trained men. A few weeks' time invested now will give you a trade that will mean independence for life. Learn automobile and tractor operating and repairing, tire vulcanizing, battery building and oxy-acetylene welding by the Hemphill practical system. Free employment service is at your disposal. Free catalogue. Get big pay and steady work. Do it now.

Hemphill Auto Tractor School,
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Robert's Syrup
of the Extract of Cod Liver & Tar
for COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHITIS

TELL THE WORLD

John Wanamaker said, "To discontinue advertising is like taking down your sign. If you want to do business, you must let people know it. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising." And Wanamaker knew what he was talking about. The enormous business he has built up is ample evidence of the correctness of his principles.

It is just as important for you to advertise as it is for him. Size has nothing to do with it. The mere fact that you may be a neighborhood retailer of no great size does not signify you have not something in the way of service or convenience or price that your neighborhood should be told about. In fact, such a location makes advertising of some sort all the more essential.

No big business was ever built by "hiding its light under a bushel." Your competition is keen. You may not have a newspaper in which to tell your story. Then you will have to devise some other means to keep your story going the rounds. No set rule or method can be set down—you've got to work it out to meet your own particular competition. Letters, circulars, telephone calls, personal visits, movie slides, sample distribution, store newspapers are but a few of the mediums possible. You may be able to think up something much better.

And don't think you have nothing interesting to talk about. Look around and you will find any number of things you do that your competitor does not.

Let us Help You with Your Advertising Problems