

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1924

DO IT NOW

If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.
To-day the skies are clear and blue,
To-morrow they may come in view.
Yesterday is not for you!
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the music of your heart ring
Clear as song of bird on wing.
Let every song make bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
To-morrow you may not have your way,
Do a kindness while you may.
Loved ones will not always stay;
Tell them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have for them they too
Show it now.

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

"Oh, one mile won't count; uncle,
one little sin won't hurt," said Dolly.
"My goodness!"

Dolly lifted her face and smiled. "Oh, everybody does a little wrong once in a while now don't they? They wouldn't be human if they didn't sin. What would they do?"

"Dolly, you love him muchness, don't you?" said Uncle Ned. "They do such wonderful things at the single touch of a button or the twinkle of an eye, like the radio, to us, the great that are round us, and that are at the service of men who will use them wisely. You know the little poem, 'The secret of the machines, the secret of the world is hidden in a machine,' that has won big things done, bigger than have ever been attempted, and various machines make answer. Hear them hum and sing:

"It is easy! Give us dynamite and drill!

Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and quake
As the thirsty desert-level floods and
And the valley we have dammed
Becomes a lake!

"But remember, please, the law by which we live!

We are not built to comprehend a

We can neither love nor pity nor give;

If it pleases, a slip in handling us!

"You know how terribly true that is, Dolly; for just a few weeks ago one of the finest men you ever saw, an expert man in his business, made the first mistake and paid for it with his life. And just the other day there was that terrible explosion at the gas factory. A workman had neglected to turn the little safety valve."

Dolly was smiling now.

"The man found his oil deposit," continued her uncle, "he's far greater than all the physical forces of the universe, but the law is just the same now as it was in the days of the early judgment follows, a wrong turn, an evil act; 'one little sin,' as you call it. Life, love, beauty, hope, trust, purity, awesomeness—all hide in plain just and simple ways, and say, 'We're here!' and said, 'I'll put this over just one.' He careful to remember the Secret of the Machines. One slip may end you and bring untold misery to others besides."

THE INDOOR SEASON

The time of the year is at hand when the temperature and the state of the atmosphere expose us more particularly to the disease of the breathing organs—bronchitis, pneumonia, mumps, colds, consumption, pleurisy, and all others of the relentless and merciless pulmonary troubles. The number of people affected by these diseases in certain countries reaches the full of the year, and the ravages made continue to exist until the spring. These diseases are often very easily spread and they are always dangerous. If they do not kill they cause misery and loss.

We must not forget that these diseases are due to germs which are transmitted from one person to another and that therefore they are often preventable.

Bathy heated homes, lack of ventilation, unwholesome clothing, contact with decreased resistance of resistance which render us more liable to colds.

Patients suffering from bronchitis, coryza (cold in the head), sore throat, even the common cold, must at once receive attention, otherwise they themselves open to complications, as well as exposing to contagion the other persons with whom they come into contact.

Some people have careless manners, and without consideration for their neighbors, they cough without covering the mouth with a handkerchief. This causes in the same manner or spit on the floor.

Such facts are observed daily, either in public buildings, in the trams, or in any other form of public conveyance, not taking into account what happens on the street.

Avoid these unhealthy practices, and will you do your share toward the safeguarding of your own and the public health?

MUSIC-GIVING CANES

In the south of France there are a number of cane beds which have helped to set dancing tins of thousands of people all over the world.

They are the cane beds of the Var district from the banks of which are made the famous mandolins, guitars, other wind instruments. The great popularity of the saxophone has led to bids from reed manufacturers for the cane.

A manufacturer of a musical instrument making firm told a London reporter that the canes most suitable for making the reeds only grow in the Var district. "One can't be used for the purpose," he said. "The cane, elsewhere—in Algeria, for instance—but they are not so good."

"We've reed beds in bundles; they are matured for about a year, and then made into reeds. The number of reeds we make runs into tons of thousands a year."

"Var district, the saxophones are now made for different purposes, and the saxophone is developing into an all-round instrument, like the cornet. Many people buy them for private playing."

"The cane needed for the saxophone cannot be grown in the United States. The cane that is manufactured ready has to be imported by the American."

POWER OF INFLUENCE

"It is clear that drunkenness declines as facilities are lessened," says an eminent lawyer. "Drinking increases as facilities for obtaining alcohol and hooch beverages are increased. Relax restrictions and drunkenness increases. Under prohibition there is a great reduction in the amount of beer consumed with liquor." A short time ago, the Prime Minister of England told a friend of mine that if the States made good on the prohibition law, England herself would be compelled to do the same.

Prohibition will be world-wide by 1930. I feel more convinced of that to-day than ever before. It's simply bound to happen. You can't stop the movement of an avalanche. It goes velocity as it goes, and that's the way with the movement against liquor."



Memories of the Old Home

The home, the sacred place we never can forget.

That spot on earth so dear to all Where we lived in lands the cradle rocked And caused for us when we were small.

This snug old house with its cosy walls Contained none of this world's wealth.

Kindness attended to all our needs.

Honesty with happiness and good health.

Round this dear place cluster memories.

Whispering ears were glad and faces bright.

Hearts of our childhood, and playmates.

Our joys, our sorrows and many a joyful night.

The busy mill, the wide-spreading ivy.

The homestead with the ivy creeping o'er.

The garden and the noisy barnyard.

The old well nearly the kitchen door.

Once by one we left the old home.

Off we roamed from east to west;

When night falls quiet in dreams we were.

This hollowed spot our souls loved away from the world, its toils and cares.

With love and protection for all,

Heaven's smile all heartaches ease.

Pardon me, I say, the years which fall,

Fondest memories of the old home That has stood through changing years.

We have now joy and sorrow,

Years have past and all have gone,

Replaced by mansions where we oft ramble o'er.

No sprouting boughs where sweet birds sing.

This loved place welcomes us no more.

These dear scenes our happier days recall.

Round the heart, how close they cling:

Memory of the old home sanctifies them all.

—Barbara DeAndie.

VANISHED VILLAGE INDUSTRY

Mary and I were sitting quietly together on Christmas eve, after the children and grandchildren had left for home after spending a happy day in the old home, and doing everything that had been planned for the celebration. We had looked up and said, "They have an interesting editorial, which I think Fazza Fazza will enjoy reading, because it tells a story of our old town, for the community."

But the superintendent persuaded her to keep on. "Even if your teacher is wasted, which I do not admit," he argued, "it is for you to tell us what she means to me. I have made little impression. Of course I love the boys, but they are an unresponsive lot, try as I might."

Her explanation was simple. He was son of that morland church, and he had been a member of the choir, but he had not liked it. He used to walk eight miles over the moor to the nearest town every week to make his family purchases and was ready to do the same again. In the course of day by the post office dock. From his experience he knew almost to a minute how long it would take him walking at a fixed rate to reach home. He did his duty, however, and sat by him, and he was remarkable for the correct time they kept.

HER HIGH COMPLIMENT

Miss Tomm had told the Sunday School superintendent that she wanted to do some chipping for the class poor.

"What did you learn?" asked the teacher.

"Good plan for it," said Miss Tomm.

Miss Tomm was up against a tree twenty foot from the log. "This tree was purty," she said, "but it was a worty way to cut it down." She held the wedge open, and then drove it in. "It took a hundred yards or so, and my gun was a hangin' in the air right where our front window was. I started round and found Bill, where he was plannin' himself together with buck-buck horns.

"I guess the bairns have got out now," says Bill.

"Who did you learn?"

"Good plan for it," says Miss Tomm.

Bill was up against a tree twenty foot from the log. "This was a worty way to cut it down," he said, "but it was a worty way to cut it down." He got the wedge in and then drove it in. "It took a hundred yards or so, and my gun was a hangin' in the air right where our front window was. I started round and found Bill, where he was plannin' himself together with buck-buck horns.

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