The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1924

MY TASK

To love someone more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray,
And smile when evening falls,
This is my task.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight
And answer when He calls.
This is my task.

And when my Saviour by, and by to meet,
When Faith hath made her task on earth complete,
And lay my homage at my Master's feet
Within the jasper walls,
This crowns my task.

—E. Caine.

"FATHER'S" STERN DISCIPLINE

As soon as Mr. Greeley got into the house and hung up his hat, says the Chicago News, he asked after Dick, his young son, who had been ailing for a day or two. Mrs. Greeley ventured the opinion that he was a little better. "His throat is still swollen and he has some fever," she said, "but the worst of it is, he won't take his medicine! I wish you would go up right away, and see if you can make him. I've done everything I could."

"He imposes on you," said Mr. Greeley, leading the way up-stairs. "He knows he can bluff you, but I won't stand any of his foolishness."

"Don't be too severe with him!" pleaded the mother. "Remember, he's a little sick boy."

"I'll remember," said Mr. Greeley. "Hello, Dick!" he cried, in a loud, cheerful voice, as he entered the bedroom, where a small boy was sitting up in bed rolling marbles into a hollow of the coverlet.

"Hello, daddy!" returned Dick, in equally cheerful tones. Then he continued in a suddenly dismal wail, "Can't I take this old rag off my throat? Mamma says I've got to keep it on, and it's all hot and stickery. I don't need it."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Mr. Greeley. "Now, my dear, where is that medicine?"

Dick set up a howl.

"Stop!" commanded Mr. Greeley. "It won't do you any good to make such a noise as that. Now take this."

"I don't want to."

"Well, you've got to whether you want to or not."

"Papa!" breathed Mrs. Greeley, in remonstrance.

"My dear, just leave this to me, please. Dick, you've got to take this medicine, so you may as well swallow it at once."

"I don't want to."

Dick's father suddenly stiffened. "Do you want me to hold you and pour it down you?" he said, sternly.

"Take it nicely now, Dick!" begged Mrs. Greeley.

Dick shook his head with a tightly closed mouth. His father suddenly pinioned his arms and attempted to force the spoon between his lips. There was a struggle and a sputter, and the medicine spilled down Dick's nightgown and over the bedclothes. Mr. Greeley shook him smartly, and he howled again. The mother remonstrated again.

"My dear," said the father, "if you'll leave me alone with him I'll soon settle this matter."

"O George, you mustn't—"

"Who said anything about spanking him?" Mr. Greeley interrupted. "Now Dick, this is for your own good. Be a good boy and take it. It isn't bad stuff. See, I'll take some."

"I don't want to. I hate medicine."

"Then I suppose I shall have to spank you."

Dick again lifted his voice in anguish, but showed no sign of yielding.

"If he wasn't sick I would spank him soundly," said Mr. Greeley, in an undertone. "You've just about spoiled him you see."

Dick's mother sighed.

Mr. Greeley felt in his pocket and produced a half-dollar. "Dick," he said, "you take your medicine right down and I'll give you this."

Dick manifested interest. "Can I spend it just as I please?"

"Yes."

Dick sat up a little higher in the bed, and swallowed the potion down quite easily.

"There! That wasn't very bad, was it?" said his father, handing over the promised coin.

"No sir," admitted Dick.

"Just a little firmness, my dear," Mr. Greeley remarked complacently to his wife, while Dick was lapping the medicine spoon.

"Plus fifty cents!" said Mrs. Greeley, in a slightly injured tone.

BIRDS' TONGUES

Some fresh information about the tongues of birds has recently been gathered by a naturalist. Many people suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp-pointed tongues as darts with which to transfix their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the humming-bird, can dart out its tongue with astonishing rapidity, and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose; yet investigation shows that the object of this swift motion is only to catch the prey, not to pierce it. For the purpose of holding the captured victim, the woodpecker's tongue is furnished with a stick secretion.

Considering its powers of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's tongue does.

It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than any other birds, but because its tongue is better suited for articulation than theirs that it is able to amuse us with its mimicry.

The humming-bird's tongue is, in some respects, the most remarkable of all. It is double nearly from end to end, so that the little bird is able to grasp its insect prey with its tongue, very much as if its mouth were furnished with a pair of fingers.

"ESPRIT DE CORPS"

All the tiny cripples in the neighborhood of the settlement-house, together with a few able-bodied children, had been feasted on cake and lemonade. When one of the deformed mites was ready to go home he missed his coat, which search failed to find. The young woman who had been ministering to the wants of the company had seen one of the able-bodied girls go out with something under her shawl too bulky to be secreted cake.

"Hup, my dear, to Jenny," she said to one of the lads. "In picking up her shawl perhaps she got hold of something else by mistake."

The boy moved off on his stumpy crutch, and when he returned he held the coat up in triumph. The "accident" had happened; Jenny had picked it up with her shawl.

The crippled children crowded close round the young woman in great perturbation. Their self-respect had been wounded, and they looked disdainfully at the few sound children among them. Finally one of the lads said:

"Miss Martin, it ain't one of us that did it. Jenny ain't a cripple; she's only a Sunday School."

The Free Press' Short Story

Aunt Polly in Town

BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

SHE was stooped and her face wrinkled like an old russet apple, while the white hair had blown carelessly in thin wisps across the tanned cheeks that bespoke life much in the open. Her bonnet with its gay bouquet of pansies, roses, and heliotrope, bespoke antiquity, and her velvet jacket ill fitted her angular figure. It was a curious picture that the little old lady presented as she slipped breathlessly through Cushing and Wells establishment.

"Look at what has stepped out of the old family album," tittered the auburn-haired clerk of the veil-and-glove department.

"Maybe she's the latest style up on Rosemount Heights," whispered a clerk of the silk department, and a giggle responded to this sarcasm.

The full, gathered black silk skirt drugged unevenly as the customer entered the aisle with its display of modern creations. The little old lady was a jarring note in the beautifully appointed, expensively stocked shop and had attracted the attention of the entire first-floor staff.

"Bless her heart! She has come straight from the country and she must be confused by all the noise and the glamour of the city," muttered Elizabeth Aldrich, looking out over the veil counter, a glance of sympathy following the strange customer confusedly trying to decide which department she should appeal to with her shopping list.

Elizabeth Aldrich did not join in the suppressed titter that ran down the side of the counter as the little old lady hesitatingly approached the counter displaying gorgeous Oriental silks. With an ill-suppressed smile the haughty male clerk answered the query of the customer in the negative, his hand waving in the direction of other flimsy creations that were a decided contrast to the attire of the customer.

"It is not fair that the dear old soul should be made a target for fun," declared Elizabeth Aldrich, her eyes blazing with resentment. "I know every one of those wrinkles means toil in the interest of helpless humanity. There is rare character written in the lines of her face, and I'll guarantee she knows the meaning of sacrifice and loving till it hurts. She might be Granny Mallory from up country. Granny would make just such a sensation if she slipped into the city with her old-time clothes and wrinkles."

The customer was going confusedly from one counter to the other, her cheeks pink with bewilderment, yet failing to catch the smiles that puckered the eyes of the clerks who gave her request and query scant courtesy. It was not a busy hour and few clerks were occupied. The veil counter was quite deserted. Elizabeth Aldrich slipped down the aisle and across the floor to the side of the little old lady.

"Good morning," she said cheerily. "I just know you are having a bothersome time trying to do your shopping in a strange store. Won't you let me help you find what you want? I have clerked here so long that I know every department on this floor."

"Thank you, dearie, I am just a wee bit muddled," returned the quavering voice. "You see it is the first time I ever came down to the station and I came on business. The lawyer who is fixing up the deal and who wrote me to come, brought me over here in his motor car and left me to do my bit of shopping. I was wanting to get some cotton near like this pattern as I could for piecing patch-work quilts. We're making up a lot of these quilts for the mission boxes at our society this winter and I gave my promise to the sisters I'd bring back enough stuff to keep 'em going. Charlie Joe Price, as runs the general store, has run low on this kind of stock, it being sort of out of season. But I allow Cushing and Wells would be carrying full stock."

Elizabeth Aldrich looked down quizzically at the red-and-brown plaid calico and she caught her breath. She recalled the quilts her grandmother and friends pieced every winter up country, and she recognized in the bit of cotton the rolls generally found on the counters of country general stores.

"I've got quite a list of things to buy to-day besides the stuff for the quilts," remarked the customer, straightening out the strip of brown wrapping paper with its scribbling. "Most of the neighbors were wanting things they couldn't get except in the city, and with a wedding coming off and a new baby to fit out, seems like there were errands enough for a week's shopping 'stead of just one day," prattled the old lady.

"I'm afraid you have come to the wrong place to find just what you want in quilt material," began Elizabeth, her eyes smiling. "You see Cushman and Wells only carry expensive fabrics, but you would find cottons like this down at the department store a couple of blocks west. But then I don't suppose you know your way around the city, if this is your first day. Let me look over your list and see whether we are stocked with any of the things you wish," invited the clerk, taking the brown slip of paper from the withered, ungloved hand.

With a sigh of relief the old lady relinquished her hold on the list. She caught none of the glances of amusement that flitted from clerk to clerk. A little smile crinkled the brown eyes of Elizabeth, glancing hurriedly over the list. Her heart warmed to the little woman from up country in her dear, generous willingness to shop for the neighborhood.

"What a beautiful ambitious shopping list," exclaimed Elizabeth, softly.

"I allow maybe I can't get all the errands done to-day, but I'd like to get the carriage robe for Millie Burke's baby. He's the first grandchild in her family you know, and I'd not want to go back without the bridal veil and the white gloved and stockings for Sally MacIntyre—she's to be married next week, you see, and in the meeting house with orange blossoms and all. Her father's well-to-do and not afraid to spend a good bit on Sally—"

"You can buy the veil and the stockings and the gloves in this very store, and I shall have the fun of selling the bridal veil to you," exclaimed Elizabeth triumphantly. "Please what am I to call you? I want to introduce you to the glove and hose clerks."

"Just call me what all the upcountry folks call me—Aunt Polly Cobbledick."

With a chuckle of delight the little old lady gazed upon the bridal veils that Elizabeth laid out before her, and judiciously selected one rich in its simplicity, opening her purse eagerly.

"I allow Sally will be as pretty in that veil as any other, don't you?"

Elizabeth nodded her approval, and when the veil had been carefully boxed, led the customer to the glove and hose counters. She was thinking seriously of that shopping list that could not be supplied by Cushing and Wells and the important assignment of buying calico for the mission society quilts.

"Listen, Aunt Polly, I have a whole hour at my disposal at noon, which arrives in half an hour," exclaimed Elizabeth. "Now suppose we just spend that hour together. You go up to the rest room and wait for me and then I will escort you down to the department store, where you can shop for a little. Then you will come back and have lunch with me in the cafeteria up on the third floor, where plenty of customers lunch along with the employees."

"Well, of all the foolishness and squandering of attention, I must say," exclaimed the auburn-haired clerk as Elizabeth returned to her place. "You certainly did lay yourself out to make a fuss over as frumpy a customer as ever came in Cushing and Wells. You have lost two good sales, while you were escorting the old lady around the store."

"But I just couldn't stand by and see the dear old soul go floundering helplessly and with bewilderment about her shopping," protested Elizabeth. "She only needed a little assistance and after all, her purchases for the country bride were worth consideration. I have had more than one fashionably attired person from Rosemount Heights walk into the store and fritter away a heap of time without making one half the purchase of Aunt Polly Cobbledick this morning. Besides, Cushing and Wells advertise by their slogan, 'Courtesy and Assistance to Shoppers,'" responded the clerk with flushed cheeks.

Promptly after punching the time clock, Elizabeth Aldrich hurried to the rest room, and tucking Aunt Polly Cobbledick under her protecting wing led the way down the city street through its maze of confusing and bustling traffic to the department store. It was a busy half hour purchasing calico for the quilts of the missionary society and checking off sundry errands of the formidable list. Then back to Cushing and Wells went the shoppers and Elizabeth settled the customer from up country at one of the pretty tables, while she filled trays at the cafeteria counter of many delicacies. Over the appetizing lunch they chatted of the up country, and Elizabeth told Aunt Polly all about the grandmother who lived up beyond the spruce ridges.

Elizabeth, glancing up from her salad, watched a portly figure enter the cafeteria and make his way to their neighborhood with a well-filled tray. She recognized Robert Cushing, the president of the firm, and she caught her breath as he placed his tray on the table next to the one that the old-fashioned lady shared with her. It was seldom that the president came to the cafeteria to lunch, and Elizabeth felt her cheeks crimsoning as he glanced curiously at the picture her own table presented. The old-timey costume of the customer was truly in variance with the chic, faultless style of the pretty clerk. Then suddenly the president gave a sharp cry and sprang toward Elizabeth's table.

"Aunt Polly Cobbledick! Of all the queer coincidences, to run across the likes of you in my own eating place," exclaimed Mr. Cushing, his big hands taking the withered hands of the old lady into his own and squeezing them up tight in a welcoming grasp. "How do you happen to be in my store without my knowledge? Where did you come from and why haven't you looked me up?" demanded the big man, as he stooped and kissed the wrinkled cheek.

"Bob—Bobby Cushman— It is you —God bless you, laddie!" broke out Aunt Polly tremulously. "But I allowed you were off in some foreign country. That picture post card you sent me last week came from Italy, so I just didn't bother hunting you up, and I've come to the city to look after the Cobbledick property. Amos being a care now and not able to attend to business any more; and I'm going back up country to-night soon as I get done with my shopping. My, but I'm plumb glad to see you, not expecting it all."

"I just got back from Europe and Asia the first of the week," admitted Mr. Cushing. "To think I might have missed you if I hadn't happened to come up to the cafeteria for lunch to-day. And all these years I've been coaxing you to come down to the city to see me and my store and you pretty near gave me the slip. But I'm not going to let you go back to-night. I've at last got you here and I'm going to make up for lost time in trying to pay you back for the time you mothered us boys after our own mother died. I guess there isn't a home in the community, but you have mothered and nursed and helped out and made wrinkles for your sweet face carrying other folks' worries and troubles," said the president softly.

"But Bobby, I've got to get back up country to-night, Amos being a care there days and the barn stocked with cows that will have to be milked to-night," protested Aunt Polly Cobbledick. "I've had a rare good time shopping, this dear child so obliging and sweet and courteous. I'd never have mangled the errands I promised to do for other folks if Miss Aldrich hadn't taken me under her wing and given me a helping hand," and the customer's face was wreathed in smiles.

"But you are going to be my guest the rest of the day, Aunt Polly, and I am going to see that Miss Aldrich gets a leave from duty to go along with us in my motor to do the city," declared the president.

The clock was striking three that afternoon when Elizabeth Aldrich slipped into her place behind the veil counter. Her eyes were bright with excitement from the drive she had shared with Aunt Polly Cobbledick in the big limousine of Robert Cushman.

It was at the closing hour of the store that the president made his way to the veil counter and accosted Elizabeth.

"Miss Aldrich, I don't know how to tell you how deeply I appreciate your kindness and help to Aunt Polly Cobbledick to-day," he exclaimed, a huskiness in his voice. "Especially I appreciate your courtesy and help in the dear soul's shopping venture. It would have been a great disappointment to her if she had gone back up country without fulfilling the wishes and wants of the neighborhood—"

"But that was really nothing, sir," protested Elizabeth. "Cushman and Wells have a slogan, 'Courtesy and Assistance to Shoppers,' and I was merely putting the slogan into effect."

"I have noted that, and for sometime we have been on the alert for someone who possessed enough interest in the slogan and the business to take charge of a new department we hope soon to inaugurate. We shall form a department that will cater solely to helping customers shop through our store, and it strikes me that I have found one clerk capable and interested enough to head this department in assisting particularly out-of-town shoppers to test the courtesy and assistance of Cushman and Wells."

Elizabeth caught her breath and a smile of tenderness played in her eyes. The news that the president had brought to the veil counter was almost overwhelming, but she was glimpsing a mental picture of a little old lady in hopelessly old-fashioned jacket and bonnet speeding toward her home up country. Packed into her seat were countless packages and the heart of Aunt Polly Cobbledick was overflowing with happiness, for she had accomplished the mission entrusted to her by the neighborhood.

BROWN ROT OF STONE FRUITS

Brown rot is found annually in the peach, plum and cherry orchards of Ontario. However in most years the attacks of this fungus are not severe and it is only when weather conditions are extremely favorable to its development that serious epidemics of brown rot occur and great financial loss to the grower results.

The destructive attack of this fungus has assumed two forms—one an infection of the blossoms, causing blossom blight, and the other a rotting of the fruit as it approaches maturity.

Blossom blight especially on cherries, is often severe if damp, muggy weather prevails at that time. Again if the same weather conditions prevail at the time of ripening of the fruit brown rot sets in and great loss to the crop will result unless careful, well-timed suitable sprays or dusts are thoroughly applied. Blossom blight is generally initiated as a browning of the calyx lobe, but later may spread to involve the whole flower and the stem which bears it. Such blossoms are killed and are therefore worthless from the standpoint of fruit production and they also serve to spread the disease throughout the orchard, since countless numbers of spores are produced thereon. These spores are carried by the wind to the fruit where they germinate under favorable conditions and cause infection.

Systematic pruning that tends to produce an open head is of prime importance in controlling brown rot, as bad air drainage favors this disease. Thorough applications of lime sulphur, of Bordeaux mixture just before the blossoms open (when they show white); just after the petals have fallen and when the shucks are shed should give good control. About 3 to 4 weeks before harvest if damp muggy weather prevails an additional spray will be necessary. Many growers apply dust instead of spray for the later applications. In such cases a dust may be applied at any time up until harvesting if weather conditions warrant it.

In the Niagara peninsula peaches generally are not sprayed for brown rot as they received only the dormant application for scale and peach leaf curl. If, however, later applications are applied, self-boiled lime sulphur, wettable sulphur, or sulphur dust should be used. The first brown rot application on plums is generally delayed until the shucks are off the fruit.

The brown rot fungus lives through the winter on the mummied fruit that hangs to the tree or falls to the ground. Mummied fruit that falls to the ground and is not too deeply buried will give rise in the spring to microscopic, stalked, cup-shaped fruiting bodies which produce the spores that initiate blossom infection. However, if the mummied fruit is plowed deeply under they are unable to produce spores. This is the reason that plowing and cultivation of the orchard in the spring until after blossoming time is recommended. Such practices tend to bury the mummied fruit and prevent the production of spores—Garven N. Berkley, Pathologist.

MERELY DROPPED A HINT

The car porter, noticing that the passenger's head did not look entirely easy, thoughtfully brought him a pillow, says the Chicago News, and tendered it with a smile. The passenger waved it away impatiently. "Le' me fix it foh you, suh," urged the porter. "Yo' don't look exactly comfortable, nohow, an' you've no idea how that pillow will cohntribute to yo' ease. It res' yu' haid, sur, surprisin'—an' it don't cost yo' a cent. No suh, Ah jes' lak ter see mah passengers comfortable.

The passenger eyed the pillow with an uncertain look, but did not move his head.

"It's free, suh," smiled the porter. "Ah ain't tryin' to wohk yo'. They's some folks thinks that evehy time a po'tah shows some little attention he's lookin' foh a quatah. An' they's some po'tahs on the cyahs that is lak that, too. But Ah don' expec' er gent'man ter put his han' in his pocket evehy tahm Ah does somethin' for him. No, suh. Jes' let me fix this yer pillow underneef yo' haid now. Yo'll feel bettah for it."

His tone of good-natured appeal was irresistible. The passenger lifted his head, and the pillow was deftly whisked into place. Then the porter stood back and surveyed the result approvingly.

"No, suh," he said, apparently continuing a train of thought, "Ah don't expec' a gent'man ter put his hand in his pocket each tahm Ah does some trifin' little thing foh him. Some pbople is lak that, but I ain't. Ah reckon it pays bettah in the long run," he added, with an ingenuous giggle. "Ah've been pow'ful lucky."

The passenger wearily closed his eyes, and the porter took a fresh start.

"One gent'man in this ve'y cyah, the las' trip, was so's o' ailin' an' mis'ble, an' o' co'se Ah did what Ah could foh him. One tahm, when Ah'd give him a pillow, he offered me ha'f er dollah. I says, 'No, suh, Ah don' want yo' to feel yo'se'f obligated ter put yo' han' down in yo' pocket evehy tahm Ah does some little thing lak that.' He put that ha'f dollah back in his pocket, but when he got off at Albuquerque he jes' nachally give me a five-dollah bill."

The passenger sighed and turned wearily toward the window.

"Another tahm—" began the porter.

The passenger grunted, and putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a quarter and handed it to the attendant. The porter took it with an air of surprise.

"Why—Ah—thank yo', suh," he said. "Ah hope yo' don't feel obligated—"

"Oh, dry up," exclaimed the passenger. "Get out!"

"Yassuh, suhhly, suh," said the porter, and went after another pillow to relieve the sufferings of another passenger.

THE CHEAPER CUTS OF BEEF

The pot roast which is frequently used by the thrifty housewife in the effort to keep down her butcher bill and still provide good meals, may be made from many of the cheaper cuts, such as the chuck, of the beef carcass. After being wiped with a damp cloth it is placed in a covered bake-pan or casserole, with two cups or more of hot water. It should be covered tightly and baked in a moderate oven or on top of the stove, keeping the heat just below the boiling point. Pamphlet No. 43 of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, obtainable from the Publications Branch, shows how the meat bill may be reduced by utilizing the cheaper cuts of beef. One-half hour's time for each pound of meat in the roast is recommended. About an hour and a quarter before serving, pared potatoes and sliced carrots and onions may be added. When ready to serve, the roast should be removed to a hot platter and the gravy thickened and seasoned. If the meat is very fat, it is advisable to remove the fat from the top of the gravy before thickening. The pamphlet contains many other recipes for utilizing the cheaper cuts of beef.—Issued by the Director of Publicity, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

AS PLUCKY AS A BOY

The ways and means by which a clever Maine girl earned money for her studies in art are interesting. One summer she worked with a comrade in an improvised laboratory, where the two made jellies, sweet pickles and preserves for sale. They made them out of fruit and berries which they picked themselves. After they got a start, then employed the neighborhood boys and girls to pick for them. The art student alone worked up enough trade to keep her at the art school in New York through the winter.

The next summer, when she went home, she set up in the vegetable business and sold the proceeds of her garden patch to hotel and boarding-house-keepers in the vicinity. Her truck farm payed well, but it involved much hard work and not very congenial going.

The next year the indefatigable girl thought of another plan for raising funds. She had secured a prize scholarship at the art school, but there were still many expenses to be met. Everybody who is familiar with the islands along the Maine coast knows how necessary the private ferry is to the convenience of the tourists and cottagers. Many of the small islands contain summer homes, or are occupied by camping parties, and visiting is constant. A man in the art students neighborhood owned such a ferry, which he had tired of tending. The girl persuaded him to sublet it to her.

She ran the boat successfully all that vacation time, and made a most picturesque, as well as capable, ferry-woman in her short skirt, shirt-waist and sailor hat. Once it got out that her venture was for the sake of art and not for notoriety, many people quartered in the various summer colonies made it a point to patronize her ferry whenever possible on their outing excursions. Some formed the habit of coming to the ferry merely to take a ride. The toll she took that summer exceeded by a considerable sum the revenue from either jelly factory or truck farm.

The girl has now attained a definite place in her New York career. Her work is decorative design. But she declares that if her eyes or hands or ideas give out, she intends to start another passenger ferry up among the Maine islands.

"COME OUT AND SEE!"

Some time ago a woman who has helped many people to see the wonders of the world about them told a friend how her own eyes were opened.

One summer she happened to be spending a few days at the same hotel with a certain naturalist. His enthusiasms did not interest her at all; the progress of the embroidery which she had brought with her for "pick-up work" was of far greater concern to her than all the miracles of June. But one morning, seeing him eagerly searching the ground under her window, she leaned out and asked curiously:

"What do you find so absorbing down there?"

"Come out and see!" he called, in reply.

Why she did it she could not tell. Perhaps, after all, the call of the day was too great to be resisted. She threw aside her embroidery and went out. That embroidery was never finished, for the world of delight she discovered that day changed her whole life.

She bought books and microscope, and began to investigate for herself, then with her children, then with other people. After a while she began to write, and the writing brought her new friends and the introduction to scientific clubs and societies. A score of fresh interests filled her days, interests which she met easily with the renewed health won from the long out-of-doors hours. She lived, in short, a new life in the midst of the new heaven and earth to which her eyes had been opened.

There are women—thousands of them—who need to release tired eyes from their petty, exacting, needless tasks, to straighten tired backs, and to let the fresh air in upon their lives. The highest city walls cannot wholly bar out Nature. She visits city roofs and streets and yards as freely as the country hedgerows. All that she asks is an opportunity to reveal her treasures of health and joy; her constant cry is, "Come out and see!"

WONDER WHY?

"He's quite an auto fiend, isn't he? Never seen without his car."

"But I saw him yesterday without it."

"That so? Where was he?"

"He was sitting on the cowcatcher of a locomotive with a steering wheel round his neck."

FILLING THE CONTRACT

"Look here!" exclaimed the stranger, as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle, "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road?"

"Well," replied the native, who had volunteered to guide him through the dark, "we're finding them, ain't we?"

To add new accounts

Don't overlook the village stores off the line of railways.

A salesman we know began by calling on some of them in a car to make the necessary arrangements. He hasn't seen his new customers since. At an appointed day and hour he regularly calls up each by Long Distance from a list he prepared, and gets their orders.

If he is away, someone else carries out the schedule for him.

His customers like to deal with headquarters.

He added over 100 new accounts in a few months—says the business builds large at the end of the year.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

TOO TEMPTING

Miss Arabella Paxton had long since said good-by to her youth, but nobody had accused her of doing it with resignation.

"What were you thinking of to start Cousin Arabella off in that merry-go-round?" asked Mrs. Jennings at the county fair. She had just received her dizzy and disheveled relative at the end of a trip on the flying horses.

"You needn't look so severely at me," said Mr. Jennings, reproachfully, when Cousin Arabella had been deposited on a settee and left to recover her equilibrium. "She heard a woman say the machine was enough to scare anybody out of ten years' growth, and after that she was possessed to ride in it."

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Your mirror can tell you what other eyes see—if you will consult it honestly, and honestly accept its judgment.

But you need not fear its verdict. Because unlovely skin need not remain unlovely. The alluring youthful complexion Nature gave you may be yours *oddly*.

Millions of women now follow this simple rule to keep the radiance and beauty of schoolgirl complexion. You can, too.

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Cleanse the skin regularly, authorities say, to keep your complexion lovely, radiant, youthful. But beware of harsh cleansing methods. They injure skin.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive Soap—each night before retiring. Rub the creamy, foamy lather well into the tiny pores. Rinse — and repeat the washing. Then rinse again.

Then—if skin is dry—apply a little cold cream. That is all. Skin so cared for is not injured by cosmetics, by wind and sun, or by dirt.

The simple, and correct way

You cannot find a more effective beauty treatment. Because Palmolive Soap is blended of rare palm and olive oils—famous for mild but thorough cleansing qualities since the days of Cleopatra. And it is inexpensive.

Be sure you get Palmolive — which is never sold unwrapped. All dealers have it. After even a short period of this treatment you will see a marked improvement in your skin.

Many now use Palmolive for the bath — letting it do for the whole body what it does for the face.

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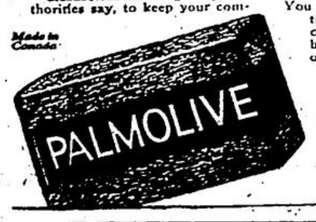

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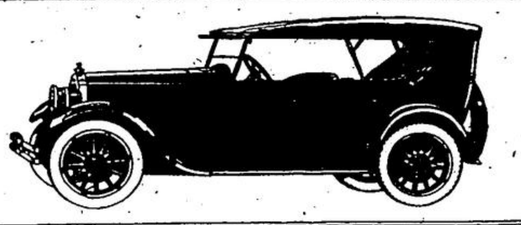

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