

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1924

HOME AFTER ALL

Home's always here, or home's always there, home's just a spot in the town. Home's rather plain, just a roof from the rain, a nook when the night has come down.

Home's out of style, and we joke and we smile, many the lip that has curled;

But wander away and you'll want it some day more than the rest of the world.

Home's just a place, just a voice, just a face, father and mother and kin. Home's where we dream, and we plan, and we scheme; home's where our journeys begin.

Home, like as not, is a flat on top; home isn't much, but a wall;

But, when you retire, when you long for your fire, home is a lot after all.

Home's always home though the world you may roam, seeking some far;

Home is the pole of the heart and the soul, home the unquenchable star.

Traveled miles to the furthest lands, the east or the west;

The farther you go then the more you will know that home, after all, is the best.

THE WHEEL IN ALL LANGUAGES

When a new thing is introduced into commerce and ordinary use, it now comes in all languages. The resources of most modern languages are equal to the demand, though some of the very conservative languages, which are jealous of innovations, have a hard time in making up their minds.

The word "bicycle" was not contained in any English dictionary, and whether it was rightly pronounced "bycicle" or "bigh-kile" no one could be sure. The word is now well established, and commonly applied to the machine which we call a safety bicycle.

In the French language, the word for the same thing has had a hard time in becoming established. It was originally called a "velocifer," a "velo-cipede," "cycle," and "bicyclette"—the last word being commonly applied to the machine which we call a safety bicycle.

But the word "velo," a contraction of velo and cycle, has come into very common use and threatens to supplant the others. We use much as English-speaking bicyclists use the word "wheel" or "bike." The French also have a word of unknown etymology, "vélomobile," which they apply to the bicycle.

The Germans, when the bicycle came into use, set about making a name for it which should be purely German. They called it a "Fahrrad," or "traveling wheel"; and this word they have since abbreviated into "Rad," or simply "wheel."

The Italians and Spaniards followed much the same path that the French did, and divide their loyalty between "velocifero" and "bicicleta" or "bici-

cleta."

Even the Chinese must have a name for the wheel. They apply the usual figurative style of speech, and call it an "aumga," or "foreign horse."

"To chau," flying-machine,

French, Belgians, people of

Chinese speech, who are zealously preserving their language of foreign terms, have had the utmost difficulty in settling upon a word for this article. Some called it a "trapwai," some a "takwai," some a "trapwai," but the real name, called us, indicated that it should be called "takwai," a word of pure "Flemish" origin, which was described it. This word was followed by "Gewinkelndreitzeppendusenbrueckenstrasse."

In spite of their loyalty to their native speech, it is noticed that even the most conservative Flemish wheelmen never use this word when riding over a rough road.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS'

It was the era of the first Quincy baby and the attention of the entire Quincy family, consisting solely of mother and father, was directed to the proper bringing up of the infant. Books on hygiene were bought and digested; suitable magazines were collected for friends and mothers were consulted on every point. But to the wonder of the solicitous Mrs. Quincy declared that she had done all that did the most good was that which appeared in the morning paper, signed with the fetching name "Peggy." But the time came when even that was discarded.

"Are you going to read me the little lesson from the Jesus of to-day?" asked Mr. Quincy at the breakfast-table.

"I shall never read a stuff to any one more," said the mother firmly.

"Why not? Only day before yesterday you were saying what excellent recommendations 'Peggy' made about crying children. Why do you desert her?"

"Tell you, Tom," she said. "I had meant not to say a word about it, because it is so humiliating. But now you speak of it, I might as well confess. The paper, you see, said something I didn't quite understand, and as I was down town, I thought I'd just run into the office and ask Peggy and she would tell me. So I did. The office boy smiled at me, and said 'Peggy' had been removed. But he took me up a lot of dirty stairs, and then pointed to a door, knowing, and a voice answered, 'Come in.'

"Well?" queried his husband.

"Well, there isn't any 'Peggy.' Not a woman at all, but a perfectly horrid, grinning man, smoking a cigar! He said he had advice—a man. What do you think of that?"

Mrs. Quincy paused in her indignation.

"I thought you found the advice good as a rule," he objected.

"Tom, you know how bad a man in a newspaper office would advise to mothers? I am surprised You man think you know everything!"

DOCTOR OR MILKMAN

It is supposed that a person who consults a physician will follow his advice, and that the hundred blows to the professional pride of doctors and surgeons is the excess of wisdom on medical matters which is possessed by the world at large. A writer thus writes of a surgeon who set a broken arm:

"The operation was successful and the splints had been removed. The surgeon advised his patient to leave off the exercises of manipulating the injured member at least a week.

"Just as the doctor was leaving the house the milkman arrived on his rounds, and passing the splints, said to him, 'Good morning, doctor. You'll take cold in your arm. You ought to keep it bandaged.'

A few days later the surgeon called again and found that the patient, who followed the milkman's warning, complained of soreness in the arm, and said, "Doctor, I think you've blithed it."

The doctor, observing the bandages still on the arm, remarked, "And whose advice are you taking now, mine or the milkman's?"

FOR WORK AND LIBERTY

"There is many a way to win in this world," said Mr. Tamm, one of his numerous immigrants, "but none of them is worth much without good hard work back it." The recent immigrants are pouring into Canada and the United States. Many are immigrant talkers of self-made men, saying also, because, dimly or clearly, he sees work and plenty of opportunity to work are at the hands of higher living and liberty.

Jan Jankowski, who came from Poland the other day, is representative of this class.

"Why have you come to here, Jan Jankowski?" asked the interpreter.

"I've come to work," he said.

"And isn't there any work to be done here? My brother lives over there. He writes me that here you can get up in the world, and you can surely educate your children."

"What do you want to do the most?" asked the interpreter.

"To work hard to take care of my three sons and two daughters, and educate them," was the answer.

The desire to make a better home for their families, and to make them more properly for life has a strong hold on thousands of the fathers and mothers who arrive in this country.

Little Tony is in school the whole year round, a relative or a friend on this side.

"My Tony stands at the head of his class," is another message sent to the interpreter.

In such manner is our country held up to Old World parents as the children's paradise, and thousands of immigrant fathers and mothers who tell the blue-clad officers that they come to work, come in truth to work for the offspring broods that they bring with them.

"My wife and I," said Antonio Sambrook, from Rome, to the interpreter, "will work for the children and send them to school and make them good children."

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

"They're neither white nor small; And you, I know, will scarcely think That they're ever full at all.

I've looked on hands whose form and hue—

A sculptor's dream might be;

You are those wrinkled, aged hands—

Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

Though heart were weary and sad, These wrinkled hands kept tolling on—

With the children's mirth and glad; Always weep, as though having lost—

To childhood's distant day—

I think how these hands rested not—

When mine first folded be.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

They're growing feeble now,

For time and pain have left their mark;

"Oh, hands, hands, heart and brawn,

Great Alas!—you're through me,

And the sad, and dull—me.

When health, the dashee, out of sight,

These hands will fold be.

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