The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1924

THE CRY OF THE AGE

When had there been an Age like this?
When has there been an Age that called
So loudly and beseechingly
For noble men and noble deeds?
For mighty brains to take and solve
Perplexing problems; mighty hearts
To dare and do; and mighty souls—
Heard, ken'rous, forceful—to instruct
And lift and lead! From every path
That man has blazed into the wild;
From every highway where the feet
Of thousands press; from every mart
The cry goes up—an earnest call
For earnest men! The world to-day
Has needs it never knew before.
For it has passed the shadow; passed
The travail of the ancient yeld;
Passed from the grip of primal things;
Passed into light! and taken there
Its first full goblet from the sun!

That draft has stirred the very rocks
Upon the hills; has turned to power
The wasted waters; has instilled
A purpose in the truant winds.
The air is pregnant with great news;
Great news of glories yet to be
When we have awakened to the Age,
When we have wakened to the light!

Strong men and true, great men and good;
Brave men, and wise in simple faith;
Men warm with love, and rich with hope;
Men with high aims and lowly hearts
The Age is calling out for those—
Crying along the crowded streets,
Crying along the quiet lanes.
Its voice is booming from the towers,
And whispering from the furrowed fields:
"Give me strong and earnest men!
Give me my Davids and St. Johns!"
—Elwyn Hoffman.

THE CHURCH OF THE LIGHTED LAMPS

On Sunday evening, while listening to a sermon by the Rev. A. W. Barker on "The Church of the Lighted Lamps," we were deeply interested in his development of the theme. The following illustration, as near as we can give it was used:

Some years before the late war an American woman found herself in a small village in the mountains of Bohemia. In the midst of the short, narrow street was a paved square surrounded on three sides by small shops and on the fourth side were well worn stone steps which led up to a church of rough-hewn stone. The traveller made her way to the inn. The village was not Catholic but Lutheran, from the time of the Great Elector of Saxony Martin Luther has visited the town. Sunday came. After the evening meal, the traveller went up to her room, the church bell was ringing for service and out from the streets came people sometimes in twos, sometimes in threes, often singly, and each bearing a quaint little object which, in the twilight, she could not identify. She resumed her hat and coat and slipped down into the street. Then she made out that these objects were iron or bronze lamps of ancient Roman design; perchance such as the wise and foolish virgins used. The traveller was about to join the stream of churchgoers when behind appeared a woman bearing a lamp. "Won't you walk along with me?" she said, "for I am late. There is no other way of lighting our church. It is a very old custom in this village. The church trims the lamps to the families year by year as they need them. It is a queer thing, madame, and it is not convenient, but we've never departed from the old custom." "I should think it would keep people from attending service," said the traveller. "Oh, no, it is just the other way," said the woman. "You see it is called The Church of the Lighted Lamps. Everybody that goes makes it a little brighter and when a body is tempted to take their ease and stay at home they remember that the dear old church needs everybody's lamp, and if your lamp isn't there there is so much less light. We light our lamps at a taper in the vestibule and set them in the book racks in each pew. You see we each have our very own place and there's the socket for one's own lamp and one is missed so much if one stays away, besides missing the blessing."

At the conclusion of the illustration the Rev. Barker remarked that he believed there were some lights missing this evening. We were struck with the same thought. Would it not be a good thing to give that old custom a trial in this day. For a lighted church we would have to depend on the loyalty of the members. It might be that our churches would be dimly lighted at first, but we believe that loyalty to the Master would eventually give us abundant light.—Kincardine Reporter.

LEISURE

"Leisure," a woman declared the other day, "is neither a fact nor a possibility. It is scarcely even an ideal. It is a word that in the dictionary should be marked, 'obsolete.'"

Whether or not the majority of people would agree with her in considering leisure no longer an ideal, it cannot be denied that leisure is a rare possession in this twentieth century. The common theory seems to be that we have bartered it for telephones and automobiles, for speed and society and business.

Fifty years ago, we say, or a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, life was much simpler and less hurried. Yet, as a matter of fact, a hundred years ago exactly the same complaint was made. It was in 1797 that the famous Mrs. Grant of Laggan wrote of that "insatiable love of change—that restlessness, which is, I think, a great and growing evil, of the age," and complained that the hours of her young friends were so engrossed and divided" that there was no time for reading and conversation. Doubtless, could we but look back, we should find the same complaint made in the eighth century, as in the eighteenth.

So far from leisure being less possible now than in past years, the average woman, as a recent economic writer has pointed out, never before had so good an opportunity to enjoy it. Gas and electricity, ready-made clothing, prepared foods and numberless household inventions have reduced her work to a fraction of that done by her grandmother. Instead of candle and soap-making, spinning and weaving, salting down the year's meats, and making her husband's shirts by hand, she spends hours each week in shopping, amusements, study, fancy-work or society, according as inclination and opportunity dictate.

Yet—she has no leisure. After all, is it not frequently because she does not desire leisure so much as she wishes for some other things? The simple life is an achievement, not a chance gift, and leisure, to quote another woman's definition, is "merely the art of having time."

WHAT SHE TOLD HIM

The pastor of a church in Washington, on leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, saw a little girl, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was that man saying to you, Madge?" asked the minister, as he came up to the little girl.

"Oh, he just wanted to know if Doctor C. was the preacher of this church."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," she said, with dignity, "that you were the present incumbrance."

The Free Press Short Story

Bread and Butter

DAVID A. WASSON

GRIZZLED Capt. Thomas Crawley, familiarly known as "Crawling Tommy," was regarded by his friends of the water front as a sort of mascot, shabby, but faithful—a man who could be relied upon to bear cheerfully the brunt of all jokes, and yet to share a solitary crust with his tormentors.

One so flagrantly an "easy mark" usually earns for himself more of indulgent contempt of his fellow men than of downright affection. But when, after being "caught out" in his dilapidated schooner Gazelle, Crawling Tommy became sick from exposure and was taken to the Marine Hospital at Riverport, twenty miles upriver, his Bayhaven friends realized what they had not bothered to think about before—that the old man held a very warm place in their hearts.

A group of them, round the red-hot pot-bellied stove in Oliver Higg's general store, agreed, with what for them was the acme of eloquence, that it was an extremely regrettable occurrence.

"Crawling Tommy's in for pneumony and it'll take him off just like a thistle-down!" declared chin-whiskered Capt. Eza Roper. "He ain't got the constitution to stand anything like that! I swan, it's too bad."

Gaunt and long-legged Peter Carr was looking out of the rear window. "By jing, there's Sam and Ole comin' ashore from the Gazelle with their dunnage this very minute!" he exclaimed. "They must have give up hope for Tommy, or they'd have stood by her! Too bad! I'll be jiggered if it ain't!"

"Crawley have any folks anywhere?" suddenly inquired Oliver Higgs, the storekeeper, a rat-faced little man with hard, green eyes that were set unbelievably close together.

"Never heard tell of any," answered Bill Huckins. "He was a bach, ye know, and he had a sister die of him up to Riverport last summer. I calculate that cleans out the family. It's too bad, and no two ways about it!"

"There is no one to look out for the Gazelle, then? No legal heirs?" pursued Higgs sharply.

"Oh, as far as that goes, I guess us fellers will keep an eye out for her now that those shiftless loafers of Tommy's have skipped out!" spoke up fat and pink-faced Capt. Sol Stearns, master of the Cyclops, the one tugboat in Bayhaven.

"I mean who will be responsible for her account?" said Higgs crisply.

"Oh, that's what's eating ye, is it?" asked the captain of the tugboat. "Tommy owed ye a little something, did he?"

"Yes, he did, gents; that's the plain truth of the matter," acknowledged Higgs. "I've got a little bill of fifty dollars against Crawley."

"Been running long?" asked Peter Carr.

"Well, no," admitted the storekeeper. "It's for a bill of goods he bought this very month. But his affairs seem to be badly mixed up, and I've got my bread and butter to earn, and—"

"Oh, you and your bread and butter go hang!" growled Huckins. "You could buy and sell us all and not know the difference!"

"Yes, by jing, that's so!" agreed Carr. "Don't you lose no sleep about the Gazelle. You'll get your money all right!"

"I intend to!" said Higgs shortly.

"By Jupiter, I'd chip in and help pay the bill myself!" said Captain Stearns. "But, hang it all, my own grub bill ain't settled up yet this month; is it, Biggs?"

"Oh, that's all right, cap'n, that's all right! I'm not worrying any about that! But Crawley—Crawley's affairs appear to be all heads and points. I figure that the best way for me to safeguard my own interests is to put an attachment on the Gazelle."

"Put what?" asked Stearns, as if doubting that he heard rightly.

"Libel her," repeated Biggs doggedly.

"Oh, ye wouldn't do that just yet, would ye?" remonstrated Roper. "Don't ye think it would look better to wait a little—wait till after the funeral, anyways?"

"That's just when the other sharks will come flocking round, and then no one will get anything! 'Do before you're done,' is my motto! I have my bread and butter to earn! With all due respect for the memory of Captain Crawley, I see no reason for delaying!"

He took a purple ulster from its peg behind the desk, put it on over his black sateen prince coat and slammed the street door in a howl of wintry wind.

"The old Shylock is going up to see Squire Cotton about having the papers made out!" said Huckins. "It's too bad, I swear!"

Captain Stearns brought his chair down on its forelegs with a thud that shook the store. "Are you fellers going to sit round here and see that old skinflint collect his pound of flesh before poor Tommy's hardly dead and cold?" he demanded. "Are you fellers going to stand it, I say? I ain't! It's sacrilegious, I tell ye! I'd as soon see old Biggs but daubing red paint on Tommy's gravestone, by Jupiter!"

The graphic simile served to rouse the group to the fighting pitch, and remarks that were not at all complimentary to the thrift merchant ran among them.

"But what are you going to do about it, Sol?" asked Roper. "We're just as sore about it as you are, but Biggs has the law on his side. We can't very well mob Squire Cotton in his office, or take the papers away from Constable Greenfield when he goes to serve 'em."

"I ain't afraid of all the officials in Walcook county!" shouted Captain Stearns. "I'll keep clear of them and they'll keep clear of me, by Jupiter!" Then he smiled and winked at his hearers. "Did it ever occur to you," he said, deliberately, "that that is a terrible exposed position out here for the old Gazelle to be laying in at this season? Her anchors and chains ain't what they were thirty years ago, and she's liable to go adrift the first heavy freeze we have. Now, as caretakers of the Gazelle, it's up to us four to—"

"Warp her in to the wharf and tie her up solid as a pump bolt!" finished Roper triumphantly, giving his thigh a resounding thwack.

"O rats!" said Captain Stearns. "And have wharfage to pay? Hasn't the poor old hooker got a heavy enough load of debt already?"

"Speak up, then! We're for ye!" urged Carr. "What do ye want to do?"

"My idea was to tow her across the bay into Ironbound Cove, where she'll lay snug th all winds," said the captain, with another wink. "That's a good place for her till they find out what's going to be done with her."

"That's just the place for her, by jing!" exclaimed Peter Carr, returning his confederate's wink. "Cal'late we'd better do before we're done, too, hadn't we, Sol?"

The four guardians of Crawling Tommy's honor stamped out of the store and down through drifting snow to the wharf. A short distance out in the harbor the ownerless Gazelle lay at anchor, a pathetic, weather-beaten hulk, with frayed rope ends flying. She plunged and lurched in the rushing chop, and the breeze in her rusty wire rigging seemed to chant a dirge for her departed master.

"By jing, it makes me feel like thunder to go aboard the old packet!" said Carr gruffly.

"That's the worst of it," assented Stearns, blowing his nose furiously. "But it would make me feel a lot more like thunder to have anything happen to her. Pile aboard the Cyclops, boys, and we'll yank her across the bay in a jiffy."

The top-heavy little red towboat that ministered to the scanty shipping wants of the ancient port lay on the lee side of the wharf with steam up, and her mate, engineer, fireman and cook toasting themselves in her cosy galley forward. Half an hour later the Gazelle's creaking windlass had brought her mud-laden anchor to the surface, and, with a brown smoke plume trailing down the wind, the Cyclops towed the rolling schooner laboriously across the five-mile bay.

In the sheltered waters of Ironbound Cove they let go both anchors, furled the gray-patched sails, which the deserting crew of two had left in hubberly, ballooning bags, and almost reverently stepped from her decks to the tug.

Then they discovered that they had been followed in a green motor boat by Biggs and Constable Greenfield, who were drenched with spray from their boisterous crossing. The little craft rounded to under the stern of the tug and came deftly alongside, for the constable was a successful small-boat fisherman when he was not occupied with affairs of state.

"Do you know what you've done? Do you know what you've done?" shrieked Biggs.

"I hope so," said Captain Stearns calmly. "We've put the Gazelle in a safe berth."

"You've cost me twenty-five dollars with your rascally meddling!" squealed Biggs, shaking a sheaf of papers in the tugman's genial face. "The shyster charged me twenty-five dollars for this affidavit of attachment and attachment writ and attorney's order of levy, and goodness knows what else, and they're not worth the paper they're written on! Do you know what you've done? You've taken the Gazelle over into Lincton county, that's what you've done!"

Captain Stearns winked broadly at his men. "By Jupiter, so we have!" he agreed in a voice of deep concern. "But you see, neighbor, we were afraid she might go adrift if she laid over across, and then there wouldn't be anything for you to attach."

"Thanks for your thoughtfulness! Another of your valuable efforts at assistance and I'll lose her altogether!"

"Who pays me?" inquired bow-legged Constable Greenfield, suddenly.

Biggs threw both hands in air. "How do I know? Who pays me my twenty-five dollars?"

"Oh, Squire Cotten will give it back to ye!" suggested Roper.

"Cotten will, a lot! He loves me like a rattlesnake."

"Well, now ye're here, why don't you have some papers made out in Lincton county?" Stearns suggested, and exchanged his allies to another wink. "Of course if you win your case all these fees will come out of the estate."

"I'll do it!" snapped Biggs. "I'll serve my attachment if it takes a fleet of dreadnaughts! Constable, take me ashore!"

"Pay me my fee in full, first."

"Not one red cent!" stormed the storekeeper. "Stearns, you land me; there's a good fellow!"

"I couldn't think of taking the job away from the stable, neighbor. It's his bread and butter, you know."

"You're a gang of pirates! You're all in league together!" cried Biggs. But he drew out a fat wallet and counted therefrom six crisp bills, which he handed to the constable. Greenfield cranked his engine, and they went ashore.

"Lawyer Sharp up there to Ironbound Four Corners won't be any easier on him, by jing, if I'm any judge!" remarked Carr. "Sharp runs the general store, and Biggs has been getting all his vessel trade lately."

"Biggs'll see it through now, though," declared Huckins.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Captain Stearns, "that Ironbound Cove ain't such an awful good place to leave the Gazelle after all? She's sheltered enough, but we can't look after her as we should."

"I'm willing to stay aboard and play shipkeeper," volunteered Hopel.

"O rats!" scoffed Captain Stearns. "I was thinking we could keep an eye on her better from home if we took her out and moored her in Gangway Island Roads."

"That's in Hando county," said Peter Carr, with a grin.

"So it is," agreed Stearns, as if it had not occurred to him. "Let's give Shylock plenty of time to get his papers good and binding, though."

"But we can't keep this up forever," said Huckins dubiously. "We'll run out of counties pretty quick."

"That's all right. We don't aim to do Biggs out of his just dues. We're just learning him a lesson in common decency."

They waited until they saw the storekeeper, Greenfield and the Lincoln county constable come down to the wharf and prepare to embark for their intended prize. Then the steaming Cyclops took the Gazelle in tow again and, with the fuming motor boat in hot pursuit, pulled her into the roadstead of Gangway Island, seven miles offshore.

As Biggs clambered aboard the tug, his rat-like face was an apoplectic hue. "What do you scoundrels think you're trying to do?" he bellowed.

"Oh, we're just trying to keep one move ahead of you! If we have good luck, we'll do it," responded Captain Stearns coolly.

"You think you're smart, making me spend sixty-two dollars to collect a fifty-dollar bill, don't you?" snapped Biggs. "You wait and I'll take it out of your hides yet! I'll get the state authorities—I'll get the Federal authorities after you, and you'll have to step lively to outwit them, you—you—"

"Suit yourself," said Stearns. "I guess likely you'll find we'll give you a run for your money first. Now, if you're going to call this a day's work, let's all go home."

Back to Bayhaven, against the glare of the setting sun, thrashed the Cyclops and the green motor boat, while Biggs promised to wreak dire vengeance on those who stood between him and his bread and butter.

On the wharf stood Capt. Thomas Crawley, a little thin and white, but smiling. He waved them a cheery greeting.

"Why, the old possum!" gasped Huckins.

The men jumped from rail to cap log and, swarming about him, shook his gnarled hand with a vim that made him wonder what new prank was about to be played upon him.

"I didn't seem to be doing any good up to the hospital; so I put on my duds and come home," he explained. "Just a little touch of the grippe. I cal'late. What are you doing with the Gazelle way out to Gangway Island? Will have your little joke, won't you, boys?" The little man smiled, and nodded, meaningly—enjoying it as much as anyone.

"Y-yes, it was all a joke, Cap'n Crawley," the embarrassed storekeeper hastened to say.

"I guess likely you won't find it's such a joke, after all," said Captain Stearns, severely.

"Them's the truest words you ever spoke," said Roper promptly. "But you ain't the goat this time, Tommy."

"Biggs, you hand Crawley a receipt for that bill of goods about the first thing you do, unless you want to lose the trade of every vessel man between Gangway and Ironbound Cove," said Stearns.

"Y-yes, sir," chattered Biggs.

"Do you know you're liable to damages for making an erroneous attachment, by Jupiter?"

"I—I didn't make it!" whined Biggs.

"But I'm willing to do what is right, Cap'n Stearns—Cap'n Crawley."

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right!" interposed Crawling Tommy with his usual good humor. "The boys will have their little joke."

UNEXPECTED ALARM

The church at C— had a new Communion service, solid silver of handsome design, the gift of a wealthy friend. It was kept in a heavy iron chest, securely placed in a stout closet in the church; and yet it was near being stolen before it had been in the society's possession a month.

It was Communion Sunday. The new service was used for the first time, and was then replaced in its strong chest and the closet securely locked. Meanwhile a thief had secreted himself in the church, and when the building was closed and locked for the night he began operations.

With the aid of skeleton keys and other tools he opened the closet and the iron chest. He packed the silver in a bag, slung it over his back, and prepared to make his escape through one of the vestibule windows.

Suddenly he was startled by a sound as of approaching footsteps at the farther corner of the vestibule. It may have been a rat or a mouse, for besides the thief there was no human being in the church.

The fellow made haste to reach the window-stool, and feeling his hand in contact with a rope, on the impulse of the moment he seized it. It was the bell-rope, and the next instant a series of sonorous peals broke the stillness of the night air.

"Peol," said the thief, "to sound the alarm myself!"

The ringing of the bell aroused the village. The thief was caught, and the Communion service was saved.

HER LITTLE MISTAKE

A lady who has a great respect for the conventions, and also an abiding fear of the mental angles of the "heathen Chinee," recently went down into New York's Chinatown, and there began a search for a curio to give to a friend. She walked into a shop on Pell Street, acknowledged the bow of the grave gentleman who owned the place, and looked about her. She noticed a curious dagger, and in the batols which she had supposed all Chinamen to understand, said:

"Say, John, how muchee ketchum this knife?"

The price named seemed to her enormous.

"What's a matter you?" said the lady. "No wantee buy store, wantee buy knife."

The proprietor gravely took the dagger from her hand.

"The price, madam," he said, in perfect English, "is twenty-five dollars, and the price is reasonable. The knife is considered one of the finest specimens of the work of Muey Ling, the armorer who won fame in the fourth dynasty. If madam will look closely, she may be able to see the mark." Then he held the blade up for her nearsh vision.

And do you know," said the lady, when speaking of the occurrence, "he so took me off my feet that I fled from the shop with a hastily stammered apology."

"I understand later that he was a college graduate, and one of the men who are 'advancing China.' But what I have never been able quite to solve is whether he expected me to believe in Mr. Muey Ling of the fourth dynasty, and how much he was just having fun with the intelligent American woman who was trying to talk down to him."

LOOKING AN UMBRELLA

An umbrella that is useless to any one except its rightful owner may well be considered valuable. The New Orleans Times-Democrat says that a lawyer in that city possesses such an article, which he describes as follows:

I bought it in Germany last year, and nobody can open it except myself. Do you notice that little keyhole in the side? Here is the key on the end of my watch chain, and until it is inserted and turned, the thing is absolutely immovable. Anybody else would find it harder to raise than a mortgage.

On at least a dozen occasions the umbrella has been stolen, or taken away by accident, if you prefer that term, but it has always found its way home. You see, my name is cut on the handle, and the umbrella itself is well known to all the attaches of the building. When they see a stranger struggling with it in the door on a rainy day, they promptly confiscate it and bring it back. I wonder that such umbrellas are not made in this country.

NO TIME FOR APATHY

If ever the sobriety and good morals lovers of Ontario had an opportunity of speaking out the time has arrived. Judging by past experiences if a vote on the liquor business is taken it will be 9 chances to 10 if the question is not presented on the ballot in the usual mystifying manner to the electorate. Who owns this country anyhow? Is it the majority or the minority? Has the beer kegs and the brandy bottles got us by the throat, or are our boys, men and homes the first consideration? It is too late to cry over the case when perhaps by our carelessness and apathy we permit booze to dominate situation. The duty of every church and every other organization working for the uplift of humanity right now is to assert itself and show those who wish to debauch and retrograde.—Brussels Post.

Red Currant Jelly

adds piquancy to any winter meal. Why not put it up now while supplies are plentiful and inexpensive?

Perfect Seal Crown Gem

Write society book on request

LARRY'S PROMOTION

"Hello, is it?" said Mrs. Flaherty, bridling. "If annybody had said that same but yersiff, Mrs. O'Rourke, that's been the good friend to us all, and fished the bye himself out o' the ould cistern meet wid yer blessed good grip on the litle breeches of him—ah, well, you may call him bile if ye like. 'Tis but a careless way of speaking, and no yale discompliment.

"Tubbe sure, Larry's niver one to howld a job beyant the tolme the job howlds his fancy. 'Tis Mike's the stiddy one—yes; if he wasn't, whativer'd become of him? 'Tis not himself could drop a job in the middle, and take his bit of a rist, and thin get another job ann tolme, annyhow, annywhere, the minute he was ready for it. But Larry, that has the way wid him, and the shmile on him—There's a quare thing about the bye's dare, 'twas his grandmother used to be saying. They niver hear No whin 'tis said to him the first tolme; and whin 'tis repeated, 'tis Yis!' And that's so.

"Ah, now, Mrs. O'Rourke, ye know better! Partial? Me? Me that loves the pair of them as equil as me two eyes? Ah, thim niver! But I know what I know.

"Whin ye say that Mike's a foine, stiddy worker, and shares his wages wid his mother like the good son he is, saints forbid I shud deny it. But me youngest—me Larry—'twas him wint fightin' to France, a picture in his sodger clo'es and ready to be kill' like a hayro. And now he's promoted to be a veteran. Sure, 'twas years afther the big war before Patrick was that; but here's Larry, niver shtopping like his father to be a corpoirl and a sergeant on the way, but just making the one grand laps of it, and a veteran at twenty-sivin.

"Mike is a good bye; but me Larry, praise hivin! is the pride of his country, and an honor to the Flahertys, and the joy of me ould heart. 'Tis the impartial judgmint of a mother."

HOW HE BROKE IT

From the London Telegraph comes an amusing anecdote of the late Jos. Chamberlain, the English parliamentary leader. Some visitors had passed through Mr. Chamberlain's orchid house at Highbury one morning, and a very valuable plant was discovered broken.

Mr. Chamberlain, it is said, almost lost his temper, and declared that sightseers should no longer be welcomed. Then he interrogated the gardener in charge of the houses. The man appeared confused, but protested that he didn't do the damage.

"I was very sorry when I saw it done, sir."

"You saw it done? Then, of course, the visitors did do it."

"No, sir, the visitors didn't either," said the man.

"Speak up, man!" cried Mr. Chamberlain. "I am resolved to discover the culprit!"

"You did it yourself, please, sir; for I saw you. You were walking up and down and rehearsing something. I heard Lord Salisbury's name, sir, an' Mr. Gladstone's, an' then you struck out with your right arm, sudden like, and down went the orchid!"

The master smiled, and sightseers were not forbidden the orchid houses.

'HOW IT WAS DONE LAST CENTURY

Before Pastour revolutionized medicine, too many practitioners were like old Dr. Pillsbury. Dr. Pillsbury had a typhoid patient, a blacksmith, whom he put on a strict diet. Well, when he called one morning the man's wife said to him:

"Oh, doctor, what do you think? Jim got up in the middle of the night and sneaked down to the kitchen and ate three salt herring and a quart of crab salad!"

"Merciful heavens!" gasped Dr. Pillsbury. "Is the poor, foolish fellow—"

"No, he's all right", said the blacksmith's wife. "He went to work this morning as usual."

"Extraordinary!" said old Pillsbury, and he wrote down in his note book: "Three salt herring with crab salad—miraculous typhoid fever cure."

He tried this cure the very next day on a plumber, and the man was dead inside of two hours. So the doctor then amended the entry in his note book to read:

"Salt herring with crab salad—miraculous typhoid cure for blacksmiths, fatal for plumbers."

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Remover.

MODESTY DOESN'T PAY

Business men who know how to hustle believe in all the modern improvements, including extensive advertising, and one of them proves it by the following:

"When a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened.

"When a hen lays an egg there's a whale of a noise.

"The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hens' eggs instead of ducks' eggs."

Invited for the week-end

—by Long Distance

It was Thursday afternoon in the country. Hospitable Mrs. Martin seemed disappointed. The week had slipped away before she knew it. No one had been invited up for the week-end and there wasn't time in which to write.

And then she thought of the telephone — Long Distance! What an inspiration!

In twenty minutes she knew the Smarts would come — delighted to — and what train they would be on. Splendid! — and she had ordered some extra supplies from her grocer in town to be shipped by express that night!

What a pleasant week-end she will have — thanks to Long Distance!

The simple, sure way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Youthful complexions are becoming the rule—even in middle life and later years. For millions now follow a simple rule—a method you, too, may easily employ.

Do this at night

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, 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.

All dealers carry Palmolive Soap. Try it for just one week. See how it *does* improve your skin. Note well the name and wrapper. Palmolive is never sold unwrapped.

Costs so little that you may enjoy it for the bath also.

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Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give Nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

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SENSIBLE AND PRACTICAL

Some time ago an appeal was made in England for funds, with which to raise a memorial of some kind to Gilbert White, the naturalist who, by his writings on out-of-door subjects, made his village of Shelborne famous, and founded a school of writers on natural history.

The appeal resulted in the raising of the sum of about twelve hundred and fifty dollars. This would not have procured a very magnificent monument of marble; and through someone's ingenuity, a hydraulic ram to bring water to Shelborne has been substituted for the usual monutary memorial.

This is a strange monument, but is a very sensible one. By means of the ram, the water will be forced from the spring above the village, to which the villagers have had to journey for water from time immemorial, into a reservoir, and then through pipes to the houses or near them.

It has been well said that this simple and practical memorial is in excellent keeping with Gilbert White's unpretentious character; and the people of Selborne will long have occasion to bless the name of the naturalist who lived in their village a hundred years ago.

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A Reliable Barometer

Roger W. Babson, the well-known statistician, has reached the conclusion from a study of figures that there is a close connection between the ups and downs of business and the ups and downs of newspaper advertising in any given community.

In an article on this subject recently printed by the Boston Transcript, he makes a careful analysis of the situation, and says:

"We have long needed a reliable measure of business psychology. My associates having studied and rejected several indices finally analyzed newspaper advertising lineage, both as a cause in changing local business conditions and as a barometer by which impending improvement or decline can be anticipated. The results in this field of investing are exceedingly interesting and pertinent.

"In comparing newspaper advertising by months with the volume of local business in thirty leading cities for a period of ten years, my associates find that there is a distinct connection between these two factors. An increase in newspaper advertising is paralleled in almost every case by an increase in local business beginning the same month. When the lineage of local newspaper advertising turns and begins to decline the momentum gained carries the general business in the community either from one to three months before it definitely turns downward."

The Acton Free Press