

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1924

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE!

When the daily cares are vexing,
And your life seems most perplexing,
Just paddle your own canoe.
And never by one's self be you alone,
Your heart will sing with hope anew,
When you paddle your own canoe.

The friend you loved, and thought so
true,
Betrayed your trust. You say "I'm
through."

In future days, a noble life,
With your heart with purer light,
A faithful friend you will not lose,
When you paddle your own canoe.

You may sleep alone in the silent night,
And bask in glowing words of praise,
You may wear the regret of a wasted life,
It's never too late—success to you,
When you paddle your own canoe.

Purchased not wisely, but too well,
You loved the wild glories of hell,
With all unlimited power,
Hold your ground and don't retreat.
A loving God will pilot you.
When you paddle your own canoe.

So keep your course both straight and
true,
The Captain of souls will weather you.
The waves of grief and dark despair,
Will pass—tomorrow with radiance
fall.

Some day your dreams will all come
true,
When you paddle your own canoe.

—Margaret Duncan.

MISS MINTY

As a child, Ellen always supposed that she must have been born with enviable possessions, for her gifts—a big, luscious pink-and-white peppermint that seemed to swell, an inexhaustible supply, in the queer-looking black bag. But the bag always came on the street. The child had never asked her without receiving one. People laughed and said that Ellen paid the druggist, who would have gone out of business if such Miss Minty stopped buying peppermints.

As Miss Minty's tiny cottage was a stone jar that always contained several cookies or jumbles. Every child in the village knew Miss Minty. Staged, sharp-tongued Callico Brown from the Corners knew it, too. Callico's father was a drunkard; and none of the village children had anything to do with him.

Ellen, stopping at Miss Minty's for a call (and a cookie) one afternoon, and finding Callico with a whole plate of cookies and a cup of cambric tea stood speechless. Callico had laid a plate of cookies! And Miss Minty looking so

After Callico had gone (she sprang up at the sight of the other girl and ran off with a smile), two cookies in one swift motion were on the table).

"She is nice, Miss Minty! You look so happy."

Miss Minty, who absently stroking her hair, was still gazing after her, did not look down into the child's eyes at the question.

"She was hungry, Ellen. I guess she is hungry most of the time. Oh," Miss Minty cried, as her faded eyes filled with tears, "if only I could feed all the hungry people in the world!"

The years flew swiftly after that. They changed Ellen quickly, although they did not seem to change Miss Minty at all. But during the second winter at college, Miss Minty went quietly to sleep one night and did not wake again. Ellen missed the girl that summer, but when you are young, you can't help it, and make you forget: your years later.

Ellen married and went to live in a city. Life was busier still there—so much busier, in fact, that she was called down to see an agent who Katie let in by mistake, her first impulse was to refuse sharply to see the agent at all. Then something in the third floor of the office hit her like a memory. Before she realized it, she was saying impulsively:

"You look tired. Won't you let me give you something hot—or chocolate?"

The agent was plainly tired and hungry, although she tried not to show it. As the door closed behind her, half an hour later, Ellen stood thinking. A tender look was in her eyes. What was she going to do—in memory of Miss Minty, who had wanted to feed all the hungry persons in the world?

FARMING IN MEXICO

The Canadian farmer and the Mexican have nothing in common. The Mexican, always written World's Work, is a kind of simple millionaire, a modern survival of the feudal lord of the land. He says: "I've got a hundred acres, plain and you see a man's house, log cabin, ranch and timber, covering some times as much as half an acre. Surrounding it are other houses—huts, mostly constructed of adobe, brick or even of cornstakas. You are not looking at a town, but at ranch settlements. In the same house which costs more than all the little ones together, lives the hacendado and his family. In the little houses, live the peons."

The typical farm in Mexico is not a million acres, but sixty acres, but of a million there are twenty-eight haciendas own the agricultural land. Twelve own nine and the greatest part of the agricultural land is owned by one family. Chihuahua is owned by one family. The million-acre farm is mostly rainfall. Although it is naturally a rich soil, the people who live on it do not produce enough corn and beans to support their own population. Modern machinery is needed, but modern machinery will never be used extensively in Mexico. The price of the land is so cheap that their primitive methods are less costly than machine methods.

INCREASE IN GOLD EXPORTS

During January of this year Canada exported gold to the value of \$2,716,875, a large increase over the preceding month and over January, 1923. The total value of gold exports, December, 1923, \$1,881,450; January, 1923, \$209,788. These figures include the value of all gold bullion, obtained directly from mining operations, imports, etc., and gold coin.

The whole quantity sent last month to the United Kingdom, \$41,878

ounces, worth \$42,268, to the United States, \$11,740, worth \$11,740; to France, \$11,740, worth \$11,740; to Australia, \$11,740, worth \$11,740; to Hong Kong, \$20,846, ounces, worth \$20,846; to Japan, \$11,740, worth \$11,740; to China, \$77,910, puncas, worth \$77,910; to Japan, 1,020 ounces, worth \$11,740. The total silver bullion exported in January, 1923, worth \$1,250,000, was \$1,250,000. The silver bullion Canada exported last month to the United Kingdom, \$41,878

ounces, worth \$42,268, to the United States, \$11,740, worth \$11,740; to France, \$11,740, worth \$11,740; to Australia, \$11,740, worth \$11,740; to Hong Kong, \$20,846, ounces, worth \$20,846; to Japan, \$11,740, worth \$11,740; to China, \$77,910, puncas, worth \$77,910; to Japan, 1,020 ounces, worth \$11,740.

"At our rate," he said, "we have the following figures for record."

"We found himself in a difficult position, as the day of the tournament was approaching. Now, Jim, Osgood, would have to arrange his meet to accommodate

The Free Press' Short Story

Osgood Measures Up

EARL REED SILVERIO

GOOGD

"G-O-O-D," Herb Loveland declared, "a gentleman's game, and the fellow who plays it also measures up to certain recognized standards which a gentleman always assumes."

"Measuring?" Doug Lambert asked.

"Measuring?" Osgood interjected, stopping for a moment, while he listened to the rules of play, and unfaltering courtesy."

The other boy grinned. "I'm glad you asked," he said, "but you know what I mean."

"But you're an experienced player," Doug Lambert said, smiling.

"Yes," Osgood's eyes twinkled. In spite of his affection for Herb Loveland, his chin arched high greatly. "And then I'll be measuring the right hand."

Herb looked up suspiciously.

"Yes," he said. "But what interests me mostly is whether or not this fellow measures up to the standards of the game."

"What standards?"

"Triumph!" Lambert grunted. "I'm not the game heir, but I've joined a fraternity, of course, and gone out for the football team without much success, had been defeated for the next afternoon for the first round of the tournament."

After that, he had entered college activities to the ancient and honorable game of golf. He wanted, in his senior year, to be elected captain of the student body, he intended to be something of a snob. In the first place, he spoke faultless English, which is not one of the playing characteristics of college students. In the second place, he dressed in tweed jackets, dark gray trousers, and tennis shoes. Beside him, leaning against the bench, was a dappled canvas bag containing five clubs, a leather belt, a leather curule, and a leather driver, a heavy putter which had been bettered a year ago, a new mid-iron, a warm jacket, and a trifling amount of golf equipment.

Osgood was a tall, thin, slender boy, dressed in tweed, a white shirt, and a tie, and a pair of knickers, a madras shirt, and impudent Scotch socks.

"Xerox," he agreed.

He was absolutely in earnest about it; an outstanding figure of youth, with blue eyes and a square chin, to whom "And then I'll be measuring the right hand."

Herb looked up suspiciously.

"Yes," he said. "But what interests me mostly is whether or not this fellow measures up to the standards of the game."

"What standards?"

"Triumph!" Lambert grunted.

"I'm not the game heir, but I've joined a fraternity, of course, and gone out for the football team without much success, had been defeated for the next afternoon for the first round of the tournament."

After that, he had entered college activities to the ancient and honorable game of golf. He wanted, in his senior year, to be elected captain of the student body, he intended to be something of a snob. In the first place, he spoke faultless English, which is not one of the playing characteristics of college students. In the second place, he dressed in tweed jackets, dark gray trousers, and tennis shoes. Beside him, leaning against the bench, was a dappled canvas bag containing five clubs, a leather belt, a leather curule, and a leather driver, a heavy putter which had been bettered a year ago, a new mid-iron, a warm jacket, and a trifling amount of golf equipment.

Osgood was a tall, thin, slender boy, dressed in tweed, a white shirt, and a tie, and a pair of knickers, a madras shirt, and impudent Scotch socks.

"Xerox," he agreed.

He was absolutely in earnest about it; an outstanding figure of youth, with blue eyes and a square chin, to whom "And then I'll be measuring the right hand."

Herb looked up suspiciously.

"Yes," he said. "But what interests me mostly is whether or not this fellow measures up to the standards of the game."

"What standards?"

"Triumph!" Lambert grunted.

"I'm not the game heir, but I've joined a fraternity, of course, and gone out for the football team without much success, had been defeated for the next afternoon for the first round of the tournament."

After that, he had entered college activities to the ancient and honorable game of golf. He wanted, in his senior year, to be elected captain of the student body, he intended to be something of a snob. In the first place, he spoke faultless English, which is not one of the playing characteristics of college students. In the second place, he dressed in tweed jackets, dark gray trousers, and tennis shoes. Beside him, leaning against the bench, was a dappled canvas bag containing five clubs, a leather belt, a leather curule, and a leather driver, a heavy putter which had been bettered a year ago, a new mid-iron, a warm jacket, and a trifling amount of golf equipment.

Osgood was a tall, thin, slender boy, dressed in tweed, a white shirt, and a tie, and a pair of knickers, a madras shirt, and impudent Scotch socks.

"Xerox," he agreed.

He was absolutely in earnest about it; an outstanding figure of youth, with blue eyes and a square chin, to whom "And then I'll be measuring the right hand."

Herb looked up suspiciously.

"Yes," he said. "But what interests me mostly is whether or not this fellow measures up to the standards of the game."

"What standards?"

"Triumph!" Lambert grunted.

"I'm not the game heir, but I've joined a fraternity, of course, and gone out for the football team without much success, had been defeated for the next afternoon for the first round of the tournament."

After that, he had entered college activities to the ancient and honorable game of golf. He wanted, in his senior year, to be elected captain of the student body, he intended to be something of a snob. In the first place, he spoke faultless English, which is not one of the playing characteristics of college students. In the second place, he dressed in tweed jackets, dark gray trousers, and tennis shoes. Beside him, leaning against the bench, was a dappled canvas bag containing five clubs, a leather belt, a leather curule, and a leather driver, a heavy putter which had been bettered a year ago, a new mid-iron, a warm jacket, and a trifling amount of golf equipment.

Osgood was a tall, thin, slender boy, dressed in tweed, a white shirt, and a tie, and a pair of knickers, a madras shirt, and impudent Scotch socks.

"Xerox," he agreed.

He was absolutely in earnest about it; an outstanding figure of youth, with blue eyes and a square chin, to whom "And then I'll be measuring the right hand."

Herb looked up suspiciously.

"Yes," he said. "But what interests me mostly is whether or not this fellow measures up to the standards of the game."

"What standards?"

"Triumph!" Lambert grunted.

"I'm not the game heir, but I've joined a fraternity, of course, and gone out for the football team without much success, had been defeated for the next afternoon for the first round of the tournament."

After that, he had entered college activities to the ancient and honorable game of golf. He wanted, in his senior year, to be elected captain of the student body, he intended to be something of a snob. In the first place, he spoke faultless English, which is not one of the playing characteristics of college students. In the second place, he dressed in tweed jackets, dark gray trousers, and tennis shoes. Beside him, leaning against the bench, was a dappled canvas bag containing five clubs, a leather belt, a leather curule, and a leather driver, a heavy putter which had been bettered a year ago, a new mid-iron, a warm jacket, and a trifling amount of golf equipment.

Osgood was a tall, thin, slender boy, dressed in tweed, a white shirt, and a tie, and a pair of knickers, a madras shirt, and impudent Scotch socks.

"Xerox," he agreed.

He was absolutely in earnest about it; an outstanding figure of youth, with blue eyes and a square chin, to whom "And then I'll be measuring the right hand."

Herb looked up suspiciously.

"Yes," he said. "But what interests me mostly is whether or not this fellow measures up to the standards of the game."

"What standards?"

"Triumph!" Lambert grunted.

"I'm not the game heir, but I've joined a fraternity, of course, and gone out for the football team without much success, had been defeated for the next afternoon for the first round of the tournament."

After that, he had entered college activities to the ancient and honorable game of golf. He wanted, in his senior year, to be elected captain of the student body, he intended to be something of a snob. In the first place, he spoke faultless English, which is not one of the playing characteristics of college students. In the second place, he dressed in tweed jackets, dark gray trousers, and tennis shoes. Beside him, leaning against the bench, was a dappled canvas bag containing five clubs, a leather belt, a leather curule, and a leather driver, a heavy putter which had been bettered a year ago, a new mid-iron, a warm jacket, and a trifling amount of golf equipment.

Osgood was a tall, thin, slender boy, dressed in tweed, a white shirt, and a tie, and a pair of knickers, a madras shirt, and impudent Scotch socks.

"Xerox," he agreed.

He was absolutely in earnest about it; an outstanding figure of youth, with blue eyes and a square chin, to whom "And then I'll be measuring the right hand."

Herb looked up suspiciously.

"Yes," he said. "But what interests me mostly is whether or not this fellow measures up to the standards of the game."

"What standards?"

"Triumph!" Lambert grunted.

"I'm not the game heir, but I've joined a fraternity, of course, and gone out for the football team without much success, had been defeated for the next afternoon for the first round of the tournament."

After that, he had entered college activities to the ancient and honorable game of golf. He wanted, in his senior year, to be elected captain of the student body, he intended to be something of a snob. In the first place, he spoke faultless English, which is not one of the playing characteristics of college students. In the second place, he dressed in tweed jackets, dark gray trousers, and tennis shoes. Beside him, leaning against the bench, was a dappled canvas bag containing five clubs, a leather belt, a leather curule, and a leather driver, a heavy putter which had been bettered a year ago, a new mid-iron, a warm jacket, and a trifling amount of golf equipment.

Osgood was a tall, thin, slender boy, dressed in tweed, a white shirt, and a tie, and a pair of knickers, a madras shirt, and impudent Scotch socks.

"Xerox," he agreed.

He was absolutely in earnest about it; an outstanding figure of youth, with blue eyes and a square chin, to whom "And then I'll be measuring the right hand."

Herb looked up suspiciously.

"Yes," he said. "But what interests me mostly is whether or not this fellow measures up to the standards of the game."

"What standards?"