

The Action Free Press

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LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom; some giddiness the world will bring. Live in the brightness and take this to heart. The world will be gayer, if you'll do your part. Live on the honestop, not down in the cell. Open-air Christians live simply and Live where the joys are and soaring defeat. Have a good morrow for all whom you meet. Live in the sunshine, God meant it so. Through the winter, world, heating degrees. Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you. Live in the sunshine, and sing the day through.

Margaret E. Bangs.

A VOICE WORTH HAVING

Madam Hunter is nearing eighty years of age, and it is long since she has personally inspected a grocery store, but with the help of her junior partner, the telephone, she manages to keep a tight grasp on the reins of her housekeeping. One morning last spring, after giving her daily order, she hung up the receiver with a disappointed expression.

"The sweet girl is gone!" she exclaimed.

"Who's your sweet girl?" asked the daughter-in-law who was visiting her. "I don't know her name or anything about her except that she has answered the phone at Martin's grocery the last year, and I've grown so attached to her! But she's left there, and she and her unresponsive person that's taken her place doesn't seem right."

After that the daughter-in-law went home and forgot all about the episode for the Christmas return. Then, the day before Christmas, the telephone bell rang and a pleasant voice asked:

"May I speak with Mrs. Hunter?" "Yes, I am Mrs. Hunter," said the single-eyed devotion that were now hers. "Mrs. Hunter besides her wife, I have a son, George, who is very fond of his mother, and a daughter, Mrs. Hunter, who is very fond of her mother."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the voice, "I am a young woman who worked at Martin's grocery last year. I wanted to speak to the elderly woman that gave me to give me telephone orders there."

Madam Hunter hurried to the telephone desk. "Why, my dear child! Is that your surprised son heard her?" "Yes, he did. I am a young woman, and many of them. You don't know how pleased I am. I got all out of patience with Martin's right after you left there. Yes, I've tried every grocery in this city to find a similar one. When have you been?" "Married! To the manager at Brockway's grocery store? Oh! Is Brockway's a grocery store? I am a young woman, and I don't know what you could fill my orders satisfactorily from there? . . . If you didn't have what I want you could send out and get it?"

"See here, I haven't purposed my order yet this morning. Wait till I get my hat!"

"It's a great comfort to give her an order again," Madam Hunter said, "she finds me a good customer. I have a long list of goods and left the telephone."

"A set of voices has answered me from different groceries since I lost track of her. Nasal-sharp-faced, familiar-inquisitive, they all say they'd try to be nice, they'd have that dreadful rising inflection at the end of every sentence—so patronizing that girl's as sweet as ever, and she never says a word for a customer again. She quite hesitated about taking my order. She just called up to wish me a Merry Christmas!"

"The other day she was mucking in, having fun. 'Go ahead if you like her, of course, but she's a shrewd little business woman all right. She's trying to land a customer for her husband's store."

"Trying to land? I've landed now," Madam Hunter declared unabashed. "I'll make with that voice no matter what kind of a good they say. Things will be all right, you'll see. Why, I realized as soon as she had left Martin's that it was just her sweet, cheery tones that kept me patient with their carelessness so long."

A NEW FRUIT

A new subtropical fruit is destined to divide honors with the banana and will prove popular in popular favor. It is the guava, referred to by the more knowing ones as the "apple of the countries in which it flourishes."

It grows on an evergreen tree of the lemon family, reaching a weight from one to two pounds, and has a firm, meaty, raw-like pulp of a delicious flavor.

While the guavafruit is a luxury that cannot be benefited to the human system, it gives welcome variety.

The avocado, on the other hand, is a complete and almost perfect food, for it contains all the necessary elements in proportion.

The avocado is being grown in certain districts of southern Florida, and they are experimenting with it in southern California.

AN A-1 MEMORY

Blinks, after inviting his friend Jinks to dinner, was telling him about the remarkable memory of his little son, Bobby. "And do you think he will remember me?" asked Jinks.

"Remember you? Why, certainly he will."

An hour later they entered the house, and after Jinks had greeted Mrs. Blinks, he called Bobby over to him.

"And do you remember me, my little man?"

"Course I do. You're the man that brought home last year, and made me so wild about it that she didn't speak to me for a week."

A LITTLE WHILE

A little while to live.
A little while to laugh.
A little while to sing.
A little while to be of service.
A little while to read good books.
A little while to have friends.
A little while to be a good son.
A little while to have mother.
A little while to have a home.
A little while to be a good wife.
A little while to be a good mother.
A little while to be a good family.
A little while to be a good child.
And then we drift into That great unknown!

—Hayden H. Whitney

NO QUARTER FOR HIM

Mrs. Jones was standing in the doorway talking with old Mr. Ham, a neighbor. They were speaking in uncomplimentary terms about an impostor who had lately passed through the village, swindling right and left. "He's a scoundrel, a scoundrel, a scoundrel!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones indignantly.

"Scoundrel!" shouted the enraged old man. "Well, I guess not. I wouldn't give him ten cents!"



The End of the Way

My life is a wearisome journey. I'm sick with the dust and the heat. The rays of the sun beat upon me. The city to which I am journeying will more than my trials repay. All the tolls of the road will seem nothing.

When I get to the end of the way, There are so many hills to climb up.

I strain and longing for rest. But the milestones are my pathway. Knows just what is needful and best. I know in His word. He has promised me to keep me safe all the day.

And the tolls of the road will seem nothing.

When I get to the end of the way,

I leave no well to forake me, nor a place to stay the night.

All the tolls of the road will seem nothing.

When I get to the end of the way,

There are so many hills to climb up.

I strain and longing for rest.

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