The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1924

THE LAW OF HOSPITALITY

There is a very simple rule
That every one should know;
You may not hear of it in school,
But everywhere you go,
In every land where people dwell,
And men are good and true,
You'll find they understand it well,
And so I'll tell it you:

To every one who gives me food,
Or shares his home with me,
I owe a debt of gratitude,
And I must loyal be.
I may not laugh at him, or say
Of him a word unkind;
His friendliness I must repay,
And to his faults be blind!

By Gelett Burgess

AARON PIKE'S TWO JOKES

"When I was a young man," began Amos Gray, "I used to clerk for Aaron Pike, over at the Harbor. He was as kind-hearted a young man as you would to see; but he liked his joke, or rather, his two jokes. I never knew of his having any more, but it was surprising how those two lasted him. When you come to think of it, there is a sight of wear in a joke.

"One of them he always brought out in the latter part of December.

"'Do you realize,' he would say, some evening when there were a number of people in the store, 'that Christmas and New Years don't come on the same day of the week this year?'

"Well, at that some one would be sure to reckon up, and then like as not offer to buy peanuts for the crowd if Aaron wasn't wrong. When Aaron had proved that he was right, he'd chuckle over it till closing-up time. Then he would pack that joke away, so to speak, and have it out as good as new the Next December.

"His other joke came in April. Aaron always had a daily paper at the store and of course, it was natural for people that came in to pick it up and read it. The first day of April, instead of that day's paper he would have another one that he had been saving up lying under the counter. It would be dated April first and, whenever he could make it come right, the same day of the week; but it would be several years old.

"Well, year after year it never failed that someone, and often two or three, would read that paper without once realizing that it wasn't fresh news.

"One year we had a lot of fun hearing Joe Brown read aloud and make his sarcastic comments. Joe was on the opposite side in politics, and he had a good deal to say about the paper's raking up dead issues to deceive the public.

"Later in the day old Uncle Higgins came in for a quart of molasses, and I saw him pick up the paper and look it over for a minute. I was just going to speak to him about it, but he laid it down and seemed to be in a hurry for his molasses; so I said nothing.

"About an hour afterwards young Seth Green, who had been loafing in the store half of the forenoon, came in again with a broad grin on his face.

"'You've got another victim for your old newspaper joke, Aaron!' he sung out before everybody in the store. Then he went on to say that Uncle Higgins had just started off in his cart for Bayport, to buy a second-hand wheel chair that Cole, the furniture dealer, had advertised for three dollars. He was terribly afraid that it would be sold before he got there,' says Seth; 'and when I asked him where he saw the ad. and he said he found it in today's paper at the store.'

"Then Seth haw-hawed right out, but nobody joined in. The picture of Uncle Higgins, who was poor as poverty, driving six miles to Bayport to buy a wheel chair for his bedridden wife, only to be disappointed when he got there, didn't strike the rest of us as very comical.

"'And you never told him the ad was six years old?' says Aaron.

"'Why no,' says Seth, kind of taken back. 'I wasn't going to spoil your joke.'

"'Don't you know that a joke ought to be spoiled before it gets to be a mean one?' says Aaron. Then, after thinking a minute, he says, 'I'll see if I can't spoil it myself,' and at that he stepped to the telephone.

"'This is Pike's store at the Harbor,' we heard him say. 'Got a second-hand wheel chair to sell? Well, a new one, then? What is your very lowest price to me? All right. Old man Higgins from this place will be along later. When he asks to see the second-hand wheel chair that you advertised, you show him the new one; and let him have it for three dollars—or two and a half if he beats you down. Charge the rest to me. Do you get it? Good-bye.'

"Then Aaron took the old newspaper and tore it up. 'This is getting to be a little too expensive,' says he, 'and I guess I'm done with it.'

"So after that, in the room of two jokes, Aaron got along with one."

THEY ARE COMING THIS WAY

A correspondent wrote "The Homemaker" in the Globe the other day as follows:

Dear Homemaker:

You recently had a very pleasant controversy on helping a young woman who has been forced to leave the business world and wanted advice on how and where to live on $600 per year. The letters were so splendid I have come for similar advice.

I am a young girl, very much attached to a dear little mother, who would love to have a little more grass around her home than is permissible on our small income in the city. I thought of going to a small town, as I have often heard of or seen lovely places costing $3,000 or less, and the house we have in the suburbs here is valued at $7,000. The difference in the values would almost be sufficent for the upkeep of the other. What I am troubled about is where to go—I would like to know of a comparatively small town where there are a couple of manufacturing places, as I thought it best to have this opportunity in case I would find it necessary to go to business. I almost forgot to say that we would very much like to go not more than two or three hours, preferably two, by motor from Toronto.

Bluebird.

This is Homemakers reply.

I think Brampton would best fulfil your requirements, thought there are several other towns within a radius of about thirty miles, should you prefer any of them, viz: Oakville, Milton, Georgetown, Acton, Whitby. Your plan is a good one. Now is a good time to look around. Now is the best time to buy in the country and to sell in the city, as people are beginning to come back from their summer homes. If you have had no experience in buying I advise you to make your first inquiry, "Is the house warm? How much coal is burnt during the year?"

FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS

"And how's Mike to-day, Mrs. Flanagan?" inquired the doctor.

"Faith, an' he's dead, sorr."

"Dead!" said the horrified medico. "Never! Did you give him that powdery?"

"I did, sorr. Yes told me to give him what would go on a sixpence, an' as Oi didn't have a sixpence, Oi guv him what wint on six pennies, sorr, and—and the funeral's tomorrow, sorr."

The Free Press Short Story

The Ore Conveyer

OSCAR LEWIS

"GOING up on the conveyor to-day, Bruce?"

Bruce Herron wiped his oil-stained hand reflectively across the bib of his greasy overalls, and shook his head.

"No," he said. "I guess I'll walk."

"Better come along," his friend urged. "Its great sport and it saves a lot of time getting up to the boarding house. If you don't, I will beat you up to lunch to-day—and get the biggest piece of pie."

Bruce laughed. "No pie to-day, Hal," he said. "This is Thursday—apple duff. You're welcome. I never did care for dried apples, anyhow." He leaned back in his chair and looked across at the indicator on the air compressor.

Hal Williamson stood looking down at him with mild irritation. The two had been friends ever since they had come to work at the copper mines two years before. They roomed together at the boarding house up by the railway, and for the past seven months both had been stationed in the engine room of the crusher on the floor of the mine.

Hal usually rode up from work on the conveyor, which carried the partly broken ore to the stamp mill four hundred feet up the mountain side. To jump upon one of the ore buckets as it emerged from the bottom of the crusher and to ride, seated serenely on the edge, was easier and quicker than to toil up the long, steep flight of steps at one side. Of course you had to jump off at the right moment to avoid being carried into the big hoover above the stamp mill; but that, as Hal had explained to his friend a dozen times, was the simplest possible thing to do. The conveyor moved at only a moderate speed, and when you reached the top you merely stepped off.

"But suppose," Bruce would always say, "that a person should forget to step of; what then? No, I guess I'll walk."

On this occasion the big siren up at the smelter broke in upon the argument by blowing the twelve o'clock signal. A second later the engine-room crew arrived from the next shift.

Hal's relief did not appear at once, however, and Bruce set out alone, knowing that his friend, by riding on the conveyor, would in all likelihood pass him before he had reached the top. He was not mistaken for he was scarcely a third of the way up the long line of stairs at the side of the trestle on which the conveyor ran when he heard a hail from below and, turning, saw his friend climb on one of the empty ore buckets as it emerged from the crusher. Bruce waved to him and continued to climb. The conveyor moved about twice as fast as Bruce was walking, and it was therefore not long before Hal rode triumphantly past him.

"I'll have them delay lunch for an hour if you want you to!" Hal shouted. "That will give you time to get there before its all over."

Bruce started to make a laughing reply, but paused, staring, and a moment later gave a quick cry of alarm and warning. Some moments before, Bruce had casually noticed that the ore in one of the buckets above Hal was heaped higher above the edges than usual, but as the ore containers were very rarely equally loaded he had paid no particular attention to the circumstance. It was not until Hal had turned round to call to him that Bruce once more noticed the overloaded ore bucket.

At that moment the conveyor had made one of its jerky, forward movements, which dislodged part of the heaped-up ore from the bucket above. Most of it rattled harmlessly down through the ties of the conveyor track; but one piece, larger than the others, and roughly round in shape, struck the outer edge of the bucket immediately below and bounded down the incline, gaining rapidly in momentum.

When Bruce realized the situation and cried out his warning, the flying fragment was only a dozen feet above Hal. The latter had turned halfway round when the rock struck him. It was a glancing blow, but it hurled him backward by the sudden impact, and his head struck sharply against the iron edge of the empty ore bucket. Bruce, watching tensely from below, saw his friend slide limply down into the bucket and remain motionless with one arm hanging over the edge.

A second or more passed before Bruce fully grasped the situation. He knew that unless something were done at once the unconscious body of his friend would be carried up to the end of the conveyor and dropped into the hopper above the stamping mill. It would mean a fall of from ten to thirty feet, according to the amount of ore then in the hopper. Suddenly another and more serious thought occurred to him. As the bucket in which Hal lay turned over at the top and started back upon its endless chain, he would fall to a point in the hopper immediately below the end of the conveyor, and therefore would lie in the precise spot where the contents of the succeeding buckets would strike. Each of those buckets, Bruce knew, held from one half to three quarters of a ton of ore.

But at the same moment another thought occurred to him, bringing with it a ray of hope. In order to lessen the strain on the conveyor, it was the custom to fill only about two thirds of the ore buckets on the chain; a series of filled buckets would be followed by four or five empties before the next lot of loaded ones began. The buckets were placed at intervals of eight feet. Hal had climbed upon the first of a line of five empty buckets. He would, therefore, lie for some seconds in the hopper before the loads of ore from the next lot of loaded buckets would begin to drop down upon him. As that fact became clear to him, Bruce started forward at top speed up the stairway that ran parallel to the conveyor. Not more than three seconds had elapsed since the accident had occurred, but the bucket in which Hal lay was already far above him. Bruce realized at once that he could never reach Hal before the boy had been dumped into the hopper. It did not seem likely that help would come from any other source; for apparently no one was aware of the accident, and there was little likelihood that it would have been discovered and the conveyor stopped in time to do any good.

Bruce leaped upward at top speed, but he was still nearly a hundred feet away when he saw his friend's limp form drop down into the hopper. Bruce noticed that the first of the ominous line of ore-filled buckets was still some yards ahead of him. The conveyor moved at a rate of approximately six miles an hour; only a few seconds would pass before the ore bucket would reach the top and, turning over, send its contents roaring down into the hopper.

Shutting his lips in a tight, determined line, he threw his entire strength into a supreme effort to reach the top of the conveyor ahead of the loaded ore bucket. Never before had he realized how quickly a race up a flight of steep steps saps a man's strength. The steps seemed to extend in endless succession above him.

But he continued to plunge forward at his utmost speed. He gained steadily on the ascending ore bucket, and at last found that he was directly opposite it. He covered the last dozen steps in four tremendous strides and reached the top at the same instant as did the last of the line of empty buckets. Without pausing an instant, Bruce vaulted over the stair railing to the side of the conveyor and jumped forward upon the last of the empty buckets.

As he was carried up the short remaining distance to hopper, he glanced back at the loaded ore bucket behind. He had beaten it to the top by a scant eight feet. That meant a leeway of only a second or two. Could he do anything to save his friend in that short time? Almost before he reached the bottom of the hopper the bucket behind him would be turning and emptying its half ton of ore down upon them both. And suppose the hopper should prove nearly empty and he should drop thirty feet to the heap of ore below? He should very likely be knocked insensible himself and in that case—

Bruce carried those reflections no further, for at that same instant the bucket in which he had rode passed over the edge of the hopper, tilted sharply down and began to curve from under him. Bruce immediately jumped. As he fell he had time only to observed that the hopper was nearly half full, and that his friend lay directly beneath the end of the conveyor.

He landed upon his feet at Hal's very side, and managed with difficulty to retain his balance after the fifteen foot jump. But almost on the instant that his feet buried themselves in the ore, he leaned forward and seized the shoulders of his friend's overall work coat. His eyes flashed aloft in time to see the big loaded bucket directly overhead, with the first bits of ore just rolling from the edge as it tilted downward.

With a last supreme effort of strength Bruce sprang backward, dragging his unconscious friend with him. He had taken two strides when the ore crashed down beside them. Part of the mass rolled down about his legs, and almost knocked him over; a cloud of dust swirled about them....

Before the next mass struck, Bruce had managed to struggle two steps farther back with his burden; and a few seconds later he had gained temporary safety in a far corner of the hopper. Then he dropped down, nearly exhausted, beside Hal.

Five more loads of ore poured down at brief intervals; then, abruptly, the conveyor drew to a spot, and Bruce knew that someone from below had observed the accident and had given an alarm. Not long afterwards he heard the sound of excited voices, and half a dozen workmen climbed up over the edge of the hopper and joined him.

As they lifted Hal over the edge and down to the ground, the boy began to stir with returning consciousness. The doctor at the company hospital pronounced a fractured collar bone and a surprising number of bruises to be the sum of Hal's injuries. Two weeks later he was back at work.

Nearly every noon, now, he and Bruce race up the hill to the boarding house. Hal declares that the brisk run up the long flight of stairs gives him a splendid appetite.

WATCH-JEWELS

Within the last fifteen years nine new jewel settings have been added to the movement of a first-class watch. The new jewels have made an added demand for expert jewel-setters, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and at present nearly every watch factory in the country is producing less than its capacity because of this lack of setters.

The term "jewel" in a watch movement must be taken literally. The small precious stones are drilled to receive the pinions or axles of the wheels, the object being to provide a bearing that will not corrode and wear away easily.

The garnet is the least valuable of these jewel settings, but some of the minute sapphires and rubies are used in the bearings of a watch are quite good enough for the setting of a ring.

For the most part, however, these fragments of precious stones are off color, the sapphire especially being pale to insignificance, but at the same time the harder the better for watch-jewels because of this light color. Occasionally a ruby jewel burns red in one of the neat little envelopes in which they come from Switzerland, five hundred or one thousand in a lot.

Each stone is shaped to a circle and bored through the centre, each boring being just a little less than the diameter of the pinion used in the factory where it is finally to be placed in the upper or lower plate of a watch.

The immediate setting of the watch-jewel is a minute cylinder, brassy in appearance, but really a soft gold composition. Before the jewel gets to the setter it has been put into a lathe, and by means by a minute steel point covered with diamond dust and oil the centre has been enlarged to fit the steel pinions which shall be housed in it. In the hands of the setter the cylinder is put in a lathe. With a moistened finger the jewel is picked up and placed inside the cylinder as it rests on the tip of the revolving lathe shaft. With a pointed tool the setter presses against the revolving cylinder edge, forcing the soft metal to overlap and close upon the sapphire or ruby until it is embedded firmly in the metal cushion; then a pressure upon a follower at the other end of the lathe brings a cutter to bear upon the metal circumference, turning it to the exact size of the jewel hole in the plate of the watch, with the hole in the centre of the jewel exactly in the centre of the metal setting.

Women and girls are considered the best workers in the watch factories. They are more patient than men, they keep better tempers, and where so much depends upon the sensitiveness of the touch they are better equipped by nature. This with reference to the mechanical work. Where a long apprenticeship is necessary, as in jewel-setting, men are chosen.

DID SHE MEAN ANEMIA

Received by a school teacher in an Old Country school:

Dear miss:

I am sorry Matilda as bin away from skool. The doktor says she ain't to cum no more not yet she as got a bad atak of amelia and it makes her to week to git to skool.

With best respecks
In loving memry
Mrs. Banks

THE PERIL OF LONELINESS

The Warden of L. Street jail in New York City sat at his desk busily working on some records when there walked into the office David Bascom from a little rural community tucked away in the far hills of Vermont. He was a pathetic, wizened figure as he stood there in agony and embarrassment twirling his hat and waiting for the warden to look up. There was heart hunger in the eyes that smote the man at the desk with pity.

"Is Joseph Bascom a—a prisoner here?" he finally stammered. He could hardly bring his tongue to say the word.

"Yes," said the warden promptly. "We had a young man by that name brought in the night before last for burglary. Struck me as the wrong kind of a fellow to be in that business, too innocent-looking and too straight-forward-appearing. Are you his father?"

"Yes," said the old man as he dropped wearily into the proffered chair. "I don't see how he ever came to do that sort of thing. It isn't accordin' to his bringin' up. Me and his mother never had no education to speak of, but we was always honest, and brought the children up strict like. "He's been in New York less than six months."

"Wait a minute and I'll call him in and see what he has to say for himself," said the warden as he touched a button on his desk.

In a few moments a clean, open-faced young fellow was brought in by a guard, and one of those agonizing scenes that only jails behold ensued. When the first shock of the meeting was over the warden said to the young man:

"Now tell your father and me how you got into this scrape. Nothing you will say will be used against you at your trial."

"When I first came to New York," the young man began, "everything went all right. I got a job and found a good boarding house. I didn't feel homesick at first, because I was so interested in my new work through the day, and at night it was interesting to go and see the sights. But after I got used to my job and seen most of the sights I had more time to think and got homesick and lonesome. The folks at home didn't write, and I didn't know anyone here. I used to sit in my room evenings and picture the tomatoes ripening on the window sills at home, and I could see my mother moving about the yard in the sunshine and dad ploughing in the back forty. I could almost smell the apples in the orchard and hear the dry corn leaves rustling, and it all made me so homesick and lonesome I just had to get out and walk the streets. That was the way I ran into the gang I was caught with. I guess they used me as a tool. Anyhow, I got caught at the first attempt."

"That sounds straight, and if I'm any judge of faces I guess it is straight," said the warden. "I want you to get your story to the judge through your attorney. Your record has been clean till now, and I think it will make a difference in the sentence."

The trial was held and the facts presented to the judge. "Sentence suspended," he announced at the close, with a gruffness of voice to hide his emotion. Then he added, looking at the father, "If I had my way I'd impose a jail sentence on parents who let their boys and girls come to this city and don't write them at least twice a week to let them know that some one in the world cares for them and is thinking of them. More young people go wrong in this city from lonesomeness than we shall ever know. You should have had backbone to stand alone, young man. But as your parents are particeps criminis, and I can't sentence them, I'll suspend your sentence. Next case!"

APOLOGIZERS FOR SIN

If we were to believe our eyes and ears these days there is no such thing in the world as sin and no such person as the Devil. Evil is so arrayed in the garb of sweet innocence, or disguised in the robes of conventionality that its hideousness seldom manifests itself to our vision. It suits some people to believe that falsehood is truth and sin virtue, and they apparently succeed in convincing themselves by miserable platitudes and specious argument. So false statements to creditors, lying to customers, and deception between clerks and employers are characterized as amongst the "exigencies" of business, and referred to flippantly as the "white lies" of business. The steals and unjust advantages taken in business deals are called commercial shrewdness and a successful assignment with a house or two saved from the wreck is considered a matter of good financing. Adultery goes by the name of "having a good time," or living a fast pace. The greater the sin the more chance there seems to be for giving it some gloss that will remove its hideousness. But sin is sin, and as sure as it is sin it will find its author out. "For who can make straight that which he hath made crooked?" You may make it straight for a while, but you are on the way to the turn in the lane as sure as you are born. You will get to the point where your crookedness and sin will out, and a whole ocean of repentant tears will not wash out the "stain incarnadine."—Solomon, in Shoe and Leather Journal.

A PERSON OF NO IMPORTANCE

It has often been said that a groom at a wedding is like the fifth wheel to a wagon, only worse—a thing of no importance. Rather in the way, as a matter of fact. Here is a living example of the truth of this statement. Before me lies a half a column account of a wedding. We know where it happened; we know the bride's full name. We read that the church was beautiful decorated with white peonies and dahlias and palms and ferns. The bride, we note wore a sleeveless georgette dress, trimmed with bands of crystal beads and rhinestones and ostrich plumes and all that sort of thing. We also note that the bride's mother looked charming in another georgette gown—we wonder what they all wore before georgette came in—but never a word about the groom. No, not one single, tiny word. He may have been present and he may not. Anyhow he might just as well have stayed away; he and the old man and the rest of the mere males. Weddings have no place for him.—Toronto Saturday Night.

BACKING UP YOUR BEST

You can't afford to lend your time, your effort, your energies, to anything but your best. What would you think of a man at the head of a big business who would go out on the sidewalk and play marbles during business hours?

There are multitudes of people who have splendid business ability and a great message for the world and yet they are playing marbles most of the time, doing things much of the time that are not worth while, are unworthy of them.

If backing up the best thing in you with all your might will not bring success, certainly the backing up of your second best can't bring success.—G. H. M.

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"THE BIRD IN THE GILDED CAGE"

"Speaking of unappreciated genius," began Mrs. Mayo, as light refreshments were being served at the meeting of the Reading Club, "I wrote a poem once. It was quite a success, too, in a way; but I have never attempted to write another.

"My poem was inspired by a disappointment when I was about sixteen. Some cousins who lived on a ranch in the West wrote me begging me to make them a visit. I was wild to go, and mother was willing, but father vetoed the idea. The expense would be considerable, and there would be difficulties about getting me out there; and, besides, father couldn't bear the thought of having his little girl away from home so long.

"I did not sulk, but I was somewhat subdued and pensive; and in this mood my thoughts began to take poetic shape, and I composed a little poem that I called, 'The bird in the Gilded Cage.'

"By the time I had finished it my disappointment was quite forgotten in the pride of authorship. It was a marvel to me that I could have written anything so beautiful.

"I had taken no one into my confidence, but I intended to publish. Father was the editor of the Cushion Daily Eagle, but I had a certain delicacy about offering my manuscript to him. One of his exchanges, the Mill Town Journal, had a 'Poets' Corner'; and I sent my poem to the editor with a little note asking him to print it under the pen name of Millicent Forsythe.

"Father had sometimes copied things from the Journal; if he should see my verses, and struck by their beauty, reprint them in the Eagle, how proud I would be! I did not miss a single issue of the Journal, but the poem did not appear. After several weeks of waiting, hope slowly faded; and at last I had to face the certainty that 'The Bird in the Gilded Cage' had gone into the Journal's waste-basket.

"But I could still offer my poem to the Eagle, and I finally mustered courage to do so. One day father was out of the city, and that morning I made it my business to fall in with Mr. Reed, the assistant editor, on the way to the office. When he parted he bore away with him my precious poem.

"It was even more precious than when I had sent it to the Journal, for I had polished up several of the lines and found an even prettier pen name, and had also improved the title by changing it to 'The Imprisoned Bird.'

"The next morning I had more than one surprise. In the morning the Eagle came out without my poem, and in the afternoon father came home with displeasure on his face.

"'Edna,' he said sternly, 'I am amazed that my daughter should be guilty of such a thing.'

"He was holding a sheet of paper before me as he spoke, and I looked at the thing of which I was guilty. It was my poem.

"'I didn't think there was any harm in it,' I faltered.

"'No harm in it,' repeated father. 'You copied that out of last Wednesday's Mill Town Journal, and then tried to have it printed in your father's paper as original. Only the merest chance prevented it. And you see no harm in that!'

"Of course I could explain the matter easy enough, but it was always hard to get a word in with father when he was excited.

"'It passes my comprehension, Edna,' he went on bitterly. 'Even if you had no sense of honor, why should you want to pass off as your own such a silly jingle as that?'

"That blow crushed me. I burst into tears, and running up to my room, I throw myself on the bed and hurled myself in the pillows. I heard the outside door close after father; and then dear, little mother, who had suffered with me, came and took me into her arms.

"I sobbed out the whole story to her. I felt her arms stiffen about me as I went on, and a look as of motherhood defending its young came over her usually gentle face.

"But she said very quietly, 'Father will make it all right, I'm sure,' as she left the room; and soon I heard her voice on the telephone.

"In a few minutes father came home again, and he 'made it right' very handsomely. He even went so far as to admit that the poem, read carefully, had some very pretty touches. Father was always a dear, if he was a little hasty.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said at last. 'I can't print that poem now, of course; but as you offered it to the Eagle in good faith, I will pay you for it.'

"Then he wrote out what I suppose was one of the largest checks ever received by an author for a first poem. At any rate I had a glorious three months' visit in the West with it."

HIS ANSWER

A young man who was deeply in love with a girl in another town decided to offer his hand and heart. So he went to the telegraph office and sent this telegram:

"Will you marry me? Twenty-word answer paid for."

An hour later he got his answer: "You are too extravagant. Why pay for nineteen words too many? No."

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AUTOMOBILE THEFTS

When his family is away a man will carefully lock up his house when he leaves it for the day, although there may not be a thousand dollars worth of property in it which a thief could carry off. He would not think of leaving an article on the street worth a hundred dollars that might be stolen by a passerby that is anything but an automobile worth one or two thousand dollars. That he will leave for hours at a street curb, subject to the will of any thief with a bunch of duplicate keys.

In Rudbury several cars have been stolen to date this year, but only to a vigilant police and the fact that there is but one trunk highway leading to the outside world, can be attributed their recovery in every case.

It is a curious thing that with all the money invested in motor cars, so little attention is given by their owners to protect them from theft, aside from what they buy from insurance companies. Presumably the companies make a satisfactory profit in spite of the wholesale theft, else inventive genius would be invoked for some device making theft impossible. Such an invention would, however, cute insurance against theft, and so is not demanded by the companies.

THE BLOOD ORANGE

The orange blood is obtained by grafting the sweet orange on to the stem of the pomegranate.

This blending of fruits gives the peculiar tint of pomegranate juice to the juice of the blood orange, and some tastes are so sensitive as to detect the pomegranate in the more luscious juice of the orange.

The juice of the orange, whether the ordinary variety or the "blood" consists of citric and malic acids, with fruit sugar, citrate of lime, and water. It is antiseptic in its action, and we have the statement of the diarist, John Evelyn, that "the orange sharpens the appetite, exceedingly refreshes, and resists putrefaction." Hence, it is a desirable fruit to include in one's dietary.

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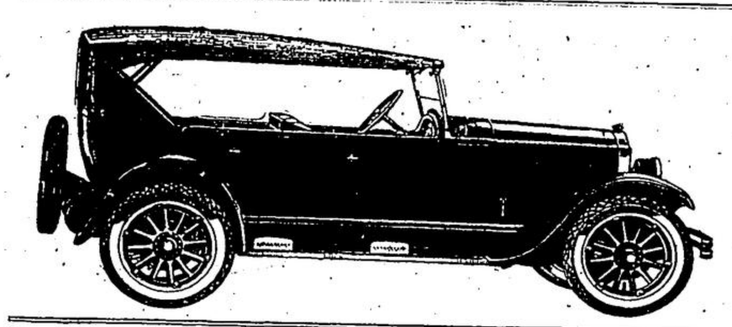

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