

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1924

POTATO-PICKING TIME

Potato picking time on our old farm has begun. It's really not a pleasure and yet it's a lot of fun. But you know I'm awful glad when picking time is done.

I play when first I've started that every spud I pick. In worth to me a dollar and so I hustle quick. But long before I've finished I'm tired of the trick.

Each time a row is completed I count the others. As I expected one row less than before. But every time I count them there seems as many more.

—Mabel Lockhart.

WHY THE NEW TEACHER GAVE HIGH MARKS TO SOME

At the close of the first day of school the new teacher said:

"Now, children, listen, and I will tell you how I have marked you, and give you my reasons."

"In the first place, I will explain that I do not mark at all upon how well you get your lessons. You may really know much more about the subject than you can tell. Besides, you are not here to get lessons and pass examinations. You are here to grow. So I mark you upon how you show that you are making a kind of effort which forms character."

"Jimmy Fitch has given a good mark because he was the only one who asked questions. None of the rest of you knew. Why didn't you ask? Asking questions is the best way to learn. Slurring over things you don't understand is the best way to become an ignoramus. I do not mark you upon how you are stupid."

"Leta Rogers gets a good mark because her finger nails are clean. And she is the only child here whose finger ends are not in mourning. You will find it quite as important when you grow up to have clean finger ends as to know algebra."

"Emma Montgomery is marked 'good' because when a button was torn from her dress playing at 'posies,' she took a needle and thread from her desk and sewed it on. Also she carefully picked up the orange peel she had dropped. I would rather have you do that than clean up your litter and know how to spell every word in the dictionary."

"Willie Waters I have given a high mark because when I asked him who Napoleon Bonaparte was he said, 'I don't know.' He probably had a vague notion, but he did not seek to deceive me. I want you, when you cannot tell a thing in plain words, not to hem and haw, but to say at once 'I don't know.' To have an honest mind is better than having a stuffed one."

"Charles Stuart is marked 'good' because he stands up straight, sits properly in his seat, and is not otherwise slovenly to his appearance. When Jennie Jones failed in her spelling the word 'choles' she went to the foot of the desk with a smile, and for that she gets a high mark. Some others of you pointed and sulked. There is nothing you can do that is so commendable as to be a good loser. Anybody can succeed pleasantly; it takes a noble nature to fail good-naturedly."

"During the day six promises were made to me by six pupils. Only one of them, Henry Clark, did what he promised to do. So he has a high rating. When you become men and women and get the habit of carrying thoughtfully and not keeping your word you will be a nuisance to all those who have to do with you. Do what you say you will do; that is better than being able to bound Ontario or tell the capital of Kamtschatka."

"Now you may run home, children. And remember that in this school there are no rules but two. Do what you think is right, and be cheerful. And in case you don't know, ask." —Dr. Frank Crane.

THE JUSTICE OF THE HEARTH

Over the dinner-table a husband was telling his wife and a friend of his dealings of one of their social acquaintances, a wealthy and popular man. He had reported the ruin of the street railway company and its subsequent reorganization, a process which had put money in the pockets and taken money from innocent stockholders.

"The husband touched the facts lightly, because he thought that a woman could not be interested in them or understand them in detail. This woman's understanding, throughout the husband's narrative, was occupied with one or two simple questions.

"Is he not punished for his greed?" "Punished? How? His conscience went punish him; indeed, he probably thinks he has obeyed the rules of business. The law technically is broad enough to cover his case, but it is hard to get evidence. You see, the district attorney must—"

"Excuse me for interrupting, dear. Explain that to me later. I think we shall not dine there next Wednesday. I will write a note to Mrs. Berry."

"Not dine there? Why not?" "Because he is not a fit man to receive in our house or for us to visit."

"But nonsense! He's just as good a fellow, just as respectable—"

"Oh, nonsense! By your own words you prove that he is a wicked man, faking what is not his. I listened to your story until there could be no doubt that you yourself condemned him by the facts, which I do not understand. If what you say is true, he and I meet no more as equals."

"And her judgment stood. Of course her neighbors and friends knew the usual course of accepting a man in social relations whom their husbands distrusted in business."

But the standard of the hearthstone shall it not some day be the standard of all society? And why not apply equitable judgment also to the character of the young men who are allowed to dance with our daughters and engage in other social functions with them?

PERISHABLE PROPERTY

A "Merchandise Carnival" was in progress, and all the maidens of the village were representing the various shops. Pretty Sarah Moffatt, in a lace gown adorned with garlands of bonbons, advertised the principal candy-store.

At the beginning of the festival Sarah fairly glowed with a radiant countenance, but as time wore on the girl's decorations dwindled. By the end of the afternoon she was a haggard, listless, and almost unrecognizable among Sarah's ruffies.

"Where in the world," asked the stage-manager, noting the plainness of Sarah's attire, "are all your decorations? Have you lost them?" "No," returned Sarah, "they're perfectly safe. I'm wearing them inside."

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE

One day a master said to his very ignorant servant:



My Window

Three windows in my House of Life Look out three different ways: One turns with wistful longing to the blue sky and the birds; Another watches how the shadows of the poplars, slim and tall, Point to the deathless stars; And silence over all.

And one looks out with eager eyes Upon the street of Now, And greets them with a bow. And sees the heavy shadows of the past, With checked and shaded shine, And busy, too, with the bustling joy of the Path of Coming Years.

The other window turns away From Yesterday and Now, And not a single backward glance Its vision will allow. Its gaze leaps out to hills afar: Its clear eyes, purged from tears, Up through the deathless stars can trace The Path of Coming Years.

And sometimes when the sun is down, And I am all alone, The little window beckon me, For they are quite my own, And each I stand and look And read their little stories. Like the chapter in a book.

The first one fills and thrills me thro' With happiness and pain; The next, I'm drenched with starlight. And then I'm splashed with rain. But the other window draws me, And I smile thro' rainbow tears, For I read happy legends, Down the Path of Coming Years. —Barbara Young.

THE GOOD OLD COUNTRY VOTES DRY AGAIN

Well, I am proud of Halton county again, as I always have, because to be when measures to curb indulgence in strong drink had been a long time before the people, after fifty years, this good old county has voted dry every time that a vote has been taken that I can remember. And I am proud of it, because it is a credit to the province and to the mother of boys and girls for wanting to have the country keep "dry," and for voting that way.

And then, you know, I have been very fearful about what would happen if I always have, had reason and mobility were kept running. I was a good deal impressed with what Henry Ford is reported to have said some time ago, that liquor and gasoline make a very dangerous mixture. I never much liked the automobile, and they are too fast for me anytime, and I always feel timid when I'm out for a drive with any of my friends. Well, I made up my mind some weeks ago, if Government sale carried that I'd buy my last ride in a motor car. I never have again except an invitation to go for a drive, not even with the preacher. Not that I'd suspect that our preacher would be drinking because he could get booze easily—nor any other of my good friends, for that matter—but I'd be scared of my life that had met some other chap on the road, driver, who had been imbibing and might be seeing double, and the most careful driver anywhere would not be able to keep out of his way.

Well, I'm glad and thankful too, that I'm not to be deprived of an occasional drive after all. And I'm glad for other people, too. We're not to have free access to liquor, and we'll feel safer I'm sure; even the people who didn't quite understand the risk of Government sale and voted with the Moderationists.

Say, I'm glad Mr. Ferguson, the Premier, is talking good common sense now, and declares he'll do his best to enforce the law better than it has been in some places, and I believe he'll do it. I read a piece in the paper two or three weeks ago, too, where he said to Albert Moore, in a letter which he had sent him, that if the people voted to sustain the O. T. A. he'd see that the weak spots in the law would be attended to. I read that piece two or three times, and for two reasons. First, because the promise sounded good to me; and second, because Mr. Ferguson's letter was sent to Dr. Moore, and he's one of our own boys. I knew Albert when he was high up to a grasshopper. Say he's climbed up well, and I'm proud of him and I think other people ought to be proud that he had so much to do in organizing this big temperance fight, and bringing it through to victory. He's one of our own boys, you know. This isn't the first big fight he's been in on moral questions, either. He stands pretty high in his church, and I understand his work all the time is along the line of doing things to help other folks.

Well, I didn't get much excited over the fight last Thursday. I felt sure that right would prevail; and when I heard the good news, early in the evening, that 547 of the people of Acton had voted dry, and that the O. T. A. had a majority of 118, in this old town of ours, I just huddled here to tell Mary, and neither of us went out again that night. Early next morning a neighbor called to tell us that the province had sustained the act by between 30,000 and 40,000. I tell you I felt glad and happy as I have kept on meditating about the matter.

The day I heard that there were a lot of folks in town who didn't sleep much Thursday night. The dry vote excited them when the reports came in, and I believe these continued until the vote had over 10,000 of a majority. No wonder the supporters of the O. T. A.

felt bad along about that time. But they tell me that at 4:30 the dry majorities commenced to be reported, and they came in then in quick succession, until about 11 o'clock the 78,000 majority was wiped out, and the majority began to pile up in the dry columns. This gave us quite a shock, between 20,000 and 25,000. And I believe, it is still climbing and will be over 40,000. Well, say, I think that's pretty good. If my old memory serves me right that's considerably more for a majority than Mr. Ferguson's party got when they went into power last year. My how my Tory friends are rejoiced when they read out the big majority the Tory party got. And, of course, they'll rejoice now because this big majority of over 40,000 was polled for the O. T. A. when Mr. Ferguson was in power. As I figure it out, too, about the same number of constituents voted dry last Thursday, as Mr. Ferguson has supporters in the House.

Well, I'll look now for the Premier to make the amendments to the O. T. A. he talked about a couple of weeks ago. I think everybody will be with him if he fixes the law so that bootleggers will be jailed for their first offence. Nobody wants the bootleggers. The Moderationists blackguard-ed them in all their advertisements, and the O. T. A. folks never got together for them anyway, and did their level best to have them fined heavy or put in jail for ever-mining the Act was passed five or six years ago.

Say, do you know, my old head says that if all the Moderationists and parties like them got together, and work that the bootleggers, to the very last one of the lawless crowd, could be rounded up in a month. Let's try it, anyway. I can't do much, but I'm not afraid to do what I can.

This campaign and its outcome has taken me far back in memory. I recall the first temperance measure submitted—the Duncan Act—back about twenty years ago. I remember more distinctly the election on the Scott Act in 1878—forty-five years ago. This old county was the first in Canada to submit the new law, and it carried by a big majority. This act was in force for a number of years, and carried with a large measure of satisfaction. The late George Black, of the fourth line, Guelph, was the inspector, and he performed his duties fearlessly and was a terror to evil-doers. The late William Young, of Guelph, was Police Magistrate. He was always fair and just, but when evidence was presented to substantiate charges the culprit carried the law. The law meant what it said.

After five or six years the act was repealed, and the Liquor License Act again came into force. Those of us who are among the old folk remember with distinctness the drinking and drunkenness, and misery and want, and how the women and children in many homes suffered because of the husbands and fathers indulged in drink, and spent money for liquor which should have been used for home necessities and comforts. Those were the days when the barrooms held sway and liquor was easy to get.

Knowing what I do of the past I am very thankful for this community that Government Control got its black eyes last Thursday, for I am quite sure the plan of distribution of whiskey

is a better one than the one that was in force before. I am sure that the young folks are more forward than they used to be. They go in droves to school, and what one does others are inclined to do. And if we had Government liquor stores, where everybody who had the money would have free access to liquor, there'd be more or less imbibing for "the fun of the thing." Thank goodness, we're not to have free traffic in liquor, and so there'll be less anxiety about them than there would have been if the O. T. A. had been defeated. I have a good idea now why so many mothers were anxious to vote, and I am glad that many of them did, and voted the right way. No one can blame the mother of boys and girls for wanting to have the country keep "dry," and for voting that way.

And then, you know, I have been very fearful about what would happen if I always have, had reason and mobility were kept running. I was a good deal impressed with what Henry Ford is reported to have said some time ago, that liquor and gasoline make a very dangerous mixture. I never much liked the automobile, and they are too fast for me anytime, and I always feel timid when I'm out for a drive with any of my friends. Well, I made up my mind some weeks ago, if Government sale carried that I'd buy my last ride in a motor car. I never have again except an invitation to go for a drive, not even with the preacher. Not that I'd suspect that our preacher would be drinking because he could get booze easily—nor any other of my good friends, for that matter—but I'd be scared of my life that had met some other chap on the road, driver, who had been imbibing and might be seeing double, and the most careful driver anywhere would not be able to keep out of his way.

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would have been worse than the barrooms. The old license law allowing liquor to be sold in the barrooms prohibited the sale of liquor by the bottle. It had to be drunk on the premises. Government Control, on the other hand, prohibits drinking the liquor on the premises where it is purchased, and it must be taken away. Naturally it must be taken home. There the husband or father would naturally drink more than if standing up at a bar.

Say, aren't we all glad, after all, that the O. T. A. was kept going. It doesn't allow liquor to be sold at all. And Mr. Ferguson is going to jail the bootleggers, so there.

What is inside a man is sure to find its way out. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." He may be gentlemanly in appearance, talk like an oracle, and be an open house to a prince but when you hear a man break out into a vile oath or tell a filthy story you can put it down as "Nobility." Nobody wants the mouth of the righteous is a well of life." The Wise Man in the original said, "A living spring: The Greater than Solomon said, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst: for the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water eternally springing up." There are people who water everybody and everything with which they come in contact. There are others who leave a trail of misandry and death behind them. Are you a well of life or a stagnant frog pond? Do you bring refreshing and cleansing wherever you go or do people have to fumigate the air after you pass? "The mouth of the righteous man is a living spring." Keep it clean.—Solomon in Shoes and Leather Journal.

Time is not money. Yet people are always spending it. If a man returns a borrowed umbrella it's a sure sign that he has a conscience. Dogs can't talk, but you always know what they mean. With some men it is different. In after years a married man wonders why he failed to appreciate a soft snap when he had it. Occasionally a man's greatness can be traced to the marriage of the woman of his choice to some other man. As the thermometer gives a continuous performance year after year, men swear first at one end of it, then at the other.

The example of good men is visible philosophy.—Aron.

THE OLD MAN

SPRING AND FROG PONDS

MORE OR LESS TRUE

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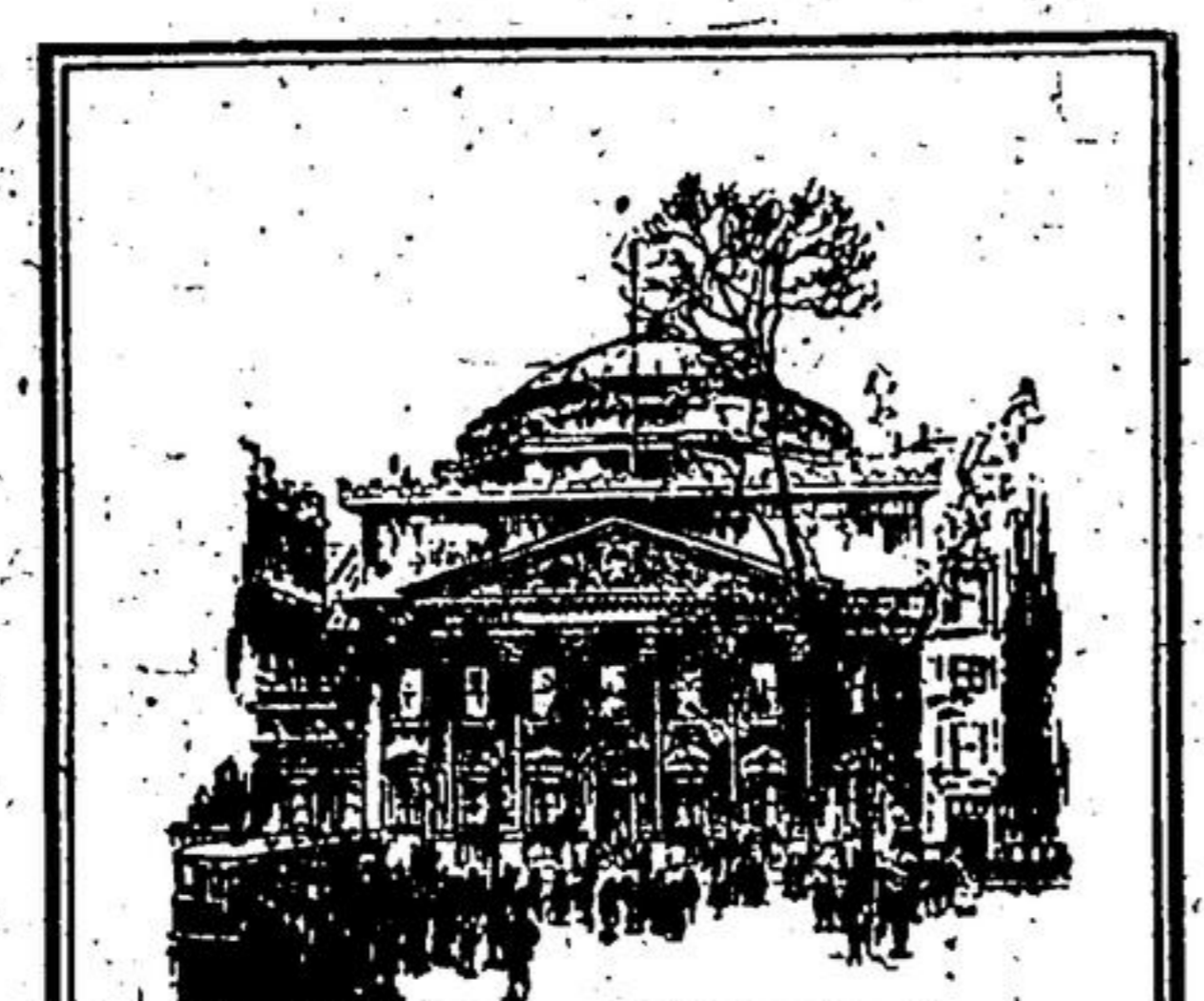
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THE HODJA'S THREAT

A man who knew both Turks and Irishmen very well, Sir William Whitell, author of Turkish Stories and Parables, has discovered an unexpected and diverting similarity between the notions that form the basis of the popular humor in Anatolia and in Connemara. Why the quick-witted Irish should the slow and sedate Turks should have the same sense of the humorous is a profound mystery that Sir William admits he cannot understand.

The Turkish kind is coarser and more grotesque than the Irish, he says, but they certainly are of the same type. Thus, an Irishman picks up a sovereign one day, which turns out to be a light one, worth only 17s 6d., and he refuses to pick up another the next day because, forsooth, he lost 2s 6d. by picking up its sister the day before.

Under the same confusion of ideas, Nasreddin Hodja, because, through his donkey's straying, he lost his pelisse, which he had thrown on the pack-saddle, purchases the animal by taking off the pack-saddle from its back, and carrying it home on his own back, threatens never to replace it on the ass until the pelisse is found. In the same way, too, having quarrelled with the villagers, whose cowherd he had become, he threatens them with terrible vengeance. Upon which one of them asks him:

"What will you do, O Hodja? Will you let our cows stray and become the food of wolves?"

"Worse than that," replied the Hodja.

"When you set fire to our village," asks the villager again.

"Much worse than that," he replies. "Well, what will you do? Tell us," says the villager.

"I'll tell you," replies the Hodja. "I'll work for you for a whole year, and when the time comes for you to pay me my wages, I'll throw the money into your faces and go away."

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