The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1927

NEVER GIVE UP

When weary one night from the toil of the day,
My heart with its burden cast down;
Alone and unaided on life's barren way,
And all the world wearing a frown;
I heard the quaint notes, beating measured and slow,
Of the clock, from its shelf on the wall;
And, as the staid pendulum swung to and fro,
In rhythm these words seemed to fall:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Time will be given you.
Never give up."

And then, through the deepening silence, it seemed
A presence pervaded the gloom;
Although far away she lay sleeping,
I dreamed
My mother stood there in the room.
About her sweet face, as it turned to pay own,
Seemed floating a halo of light.
Like far-away music, I fancied her tone
Fell soft on the ear of the night:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Loved ones are waiting you.
Never give up."

Out into the night, to the quiet and calm,
I went to the starlight and dew;
For night, to the heart that is sore, has a balm,
A beauty that always is new.
I saw the great earth, as it swung to the dawn,
Stretching out to the east, to the west;
And out of the deep heart of nature seemed drawn
A voice with an accent of rest:
"Never give up. Never give up.
The world is wide for you.
Never give up."

My eyes turned above, where the bright eyes of space,
Through immensity's blue-curtained deeps,
In clusters of glimmering groups, seem to gaze
Far away, where the quiet earth sleeps,
And down through the broad, jewelled fields of the sky,
The radiant stretch over all,
There dropped a still voice, as it were from on high,
Which seemed to my spirit to call:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Heaven is over you.
Never give up."

"The past it is gone, with its sorrows and faults.
Then turn from the years that are dead,
With your eyes on the promise that's shining sublime
In the years that are lying ahead.
Never give up. Never give up."
The great misty future says,
"Never give up."

—J. A. Edgerton.

FORGING LINKS OF EMPIRE

The Two Actons are Pioneers in a New Method of Promoting Overseas Fellowship

In its leading editorial in the last issue received the Acton Gazette and Express, published in Acton, England, makes the following significant reference to the happy relationship which in late years has been created between Acton, England, and its prototype, Acton, Canada:

"That was a happy phrase which was used by Sir Harry Brittain when, speaking on an historic occasion in the Acton Council Chamber last week, he referred to the efforts which he has ever made to promote good fellowship between the Canadian and English Actons are forging links of the Empire. All lovers of our Empire in our midst know and appreciate what Sir Harry Brittain has always striven to do in this matter, and we learn from him on the occasion that he has also endeavored to persuade his fellow Members of Parliament to pursue a similar course of action. Sir Harry stressed the point that sentiment is the greatest link of all, and he emphasized the value of individual effort in this direction. There can be no doubt that the exchange of courtesies between towns in this country and in the dominions and colonies bearing the same name—such as have taken place between our Ontario sister-town and ourselves—will do much more to promote true fellowship and cement the bonds of empire than all the singing of patriotic songs, the saluting of flags, or even the booming of British goods and the institution of preferential tariffs and inter-Parliamentary conferences. It was fitting that Sir Harry should publicly receive from the hands of a special ambassador from the other Acton that silken token of regard and recognition of his own graceful gift to that town.

No one who was present at that function—unique, as the Mayor said, in the history of Acton—will readily forget it. It was both a privilege and a pleasure for Acton to accord a cordial welcome to its distinguished visitor, Dr. Moore, not only for his own sake, but also for that of his brother, Mr. H. P. Moore, the Police Magistrate of the other Acton, who has always done his best to foster good feeling between the two towns, not only by his personal actions, but also through the columns of that excellent journal which he long controlled. Many comments, on which no opinion is here expressed, have, however, been made in connection with this function by certain prominent residents. It has been felt by some that, as the occasion was made a civic one, with the Mayor in his robes of office and attended by his mace-bearer, it should have been more largely attended, and more generally representative of the various interests in the public life of the borough. Attention has been drawn to the fact that three of the Free Church ministers of Acton were given places of honor in front of the mayoral dais, and that they alone, with the exception of Sir Thomas Forster, were called upon to add to the words of welcome spoken by the Mayor and Sir Harry Brittain. Those responsible for the arrangements explain that this course was adopted in view of the fact that the visitor was one of the foremost Free Church divines of Canada, and that it was felt that it would be paying him a graceful compliment to ask his co-religionists of Acton to figure prominently in the reception."

CHECKING PROFANITY

"My dear brother," said the parson, "profanity is a great sin. Can't you think of some way of checking this evil habit?"

"Yes," answered the profane one, thoughtfully. "I'll sell my car."—Pearson's.

OLD-TIME BASEBALL

Two negro baseball teams were playing one day. "What's the score?" a spectator asked one of the players.

"Nineteen to nothing," the player answered.

"Beating you pretty bad, ain't they?"

"Oh, no," the player responded, "we all ain't had ah bats yet."

The Free Press' Short Story

THE VISION

BY EVELYN HOLT

"ACH, Meester Macklin, you feel it not. You gif it no life. You make it go like your so precious endless in' thing, so beeg country. You do not feel your museek. You just play it. You have not the beeg vision poetseek?"

Eugene Macklin wanted to throw down his violin and stamp out of the studio. It was simply impossible to gain the praise of the master. Several times he had said that Eugene did not feel what he was playing. "How could that, he?" thought Eugene dejectedly. Did he not play with expression? All his friends marvelled at it. Even the master had to admit that his technique was perfect. Then, what was the matter?

"Yes," the master would say, "you haf the skill, my boy, but you haf not the feeling. You gif no message in your playing. You must haf a message."

Irene Latham was the only one of his friends to whom Eugene told the master's words. She had been his confidant in all things as long as he could remember. There had always been the hole in the hedge between their two homes. Eugene had dashed through it many times and in varying moods, always to find a balm for wounded feelings, or a heart to rejoice in the good news.

Irene had known for a long time the fault in Eugene's playing. She felt his lack of power to stir emotion in the hearts of his hearers, but dared not tell him. She knew Eugene's temper. When he came and told her what the master had said so many times, she knew he expected and wanted her to be deeply sympathetic and declare that the master was wrong. She could not do that, for she felt too strongly that he was right. But how could she tell Eugene without wounding his feelings too much?

"Gene, why don't you go away somewhere and play for other people? Might not that be a good practice for you?"

"Why, I've wanted to, but the teacher says that I must not expect to play before audiences until I get that 'vision poetseek' he is always harping about."

"Isn't it because he wants you to take people by surprise and show them that a new artist has really appeared?"

"But I don't see why I can't do that now."

Turning to her suddenly, he asked, "Rene, do you know what this 'vision poetseek' is? If I don't have it, can you tell me how to get it?"

"I think I feel what it must be," Irene spoke in a low voice, and her eyes were dreamy. "Your master's 'vision poetseek' to me is a picture of little tired children, quieted and hushed by soothing strains. I see weary mothers rested and inspired, made ready to meet the old round of work with new inspiration. There are querulous old people whose nerves must be quieted, and there are gay young people who need higher visions, the 'vision poetseek' if you please, in order to find themselves."

"Do you really think I could make folks feel all that, Irene?" Eugene asked in a meditative voice.

"I know you can, Gene, if you will get the vision yourself. You have the power to express it if you can only get it yourself."

A few days later, Irene was preparing to go to Methel, a little settlement among the mountains fifty miles away. She had first gone to the place two years before to visit a friend who was teaching there. Many times since she had gone, although her friend was no longer there. She had learned to love these hard-working people who had so little contact with the outside world, and she tried to bring them all the joy she could. These people had made their settlement at Methel expecting a promised railroad to come through the town, but they had been disappointed. Because of the general poverty of the people, none of the inhabitants had travelled far from their own village.

As Irene was preparing to go to these people this day, she thought of Eugene. She paused a moment, wondering if he would go with her. The "vision poetseek" might be awaiting him there.

"I am going to ask him," she whispered to herself.

She ran quickly through the hedge opening to Gene's door.

"I know he won't like them at first," she told herself as she rang the bell. "But if he can feel their need as I do, he will become interested."

When Eugene opened the door, he looked surprised to see Irene attired for a journey so early in the morning.

"Have you come to say good-bye?" he asked curiously.

"No, I've come to ask you to go along," she replied, laughing. "I am going to see my mountain people today, and I want you to go with me. You never have, you know."

"I'll go as your chauffeur, if you won't ask me to make a speech."

"Do you think I go down there to preach, boy? I certainly don't!" she flared.

"Oh, well, I beg your pardon. I'll confess I don't know much about it."

"You might take your violin along. There are several cozy nooks where you could play, if you get tired of going about with me."

"I'll be ready in ten minutes and be waiting at your door like a very proper chauffeur."

As Irene crossed the yard again, she thought, "He can treat it as a joke now, but if he will just take his violin, I think something may happen."

Eugene was ready within his ten minutes. Irene noted with satisfaction that the violin was in the car. As they sped rapidly over the road, both were rather quiet. Irene was planning the calls she would make, and Eugene was wondering what kind of folks he would find.

As they reached the little village and passed into it many eyes lighted with recognition and joy. All were glad to see Irene. She was to these people a truly inspiring angel from the outside world.

The first place which Irene visited was a little hut in which two old people lived. The house was small, but scrupulously clean. There was little furniture, but that little was sturdily built and well kept up.

The faces of the two old people lighted with joy when they saw Irene. She sat and talked with them for an hour. Eugene watched her, wondering what pleasure she could find in such conversation. It was made up of items very trivial to Eugene—how many chickens the old lady had, how many pounds of butter she had sold that week, and how many times the neighbors had been in lately. He marvelled at the interest Irene showed in these things. He had certainly never heard her talk about them before.

At the next place there were six very lively children. Eugene liked a child, just one, to whom he could talk and who was quiet, but he did not like and who was quiet, but he did not like children, a whole romping bunch of for him. But even when all six of these children flung themselves upon Irene, and clung to her, she did not seem to mind. She was ready to ask questions and listen as each told her about his favorite pastime or latest invention. Eugene again marvelled at the way Irene entered into the interests of these children.

Before they reached the third place, Irene told Eugene something of one of the members of the household. This was a dreamy young man who wanted to write poetry. He received little sympathy from anyone in the family except his mother, and she was always too tired with the cares of a large family to give him much inspiration. Irene had seen some of his work and considered it very promising, but saw also the need of a larger vision.

Eugene was interested in the young fellow as soon as he saw him, not only because of what Irene had said of him, but also because of his own personality. Almost before he knew it, Eugene found himself engaged in an interesting discussion of great writers, and was surprised to find how much knowledge the boy had of them. Irene smiled happily as she saw the absorption of the two in their subject.

Eugene actually seemed reluctant to leave when it was time to go to the fourth place. There they found a little crippled girl, who was compelled to sit in her chair all day. Her eyes showed patient suffering when she raised them to Eugene's, but she smiled sweetly, and gave him her hand with almost a queenly graciousness. The two had not been there long when the child turned to Irene and asked if she would not play the "Blue Danube" for her again. Irene went to the old organ in the corner, and played the music for the child, then several other simple and fine melodies. Eugene was surprised to see the intelligence and appreciation the child showed.

As they left this place, Irene suggested that they go to Jane Torren's house for dinner. Irene always ate dinner there, and Jane would be expecting them for the news of their arrival would have reached nearly everyone by this time. At this place, Eugene was again impressed with Irene's pleasing way of listening to the talk of those people and unobtrusively giving them new material for finer thought.

After dinner Irene suggested to Eugene that he might be tired and want to go back to the auto. She was going on to another place.

"I think I will go back to the car," Eugene said slowly and thoughtfully, "but I won't stay. I am going to get my violin and go back and play to that little crippled girl. Do you suppose she would like that?"

"Like it! I can't imagine what it will mean to her, Gene. Perhaps you will be able to realize when you see her eyes. My young poet can appreciate your music, too."

When the little crippled girl saw Eugene coming again, this time with a violin, she almost jumped from her chair in spite of her twisted limbs. A surging wave of warmth such as he had never felt before swept over Eugene. He stopped before the child's chair and asked what she wanted him to play. "Play, 'Holy, Holy, Holy' first of all," she whispered softly, with her hands held clasped in front of her.

Eugene was surprised at her selection, but he started out on the old hymn. As he played he began to discover new harmonies, new thoughts in the old tune. He felt stealing over him a reverence which imparted itself to his bow. As the late note lingered in the air and became silent, Eugene looked at the child. Instead of the gentle patience which had been in her eyes before, there was now a look of radiance and of pains forgotten. She was gazing raptly into paradise. Eugene thrilled to think that it was he who had brought that look into her eyes.

Then she turned to him and murmured in a hushed voice, "And now Schubert's 'Ave Maria,' please."

Eugene was more surprised at this request than at her first selection. He would not have supposed that the child could know of such a composition, having lived in this place all her life.

Eugene's rendition of this selection had always displeased the master, because, he said, "You feel no message. You gif no message, you shust play it."

But now as Eugene raised his bow, he was seeing the sweet, patient child-soul back of those eyes, and realizing how he might touch the chords of that soul to brighten and bring them forth in happiness and joy. As he played, he thought only of his desire to bring gladness and comfort to this little life in front of him. As he finished playing, he did not know that it was had the master had not heard him.

As Eugene took his violin from his shoulder, he became conscious of the presence of someone else in the room. This person came forward. He was Irene's young poet.

"You don't mind if I listen, too, do you?" he asked eagerly. "I heard you from our house. I just had to come."

A flush of pleasure came over Eugene's face. When had the praise of his friends for his technique given him the joy that these simple words of appreciation did?

With the inspiration of the youth and the child for an audience, Eugene played on and on. He knew that from time to time persons were slipping in and standing or sitting quietly in the room he was in and the one adjoining. Gene's friends knew very well how he hated any moving about while he was playing, but now he paid no attention to the movements, scarcely thought of them. He was pouring out his best for the crippled child and the young poet. He was engrossed in them and what his music was doing for them. He had no time nor thought to be annoyed, because he had forgotten himself. He had forgotten technique, had forgotten effect, only in so far as both affected these two who needed what he was now so gladly giving them.

It was growing late, and Irene felt that it was nearly time to go home. She wondered if Gene had gone to the auto, or if he might still be at the house of her little crippled girl. She went by the auto, and, finding that he was not there, walked wearily on to the little girl's home.

As she drew near the house, she heard the strains of Eugene's violin. Then she saw the many people in the house.

"I told Eugene they would love it," she thought.

Outside the door she stopped. She had never heard Gene play that way before. She listened. The music spoke to her heart, and showed it visions of hope; it spoke to her body and she forgot how tired she was; it spoke to her soul, and made her think of undreamed heights.

"He has caught it! He has caught it! O God, we thank thee," and she bowed her head in thankfulness.

When Eugene finally came to the door, he found Irene waiting for him. As she lifted her eyes to his, he found in them the same look as that which had been in the eyes of the crippled girl, and something more.

"Oh, Gene," she murmured in a voice muffled with gladness, "you have the 'vision poetseek.' The sacred and the purpose of music is yours forever and ever."

Eugene looked far off to the summit of one of the highest mountains.

"Perhaps I have," he said, in a strong but quiet voice. "I seem to have found something that is not technique nor expression. I forgot both, and simply gave the people what they needed."

"And that is the 'vision poetseek,'" Irene said softly.

And it meant scarcely less to the master than to these two, to be able to say when he heard Eugene playing on he had played to the mountain people, because he was thinking of them, "Ach, my boy, you have found it. It is yours, the 'vision poetseek.'"

HALTON RIFLES IN CAMP

Won Success in Athletic Events and Carried Off Two Trophies

When the Halton Rifles struck canvas at Long Branch Camp a week or so ago to return to the county, they packed along with them the "Red Patch" Cup for war games and also the Lewis Gun Proficiency Trophy. The Red Patch Cup is a handsome piece of silverware, donated by Sir Archibald Macdonnell, who commanded the 1st Division in France. Inlaid upon the cup is the old Red Patch, which was the distinguishing mark of the 4th Battalion in France. The County regiment became entitled to this trophy by defeating the Ontario regiment in the final war-game of the annual series. The Lewis Gun trophy was won by a team composed of Sgt. H. C. Hloyd, Cpl. G. Allen, Acting Cpl. W. Wheeler and Rflm. J. Michael. The Peel and Dufferin regiment were this year's musketry champions, carrying off the McLaughlin musketry cup. The sports championship cup went to the York Rangers.

Cpl. Bishop, of the Halton Rifles, was prominent in the sports, obtaining three silver medals and one bronze medal. The regiment won the tent pitching contest, the team being composed of Sgt. W. Card, and Cpls. McLaughlin, Dunbar, and Shannon.

The camp was duly inspected by Major-General H. C. Thacker, C. B., C. M. G., D. S. O., Chief of the General Staff for Canada, who expressed himself as being well pleased with the efficiency of all ranks. General Thacker, together with General A. M. Bell, Col. J. L. R. Parsons, Major F. W. Urton and other members of the District Staff, were the guest of the Halton Rifles at a formal dinner, following the inspection. The weather was fine every day at camp, and a full programme of training, including signals, musketry, revolver, Lewis Gun, attack, advance guards and outposts was run through. The battalion furnished two guards.

During camp a letter was received by Col. Pedley from General Alexander Godley, the officer commanding the Royal Ulster Rifles, announcing the alliance of the local unit with the Royal Ulsters, which alliance has just received the King's consent. In this letter Col. Godley expresses the goodwill of his command toward their Canadian allied regiment and his certainty that the alliance will be one in fact as well as in name.

Capt. J. M. Chisholm has qualified in the theoretical portion of the militia staff course. Major G. H. Chisholm, M. C., Major J. R. Peacock and Capt. E. A. Cummings have obtained qualifications in three of the four subjects set.

Lieuts. W. Hillmer and F. G. Cluskey have completed their qualification course at Niagara Camp. Capt. H. E. Earl and Capt. M. B. Collier will go to Niagara in July to qualify for the rank of Major.

Regimental Sgt.-Major Trotter is leaving for Ottawa to attend six weeks' course in small arms training.

Camp Notes

At the Long Branch camp, Lieut.-Col. James H. Pedley, M. C., the officer commanding the Halton Rifles, was presented by Col. H. S. Cooper, C. B. C., M. C. V. D., with the cross belt worn by Col. Cooper when he was a lieutenant in the county regiment. The presentation was made in the Halton Rifles mess.

The Halton Rifles team that won the relay race at camp was composed of Cpl. Bishop, Cpl. McMillan, Rflm. Patrick and Rflm. Wilde.

Corporal Bishop, of Acton, won the 100 yard dash and the 200 as well. He captured four medals in all.

With three medical officers in the regiment, the health of the troops was well looked after. Major Chisholm is an Oakville doctor, and Captain Sutherland and Lieutenant Catherwood come from Milton.

Major Lozier, of Burlington, was in charge of the canteen with Sergeant Waters, of Milton, as his second-in-command. They did a thriving business.

C. S. M. Waters, of B Company, was high shot, with 93. Orderly Room Sgt. Nash came second with 92. The best officer shot was Captain E. A. Cummings, who scored 86.

Lieut. H. G. Peacock, of Milton, tied with Colonel Cooper for the brigade revolver championship, but the Colonel won the shoot-off.

THE AMERICAN DISCIPLINE

English naval officers were delighted with the prompt appearance of American destroyers in European waters after the United States had declared war on Germany and have many times expressed their admiration of the effective way the boats carried out their assignments. The English officers, however, must have been amused many times by the lack of formality they detected in the discipline of the "subs" on the American vessels. Capt. J. G. Sutherland in "At Sea With Joseph Conrad" tells an incident illustrative of their free and easy ways.

A commander, he writes, had just completed adjusting the compass of an American destroyer when he politely asked the lieutenant in charge if he would kindly lend him a binocular. The lieutenant shouted down the forward hatchway, "Anybody down there?"

"Yep," came the answer.

"Well, say, continued the lieutenant, "one of you go down to my cabin, and in the middle drawer on the right-hand side you'll find a pair of binoculars. Bring 'em right along."

"It shall be done just exactly as you say, lieut," was the reply.

It is easy to imagine the difference on board a British warship, where a bluejacket would have bounced up a ladder two steps at a time and, on reaching the top, would have sprung smartly to attention, saluted and with an "Aye, aye, sir," carried out his instructions. There's an old saying, "Different ships, different long splices," and I suppose it is the same with nationalities: "Different countries, different customs."

A REASON

May: "Do you know, rather has not spoken a hasty word to mother throughout the whole of their married life?"

Mabel: "What a beautiful-tempered man!"

May: "Oh no, it's not that—he stutters."

"Say Dad"

WHAT DOES FIGHTING PROVE?

"Say, Dad, I guess you were right about fighting."

"What about it, Dick?"

"You said that fighting never settles right and wrong."

"And you've been checking up on the assertion?"

"I've been passing through a tough week, Dad! I haven't let on at home, but school's been misery to me. You see, it was this way: Last Thursday, Hen Riggs came to me with a composition he'd just finished, and asked if I'd look over the spelling before he copied it. 'You're a crack speller,' he said, 'and I can't spell for a cent. Just take the thing home with you to-night, and mark any awful breaks I've made, and I won't forget it. You know it doesn't have to be handed in till Monday.'

"Well, I couldn't refuse without seeming mean, for I'm always ahead of him in spelling; but I didn't want anything to do with him. We've never pulled together. He's the kind of fellow that lies about the time he's spent on a lesson, bluffs through his recitations, and isn't above copying another chap's answers in examinations. He'd always been mean to me in little ways, and I thought it pretty nervy of him to ask a favor of me. But, as I say, there was nothing to do but agree; and I fixed up that composition on Sir Walter Raleigh, Thursday night, and gave it back to him Friday morning. When he thanked me, there was a foxy look in his eyes that I remembered later.

"I finished copying my own composition on 'The Game of Marbles,' during a study period Friday afternoon, and left it in my desk for Monday, when it went to Miss Lester with those of all the class. We'd just assembled after recess, when Miss Lester came into the room looking very stern, and said, 'Henry Riggs, did you read "Richard's" composition before writing your own?' Of course, we all stared at one another in surprise. Hen said, 'No, ma'am, I didn't see it at all.' Then she turned to me, and said, 'Richard, did you read Henry's composition before finishing your own?' I said that I had, and started to tell her why, but she wouldn't listen. 'Not another word!' she ordered, her face very white. 'It was plain that one of you had copied from the other—but I never expected Richard to be a cheat!'"

"That was tough, Dick! But your friendly enemy, Hen, couldn't have had any difficulty in setting things straight. How did Miss Lester come to think you'd written on the same subject? What connection could there be between Sir Walter and marbles—putting everything else aside?"

"That's what was mixed in my mind with the shame of being thought a cheat, Dad! I couldn't make anything of it, and I wasn't allowed to speak; only sit there with my heart beating so hard I choked, waiting for Hen to explain. When I saw he was not going to—when I got onto the fact that he'd planned the whole thing to disgrace me—well, Dad, I had to grab my chair with both hands, to keep from going for him right there in the classroom!"

"Your self-control saved you from being expelled, Dick. But tell me—how had Hen played his trick?"

"Why, first he'd fixed things so that I couldn't deny having read his composition. Then, he'd sneaked my work out of my desk after I left, Friday, and copied it nearly word for word. The Raleigh stuff was only a blind; what he handed in was another Game of Marbles."

"I am afraid that young man is headed for prison."

"Well, for two hours I sat there fuming, and planning what I'd do to Hen after school. I was almost crazy. Then, somehow I seemed to hear you saying that fighting never settles right and wrong. Just the same, I wanted to lick him. After school, he managed to get out before me, and must have run. I ran after him, and was almost up to him, when a big chap from one of the higher classes jumped out from behind a tree, and caught Hen by the shoulders. 'Here, you little rat,' I heard him say, 'my small brother's in your class, and he's told me of the dirty trick you pulled on one of his friends! You're running, like the little coward you are, for fear he'll beat you up; but you're too low for any real boy to fight. Now, look here—and quit blubbering! My brother saw you copying the other fellow's composition. Do you want him to go to the Principal about it, and have you expelled; or will you come back with me to this Miss Somebody you lied to? Come along, then—and after this, fair play!'

"I'm glad it all turned out so nicely, Dick."

"So am I Dad." Hen asked me to forget it, and I'm going to. But Miss Lester's eyes get all swimmy every time she looks at me. Fighting him wouldn't have settled things half as well."

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TRUE FRIENDSHIP

A film magnate was approached, according to the New Yorker, by an acquaintance of less affluent days with a request that he indorse a note for $5,000.

"All you have to do," said the magnate, "is sign this paper and the president of the Chatham and Phenix bank will let me have the money."

"Do you know that bank president?" asked the magnate.

"Not personally."

"Well, do you think I'd let you borrow money from a strange bank president? An old friend like you? You have him indorse the note and I'll lend you the money myself."

THE DIFFERENCE

An Irishman who had married a Scotsman took a woman friend of hers out to lunch. Knowing that his wife was not of a jealous disposition, he mentioned the matter to her when he came home.

To his surprise she became angry.

"But you sometimes go out to lunch with men who are our friends," protested the husband, "and I never object. What is the difference between the cases?"

"The difference?" snapped his wife, her Scottish thrift asserting itself, "the difference is in the bill. In one case you pay it; in the other I save it!"—London Opinion.

AMERICANS ATE COW FODDER

In a description of an Illinois canoe trip through the canals and rivers of northern France Mr. Melville Chater tells in the National Geographic Magazine some amusing experiences that he had with the people on the banks.

For five more days, he writes, we paddled along the hundred-kilometer stretch of canal that unfurls itself ribbon-like among the windmill-tufted slopes between Redon and Nantes.

We found that the countryside still remembered the passage of American troops in 1918 that they had eaten in the canal-boat given the children little packets of chewing gum, and had been strangely delighted to get a chance to eat cow fodder. The last detail was related to us by a farmer, who added:

"Most vigorous young men those, indeed! Wonderful teeth, wonderful stomachs! How they could ever digest that stuff was the wonder of the countryside." And he pointed to one of those fine fields of Indian corn, which in France is cultivated exclusively as food for cattle.

"Why, that's easy," we said, "all Americans eat that." And we duplicated the manner of preparing and eating an ear of corn.

Suddenly a light broke on the listener's face. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I understand! When one doesn't eat it ooh and ah like the cow. One just picks at it, as if it were an artichoke."

MIXING UP MATERIAL

"There's a good many queer things in this world," said Miss Jewders, meditatively, to her friend, Miss Barmer, "but the queerest of all is them. How did you ever take notice of that young man that spent the first part of August here, a friend of the Simpson family?"

"I did," said Miss Barmer, nodding vigorously. "Kind of foolish-appearin'z he was."

"Yes," said Miss Jewders, "but he knew how to eat, he was the heartiest boarder I ever had. But it's his trade that's so queer—he's a story-writer, and he's always looking for what he calls 'material.' He seemed to think everything and everybody here was material and I said to him outright one day, 'You may get into trouble if you like Bewdsley folks and put 'em right in a book, facts, failings and all.'

"But he laughed and said 'I would be all right the way he did it, and then he explained his method. 'I take the best men's traits and give 'em to old ladies,' he said, 'and if there's a naughty girl I turn her into a little boy, and any middle-aged folks I make into younger ones. Then I lay the scene in the United States, where I've never been,' he says, 'and set the time back fifty years, and there you are!' Now did you ever hear such talk as that in all your days? But they tell me his books sell just like hot cakes."

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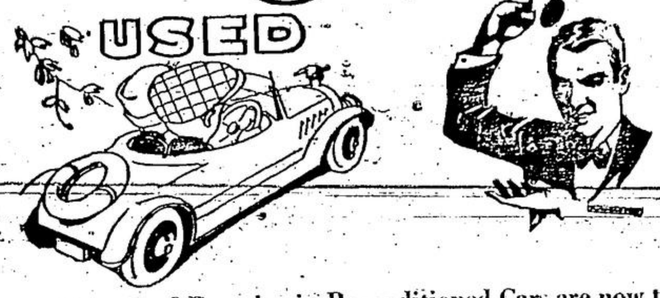

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