

## The Action Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1927

### ELIZABETH ANN'S IDEA

"Texas election day, and Elizabeth Ann, Lively, dimpled and four, Sat with her dolls and a few other Dolls on the sitting-room floor. Mother was going to market that day; As a treat to Elizabeth Ann, she took her along and stopped off to buy a very sensible plan.

Arrived at the booth where voting was done. And another applied herself To the task. "I'm going to vote," said Elizabeth Ann, "I sat on the end of the shelf."

"Good as gold!" she always was for "meathy" (I'd better say). Elizabeth Ann neither moved nor talked him out of the way.

The ballot, claimed by the man in charge, was placed in the big iron can. And the went on, and presently came A call from Elizabeth Ann.

"You must just love the man a lot," she said with a winking eye. Her mother looked at the baby girl Puzzled and in surprise.

Elizabeth Ann explained when asked, "As always a baby can: You need a whole lot of knees down. On the paper you gave the man." —A. H. Hutchinson.

### FIRST THINGS FIRST

Who hasn't noticed the advertisement of a mother with a child snuggled in her arms, while she reads to it? It's an example, the advertisement suggests, of "putting first things first."

And who among us, amidst the complexity of modern living, can be sure that she does it? It may seem impossible to us to make little time to get the freshly laundered laundry up before night. We'd like to, we say, but we're "busy" —or "too tired" —to get away and play a little while longer.

If this is our habitual mental attitude, then are we not putting "first things" ahead of such important measures as the child's confidence, affection, and character?

Some neighbors, remarking a little five-year-old, remarked "Yes, she needs care—sweet little thing—but her mother is always so very busy, how can she give it?"

"When does my mother have to do?" inquired a neighbor. "Two been Mary Betty playing around the neighborhood, she always looks well cared for, and she's well dressed."

"Yes, and her mother makes all of her clothes," said one neighbor.

"And they are beautifully embroidered and handwoven," explained another.

"She shampoos Mary Betty's hair every day," continued the first, "and makes her own, from visits to the hairdresser. Isn't she always dainty in her appearance?"

"Umm," said the newcomer, "I've noticed she changes her costume several times a day."

"You should see the admires of Mary Betty's mother," she said, "a lot of them herself. And then she is so dainty about the table. You know she eats all her luncheon sets, and uses changeware every time there is the tiniest spot!"

"Quite fastidious, isn't she?" answered the newcomer.

"Well, I hope Mary Betty up to have beautiful things, even if she doesn't have much time to spend with her. She works hard!"

"True," replied the newcomer, thoughtfully, remembering the really little she'd heard Mary Betty tell that day. "It is a question of relative values, isn't it?—care and ornamentation of the outside or of the inside which shall come first?"

### THEIR LOVE LETTERS

Lillian, in her romantic early teens, recently offered her services as "secretary" to Annie, who had had a bad fall down the cold stairs. The unfortunate Annie had a Michael in a railway job somewhere in the West, and the two exchanged faithfully a weekly letter. Since Annie's eyes were blackened and swollen, she was speechless, and she gladly accepted the offer. She said it had been only by getting such things down in black and white that Michael might think she was the spic-and-span girl, and she'd rather not. Did you ever, when they're actually engaged?

"I never did," said Cora, solemnly, "but then I suppose there's no harm in being shy if your girl is engaged. But Michael didn't he?"

"Michael," interrupted Lillian, "did not say a thing that wasn't about his job and his food. Most of his letter was descriptive, and he was telling the rat and the cat that the rat had to eat and how the cat kill a calf if you pealed it with the biscuits he had for breakfast."

Lillian, said Cora, "Well, even if Annie wasn't affectionate, she must have done better than that."

"She told Michael," sighed Lillian, "about her new umbrella's blowing inside out, and was telling the cat that the rat hit her, but prude to glory in the hole now had, and she was respectfully silent."

"She was what?"

"Respectfully his friend," meaning, Cora, that was her phrase."

"Oh Cora!"

A GLIMPSE OF THE TONGUE

Last winter writes a contributor, there occurred in southern California a very amusing case of lapsus linguae. Some 500,000 passengers service of a large downtown chain of bus lines recognized among his congregation well-known writer for the denominational pulpits who had recently arrived from the East. At the close of the service the pastor mentioned the presence of this brother and invited him to come forward and say a few words of greeting. This the writer was pleased to do, and he began to relate the thrilling tale of blizzard, snow weather and snow that he had encountered on his trip, to the great admiration of all.

But suddenly the phrase was completed and uttered in a shocking error, and then, red-faced and apologetic, he repeated the last sentence, substituting the well-known word, "sun-kissed."



gross strict personal honesty was a worthy one, for the old man's proverb: "Tidy up a chit in the day, and you'll not be sorry; but if you let it go, it will depart from it." This was then an impressive exhortation, as it should be.

AN ACTION OF LIFE

Johnnie's story is quite an incident of the early times, and again brings home the importance of honest, upright character and discipline of his youth, father, and associations of the old Laelian McDonald store on Main Street.

*The Old Man*

THE RIDE OF THE COLAR

One hundred years ago men's whist shirts had the collars attached.

One day it measured to a man living in a town on the eastern bank of the Hudson River, that the collar of a shirt he had purchased for him, the collars were made separate, a solid collar could then be replaced with a clean one. His wife, Mrs. Louisa McDonald, in Huron, offered to help him. When the collar was washed, she made a separate collar, which she then attached to the shirt by means of tape. Then she made collars that pinned the back of the neckband, and buttoned it front. They were so successful that she made others to sell to the neighbors.

The inventor of the separate collar enjoyed success, often giving presents to other families who were glad to increase their incomes. Not content with what he had done, he took a basketful of collars to Boston, where he found many ready-made collars. In Boston came New York, and other markets. Then buttoning at the back as well as the front was introduced; and during the next few years, during the making of manufactured collared shirts of linen and cotton stiffened with starch, buttonholes too were devised that did not tear readily.

During the organization of Troop 1 in producing collars and cuffs. Pattern blocks and knives were invented whereby pins of cotton or leather could be used in place of wire. The application of the knife instead of special design and of special size. Then machinery was invented for use in the various processes of cutting and stitching. The making of collars and cuffs and then shirts became the main business of the town.

Tradition and association led young men and young women into the profession, in which there developed specialized skill and training. Shirts are now made in every town and city in the United States, but Troy can claim nearly all the collars worn by men in other parts of the world.

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More

Shopping

Days Left

### SOAPING A GEYSER

The Minute Man geyser in Yoho Park doesn't like soap, but, if he did, he wouldn't care much, and he wanted to do out. Time, says Mr. Lester F. Prentiss, in "Down the Colchagua," was having trouble with the geyser, a fact that probably explains why he cooked up a piece of laundry soap in a five-gallon oil can and poured it into the crater.

Now, Mr. Prentiss had nothing to add, had nothing to say, but to say that he was thankful for . Discharged from the shower a short time before, he was still in the crater, and he had to wait for summer. It seems that Bigey and his wife had faith in the Minute Man, which had been the name for playing every sixty seconds. At first he had been afraid that he had lost it for half an hour, but he had found it again.

Within a few seconds the five gallons of soft soap had been heated to a temperature of 150 degrees, a scalding volume, and for a hundred yards to leeward it covered the ground in great white, fluffy, tridentine heaps. Nothing like ever seen like the spouting little Hebrews, who finally gave up.

To all intent and purpose, though, the outburst of the sparkling saponaceous

foam and aromatic whitening agent. But for an hour longer geyser and bubbles rattled in its throat. At last even that sound ceased, and deathlike silence fell upon the formation. It would be seen that the Minute Man would never spout again.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT

It is a secret known but to few that the secret of the conduct of life, that when you fail in your conversion, the first thing that you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. —Steeds

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its crafts by exciting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small abodes, than that abed slaves should burion in great houses.

The results of the annual meeting of the Industrial Association of Eye-strain, Defective Vision or Handicapped Eyesight will interest you. Opportunity of consulting the eye-sight specialist. Applications may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.

CONSULTATION FREE

Office Hours 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

### MENTAL SCIENCE

See some one Miss Lydia Quinn, Conditions for Sale. "Quinn's Quinny" Conglomerate, Bromide Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, Tuberculosis, Success or Money returned. Balsam Drug Store.

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### J. Cadesky

OF TORONTO  
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST  
WILL BE AT A. T. BROWN'S  
DRUG STORE ACTON

Monday, Jan. 9

Anyone suffering from Eye-strain, Defective Vision or Handicapped Eyesight will interest you. Opportunity of consulting the eye-sight specialist. Applications may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.

CONSULTATION FREE

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### BACKWOOD DAYS

I often think on backwood days, scrapping o'er meat and scamp o'er

WT without but twatless meat or matto

To fill the wine, And hard it was the funds to raise

To get the song,

Nae hame then we staved to warm,

But open shanties, like hounds,

While round the fire they did a' warm

Like hiving bees;

The auld folk, whiles would spin a

yarn.

The hairs to please,

They could na knit at night, nor spin,

The sun was scarce, the light was

dim.

To pass the time,

Unto the shanty wad the ring

WT canting rhyme

So durin' morn we were near,

Where the then wheat and corn

could send.

They tried at aches, to leevle the end,

With a' the aches we were

Then the aches were

WT the hooch.

On, neibours! they were neibours

then. Though say in borrow, free to lend,

Wend an' another's wants did seek,

In turns their hats and linings send.

To plant the seed,

But meid were jonest in those days:

Their actions spoke their loudest

praise.

They scorned a mean deceitful ways,

To gain their ends.

Not money would they beg or case,

To gain their ends.

Those plumpers o' whom I write,

Their forms are bent their heads are

white.

And others gone to market bright

Beyond the sky.

Where all, I hope, will reurne

With them on high.

With them on high.