The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1928

THE MAGIC OF A MANSION

Midway between the gates of Birth and Death,
Half-shadowed by Oblivion's border-wood,
Along a highway, hard with pilgrim feet,
A house, untenanted and empty stood.

Wealth, gilded, came, with serf and prancing steed,
To dwell therein; and gold and precious stone
Glittered from rafter unto architrave,—
But Wealth was cold, and lived her days alone.

Then Beauty knocked, and, entering with a smile,
Was given welcome and a stately room;
But never sister called on Beauty there,
And all her radiance faded in the gloom.

Power breached a wall, and locked himself behind
His sleepless guards and bars of tested steel;—
Beyond the help of friend, the wrath of foe,
He perished in his caution and his zeal.

The house grew old. Fame climbed an ivied wall,
And burned his deeds above the creaky door;—
But all men read the words of cold neglect,
And sought for Fame in that house nevermore.

Then Love, pursued by her own fear, one night
Took refuge in the mansion lone and drear,
A fire she kindled on the hearth—Behold!
A group of fellow fugitives drew near!

They warmed themselves before the blazing fire;
They thought of things for years in dungeons hid;
They found the bones of Wealth and Power and Pride,
And smiled about the foolish deeds they did.

Glad voices rang in many a startled room
Where silence dreamed her dusty dreams for years,
And laughter rattled many a shaky pane
Time's housekeeper had washed with misty tears.

And nevermore men pass that cheery house—
The young that ramble and the old that tire—
Without a cup of comfort in its shade,
A moment's chat and rest before the fire!

—Aloysius Coll.

THE ACME OF LIFE

There are many differences between youth and age; but the chief is that, as far as this world is concerned, youth looks forward and age looks back.

Up to a certain period, varying greatly with the individual, hope is the main tissue of our lives. We are always making of wealth, plans of achievement, plans of benefit to others. Sometimes all our thought centres on one great project, ample in its details, rich in its development, fit to crown a life with glory, if we carry it to success. Sometimes our ambition is less, or our imagination more limited, and we are content with a succession of briefer efforts, each absorbing us for the moment and then giving place to something else.

Fortunate the few who can go on thus hoping and achieving to the end, who can turn from one success to another with inexhaustible buoyancy, never having the leisure to regret! To such persons life never seems long, or empty, or unprofitable.

With many of us—with most of us—is it not so. We may be busy enough, many live hurridely from morning until night. Yet somehow there comes a time—we hardly know when it comes—when we find we are looking, not forward, but back.

Perhaps the one great aim of our lives has failed—or succeeded, which is sometimes worse. Perhaps we are more occupied than ever with little efforts; but they seem little, not so much worth while or so absorbing.

One of the most characteristic marks of that change is the pleasure we take in doing things, seeing people, visiting places, not because they are significant in themselves, but because we have done the things, seen the people, visited the places long ago. The young, with whom we sometimes try to share this interest, simply do not comprehend it.

The best cure for that malady of age, if it be a malady, is to fill our lives as full as possible with interests that cannot grow old. Worldly pleasures and ambitions will fail and pall, but the charm of nature, the inexhaustible delight of thought, the endless resource of seeking others' happiness, stick to us as long as we stick to them. Only, those things cannot be taken up at a moment's notice, when more unworthy things have fallen away.

FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER

To see ourselves as others see us is acknowledged to be a salutary, even although sometimes unpalatable, experience. It is marvellously conducive to reflection and has been known to produce results pleasing to those about us. To see others as they see themselves—to catch a glimpse of their point of view, to realize, even dimly, their burdens and responsibilities—is no less essential to deep and wise sympathy.

Both these experiences came to certain guests at a girls' banquet in one of our cities not long ago. The banquet was given by a number of clubs the majority of whose members were bundle wrappers and younger salesgirls in several large stores. Scarcely a girl was twenty years old; a number were hardly more than twelve; the majority were sixteen or seventeen.

One thing was noticeable at once: their loyalty to their own establishments.

"We've got to do everything right," one little bundle wrapper said to another, "to show that our store's the best."

"If you get it at Palmer's it is a bargain!" a girl declared at the end of her toast.

Best of all was the conclusion of a little cashier. "If you girls (the salesgirls) would only make your figures plainer, then the customer would get her change sooner, and more people would be attracted to our store."

The chief trial of which these young workers complained was the "store tramp." Many were the sarcasms aimed at her. "The woman who makes you take down lots of boxes and then is 'only looking, thank you'; the one who is ashamed to ask for a cheap grade of goods, although she cannot afford to buy any other; the one who inquires the price of goods that are plainly labelled; the one who, after endless inquiries, decides that she will go home and ask her husband"—all these were drawn in vivid and often amusing lines.

On the other hand, the young clerks showed a clear sense of their own responsibility.

"If a lady comes into the millinery department and wants a hat, it's up to me to sell her one," a girl said. "It's hard work to sell a hat; and besides, I have to try to sell her a becoming one."

One who listened to those bits of experience—not one with a note of complaint in it—and realized the youth of the workers—their long hours, and in many cases their large responsibility—could hardly fail to resolve, anew, even if she had already resolved it before, to bring to the shopping days all the consideration, honesty and sympathy that should make her transactions a pleasure, not a hardship, to the girl on the other side of the counter.

Why is the story of "Doctor Doolittle" like a breakfast food?

Because it is a serial (cereal).

FAMILY PORTRAITS

Sometimes (he does not know) I watch
him stand,
Small, sturdy legs apart, fair head
a-tilt,
His grave, blue eyes intent on them; one
hand
Deep in a tiny pocket; and a lilt
Of new learned whistle-tunes upon his
round,
Pursed mouth. And they, who from
the pale
Walls flower, gilt-framed, answer, without sound
His silent question and unconscious
hail.

I think they know, and welcome him.
They sense
Their dry dust stir again to see him
there,
Blood of their blood, sufficient recompense
For years—and silence. And they are
aware
Of how in him, their immortality
Is promised; how no clod of earth may
dim
Their battle challenge; how the golden
key
To their deep stores of wisdom is with
him.

For he is theirs! The tinted, childish
face,
The yet unblossomed flower of their
seed,
His spirit is the slim sword of their race
Sheathed in a lovely scabbard; and
they need
Of long, aspiring progress lives in him,
As once in them, and so each from
his frame
With years a little clouded, dusty-dim,
Hails one small man-child, trust with
their name.

—Faith Baldwin.

SPRINGTIME DOINGS HALF A CENTURY AGO

In looking over a Park Paper file of fifty years ago, I became so interested in the events of those days that I concluded that the readers of this column would also find the items of Eastertide, 1878, quite interesting, too. I have, therefore, gleaned the following:

James A. Murray has quit clerking in Postmaster Matthews' store.

Mr. James McGuire, shingle sawyer, has purchased the late John Mavey's interest in the California House for $840.

A number of farmers intend moving to Manitoba within a few weeks.

Mrs. Samuel Speight is moving in her country residence for the summer.

The members of Acton Checker Club are practicing nearly every evening. They are the champions of the county.

The merchants of Acton are considering the formation of an organization whose members will undertake to refuse to continue the credit system.

Mrs. Robert Swan will give Acton Brass Band a social next Friday evening and hopes citizens generally will attend.

Last Friday two foreigners with performing bears paraded our streets. The bears amused the young folks by their tricks, and their owners carried off a good collection.

Mr. James Ryder, whose blacksmith and carriage works were recently destroyed by fire, has already erected a temporary shop, and has fitted up the barn nearby for a wood-working shop.

Peter S. Armstrong gives notice that he will not hereafter deliver milk, but will sell it for five cents per quart at his residence. Buttermilk, two cents.

At the regular meeting of Acton Division Sons of Temperance, the following officers were elected for the quarter.

W. P.—Bro. Hugh Cameron.
W. A.—T. Albert Moore.
R. S.—Fred H. Ross.
A. R. S.—Miss Clara Speight.
F. S.—Miss Hattie Speight.
Treas.—Benjamin Nicklin.
Chaplain—Rev. R. B. Cook.
Con.—Robert Warren, Jr.
Asst. Con.—Miss Annie Waldie.
J. S.—Dennis Kelly.
O. S.—Alexander Waldie.
Rep. to Dist. Con.—Oliver Lozier.

William Waldie's sale of thoroughbred stock last Friday brought good prices: Cow, "Rock Rose," to C. S. Smith, for $170; "Red Rose," to S. Smith, $89; "Duchess of Kent," to P. W. Stone, of Guelph, $65; "Lady Mar," to Mr. Wilson, Trafalgar, $67; "Duke of Kent," to Alex. Stewart, Eramosa, $150; "Young Audley," to Alex. Lasby, $35.

At a large meeting of citizens, met to discuss the request of Mr. George L. Beardmore for a bonus of $2,000 in consideration of his continuing to operate his tannery here with twenty to thirty hands, the proposal was not favorably considered. Mr. Z. A. Hall, bookkeeper, showed that Mr. Beardmore was now paying $95 per week for wages. Major Allan said he did not think there was much danger of Mr. Beardmore leaving Acton when he had so much money invested in the tannery. Speeches were made by John Speight, Henry Smith, David Henderson, John Coates, James Goodall, Isaac Francis, P. S. Armstrong, Edward Nicklin, Rev. R. B. Cook and John Kennedy. A vote to the effect that it would be unfair to other local manufacturers to give a bonus of $2,000 to Mr. Beardmore, was carried by 37 for to 1 against.

There the above items will give you a good idea of the local news which was interesting the people of Acton and vicinity half a century ago. If you like it I'll give you another chapter some time later.

The Old Man

PRIMA DONNA AND CLERGYMAN

In the "Life of Karl von Gerok," a man distinguished as a poet and as a minister of the gospel, an incident is given which illustrates not only his kindly spirit but his quick wit.

He was one day walking in Stuttgart, carrying an umbrella. At the same time the prima donna of the Stuttagart opera troupe was tripping along the sidewalk, without that protection against the weather. Suddenly rain began to fall, and Herr von Gerok offered the lady the shelter of his umbrella. Though entire strangers to each other, they had a pleasant chat. After a while the reverend gentleman remarked:

"May I venture to ask your name?"

"It is plain to see that you never go to the opera," answered the lady, "everybody knows that I am the leading singer at the Court Theatre. Now it is my turn to ask to whom I am indebted for the protection of an umbrella."

"Your question clearly proves that you never go to church," was the reply, "for all religious people know that I am the chief pastor in this town."

Letters to the Editor

THE ENGLAND OF TO-DAY FROM AN OUTSIDE VIEWPOINT

Bristol, England,
March 14, 1928.

To the Editor of
THE ACTON FREE PRESS:

I said in my last letter that England was sentimental, reverend, and polite. There is to the visitor brought up to do what can be done to-day rather, than put it off till to-morrow, another characteristic that seems quite as applicable if not as creditable to the people and customs here, and this I think can be best described by the word "slow." All around one sees evidence of this honor or finality and innovation. It is as glaringly in the English banking system; great clumsy books of both credit and debit instead of one ordinary simple pass book like ours are handed out to the customer. No draft is issued for less than twenty-five dollars, and the depositor of a draft on our best banks in Canada, not only has to stamp it over again, but has to wait for this, and even for unquestionable American or Canadian bank bills, to be what the banker receiving them calls "sold" in London, before any credit is given for them. The tram car service of some of England's great cities is another instance of this dilatoriness; I have frequently seen cars here held up for five minutes and more for others to pass, because the double track line has to change to a single one going round a curve, a backward system of municipal engineering that we would not stand for. Their building operations here, too, seem to drag along interminably, owing to the obsolete methods employed. One horse carts bring the bricks and other material for great buildings, and these are unloaded in a way that carries the up-to-date passerby back to what he has read of about Georgian or early Victorian customs and movements. The assize judges still take down the evidence in longhand, thus prolonging the sittings at great delay and expense to the litigants and their counsels. English plumbing is deplorably backward and the daily papers are full of accidents by burns and explosions in bathrooms, the "Geyser" system used generally here recalling the crudities of our eighteenth century forefathers. And these few instances that I have quoted could easily be added to to emphasize the assertion that this old land is in many ways still living in the dreamy past. But there are some outstanding exceptions to England's apparent colonial slowness, for instance, going through some of her mammoth industries, such as Wills' cigarette factory, I felt myself transported across the Atlantic and astonished at the speed, good order and efficiency displayed. She brings her major criminals to justice much more expeditiously than they do in America, and her underground system of passenger traffic in London, in perfect equipment and speed, is unsurpassed anywhere.

The old idea that free trade England is a cheap country to live in must now be thrown into the discard. Food and other necessaries are dearer all round than they are with us, and bad as we have it, taxation on everything, including income and land, is far heavier here. A license to run the cheapest motor car, corresponding with our Ford, costs sixty dollars per annum. A decent cigar cannot be bought here for less than a shilling, and the workingman's beer costs eight cents and over per small glass. Telegrams, formerly much used in the place of letters and that cost sixpence, have now been doubled, postage to London is the same as to Canada and the United States, picture postcards that cost a cent in Canada and the United States cost four times that much here, and the postage is no less than that on letters. Railway fares have doubled since the war, and I am told that it takes all the profits to pay for the labor of running the trains.

Despite the efforts of our very efficient Trade Commissioners, the Canadian, pleased to see the different products of his own country in evidence in large consuming centres like this, is at first disappointed and inclined to be inquisitorial at seeing so few Canadian imports and so many from other parts of the world. At Avonmouth, the barley from Morocco and the corn and wheat from the Argentine, seemed much more abundant than our grain. American and Tasmanian apples are more in evidence than the Canadian article. Danish and Swedish bacon now fill our former market here. As do apparently New Zealand's butter and cheese. In most of these cases the reason is at once seen. Our rivals in that commodity pack their apples with more care than we do. The Scandanavians take greater pains over the breeding, slaughtering and curing of their hogs, and are only a comparatively few miles away in distance. The United States are now taking our hogs at a better profit to us than what the Danes and Swedes are content to receive from England. Our southern neighbors are also taking our cream, thus leaving little butter with us for export anywhere. New Zealand, having Great Britain as her only market has, by a long and aggressive cultivation of it, managed to get her butter and cheese in here with a sufficient margin of profit and at a less cost to the consumer than we can do. I was glad however, amid all this discouragement to find a striking exception to England's seeming lack of appreciation of Canadian products. Bristol's very energetic Canadian trade commissioner has succeeded in introducing a British Columbia cigar here that sells at an equivalent to ten cents, seems quite as good as the higher priced ones, and if the Canadian price can be kept as it is, it should soon be very popular in the English smoking market. When one reads as we did lately of a great British tobacco trust making an annual profit of ten million pounds, one does not wonder at the high price of the home article, and feels that there is ample room for this new Canadian venture.

It is admitted on all hands that agriculture in England is in a bad way, and that there is to-day no profit in it. Farmers here are calling out for protection, as they vainly did nearly a century ago. While the Conservatives are professing sympathy for the tillers of the soil under the guise of such terms as "the safeguarding of industries" are introducing the thin end of the protective wedge for these as well as for some of the depressed manufacturers, the other two parties are protesting vehemently against any duties that will increase the price of food, fourth-fifths of which they tell us has here to be imported.

I have already touched briefly on beer and the breweries. During war time the English public houses were closed practically all day and only allowed to open for 3 hours around noon and 4 hours at night. These restricted hours are still observed and no one, except of course the extremists on both sides, seems to desire any change. Drunkenness, if it exists at all, is not apparent, and the law is well and closely observed.

The visitor here is at once struck by the great difference in the contents of Canadian and English newspapers. In giving prominence to sensational news I think they are now both on a par, but outside of this their leading matter is quite divergent. Here sport is given far more prominence than with us, leading editorials are as frequent on cricket, fox hunting, and on football, as on grave national or religious issues, or on trade or commerce; every wedding reported gives a list of the guests and the presents; every funeral a list of the attendants and the floral offerings, with a free advertisement at the end for the undertaker. The Prayer Book question has, of course, been occupying an immense amount of space in the newspapers here recently. The extraordinary, and to many people lamentable, feature of the present situation is that its solution is left to entire strangers to the issue. Such is one of the anomalies of a State Church, that to Members of Parliament vital spiritual questions are given to decide upon, that many of them have never heard of before, are not interested in at all, and know nothing about.

Education in England now occupies a sort of hybrid position, partly associated with the State Church and partly free. This situation is peculiar, created as it is by the ancient connection of all educational institutions, high and elementary, with religion and the heavy endowments of many of these by pious benefactors, who attached continuous religious obligations to their gifts. So that, to put the situation briefly and succinctly, while all modern educational bodies, like Bristol University itself, are unattached, the older ones are still controlled more or less by the Established Church. But the subject is too large a one to more than briefly touch upon now. At the Bristol University, however, I was glad to see a Canadian, Mr. T. H. MacInnes, installed as one of the chief lecturers in history. Although totally blind, this graduate of Dalhousie, but of an original Ontario family, is highly regarded in this branch of higher education in Bristol.

Not only are the two branches of the legal profession in England entirely separate, but the position and dignity of a King's Counsel is on a much higher plane than with us. Where a barrister here "takes silk" he at once, with rare exceptions, moves to London, and none of these eminent gentlemen are to be found in the outlying centres. The difference, of course, arises from the fact that here the distinction is conferred on real professional merit alone, while with us it is largely a question of social or political influence. It is well known that ninety per cent. or more of the business of many of our K. C.'s is solicitor's business only and that these are rarely or never seen pleading cases in court. So that one can realize why, when in a recent case with us, a prominent Toronto lawyer being offered it refused "silk." His business was largely in his office, he was an Englishman who appreciated the difference, and knew that although it should be observed, this difference did not exist in Canada.

There has been a lively discussion in the papers here recently over great men, past and present, and to-day's statesmen have been compared unfavorably to Gladstone and Disraeli. The Archbishop of Canterbury has lately stated that Britain's present leaders in the varied walks of life do not measure up to her former ones. Others contend that this only seems to be the case because the far vaster issues and responsibilities of to-day are dimming the human actors in them. The question and its solution is, of course, one that applies to ourselves as well as to the old land.

Just a word about very recent political events. I said in my last letter that Socialism seemed to be gaining the upper hand here, but the political pendulum seems to have turned a bit since I wrote. The more recent bye-elections have favored the Liberals; not only have they held their own seats, but have gained two from the Government. In one of these, Lancaster, Lord Ashton, of linoleum fame, a creation of Gladstone's, undertook to influence a large portion of the Liberal vote for the Unionist. He found, however, that he could not deliver the goods, and the Peer's interference was resented by the Liberal and the independent voters.

Let me say something in conclusion about Bristol and its neighborhood, where I have just spent the winter. The city itself is built on and among many high hills, and is surrounded by picturesque and historical associations. Driving along the cliffs above the Avon and over the Bristol Suspension Bridge, reminds one very much of our own Niagara Gorge. The beautiful Valley of the Wye, stretching up away into North Wales, is not far off, in which is the famous Tintern Abbey, built in the 12th, demolished in the 16th century, and so attractive to Wordsworth three hundred years afterwards. Many good judges select this as part of England. Monmouthshire, through which this stream runs, is claimed by both England and Wales, although I found that the natives objected to being called Welshmen. Across the Wye is the ancient Forest of Dean, so long associated with and represented by the talented but at one time notorious Sir Charles Dilke. The old city of Gloucester is only thirty-four miles from Bristol, at the head of the Channel and at the mouth of the Severn River. In the opposite direction, and quite close at hand, are Wells, with its noble Cathedral, and Bath, wonderful watering place, and the home a century ago, of that great leader in fashion, Beau Nash. Cheddar is near here, too, associated by us with its cheese, but here coupled more with its famous caves. Here, too, is Blagdon, where one sees the great Cleft Rock, from which Augustus Toplady drew the inspiration for his immortal hymn.

Had I space, volumes instead of merely passing reference could be devoted to all these interesting scenes and places, and many more with which Bristol is surrounded. Nearly approaching Toronto in size, and the seventh city in population in the Kingdom, Bristol and all these interesting surroundings that I have touched on are, as I write, clothed in a mantle of snow, so that the Canadian who pictures England as breaking out into bloom just about now is, for this year at least, very far out in his calculation.

T. D. J. FARMER.

THE CLEVER KOREANS

Our fuel resources are still so ample that we find it hard to conceive of a country so poorly supplied with fuel as Korea is. According to an article in the Journal of School Geography, the land bears very little timber, and although good deposits of bituminous and anthracite coal have been found, the government, before the Japanese occupation at least, would give no concessions for mining. The natives dig the surface coal out in a crude way, and let the debris and rain water fill up the shafts. Accordingly, the coal, when they finally get it, is usually well rotted from dampness. This poor stuff is sold for as much as nine dollars a ton—a price that makes it inaccessible for the majority of the natives.

Korean ingenuity, however, has found a means of combatting these unfavorable conditions. When a Korean starts to build his house he first lays down a system of flues where the floor is to be. These flues begin at a fire place, usually built in an outer shed or in a closed alleyway connected with the house. From the fireplace the flues branch out like the ribs of a fan, and end in a trench, in turn, opens into a chimney, usually built at some distance from the house. When the flues are completed the builder carefully covers them over with flagstones; he then cements the whole floor, and covers it with a sort of thick oiled paper for which Korea is famous. The rest of the house is then built round the completed floor.

The heating system works in this way: when it is time to cook the rice for the morning meal, the housewife lights a little straw or brushwood in the fireplace in the outershed. While the rice is cooking, the heat from the fireplace passes through the flues, heating the stone flags of the floor and diffusing a pleasant warmth that lasts until it is time to prepare the next meal. Two heatings a day generaly suffice to keep the floor warm. On the floor the people sit by day and sleep by night. The heavy oiled paper that covers the floor prevents any smoke from entering the room. Since the occupants always leave their shoes at the door, the paper wears a long time and gradually takes on a rich brown color. So here the Koreans sit through the severe winter in their snug little houses; there is no smoke to bother them and no ashes to litter up the house, and all this comfort is brought about by a few handfuls of straw or brushwood.

"Say Dad"

THE TRUE VALUE OF FAME

Say, Dad, did you ever long to be famous?"

"Famous for what, Dick?"

"Oh, for anything,—so that the papers would praise you, and the people cheer you and put up statues of you, and all that."

"Oh, my, yes! And I took pleasure in picturing myself being interviewed by eager reporters, after some great and brave deed, and modestly disclaiming any desire for the plaudits of the crowd, because I did no more than my simple duty! '"

"What did you think of doing, that would be so great?"

"Well, rescuing large families from the top stories of burning buildings; refusing to leave my ship till the ocean reached my ears; capturing at least a battalion of enemy, single-handed; quelling riots by my fiery eloquence and the fearless flash of my eagle eye!"

"Say, Dad, when was all this—lately?"

"Not so very. I must have been about your age."

"Now you're teasing! I mean when—well, when you were a young man."

"By that time while secretly wishing to be a hero, my immediate longings were more concerned with earning enough money to buy a home for your mother and me. And I'd come to realize that that humble undertaking might require greater heroism than facing fire, flood and shot."

"By this time I suppose you don't have even a secret wish to be famous, do you, as my reader calls 'em."

"You needn't mention the fact to your mother—though ten to one she knows it!—but the thought of leading forlorn hopes is just as daunting to me as it ever was. Many a man has large wreaths laid annually upon his grave, who never did anything half as difficult or nerve-racking as filling out an income-tax report, and sending in the improverishing check. But holding the hungry lion by the tail while the school children escape is much more delightful—to think of, anyway."

"But experience with the ways of this old world, Dick, and acquaintance with its inhabitants, will weaken your desire for the 'plaudit' part. You'll and pray to be brave, strong, alert, self-sacrificing, so that if the great moment does come in your life, you will do your great deed without shirking, but do not set great store upon the cheers of the mob, which is of all created things the most fickle. Those who throw roses to-day, will be ready with rocks to-morrow. Dream of splendid service all the days of your life. Jump in 'where angels fear to tread.' But do it to help your fellow-creatures, to elevate your soul, and to serve God.

"When you come to think of it, being labelled A Hero proves nothing, anyway,—except that you happened to be noticed by the public. It's more or less of an example of what advertising may do. For instance, your schoolhouse takes fire. You and Jimmy like the good scouts you are, help the girls and the smaller children into safety. One whom Jimmy carries out chances to be the child of Mayor Whoxis, and Jimmy's picture goes into the newspapers and on the screens as 'The Schoolboy Hero!' You, who were fully as brave and helpful, go unsung—for opportunity wasn't there to give you publicity."

"Then I suppose, Dad, not half the real heroes are ever heard of, are they?"

"How can they be? Do you suppose one-hundredth of the heroic deeds in the last war, or one-thousandth, were seen and reported and acclaimed? Those that happened so as to be brought to public notice brought cheers to their doers. And real heroes are not apt to advertise themselves, Dick."

"One thing I've never understood, Dad, is why a soldier is any more of a hero because he got killed. I mean than the men around him—only he drops and the others don't. They talk about Will Lorton's having made the 'supreme sacrifice.' I can't see that he meant to give any more for the flag than his brother Fred did, who came home again. Both offered their lives, and one was taken."

"You are right, Dick. That's the way God must see it. So now you understand why fame so often depends upon circumstances, and is a poor prize to strive for. Do your best for the sake of the doing, and be content."

What is the difference between an angler and a dunce?

One baits his hooks and the other hates his books.

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR AILING CHILDREN

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS, EASILY TAKEN, QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY CLEANSE EVEN THE MOST DELICATE SYSTEM. AS SWEET AS SUGAR

Drink Hot Water To End Indigestion

INSTANT RELIEF

Thousands of unfortunate people suffer almost daily from stomach acidity, gas, sourness and indigestion after eating. If they would start the agreeable practice of taking a glass of hot water containing a teaspoonful or four tablets of pure Bisurated Magnesia, they would soon find their stomach so strengthened and improved that they could eat the richest and most satisfying meals without the least symptom of indigestion.

Nearly all digestive troubles are caused by an excess of acid and an insufficient blood supply in the stomach. Food ferments and sours before digestion can take place. A glass of hot water draws the blood to the stomach and Bisurated Magnesia neutralizes the stomach acids and keeps the stomach strong, sweet and healthy and promotes normal painless digestion. Bisurated Magnesia is not a laxative, is harmless, easy and pleasant to take, and can be obtained from any well stocked druggist in either powder or tablet form. Try this to-day, and enjoy your meals in peace.

A SUCCESSFUL LECTURE

All lecturers like to have their efforts appreciated, and some want all the world to realize how great was the satisfaction of their audience. The American tells of an instance where this inclination showed the lecturer in an amusing light:

Brown.—I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?

James (a novice).—All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is.

Brown.—Oh, just put in "Great applause," and let it go.

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading:

"Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer." (Great applause.)

What is the best thing to do with stamps that won't stick?

Give them a good licking.

A ROUND TRIP

Many a teacher has found himself repeating year after year some favorite story without considering the logic of it until called to halt by a small boy listener. So it was with Mr. Frisbie when he told his pupils this year as usual of a certain Roman athlete who every morning swam the Tiber three times.

As the detail of the achievement burst upon him, little Willie Barnes nudged his next neighbor and snickered audibly. The professor undertook to rebuke him.

"Willie," said he, "you seem to see something very humorous in this. Will you explain to the class what it is? Do you doubt that he could swim the river three times.

"No, sir, I didn't that!" gasped little Willie. "But I was wondering why he didn't make it four times, so as to get back to the side where his clothes were."

IT MOVED

M. Thonar, during his explorations in South America, had occasion to apprehend an attack from hostile Indians. He kept his men on the watch for six days, though they were worn out with fatigue.

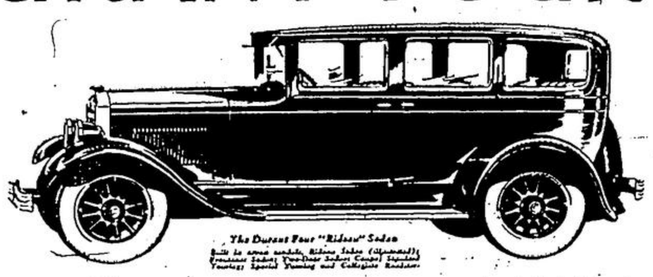
"Once a sentinel slept leaning on his gun," he writes. "I woke him and warned him that one of the least dangers of such a sleep was that a Toba spy would fall on him and kill him with his own gun."

"While he talked I noticed that a little tree which I had noticed earlier, now occupied a different position. I fixed my attention on it, and saw that it moved almost imperceptibly. I had seen such a phenomenon before. The sentinel and I pretended to sleep; the tree continued to approach. Suddenly I raised my gun and fired.

"We rushed forward. There lay a Toba wounded in the leg, and grasping the branch with which he had disguised himself as a tree."

"Establishing a New Standard in Automobiles"

THE NEW DURANT FOUR



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Fours and Sixes
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The improved Red Seal Continental Motor will surprise you. You will unconsciously compare its power and speed with that of six cylinder performance. The long wheelbase, the greater flexibility of the motor and the Bendix 4-wheel brakes give you that satisfaction usually associated only with more expensive cars.

Convince yourself that there is no four cylinder car on the market that looks better, rides easier or offers more value per dollar than the new Durant Four . . . Ride in it . . . Drive it . . . Yourself!

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By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

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That experience has shown successful merchants that by truthful advertising they acquire both prestige and new business.

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