

The Arian Free Press THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1928

ENTHUSIASM

Vim, vitality, vigor and punch, And the nerve to tackle the hardest

Sand and grit in a concrete base, A friendly smile on an honeat face, The spirit that helps when another's

Bhat's enthusiasm!

That loves its neighbors, and loves its That's cuthuslasmi To pay that I will, for you know you can,

To look for the best in every man, To meet each thundering knock-out blow, And come back with a laugh, because you You'll get, the best of the whole blamed

"Say Dad"

TAKING THE WOULD AS IT IS



"Mr. Jones was telling Mr. Smith that the engine wasn't worth two cents. Then Mr. Smith said, 'Well, old man, you've ain't nearly so elegant as 'mother,' Ma bought it as is, you know!"

"He meant that the car had been sold without any guarantee. The auc-'Now, people, here's a car worth your and then make your bids. - While I'm body's going to get a bargain. Who makes the first bid?"

tning a car-he hopes you'll take it on his say-so. In this case, Mr. Jones the car, that even with a new engine thing in life as is-we have to take faith. It isn't until we've tried it out that we know much about it. One of the first things we take on

faith is this world." "I don't quite get that, Dad." live here a long while, and examine "Oh, not so stiff, Edny-er-Dorine life on the old globe pretty carefully, Smooth, like this-Prancestabel. See?" beginning, we think the world is filled abruptly. "Well, maybe. But I'm hungry. rock us to sleep and provide us with toys and lollypops. After a time, we tively attituted Pannie Bell bounced upare disappointed to discover that we've ward and cried "Oh, yes, let's." been born also into a world of tummy- Edny, it would appear, unlike Ma

bully us, and 'Keep Off the Grass' algas feel that in some hidden way Pannie never seen Ma Weinert looking quite most everywhere. What can we do about Hell was to blame. The two girls burst so unlike herself; she was clad in severe

-food, clothing, shelter and happy work, "Ma, stop! Listen! It's cooking! to say the least. Among these are many the seventh grade!" with handleaps like weak bodies, dull only common-sense to see that the earth | "Oh! was meant to support folks who would nice? How d'do Pannie Rell: how are be glad to do their share of life's work, you to-day?"

the jungle, where his strength might enable him to grab what he liked re-

a builder, has learned that"

couch and growl at the sight of them. be made festive wilt decorations, but Then she must have said to hersalf, 'It's with Edny food and the cooking of it was taste just fine. Curdin' don't affect the where we dog have to wear the things.

The Free Press' Short Story

THE WEINERTS DINE AT HOME

BY EDITH M. LEAVELI

science ordeal. Yet in her heart | ed vas-" she knew she was not entirely fair to Edny's chum. The truth is that Mu had never been able to warm to Pannie Bell an abe had to Claudle's friend-Chuas Maguire. Chuck was the cratwhile wanderer who since his advent in Centerthe Weinert family that Ma often wondered uncomfortably whether she did not For one thing Pannie Bell and Edny had known each other always; on that account the sudden, ardent and almost violent affection that the two girls conceived for each other in their fourteenth year was a little disconcerting. Ma's chief difficulty, however, was that Pan-

nie Bell gave her "the fidgita." "I never feel sure," Ma had confided to her next door neighbor, Mrs. Casey, "that if that child's in the house she ain't going to peck into something like she did today, liftin' the lid to my kettle and pipin' up, 'Oh, you put pork don't. She says it tastes so coarse."

Mrs. Casey pursed her lips primly.

"Mis' Watson comes from very nice reply, Ma had sighed. "I know. I

"In there without a fire!" Ma had to comi-"

A fow minutes later, swathed in a quilt on the floor of Edny's cold room, Pannie Bell was ready to talk. On that particular day her discourse was hardly adequate to the dirgulike accompaniment

"Let's!" Edny interrupted her. And in spite of Ma's instinctive horror of

Why do you call your mother 'Ma?' It say 'mother' to mine. Names have such an effect on me. I've noticed it lately. just can't bear to hear you always saying 'Claudie,' for instance. You really ought to say 'Claude.' That's a beauti-

difference. You ought to call anybody by the name that sounds the-the-O Edny, listen! Let's not call each other by our every-day names any more. Let's

-your middle name is Dora, aint-isn't Pannie Bell's eyes opened wide "Hate stylish set for four." Edna Dorine, Edna Dorine, Isn't listent I'll call you that all the time. and you call me by mine. Not Fannie

Bell, but Francis Isabel." Edny stared, "The hull thing?" "Whole thing, Edna-Dorine, I wisht you wouldn't say hull. Words affect me so. Well, will you?"

"Goodness, it's so long! Fran-ces Isa-Incredible as it may seem, the sensi-

thrill with news. Por once Edny was the more vocal. "Ma," she cried, "they're going to put domestic science in the

It's full courses in the high school, but in the seventh grade it's elementary

And I can, can't I, Ma? And have a

est was far more fundamental than Pan-

"It's funny," Ma remarked across the They tasted their soup in grave atlence to I may a well be pleasant about it. kitchen fence to Mrs. Casey. "Bhe acts The guest all struggled against re- hooks? Because she has an Now she fetches them me's I'll take her as much taken up with it as Pannie Bell straint. As a rule when he are at of them! Well, here goes for that does with her, notions. Worries mr. Claudle's home Chuck was the life of What would a pig do who wished

A . WEINERT always felt that a sudden she'll out with, 'It's too many | conversation, found it empty of anything more'n a couple o' month's later'n she Pannie Hell was in some way Ma." Too many to once. I'll say "Too except concern for the "little woman." responsible for the domestic many what?" 'Why, too many carbolat-

> and sweet potatoes and corn maybe. "Company! Humph! Ain't she sup-Bays it ain't a balanced meal. Well, posed to be cook as much as I am?" then her Pa,-you know he wouldn't scold Edny for anything on earth,-he'll come to me private and worry me not to change our ways and grumble about how, if they're teachin' 'em at school slaw she'll want to have a lot of mixedup stuff and call it a salad and eat it

after we've got through with supper--"

"I know," repeated Mrs. Casey. land o' love, my head buzzest Lately Ma slipped away from the table. though," Ma sighed hopefully, "I believe After another period of distress to like as not she'll manage to burn her-

your daughter, in order to learn selfreliance and to emphasize the principles object if Edny and I go to Edny's room of cooking, to prepare and serve one meal entirely alone." After consideration the Weinerts rather welcomed the teacher's suggestion. For

once they would rise to the occasion with

"As if," Ma objected, "it was me that's Saturday was the day chosen for Edny's undertaking. On Priday evening Pannie Bell appeared. "Mama lan't feeling well, and she says you don't mind, do you her dinner, because mama really doesn't

"Why-" began Ma and stopped. telt aggrieved. Surely an unfair advantage was being taken of her.

our teacher's Yeal accommodating. I'll ing molded blancmanage. tell her it was necessary." "It would be more fun to

Ma's conscience finally turned the scale, ready to wash while you're cating the the child than I am," she said to herself. So it was decided that the dinner, was to be a partnership affair. Fannie Bell

Ma of course wanted Chuck. Edny objected flatly. "Why, Edny Dorine, you funny child," said Fannie Bell, "he's the cu-test boy!" Cuteness did not move Edny, but when Ma reminded her that "that poor boy. never tastes home cooking except when we ask him here," Edny relented.

Chuck then was to be the guest. Fannie Bell appeared at the Weinert home early the next morning, and preparations for dinner went on space. At six o'clock that evening the dinner guest, wearing a new suit in honor of the occasion, knocked at the front door instead of whistling for Claudic as was the habit. Claudle, who let him in. exclaimed at the new apparel. When Chuck entered the rarely used sitting he did even more. He looked at the uches, castor-oil, and heartless folk who Weinert, saw her chum's ideas in true suit peeringly and said, "Humph! Spendtump us, and big boys that in the Weinert home, and Ma beggn to perilously on a stationary base. He had into the dining room one afternoon a-i black serge, and her hair was grimly frizzed above her face. He knew nothing

generously into the room. Chuck clearly at the knee and crossed his less thus "Bllk?" challenged Pa loudly

Chuck blushed. "Well, I thought just and Pannie Bell standing in the doorway, but, though relieved, he did not ment at Edny. In her dark blue dress and fresh white apron, with her cheeks reddened by the kitchen heat, she was saying with assurance, "Good evening, everybody!" But Chuck had no eyes for

ion's assurance. She spoke breathlessly "Well, it's ready. Supper's ready. You They rose and proceeded to the dining room. The table was primly festive. Knives, forks, spoons glasses, napkins, geometrically placed according to directions, a bowl of gerantums and "sprangly" fern in the centre. Pa Weinert, plancing

they ain't ready yet! he remarked. "Sh-h! We're to set down are to be brought in," whispered Ma. "Oh, sure, I forgot!" And Pa added witheringly, "Style! Btyle!" While the two young cooks again disappeared into the kitchen the family sat down and waited for the disher Edny returned bearing cream-of-tomato

Latta le. on ft books hard to-night, but like she was possessed, you might say, the party, but tought between acute build himself a habitation? -The a knot be attin' there entire and all of sympathy for the nervous Edny and pug- in his tall, and call it a

AN UNEXPECTED COID: "I give a lift to Dimeon Confines com-The second course happily more nearly

the door and I don't believe that wa's

rest up, cheer up and feed up. Made

"Well, she put a few eggs putaid

it stuck half way .- felt like a crockery

in the face before she choked the old

thing down. You see, 'cept just the

"She roused up the family, and the

"If Myra Pressy ever looked what she

D'J.D.KELLOGG'S

breakin', but she did learn.

approached a triumph. While Pannle in over," said Mr. fittlings, rheumpt-Bell remained aloof Edny removed the leally disenguiting himself from his oversoup plates and brought in an array of coat. good things that drew forth hearty acclamations from the dineys. True, the reception given the baked hen was a triffe embarrassing to Edny, who was obliged to admit, "Well, Ma, also cooked the hen for us. We haven't got to meats dynamided Mrs. Hillings at once. yet at school." But the rice, the creamed onlone, the peas and biscult would seems as if Myra did have an extry los of happens, though, don't 107" the'. have done honor to cooks more mature of applause given her whenever she enter- ed down the cellar stairs; comin' so ed the room, Edny did not look happy, soon after gettin' her finger mashed in Chuck, searching his mind for bright

Ma too began to realize that matters in the kitchen were not as they should "I know. One of them scientific ex- be, and, named by her conscience, she reproved her daughter. "Now, Edny, you

> The kitchen door closed emphatically. During the next few minutes Pa, Ma, Chuck and Claudie sat stient watching the door expectantly for the second course had been removed. At last Pal wanted to know whether that was all. Ma assured him that a salad was coming. They waited. Pa pushed back his darnin'-egg. Myra says,-an' her eyes chair, fidgeting he was never-a patient were buigin' an' she was growin' black

Quite unexpectedly Chuck had an idea, it was not brilliant, but it was serviceable. "What's the latest election news,

made her drink down enough hot water to melt a dozen eggs, if not boil 'em in his chair and began to talk with She's kind o' weak to-day,-I guess t great contentment. But Chuck and was a near thing, honest,-but she's so "Well, I declare, Mis' Casey, between Claudie, though they assumed a listening mad at folks for laughin' she's lost her In your cabbage, don't you? Mamu her pa's bein' so proud of her and yet attitude, did not hear his pronouncemelancholy an' developed a good healthy so afraid I'd take up with her notions ments. Their cars were distressed by temper and an appetite to match-rior and Claudie's complainin' it worries him the sounds proceeding from the kitchen. not to know what's comin' on to the Could it be that some one was sobbling? table, and both of 'em bein' de-termined Claudie's anxious eye sought his mother's. not to hurt the child's feelings, why. Under cover of Pa's political discourse tartly, "she wouldn't have such ridiculous accidents Prozen eggs Next time.

> Yet for some reason it received meagre cabbage and onlons with vinegar on

make the dressing, and Edny thought

gether," said Edny, falling into line - fair to become the triumph of the even-

Ma, having praised her efficiency, prelingered to suggest that there should of inquiry from Chuck. Claudie's face be a guest, "We'll be serving you see, wore a defeated expression. Chaudie was

"Now what in thunder--" exploded Pa "Sh-h, Pa, she'll hear you!" forgot the augar, poor child." But it gags me!"

"Listen!" cried Chuck. "I've got au Weinert? Well, then, let's cat all of it

Mu sighed, nerving herself, "Seems if she finds out, she'll cry ugain."

Disappointment and pleasure struggled

NEVER LEARN PROM WATCHING

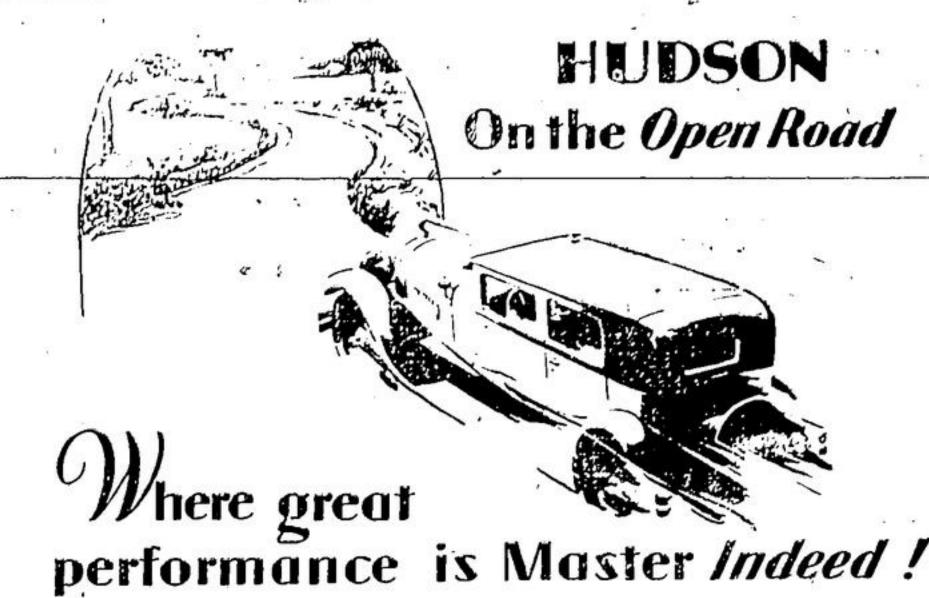
clint. We agreed Myra Pressey was a blessin' to the community. A person came impatient and turned to the boy. enyling: "Ron you'll never learn to play who provides more topics of conver-"What imprened to Myra Pressy now?"

"I'm not watching you." the boy to plied. "I'm going fishing on doon as you."

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Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

That only a few years ago electric power was little known, seemed mysterious to the average person, and when mentioued was passed off as a luxury for the rich---something to dream about---something that could not be harnessed for the benefit of all mankind.

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We should give our good will and a helpful hand to those utilities who are working day and night so we may live Better, live easier and live longer.

Your Public Utility Officials Are Very Human---Give Them a Kind Word Once in a While. They Deserve it; They Will Appreciate it; They Can Stand the Shock.