The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1929

CHARLES KINGSLEY GASSED

When all the pails are new, lad,
And all the sheds clean,
And every axe true-bit,
And every nib keen,
Then give your time to fish, lad,
And round the world away,
Young blood must have its thrill, lad,
And every cap it's day.

When all the pails are worn, lad,
And all the sheds leak,
And every cushion's torn, lad,
And every battery's weak,
Then let your motor cool, lad,
The used-car shops among,
Mayhap you'll find some fool, lad,
Who's waiting to be stung.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by JUDY O'GRADY

Well, the wheat is sown and I have had my trip to the city, both events taking place on Friday, the 13th. Having thus tempted Providence we now await results. We also had a few showers on that particular day, but I guess the rain must also have remembered it was the 13th, and quit in case it should do any damage. The heat wave is now a thing of the past and we draw our chairs up close to the fire in the evening, glad of its comforting warmth. What a pity we cannot, in some way, preserve superfluous heat and trot it out at our own convenience. That, I think, would be one form of "canned heat" which would be much appreciated. Well, who knows? Nothing seems beyond the scope of experimental science these days—we have synthetic sunshine, why not canned heat?

You know, as a general rule, I don't think we farming people take enough interest in the progress of modern science. If there is anything that is likely to revolutionize farming and probably will, it is science. No doubt in years to come posterity will look back upon our antiquated farming methods and laugh at the very thought of us cutting, cutting, and curing hay or being absolutely at the mercy of the elements in sowing and harvesting our crops. But alas, that day, I fear, is far distant and I suppose each initial attempt, as it occurs, will meet with similar success as the Rainmaker's experiments at Medicine Hat.

In the meantime, history goes on repeating itself from year to year, and at this season we notice is particularly. Pastures no longer provide sufficient feed for the stock, hens moult and go on strike, handkerchiefs are very much in evidence as the first epidemic of colds breaks out and already there are cases on record of pneumonia resulting from neglected colds.

This morning I went into the garden for a cauliflower and I found the frost had taken all my tomato vines and also the balsams. I dislike the frost, it gives to the garden such a bleak, dilapidated appearance and seems also to freeze out interest in what we have grown. Soon I suppose, we must pick apples, pull turnips and dig potatoes and then when the fall ploughing is done we shall find ourselves once more at the end of the season. It is now the farmer's wife devotes her time to an orgy of canning and cleaning. Not only the farmer's wife, of course, but the butcher's and baker's as well. Haven't you noticed, as you go along the street, how here and there the perfume of chili sauce is wafted on the breeze? It even invades the doctor's office and the minister's den, and as for our own home at such a time, why it reeks of pickle from attic to cellar. I remember once, many years ago, spending my holiday at a vicarage next door to Crosse & Blackwell's factory in London, and the spicy odor from that place was no worse than the average farm-house in Fall-time. I haven't made a serious start on mine yet, but in other ways I am quite in the fashion as I belong to the great army of audible sniffers. What I shall do to-night I don't know, as there is a banquet on in town and I am supposed to be helping at one of the tables. Guess I'll have to run around with a plate, etc., in one hand, and a handkerchief in the other, and also disappear behind the scenes every little while to let loose a fit of coughing, which refuses to be repressed any longer.

These days I am having a tremendous tussle with myself as a war is being waged within me between Duty and Inclination. Duty says, "Now, look here, there is plenty of work for you to get on with. Besides canning, pickling, and cleaning, there is a pile of stocking's waiting to be darned, the children will soon need warmer clothing made you husband's smock is a disgrace to any self-respecting woman and you why you need to go over your entire wardrobe."

Then Inclination interrupts and says "What are you always worrying about the work for you know very well the stockings will get darned, even though you sit up nights to do it. Here you are with a nice new toy, in the form of a typewriter, and you have hardly touched it. What was the sense of buying it, if you are not going to find time to use it."

I must say this continual conflict is an awful nuisance and most unsettling. If I get on with my work, I wish I were typing, for it is fascinating work to an amateur, but then, if I type conscience guiltily reminds me of the many things I should be doing. Well, well, somehow or other I must get things figured out and make a compromise.

The other day I came across such a delightful piece of poetry in John O'London's Weekly. It would take too long to quote the whole but the last verse, I thought, was especially applicable to those of us who live in the country and must needs derive much of our pleasure from our work and environment.

"Then let us love the hour that brings
From nothing much the Sum of things
And learn that all our hurried seeing
Will not enhance the joy of Being.
So small the world so great the Soul,
So like is Life from Pole to Pole."

Don't you think neighbors that as we go through life we are a little too anxious to hurry on? Are we not always either looking back or looking forward? We are so anxious to push on we don't properly appreciate the present. We crave excitement and do not sufficiently realize the benefit we may attain through the quiet restfulness of the uneventful.

No surgical operation is necessary in removing corns if Holloway's Corn Remover be used.

TALE OF A TWISTED TONGUE

Customer "I want a pair of spectrimmed horicles. I mean sparn-rimmed hectacles confound it—I mean heck-rimmed spornacles."

Shopwalker "I know what you mean sir. Mr Perkes, show the gentleman a pair of rim-sporned hectacles."

Don't Submit to Asthma. If you suffer without hope of breaking the chains which bind you do not put off another day the purchase of Dr J D Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. A trial will drive away all doubt as to its efficiency. The sure relief that comes will convince you more than anything that can be written. When help is so near why suffer? This matchless remedy is sold by dealers everywhere.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair, youthful years, too swift of flight.
Then mingest with wet eyes upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the earth with light,
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak,
And willing faith was thine and scorn of wrong,
Sunmounted the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep,
A path thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep,
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and, walking near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age
Dull love of rest, and weariness, and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er should die;
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky.
Waits like the morn, that folks her wings and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour.
Waits like the garnished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall be welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Still clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Bryant

Below is given the first contribution of the recollections of Mitchell Cobban, of Winnipeg, that busy newspaper man who enjoyed himself so fully at the Home-Comers Re-union in Acton the first of July.

Some day I'll wander back again,
Beneath the old tree down the lane
To where the old home stands.
Afar in other lands
Its humble cot will shelter me,
Fe on every care and pain.
And life be sweet as sweet can be
When I am there again.

A. W. French.

Well I wandered back to the Old Boys' Re union and it was a grand and glorious time. But as the object of this paper is to record Recollections of the Old Town, as a Westerner, I will commence at the west and direct my course towards the east.

Coming in on the highway from Crewsons Corners, I remembered James Brown's orchard had been invaded again.

The old McNab home, beside the railway, across the track, had disappeared.

Thomas Moore's shingle mill, across Main Street, was not there for the old timers to gaze upon.

McMacken's cooper shop had also disappeared. Levi Lambert was the last proprietor I remember.

South of the track, the Storey-Francis Sheepskin tannery is marked only by an old steam boiler.

Here I am going to digress enough to suggest that some day the through highway will continue along the south side of the tracks, past the old tannery site, through the school grounds, over the end of the disappearing pond, through Joe Anderson's old sand pit and come out at Mill Street at the railway crossing. This will rid the town of the danger of speeders in a hurry to get from one city to another regardless of local traffic.

James Brands saw mill still stands, but the huge pile of slabs that supplied the housewife with summer fuel for the kitchen range, was terribly shrunken, and the piles of sawlogs were out of sight.

A garage now occupies the site of the old Stephenson blacksmith shop, west of Education Lane while the newer shop built near where the old tavern stood fifty years ago has ceased to operate.

The old Evans home west of the School Lane has a new front built to match the street.

The school has been enlarged since my day. Then it was all stone. We went up the lane between two high board fences and two rows of small maples, protected by guards. Those maples do not require guards to-day. In fact one row has been cut down on account of a row of pines that was made the South property, growing to huge dimensions. Now all the South property is school grounds. The old school bell may be there but I did not notice it and I should like to have heard it. I remember one Hallowe'en the clapper disappeared. The old wood-shed where beech and maple cordwood at $3.00 a cord was stored for winter use has gone, too. An old granite boulder in the playgrounds is not there to-day. Of the teachers of fifty years ago, Miss Moore, Miss McKellar and Thomas T. Moore, all have passed over and will be waiting for us at the Great Re union.

At the east entrance to the school grounds stands the old stone house which was my earliest recollection of home.

The old bridge over the creek, where we walked under, is replaced by concrete.

The old house at the entrance to the old cemetery, that was once a school, looks the same, except that it has a new dress of plaster or stucco.

Old Knox Church has been turned around and converted into dwellings.

The old Dan Campbell planing mill is no more, but the house built close to the street is the nearest the new Knox Church looks the same.

Knox Avenue is a new creation. It was there Mr Stevens had a splendid strawberry patch. They were good berries, too.

Knox Church has been built, since I left the old town to seek greener fields.

The old Salvation Army barracks, where the big drum was very much alive, was very quiet Re-union Day.

The Dominion Hotel, as an hotel, is no more. It has a new coat of brick. The sheds have disappeared and the garden is now covered with commercial structures.

The Campbell House has now a bank on the site.

Kenney Bros., one of the landmarks of Main Street, are now situated on Mill Street. I looked for the old Waller Lodge sign over the old store, that was there when I was a small boy. It was there when I visited the lodge thirty-three years ago.

Mrs. Secord's garden, on the corner of Main and Mill, is covered up with buildings, although the north-west corner of the block is still without a handsome structure in keeping with the importance of the corner.

The corner has been rounded, which improves the old 40 degree angle.

I noticed Charlie Speight's old pleasure shop was being remodelled for a glove factory. A new home occupies the garden. Norton's garage occupies the site of an old shed across the street.

The electric railway station occupies a place above James McLam's old home.

Going down over the hills, there is not much change, except the grade has been improved. The Beardmores have built a row of small houses on the top of the hill past Wilson's Ramshaw's.

Across the street, on the site of the old Matt Kenney home, is the town water tank.

Proceeding on to the Elliott cross-road and turning east, one comes to the old spring, that supplies the water for the town. It was good water years ago, and I had intended having a drink from my hands where it gushes out of the rock, but the advance of civilization denied me the privilege. Mill Street south of Main, not much change, except a few new dwellings crowded in. From Main to John, Mill Street has been widened. It is still too narrow to suit a Westerner.

The Lehnman Block and Wonderland Theatre cover part of Mrs. Secord's famous flower garden.

The Bank of Montreal is on the old Steel corner, where the old white house stood, surrounded by enormous willow trees.

The old shop, where W. H. Storey had his first glove shop, has been remodelled. While Johnstone & Company occupy the site of the old Ransom Adams' home. Across the street the Storey home shows lack of the care the first owner took of his property.

The Hill property has been improved. John Williams' livery barn is a thing of the past. I wonder where the old horses went. The automobile business has taken its place. A house occupies a prominent place on the lawn.

The residence of Dr. McGarvin looks the same as ever.

The old Arnold glove factory is now a two story residence.

On the corner of Frederick and Mill, the old Abram Matthews' home has made way for a more modern residence.

The Matthews knitting factory, across from John Williams', looks as though it had long ago been turned to other uses.

Opposite the Hill property stands the new Baptist Church. This was once the site of the Hyder carriage factory. It went up in smoke one night and made a fearfully hot fire. The fire brigade, in those days, consisted of the family pail which every man grabbed as he hastened to a fire. Blankets were spread over adjoining houses and soaked with water until the wells gave out. A blacksmith shop was next on the site and was operated by P. J. Smith, now a resident of Winnipeg.

On a corner of the United Church lawn stands a soldiers' beautiful monument, with well kept surroundings, as a token of memory of Acton boys who paid the supreme price of war.

The United Church, Methodist in the old days, has not changed, except in the old days the galleries were always occupied by young folks and the choir at the end. The church shed was used mostly through the week by prohibition farmers. When the Scott Act came into force in the 80's, the hotel keepers promptly boarded up the entrance of their sheds and the church came to the rescue of the farmers' horses. The hotel sheds did not remain closed long, nevertheless, the church shed remained open to all comers, including a goodly number of Presbyterians who did not have a church shed of their own. Tradition informs us that a few made a slight contribution to the church funds in acknowledgment of the courtesy extended, but many overlooked the hospitality.

THE FREE PRESS building has been enlarged and improved in keeping with the policy of advancement. I remember the first issue of THE FREE PRESS, printed in the old Post Office building, next the Matthews' residence. I read only the pictures in those days. Mr. Hacking, one of the early editors, lived in the white house on the site of Sutherland Villa. This house was afterwards moved to Bower Avenue and remodelled as the home of the late A. E. Nicklin.

The new Post Office, on the corner where once stood the Matthews store, is an ornament to the town. The tower is the home of the "Old Man." Sorry he was out seeing the parade Monday morning when I called. The old store which has been moved down Willow Street had many tenants. On the second story were lodge rooms for various societies of the town. Previous to the building of the Town Hall, Division Court was held here, and afterwards it was used for offices.

On the next corner was the Pearson store with its well kept grounds beside. I could not help notice the change for the worse.

Further down the street the buildings are about the same with new tenants.

Hyer Street has not changed in appearance except that the old planing mill is gone. I recollect this site as the home of the Stephenson plow factory. Since that day there have been several buildings that fell victims to flames. Now we have the hydro and a flourishing knitting mill on the site. The pond known as Henderson's is still there at least part of it. Weeds have reduced the acreage. The west side, formerly used as a pasture for the family cow has shown a desire to return to forest. The wing back of Joe Anderson's has been filled in and John R. Kennedy, the new owner of the knoll that served me a sand pit for Mr. Lacher and Joe Anderson has had it levelled and converted into a potato patch.

Bower Avenue West has a few more houses. In the old days there was a house on each side.

Opposite the Town Hall C. C. Henderson built a fine home where a large willow tree stood. It now is the United Church Parsonage or Manse which do you call it?

Mrs. Gould who was Maggie Campbell long ago lives next door. She was between the Hendersons.

John Kenney built a home on the site of Dr. Morrow's rhubarb patch.

At the end of Bower Avenue Terrace a new house has been built, where the row stopped because the pond came too close to the street in those days.

Mr. Kerr, the auctioneer, has a home on the site of Ransom Adams' old barn yard. Many a horse sale took place there and not by auction, either.

The Mack Secord and Flashbrook properties have been improved beyond recognition, and Chester Matthews has a new home for his bride, on the site of Alex. Secord's old home. Alex. built a new house where the old drill hall stood before it was moved to the Park. Ed. Dynes moved the drill hall by the old slow-going windlass system.

Dr. McNiven has a home where Charles Hill had a splendid garden.

The James Cobban home has been remodelled and repainted. The well, which supplied the neighborhood, has been moved back so that visitors would have further to carry their water, had the town waterworks not come to their rescue.

Jack McClure has a fine home on the Bickford garden site.

Around the corner on Wilbur Street are three new houses.

On Church Street J. B. Mackenzie has a lumber and coal yard on the back of the old Sam McLam property.

A little to the rear is a residence on the end of the Pearson property and across the street August Anderson has a home on the site of the Matthews' hop kiln. The old hop kiln was originally on the corner of the Fyfe property, now the Beardmore residence.

Up the next block stood the Temperance Hall, where a travelling lecturer often held forth after the Sons of Temperance ceased activity. It was here I saw the first exhibition of electric light when the discovery was new. Johnny John Cameron purchased the place and made a double house of it. C.

Mitchell has already proven that his memory is good. But he is only a commencement. Next week I will give you his second consignment.

The Old Man

CONTRACT JOB

The druggist was awakened long after midnight by the violent ringing of his doorbell. On looking out his window, he saw a young miss in evening clothes.

"What's the matter?" he cried, as he pulled on his dressing-gown. "Somebody ill?"

"Oh, no," she cried gaily, "but I'm at a dance close by and I've mislaid my rouge."

"Really?" asked the druggist, softly. "Well, I'm sorry, but I never keep enough rouge in stock to cover a cheek like yours!" London Answers.

SHEETS OF MILK

The latest form in which milk is to be available is that of sheets, like paper, according to the Gazette des Messageries Maritimes (Paris). Says this magazine:

"A Danish manufacturer has devised a process intended to remove completely the water contained in fresh milk, leaving only the solid matter, which issues from the machine in the form of a kind of sheet like thick paper. The inventor declares that in this form the milk can be kept for years, and that all that is necessary is the addition of water to dissolve the leaves and obtain at once a fluid having all the properties of fresh milk. A factory is to be built shortly for the manufacture of the sheets of milk. We may look forward to the day when our breakfast milk may be delivered at our houses in this form."

HE WISHED HE KNEW

Pat: "Sure, and I'd give a thousand dollars Mike if I knew the place where I was going to die."

Mike: "Faith, Pat, and what good would that do you?"

Pat: "Because, I'd never go near the place at all."

KANSAS NOT SO WINDY

Most people have a greatly exaggerated idea of the frequency of tornadoes in particular areas of the United States, and Kansas has an especially bad reputation in this respect that is considerably at variance with the facts, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature "Why the Weather?" (Washington): We read:

"During the thirteen years, from 1916 to 1928, inclusive, more accurate tornado statistics were gathered in the United States than during any previous period. There were 1,515 tornadoes during these years, or an average of twelve a year. The area of the State is 82,000 square miles and the average destructive area of a tornado is about ten square miles. Hence, if we assume twelve tornadoes a year to be the normal frequency for the State it follows that any given locality in Kansas is likely to suffer damage from one of these storms only once in about 680 years, on an average. Kansas had more tornadoes during the thirteen years mentioned than any other State in the Union, but in proportion to area the small State of Iowa came first, with 149 tornadoes, Arkansas second, Kansas third, and Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois not far behind. In loss of life and damage to property, resulting from tornadoes Kansas was outranked by many other States, as her population is sparse, and there are few large towns in the State. Kansas has had, however, three tornadoes that wrought damage to a value of a million dollars or more."

ELECTRIFIED DUST

When dust is transported by the wind the fine particles rub against bodies of all sorts that they meet. Pollet has made a series of interesting observations on this, in China, which are reported in L'Ecosystem (Paris), by E. Weiss. It shows that grains of dust thus transported are charged with negative electricity. We read:

"By throwing a pinch of neutral dust on a metal plate in communication with a sensitive electrometer it may be shown that the plate becomes charged positively while the dust is charged negatively. The same result is obtained if the metal plate is replaced with wood or brick. When the experiment is repeated in the laboratory with closed windows, the quadrant deposited slowly on an insulated metal plate charges it negatively by contact while if the plate is in front of an open window and exposed to the wind it becomes charged positively by friction. These phenomena take place on a large scale with automobiles which are driven through dusty air. The chassis insulated from the ground by the rubber tires is strongly charged electrically.

The negative charge of the dust has the effect of reversing the electric field of the atmosphere. Various observations were recorded photographically with a quadrant electrometer. The maximum is generally accentuated in the evening and in the morning the minimum is negative. As the sky is always clear in the region accidental disturbances are much reduced but as soon as a dusty wind comes up the potential falls to negative values sometimes considerably and in only a few minutes."

SWAPPED

Raymond was the proud owner of a black and white mongrel which was a nuisance to the rest of the household. Buy Raymond could not be persuaded to part with it. At last the boy's father made him an offer.

"My boy," he said, "I'll give you ten shillings if you'll get rid of that dog."

The following morning Raymond claimed the half-sovereign.

"That's excellent," said his father. "Here you are. How did you get rid of him?"

Raymond smiled, as he pocketed the money.

"I swapped him with Bobbie Brown for two black pups." Pearson's Weekly.

PERFECT SUBSTITUTE

Employer: Late again, Smith.

Clerk: I'm sorry, sir, but last night my wife presented me with a boy.

Employer: Shed have done better to present you with an alarm clock.

Clerk: I rather fancy she has, sir.

Passing Show.

HARRISON'S

Positively Out of Business Sale

STOP and READ

PRICES CUT DEEPER THAN EVER

GET A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF FOOTWEAR NOW

Every pair must be sold and it won't take long at the rate of sales made in the first week. We are very pleased at the way the public are buying---also thank our numerous customers for the kind and appreciated compliments paid us. All sizes are still in stock and lots of variety. We have the new lasts and materials for Fall, as our stock was always well up to the minute in sizes and styles. Our coupons will be taken as cash. Bring them in.

Overshoes and Rubbers, Heavy and Light, are pared to the bone for quick sale.

A few Running Shoes left---less than the factory prices. Come and see.

H. L. Harrison, Acton

SLATS' DIARY

BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday well I guess I will be having to go to skool unregardless of every thing I can do. I was complaineing to-day about not feeling so good so ma takes me down to the Dr and he looked at my tung and made me gargle some thing and then put me in the stummick and then he sat me where I felt the wirst. I sed I felt the wirst when I was in a house like skool house for instant. So he sed we will fix that and he give me some cinder oil so I wish I had dent menchined it. Ever a tall.

Saterday. They was a Sircutsville in town tonite and I and Jane was a walking around and I had shone her the hole in the tent where we cud see the show and then she went and spent a dime to go inside so I went on home and diddent wait for her. Wimmen act funny ockasheneli.

Sunday To-day after they had tuk the Collechshun up the preecher told us to each 1 give a verse of the Bible about a giveing things away to other folks and Blisters give this 1 he sed. A fool and his munny is soon separated apart.

Munday well back in skool agen and we got a new teecher which is a very good looking young girl but she acks like as if she probably will be to Firm for us kids to have a very successful winter. And we are going to have a debateing Contest in our class once a wk.

Tesuday. We was a going to practice it ball bout after skool but when I got home ma spoilt my plans and made me help her can Tammatoes so she cud get threw in time to get supper so I put the gutters round the top of the cans for her.

Wensday. Pug Stevens stole two of are neck bands the Tagerts I ballt from today and this evning I called him a theef and a cruk and a theaf and a lire and I wouldnt let him fawk back to me bcuz I hung up on him when he started to fawk.

Thirsday. I ast pa today if they was counting men cud do that women cud. Cuz she and hi sed they was only a few things, with them and that was cook a board and Keep a Secret. And strike a match in the dark.

OAKVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marden spent Sunday with Miss Joyce of Milton.

Mrs. C. Gilleland and son Cecil are spending several weeks with relatives at Newbury.

Miss Edith Willen has returned to Oakville from her extended visit to relatives in England.

The gang of men employed at laying the gas mains in Oakville are now rapidly approaching the town.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wilkins of Hamilton were Sunday visitors in Oakville.

Mr. Morehouse of Detroit called on Mrs. J. Gilleland and her granddaughter Miss Koehler during the past week. Record.

Stands at Dale will be resumed on Monday, September 29.

A Fall Fair was held on Wednesday and a good crowd was in spite of the rainy day.

Walter Telford now of Toronto was a visitor on the week end calling upon friends. Mr. Telford was formerly rates collector of St. Paul's Church and Parish.

VALUE OF LIGHTNING-RODS

The U. S. Bureau of Standards has recently published some interesting evidence of the value of lightning-rods in the United States and Canada," in which the losses on rodded and unrodded buildings have been separated. Says Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature, "Why the Weather?" (Washington):

"Most fire losses from lightning occur in rural districts. The proportion of farm buildings equipped with lightning-rods is not definitely known, except in the State of Iowa, where a careful estimate indicates about 50 per cent. During the period 1919-1921, twenty eight rodded buildings in Iowa were destroyed by lightning with losses amounting to $87,979. In the same period 503 other buildings in the State were destroyed by lightning and the losses were $1,060,688. Thus the value of the rodded buildings destroyed was only 7.7 per cent of the total although the number exposed to lightning hazards was about 50 per cent. Very similar conditions probably prevail over the greater part of the Mid-Western United States where it is believed that about 40% of the farm buildings, at least of the better class, are protected by rods. The Bureau in summing up the evidence available reaches the conclusion that the chance of an unrodded farm building being destroyed by lightning appears to be about fifty-seven times as great as that of a rodded building."

TREES DWARFED BY SURGERY

Surgical operations on limbs and roots will keep trees from growing in size while they develop into perfect dwarfs reductions of what they would have been if allowed to attain maturity. Some examples are described in an article contributed to Popular Science Monthly (New York), which reads as follows:

"Unasked and twisted a dwarf tree that sprouted at a century old was exhibited recently in Paris, France. Its height was only a few inches greater than the length of this page. Similar dwarf trees produced in Japan are said to have lived a hundred years without growing as much as an inch.

An amazing forest of such Tom Thumb trees is located in a horticultural garden near the French capital. A science known as miniaturization produces them. Through delicate surgical operations on the roots and by semi-starvation, scores of normal trees are stunted to their reproduce all the characteristics of full grown without attaining a height of more than a few inches.

The process begins when a young tree is placed in a small pot which restricts the roots and prevents them from growing too large. Then the main or central root is bound tightly with a wire underground at the point where the trunk begins. This wire gradually chokes off the sap. The secondary roots are trained to creep near the surface and the small amount of soil provided. Then partial starvation results."

IN COMPETENT HANDS

I will admit I haven't always been a model boy. I do love your daughter dearly and if ever I should make her unhappy I hope I will be made to suffer for it.

Don't let that worry you, she'll attend to that.

BAD COMPANY

Wife: How did you get into this state?

Hubby: Had company, m'dear.

Wife: What do you mean by bad company?

Hubby: Well there were five of us in our bottle of whiskey and the other four were bachelors.

GREATER THAN NIAGARA

Tommy: What is the greatest waterfall known to man?

Alex.: Woman's tear.

RESIGNED TO HER FATE

Every time Dad Long naughty boy would get in all day and at length stand before his parents, remarked:

"Well young lady, if you're not a good girl you will never get to heaven."

"Well and After I've been to the Ritz and the Chautauqua and I can't get to go everywhere."

ON A STRONG MAN EITHER

Pa: Yes, my son.

What is a flapper?

A flapper my son is a woman who does what an old maid would like to do and has not the constitution to stand it.

NARROW ESCAPE

Found Parent (finishing story): "And so they lived happily ever after."

Angel Child: "Gee Pop lucky they didn't get married."

JILTED GO-GETTER

Her: Here is your ring. I find we are not suited to each other.

He: Tell me the truth you love another.

"Yes."

Tell me his name. I insist.

"You want to harm him?"

"No. I want to sell him this ring."

Fashions for the Smart Woman

DOUBLE BREASTED

Fashion found all types of double-breasted fashions very youthful during the past Summer. Women had double breasted sweaters. This favor for things double breasted is continuing with undiminished enthusiasm though the Winter. It appears particularly in coats and frocks for the junior. A fine example is shown in this coat, with its staunch tailoring. It is developed in tweed which is well to the forefront in favor for the younger girls' coats and jackets. The new tweeds are rough in appearance, but very soft in texture and are often

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SCHOOL ENSEMBLE

Little girls have always loved plaids. They're neat and jolly that they seem to typify the dullest school days. New plaids are very much in the limelight for coats and frock worn by fashionables of all ages. Note that there is a wide variety of check patterns from which to make a selection. A plaid is particularly appropriate for this jaunty little ensemble which has a short, straight tailored coat of an Eton jacket. The skirt is pleated at the front and at the back is shaped yoke which, in front is worn with a blouse in a

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