The Acton Free Press
THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1930

IF

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At their little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor—
I could kiss a rosy, restless foot
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I;
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head!
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is—dead!

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLENE F. CLARKE

"I have just reached the stage when life isn't worth living—you know the feeling I mean—when you can't smell and it hurts you to swallow, one thing tastes just like another and you don't want to eat anyway and then just when you're sure your head couldn't get worse everyone goes around dropping things, including yourself. No, that isn't quite right—I don't mean they drop me, what I do mean is, that I too, am responsible for dropping things. By this preamble you will understand I have got "a cold in the dose." At least that is the way it sounds if I try to say it. However, my best tonic at these times is to remember my mother's words. Oftentimes she would come down in the morning and say, "Well I don't feel at all good to-day—I guess I'll either have to lie down or else work it off." Poor little plucky mother, it was [illegible] alternative that she chose and perhaps later in the day she would say "There now, I feel quite a bit better and see the work I have got through to-day and if I had given in there would have been nothing done at all and I should probably have been feeling worse instead of better." I haven't got half the pluck my mother had but when I think of her I do feel shamed into doing my best to keep going. It is so easy to give in if we once let ourselves go.

We have not had our wood-bee yet. Monday afternoon we intended to cut and then it got so rough we decided against it. Of course I had my baking done so now I shall have the job to do all over again as it has been too stormy all this week. However, I managed to fill in the time by attending various meetings and trying to keep the home fires burning with wet green wood. Last year's supply of fuel is done so it keeps Partner pretty busy hunting up any odd stuff he can find to burn until we have our bee.

Now I am going to tell you a true story to illustrate the efficiency of Maid. Yes, let it be with a capital "M"—it will attract more attention. In our bark kitchen we have a soft water pump which for six years has had to be primed every time we wanted water. Yesterday it went completely wrong and we couldn't get water at all. Partner took the pump to pieces, found the suction cap was all right but the leather washer was worn through in one little place. He went to town, bought a new washer for fifteen cents and hey presto, the pump worked like a charm and all for the sum of fifteen cents and a couple of hours' work, including the trip to town. Of course, you may say it should have been seen to sooner as indeed it should but can't we each one of us think of different little inconveniences around our own home which could be put right with just about the same amount of time and expense as our soft water pump. Familiarity breeds contempt and I suppose we get used to putting up with these little hindrances and so they fail to arrest our attention. It is not by any means unusual to go to a house in town where the bell won't work or in the country where there is neither bell or knocker and only the other day a neighbor told me they got their lamp fixed for ten cents, after using it for years with a wobbly shade so that in carrying it from one place to another they had to hold the lamp with one hand and guard the shade with the other.

Ugh, I have just looked out of the window and it is blowing and storming like everything and I have got to go out. Don't want to in the least but there is a meeting this afternoon, I am not a member but the kiddies are in the programme this afternoon and I promised them I would go, so go I must. I never break a promise to a child if I can possibly help it as I think that is one sure way to destroy their trust. In fact I don't like to break a promise at any time but sometimes it is unavoidable. For instance, I agreed to go as one of the delegates to our W. A. convention this year thinking it was to be in February and now I find it is to be the end of April—an absolutely hopeless time for any farm woman to ever think of going away and so I must break a promise which was given in all good faith.

* * * *

Well, I have been to the meeting and back again and very glad I am that I went. The children gave a very nice little programme and the speaker of the afternoon a very splendid address—an address which it was well worth facing any storm to hear. He particularly regretted the lack of publicity which is given at times to many public organizations and said really it was in order to help the people of any community to form an opinion as to the needs of their district. I certainly agreed with everything he said and it all corresponded so exactly with my experiences in places where I have lived, both in Canada and England. Where there is enthusiasm things go—without it they die a lingering death from lack of nourishment. But enthusiasm is not much good without the aid of the press who alone can give us the publicity we need to enlist the sympathy of the public in any good work in which we are interested. The editor of a local paper has a lot to answer for. For instance, in my own home town the local weekly was known as "Bogie's Rag" and a rag it certainly was—there were times when it was so void of life that it wouldn't even light the fire. At last it came under new management and to-day it is a paper worth reading, reflecting as it does the opinion of the public which really did exist but needed a pretty strenuous boost once in a while to keep it alive.

Fortunately for this paper we have an editor who is alive to the requirements of this community and no organization need lack publicity in furthering their cause as long as the Acton Free Press is published each week. Thank you, Mr. Editor, for your disinterested co-operation.

Drives Asthma Like Magic. The immediate help from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems like magic. Nevertheless it is only a natural remedy used in a natural way. The smoke or vapor, reaching the most remote passage of the affected tubes, brushes aside the trouble and opens a way for fresh air to enter. It is sold by dealers throughout the land.

The Free Press' Short Story

THE LAST FIRST OF APRIL

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS

TWO important things had been done in Honeydale on that thirty-first of March. The trustees of the school had resolved that the school stove was too small, and had voted a new one; and the gentlemen most interested in the welfare of Honeydale church had taken upon themselves to advise their minister, the Rev. Martin Tillinghast, to marry again, he having been a widower for thirteen months.

Miss Margaret Parker, the school-teacher, was rejoicing over the first fact, and Mr. Tillinghast, the clergyman, was rather depressed as he thought upon the second. "They are as busy with my affairs," he said to himself, "as they were twenty years ago." He had not been happy as a married man, truth to tell. Mrs. Tillinghast meant to be a good woman, and she had written tracts and could have written his sermons for him, and she thought herself a very meritorious person. But she had not had the virtue of meekness, and she had what her successive servants called a way of nagging. When her tract-writing, her playing on the melodeon and her general manner had caused the deacons and elders to decide that she was just the girl for a minister's wife, and they had resolved to hint to their young pastor, Mr. Tillinghast, that Squire Butter's granddaughter would be an excellent minister's wife, it was well for her mother's family, her brothers and sisters, even her old grandfather. Martin Tillinghast was very zealous just then, very positive as to the fact that he ought to resign the lights of this world. When his dinner was not good he felt nearer to heaven than when it was, and he slept upon a bed of husks and interspersed with many fragments of coils, rather rejoicing in its hardness. Jerusha was, he knew, worthy. She taught Sabbath-school. She was of value in the choir. That she was unusually plain, and that he felt uncomfortable in her company [illegible] the very wife for him. He proposed in form, was accepted without enthusiasm, and had had fourteen years of anything but peace and comfort. His home shone with cleanliness, it is true, and his wife was a sort of shining light in religious circles, but his "ways" troubled her—his near-sighted awkwardness, his mild abstraction—just as he was troubled by her continual advice and reproof; the clump of her inevitably heavy shoes all over the house, and her shrill voice, rebuking the servants, or remarking on his scattered papers, wandering slippers and bedabbled linksland, and the smears his scant but oily hair made on the chair-backs, while the protecting "tidies" had dropped upon his stooping shoulders.

They never had a quarrel, and when she died he had the comfort which long suffering with much patience must give. But he did not want to marry again; and who can wonder?

He sat over his tea long enough to have eaten a state dinner that evening, and he thought of what Deacon Phillips had said and of what Elder Brown had hinted, laughing and rubbing his hands as he spoke. But he was not sure that a man might not be very happy on this earth, and still ready for the next as he used to be in those old days when they had married him to Jerusha. At least, if he must marry, he said he would take a wife whose face and manner pleased him—one he liked.

And his thin face flushed as he thought—for there had been a throttled romance in his life, and it was coming to, getting its breath again after long years of unconsciousness.

"Peggy Parker teaches the Honeydale school yet," he said, softly. "I saw her name in last year's report. I suppose she sees mine occasionally. I—I wonder—"

He did not say exactly what he "wondered," but he neither read wise books nor wrote his Sunday's sermon that evening, and late at night sat at his desk writing a letter, which must have been very difficult to compose, for the fragments of those he had already written and destroyed filled his waste-paper basket. The envelope with which he finally covered his production was addressed to

MISS MARGARET PARKER

And as he glanced at the calendar for the day of the month, a happy idea occurred to him, and he dated it the following day—the beginning of spring, a new season of fresh life!

Was there ever yet a school-boy too good to send his teacher a comic picture on April Fool's Day?

Certainly, Miss Margaret Parker's scholars were not, and she knew it. She was aware of what was in store for her, and had made up her mind what to do before she entered the school doors on the first day of April, 1861.

The boys were assembled in full force. The girls also, but Miss Parker knew very well that the girls were innocent of pictures drawn by themselves. The pile of thin, coarse envelopes upon her desk were some of them addressed by the girls. She smiled when them appropriating them and took her seat.

The boys looked at her with restless, conscious eyes, as she lifted the envelopes one by one. Through each she saw the blotches of crayon and gaudy color which revealed its contents. The postman had left them on the desk for each bore its proper stamp properly cancelled, but the crooked handwriting of the addresses was familiar enough to her.

"Those impertinent boys," she said to herself, as she gathered the letters and called to a meek little girl in the first row.

"Bessie Guy, put this rubbish in the stove."

The child obeyed. The disappointed boys grew solemn. Miss Parker looked happier.

"There's another, Miss Parker," said the mild little girl, pointing to a missive which had fallen behind the big dictionary. Margaret put out her hand and took it up. It was a letter in a neat, cream-tinted envelope, directed in a beautiful hand.

"No, this is something else," she said, and opened it. The first words that met her eye were these: "April 1st," and crushing it in her hands, she said, a little sharply: "Take it with the rest, Bessie." It stung her to see a hand older than a school-boy's in this letter, though she was not an ill-tempered person.

It was the Rev. Martin Tillinghast's letter that went unread, into the stove; and he waited in vain for an answer for many weeks; but it was curious that just about that time Margaret Parker found herself thinking a good deal about a time, fifteen years ago, when she was seventeen and young Martin Tillinghast seemed to be so fond of her. She did what she had not done for a long while: she took down from a high shelf a little box, with two letters, a lock of hair and a pretty pink-and-blue valentine in a lace-paper envelope, and she thought over all he had said, and remembered what people told her of the influences brought to bear on him when he married Jerusha Crocker.

"I think he was fond of me," she sighed, "and I'm afraid I was too fond of him to forget him; but he must have been weaker than I knew. I am sure he never was happy, and how lonely he must be now that he has not even her. I wonder—" Here she dropped talking to herself, and tied up the letters and put the box away, never guessing what she had consigned to the flames of the school stove.

Meanwhile the Rev. Martin Tillinghast decided that Margaret scorned to answer him, and gave a verdict himself on it he served me right." When his advisers spoke again of matrimony he agreed with them in a general way that it would be well to make a choice. He was still hoping for an answer—hoping against hope; but he was weak, for when they alluded to the Widow Mapleson as a fine woman and a perfect wife for a minister, he agreed with them, and by degrees, advised, pushed, beckoned by all his well-wishers, placed himself in the position of a probable suitor for the hand of that dame, whose waist was full thirty inches about, and who was five years his senior, and the last woman he would have chosen.

The year passed slowly. Its May Day, its Battle-of-Bunker-Hill, its summer vacation, its Harvest Home—all enlivened the congregation, and should have cheered the pastor, but he was low-spirited. It was expected of him to take a wife, and he dreaded good Mrs. Mapleson, whose wheezy laugh annoyed him, and who was not always grammatical. However, he felt that he had gone too far to draw back, and he had resolved to propose. He could only hope for that, and then feeling that he could not stay at home and think, he took his pocket-Bible and went down into the village to visit the lame cobbler, Jack Simms, and his old wife, and read a chapter to them. He found the cottage draughty, as it was warm as need be, and the old folks sitting before a fire which roared in a rather large stove.

"You see us comfortable, Mr. Tilling-hast," said Simms, gleefully. "We've had a present. Miss Parker, the schoolma'am, has been a-working for us, bless her. She went and got the school-board to give us the old stove that was took down, because it was too small, and a lot of folks to contribute for our winter's coal. She gave us a pair of blankets herself. She's a good lady, she is, and never a cent will I charge her for mendin' her shoes. There she sat yesterday a-sewin' like an angel, while she told us of it."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the Rev. Martin Tillinghast, rather vaguely.

"There's a lot of old pipe. They sent it all to us," said the wife, laughing. "A mile of it, I reckon. The tin-man said he'd buy it if we'd clean it. He my grandson Peter's at it now. You can see him from the window."

The pastor looked through the small panes at the little red-haired boy, with a sooty face and hands, with as much apparent interest as though he were a natural curiosity—though he was thinking of something very different, and then opened his Bible and began the first chapter of Job, which good people are fond of reading to those who have had trouble; and the cobbler and his wife were listening intently, when a rap came at the door and it was pushed open.

"May I come in?" said a soft voice; and a lady in a gray cloak entered.

The minister looked up from his page. It was too late for the lady to retreat with dignity.

"Go on with your reading, sir, and let me be one of your audience," she said, calmly, as she took her seat. And so, after long years of separation, the two old lovers met face to face again, for it was Margaret Parker who had entered. She sat in her gray cloak opposite the heater, and her face grew a little pale. But the Bible shook in his hand, and he dared not look up after her first bow. Had it been anything but the sacred volume, he could not have gone on, and, as it was, "I am afraid he did not know what he was reading, even while his lips were uttering Job's oft-quoted speech: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," and with them closed the book.

"I am obliged to go now," he said, confusedly. "I am glad to see you so comfortable. It was kind of—"

"Grandmother," shouted a voice from the kitchen door.

"Don't yell so, child," replied the grandmother.

"I've got to. I'm too black to come in," howled Peter, from afar. "There's a letter up the stove-pipe. It's all soot, but I've read it. It's to Miss Parker, from Mr. Tillinghast."

"Hold your tongue, Peter," cried the old man,

"Oh, granny, it's a love-letter from the minister," cried Peter.

"Hold your tongue, or I'll be the death of you!" shouted the cobbler, hobbling out of the room. The old woman followed, with a flaming countenance. Peter was heard to shriek for mercy.

The minister stood opposite to Margaret. They were alone.

"You might have answered it, even if you burned it," he said reproachfully.

"Indeed," said Margaret. "I do not know what you all mean."

"I presume," replied Mr. Tillinghast, "that it is the letter which I wrote to you last March that Peter has found in the pipe of the school stove."

"I have not had any letter from you, Mr. Tillinghast," said Margaret, but as she spoke a remembrance of the morning of the first of April dawned upon her. "If I burned one," she added, "it was quite by accident. I do remember of burning some—some papers."

And just then the old people toddled in together.

"I've taken my slipper to Peter," said the old woman, "and his grandfather is cutting a switch for him; and here, Miss, is the letter. I've wrapped it in paper that it she'n't muck your gloves. And I pray you both forgive the lad, for he's but young."

"I owe him no grudge," said the minister, with a twinkling eye. "No more is going, please. Miss Parker, I think we go the same way. Good-bye, friends."

And as the two walked out of the little house together.

The shadows were long upon the road, for the winter evening was setting in. He drew close to her and looked down into her face.

"You never read that letter, Peggy?" he said.

"No," she answered, in a whisper.

"But you know what is in it very well," said the man. "Many waters cannot quench love, nor the seas drown it. If a man should give all the substance of his house for love it should be utterly condemned."

They walked on side by side. After awhile he took her hand and drew it through his arm, and she let it lie there.

And so the minister has a wife and the parsonage a mistress, and every one is quite content; for good, fat Mrs. Mapleson had never dreamed of his intentions, of of matrimony. And old Mrs. Simms was beyond measure astonished when the scapegrace Peter engaged as odd boy at the parsonage.

"Few would have forgiven you as they have, Peter," she said to her grandson. "Mind, you do your duty." But duty is what Peter would have shirked.

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APRIL FOOLS AND NOTED FOOLERY

While the origin of the practice of April fooling continues to arouse curiosity, and curious legends connected with this festival of fools prove of even greater interest, it is probable that the greatest delight will centre in notable instances of tricks and drolleries of fool-catcher's day.

It is not necessary to make extensive research for such instances. In this country alone the day has been made memorable by some extensive hoaxes. One of the most celebrated was that perpetrated on the people of New York years ago. A report was spread that the lions, tigers and other wild animals had escaped from their cages in Central Park, and were wading in human gore through the streets of the city. For hours the spectacle of pale-faced New-Yorkers, peering anxiously around street corners, in fear of beholding prowling beasts, was quite common until the discovery was made that it was all an April fool hoax.

In Boston, report was once circulated on April 1 that vile hoodlums had defaced the Coggswell fountain on the Common with several yards of green paint. Curious Bostonians flocked by the thousands to the spot, expecting to behold a scene of desecration. All they saw was a fountain, without a sign of green paint.

When requested to state what jokes seem especially timely and enjoyable for this All Fool's Day, a champion of the day replied: "I think the spirit of the day itself has been singularly misunderstood. The day is really to be deemed a pause in Time's serious flight, when folly can with propriety travesty wisdom and set the world smiling. As it is, the 1st of April has come to be a nuisance, when its observance is not done away with entirely. April Fool's day is sadly in need of some one to champion it, and restore it to its rightful place in the calendar."

This is not simply the day on which the boys and girls may make fools of their elders with impunity. Perhaps there was a time when it was regarded rightly, when the old people put aside their serious looks and grew younger instead of older. If it takes a wise man to be a fool, surely April 1st is the feast day of the sages, when they can act on Shakespeare's admonition: "Mingle a little folly with your wisdom."

In jokes appropriate to the day, the element of surprise is the essential thing. Novelty is wit. Jokes must not be cruel pranks; otherwise, the day would be given up to the general hazing of everybody. The most successful of April fool jokes would be to surprise one's friends by a change of character. What a rare joke it would be for the confirmed miser to bestow a dowry upon that niece of his who needs only a little money to marry the lad of her choice! If all the cranks would put aside their hobbies for a day, what fun it would be for the rest of us!

This kind of joke can be carried out ad infinitum, and would never fail to be successful. Let the tippler remain sober to-day just as a joke. The skinflint employer can have a lark with his clerk by granting that increase of salary that has been talked about so long. April fool jokes on April Fool's day? Nonsense. Even the gray heads can have their joke.

Above all, do not play any unkind or cruel jokes, on your comrades, for in such cases—

"It is a thing to be displaced
Which is the greatest fool reputed.

You must beware of the "funny" jokes that will be played by others, however; for they may not always be of the kind mentioned as unusual because of their kindness. April 1st is the day when a big part of the world makes a monkey of the other part, when coatsleeves are sewed up before breakfast, when doughnuts are stuffed with cotton, and when coffee is salted; the day when the knowing boy dispatches a younger brother to see a public statue descend from its pedestal at an appointed hour. And beware of the cobbler's trap when you are sent to him to get some "stirrup oil."

Every one is familiar with the modern April Fool confectionray, luscious lemon drops filled with whiskey, which travel down the throat of the horrified prohibitionist victim, chocolate creams that are only cotton, and canels dosed with cayenne pepper. The choice perfecto, which explodes before it is half smoked, is another old trick, while the bulging pocketbook lying at your feet with a string to it, and the innocent hat that is full of bricks when one kicks it, are all well known. The man who gathers crowds in the street to gape up at nothing at all in the blue empyrean is another old timer.

Different from these April jokes is the story which comes from the West of the joker in the mines. With the annual recurrence of "All Fools' Day, this joker was sure to play some trick on his "pards in the diggings." As fate would have it, the joker expired on the first of April. His last words were:: "Dig under the big tree round the bend; I've buried two thousand dollars in gold there. Send it to my widow in Ohio."

The miners, at first, were inclined to doubt the ante-mortem statement, suspicious that the ruling passion was strong even in death, and that the joker had dashed to fool them once more. But upon digging for the hidden treasure, they were astonished to find the two thousand dollars in gold, just as the deceased had told them. The next thing was to find the widow. They made inquiries everywhere in Ohio, and at last discovered the truth that the deceased had no widow and that, while he had related the temptation to fool his friends long enough to inform them of his buried gold, he repented in the end and fooled them again. History doesn't state what disposal was made of the gold; but it is probable that the miner, after all, intended his hard-earned gold to be equally divided among his "pards," and took advantage of his delight in joking as the most enjoyable method of bequeathing the gift.

The trick of the "boy in a bag" does not seem so well-known as many others, but it was recently described by one of its participants as an instance of the April fooling of the "good old times." The most foolhardy of all the tricks which I can recall in connection with this carnival of jeering and nonsense, is one that I have never seen played since I was a small boy. A bag and two boys were the ingredients of the trick, and it never failed to score a great success on a quiet side street. One boy got into the bag and the other stood by it waiting for the victim. The rest of the boys who were "in on the ground floor" were hiding in hallways and doors, and behind trucks across the street. An innocent citizen came sauntering along.

The boy who had hold of the neck of the bag stopped a passer-by with a "Say, mister, please give me a lift, will you?" The innocent citizen usually acquiesced and took hold of the bag to lend it on the youngster's shoulder. Just as he got it fairly in his hands the boy in the bag suddenly kicked and screamed. Innocent victim, thinking it a bagful of wildcats or hyenas, let go quickly and ran off with palpitating heart and hair on end, while all the boys across the street pursued him with a villainous chorus of "April fool! April fool! Wash your face and go to school!" or something to the same effect. It always seemed to me that the joke was really on the boy in the bag; he was sometimes dropped hastily and was hurt, and occasionally the April fooled citizen gave him a thrashing besides for being too funny. But it was an effective trick, and often an old codger lingered in the shadow of the opposite pavement to witness and enjoy the sport. You have seen a man try to kick a plug-hatful of pig iron over into the next state—well, his discomfiture was no greater than that of the man whose blood was frozen in his heart by the unexpected scream emitted by the sentient of the bag.

A man who delights in fooling others must be quite as willing to be fooled. P. T. Barnum the great showman once took advantage of the anniversary of April 1st in his own peculiar way. He announced on his circus posters, in flaming letters, red as a Hoboken sunset, that "the greatest show on earth would exhibit in the afternoon of that day a special extraordinary feature, a wonderful freak of nature—a miraculous horse with his head where his tail ought to be." The public swallowed it; people fell over each other to get into the circus tents to see the most marvellous animal on the face of the earth; and they saw it—simply a common everyday horse backed into his stall, with his head where his tail ought to be.

While the late showman succeeding in humbugging the public in this way he was also trapped himself by an April fool joker. It was during his initial days in managing a circus, when he was showing in a country town that, unknown to him, a commercial traveller stopped in the same place and conceived the idea of commemorating the day, which was April 1st, by fooling Barnum. Collecting a crowd of twenty people, the drummer told them he was going to pass them into the show free, and that all they need do was to follow him, which they gleefully did. Arriving at the tent, where Barnum was busy taking tickets, the drummer rushed up to him with a handful of cards and said:

"Just count these men as they pass in, ending with the one in a straw hat."

"All right," said Barnum, and began: "Three six, nine" as they went on while they passed by him and were quickly lost in the crowd. Soon the straw hat was reached. "Twenty!" bawled Barnum, and turned round for the tickets, but the gentleman who had requested him to count was not there. Barnum saw that it was too late to search for the twenty who had faded inside the tent, and accepted the situation with philosophical resignation.—F. W. Humphreys.

ONLY AN ANTIQUE

Leonia, a colored maid, had a taste for lofty ideas and high-sounding words. One of the members of the family to which she served was a tall elderly lady of imposing figure and fine carriage.

One day after Leonia had for perhaps the hundredth time expressed to the lady her great admiration of her handsome figure the object of her praises exclaimed, "Why do you say so much about my appearance, Leonia? I am only an antique."

"What is that?" asked Leonia in astonishment.

The lady explained to her.

"Well," Leonia forth, "if that is what you are now, you shorely is a powerful indication of what you has been."

If one be troubled with corns, he will find in Holloway's Corn Remover an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

A HARD LOCK TO PICK!

The late John Gerbner, a member of the New York bar a generation ago, was totally bald. Speaking to Joseph H. Choate one day about the approaching marriage of one of the Vanderbilts to a foreign nobleman, he remarked, "It would be absurd to give a Vanderbilt a costly gift. I should like to find something not intrinsically valuable, but interesting because it is rare."

"Nothing easier, John," Mr. Choate replied. "Just send her a lock of your hair."

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Rub it on that stiff joint to-night—the one that causes you so much agony and loss of time—rub it in good and away it goes through the skin and flesh right down to the tendons and ligaments of the joints—right where all the trouble starts.
Joint-Ease limbers them up—that's what it's made for—it brings them back to normal—it penetrates and cut comes the soreness—the pain ceases—the swelling is down—you're immensely pleased—a good job done and done swiftly. 60 cents a tube at druggists everywhere with a positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back.
Here's something more—but Joint-Ease to work on that poor, lame, aching back—all better by morning!

JUVENILE LENS MAJESTY

King Alfonso of Spain had the extraordinary experience of being a king from the very moment of his birth. There are of course some interesting stories about his kingly childhood; in the Argonaut we find this one:

One day in the courtyard of the palace the young king was playing his favorite game of soldier with the small son of the Count of Casa Valepeda, who was his most intimate companion. Suddenly the little count spoke up, saying: "There are never any good horse races here. I'm going to see some fine ones, and you're not."

"How is that?" demanded the youthful king.

"Oh, I'm going to London," was the reply. "My Uncle Antonio has been appointed ambassador there and—"

At that point his companion cried: "And pray tell me, how it is that I, the king, have not been informed of it?"

And the tiny but majestic figure, in full possession and understanding of his role, walked pomposily across the courtyard.

UNFORGIVEN

The pet of the household knelt as usual to say his prayers at his mother's side.

"God bless papa and mamma and Uncle Ed and—and—" here he hesitated.

"And Polly," prompted his mother.

Polly was his nurse.

"Ma!" he cried indignantly, looking up, "can't I skip Polly? She spanked me to-day."

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