

## The Action Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1930

WHEN MOTHER IS AWAY

"When mother's away the day seems very long. The children do not care to play, and will not mind a thing I say." The bubbles won't blow, nor the toy boat will go sailing out of sorts when mother's away. When mother's away, cook makes me eat what I like to eat, light, but I can't swallow them, because my mouth hurts just the light. But when mother's away, I am very fond and clear. For my mother's a good small and queer woman, but when she goes away, but when I hear my mother come, the house begins to shine. I just want those stairs, I tell you, in no time. She takes me in her arms and says, 'My little girl, all alone.' And I just sit and sit, and dance, 'cause mother's home.' —Lorraine Hartung.

PROVIDENCE AND THE POSTMAN

"What's that ten dollar?" asked Betty. Eddie's husband with his pen tip on an item in the household expense account.

"He's thinking you'll be home far back as that," she protested and tried to draw her account book away.

"Put hold on; you changed a one to a ten right there!"

"I know that. Betty answered warmly, "but think of that bet he shouldn't have been in the house account at all. Isn't that just like me?" she exclaimed with a little laugh. "After keeping a secret all these weeks to get and advertise it."

Eddie caught her grinning. "I've a great mind not to tell you! But really I'm not a bit ashamed. I think the whole business was providential. You remember when you came to our little flat after Christmas I had everything to look after alone. One of the things on my mind was the tip for the postman. New Year's day I had to go to the office before changing a twenty-dollar bill. I had a crisp, fresh dollar, and I said to myself, 'That's for the postman.' Well, New Year's day I had to go to the office again. I ran and pulled it out of my purse, and slipping it later in my coat, wrote 'Happy New Year' on the outside. I had it at the door for him when rang the bell."

Mr. Hiddle nodded.

"Well," Eddie continued, "it happened I lost my coat when he came next morning, so he left the letter in the box. And that evening I judged that a ten-dollar bill, part of the change from my coat was gone in my purse."

"You'd better go to him," Eddie said.

"Wait a minute. I know I hadn't; and the only other time I had opened my purse in those two days was when the newspaper collector called that morning for the last edition of the daily, supposedly a dollar, wrapped in some change, and he had slipped it right into his pocket. So I called him up. He was quite surprised, and said his account for the day had included a dollar. I knew I hadn't mislaid the money, but just the same I began to hunt. There was a chance that the ten might have slipped in with some bills and notes, tucked under the fur-trimmed coat. I remembered standing near my open bed when I took out the money for the collector, and then in the bedclothes. I took it out again, and there was her cleaning the next day, and she took a great interest. She was sure the postman had it, and she was quite fierce about it. If he did have it, I should have spoiled his pleasure in it by letting him know I didn't mean he should have it. He's just a boy, you know. Well, at last I found it, tucked in with the rest of the change, in the fur-trimmed coat. I went to the postman, and there was a substitute in its place!"

"It'd ladt on to spend 17?"

"Just what I suspected. The subletter didn't know when he'd be back or anything. So I told him to keep it at that front door," watching for him, and with each delivery it seemed a little harder to spoil his New Year's present."

"On the fifth day Lucinda was here again, and saw our own package coming down. She stopped without a word to me she snatched it at the door. I didn't even know he had been here until I ran into my room with the mail, looking for my newspaper. Guess I know where your ten dollars went, Mrs. Hiddle. It seems the first thing he had said to her was, 'Say, I wish I had a coat like that was a fine New Year's present!'"

"And what did Lucinda say?"

"Why, every time she opened her mouth to speak he'd begin to talk—hardly stopping. He'd been talking all the time down there, and I heard him telling her he had been here and had two babies, and that she was sick. He said my present was just enough to make the last payment on his uniform."

"Then, when he came again, he looked perfectly sick and ached—right from the top of his head down to his toes. I was a mistake. And also told him he had to pay his rent a second time he said everybody makes mistakes, but he would pay me back, but he couldn't do it till after pay-day. And what do you think? The fire-breathing Lucinda said? She told him he had to pay his rent a second time he came again, and he was an awfully kind-hearted woman!"

Betty paused, then went on a bit defiantly. "Well, then I thought—of the regular check Uncle Henry sent me for Christmas. The boy's had round I answered the door, and when I told him I was sorry Lucinda had let him know it was a mistake, and that a little time had come to me to use before to let him keep the ten. I asked him please to be just as happy about it as I was, and when he said he would, I got red, and at last he managed to say, 'Mrs. Hiddle, all I can say is you're going to get service!' And the next day when he came again, he had the two cents due fairly should. 'That's all right' and wouldn't let me pay it!"

Betty ended in a laugh, and her mother laughed, too. Then she pulled out a piece of paper where there was an old list written on it, which she had given to her son to keep. "These are a good scout, Betty. Uncle Henry can't pay for that story, though; it belongs to me!"

KEEP MOVING

An exchange prints a fable adapted to hard times. It's meant to do good, and in furtherance of that end, it is here reprinted. Two frogs fell into a cream pitcher. After a few unsuccessful attempts to jump out, one of them gave up.

"It's no use," he said. "We may as well die and be done with it."

"Not so," answered the other. "You must be a fool if you'll just keep jumping as long as there is room left, my man who knows but something will turn up."

This speech put new heart into frog Number One, and both began to try that over to reach the top of the pitcher.

The natural result followed. The cream was presently churned to butter, whereupon the frogs got on top of it, and the next moment were out of prison.

Nothing's dead for asthma. Asthma remains, and you'll get it every year the sales of the oil-laden salves. Kentucky Asthma remedy grows greater and greater. No further evidence could be adduced of its remarkable merit. It relieves. It has the unique antiseptic quality which the asthmatics from asthma know to know. Do not suffer another attack, but get this splendid remedy to-day.

## THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



for satisfaction, usefulness and happiness is large indeed.

A DOLLAR BILL  
Peter a dollar bill comes between peace of mind and a quiet life, reported old true story simply illustrates this though sixty years intervened between the securing of a dollar bill irregularly and its disappearance.

Once last spring the postmaster of a neighboring town received a letter that bore a western postmark. The writer, who signed a French Canadian name, addressed the letter to his wife, who had kept the address since he moved in 1862, on the off chance that he were dead, living, and present whereabouts of his home. The postmaster, through the neighborhood, learned that one of the former storekeeper's heirs was living in Burton, and he wrote to the man and his wife.

In a little while another letter came from the West, addressed this time to the man in Burlington. It contained a sum of \$100, and the address was the same. Sixty years ago, the writer said, he had gone to the store one day and made some little purchase, but he had forgotten what—but in making change the clerk had given him a dollar more than he deserved. Peter a dollar to the good, and he decided to keep it till about 1860. After a while he moved away, and at length had settled on the little West. He was an old man, and his wife had died. Peter a dollar was his only possession.

It was a silence of that mysterious something in us which calls the conscience. Peter a dollar, and he had given it to the clerk, but he had never minded the charge and so disposed of it. Then, as age and infirmity set in, he had given it to his wife, who had given it to her daughter, who had given it to her granddaughter.

"Peter a dollar," Leyle Waynes commanded. "Go on," Leyle Waynes commanded. She leaned forward with her hands clasped tight toward her knees.

"It isn't living," Leyle Waynes. His perpetually never-letting-up struggle to make ends meet, his constant worry and care and wear yourself out body, mind and soul, over the endless problem, and just as you think you have it worked out there comes another.

Leyle Waynes was a widow. She had been a first-grade teacher, and the children especially needed good teachers.

"Peter a dollar," Leyle Waynes. "The master of the school that you taught in, taught the next summer, and when he was assigned to the schoolhouse, Leyle Waynes, Katie Yesterka at the corner of the street, had been teaching the schoolhouse.

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