The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1930

EASTER MORNING

"Break, dawn of the Easter Morning,
And scatter the night afar,
With thy serried lances spreading,
In the wake of the morning star!
Break over the mountains hoary,
Break over the valleys dim,
'Till the vales and the hills together
Shall thrill with the Easter hymn!

"And the world that was gray with winter,
Will blossom anew with spring;
There shall yet be beauty for ashes
And the soul that was dumb shall sing.
'The night of the grave was heavy,
But the day of the Lord is nigh;
Break, dawn of the Easter glory
From the gates of the rifted sky!"

—Margaret Hangster.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLENE B. CLARKE

Chronicles—Ginger Farm. Yes. Just wait a minute while I collect my scattered wits—there has been so much doing this week I hardly know where I am at. Let me see, I started the week at the dentist's, and then took Molly in for dental inspection on Tuesday. While down town I had the news sprung on me that I was required to go as delegate to the annual meeting, I. O. D. E. I had already declined this honor at our regular meeting, but the lady who had been appointed was unable to go, so here they were, with the session starting the very next day, and no delegate to send. Well, I always was a very accommodating person, so I quite cheerfully stepped into the breach, especially as one of our members offered to motor me down, and there happened to be no definite reason why I could not get away.

It was a glorious day on Wednesday, so we had a really enjoyable trip and arrived in plenty of time for the opening of the afternoon session. I sat quite close to a lady from a neighboring chapter, whom I knew quite well by sight, but who apparently did not know me. I find it quite comic at times to know and not be known. Very possibly it also happens the other way round, but, then, of course, I wouldn't know anything about it. There were some splendid speakers and they did make one realize that the I. O. D. E. is certainly a worth-while organization, in fact, I got so fired with enthusiasm I returned again the next day, as Miss Charlotte Whitton was expected to speak on "Immigration,"—a subject in which I take a keen interest. However, they broke it to us gently that this good lady was away on the ocean. It always seems to be my luck whenever I go anywhere to hear some particular person, they send a substitute and however good the substitute may be, one always has a sense of regret—a feeling that one is missing the real thing.

On Friday I found a few things to do at home—of course they really didn't need looking for, in fact I had to shut my eyes to a good many things I was just aching to get at. The garden, for instance—who wouldn't want to pole around outside when the sun is shining and the air has at least a definite feeling of spring. But, no, I knew I had got to attend to my baking and cleaning and stay in the house, as these things have to be done however much the sun is shining. And then my new wallpaper is here, so that means another job to be tackled, but I can't start it yet, as I did not like the ceiling paper when I saw it in the piece, so it promptly went back. I did get one room cleaned, which I have since turned into a sewing room—only I haven't done any sewing in it yet. I also gave the children an empty bedroom upstairs as a playroom, in the hope that they will play in it and not litter up the rest of the house with their toys. One can afford to be generous with rooms when there are eleven in the house, and not enough furniture to go round.

Other important events have also taken place. The calf has been named, Molly got top marks in her spelling examination and I have had a birthday. The calf shall be, henceforth, known as Norma—I feel more like calling it "normal," myself, as it hasn't been the least bit of trouble ever since we got it. On second thoughts, perhaps it would be better named "annormal," since it is usually natural for a calf to cause any amount of trouble, especially when it comes to weaning time. Next time we have a heifer calf I am going to call it Mine, and it shall be named "Straight Jane," in the hope that we shall then have no nonsense.

Last night I set three hens and they behaved themselves very nicely, went on to their nests this morning without a bit of trouble, for which I was truly thankful, as I don't know of anything more provoking than a setting hen that won't set—except, of course, just in the very place where you don't want her to. I suppose these chicks will come off too late to be what you might call an early hatch, but I think they are quite early enough for hen-hatched chicks. It takes very little to chill wee chicks and unless one has a brooder or a heated colony house I think the chicks are better to come off a little late rather than early. I guess the most important event of the week has happened to-day. Father has gone out to plow, and I am very glad he has for he has been like a cat on hot bricks for the last few days, so now he has got started perhaps he will be satisfied.

Dear, oh, dear! One never knows what is going to happen next. I had been awfully busy this morning, chasing the spiders around the south end of the house. I didn't quite get finished by dinner time, so there were still brooms, mops and dustpans in evidence when a car drove in the lane, about two o'clock, and out jumped my brother-in-law, with two friends from New York—and one of them was a lady! I had to apologize for the appearance of general upheaval, but as I said, "I suppose it is really no disgrace to be caught working." They did not stay very long, as they were on their way to Toronto, so it was not as bad as it might have been. Now I must hurry along, take my eggs into town and do some shopping. Glory be, I can hear the kettle boiling. Yes, I think a cup of tea is the very thing to help iron out the wrinkles. What a thing it is to be a farmers wife, or perhaps I should say a farmer's wife who tried to do other things besides wash dishes and serve meals.

Relieves Asthma at Once.—If you could read the thousands of unsolicited letters received by the makers from grateful users you, too, would realize the remarkable powers of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. All cases, incipient and chronic, are benefited by this great family remedy. Why suffer or experiment, with worthless preparations when the genuine Kellogg's can be purchased everywhere.

A CAUTIOUS PRISONER

The following conversation between a prosecuting attorney and a prisoner was heard in a court room far up in the mountains of West Virginia:

"Prisoner, do you know this man?"

"I've seen him."

"Did you maliciously assault him?"

"I hit thim!"

"Did you use a dangerous weapon?"

"No, I had a club."

"Did you knock him down?"

"He fell."

"Did you hurt him?"

The prisoner smiled for the first time. "Ask him," he replied.

The Free Press Short Story

EASTER LILIES—AND OTHERS

ETHEL HARRINGTON

THAT Easter was at hand the florists' windows gave full assurance. Old Henshaw's place, just around the corner from a crowded thoroughfare, was a veritable oasis of beauty in the noise and dirt of the city.

Here the mingling perfumes of rich exotics, the exquisite feast of color, the daintiness of the green background against which the blossoms were massed, formed a never failing delight to the owner's granddaughter.

Perhaps in that riot of beauty the girl loved most the purity of the flower after which she had been called. As she bent over an Easter lily, lying up the blossoms whose weight and fragrance seemed almost too heavy for its support, she appeared well named. Her figure was as slender, the pale gold head and paler cheek equally frail, while about her radiated that dainty femininity that is to womanhood what perfume is to the flower. Completing her task, she set the plant far back behind numbers of its like species. Henshaw paused to remonstrate.

"Get it further out, Lil. It's the beauty of the lot."

"I know it, grandfather, but—that is, I'm keeping it for one of our regulars."

Nodding, satisfied, the old man bustled away to some fresh patrons. Lily, though constantly busy, kept watch on each newcomer. When at last a tall young man entered, the quick drooping of her long lashes showed him to be the one expected.

"My buttonhole ready?" he asked suddenly across the counter. For reply she handed him a white carnation, which he at once fastened in his coat.

"Pretty busy, I guess," he continued, lingering a moment after she had made the change.

"Yes, Dent—any order for Easter? We are selling so fast it will be safest to let me know now." Her eyes questioned with an eagerness that she did not permit her tone.

"No." An answering embarrassment clouded for a moment the young fellow's face. He seemed about to add more, but, changing his mind, turned abruptly on his heel.

Lily watched his departure abstractedly. In school days he had been her playmate and confidant. That he had pushed on to success, both in business and social relations, was to her a matter of sincere pride, openly expressed. If in secret she suffered at the knowledge of the widening gulf between them, she uncited it stoutly even to her own heart, following his career with loving interest from her humble vantage place.

That he never had quite forgotten the old bond he proved by dropping in frequently on his way from the office, accepting with equal friendliness her greeting and choice of buttonholes.

With a woman's intuition and power of putting this and that together she knew from the first of his courtship of the beautiful Amy Hitrath. Had not Lily, often with tremulous fingers, arranged Dent's bouquets for the debutante's acceptance?

Until lately was it not she who had made the vase selections on Monday mornings—violets for her birthday, white and gold chrysanthemums at Christmas and lilies always for Easter? She had heard of a misunderstanding with complex feelings, but for Dent's sake hoped, believing herself qualified to gauge his suffering in the separation, that at Easter his floral remembrance might heal the rupture.

Toward this end she had selected a specially beautiful lily, but if he did not intend to send a peace offering to what end her care? On the other hand, should Dent slight the spotless beauty at such a season it would but cement the trouble. Men were so blind to their own interests, for, watching him, the girl fancied him grown worn of late, and her heart ached for him. On Easter eve, however, a daring scheme entered her brain to try if perchance she might help to set matters right.

Without giving herself time to weaken in her resolution she tied white streamers about the cherished lilies, catching the long loops with a dainty knot of blue forget-me-nots. Handing it to the driver, she followed him to the door, repeating her instructions that it was for Miss Hitrath.

"Card with it?" inquired the man.

"No; the forget-me-nots are instead—that is the idea." With sudden blinding tears Lily retreated into the store. Would the other girl fail to recognize the implied donor and the meaning in the gift lilies at Easter and forget-me-nots for happiness?

The self appointed peacemaker could not, however, repress a guilty start when Dent unexpectedly appeared, asking for some lilies. She would have sent a boy to show him, but the man objected.

"I can wait. I need your advice."

Perforce she attended him to the hothouse in the rear. There, while busying herself with drawing out plants for his consideration, she surprised a look of tenderness in his eyes.

"I—I always think of you as here among the flowers," he said hastily.

Lily found him unusually difficult to please and grew more and more nervous over her act and what he would say should he discover it.

"I told you to choose earlier," she reminded him, but it was more to herself, as if she needed to keep this fact in mind for her own exoneration.

"True, but—well, to tell you the truth, I wasn't sure she would accept one from me—"

"You are now?" Lily stared at the plant under discussion, at the palms to her left, at anything rather than her companion. She flinched from his affirmative, yet reminded herself she wanted only the assurance that all was well with him.

"I'm hoping for the best, Lily. You understand women, being one yourself. Suppose—"

"I were in her place?" Lily's voice was very low.

"Yes, in her place—the girl to whom I'm going to send this flower. Suppose we had drifted apart and that I suddenly had found out I'd been acting like a conceited fool and only wanted to be forgiven. Would you accept the flower, with all it stood for?"

Lily moved uneasily beneath his anxious gaze. Surely it could not be jealousy she felt. Then she laughed. Men were unaccountably clumsy in choosing their confidants.

"She can't resist you if you put the case so—so delightfully clear. You'll take this one?"

"Yes." The man's voice lost its eagerness as he followed her silently back into the store. There the girl became all business, measuring off yards of ribbon, handing him an envelope for his card and inquiring the address. "Miss Hitrath, of course?"

"You need not bother with the address. I'm going to send a boy for it." Then, scribbling a few lines with evident uncertainty of selection, he departed, with an abrupt good night.

Lily made her way home, tired and sad. She was haunted with the fear that her intrusion into Dent's affairs might complicate them further until she remembered that she alone knew from whom the gift was supposed to come. Dent, sending one of his own, would never suspect her should he ever learn of the other.

Entering the dining room early the next morning, her eye at once lighted on a lily, tall and fragrant. While admiring it her first thought—note she was of her grandfather, but there was something strikingly familiar in the arrangement of the ribbon, in the corner the tiny envelope was attached. Her fingers trembled, as she freed the card to read:

"Please be kind and exchange lilies with me.—Dent."

The amazed light of happiness was still upon her when the writer came. He seized her hands, crushing them in sudden hope.

"Lily, is it possible?"

"Wait!" The girl spoke breathlessly, freeing one hand to hold him at a distance. "You must be very sure. It will mean so much. There is Amy Hitrath. You care for her. Well—" in reference to his sharp denial—"you have cared for her. What if she should repent her quarrel, should send for you?"

"The quarrel was mine, dear. She demanded the breaking up of our friendship—"

"Even that for your happiness—" he began the girl, but Dent cut short the offer of sacrifice.

"Here," he cried, kissing her on the lips—"here is my happiness! What if I had learned the truth too late? Give me the flower I want, my Easter Lily."

"It is yours already," she admitted. Then, after an appreciable interlude, "How could I ever have planned to marry you to any one else?"

"To whom?" demanded the astonished Dent. But to this he never obtained a satisfactory answer.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS

The temptation to correct the manners of children who are not taught by their parents to conduct themselves properly in public places is very strong. A gentleman yielded to this temptation on a New York elevated car recently under circumstances which may be pardoned to him, though undoubtedly he exceeded his right.

He was sitting in a car in which all the seats were taken. A stout woman, flashily dressed, sat opposite him, holding a small boy between her knees.

Suddenly she stopped a person who sat next the gentleman got out, and a working girl, carrying a big bundle, came in, and started to take the vacant seat. But the woman with the boy was too quick for her. She pushed the boy quickly into the seat, just before the girl could take it, and looked complacently about her, as if she could not see the girl at all.

The gentleman might then have risen and given the girl his own seat, but he did not. He put his arm around the boy's waist, lifted him to the floor, and said:

"Now, take off your hat, and offer your seat to that young lady."

The boy ran to his mother's knees. The girl hesitated, but took the seat as the gentleman beckoned her to it. And then the mother of the child burst out into a violent denunciation of the man's "ungentlemanly" conduct.

"And let me tell you, sir," she said, finally, "don't you ever meddle with other people's children again!"

"Madam," responded the gentleman, "if mothers do not train their sons to grow up as gentlemen, some one else should. How do you expect that boy to respect his mother's sex, when his mother sets him the example of despising other women's claims to courtesy?"

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, an excellent remedy.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GET

When you buy branded beef bearing the red or blue brand of government inspection you know what you get. Much effective work has been done by the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture in respect to popularizing branded beef but the serious fact is that there is an acute shortage of beef animals which will measure up to the strict standards of the official grades. Most of the larger retail stores, however, now stock one or both grades. There are only two grades in branded beef: "Choice," and "Good." The "choice" beef is in all cases designated by a red brand. This grade is necessarily limited in volume and represents the product of particularly high class well finished cattle. The "good" beef is identified by a blue brand and is the grade in greatest supply. It includes only beef which can safely be recommended as of good eating quality. Six months in operation finds the new brands gaining rapidly in popular favor particularly because of the assurance of quality which the government stamp provides.

There is nothing repulsive in Miller's Worm Powders, and they are as pleasant to take as sugar, so that few children will refuse them. In some cases they cause vomiting through their action in an unsound stomach, but this is only a manifestation of their cleansing power, no indication that they are hurtful. They can be thoroughly depended upon to clear worms from the system.

WILLIAM WAS RIGHT, BUT—

Col. William R. Morrison, says the Washington Post, has spent a great part of his career in hotels, and one of his theories has been that the mind can be so trained that a hotel fire ought not to distract the reasoning faculties when presence of mind is needed. He impressed his theory strongly upon Mrs. Morrison by instructing her how to act if they were ever in a hotel that was on fire.

He and his wife were aroused from their slumbers one night by an alarm. The hotel in which they had their rooms was afire, and there was great confusion and tumult among the guests.

"Now is the time to put into practice what I have always preached to you, my dear," said the colonel. "Don't get excited. Put on all your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me."

He calmed Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his vest pocket, put on his hat, and walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the burning building into the street.

"Now, my dear," he said, when they were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing it is to keep cool and act with a deliberate purpose in an emergency like this? Here you are dressed, and over yonder are several ladies in complete dishabille."

Just then Mrs. Morrison for the first time glanced at her husband. "You are right, William," she said, "it is a grand thing to keep cool and act deliberately, but if I had been you I would have stayed in the room long enough to put on my trousers."

Persian Balm—the perfect aid to beauty. Essential to real feminine distinction. Results always in the highest expression of beauty. Its use keeps the hands always soft and flawlessly white. Indispensable to "the whole family." Imparts added charm to the mother. Serves the father as a hair fixative and cooling shaving lotion, and protects the tender skin of the child. Persian Balm is the true toilet requisite.

VARIETIES AND STRAINS OF RED CLOVER

Few seem to realize that a large percentage of the losses due to winterkilling of red clover seedings can be traced to the origin of the seed. Seed from certain areas is definitely unsuited to conditions as they exist in Eastern Canada.

In 1923 at the Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S., four Southern European strains averaged 1.91 tons of hay per acre, while five Canadian and one Swedish strain averaged 2.60 tons per acre. Three Canadian and two Swedish, Mammoth strains averaged 2.50 tons of hay per acre. Combining all of the northern grown strains, the yield was 2.05 tons per acre, as compared with 1.91 tons for the Southern European lots.

In 1927 five Southern European lots averaged 0.98 tons of hay per acre as compared with a yield of 2.20 tons per acre from four Canadian and one Swedish strain. Two Canadian and two Swedish, Mammoth strains, yielded 3.04 tons per acre. Nine northern grown lots averaged 3.1[illegible] tons per acre in comparison with 0.94 tons for the five Southern European lots.

In 1929 the yield from five Southern European strains was 1.95 tons per acre, while four Canadian and one Swedish strain averaged 3.19 tons per acre. The yield from two Canadian and two Swedish, Mammoth strains, was 3.13 tons per acre. In this case nine northern grown strains averaged 3.16 tons per acre in comparison with an average yield of 1.95 tons per acre from five Southern European strains.

Over the three year period the Southern European lots averaged 1.59 tons per acre in comparison with an average yield of 3.00 tons for the northern grown strains.

We cannot change our climatic conditions, but we can choose those strains which are best suited to our conditions. When ordering clover seed, be sure and ask for Canadian grown. If this is not available, secure it from a country whose climatic conditions are similar to those of Canada.—Kenneth Cox, Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S.

CARE OF THE FLOCK AT LAMBING TIME

Successful sheep raising rests to a large extent upon the handling and care of the flock at lambing time. It is at that time of the year that the sheep breeder encounters most difficulties, gains all kinds of diseases and suffers the greatest losses. In order to give the best possible results at lambing time, the flock requires particular attention for some time before that period; in fact winter feeding is an important factor in successful sheep raising. Experiments conducted these last few years at the Experimental Station of Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere have shown that the development and strength of lambs at birth depend to a large extent upon feeding during pregnancy. The winter ration of the flock at the Experimental Station of Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere is as follows: Clover hay, 4 to 5 pounds; cut turnips, 1½ to 2 pounds daily. This ration is suitable for ewes in good condition, but grain should be added if they are thin and good results have been obtained by supplementing the above ration with 2 parts of oats and 1 part of bran, fed at the rate of 1½ to 2 pounds daily.

The ewes must also take lots of easy exercise and the sheep barn should be kept dry, clean and well ventilated. For lambing it is preferable to build small movable pens, in order to separate the dams from the rest of the flock. Drafts must also be avoided, since they are often a cause of disease. It is advisable to clip the tags of wool on the dam's flanks and near the udder, to prevent the suckling lambs from swallowing this wool which would cause severe indigestion and even death sometimes after reaching the stomach. If the weather is cold, lambing must be closely watched for a chilled lamb weakens very fast and dies because he has not the strength to eat. It is necessary, therefore to keep these lambs warm by placing them near a stove and feeding them artificially if necessary until they are strong enough to drink alone at the udder.—E. G. Raynauld, Dominion Experimental Station, Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere, Que.

LOST HIS GAME

Benjamin Hammond, one of the early settlers of Maine, used to tell a story of the times when wolves were common in that neighborhood. One winter they were especially numerous and troublesome. He set traps and caught five of the brutes. The pelts brought a fair price, and there was also a small bounty paid.

One winter afternoon I went out to inspect my traps, and found the fifth wolf caught in them. He was a big fellow and ugly enough. He showed his teeth and leaped fiercely at me, coming within three inches of my face. I procured a club, and after a struggle, succeeded in laying the old fellow flat. I had hurt my right hand in the scrimmage, and decided to lug the carcass home and let my boy assist in the skinning.

I seized the animal by the hind legs, swung him to my shoulder and started. I had gone about half a mile when I heard a wolf snarl behind me. I looked around, but couldn't see anything, and went on again. Pretty soon I heard the same snarling noise close behind me. I jumped and turned quickly, for I was certain there was a wolf close at my heels.

I looked and looked, but there wasn't a thing to be seen or heard. I was puzzled. But the next moment the wolf on my back, which I had supposed dead, began to squirm and snarl in a way to leave no doubt where the other noises had come from.

I was taken completely unawares, and before I could manage to get a firmer hold, the creature had squirmed right out of my hands to the ground. I turned and tried to grab him, but he was too quick for me, and I had the pleasure of seeing my dead wolf make a clean run for freedom.

RIDDLES

Have you heard the tale of the guinea-pig?

The guinea-pig hasn't a tail.

What is two letters in the alphabet are closest together?

N and P, because there is nothing (O) between them.

What English word contains three vowels and three syllables?

Idea.

What unfortunate fish get trodden on? Soles and sprats (sprites).

What is the difference between a thoughtless boy and a mirror?

The boy speaks without reflecting and the mirror reflects without speaking.

Have you heard the tale of the ladder? You won't "understand" it.

How do bees get rid of their honey? They sell it.

WHICH JACKANAPES?

It was in the days when Germany was an empire and folk had to be careful what they said, lest they be accused of treason. A carpenter, says Mr. Israel Zangwell, was in a crowd waiting to see the emperor pass. The man had an excellent position, but he was uneasy because he had promised to meet a conceited young brother-in-law, and the brother-in-law had not arrived.

"Will the jackanapes never come!" cried the carpenter angrily.

A policeman promptly arrested him.

"But I was speaking of my brother-in-law!" gasped the carpenter, terrified.

"You said 'jackanapes,'—you must have meant the emperor," replied the policeman and marched the man off.

FOREIGNERS IN AMERICA

Mechanic: "Gimmelak, please."

Clerk: "Whatchu wantlaklier?"

Mechanic: "Gonnawritelair. Walchu think I wannafer?"

SLATS' DIARY

BY BOBB FARQUHAR

Friday—well I got a 0 mark in the biology class this p. m. all on acct. of I answered 1 of the questions rong and it happened to be the onley 1 she ast me. the teacher ast me what was the principle cause of Indigestion and I sed it was most generlly all ways caused by eating food and vitties and ect.

Saterday—well I guess I mist quit on a job today becuz I didden give the passing Mr. Crams bake shop and he was a standing in the Door and he sed to me. Do you rite answer to a question. I was a like cookeys to eat and I replyed and sed well I shud say I do and he sed Well I guess I better deliver these my own self then If that is the case. Why do you think that was the way?

Sunday—I neglected taking my bath last nite so me got me up erly this a. m. and made me take my bath and I sung and made so much noise that she balled me out when I got done. I sed to her that I didden believe in keeping it a secrit about takeing a bath even if it was Sunday.

Monday—tonite wile I was studying my langwide lesson I ast pa what was figgers of speach and after beed looked a round the room fo a minit he sed reel low. Figgers of speach is Marryed women.

Tuesday—well I didden do so good in skool today. The teacher had a test and 1 of the questions was What was a Bluggard and I ast Kizy if she new and she sald yes a Bluggard is a priselter, well, we both was rong and that is 1 constellation enny ways. these girls thinks they are so wise.

Wensday—well the old man witch sicked his dog on us last summer out to his Mellon patch died this morning so now we wont say no more mean things about him, and we all wush he went to the place where we don't think he didden go.

Thursday—I guess I am just macherally unlucky. this evning I was a studyng my history lesson and the teacher slipped on a bananna peeling and fell rite in front of are house and I never even seen it.

TOO HIGH

The New York Tribune says that an old man boarded a train at a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, carrying in one hand an umbrella tied up with a shoestring, and in the other an old valise that looked as if it might have been with Lee at Appomattox. He sat down near the door, deposited his property down beside him, and beckoned to a train boy who was just then passing with a basket.

"Got anything fer eat, young feller?" "Sandwiches — ham, chicken and tongue."

"Are they fresh?"

"Certainly."

"There ain't no 'certainly' about it," objected the old man. "The sandwich business is mighty ticklish in hot weather."

"They're fresh," said the boy, impatiently—"only been made an hour."

"I'd rather like a chicken sandwich if I knowed I wouldn't draw a wing."

"No wings, sir, all clear meat."

"Mister, you let me see one of them sandwiches."

"Can't, sir; they're all wrapped up. Take one?"

"How much do you ask for 'em?"

"Ten cents."

"I don't want a dozen; how much for one?"

"Ten cents."

"Great day 'n' mornin'!" gasped the old man. "Ten cents for two bites of bread an' a smell of chicken! I'm hungry enough to eat a pickaxe, but I'm game, an' I tell you what, before I pay ten cents for one little sandwich, I'll set here and roll my eyes and swoller, all the way to Bowltermer."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

We urge men to accept Christ, to accept Him, now, and they say, "Well, we will think about it," or, "Yes, I know it ought to be attended to." Why, you wouldn't act that way five minutes about your health or your wife's health, or your business.—Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock.

How sweet and wholesome are the pleasures that go into small room—the humble, simple, accustomed sights and sounds that bring the soul at once into the open air.—Dora Greenwell.

The sun and rain do far more to raise crops than all the farmer's toil; the hardest worker cannot get along without the Master Workman.

If your feelings are kind, train your tongue to utter them.

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THE INVESTMENT

Sue Hartison, sitting with her firm chin propped on her hands, scowled at the sound of her chum's knock. "Busy," she called. "No admittance unless you are prepared to help. If you aren't, out you go!"

Evelyn Lloyd opened the door, laughing as she did so. "Who could possibly resist so pitiful an invitation?" Then she noticed the sombre eyes and frowning brow. "Why, Sue, what's the matter?" she cried.

Sue made a small fierce gesture. "That fool lecturer in chapel yesterday."

"But I don't understand."

"Where were your ears? He made it clear enough, heaven knows! Didn't you hear her ask what kind of investments we, who pride ourselves on playing the game fairly, really are to our mothers? How much interest they are getting on an investment of eighteen years of work and responsibility, to say nothing of strength and time and pleasure? What do you make of it, Evelyn? 'Straight out now! How much has your mother got out of you?"

"What of it? We didn't ask to be, did we?" Evelyn retorted.

Sue made a contemptuous gesture. "Neither did you mother nor hers before her. But you and I seem to have managed to get a fair amount of pleasure out of it so far. What are they getting out of it, your mother and mine?"

"But you know well enough that they love giving us things and all," Evelyn protested.

"Maybe they do; I suppose so—that's mothers. But it seems to be a mighty poor investment if that's all they get out of it—saving and working and making things for absentee daughters."

"Well, I don't know what we should be expected to do," Evelyn replied impatiently. "We've a right to good times while we're young."

"That's what I'm trying to work out; and every way I work it, it comes out the same. I've been counting up as nearly as I can remember, the amount of time I've been home the past three years, and it comes to five weeks all told. And not five days of those five weeks have I really given to my mother! A pretty poor investment, I call myself. I've a right to good times, but that doesn't give me a right to profiteer over my mother."

"How perfectly absurd!" Evelyn cried.

"You aren't interested?" Sue asked crisply.

"I think it's all sentiment," Evelyn retorted.

"Out you go then. It's my fight, and I'm going to see it through. Be sure you latch the door."

After a puzzled moment Evelyn went out. She felt a sudden flare of anger at Sue for stirring things up and making people uncomfortable. It was a relief to see a group of laughing girls ahead of her, and she ran to overtake them.

TELEGRAPHING WITH A STEAM WHISTLE

While Edison, then a boy, was living in Port Huron, he found one of those opportunities to distinguish himself that seem to be always falling in the way of some men. The anecdote is related in "The Life and Inventions of Edison," recently published.

It was near the end of an exceptionally severe winter, and the ice had formed in such masses as to sever the cable between Port Huron and Sarnia. The river, a mile and a half wide, was impassable, and multitudes of people were greatly inconvenienced.

Edison, who had just learned to telegraph, saw a way out of the difficulty. Jumping upon a railway engine, he began to whistle in the rhythmic cadences of the Morse alphabet:

"Hullo, Sarnia! Sarnia, do you get what I say?"

No answer.

Again and again the short and the long toots shaped themselves into the dots and dashes of telegraphy, and finally some one on the other side became alive to their meaning. The answer came back, clear and cheery, and communication between the two cities was resumed.

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