THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
Effective April 28th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger an Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.33 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.40 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	7.48 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.40 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	7.00 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.33 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
9.35 a.m.	8.45 a.m.
11.35 a.m.	9.35 a.m.
1.35 p.m.	11.35 a.m.
3.55 p.m.	2.35 p.m.
5.55 p.m.	4.35 p.m.
8.55 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Bus Depot
WM. H. LONG'S STORE
ARROW

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Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery.

RADIO REPAIRS
You are invited to come in and talk over your Radio problems. The advice of a trained Radio Service Engineer is yours for the asking.
PHONE 11
Hugh Lindsay
In the Lane Block

Physicians Skill Is Taxed

Little gray-eyed Philip gazes at you hopefully. Perhaps you can mend his damaged toy? Yes, that can soon be done—but to help mend his damaged lungs, his weakened little frame, is a work of far greater moment.

It will tax all the care and skill of the kindly doctors and nurses of the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children to bring this about. However, there is hope even for Philip, as there is for so many other little children who are being cared for in this institution.

Contributions to assist this great work are needed, however, and a gift of money from you will be most welcome. Please send it to G. A. Reid, 315 College St., Toronto.

IF IT NEEDS ENAMELLING
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A scientifically prepared enamel of the highest quality, for outside or inside use. Dries flint-hard in four hours. Flows off the brush so smoothly and levels itself out so evenly that inexperienced painters are thrilled at the fine work they can do with it. Ask us for Multi-Use color chart of 26 beautiful shades. See a sample of Multi-Use painting. Note the brilliant gloss, smooth surface and sparkling colors.
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WHAT MILTON WROTE ON A BIBLE

Rummaging in an old Devonshire attic while home on furlough recently, an English army officer came upon a Latin Bible dated 1581 and bearing on the title-page the signature of John Milton! The famous poet had written on the blank leaf a prayer in these words: "O Blessed Lord God, who hast commanded that we should not add to Thy Word, nor yet take from it, grant, I beseech Thee, that I may neither think Thy certain true Scriptures to be doubtful, nor the uncertain to be Canonical, but possess me with a sober and reverent thoughts—that I, eschewing the fullness of, may avoid all haste, supine, forced, and uncharitable expositions, and fetch my little light and candle of knowledge from that first shine and prime rays of Thee, the onely Light, my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen." What a lesson for those theologians of our own day, who, in their eagerness to show their learning, show little reverence for the Book which has given light to the world.

FRESH FOODS
—Suitable for lunches to be eaten in the open—in the woods—beside a water-fall. Picnic time is here! Treasure every precious moment. Plan now for your Empire Day outing.

Catarac Dry GINGER ALE Contents of Large Bottle 15c
Hellmann's Blue Ribbon MAYONNAISE 16-oz. jar 10c
McLaren's Stuffed OLIVES 4-oz. bot. 10c
Campbell's PORK & BEANS 16-oz. tin 6c
Heinz Prepared Mustard jar 10c
Paterson's Camp Coffee small tin 27c
Pure Clover Honey No. 2½ tin 29c
Fresh Roasted Peanuts lb. 10c
Lombard Plums 2 tins 15c
Santa Claus Prunes lb 15c
Campbell's Tomato Juice 10-oz. tin 5c
Fruitland White Corn 3 No. 2 tins 25c
Dutch Ovaltine and tin 58c
Kirk's Hard Water Castile 3 for 14c
Woodbury's Facial Soap 3 cakes 25c
Laundry Soap Comfort 10 bars 39c

Biscuits Orange Cream Sandwich 2 lbs. 27c
Corn Flakes 2 pkgs. 15c Kellogg's or Quaker
Cheese Velveeta or Chateau 2 ½-lb. pkgs. 27c
Pickles Fearless Sweet Mixed 27-oz. jar 23c
Salmon Horseshoe Sockeye ½-lb. tin 17c
Sardines Brunswick Canadian 3 tins 13c
Salada Tea Brown Label ½-lb. pkg. 31c

EAGLE OR BEAVER BLUEBERRIES No. 2 tin 10c
SOUTH AFRICAN DRIED APRICOTS pound 23c
FRAY BENTOS CORNED BEEF 2 tins 25c
HEINZ KETCHUP large bottle 17c

CARROLL'S LIMITED

Cabbage 5c lb.
BANANAS Golden Ripe 21c doz.
Grapefruit 6 for 25c Marsha seedless
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Lemons 19c doz. Full Juice
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Oranges 19c doz.

Main St. Phone 357 Georgetown

THE TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP

He can get along without you when skies above are fair.
You don't need to think about him when he's free from doubt and care.
When his path is smooth and pleasant he can walk his way alone,
There'll be men to wait upon him once his pocket book is shown.
But it's when he's deep in trouble, and he has no coin to spend,
You should hasse to stand beside him—that's the time to be his friend.

It's no proof of lasting friendship to go with him when he's gay.
Any servant will attend him while the wages he can pay.
He can always find companions when there's nothing that he lacks,
For acquaintances are many and they always run in packs.
But it's not upon the many you must leave him to depend.
When you know he's deep in trouble—that's the time he'll want a friend.

Oh, the throng will hang about him when there's nothing to be done,
For the test of lasting friendship isn't sharing in his fun;
It's in giving up your comfort to be with him in his care;
It's in crawling out to help him where he flounders in despair;
It's in battling by and for him to the sad and bitter end;
It's in helping when he needs it that you prove to be a friend.

FIRST CITY IN CANADA TO TEACH DEAF PUPILS MECHANICALLY

The first really intelligent effort in Canada to ease the embarrassment and sensitiveness of those who have defective hearing is being carried out in Victory high school, Guelph, Ontario. These children, at least, will learn that they don't have to go through life missing half of it and risking all of it because they are afraid to wear a little dingus with a cord. British scientists about 1903 began experiments with bone conduction as an aid to hearing, because hearing is simply vibrations of the air, or sound waves, entering the ear, and by a simple mechanical device being communicated to the auditory nerve and the inner ear. The latest invention is an electric hearing aid, known as Acoustion. It does not even touch the ear, but employs the skull as a medium for transmitting sound waves to the brain.

In Victory high school a microphone is placed on the teacher's desk and each pupil hears quite distinctly by attaching a small phone to one ear. This school is the first in Canada, but it is expected to be the forerunner of many similar institutions.

OUR NEW MONEY

Our new currency is in circulation. We do not like the smaller bills. They are easy to lose for one thing, and they do not look big enough to really represent one hundred cents worth of buying power for another. Even at that they are not plentiful enough to make up in numbers what they lack in size. They appear so small that you do not feel that you are getting much for what you sell and if you are the purchaser you feel that the other fellow has a sensation of being underpaid. But after all, a dollar is a dollar. A smaller wallet will do to carry it in and there will be a smaller bulge in your coat. It will be harder for the public to tell if you haven't got any. Compared with the older dollar its manufacture requires less paper and printer's inks and inculcates the doctrine of economy.

As yet we have seen only one new Canadian silver dollar. It also bears its motto for on its reverse side there is a canoe engineered by two men, figuratively redolent of the Voyageur of the men who pioneered the hinterlands seeking for furs, for fish, for farms and for mines. We still wish there had been only one man, bringing out in bold relief the motto "paddle your own canoe."—Listowel Standard.

FARM HELP NOT PLENTIFUL

In times like these with so few jobs offering, one would expect to find thousands of young single men seeking employment on the farm. That, however, is not the case. In fact young single men willing to accept farm jobs for the summer are surprisingly few. Farmers are offering up to $30 per month with board and washing for eight months and meeting with a disappointing response.

One would expect that in every community there would be young men not needed at home who would be willing to engage with neighbor farmers for the summer; and it is reasonable to conclude that on the unemployed lists of towns and cities there can be found the names of young men with previous farm experience. If such men do exist they are certainly not coming forward and asking for employment to a fair wage.

The alarming feature of this situation is the scarcity of farm help in a time when so many men are unemployed and relief expenditures have grown to such staggering figures. There are grounds for the suspicion that relief policies are destroying the morale of young men and ruining them for life. It is bad enough to burden the people with a load of debt and impair the nation's credit; but if relief expenditures go further and break down the morale of the country's young men, then some measure of economic reform cannot be introduced a day too soon.

The authorities who administer the social and welfare legislation of the provinces and the Dominion would be well advised to consider this problem very carefully and gather some data in regard to farm employment which will have a direct bearing on welfare and relief policies.—Farmer's Advocate.

YOUR NON-STOP ENDURANCE TEST

No man has ever constructed such a marvelous, complicated piece of machinery as nature has put inside of his body. No watch is more delicately adjusted—each part dependent on the other.

Quite unknown to you, most of the time that amazing machine of yours is making its own repairs. Minor adjustments are automatically made. Sometimes, though, outside help is needed — help from a competent man or a surgeon.

Machines that have been run a long time without inspection, especially those more than forty years old, deserve to have a thorough inspection at least once a year. Give that machine of yours an opportunity to continue faithful service. Find out if it needs repairing or timing up.

Gallant Desperado

By SAMUEL REEVE

FEATURE EDITOR BLAKE looked away from the intriguing eyelashes that adorned Elizabeth's expression of anxiety. "I'm sorry, Miss Atwell," he said crisply, "but you fell down badly on the two feature assignments I've given you so far. This will have to be your last chance."

Elizabeth was duly contrite. Her new job had made her the envy of her whole graduating class, and she couldn't possibly afford to lose it. "I'm positive I'll put it over this time," she assured him earnestly.

"Well, you're getting a tough one. Bring back a story before tomorrow night on Dutch Wagner, the racketeer, and his sidekicks, Handsome Bill Phillips and Frankie Grimm."

"Dutch Wagner"—Elizabeth's heart sank at the words. That was more than a tough assignment. It meant she was already through, unless she could do the impossible. Wagner and his crowd hung out in the Gull club, a gambling dive on a yacht in the Hudson.

Midnight found Elizabeth pacing back and forth on the deserted landing place from which a private launch carried guests to the Gull club. A hundred yards out in the river she could see the black, rakish craft gleaming with colored lights. But it might have been ten miles away, for the girl had no means of summoning the launch, and no assurance that it would take her if it came.

Then a taxi drove up and a man alighted. He walked to the edge of the landing, blew a peculiar-sounding whistle, and turned to Elizabeth. "Did you signal?" He was a powerfully built man, with a determined face.

"Now, I lost three of those jiggers, and I tol' Bill Phillips if he wants me to meet 'im on board, he's gotta get me without it."

The man looked at her again, and then smiled with friendly politeness. "Oh—so you're a friend of Bill Phillips."

She boasted. "Sure, Bill's a swell guy. They don't come any better—or tougher."

The stranger seemed duly impressed and invited her to make the trip in the launch with him. On board they were greeted by a swarthy man in the uniform of a common sailor. He seemed to know Elizabeth's companion, and the two passed. As they entered the cabaret, however, the girl's blood chilled. The head waiter had just addressed the man with her as Mr. Phillips! Stopping abruptly, she glanced back at the launch, as if to make a last-minute dash. But now the man took her arm and smiled. "Let's go find Phillips," he said quietly.

The Gull club was more a gambling den than a dance hall.

"Guess Phillips isn't here yet," Elizabeth's companion murmured. "How about a dance or two, until he comes?"

The dance stretched into several, and gradually Elizabeth's tension eased. As they sat at a table, a half hour later, she cautiously began to ask questions. Phillips, or whoever he really was, seemed to know almost everybody in sight.

Curiously enough, although Elizabeth's companion appeared to know all these men well, he made no effort to introduce the girl to anybody. Furthermore, he in turn began to question Elizabeth, with equal skill, to find out how well she knew Phillips and other members of the Gull club gang.

The girl became terrified. Was he trying to learn how dangerous she had become, before putting her out of the way? She evaded his questions and the conversation soon died into uncertain silence. Suddenly there was a commotion on deck. The stranger stepped to the doorway, looked out, and dashed back to Elizabeth excitedly. "We're raided," he whispered; "let's get out of here, kid!" Suspicious, Elizabeth hesitated, but then saw several other men leaving hurriedly, and yielded. From the deck they saw a large police launch, filled with a raiding party, bearing down rapidly on the yacht. "Come on," whispered her companion, and half dragged her by the arm to where a small rowboat was moored.

Rowing as quietly as possible, they moved stealthily downstream. Phillips, or whoever he was, beat to the oars powerfully and steadily, smiling reassurance occasionally at the girl. Somehow, Elizabeth's fear of him melted into a deep admiration. No man could have been more decent to her than this desperate gangster.

But what a story! If Blake didn't raise her for this, he was crazy. "I have to get a telephone," she exclaimed as the boat grounded.

"We both do," the stranger said grimly, helping her ashore. They strode down a deserted street to a corner drug store.

Fishing a nickel out of her purse, Elizabeth dashed into a phone booth, while the stranger waited for change. Blake was excited at the news. "The Gull club raided? Some break! Stay there until I send a man up." She hung up, exhausted, for she knew all the other morning papers had already gone to press.

As the letdown flooded over her, Elizabeth became dimly conscious of her companion's voice, talking into a phone in the next booth. She started, and suddenly became rigid with astonishment.

"Hello, Evening Star?" he was saying; "this is Ben Baker of the feature section. Phillips' clothes did the trick, all right. Even his girl friend didn't spot me! And did I get a story!!"

ALL MAY HELP

Want your home town to go ahead? Then take hold and do a little pulling ahead yourself! Want your home town business to keep your home people well employed? Then give that business your full support by buying your supplies at home.

Want your business to grow? Then talk about it. Write about it. Advertise it. And this applies not only to those who own or operate a business, but also to those who are employed by that business. More interest in your work, more business, more employment for yourself and others at better wages. All may help.

Memories and Impressions of Georgetown High School

By Howard F. Orsin

In one of my articles of some months ago, I mentioned how highly I regarded Mr. Coutts. I found him a most lovable man, and I am quite sure that I voice the opinions of many of his former pupils, those who were fortunate enough to come under his tuition. He was to me not only my teacher, but one of my real friends.

I wonder if we realize just how much our ideas are moulded by our teachers, especially our secondary school teachers. When we are attending high school or collegiate, our thoughts and ideas are more advanced, naturally, and we on the fringe of real things in life. Moreover how thankful I am that the school I attended was no larger than G.H.S., because I believe that no matter how close the teachers get to their students in our city collegiates, the contact cannot of necessity be so intimate, hence not so beneficial as in the smaller high schools. No matter how much we change our views in after life, they become more or less fixed while we are attending high school. Our approach to the problems of life become somewhat decided. This at any rate was my experience.

Mr. Coutts pronounced the word "food" so as to rhyme with "good," not as to rhyme with "rude", as do most people. I recall also that while he pronounced the word "foot" as to rhyme with "pool," as does practically everyone, he pronounced "foolish" as though it were spelled "fullish." I have grown to like the pronunciations he gave them and have since adopted them as my own and so being the correct pronunciations. The word "food" is one that we hear pretty regularly on the radio and I have yet to hear a single pronunciation of the word as Mr. Coutts did it.

In May 1903 the Halton Teachers Convention was held in Georgetown. This was my first year of teaching, and I attended. Mr. Coutts gave an address at this meeting, on the subject of "Some commonly misused words." So much did I think of Mr. Coutts' scholarship and opinions, that though I did not take a single note, I remember almost his entire address, and a great many of the words he mentioned. He said amidst laughter that he had heard the expression on the streets of Georgetown, that the town was "literally" flooded with teachers. He pointed out that the speakers meant "figuratively" rather than "literally." He mentioned "pants," "pants," and photos" as bobtailed words, and his explanation of the meaning of the word "photograph" as derived from the Greek, one of my subjects with him, has remained with me to this day, and I am quite sure that I shall never forget it.

In 1904 the convention of Halton teachers met in Burlington, and Mr. Coutts gave an address there on "Habit and its relation to Education." In this address he touched on the theory of evolution. While I recall exactly his approach to the theory, nothing would be gained by giving it here. I had never previously heard of it under the name of "the theory of evolution," in fact I had not up to that time ever heard the theory propounded. It is safe to say that I knew infinitely less about it then than I know now about the Einstein theory, which is absolutely nothing. At lunch after the session in which Mr. Coutts spoke, I was sitting at the same table as he and he asked me, whether or not the theory of evolution startled me. I said "Beg Pardon." He repeated the question. I did not even answer. Was completely over my head. The blank look on my face no doubt indicated to him that he was talking in a different language from mine, and he did not pursue the matter further.

In 1911 when the school celebrated its silver anniversary, I did not attend the Friday celebrations, but I went up on Saturday. At the fair grounds where some of the proceedings were held, I met Mr. Coutts, and he graciously invited me to his home for evening dinner. That was just like him. I have some very pleasant recollections of the hospitality of his home. On this occasion he had two other young men, both like myself former students of the school. The interesting part of the occasion was the fact that though the three of us had attended G.H.S. we were there at three different times. I had finished before Archie McKinley one of the other fellows commenced, and he had finished before the third fellow whose name I do not now recall, commenced. All in all it was a most enjoyable occasion, and Mr. and Mrs. Coutts proved themselves genuine hosts.

"IT'S TO AN OLD-TIME TUNE I STEP."

I dropped in at the township hall and took a seat against the wall and thought I'd see them whirl and prance in any real old-country dance.

I like to hear the fiddles play and and get a "kick" to see the way they fiddle out a breakdown tune which always seems to end too soon.

But this time I was sure surprised and couldn't quite believe my eyes; the dance they did out on the floor was different than I'd seen before.

They weren't paired off in groups of eight but stayed in couples; some went straight in circles scuffling on the wax, and girls wore dresses without backs.

Others juggled up and down; it made me scratch my jaw and frown and ask a fellow standin' near, "What kind of dance they havin' here?"

"They're doin' 'Carioca' now," says he, and mops his fevered brow. "I never yet have seen the like these twenty years I've worked for Mike.

"My wife would bawl me out I reckon for looking at such awful neckin' right in public like they do—what are the young folks comin' to?"

"You're right," I says, "and I can see a polka is the thing for me; give me a schottische or a 'square' and I'll make them there youngsters stare.

"Walkin' in their sleep, by gee, is what that dance looks like to me. The preacher said last Sunday night, 'This modern dancing is a fright; to dance was sin before our time, but nowadays it is a crime'."

"This new-time dancin' may be fun, dependin' on the way it's done, but if I want some joy and pep it's to an old-time tune I step."

The Important Thing

"Goodness, George! This is not our baby! This is the wrong carriage."

"Shut up! This is a better carriage."

He Knew

The teacher asked whether any one could give her a good definition of toast. Only one hand went up.

"All right, John, you tell us about toast."

"Toast," said John confidently, "is burnt bread scraped."

HOME

Oh, it may be a little farm,
That lives among tall trees,
That owns a garden filled with thyme
And heather and heartease;
Or it may be a tenement
Upon a city street,
But if it is indeed a home,
The soul of it is sweet!

It may be costly, built of brick
And polished, carved steel—
It may be made of rough-hewn logs,
But if it makes us feel
A sense of comfort and of peace
And loveliness and rest,
It does not matter how it looks,
For it is surely blest!

A home needs more, you see, than walls
And stately rooms, well planned;
It needs the sense of song, the touch
Of a soft, gentle hand;
It needs a prayer from smiling lips,
A prayer to One whose grace
Made home and all that home may mean
Bloom in a stable place!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

AMUSEMENT TAX RATE TO BE INCREASED

To Provide for Provincial Relief Costs

In need of every cent it can get, the Hepburn Government has by order-in-Council effected a drastic revision of Ontario Amusements Tax Act rates that is expected to bring to the treasury an additional $1,500,000 annually.

The former exemption on admissions to all place of amusement up to and including 25 cents, has also been eliminated, and amusements tax will now apply on all prices charged to places of amusement. Rates of tax, which up to the present have been of 10 different denominations, have been reduced to nine, eliminating the payment by patrons of amusement places of odd coppers in a great many of the price brackets. One and two cent denominations will be in effect to provide for a low amusement tax payable by patrons of the lesser priced places of amusement.

The revised rates, as effective on and from June 1, and announced last evening by Premier and Treasurer Hepburn, are as follows:

Admissions not more than nine cents—one cent tax.

Admissions not more than eighteen cents—two cents tax.

Admissions not more than 45 cents—five cent tax.

Admissions not more than 55 cents—ten cent tax.

Admissions not more than $1.10—15 cent tax.

Admissions not more than $2.20—25 cent tax.

Admission not more than $3.30—30 cent tax.

Admissions more than $3.30—50 cent tax.

With the tax now applying on all prices of admission, all games, shows and rides at summer parks, travelling carnival shows, fairs and exhibitions will be affected, said Mr. Hepburn.

Every person attending a race meeting where running races are held, irrespective of the price of such admission, or whether admitted free, will be required, the Premier said, to pay, as heretofore an amusement tax of twenty-five cents.

Entertainments and dinner dances held at hotels, dining rooms and similar places will be required to pay the same rate of tax as theatres and halls, except where the system of charges made to patrons is such that it would be impracticable to have the tax collected in the usual way, when permission may be granted to such places to collect the amusements tax at the rate of ten per centum of the gross charge per person.

With the exception of hotels, as noted in the above paragraph, an amusements tax ticket of the proper denomination must be sold and delivered to each patron of a place of amusement, and it is a violation of the regulations passed pursuant to the act, Mr. Hepburn pointed out, to attend a public place of amusement to which an admission is charged, without being sold and delivered a proper tax ticket.

"Due to the relief problem," said the Premier, by way of comment on the new policy, "it is requisite to secure additional revenue, and the amusements tax will be used for relief purposes. All amusements tax tickets now being printed will have the words on the face thereof, 'Ontario Amusements Tax for Relief Purposes,' so that patrons attending places of amusement, and who are fortunately able to afford such amusement, will realize that the tax they are paying is to help the province in its heavy commitment toward alleviating relief."

Certain exemptions, the Premier said, were still provided, as the provisions of the act did not apply to entertainments held by church organizations where the entire gross proceeds were devoted to church work. Exemptions also applied, he stated, on admission fees charged at the entrance to the grounds at the annual exhibitions held by the Canadian National Exhibition Association, the Central Canada Exhibition Association, the Western Fair Association, the Royal Winter Fair, and to annual fairs held by any society under the Agricultural Societies Act.—Mail & Empire.

THE CANADIAN JUBILEE BEACON CHAIN

The coast-to-coast chain of beacons by which Canadian Boy Scouts celebrated the King's Silver Jubilee on the evening of May 6 proved the greatest event of its kind in the Dominion's history. Fires stretched from Sydney on the Atlantic, to Prince Rupert, on the Pacific, and burned from Signal Mountain, 7,400 feet up, in Jasper National Park. The great Mid-Canada bonfire at Winnipeg was lighted by Lord Baden-Powell himself, in the presence of a crowd of many thousand spectators, and at Edmonton, in the presence of a similar crowd, a huge beacon was lighted by Lieut.-Gov. Walsh. The Canadian Scout chain carried across North America the great Scout chain in England, where some 3,000 beacons burned between John o' Groats and the Guernsey Islands.

Arbitrator

After an immense amount of trouble the vicar of a country parish succeeded in reconciling two old women who had been quarrelling for years. He even induced them to meet under the vicarage roof.

In his drawing room they shook hands. After an embarrassed silence one of them said:

"Well, Mrs. Tyler, I wish you all you wishes me."

"An' who's saying nasty things now?" snapped Mrs. Tyler.

Efficiency

Mother: "Why do you want me to wash your face, when you usually do it yourself?"

Bobby: "Well, I'd have to get my hands wet, and they don't need it."