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	9.00 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	7.00 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.00 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	7.00 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.10 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.35 p.m.

TRAVEL BY
BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
9.25 a.m.	8.40 a.m.
11.15 a.m.	9.25 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	11.30 a.m.
3.55 p.m.	2.30 p.m.
5.55 p.m.	4.30 p.m.
8.55 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.

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

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Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery.

ACCIDENTS AND COMPENSATION

During the month of May 4,734 accidents were reported to The Workmen's Compensation Board, 17 of these being fatal cases. This compares with 4,486 during April and 4,453 during May of 1934, and brings the total this year to date to 23,104, as against 20,130 for the corresponding period last year.

The total benefits awarded during May amounted to $470,142.60, of which $376,457.19 was for compensation and $93,675.41 for medical aid. The benefits awarded during April were $365,732.31.

OPEN SEASON — BLACK BASS AND MASKINONGE

In view of popular demand from interested anglers who desire to take advantage over the Dominion Day holiday of the privileges which fishing for these species affords, and having in mind the fact that the holiday this year happens on a Monday, the Department of Game and Fisheries is making arrangements which will provide that for the year 1935 this open season will commence on Saturday, June 29th, to apply to those waters in which this open season would ordinarily commence on July 1.

Things that seem "too good to be true" often are.

Enjoy the Best Tea
"SALADA"
TEA

THE COAL BUSINESS OF THE LATE
John McDonald
WILL BE CARRIED ON BY THE ESTATE
All orders placed at the Office will be appreciated and promptly attended to.
PLEASE NOTE!
Prices advance July 1st, 1935.
QUEEN STREET GEORGETOWN

CENT A MILE BARGAIN EXCURSION
Children Free; Adults Fifty Cents Each
FROM BRAMPTON, GEORGETOWN and all adjacent C.N.R. Stations
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and Sat. JULY 6 Locally between intermediate stations at which Excursion Tickets are sold—Ask Ticket Agent.
For Fares, Return Limits, Train Information, Tickets, consult nearest Agent. Eco MacNeill, Pass. Agent.
CANADIAN NATIONAL

THE WEB

I watched a spindly spider weave his web with patient ease,
And thought how very slender was the net he fashioned there.
He wove in rhythmic circles from the centre to the rim,
And wrought a thing of beauty, very delicate and trim.
But when the morning dew-drops made it sparkling, shiny lace,
I thought I never saw a finer masterpiece of grace.

I passed that way at noonday and I saw to my dismy
This piece of striking sculpture was a snare to trap the gay,
For that voracious spider held a fly with cruel claws,
Enmeshed among the net-work of his silken mesh of gauze.
And, as I walked, I pondered o'er the thing that I had seen
And asked myself with wonder what this spectacle could mean.

With suddenness of lightning was its import o'er me flashed.
The startling revelation made me stand there quite abashed.
For many beckoning pleasures with a questionable phase
Had coaxed me to enjoy them and be lured within their maze.
But now I saw with horror why this sparkling web was wrought,
And thanked the spindly spider for the lesson he had taught.

TRUCKING ON SUNDAY

A bill is under contemplation by the Government, that, if put through, will be welcomed, not only by the motorists of Ontario, but by the general public. The bill under contemplation deals with trucking on the King's Highways on Sundays. Common sense as well as the provisions of the Lord's Day Act, rules out the misuse of transport privileges, which result in highways being choked with commercial vehicles on a Sunday, impeding the progress of passenger vehicles and greatly increasing the accident hazard.

Transport drivers ought to have the same release from Sunday labor as the rest of us, if their efficiency is to be maintained and their ability to drive safely and sanely and wide-wakes not to be impaired. One day's rest, at least to our way of thinking, should be even more important to them than in the case of the factory worker, or an office employee. One moment's drowsiness or laxity on the part of a transport driver may result in the loss of life.

And what is more aggravating than having to drag long, mile after mile, behind a three-trailer transport on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, with heavy traffic both ways on a busy highway! It's a wonder Sunday trucking has not been restricted before this, but all we can hope for now is that the bill will carry through with colors flying.

The Signal

By GRANY M. SASSAMAN

WHITE-FACED and angry, they looked at each other over the front door threshold.

"The trouble with you, Don, is that you don't want me to have any pleasure at all." Mary Feldon's hazel eyes snapped fire, but the young man standing stolidly before her saw they were close to tears.

"Listen, Mary," he said quietly. "I want you to have everything it's possible for me to give. But you must remember I'm a railroader, and there's always a certain amount of danger to face. I can't be running around every night to parties and shows—losing sleep—and then go out on my runs. I'm not the road's president. I'm only a brakeman.

"Perhaps you made a mistake in marrying me, Mary," he said, his voice slightly bitter. "You were accustomed to better things. . . ."

"Don, I'm tired of all of this," Mary broke in. "I'm fed up with parking lunches, staying here alone nights when you're away on a two-day run."

"I'm sorry, Mary." A lump came into Donald Feldon's throat. "I didn't realize it had got you that bad." He turned and regarded his pretty wife searchingly. "But if that's how you feel, maybe we'd better call it quits. If you're not here when I come back tomorrow, I'll understand."

As long as she could see him, Mary watched his broad shoulders moving rhythmically under the blue denim jacket. She experienced, with her ebbing anger, a pang of remorse.

And it all had begun with a joking remark Don made about her house dress. "It makes you look so domestic, darling," he had said.

They had been out late at a party the night before, and she had just fallen asleep when the rollboy came hammering at the door. Then, too, she had planned to attend Nellie Robbins' dance tonight.

She had slipped on an old house dress, cooked a hurried breakfast. But all the while anger brought on by disappointment and fatigue was tearing at her. Then Don had mentioned the dress.

"Domestic?" she had flared. "Slave, you mean! That's all I've been for the past two years!

"I suppose you won't like it, Don," she said to him, "but I'm going to the dance tonight regardless. I'll call up Bob Amos. He'll take me."

Bob Amos? Of course she had gone around with Bob before she had met Don. She never had cared much for him. She knew, however, that Bob Amos cared for her, and Don knew it, too. From anger and regret, Mary's emotions swung to the other extreme. A gnawing fear took hold of her. Divorce? She didn't want a divorce.

Don would realize she hadn't meant those things, and he'd signal his forgiveness. Several times in the past she had stood here on the porch regretting heated words, and then she had been comforted by Don's signal.

It had been a sort of game with them. The signal sometimes had been a wave of the hand; at other times, when Don was busy inside the caboose or watching signals from the far side of the engine, it was a handkerchief tied somewhere for her to see.

• • • • • • •

At the first sound of Don's train Mary was back on the porch. It was a fast freight. She gripped the porch rail with taut fingers, as the engine came abreast of the house. There were three men on the head end. Was that Don leaning against the farther side of the tender? It couldn't be! Don would be on this side, waving to her. It looked like Don, but—

"He's back in the caboose," Mary told herself aloud, as the engine roared by and the freight cars became suddenly blurred. Why give up hope? Don wouldn't let her down! He would signal her from the caboose. . . .

At noon Donald Feldon dropped down from the engine cab and waited for the caboose to come up. Standing there beside the tracks, he swore softly to himself for having been too stubborn to wave to Mary. He had seen her on the porch, and there had been something disturbingly tragic in the way she had clung to the railing.

With weighted feet he swung aboard the forward steps of the lazy caboose when it came up. The shrewd old eyes of the gray-haired conductor, Lundy, surveyed him.

"I saw Mary on the porch as we came by," he said. "Did you wave from the front end?"

"Why—er—"

"Shut up," said the old man gently. "You didn't, or she wouldn't of been standin' there like that when the hack rolled past. You two had some sort o' fuss. I saw it on your face as soon as you hit the roundhouse. I'm an old busybody. I see everything."

Don sat down on a bunk while the conductor started for the rear platform, muttering loudly: "Well, I guess the danged thing oughta be dry by now. It's been hangin' on the rail ever since we left the yards."

Don looked out to see him undo a large bandanna from the caboose rail and tuck it in a rear pocket.

He leaped up from the bunk. "Was that—on the rail—when the blind end passed the house?" he asked stridently.

The conductor chuckled. "It was, son—unless it fell off and run after the hack to tie itself back on."

A lump came up in Don's throat. "Busybody!" he managed to say. "You're a d—n' old angel, Lundy! That's what!"

TO BLAST PART OF NIAGARA FALLS

Famed Honeymoon Point at Niagara Falls will be blasted away by two explosions, one on July 1, Dominion Day, and the other on July 4, United States Independence Day, it was announced last week at the administration buildings, Queen Victoria Park, at the Falls.

The greater portion of the table rock will be blasted away with dynamite on Dominion Day. Engineers will then make a survey of the result of the blast and make a second set of holes, blowing away the remainder on July 4.

SALAD WEEK
A bountiful wealth of lettuce hearts and tender vegetables to eat. Let us use them generously. Ontario Salad Week discovers our season. Our stores have a large stock of seasonable salad ingredients displayed—fresh daily.
Kraft Salad Dressing
MIRACLE WHIP
16-oz. jar 33c | 8½-oz. jar 19c | 35-oz. jar 51c
CORN
Frankford Sweet White CORN No. 2 tin 8c
Old Mill Golden CORN 2 17-oz. tins 23c
Aylmer Sweet White CORN 2 No. 2 tins 19c
Garden Patch PEAS 2 17-oz. tins 23c
Good Assorted Sandwich BISCUITS 2 lbs. 27c
Seaver Fancy LOBSTER lg. tin 29c
Sunlight SOAP bar 5c
Toilet Soap LUX 2 cakes 11c
"A" Blend COFFEE pound 29c
Dandee TEA lb. 39c
OVALTINE tin 38c, 58c, 98c
Bartlett PEARS 16-oz. tin 15c
Lombard PLUMS 2 No. 2 tins 15c
Aylmer Choice Tomatoes 3 No. 2½ tins 25c
Five Roses FLOUR 24-lb. bag 76c
Cassell's Creamy Old CHEESE lb. 19c
They'll Jell with CERTO btl. 29c
Pure Parowax lb. 12c
Zinc JAR RINGS doz. 19c
Sure Light MATCHES 3 boxes 20c
CARROLL'S LIMITED
Oranges Sweet and Juicy 19c doz.
Lemons Large, full of juice 19c doz.
Bananas GOLDEN RIPE 23c doz.
Tomatoes Hot House No. 1 23c lb.
New No. 1 Potatoes 6 lbs. for 25c
LETTUCE, Hard Heads 5c each
Cabbage FIRM HEAD HOME GROWN 5c ea.
Watermelon and other fruits and vegetables specially priced
Main St. Free Delivery Phone 357 Georgetown

MIDGET MELODY MASTER

The best singers among birds are rarely beautiful. If a bird sings with glorious melody, he will be heard by friends and foes alike. Let a hawk hear him, and the hawk will say to himself: "Now there's a juicy dinner." So the hawk searches and searches—but does he find the tuneful fellow? No, the drab costume of the hunted bird foils the marauder who cannot locate him and therefore cannot catch him.

Probably every adult wren has had an experience of this kind. Of course as soon as he spies the hawk he prudently ceases his song and scurries deeper into the under-growth. He stays there quietly till the danger passes. But if he wore a colorful coat, the story might end differently. Consequently the wren is thankful both for his musical ability and his lack of beauty.

A real thrill awaits the person who has not yet discovered the wren. Some day he will hear a lilting, enthusiastic, catchy, stirring melody. The volume of those vibrant notes suggest a bird as large as a robin or brown thrasher. One pierces carefully into the branches but detects nothing that does not belong to the tree. If he is persistent, however, he will locate a brown sprite about five inches long. The wonder of it all is how so much melody can emerge from such a small body.

The best way to close by. It may be in that old stub where Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker lived last year. The wren likes these forsaken cavities, as they are cosy and free from drafts. You may find the nest in a knot-hole or in some crevice about your own house. Quite correctly named is the house wren, for he likes houses and is not afraid of people.

Proudly the wren carries himself with head erect and tail perked upward, but when he sings he lifts his beak toward the sky while his tail droops slightly downward. He sings with such gusto that he must surely consider himself the happiest creature in the world; and he hits about the weeds, bushes and low trees with the agility of a gymnast.

The home a wren prefers is one that man has made for him. Tack up an old tin can, and the wren may choose it. However, he deserves better treatment. Build a little house out of cigar-box wood with the entrance no larger than a quarter of a dollar and fully half way up the front. A perch is not necessary as sparrows will alight there and pester the wrens. Though the wren is a brave fellow, he and his wife cannot successfully combat one or two dozen sparrows. If you wish to keep these malodious singers near, you must plan for them so they can stay without having to wage a constant war.

The mere presence of a cat will annoy wrens immensely. If the male bird locates a cat sleeping anywhere within fifty yards of the nest, he will sing by the hour. The wren knows that the cat might climb up to the nest and catch his mate or devour the babies. Tack a large piece of tin well below the wren house, and the birds will not be molested by any feline raiders.

During the nesting period the husband hovers nearby as a guardian. When she leaves to get something to eat he may go inside and perhaps sit on the eggs till she returns. Just before the babies come he begins feeding his mate who stays constantly then on her nest. Both parents feed their young.

What do wrens eat? Grasshoppers, beetles, caterpillars, bugs, cutworms, spiders, weevils, ticks and plant lice. All are injurious forms that greatly damage garden or field crops or both. The wrens damage nothing. They are distinctly beneficial to man in their habits. Their tuneful melody plus their preference for harmful insects makes them truly desirable residents.—"Our Dumb Animals."

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Manse,"
First Presbyterian Church,
Virden, Ill., June 4th, 1935.

Dear Friends of Boyhood Days:

I could not make a good guess as to whose eyes will see this letter, as my boyhood days were passed more than 45 years ago. I quit going to the old stone school south of Limehouse in the year 1888, and have not been in Georgetown or Limehouse for twenty seven years. But I am hoping to go and see the old places again this summer. We wanted to go last summer, and now we wish so much that we had gone, for then my wife could have been with me. Some of you may know that we laid her to rest January 2nd last.

If we go this summer, I hope to have my son and daughter and daughter-in-law with me, and can only stay a very short time. In that time I would like to see as many of you as possible and for that reason I plan to spend a Sunday in Georgetown and Limehouse, as I will get a better chance to see a number of you in that way. But in order that I may plan our stay to the best advantage, I would be so glad to have those of you who care anything about our acquaintance, to have us drop in on you for a short visit, to either send me a letter, or leave word with Miss Addie Coventry or Mr. John O'Neill at Georgetown. Now this is not fishing for invitations to be at your homes as guests. If I thought I had to fish for that, you wouldn't see us around in that part of the world.

It is likely the paper has changed hands, but Mr. Moore had charge as Editor when I was there last, or it may have been my old time friend, Mr. R. D. Warren. Will be glad if space can be found for this letter. And with many thanks in any event.

Sincerely yours,
W. R. Coventry.

SUMMER TRAGEDIES

Drowning accidents are now occupying a too prominent space in the press. Boaters and bathers beware! One is apt to regard motor accidents as the most prolific cause of death but while the automobile continues to lead the list of fatal accidents, it must be borne in mind that drownings are limited almost entirely to four months of the year. There are figures to show that the swimmer, the non-swimmer, and the boater are exposed to greater danger than the motorist, when one considers that there are thousands more people riding in cars during a whole year than there are people on or in the water. According to figures issued by the Ontario Safety League, of a total of 512 fatal accidents in Ontario in 1934, swimming, boating and diving fatalities numbered 203.

Now is the time to warn non-swimmers to never venture into deep water, to warn swimmers to beware of water holes and undertows, and to warn those who like boating to be ever careful of changing winds, and above all, to learn how to properly manage a canoe.

Again we say to bathers and boaters beware!

CHANGES IN TEACHER QUALIFICATION

Sweeping regulations affecting Ontario public school teachers following decision of the Ontario Government to abolish second-year Normal school courses were announced last Friday by the Department of Education.

Henceforth interim first and second class and kindergarten-primary certificates will be valid for four years from date of issue and may be made permanent when the teacher has had three years' teaching experience and fulfilled certain conditions.

Future regulation is the provision first-class teachers may not obtain permanent certificates until they have completed at an Ontario university a one year's course approved by the Minister of Education. The university course may be obtained by summer courses and homestudy. Departmental officials saw in the regulation a move that would eventually require a university degree.

Expired interim certificates will be extended automatically until July, 1936, and thereafter from year to year until 1939 on evidence of satisfactory progress towards the additional qualifications required.

Before abolition of the second-year Normal course it was necessary for teachers to return to Normal before receiving a permanent certificate.

The interim kindergarten-primary certificate will be made permanent when the teacher has received three yearly reports of progress, possessed academic qualifications required for admission to the first-class course of normal schools and held elementary certificates in arts and music. These may be obtained at a summer course.

In addition to a second class permanent certificate requiring the three annual reports and similar academic qualifications to those required in the case of kindergarten-primary teachers, two certificates are necessary in certain specified subjects and these may be obtained through a summer course.

The subjects are elementary agriculture, elementary art, auxiliary training, health teaching, elementary household science kindergarten-primary, elementary manual training, elementary music.

To receive a permanent first-class certificate the teacher must have the three annual reports, the one year university course which must include English. Holders of interim first-class certificates valid in schools attended by French-speaking pupils must complete at the University of Ottawa a course in English, French and such other subjects as may be approved by the department.

In addition the first-class teacher must complete a summer course in education to which the teacher will not be admitted until after at least two years of teaching.

When academically qualified, holders of second-class certificates may advance to the first grade rating.

WHEN YOU'RE CAMPING

Among hints to campers and vacationists who take mountain or bush hikes, the following are offered by old-time woodsmen and are always found included in any list of recommendations.

Don't sit or lie on bare ground, especially in the bush, as it is liable to be harmful; it is better to sit on your hat and go bareheadad, even in the rain.

Drink sparingly of water in strange country; it may cause functional disorders until you get used to it.

If lost in unfamiliar country, find a stream and follow it down because it will eventually lead somewhere. Don't follow old bush trails or roads because they are usually abandoned routes and lead nowhere.

Always obtain as good an idea of the country as possible from maps. If you are not sure you know it, practice sketching it. Repeat this if you are lost.

Carry a jack-knife, not too big, with a couple of good steel blades. It will be handy in building temporary shelter and providing material for a fire.

Don't eat too heavily before a climb. Don't go in swimming within two hours of eating.

Keep your campsite clean because crumbs and refuse attract flies. Don't leave cans or broken bottles around and don't throw them into streams or lakes.

Don't load a boat or canoe too heavily.

Always douse a campfire before you leave it. Feel around the firesite to make sure embers aren't burning in leaf mold. If you can't dampen the ashes, smother them under earth.

RECORD YOUR VOTE

Within the next three months Canadians will go to the polls in one of the most important federal general elections in the history of this Dominion. Remember this:

Only the votes actually recorded can be counted; and only those Canadians whose names are on the Voters' List will be allowed to record their votes.

First of all, make sure you are on the Voters' list. Then make sure that you get to the polls, mark your ballot accurately, deposit it according to the simple rules laid down.

Revision of the Voters' List will continue until June 30th. After that nothing can be done to save your franchise. If you are not already on the list, spare no time or effort to correct the omission. Act now. In a few days it will be too late.

And, once you have made sure of your franchise, use it. There are certain individuals among the electorate who are either indifferent, or just plain lazy, about going to the polls. They excuse their inertia by shallow opinions, based upon loose thinking to the effect that politics is rotten, anyway, that there is no difference between the parties, that one vote more or less doesn't matter; all of them poor pretexts for a lack of patriotic citizenship.

Parliament is the dynamo that generates the power that runs the country. The men the voters send to parliament are the men upon whom the future of Canada, for good or evil, depends. Especially in difficult times such as the depression period from which we are now happily emerging the quality of the men who sit in the House of Commons at Ottawa is a matter of vital importance to every Canadian.

Study the record of the government. Examine the platform and the proposals of the opposition. Then act as your conscience and your judgment direct your mind.

But be sure to vote. To refrain from voting in this 1935 election comes pretty close to being rank disloyalty to your country, is in plain fact, treachery to yourself.

No Danger

"I hope you are not afraid of microbes," apologized the paying-teller as he cashed the stenographer's check with soiled currency.

"Don't worry," said the pert young thing. "A microbe couldn't live on my salary."

A MOTHER'S LOVE

I was looking in the attic for the children's winter clothes,
For their overcoats and mittens, and their little woollen hose,
When, moved by tender memories of one for years at rest,
I lifted up the cover of an old black chest.

It was where I kept mementos of the time of long ago,
When I, a child, was shielded from the wintry wind and snow;
And taking out the treasure I prized above them all,
I laid my head a moment on a brown plaid shawl.

Then I understood the recompense that's coming from above,
If I shall so surround my own with all a mother's love,
That just to look at what I've worn will quickly dim the eye
When years have rolled between us since the last good-bye.

ACTON

Mrs. Charles E. Ruddy, Shirley and Master Charles, of Pampa, Texas, spent Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Denny.

Mrs. T. K. McCallum of Saskatoon, Sask., who has been spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. A. E. Nicklin, and relatives, left for her home in the West on Monday evening.

In the contests for Posters and Health Books conducted by the W.C.T.U. in Halton County, pupils of Acton Public School won four first and one second prize. The pupils were Elmer Lasby, Polly Peaty, Alice Gibbons and Dora Wood, all first prize winners, and Gordon McCutcheon, second. The prizes were presented at a meeting in Georgetown last Wednesday. These pupils are to be congratulated on the standing they achieved in this annual contest.

The suggestion of Miss Margaret Grindall of Acton, to the Canadian National Exhibition officials that the rural schools be allowed to enter exhibits in the school competitions has resulted in more than 6,000 entries being received. The Exhibition management has decided now to use the upper west annex of the Coliseum to accommodate the exhibit. The suggestion has apparently met with instantaneous response and pupils from all over the Province are entering.—Free Press.

DISCOURTEOUS MOTORISTS

"One evening recently a car stopped at our nearest neighbour's home; the horn blew two or three times, but no one appeared. The car moved slowly down the road, turned in slightly at our door, and blew again. Not knowing what might be wanted, I stepped to the door, which, as it was a warm day, was open. The driver of the car stuck his head out of the car and said, "Could you tell me where So-and-So lives?" (Never a please). The thought came to me: "If you would just keep on blowing your horn at each house along the road eventually you would find the home you want, but the words were not spoken. Instead I directed him and without even 'Thank you,' he drove on. Did you ever think how an automobile can save a lazy person a few steps, while someone else is called upon to take a few more?"

SHORT LIVED LAMPS

Are lamps made with a short life? asks The Electrical News, and goes on to say:

A Toronto newspaper recently published a good editorial pointing out that if industry would give science a chance the possibilities ahead of us would be boundless. Quite so. Unfortunately the editorial writer defeated his own motive by suggesting that "the aim of profit-seeking research is to produce, not better products, but to produce them at less cost and increase the frequency with which the consumer must replace an old one with a new." This is a mistaken idea that is possessed by many who have no scientific training.

This paper continued with the illogical theme to say: "We do not wish particularly to pick on the electric bulb, but the consumer gets the notion that the aim of the industry is to produce as excellent a bulb as possible, but short-lived." Such is not the case. Electric lamps can and are produced for any life. They are made to-day with a life varying from a fraction of a second (the photo flash bulb) up to a life of several years (carbon filaments). But these life periods are not chosen to gyp the public. They are pre-determined to give the customer the best value for his money. Ordinary good quality incandescent lamps are made with a life of 1,000 hours. If they were made to last longer their light efficiency would be lower. As it is their life period is chosen to give the consumer the cheapest form of illumination, taking into consideration (1) the initial cost of the lamp, and (2) the efficiency of electric energy to light conversion during the life of the lamp.

Some day perhaps we will have a low voltage gaseous discharge lamp with a better efficiency and maybe a longer life period. Hundreds of research engineers are working on the problem and when it is commercially solved a new lamp will be offered the public—not to outmode the present lamp—not to create a new market—but to give the consumer a cheaper light.

Many seem to forget that in order to make a product obsolete you must make a better one!"

That may be an explanation of why cheaper lamps have short lives.

STOP TO THINK

Selfishness holds back progress.

You should boost your town.

Citizens who have boosted their home town along business lines usually have something to show for it.

In many towns the organized business men have been busy. They have gone after the business of the home town and surrounding country in a business-like manner.

The organized business men of live towns are encouraging agriculture, aiding and assisting production and construction and encouraging and helping ambition.

They know that what helps the home town helps them.

These towns profit by the mistakes of other towns.

There is no activity so creative and productive of good results as just common-sense boosting.

Will He Never Learn

She: "Why don't you like girls?"
He: "They're too biased."
She: "Biased?"
He: "Yes, bias this, and bias that, until I'm broke."