## The Free Press' Short Story

## VISIT FROM A LION

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND

had she realized Daddy Dave's power to

unlock people's hearts as on that morn-

store he actually heard humble

nate of the parish and the town.

mind for years," he was saying.

saw the building across the street.

public building, but not more than:

Bayliss has them. We haven't."

was saying. "Trumansville is

Pauline let her father make his own

"So there you have it, sir," Charle

full of might-have-beens. Been study

ing them all my life. Sarah Olcott-

wanted to travel, didn't. Silas' Putney

-wanted to invent didn't. Major Petti-

bone, our one blue-blooded gentleman,

used to dabble in paints, but never push-

The question remained suspended

him before her. The Major was directly

"A hundred pardons, please. It mus

"You are David Farnham, the paint

"I think she had hopes of us until

month ago. She has tried hard to make

There were light, hurrying 100

"Daddy Dave, the road to May is stil

But Pauline knew he wouldn't, with

baby in his way. With her fingers on

with Molly as she always had herself.

ing. Daddy David did not look jolly

somehow the work went slower

"That's a way Trumansville has when

Charley Jones' Echo say what none of

and a touch on the Major's arm.

"I'm going there now."

outside the door.

chubby, grimy little paw.

ties of Trumansville lately?"

"Why, no, I believe not."

have been the maples. I was not pre-

"I've had something like this one

to dream of being an inventor. But

some other fellow always beats me to it

David Farnham turned around an

"What is that unfinished structure.

was explaining a new heater.

just like this furnace."

dened, hesitated.

the printing office.

ville people picked up their that it would be fun to follow after her copies of the Bayliss Courier, lion father, picking up the crumbs of for April 20, and read these startling his glory, so to speak. Never so clearly World-Famous Artist About to Visit

Armond County Renowned Mural Painter Seeking Month's

- Rest in Hills Citizens' Committee of Bayliss Makes

Plans for Reception Under these headlines, the Bayliss Courier contained a story one column

song beginning as follows: "The Courier is proud to announce that one of the leading lights of the art world of America is about to be the guest of Armond County. David Farnham is a name familiar to two continents. As a mural painter the inspiration of his themes is as noteworthy as the splendor of his colorings. Bayliss feels itself honored by the presence of so illustrious an artist. It is rumored that he comes to visit relatives in our

It was just here that the Bayliss newspaper dropped from the hand of its subscribers in Trumansville. Yes, it was just like the Courier to come out with the first news about a "lion"-a distinguished visitor who surely belonged of right to Charley Jones and his weekly Trumansville Echo. From behind its sleepy maples, Trumansville peered resentfully at the noisy, upstart city of Bayliss. Whose fault was it that Bayliss knew so much about the great man, while Trumansville and its Echo knew nothing? David Farnham was the father Pauline Cartwright, the wife of their minister. Under present unhappy circumstances, it wasn't to be expected that a Citizens' Committee in Trumansville could presume to make plans to welcome

the world-famous artist. There was no committee to meet his ed it through. Waited too long-now he's blind. I'm no exception, either train. Only the young minister, Edwin, and his yellow-haired wife. Pauline. Looking down the street, Trumansville have-beens, all knowing how each one has failed of expectations and saying so people regretted that the first thing the from time to time. Can you get up any artist would see would be Molly Dunlop's community spirit out of that?" tumbling cottage, and Molly at her washtubs, and Molly's dirty red-headed baby the air, for Pauline had spied down the at the gate, and Molly's scarlet tomato cans flaunting pink geraniums from the street a tall, groping figure with a cane. She tugged at her father and drove doorstep and window-sill.

Trumansville watched the three come swinging up the street abreast. They in David Farnham's way. There was were very near the spot now. Would collision. A delightful and disarming Pauline point it out to him? She didn't. Instead, she directed his gaze across the street, to the most gorgeous budding maple of all. David Farnham caught pared for their beauty, even though my the baby up, and set him on the post daughter had told me how beautiful and appeared to talk him into wild hil- Trumansville is." arity. So it happened that the little er," said blind Major Pettibone, slowly son of the village washerwoman was the first to greet the renowned mural paint-

There was another building which Trumansville people regretted. were fearful that Pauline would something about it to her father as they us beautiful. She has expected high passed. Again she didn't. And as they things of us, whereas Trumansville as passed, people saw that he was tall, and whole has no more eye for art thanhad a great mane of thick and tawny well, my laundress, Molly Dunlop. In hair, and walked with a swing to his the days when I had my eyes, I rememstep and a glow on his face. Only ber that Molly cultivated rose geraniums Sarah Olcott, whose millinery windows in red tomato cans." afforded a close view, muttered in surprise: "But he looks tired, and that

gray suit is shabby." At breakfast next morning the May sun poured in at the dining-room windows. In the past four weeks Pauline and Edwin had forgotten that any morning could be so gay. At last Mr. Farnham grasped the edges of the table the Major's arm, she accompanied him to his high wrought-iron gate. Then with his sensitive hands and heaved she hurried back after her father, to see himself up.

"Holiday! Holiday! From this 2nd whether he was having as jolly a time of May to the 29th."

Pauline controlled a sudden catch in Molly, redolent of soap-suds, always her throat. He had said the 29th. But wrapped a visitor in welcome even while the 28th of May had become, for an- she never stopped rubbing and wringing. other reason, an ominous date, heavy But Molly did not look jelly this morn-

"Where's the country, Pauline? Me either, but grim and with sparks in his for the open road all by myself, while sombre gray eyes. He held the baby on Where's the his knee, as he sat down on the bench quickest' way out to May?"

"Down the street past the station, then any road that goes up into the stretching out a hand to the baby's

With his old cap on his head, David Farnham turned about at the doorstep, trying to get Trymansville to build He beamed from head to foot. "Not Community House, but they gave out in going to speak to a living soul for a the middle." month!" he announced. Pauline, sweep- "Community House!" Molly's voice in ing the porch, watched him go swinging terrupted. "Sure, community is a word along beneath the budding maples. Not Trumansville don't know." another person was visible except Sarah "But the library's done, daddy," said Olcott, polishing her glass case inclosing Pauline. At least the walls and the four dejected hats. Pauline, by the porch | roof are done, and the library was to Would the crossest be in the centre. The children were woman in the world go inside? Would to come there for stories and pictures the friendliest man in the world pass and the young folks for radio and music by? She didn't. He didn't. He stayed and science papers and travel lectures. so long that Pauline ran into the hall, We started last fall. There was a burst whipped off her apron, and was off and of enthusiasm; but as time went

Sarah looked as bright as a Mayflower, slower, and people got shyer and shyer Surely he couldn't have been there half tried to push them on to the finish." an hour, yet Sarah was already exhibiting from her treasure drawer under the counter a flaunting heap of steamship lots I've learned about this time when folders. But it was not of folders that she was speaking, but of that ever-irri- I've been handing in its laundry at the tating near-by city.

Bayliss thinks itself so up and doing."

"Is it?" is a live town than that Trumansville is

a dead one." David Farnham looked at her long and

tinued for lack of funds-and lack

The three of them were so worrled over Trumansville that baby Danny had to do something to recall them to May and the sunshine. He suddenly grasped two handfuls of the lion's mane and roared with laughter. It required Pauline's whole strength to disengage that baby and then to enfold him in one

great hungry hug. "You see, daddy, I wanted Trumansville to carry on together, just once, for the future. I didn't want Trumansville just to die out. You understand, for you've always put into your paintings ing-room door, and beneath it another [before another stop. It occurred to nor what I'm trying to say. I wanted Trumansville to make a happy new building for all the little Dannys that might ever

By the end of the first week of his

have lived in Trumansville all his life. ing; for at the door of the hardware One late clear-lit afternoon David not to mind I knew he needed his proceeding from Silas Putney, the mag- Farnham started off apparently for the holiday. But oh, I did hope he wouldn't open road, with sketching traps in hand. Passing the unfinished Community House, he appeared to have a sudden unpredictable dad up to now? And how thought; he retraced his steps, picked can I wait from eight until four to find his way amid tumbled beams and planks, and over upheaved soil, and went inside. He stayed so long that Silas Putney, speak to anybody about it. It is a law watching, decided that he must have left of the Farnhams never to interfere with by the back way and taken the cross- one of daddy's surprises until he's ready."

Mr. Putney? It looks like some sort of After that, David Farnham entered steadily. It was a funny crowd, eager, the rough-boarded door of the Commun- alert, curious, but a little apprehensive room. Is boarded up and roofed. What ity House whenever he felt like it, and It was with instinctive relief that, when From the doorway Pauline's clear eyes passed out by the back, and was off Pauline and Edwin appeared at the outer challenged Silas to answer. He red- cross lots to the open country. Nobody edge, a path was cleared for them right ever entered, following him-not Pauline, through the midst, right up to the for he chose his hours carefully to coto Trumansville's lack of public spirit: incide with hers over the kitchen stove, ing their minister and their and not Trumansville, for Trumansville standing there, first to incur whatever The public spirit implied public funds. never spoke of the Community House, was about to happen; the waiting group either to their visitor or to his daughter. Then one day, suddenly as a bomb inspired to a bit of buffoonery: way down the street, while she lingered bursting from the morning's mail, came at the grocer's. Charley Jones, the editor of the Echo, could talk not only very

much but very fast. Pauline found her father with him in the sunny doorway of lion. and Charley Jones were not far apart. the headlines of the Courier when they eyes and try to remember what they once graph. They pronounced the most viru-

> "There he comes himself!" He came stalking happily on, wind on falsetto: his forehead, hat in his hands held be-

"May I, Mr. Farnham, be the first man to congratulate you? Ten thousand dollars! It is a large sum, but it was about to happen. There was the can be raised in Bayliss."

"See!" cried Chattable Charley, thrusting the paper forward. "It is pouring Women's Club, \$500; Eddington Whole- it was not a wall at all, but a highway sale Grocery, \$300. That's Bayliss' public leading to some bright future. Below in spirit, with the Courier to sub it into the centre was a squat, drab little buildthe outlying districts! But, of course, ing with a shining open doorway. I Mr., Farnham, Trumansville congratu- might have been the district school of late's Bayliss on securing your services." long ago, or it might be another build-

ium. Now we shall never hear the last portals. The faces were tiny, but as one thousand dollars!" The sum made Silas a brown-haired boy, the other of "Has she been talking about the beaualmost apoplectic.

David Farnham, suddenly professional;

of course, you!"

let me see that paper!" He pounded The maples led up like an avenue conhis hat down on his head. He read, verging to an apex, but at the top they Pauline might have understood the glint in his hardening eyes, the iron grimness beginning to freeze his lips. waiting for you, past the railway station." "We congratulate you, sir!" It was

heart-felt and in unison. -"On what do you congratulate me?"

"On this offer from Bayliss". "I never heard of it until this minute Bayliss has not had the courtesy to conme before publishing this article, before rushing in contributions to this fund! I will not paint for Bayliss! . have other work that I prefer!"

He turned on his heel. No open country for him that day, but instead, his Pauline. He found her alone at her desk, a little strained ... with the weekly accounts. He noted with relief that th mailed copy of the morning's Courier was unopened, and remembered how they had tossed it aside to enjoy a riot of

Pauline sat down facing her father muffins and marmalade. "Daddy Dave, there's a big officiallooking letter for you from Bayliss. What "So, Pauline, I understand you've been

in the world can "It be?" David Farnham sank into a chair, stretching out his long legs and leaning back his head. "Read it!" he said. He heard the envelope torn open, heard the heavy paper crackle. "Well!" he asked.

"O daddy, daddy, I congrat-" The lion, shot to his feet. "You need not; I am going to refuse!" Pauline clamped a cold little-hand down on her account book. "O daddy --

"Paul, there is something, better that I want to do-". He hurried into the halfrand upstairs to his room, where he knew there was a noble maple standing just outside his window to steady him. and stiller and stiller, when Ted and I Erect before it, he repeated, "Something

better I want to do Paul-for you." Swiftly, one by one, the days fell off the don't-wanters rule the roost. There's the calendar, and nearer and nearer came the 28th day of May. It was very early on that date, still dark, when back doors." Molly's voice was bitter. David Farnham slipped out. That is, he "We get jealous of Bayliss sometimes. "A low trick it was a month ago to let thought he slipped, but Pauline smiled beneath her warm covers, wondering 'em dared to say outright to them two what daddy's surprise would be this "There's no more doubt that Bayliss blessed young folks in the parsonage!" time. All her life Daddy Dave had al-"What did the Echo say?" growled the ways managed to plan a surprise before

he went away anywhere. Pauline's voice drooped like her head. The maples, were the first to see the "It said that work on the Commun notice naturally, since it was nailed on ity House had been indefinitely discon- six of them, chosen at successive points

on their mile-long procession. The no-

THE COMMUNITY HOUSE TRUMANSVILLE as previously announced will be open

May the twenty-eighth

it was also pinned on the din-Have Run Away ...

> URGENT BUSINESS Will return at Four p. m.

Pauline, a little wan, sank down on visit, it seemed as if their lion might a chair. "He's run away so much," she run-away on his very last day!" "What," asked the minister, "is your

"All I know, Ted, is that we mustn't

lot path to the West Road, as indeed Trumansville must have felt much as he had, leaving his sketching traps be- Edwin did, for before three it had begun to gather, and the crowd thickened relaxed a little, and Charley Jones was

the Courier, announcing to Trumansville before this door, see us the same happy that Bayliss was about to take their band of chillus that used to gather The business offices of Silas, Putney little red schoolhouse. Let all the little scholars of the old days keep still

He clambered on top of a heap o lary, "Bayliss!" and then they gasped, planks, bobbed a ten-year-old how, and declaimed in a would-be-ten-year-old

"'Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, It might have

There was a silence, prolonged, cynic al. Then the silence stirred. Something scraping of bars within. The doors were

The renowned mural transformed the entire west wall until ing. To right and left two slim small "For the walls of the new-auditor- figures appeared to be holding open the looked the figures grew familiar-one of yellow-haired girl. Both the tiny faces "Ten thousand dollars for what?" looked straight into the faces of the crowd, as if wistfully they invited Trumansville to enter that doorway, which shed forth light as if it had been a gate "Not a bad sum for a small city," said upon a shining road. On either side of this central building was a line of maple trees, and behind the maples was an ir-Two blank faces stared at him. "Why, regular bar of gray mist, out of which, as one looked, gradually there stood David Farnham woke up. "I! Kindly forth the suggested outlines of houses. did not meet, but parted to make place for a shining gold-haired figure, a child,

amid billowy, white-and-rosy clouds. In the broad space beyond the shadowy houses, were men and women, sharp and clear, life-sized, bright-colored. gracious. They seemed to be marching, like the maples, upward from each side toward the glowing child figure at the top. They formed a crowded mass, heads suggested behind other heads, but in the foreground one form after another stood

(Concluded on Page Six)

## Debts Collected

The sooner you send, your list o outstanding accounts to

**KELLY & AIKEN** The Collectors

at Orangeville, the quicker you will have funds on hand to meet your own requirements.

Established 1890 and "Still Lead



sheds, garages. "Council Standard" or "Acorn" quality. Easy and quick to lay, permanent, proof against fire. Free estimates gladly sent. Send

Makers of Preston Steel Truss Barns, Gal-vanized Tanks, Barn Door Hardware, Preston Led-Hed Nails, Double-Mesh Metal Lath, Ventilators, Roll-N Fold Garage Doors. All kinds Sheet Metal Building Material. **Eastern Steel Products** 

Guelph St.; Preston, Ont. Factories at Montreal and Toronto

## Did You Ever Stop To Think?

By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

Community advertising addresses itself to the tourist, homeseeker, investor, manufacturer, and farmer.

Most everybody believes in respect being shown to old age. The sentiment is right and a useful one, although mainly to the extent that the younger party recognizes the fortitude of the older party in adding what he has to the foundations of wisdom and knowledge and to the extent that the respect rendered is also a rcognition of the inevitability with which the youth of one day is the old age of tomorrow.

Quite surprising how daylight sports and events can be held at night nowadays by the aid of searchlights, floodlights and spotlights being set at various parts of the ground, making the field so clear that every unit taking part is distinctly seen.

You should never lose an opportunity to let the outside world know the good things about your town.

Some contend that when times are bad every opportunity should be taken to cease work, cut down wages, discharge men and stop production, and through such efforts bring back better times. This, they think, is economy. While others maintain that in order to bring back normal times we must redouble every energy in every direction toward getting better markets and more money in circulation.

Spasmodic advertising does not bring the results that can be obtained by continuous advertising.

Telephones are nearly as necessary to a business as advertising. The use of a telephone can help to build business, as well as to destroy it. When complaints are made over the telephone, courteous answers will smooth out many misunderstandings, while discourteous answers can lose more business than can be regained in many a day.

It is said that a lot of cities would progress faster if a number of its citizens would take a ship and when in mid-ocean jump overboard.

By advertising, the desire to possess is created in the minds of those who have the money to buy.