

The Free Press' Short Story

THE PERTNESS OF JOHNNY

DELLA DIMMITT

I WAS sitting on Aunt Susan Wetherby's cool back porch thinking guiltily of the stack of examination papers upstairs in my room and wishing every day were Saturday when one of Aunt Susan's neighbors came round the corner of the house.

Ever since I had been admitted as a boarder into that immaculate spare room with its optimistic hi-and-miss rag carpet, its enormous valance-hung bed and cavernous chest of drawers that enfolded the sum total of my possessions in so ample a way that it made me positively ashamed of their shrunken meagreness, I had felt the abundance of a nature that was indeed a well, never falling in its fresh outpouring nor yet ever yielding up to exhaustion the supply that came from its hidden springs.

Now, I don't say that Johnny had ever calculated. I don't say that he had once thought of Squire Forbes being the largest landowner in the county, of his having the biggest house and the most influence; but, still, it would have been as unlike as possible for Johnny to have taken a notion to Lucy Graven that helps in his mother's kitchen, though Lucy's as handsome and good a girl as ever lived.

Man was all wrong, and a-makin' it so clear a-readin' out of the pamphlets he'd brought over in his pockets for the purpose that after a bit the Squire ceased talkin', and fell to listenin' like as if he was so deeply interested he didn't want to miss a word.

Did You Ever Stop To Think?

By EDSON R. WAITE, SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA

Gault MacGowan, Editor of the Trinidad Guardian, Port-of-Spain (B. W. I), says: "The more I see of advertising, the more I am convinced that we know nothing about it.

Hospital for Sick Children

67 COLLEGE ST. TORONTO (Country Branch, Thelstovos) December, 1932. Dear Mr. Editor: The prolonged period of hard times has created a most difficult problem for Ontario's wonderful Hospital for Sick Children, which only the benevolent public can solve.

"And Those Who Sweat Must Learn to Sell"