The Free Press Short Story

Red and White for Mothers

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

had lost her courage, anyway, happy, Page dinner table was in a gale. her Paul-and-Peter Courage. Those boys never would be brought up! For six patient—oh, pretty patient—years she had been trying to do just that thing, besides, of course; bringing up the Page girl-children, too, "on the side," as she put it....You can teach little girls to hang up their clothes, shut screen doors, and not make so much noise. Camilla had been twelve when she started to bring up Paul and Peter and the two little sisters. When the beloved Page mother could do it no longer, there was no one else-except Camilla. The father's work, to keep all his Pages bound still in one volume, necessarily took him much from

To-day Camilla literally lay down on her job, the Paul-Peter bed, the most dis reputable, rooted-up bed in America. "T'll He here a minute," she sighed. "Have to get my muscle up to make a bed like this!" Directly on the heels of her sigh, she laughed! If that was not exactly like Camilla! It was a funny bed at that. She found herself wondering which wild young brother had beaten at that pillow fight last night. Paul had, probably, still you never could tell. Little old Peter had a sudden way of winning in the last half of the last inning. "One. sure thing—it was a thorough fight!" she

in the hall. "Come on, Mary Sue," she with her hands idle, listening for the called, "come lie here beside me, and I honk. She had an appetizing little lunch will tell you a story. Kill two birds with ready for her father on the table that one stone. Mind, the story-no other she had drawn up before the fire. She to-day!"

went sermash an' mixed folks up so's clearly defined and lovely, was of mother they never founded out which was which waiting for father to come home, and forever after more."

story!. I've no such imagination as that! She did not know how shining she look-No, mine is going to be about a person ed to her father, in the bright hall lights whose hair turned gray at eighteen and she had switched on. too, the person cared! She wanted to be pent-up things said that could not wait young and do just lovely young things. until to-morrow, they went up to bed, She wanted-I believe I'm going to cry, both tired, father and daughter.

That was enough of that. No more pering little hiss from the Paul-andlving down on beds that had to be made! Peter room. Those boys were awake! No more story-telling of that kind! It might help to scold a little. "Look at have to go in, no use." those muddy shoes! Look at that tooth- "I don't need a 'use,' " smiled father, paste all oozing out at the bottom! Look aching for his imps. aren't the two young limits!"

not hug Paul and Peter Page, which even if they can't have mother."

tations of emotion. Once they had kissed this noon, Father! She's a teller!" her good-night, or anyway let her kiss "I only said I knew someth-" them. Maybe they had not liked it, "It's all right; it's all in; nothing let but they had borne it. "They don't want out, I'm certain. I think it is a beautiful to be loved any more, I think," sighed secret, and I am right there with you!" mother's representative, "I think they are Father, with all his pride in their thinkall through loving me. I'm useful as a ing it up themselves, felt almost a twinge bed-maker and bread-baker for the family of envy. Why had he not thought of it and darner-at-large. There you go himself? He would so loved to have again, Camilla Page, grouching! Either been in it from the start. you are tired or else you are losing your

lunch ready? Say lunch's ready! If silly to mind.

stew.' Milla?" demanded Paul. "Yes, say there's going to be 'parlor-

ment'ry stew'!" "An' birds' nests for dessert!"

wash in the kitchen."

consciously virtuous. To-day was like all the other days, rush, noise, confusion, and getting out of for her," thought Camilla. "They are washing-up if possible. Camilla saw the sending her red carnation thoughts toing: she would have to mend that after flowers! There is a florist's truck, and he had gone to bed. She also noticed he is taking out two packages, two!" that Martha's bob must be cut before Sie was happily excited, craning her Camilla suddenly saw red. "Paul Page! Look at your trousers, the love those flowers! She would love cutbest ones you have in the world. To- ting the strings, unwrapping them, and morrow is Sunday, and I'll have to sponge guessing what kind betare the papers and press them. What have you done were half off.

I just made a home run, of a lamb's tail in time! Reckon I tell him. "I am afraid you have made a wouldn't of in my old pants!"---

crowed Peter. "You ought to have heard and he was smiling, as though he loved us cheer. He got home on all fours, delivering flowers on Mother's Day. didn't you, Paul? Didn't you j-u-s-t make it?"

games, oblivious to spongings and pressing, oblivious to her. Camilla caught them in please! Oh!-oh, I mean, thank her lips between her white teeth to bite you. off scolding words. She did not want to instead, took everybody by surprise, in- little white cards, "For our little mother cluding herself? It was funny about that from her children." The children's name:

"Milla's laughing! Le's all o'

All of them "trailing." "There, I feel better. Have another bird's nest. Paul? I had Biddle make extra ones to-day." Biddle was the help

who came in daytimes. "I know something!" 'suddenly announced fan-year-old Martha.

"Gracious, then tell it quick-no, no, I nean, don't! Martha Page, you about the weather!" Paul had seen in a flash what it was Martha knew. Was she going to let out the whole secret when they had kept it from Camilla right up cried Camilla softly. She could scarcely to almost the last minute? Camilla sat up particularly late that

night. Father was coming home on the eleven-twenty-five, and she liked to be the front door on the honk was father's "Hello, Camilla," that he could not wait to say properly. Father lovely, family shout. Her heart almost Day, and hers! was lonely without mother, and to-morrow he was going to miss her more than ever, for to-morrow was Mother's Day. Camilla had not forgotten; all week long she had been remembering. "Oh, I love father!" she murmured over her sponging and pressing. "If I could only love him enough, and the children enough, poor little motherlesses! I wish I never was cross! Anyway, I laughed instead of scolded at the dinner table!"

She finished all her little Saturday night She heard her small "trailer" coming tasks and sat for fully fifteen minutes had put on two plates and cups to make "Tell it bout'n a naughtymobile that it cosier. One of her remembrances it had two plates and two cups in it.

"Goodness, you can tell your own Honk! Camilla flew to the front door.

nobody cared. Yes, there was somebody ... At length the little meal over and the

"Ooo-oo! Father!" issued in a whis-"The imps!" cried Camilla. "You'll

at everything! I declare, if the Page boys | This was no common summons, not this. A long whispering went on, and "Two young limicks," echoed the trailer | Camilla was not sure Martha's excited stornly. "Makes me mos' ashamed o' little hisses were not included. "But I bein' a relation of 'em. Looker how they | wouldn't interrupt that for the world not don't hang an'thing up! If you'll hol' me if they'd wake up Mary Sue and got up to the hooks, Milla, I'll hang things." her in there, too! They have father, and "Too inefficient!" laughed Camilla, father has them, even if they'd waked up snatching an instant to hug Mary Sue. Mary Sue and got her in there, too! The way hugging did help! She could The have father, and father has them,

was one of her troubles nowadays. They "Sh! Sh! Martha Page!" So she was had grown beyond all outward manifes- in there, too. "Martha most let it out

· Camilla next day sat in the front windisposition! That gray hair you counted dow of the pleasant Page living room, watching people go by to church. She This was Saturday, and the boys and had a miserable headache and was stay-Martha came pouring in from the play- ing at home. Nobody had seemed to ground across the road. Three small care about going without her. They had Pages never rained; they poured. "Is seemed to want her not to go. It was

People and people, so many of them "Is there going to be 'parliamentary with bright carnations in the buttonholes, were passing by. It was beautiful that so many were red and bright; but it was the white ones that sent a sob into Camilla's throat, caught at the taut "Wait! Wait! Nobody's washed up. strings of her heart. Across the street Martha's in the bathroom. You boys she could see the white-haired mother of the Atwaters sitting beside her win-"I'm all clean a'ready," cried Mary Sue, dow. She was a lovely mother Mother's Day.

"Her children are wearing red flowers lagged hole in Peter's new golf stock- day. Oh, they are sending the live Why Paul had on his best neck to see better. She was so glad for the Atwater mother. How she would

ing the packages across the street! and got to the plate one blink was a mistake, of course. She must mistake," she explained, standing in the "He saved the game for the Blue Jays," doorway. The man came steadily on

> "Isn't there a Miss Camilla Page who ives here? That's what's on both

> "Oh, I am! I am! I oh, bring

Soon he was gone and she was left were below in a careful list which they us had written themselves. She knew the when Mills does." The little "trailer," ness, and Mary Sue's awkward smudge! imitating even her beloved big sister's Pather's name was at the bottom.

They're saying I haven't made such a terrible business of mothering them all loving me!"

with her arms around both her packages of roses for a long time. Occasionally she kissed a leaf or sniffed the sweetness them on the dinner table," she thought, "one at each end."

rest! Little packages at her place! Her hands shook as she lifted one after the other. She recognized Martha's at once. The dear little bunchy knots in string, the wrapping all crooked, and the gorgeous picture on the cover. Martha had chosen the candy box herself! The Paul-Peter box was doubly big, coming from them both, and here was Mary Sue's candy box, half big! A slende: package from father was marked with an out-of-town firm's name. "Mine,

believe it, but here everything was. The Pages found her among her packages and flowers when they came home from church. When they came running stood still when she saw what all of them

SUGAR BEET CULTURE IN CANADA

tained. Climatic conditions would ap- success or failure in this enterprise. with the beautifulness of it. She sat pear to be the most important factor and districts where seasonal conditions the industry only about 41,000 acres are are most favorable, that is having a warm sown yearly, with 30,000 in Ontario and spring with sufficient precipitation to 13,000 in Alberta. These areas produce Their sweetness ensure good seed germination, a growing approximately 11.0 per cent. of the total was the sweetness of love. "I must but season with plenty of rain and a warm." fairly dry mild open autumn with considerable sunshine when the beets are million dollars to the growers. When she went to do it she saw the maturing and sugar formation is taking place, have shown that beets of excellent quality can be grown. The most consistent results have been obtanied from the maritime provinces, where seasonal from Persia to Greece, from whence it

> The average sugar content for of 17 to 20 per cent. can be maintained America. with a purity of 80 or more and yields of

Camilla never knew the words they sala led one. Side by side were her flower foxes and mink, are subject to a disease because it was a composite shout, a dear, and mother's. It was mother's Mother's similar in many respects to distemper pa plays a little fast for him I guess.

From the data collected by the Divi- may be said to be a profitable undertak-

sion of Chemistry, Central Experimental ing. There are, however, many other Farm, Ottawa, during the past twenty- | factors to be considered before reaching fige years, from twenty-four districts a decision as to the advisability of estabsituated in all of the nine provinces a lishing the beet sugar industry in any after all. All of them and father, they're good idea of where in Canada sugar beets district. A good yield of high quality can be successfully grown has been ob- beets is only one of many that make for Owing to the comparative newness of

ALFALFA THE WANDERER

changes seem less varied than in other spread first to Italy, then to Northern juice for the last five years has been later it was introduced to France. The 17.4 per cent., with a minimum of 13.3 Spaniards brought it to Mexico, South to a maximum of 20.3 per cent. In America, and western United States; those districts, where conditions are con- British and other colonists took the sistently favorable and a sugar content plant to the eastern parts of North

> There have been cases of sheep scab in Canada for four years.

SLATS' DIARY BY ROSS FARQUHAR

woodent see it but I gess I am nachat these here Cards changed

head, and becuz they had to cut off. Ant Emmy sed she was a going to tell Unkel Hen not to make the kid no more bird houses. Sunday-well I don't kno how old

Jack Fry is but he must be about a hund-Munday-well pa made a nuther mis- be fully estimated.

take on the paper today. Mr. Hart witch is the banker went to a bankwer up to the city last Saterday and pa put a Head Line over the peace witch told all bout the men who hunts deers up in Main evry fall. & when the Paper cum out it read. Mr. M. L. Hart Attends

Bankwet of Beer Hunters. Tuesday-Ant Edmy had a letter frum my cuzzen witch lives' in Bosten and she is wirryed about him. she says she gess he is going to be a pleeceman or a nite watchman or sum thing becuz he told her he had just boughten a mite

. Wensday-Pa is all ways balling things up. He wanted to send a birthday card O Unkle Clarence today and he rote a card to the foreman witch' wirks down on the noose paper becuz he was to have a operashun today. Cum to find out he sent one to the foreman & it red like this. Menny happy Retirns of the day. bet he wont speak to pa when he ets well, if he does.

Thirsday-Lem Hix diddne get nuthing rum the well Fair comitty today becur they wassent no gas in his otto and it was to hot to walk clear in to town he

rheumatism he cannot do better than to red becuz today when him and pa was have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' for a wile, he sed it got his wind becuz and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can



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