# The Free Press Short Story

### THE LAST WORD IN ART.

By ETHEL T. WOLVERTON

Now he fell feverishly to work upon

."The picture isn't what you'd. call

pretty Alfred," she commented, at last,

"Well, if it doesn't win anything in

toast and hot chocolate," he offered.

"Well, it reflects our age, I guess."

there's so much that's beautiful-"

classic mystery writers Alfred!

old boy have 'em, I say. Personally I

stuff he enjoys."

stairs, his sister remembered.

"There are some things in this day

wouldn't you?"

authors-"

The barring of the bedroom door covered from a major operation. Alfred told Mrs. Balley better than even knew that unless he earned his tuition a stormy fice that Thelms was in some way he must relinquish all crying. This was not the first time she thought of following the career of which had left the supper table in anger. Al- he had dresmed for years. fred's eyes reflected some of his younger his painting. Soon -Thelms, still red-

"There, now, Grace, you've hurt her; eyed, came into the room. ham't she, Mother? Why don't you make her let Thelma alone?"

"Why Alfred, you know I did it for "but I like it, like it a lot. It gets hold her good. Certainly I care too much of me some way-seems so real."\_\_\_\_ for her appearance to allow her to be the laughing-stock of the town." Grace the contest, I'll give it to you," he promappealed to her mother. "You know I'm right about it. Thel's just stubborn." ing she had acroely eaten. . .

Mrs. Bailey sighed. She could do little she's so set on wearing red."

"But, Mother her hair! The com- at Orace to-night,". bination would make her look freakish." "But she's bought the material," Alfred defended the youngest Bailey loyally.

"Warme of he. She needn't dook herself chen. made an unwise purchase. There's the 'a tray to Thelma, who still sat gasing morning." telephone. Answer it, will you, please, at the picture.

later, "Grace!"

Balley turned to her son. "You see, she burst out: "Alfred, you'd think to hang it in her room, everybody saks her opinion, Alfred. She people who had gone beyond high school has a highly developed critical faculty." would have some taste in literature.

"It's a plain nuisance." "But, dear, why would everybody ask her to make decisions, then?"

"Because they're afraid of her," he are, Mother. She has us all buffaloed. We take what she says as right just bet

cause she says it." Grace's polos: 'Por mercy's sake, don't include that number. Jessie! That isn't and age which are best unmirrored," she even semi-blassical-it's jam. I don't retorted, "All our silly slang, our lack want our club ever to be guilty of cheap of ideals, our passion for realism, when

music." "That's a hot one," commented the boy in an undertone. The receiver drash- lat," insisted the boy stubbornly. "If he

ed into the hook. Mrs. Bailey looked reflected his time, why can't our modern suddenly weary. "I don't think I'd be too dogmatie, "Oh, Alfred, haven't you any taste? "Well, it's just too bed for me."

somebody's feelings." "Feelings! As though feelings matter, year's list, you know, John even wanted home." Mother, when a principle's at stake, to include some mystery stories." And," she demanded triumphantly, "what did Jessie call me up for if she didn't ture, didn't he?" want my okeh on the program before it went to the printer's?"

weren't pleased," Alfred put in before very latest books," his mother could answer. Grace ignored this uncalled-for com- some day."

supper. When she had finished, she the standard things, Alfred?" rose, excusing herself: "Leave the dishes until morning Mother. The Reading why not include some of the current Circle meets, to-night, Will you come ones, those that deal with life as we now Professor Parker with the daub." after me at ten, Alfred, please? We'll know it?" be at Letha Powell's."

Alfred Balley nodded and started up- anyway?" stairs, pausing on the landing at his sister's call. . -"Alfred, what are you submitting in If John wants modern thrillers, let the sor Parker."

the County Art Contest?" easily, reddening a little.

"Don't know? Why, it's only two days

"I-I have several pictures, Sis." "I'll look them over to-morrow, Alfred, and help you decide."

"You mean you'll do the deciding," he muttered, and fearing she had heard him, he ran up the steps to his room. He stood staring at the canvas upon which he had been working in secret for weeks. He called it "In Passing." It represented three tramps cooking their evening meal around a camp fire, th light flaring up against the background of surrounding forest, in the shadows of which was the frightened face of a little boy. The visages of the ragged men were the ugliest Alfred could possibly devise. The idea had come to him from a childhood memory. He had been only eight at the time, and the rapidly falling darkness had been sufficient terror in itself. He remembered yet how his heart had leaped up into his throat at the sound of the rude revelry of the trumps, and how he had been rooted to the ground at sight of them. Fortunately, they had not seen him, and when, after a long time, he had managed to move his legs, he had slipped away.

He had tried to bring as much atmosphere as possible into the picture. He wanted to show the fright of the lad, the sinister aspect of the hoboes, the loneliness of the forest. Professor Parker, his art teacher in high school, had told Alfred and his family as well that the boy had unusual talent. If his picture won the county prize, it would automatically enter the state contest. If it won even third place in that, he would be eligible to a scholarship at the Art Institute in the capital.

Not even Mrs. Balley or Thelma guessed how much Alfred wanted a scholarship. The family income would not permit any training for the younger members beyond high school. Grace intendod writing critical reviews for a city "I—the one I'm entering—if isn't guite finished yet, Grace." "Perhane it won't be the best and won't need to be finished," she smiled. "I'll just come up and have a look."

With many misgivings, Alfred opened the door of his room and snapped on the light. "In Passing" stood upon the easel where he had left it. For a moment Orace surveyed it in pained allence. "I don't care for that. I hope you don't intend to enter it."....

"But I do, Grace, I've been working it for weeks. 'It's-Thel says it'swhy, Mind of real, Sia. You know that time when I was a little fellow and saw those tramps-"

"Yes, yes, I remember," she answered impatiently. "No need to go all-over that. But the will never do Alfred It's positively ugly. It gives one the shivers. Surely you've something else."

"Nothing good enough." "Don't be stilly. Where are your land-

"But there'll be millons of landscapes." Without answering, Grace went to the box where she knew he kept his art work. One by one she extracted the paintings and ranged them about the

"I dread to go down to get anything in the face of Grace's dominance. "But to eat, though. Mother'd be sure to say fred. Bunrise. It carries the hope of a instead of that insipld landscape thing?" something about my flying off the handle new day, the beauty of life."

"It's-why, it's sore of-inane." "I'll go poach an egg and make you "Oh, no, dear." Her voice was sweet, ugly." serene. 'You don't know art values as "Al, you're a peach!" Her eyes filled. I do, Alfred. Compare this to that.' Embarraised, the boy fied to the kit- She waved a deprecating hand towards "In Passing." "This is the one to send out like a clown simply because she's . Fifteen minutes later Alfred carried up in, Alfred. I'l pack it for you in the

When she had gone the boy sat down At ten minutes of ten, after Thelms before his easel, grinding his teeth in "What's the use? It'll be for you. had gone to her own room, Alfred went impotent rage. Wearily he took up his Bome committee or other." A moment after Grace. She was waiting for him. brush. He had to finish win Passing" tain this would have been first in the Evidently she was keyed up with some because it fascinated him. Well, he As Grace went to the telephone, Mrs. emotion. As they started homeward, thought, grimly, it would please Thelma the winning picture. It makes me posi-

little tune as she prepared the evening "Uh-huh." he grunted uncomfortably. meal. Thelma had asked her to make "With a list of established authors Spanish rice for supper, but Spanish, thundered. who'd stood the test of time," she went rice was not, Grace thought, a perfectly shorted; then more gently, "same as you on, "you wouldn't even dream anybody'd balanced meal and Thelma would want

want to waste their time on our modern to eat only that. Alfred came in looking very glum, Usually his face was bright, his manner

remember what it was. Then "Have you heard from the County Art be going." Contest, Alfred?" "Hardly strikes me as a kind of real-"Yeh. I didn't get to first base, Sir

"Oh, I'm sorry. But justs keep on try-

ing Alfred. Never say die." "Nice old nlatitude." he grunted. Grace," she protested, as her daughter You disappoint me dreadfully some- went to the window to hide his smarting returned to the table. "You might hurt times. You talk just like John Mc- eyes. "Who's that coming with Thel?" Ciellan did tonight. We're planning our he wondered. "She's bringing a man be around to-morrow to apologize."

> "Well, Conan Doyle made 'em literafessor Parker, Alfred. Probably he's coming to ask me to write up the contest | Bis." "If we'd stick to Conan Doyle and the for the county paper."

"She knew there'd be a row if you no, John wanted on our list some of our Theims entered the living room. After "Maybe they'll be regarded as classic Alfred, Thelma burst out: "Oh; Alfred, I've been a little idiot! I'm never going ment and went on serenely with her "Nonsenge! Anyway, why not read see your picture, the one you gave me. Alfred. I don't know how I'll ever make you know 'In Passing.'" "No harm, I'm sure. But also, Sia, "Oh, now, Thelms," Grace protested

condescendingly. "you mustn't bother down that red silk you bought the other "I don't care - I like it." Thelma you!" "Who wants to read about murders, determined to invite no further delay,

ran upstairs. "But Grace, why not have your list | Grace smiled patronisingly: "Theima varied so that everybody'll be pleased? doesn't know a thing about art, Profes-

"I was interested in her description, "Don't know yet." He shifted un- think a fellow ought to read the kind of replied the professor. "She was so enthusiastic I told her I'd just drop in and "Well," she said stiffly, "I, for one, have a look at it. Sorry, my boy," he won't be found wasting my time. I told turned to Alfred, "you didn't even get John so, too, I tried to make him see, mentioned in the contest. Naturally, Alfred, what perfectly execrable taste feel bad, too, that none of my students he has, It only made him angry, though." did."

Brother and sister were silent until Theima came downstairs two steps at they reached their own living room, now a time and placed the canvas in the quite descrited. When Alfred started up- teacher's hands. He stared at it for a moment; then moved so that the light "I'll just take a look at your pictures would fall upon it to the best effect. For a long time he stood gazing at it. Then



he glanced up at the embarrassed boy. "For the love of art, Alfred!" he elaulated. "Why didn't you enter "Grace wouldn't let him enter this." Thelma broke in. "She said it was

The professor shifted his gaze to Grace's now scarlet face. "You've kept your brother from a scholarship, or L miss my guess," he scolded. "Why didn't you leave him alone? The fact that he loved this picture so much that he couldn't keep from working on it as Thelma said he did, shows that he knew what he was about. I feel almost cerstate. I'll be able to judge when I see tively angry," he rushed on. "You've not only chested your brother undoubtedly Three weeks later Grace hummed a out of a scholarship, but you've deprived your own home town school of an honor.

Why can't you leave folks alone?" he sorry, Grace. 'I shouldn't have been ad see this rather gets me where I live. Of course, Alfred's hurt worst of all, but the gny. The date had significance, but it school's hurt and I'm hurt. Perhaps I was a full minute before Grace could shouldn't be so brutal about this, but a principle's at stake. I-I guess I'd better

> covered her face with her hands, and was sobbing wildly. The Baileys were airhast. Alfred recovered himself first. "Never mind, Grace," he pleaded, his arms about her, "Professor Parker's just gone off his head a little. He's dreadfully temperamental, you know, He'll

"I-don't-want-him to apologize Grace came to look. "Why, it's Pro- It's true-what he says."

A moment later the art teacher and at the point where I'll put my judgment in pictures against Professor Parker's. he had greeted Mrs. Bailey, Grace and He's made painting a life study. Oh. asked Professor Parker to come in and to tell folks again what they outtht to do. this up to you, but I will. And Thel. right after supper to-night, you bring week. Mother and I will make it up for

AN AWFUL RISK

that used to swear so terribly. Host-Yes, died of shock.

-Vistor-Really, how did it happen? Host-He escaped from his cage and wandered on to the golf links.





Europe is the Venus de Milo.

He came to himself suddenly. "I'm rude. But." he made a wry face, "you

Orace had flung herself ino a chair,

"Oh now, T'wouldn't take it so hard,

"With all my faults, Alfred, I'm not

Visitor-I hear you've lost your parrot



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### WORLD WHEAT EXPORTS

ALL THE TEAR ROUND In world wheat trade, the approximate

dates when the new wheat crop commences to arrive freely in the ports of consumption from the exporting countries are as follows:

January-Pebruary, from Pacific America; February-March, from Argentina and Australia; June, from India and North America; August, United Btates and Russian winter wheat; September, Balkans and Russian apring wheat; Octiober, United States spring wheat, and

November, from Canada. The wheat harvest months are March and April-India; May-China, Japan and North Africa; June-United States (Southern States) and Southern Europe Northern Europe: November - South Africa, and December-Argentina, Aus-



July-Urlited States (Central States) and Acton Stores can Fulfill Your Needs-Give Them First Chance

# Papal Blessings Given Large Ontario Family by Bishop





Papal blessings and a signed photograph of His Holiness were presented to Ontario's largest family, that of Onesime Masse, during impressive ouremonies at Drysdale, Ontario, when over 1,000 persons attended the presentation, made by the Bishop of London. Each of the 23 members of the family received a small photograph of

the Pope, following their blessing by the Bishop. At the Left, one of the children is shown receiving blessings and a photograph, while at the Right are the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Onesime Masse. The family, incorporated into a company last spring, was also given a photograph and letter from Queen Mary.

# FINGERS

with Honey 2 Pounds 25° King Oscar Norwegian Sardines 2 uns 27c The Souce for Friday Cream of SOUP H.P. Sauce bil 27c Farnes Fish 9 16-oz. Tins 23" Pastes tin 10c Hedlund's Mest Pastes ' Todd's Blue Cross Red Salmon 1-16 tin 24c Aylmer Tomato Juice 2 10.01 Um 11c Haddie 2 tins . 25c Aylmer Tomato

Chicken Borden's Eveporeted Milk 10-oz. Un 9c Beker's Chocolate Berry or Icing Sugar McLoven's Stuffed Olives 11-01 Im 33c Victory Sweet Fraser Boneless Chicken Calay Toilet 2 colon 11c Soap 2 in 1 Liquid White Shoe Polish bottle Lua Toilet Soap IVOLY OF LUE SOUP Flakes la pla

No. 21/2 Tin 13° 12-oz. Bottles 25° 181/2-oz. Tins 1QC Package 15°

Packages 14c CUTOUT BOOK PALMOLIVE SOAP 234



Lynn Valley Was Beans No. 1 th 90 McLeren's Quick Puddings 2 mm 17c A Delighdul Drink Toddy 1-16 Ha 390 McLeren's Lime Punch bottle Catarac Dry Ginger Ale 4 la bels 48c (deposit entre) Carry Home Carton of Coca-Cola 6 ws 27c (deposit extra) Hire's Root Bear or Gineer Extract bottle 29 Rubber Jar Rings Zinc Ju Rings Parowax pockage 12c Pera Soni Waxad Paper Ward 23c Sticky fly 3 10 5c

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