

The Free Press' Short Story

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

MAY EMBERY HALL

LORA BARRY stopped in amazement before the imposing front gate of the Hartridge place. Looking through the bars and up the brick walk, she saw unmistakable signs of unusual activity.

The Hartridges were coming back! That is the way Lora put it to herself, while all the time she meant, "Chester Hartridge is coming back!" Her heart beat faster at the thought.

Two long years. When one is twenty, that brief span can seem an eternity, especially if measured by disappointment and struggle.

What had happened to Chester Hartridge in the two-year interval? An occasional souvenir packet or birthday card had made brief reference to the technical school in Boston where Chester was studying civil engineering.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

replied Lora. "Want you?" came the relieved echo. "My hinting has been so shamelessly obvious, I thought you'd see through it long before this. To-night, then, at five."

"I'll be on hand," promised Lora. Almost immediately a panicky reaction set in as she turned homeward. Her bounding gait changed to a laggard pace that all but took her back to the Hartridge place.

"You'll find the grapefruit over there on the dresser," directed the housekeeper, "and the fruit cups in the china closet in the dining room."

"Yes, Mrs. Reeves," answered Lora, obediently. "When you've finished that, please make the salad. It's to be tomato with French dressing," said the housekeeper.

"Yes, Mrs. Reeves," answered Lora, obediently. "When you've finished that, please make the salad. It's to be tomato with French dressing," said the housekeeper.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

ment on the first. It was worse, if anything. Instead of the gay rally, a significant silence reigned whenever Lora entered the dining room.

Only the fact that she had six good dollars to add to the family income, the housekeeper having paid her each night, saved the situation for Lora.

"I'm afraid not," answered Lora. "I told you so, Julia!" peculiarly broke out her companion. "Whatever made you want to risk your tires in this desolate No Man's Land?"

"You'll find the grapefruit over there on the dresser," directed the housekeeper, "and the fruit cups in the china closet in the dining room."

"Yes, Mrs. Reeves," answered Lora, obediently. "When you've finished that, please make the salad. It's to be tomato with French dressing," said the housekeeper.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

defended himself, though looking rather scared. "So that gives you the right, does it, to jab people's tires?"

"I'm dreadfully sorry, but—" "Dreadfully sorry!" Julia cut her short. "Well, being sorry, let me tell you, isn't going very far toward mending matters."

"I'm afraid not," answered Lora. "I told you so, Julia!" peculiarly broke out her companion. "Whatever made you want to risk your tires in this desolate No Man's Land?"

"You'll find the grapefruit over there on the dresser," directed the housekeeper, "and the fruit cups in the china closet in the dining room."

"Yes, Mrs. Reeves," answered Lora, obediently. "When you've finished that, please make the salad. It's to be tomato with French dressing," said the housekeeper.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

sound like you, Lora," he answered. "You and I used to be such good friends. I can't bear to have you think—"

"I'm dreadfully sorry, but—" "Dreadfully sorry!" Julia cut her short. "Well, being sorry, let me tell you, isn't going very far toward mending matters."

"I'm afraid not," answered Lora. "I told you so, Julia!" peculiarly broke out her companion. "Whatever made you want to risk your tires in this desolate No Man's Land?"

"You'll find the grapefruit over there on the dresser," directed the housekeeper, "and the fruit cups in the china closet in the dining room."

"Yes, Mrs. Reeves," answered Lora, obediently. "When you've finished that, please make the salad. It's to be tomato with French dressing," said the housekeeper.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

I especially like about the whole proposal—people begin housekeeping. According to plans, the new park road will make a lovely sweep here."

Lora met his meaning look, flushed and happy. "The old road that had been so straightly monotonous for such a long time, was taking a new turn at last!"

"I'm afraid not," answered Lora. "I told you so, Julia!" peculiarly broke out her companion. "Whatever made you want to risk your tires in this desolate No Man's Land?"

"You'll find the grapefruit over there on the dresser," directed the housekeeper, "and the fruit cups in the china closet in the dining room."

"Yes, Mrs. Reeves," answered Lora, obediently. "When you've finished that, please make the salad. It's to be tomato with French dressing," said the housekeeper.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

tion is that the new boundary line will stop short of the house." "But why do you want that saved?" asked Lora curiously.

"I've been thinking," was the rejoinder, "that when I'm on my own, I might be interested in it. It's so like those quaint stone cottages in Brittany where young

"I'm afraid not," answered Lora. "I told you so, Julia!" peculiarly broke out her companion. "Whatever made you want to risk your tires in this desolate No Man's Land?"

"You'll find the grapefruit over there on the dresser," directed the housekeeper, "and the fruit cups in the china closet in the dining room."

"Yes, Mrs. Reeves," answered Lora, obediently. "When you've finished that, please make the salad. It's to be tomato with French dressing," said the housekeeper.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

"You're quite sure you want it?" asked Mrs. Reeves. "If you're quite sure you want it," Lora replied.

Rose-Colored Glasses Halt Chicken Warfare



Warden Floyd Hamlin of the Essex County Penitentiary at Chelmsford, N.J., is shown with one of the 3,000 White Leghorn fowls from the prison's poultry farm that see the world through rose-colored glasses.

CARROLL'S advertisement featuring a list of products and prices. Items include Quaker Muffets, Puffed Wheat, Bran Flakes, Macaroni, Spaghetti, and various canned goods. A 'Save on Canned Goods' logo is prominent. The ad also includes a 'Quality First' logo and a 'Free Delivery' offer.

GOOD SHOES FOR YOUNG AND OLD "Curved Heel" B. D. RACHLIN, Acton

CARROLL'S LIMITED advertisement listing various food items and their prices, such as Grapes, Onions, Potatoes, Bananas, Oranges, Celery Hearts, and Onions.