The Bree Bress' Short Story

SEALED LIPS

ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

thrust out a small, determined chin and mote regions and the ignorance and was always sure her way was the only bat. right one. Others might make mistakes or commit follies, but not she. loved and admired her, this calm assumption of hers exasperated them.

"You will never be a perfect character, my dear," Justin Harper had told her in a prophete voice, "until you have been terribly silly or dead wrong once or twice." That has been in their happy days. Kate only laughed. She had a disarming sweetness.

She had been wise in choosing As public health nurse carned a good salary and the work mad use of all her fine capabilities. She had been wise, or so everyone thought, in engaging herself to Justin Harper, the promising young doctor. She had been equally wise she herself believed, in putting an end to the engagement.

Through that tragic time of a broken engagement Kate Worthing held head high and her my setted. Not from her would a word to the discredit of Justin Harper ever come.

In soite of her, however, gossiping tongues spread reports. Wiseacres shook

"He must have done something pretty bad or Kate wouldn't have broken with him. The girl was in love, or I don't know the symptoms;" so spoke authoritative old Mrs. Piper, who had known -Kate from babyhood. Other voices were more specific.

"Did you hear that when Hillis Beem had appendicitis. Mrs. Beem called in Doctor Whalley? She won't have Harper any more."

"They say the young doctor had taken a little too much the time he set the Willing boy's leg. Didn't the Willings have to go to Chicago and have it reset by a specialist?"

"Anyhow the Willings, the Beems and the Topples have all gone back to Doctor Whalley. There must be a reason. "Yes, indeed. No smoke without some fire." The end of it was that the practice which Justin Harper had acquired trembled in the balance, slackened, dwindled, became nil. One morning the doctor's name plate was some from the office door and Justin and his belongings from the house where he boarded. He was reported to have taken the night train north.

Kate Worthing said nothing. She continued her even round, visiting the schools, interviewing mothers, receiving the reports of district nurses, lecturing before parent-teachers' associations. As no one had seen Justin Harper rushing from her house the night he boarded the train, with distorted face, that which in silence. Only in Kate's ears did came up in the country with me for a included in the regimental orders of certain pleas keep on ringing.

would only give me another chance!" "You're not what I believed you. shall never give my life into the keeping of a man whose standards are not

"For goodness' sake, Kathy, if

ed your whole attitude. But I am not condemning you. You have my wishes for success. Only-I refuse to share it." That's funny. Don't you know what's happening? Stories are going about-nothing's too rotten to be thought of me. It takes only a breath of suspicion to ruin a medical reputa-

tion. I'm done. But if you'd marry me, Kate, I'd-" have gone into it all before. I know

made up my mind-" "It's the end of a man. You think you're God or something!"

"Don't blaspheme, Justin." That was all past done with - so Kate's inward colloquies would protest. She had chartered her course; no looking back, she reminded herself; no vain regrets. For the first time, something within herself proved intractable—her heart. Kate suffered

even greater energy. Owing largely to remains of a meal littered the tableher efforts, a state convention of public egg-shells, dress of coffee in a cup, a dry health workers and numes was held in fragment of bread. A tender smile play-

Toward one of the delegates Kate was sad. irresistibly drawn. Ursida Haines was She took a peep into the doctor's suite a Red Ores nurse from a county to the of two rooms across the hall. These far north of the state, a woman with a were like a thousand country doctors' distinguished record, shoulding vitality rooms, slean and fairly inviting; the going to play a big part in belying the and a heart bit spough to held the stove still warm, the fibre rug swept the boys on their way to the Siegtried Line

ATE WORTHING had been very undernourished children in sure of herself all her life. Been districts; Ursula related stories of adas a child she had been wont to venturous trips she had made into resuperstition she continually had to com-

> continued carnestly, "how much depends animal was hardest of all for Kate. on the type of doctor a country section

could do that he entered the profession; spectiging fulce. he wasn't interested in service-I found You used to want me to be dead self, and big money. He-he neglected a call once from a poor family in order to attend a rich woman who didn't really need him and a little baby died. I I did."

couldn't forgive him-ever!"

"Oh. tut. my dear! Never's a long time. Life batters us about, you know. We have to learn. I leave it to the Almighty to do the judging-I'd rather not. How can we tell what's going on in a man's heart? It's natural enough to be ambitious when you're starting out. I don't blame the spruce, up-and-coming, young city doctor-he'll learn. But I thank my stars when sometimes happens the other sort, where he's needed-like the one we've got: humble, hard-working, never sparing himself. I don't know what he lives on: he forgets to send out his bills; he's on the road night and day; uses a horse when the roads are blocked. Oh. I take off my hat to him." she concluded, laughing. "I used to be the whole cheese up there, but I tell you I have to take a back seat now. Everybody adores the doctor! Why, I will be many bearing the trade-made, could tell you more stories-" she began to tell them while Kate listened absorb- termination is shared by every member edly. Incidents assumed a dramatic im- of the C.A.S.P. and it is all because portance, names slipped out,

rupted her narrative abrutly, her keen British comrades. eyes studying Kate's face. "You look ly. Can't abuse your health and expect to smile, old Mother Nature not to take revenge. had been said between them was locked Just as I thought! How'd you like to and plenty of double entente are being week? Finest air in the world if it does you hit ten below sero most of the time?

Kate's eyes shone through the tears her friends attributed to nerves. like it of all things!"

comfortable home in a small northern town. Kate was allowing Ursula to drawher own fur coat up close around her ears in preparation for an assault upon the wintry streets.

you for this-for everything! thank you half enough."

"When will you be back?" "It depends on that country call!" Kate said, and tried to laugh, "Goodby, fairy godmother!"

"Queer sort of fairy!" the middleaged nurse rubbed a place in the frosted pane of the door to look after the giri. laden with a heavy bag, walking swiftly down the street. "I'd have done it differently, but there!"

house banked with anow: her eves fastened on a doctor's sign halfway-between played on Broadway. front door and window: "Hours 8-10. 12-2." It was now near four o'clock. She tried the front door, found it locked and-made her way through drifts to the The winter loosened its grip; spring back, where a door stood slightly ajar. passed, and fall; She went in through a dark shed to the came. It was a full kitchen, put her bag on the table and looked around. A busy man's makeshift housekeeping was in cheerless evidence. of Justin Harper any more. Kate was The fire was out; water frozen in a pail; thinner; she looked much older; but she ashes trodden into the floor. The sink into her work with an was filled with dirty dishes and the the city; she was the driving force be- ed about Kate's lips. This was better hind program, entertainment and public- than she had hoped! Only had there been nothing to do would she have been

Kate crossed the room and laid her HINTS ON PRODUCING hand for a moment on the desk beffore she returned to the kitchen.

Darkness closed in early, with a sudforth a white column of steam. The is free from dampness. It has kitchen was so tidy it glittered. Apcooling beside a glass dish filled with ingly. With the older barns, each has s covered with a white cloth and set for for clean milk production.

cold with dread. flutter with renewed that of keeping the stable clean. "We've done wonders in our part of came. Nine o'clock the doctor drove in production requires dust free air at milkthe country this year toward educating through the side yard to the stable at ing time. Therefore the throwing down Much as her less self-assured friends the public; but most of the credit belongs the rear. This final waiting, while he of hay, the cleaning out of the stable, to the doctor. You can't realize," she unharmensed and cared for the tired or the cleaning of cows stirs up dust and

> ence; but they always have an eye on the shadowy hall beyond and stood, possible. the city: you'll rarely find one whose waiting for courage. She meant to wait The problem of h half his work will be on country roads. tin!" she cried. "Justin-" and tried to of cleanliness, but also one of feeding. Young doctors want hospitals and a big begin the things she had prepared to Turnips, silage or other strong-smelling city practice, or a specialist's work in a say, but found that she was sobbing feeds should not be fed just prior to against his shoulder.

> "Yes. I knew one like that." Kate Twenty minutes later, when he was be in the milking barn at milking time. spoke out sharply, her hand going to sipping her soup and declaring it am- If this point is neglected it is highly her heart as if she felt an unendurable brosis. Este remembered and turned probable that the milk will become taintpain there. "It wasn't for the good he from cutting the browned mest with its

> > wrong at least once. Justin. satisfied-I was, when I sent you away!" that was the rightest thing you ever is likely to result. In addition, to keep

"Oh, but I've suffered so!" "For me. I mean, and in the end, for you. I took this job because it was the toughest one in sight-for spite. I suppose; I was made clear through-and now, you couldn't tear me away!"

Kate gave a fleeting touch to his hair "Perfectly happy, are you?

He held out his plate: his eves sought "You to cook my steak Kate".

LEGION HELPING FORCES DEVELOP SENSE OF HUMOR By F. H. Wooding

they are developing a sense of humor "Look here," the older woman inter- that bids fair to outdo even that of their

Anyway, when young Canadians g sick, girl-you're white, do you know it? into the mud of European battlefields, or You're working to hard, that's it. You fiv through Central skies they will take have been carraying this whole conven- with them light hearts and gay ones tion on your own shoulders; besides And the grim task that is theirs will be doing the work of three women regular- made easier because they will know how

So strike up the band, Professor Goer-Since when have you had a vacation? ing because boisterous fun, innuendo the Canadian armed forces!

The happiest solders make the best soldiers, say veterans of the last war and they ought to know. Therefore, by means "I'd of their wartime organization, The Canadian Legion War Services, they are Three days later, in the hallway of a lalready paying particular attention to this phase of army life.

.This does not mean, of course, that the Legion intends to confine its activities to the field of entertainment. There are the more serious matters of provid-"You will do it your own way." she ing facilities for education, conducting scolded Kate affectionately. "I think recreation huts, personal services and travel bureaux both here and overseas "Yes!" Kate smiled unsteadily, "Thank At the moment, however, let's look on the lighter side of things.

The Legion had no trouble in finding men to direct its entertainment program. for in Captain Ben Allen, of Ottawa, Captain Mert Plunkett, of Toronto, and Alan Murray, of Montreal, still youthful veterans of 1914-1918, they found three experienced entrepreneurs who have spent a goodly portion of their time in front of the foodstlights. Ben, Mert and Alan, who will be remembered as members of the famous "Dumbells"-Mert Kate stopped before a small white organized and directed the troupe-are among the few Canadians who have

> Canada's new fighting forces, although they still sing right histily the old wartime songs, such as "Tipperary," "Pack Up Your Troubles," and "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," seem to prefe "South of the Border." "Oh, Johnnie." and other modern products of Tin Pan Alley. The old marching hits of twentyyears ago apparently have been relegated to a back seat in favor of the more sentimental numbers of to-day.

The boys are, however, giving a great hand to the Music Hall programs that were such favorites among Canadians on leave in London during the last war. They roundly applaud the poetic narratives of "Albert and the Lion," "Magna Charta," "Gunner Joe," and "The Chost of Anne Boleyn," rendered in the

best Lancathire dialect.

CLEAN, HEALTHY MILK

den sunset; but Kate did not care. She and first class dairy products is demand- milking, and to wash the switch of the had the chimneys of the lamps polished ing more and more attention from the cow's tail at frequent intervals. and a bright light shone out. A brisk dairy farmer. The question of buildings fire was burning. On the reddening also merits consideration. A modern stove top a kettle hummed and sent dairy barn is airy, well ventilated; and stanchions or adjustable cattle ties, and petizing smells filled it from the soup the length of the stall and the width of simmering on the stove, from the biscuits the gutter are constructed so that cows browning in the oven, from the cookies of different size can be placed accordruddy stewed fruit. A thick steak lay particular problem in order to change or in readiness for broiling. The table was modify it to satisfy modern requirements

Another problem, C. D. MacKenzie, She had time to go to the window Animal Husbandry Division, Central Exmany times, time for her heart to turn perimental Farm, Ottawa, points out, is hope, before the sound she waited for should be remembered that clean milk odors some of which may contaminate All went out of her mind when the the milk. If stables cannot be cleaned is lucky, or unlucky enough, to draw. door opened and she saw Justin stand- out at least one-half hour before milking The fine old general practitioner is pass- ing there, with his drawn, tired face, his it is better to delay this operation till ing, as you know. Few young medical hollowed eyes that looked upon the after milking has taken place. However, men are willing to bury their talents transformation that had been wrought manure should be scraped carefully into in small towns. They'll spend a year or and for the moment sought in vain for the gutter and the bedding re-arranged two there, if they have to, for experi- the author of it. She had retreated into without causing any more dust than

milking, nor should the odor of silage

allowed to become filthy through standthe thorough grooming of the cows daily

and the clipping of the hair on their udders, flanks and tails is definitely recommended. Further, it is a good plan The problem of producing clean milk to wash the udder and flanks before

> The observance of these points relating to the sanitation of cows, together with the use of thoroughly clean and sterilized utensils will result in higher quality milk and greater returns from the milking herd.

SILKWORMS ARE SPINNING PARACHUTES

The output of 3,500,000 allkworms which spin their silk in the stately rooms of a 15th century Kentish castle is being investigated by officials of the Supply Ministry and Air Ministry who are responsible for the provision of parachute

The only place in Britain where silk s produced, Lullingstone Castle, is the ncestral home of the Hart Dyke family. but Sir Oliver, the 8th baronet, and his lady live in a small cottage on the estate and the silkworms "go into residence" in the Castle itself for 30 days in each season while they spin their silk.

King James I and King George I both unsuccessfully tried to create a homeproduced silk industry, but success has attended Lady Hart Dyke's efforts, which started in 1932 and supplied the raw silk real purpose is to settle down where -but could not. She rushed out. "Jus- odors out of milk is not only a question | the Coronation robes of the Princesses

trees and bushes to provide food for my family," and covers some 35 acres." Lady Hart Dyke said.

"Annual production has now reached about 1,500 pounds of silk, enough for about 200 parachutes. The Ministry of one of the chief factors relating to the example, the silk must have a tensile contamination of milk. If the cows are strength of 40 pounds to the square inch -but I have now heard that our British "Dread to distillusion you, darling, but ing or lying in the gutter, defective milk silk meets every technical requirement,

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