

The Free Press' Short Story

THE GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

By MARY DICKERSON DONAHAY

MRS. PAULINE PEPPER snuggled into her bed as the alarm went off with a willy maddening whirr. She seldom had to get up until noon and world was all light and cozy! When you are on a morning paper, you do not have to go to work until about half past twelve, but when you are a "feature writer," you have to do all sorts of things and keep all sorts of hours. On this wild morning, Polly had to take a seven o'clock train that would go poking on from my station to another city station, until in sixty miles it would put her off, still miles from the place where she had to go!

With this bilious roaring down out of the north—oh, well, some balm could be found in Gilead! Her good friend Ted Harper from the Conway Daily Post's art department had come to go along, too, and Ted was a peach. Nigger yet had she known him grumpy or cross, anything but helpful, entertaining and kind.

G-r-r-r! A small snowdrift had formed under her open window! Up leaped Polly, nevertheless, and into good warm clothes she climbed. Miss Pepper's clothes were as fine as her income allowed, always becoming, but never inappropriate or uncomfortable. She wanted to look pretty and stylish, but she believed in being healthy, too, and was triumphantly so.

At Mrs. Lee's old-fashioned boarding house breakfast did not begin to be served until seven fifteen, but Polly was a privileged character. Pat Jerusha took the girl into her kitchen, set her right by the warm stove, and fluffed corn cobs on her plate, hot from the griddle, decorating them with curls of crispy bacon and streams of golden honey.

"You're a duck and a dear to feed me so well way ahead of time," said Miss Polly as she scrubbed an excess of honey from the tip of her pretty chin. "Now don't bite any boards to-day. By-by—see you later." She dived into the storm, leaving Jerusha beaming.

"They are boards in this here house, I wouldn't mind takin' a chew out of," Jerusha remarked to Laurabelle who had just come in, "but I wouldn't if they was less a little bit like Miss Polly!"

Bracing herself against the wind, that young lady caught a car to the station; but when she arrived, no lanky young figure was waiting for her. Ted was always on time! Oh, well—she would have to go whether he came or not. Polly bought her ticket and climbed aboard, though she felt rather forsaken and blue. She liked having Ted along—and then this storm needed pictures. Ah, there at last he was!

"You almost missed us that time, young fellow me lad," said Polly a bit grimly. "Were you a little sleepyhead this morning?"

"I was not," growled Ted. "I was trying to get food. I suppose you pampered pet that you are, are sitting there full of good breakfast. I got at the third place I visited a cup of imitation coffee, burned toast and three lonely prunes which had long lost the sweetness of their youth. But here—just what's the story to-day? I didn't quite get it."

"Golden wedding," answered Polly promptly. "Couple living in same house—log one at that—they went into fifty years ago to-day. Minister who married 'em has come back and is living in the town again. Neighbors are giving the party and hoping I'll work a miracle. Because, you see, there's a queer twist to this yarn.

There stood the tall old minister, his beard flying like a white banner from under an old fur cap.

"Polly told me you wouldn't come in this winter, but I said I knew you would," Reverend Thurlow called happily. "And I've got a dough for you. A dough that was a beauty when I was young. 'Twas 't so bad yet!' Proudly he led them to the rear of the platform, where a nice lordly vehicle stood harnessed to a very good team who shook their sleigh bells gaily.

"How gorgeous! I adore sleighing!" said Polly. Ted grinned happily.

"Beats your auto all hollow," said the old man. "Bearskin robes, and my own mother's soapstone for your feet. 'There now, you all cozy. I'll sit up with Bud.' He nodded at the farm boy who drove and who gave them a shy smile.

"Have the hero and heroine of the day related towards each other?" asked Polly as they glided merrily off.

"No—not a bit!" The old man's face grew clouded. "I'm just as sorry and ashamed as I can be! I've prayed with each of 'em and I've argued with 'em. In the public prints that they wouldn't speak on their golden wedding day! But neither one will be the first to give in. I think it's just stubbornness now, and I think they'd each like to give in and end it, but neither'll start! But you're young and kind and clever. Maybe you'll see a way. The whole township's counting on you, my dear."

"Oh, good gracious, what a terrible responsibility!" cried Polly, in a real panic. "How can I succeed where you failed?" She grew still more nervous as they drew up at the home of the strange couple. It was a picturesque place. A big rambling log house set among huge maples, on a hillside.

"Is it a double house?" asked Ted, curiously.

"No. Alvah inherited a really big log house from his grandfather, who was a pioneer around here. It had three sizable rooms downstairs, and a loft over it all, with windows. They liked it all right, and when they needed more room, they just bought a smaller log house and moved it up, building a big living room between the two. It's been just too handy an arrangement for them. When they had the trouble, Alvah just moved into the smaller house, and Abby went on living in the big one. They both had to use the new centre part, because the old front doors had been built into windows long ago, but it's just a passageway now. Won't either of 'em step on the other's side. They're both as stubborn as mules, and yet each is good and kind every other way. Why, they always go to church and prayer meeting, but she drives the horse and carriage he gave her ages ago, and he goes in his farm truck. I tell 'em it just isn't a Christian way to act, but that doesn't budge 'em!"

The old minister's face was filled with worry at the strange behavior of his two friends.

When seen, they did not look at all extraordinary. Mr. Higgins was a sturdy, square-shouldered old man, with magnificent iron-gray hair, and a pleasant though extremely firm mouth. Mrs. Higgins was a slim, well-built woman, with white hair banded down on either side of an anxious forehead. She was really beautiful, with extremely youthful eyes, and quick, birdlike motions.

"They both take everything too seriously," whispered Polly to Ted, "both just strung up all the time, both the worrying type, and not enough humor mixed with their kindness. If either of 'em had twinkle in the eye or a quirk at the corners of the mouth, I'd think I might help them, but if they had it, they wouldn't be needing—said help! Oh, dear, it's pathetic and yet it is funny, too!"

"Sure, brace yourself for the great ordeal," answered Ted. The ancient bedroom stood on one side of the big cheery living room, and the aging bride stood six feet away from him on the other. No line was running down the centre of the room, but one might just as well have been there. Everybody felt one was there!

A pleasant kindly group it was, who welcomed the newspaper people warmly, though Polly felt that each person was trying to urge her to please do something right away to turn this into a normal party. Never had she felt so helpless.

Guests circulated freely in both houses, but of course the dinner was being served in this central room, with a place of honor at each end.

Just to make conversation, Polly began telling of poor Ted's "kitchy breakfast, but it broke the ice." Little Mrs. Higgins, with a cry of sympathy, darted away to bring him coffee and cookies.

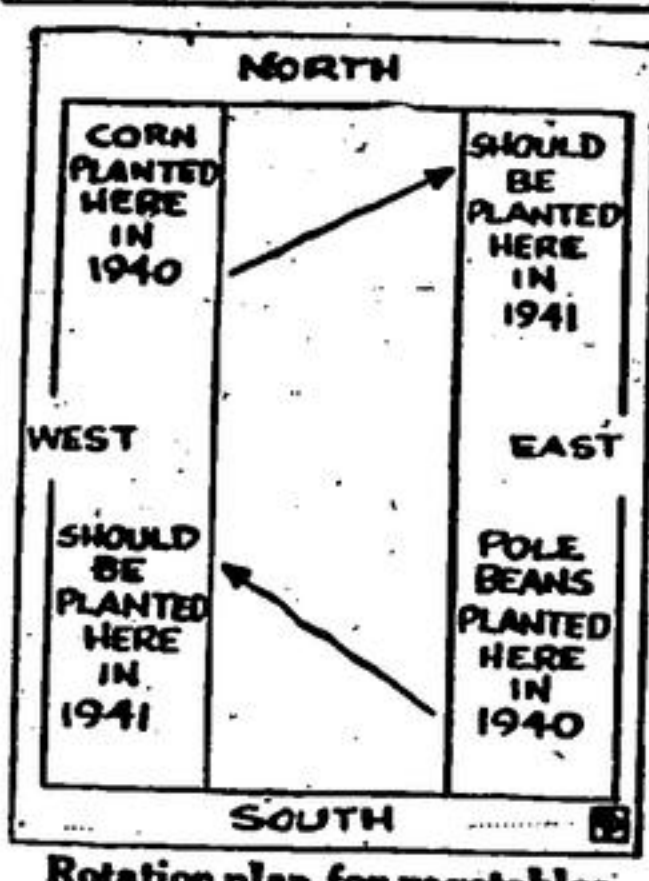
"How innocent can I pretend to be?" whispered Polly to Reverend Thurlow.

"Why, I didn't let 'em know you'd been told anything," answered the minister. "I thought it would be easier that way for you and for them. But of course I told 'em you couldn't help finding out."

"We haven't had time to have been told yet though," said Polly. "You watch, and try to aid and abet me. I have a sort of plan." She took hold of Mrs. Higgins and made her show her all the lovely bits of fancywork displayed in her rooms. She took Mr. Higgins by the arm, and said he must explain to her that perfectly wonderful collection of Indian arrowheads over his fireplace.

Dinner time had come.

Weekly Garden-Graph



As soon as the soil can be worked, seeds of peas, lettuce, onions, beets, radishes, cabbages, Swiss chard and spinach can be sown in the open ground. Sow the seeds in rows running north and south. This gives the plants all the sunlight possible. It is well also to plant the vegetable garden on a rotating basis, as shown in the Garden-Graph. By following a rotation system, each variety of vegetable is given a "new lease on life," and the life of the soil is also greatly conserved. The rotation plan also helps to keep down fungus diseases.

GIFTED CANADIAN ARTISTES COMMEMORATED

Two outstanding Canadian artistes, Madame Albani and Louis Philippe Hebert, were commemorated during 1939, when bronze tablets were erected at their respective birthplaces by the National Parks Bureau, Department of Mines and Resources, on the recommendation of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada.

Madame Albani died in London, England, on May 3rd, 1930. A bronze tablet to her memory, erected in the garden of her birthplace at Chambly, was unveiled on September 14th, 1939, in the presence of her son, Mr. E. P. Gye, C.M.G., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Great Britain in Venezuela, who journeyed to Chambly for the occasion.

Louis Philippe Hebert was born at Sainte-Sophie d'Halifax, P.Q., on January 27th, 1850, the son of Theophile Hebert and Julie Bourgeois. He studied art at Montreal under Napoleon Bourassa and afterwards in France. In 1883 he was elected a member of the Royal Canadian Academy, and he became the most notable Canadian sculptor and designer of monuments of his time.

He was a prolific worker; his labors produced not less than fifty pieces of great merit, comprising twelve large monuments, twenty busts, ten groups, a number of statues and considerable church ornamental work.

In 1901 Hebert was created Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in France, and in 1903 he was made a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. He died at Westmount, P.Q., on June 13th, 1917.

BRITAIN'S NEW ARMY BOOT

The output of the British bootmaking industry is now substantially greater than the figure of 130,000 pairs of Army boots a week given by Mr. Chamberlain at the beginning of the year, and the production of 120,000 pairs of Army boots a year in peace time, is steadily increasing to the neighborhood of 7,000,000 pairs a year.

The British Army's new boot is sixteen ounces lighter than the one which became famous during the last war. Trade experts have been so successful in combining durability with lightness and good fitting that when the official pattern was sealed they dubbed it "the country gentleman's regulation boot."

The British boot trade is prepared for any further demands upon it. Large quantities of a special type are now being made from British factories for the French Army and from 1914-1918 British equipment not only the British forces, but in part the armies of France, Italy, Russia, Serbia, Rumania and the United States.

DAIRY FARM LABOR

Labour cost is the largest single item of expense in dairy farming. From 20 to 30 per cent of the cost of producing milk is involved in labor. Not only does labor amount of a considerable sum but it is also one of the recognized economic factors to be considered in the production of any commodity. In order to make progress in farm management, it becomes necessary to have some easily calculated standard by which labor efficiency may be measured.

Standards of measurement in this connection are gradually being developed for dairy farmers through the Ontario Dairy Farm Management Study. This investigation is being conducted co-operatively by the Economics Division, Marketing Service, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. More than 700 dairy farmers of the Province of Ontario are keeping records of their complete farm business. These records are checked at the farm and taken to Ottawa for analysis.

Two years of study indicate that the cash receipts of a farm business per man provided a useful standard of measurement of labor efficiency in dairy farming. To obtain this the total labor time of all farm workers is reduced to a "man equivalent." The term "man equivalent" means the labor of one man working full time for 12 months on the farm. Members of the family working for part of the day only or doing less than an adult's work, and seasonal and occasional help are reckoned proportionately. The cash receipts include all cash sales of the farm business. A farm with cash receipts of \$2,000, and a "man equivalent" of 1% would have a cash receipt per man of \$200,000.

It was found in the study that in all the fluid and processed milk zones, under conditions similar to the year ending April 30th, 1938, the average dairyman needs to secure \$1,500 cash receipts per man to secure operator earnings approximating \$1,200. Operator earnings close to \$1,000 were obtained where the cash receipts per man were \$1,300 and where the cash receipts per man fell as \$800 the operator earnings were discouraging.

Though it was found that the most successful dairymen use the greatest amount of labor, not all dairymen, however, should take on a large labor staff. These dairy farm operators who have the ability to manage labor in such a way as to secure a high cash receipt per man may well be encouraged to use more labor.

FORGOTTEN HERO

Montcalm and Wolfe, Wolfe and Montcalm! These are names that stir the hearts of Canadians, whether French or English, as they stand upon the mighty rock of Quebec and recall that in other days and in another war men here matched the fortitude of Montcalm in member the besiegers at the Montcalm holding off the St. Lawrence merrily and along the St. Lawrence shores until the season for operations was far advanced. They may remember the drama of Wolfe's scaling the heights and standing one Autumn day upon the Plains of Abraham. But how came Wolfe upon those Plains so secretly that the morning found Montcalm six miles away in bivouac across the St. Charles?

It was Admiral Charles Saunders who accomplished this feat. For many weeks he had moved his feet up and down the river by tide and wind. Constantly he had threatened to strike the French lines, forcing the defenders to spread out. There are few instances in the records of war where a fleet so admirably labored in conjunction with an army. Without Quebec, indeed, there are those who say that it was Saunders who did take Quebec. And yet the names that have come down to us from that stage are Montcalm and Wolfe. Certainly Saunders deserves better of Canadian history than the passing reference he has received.

On the night of the great attack, the Admiral moved his ships up the line against Beauport in such a convincing demonstration that he held Montcalm to that place, while ships of lesser draft moved the troops from the Island of Orleans to the Plains and thence to the break in the cliffs that is now known as Wolfe's Cove.

It is there that Saunders fades out of Canadian history, lost in darkness as black as the night which enveloped his

amount of labor, not all dairymen, however, should take on a large labor staff. These dairy farm operators who have the ability to manage labor in such a way as to secure a high cash receipt per man may well be encouraged to use more labor.

OVER 20,000,000 MAPLE TREES TAPPED

By the end of March nearly 50,000 farmers in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces will be harvesting the annual crop of maple syrup and maple sugar. Sap's now running in Western Ontario and the harvest extends eastward until early in April, by which time more than 20,000,000 trees will have been tapped and the new product will be on the market. Prospects are bright for a good run. Last year the yield was comparatively low, due to unfavorable weather conditions. To get the best yield several hours of sunshine during the daytime, followed by some frost at night, are required. In 1939 the total yield of maple syrup was 2,361,200 gallons and the production of maple sugar was 2,900,200 pounds. The Province of Quebec accounts for about 80 per cent of the total output of maple products with the Eastern Townships as the chief centre of production. It is expected that the demand this year for maple products will be greater than for several previous years.

CAN YOU TIE IT?

The lights had gone out in the bus and the tall man asked the young lady, who had got on at the last stop, if he could help her find a strap.

"I've already found one," she said. "Then would you mind letting go of my necktie?"

CARROLL'S

Very Special—Pure LARD 2 1-lb. pkgs. 15c Special—Fresh ROLLED OATS 5 lbs. 19c

CHOCOLATE GRAHAMS Biscuits lb. 19c EAGLE CONDENSED MILK 15-oz. tin 18c SUGAR CORN FLAKES with Pincocchio CRISP cut outs 2 pkgs. 13c OUR PEANUT BUTTER 2 lbs. 25c SWEET COCOANUT Fine or Shredded lb. 17c CALIFORNIA PRUNES Large 30-40's lb. 15c 2 lbs. 15c

Quaker 1c Sale 2 packages of PUFFED WHEAT and 1 package of PUFFED RICE all for 19c

GIANT SEED BARGAIN! 5 lb. packages of Pearl Soap cake 4c

Very Special—Heinz Tomato KETCHUP 2c 5-oz. Btl. when you buy Heinz Pork and Beans 3 am. tins with Ketchup 26c 2 Med. tins with Ketchup 25c 1 large tin with Ketchup 19c

GOLDEN BANTAM CORN 2 16-oz. tins 15c MOTHER PARKER'S TEA 1/2-lb. pkg. 32c, 37c NUGGET SHOE POLISH tin 10c HANDY AMMONIA Powder 2 pkgs. 9c Oxydol Soap Powder pkgs. 9c, 21c, 59c IVORY SOAP FLAKES 1/2-lb. pkg. 23c WOODBURY'S Facial Soap 2 cakes 15c

Special—Unsweetened GRAPEFRUIT JUICE 3 20-oz. tins 25c

Special—Lynn Valley DESSERT PEARS 2 15-oz. tins 15c

Fresh White CELERY HEARTS 2 Bunches 25c Fresh Crisp SPINACH, per lb. 10c MILL STREET

Texas Seedless GRAPEFRUIT 5 for 23c New Fresh CABBAGE, per lb. 5c FREE DELIVERY PHONE 168

Vegetable and Fruit Prices Until Saturday Night Only