The Free Press' Short Story

The Youngest Daughter of the House

By HARRY HARRISON KROLL

phone rang, and tossed a heavy envelope - of manuscript before Nancy breed of piney woods dwellers, out of the Holder. He grinned and said: you are, old overtime drudge!"

"Thanks, Jimmy," Nancy smiled, and yes, this is Nancy . . . Ah, Mother! Suddenly her habitual musical voice Again?: Land of living, why must they come and stay on us all the time? Don't they know hotels are run to take care signedly. "let it go. I'll bring something extra for supper. And the medicine. by." She hung up and sat momentarithoroughly angry. Jimmy grinned at her tolerantly.

· "Tough news?" he asked.

"Jimmy, it's a crime! It's my Aunt Ora, from Montgomery, and that cousin of mine. Edward. He had infantile paralysis, and this free clinic here in Mobile seems to hold some kind promise out to them to help him. Doctor Westbrook, you know. I'm not kicking about that, Jimmy. I only hope he can do something for the boy. What gets me is that I am making only fifty a month, and out of that I must take care of Mother, buy medicine, pay the doctor, feed and clothe us and carry on the best I can with Dad on what the other children send. I'm the youngest daughter of the house, you know," she finished bitterly.

"And if there ever was a tough break for a girl." Jimmy's face was sympathetic, "it's to be born the youngest daughter."

"What can't be cured must be endured. I thought I was getting a few to it. dollars ahead to buy that evening dress. Jimmy, the evening dress must go into the pot to feed Aunt Ora and Coustn

Edward!" "Know what?"

"What, Jimmy?" "When you get home this evening, you pliments, see?" While he still grinned. Jimmy was more than half in earnest at that.

"It isn't being done in-the best of families. Jimmy.

typing the boss said to pass along to you. Say, what's the old man up todoing a book, or something?"

"It's a secret!" Nancy's anger had subsided almost as quickly as it had risen. rotten in Denmark! Well, get it out so on the sea, on Mobile Bay, and at last you can pay cash for twor kin folks' which parting shot Nancy worked.

typewriter, got her hat and coat and and again Nancy dared turn his stiff saying in his mellow voice. "And I made ready to leave for the day. A wording into the easier -vernacular of recall vividly your relatives from Montmoment later she was going down the the man. She hoped some day the book gomery—this boy. Edward Conner, es- convoy had lost touch with the others. elevator and out on the wind-swept might get published, though she doubted pecially. His case was peculiar. One of Soon after ten in the morning there was

great live oaks, its weathered stucco done a page in six minutes. She recall- is not the reason why I have asked you went on to full speed and steered for walls, hy-covered. The from grating at led, betimes, that Mr. Boltzer and Doc- to call me. Mr. Boltzer told me how, the position of the submarine. After a its portices boomed blackly through un- tor Westbrook were close personal well you did his typing for him. On his few minutes definite contact was obtainkempt shrubbery. A man was coming friends, the young doctor having saved book, you know. Now, I have a great ed with the Asdic, that wonderful in-

He was the young physician who was as a cripple. ern countries, huge blonde, men from getting to sleep.

. lived with her parents without a shade of suppressed heatility. | loose in yur pockets nowhurs?"

"Hello Cousin Nancy," he said. Nandy brished the hair out of her contribution in good grace. of sympathy. It was the feeling she woman knew-would weaken her. She put her Through the crisp clarity of the morn- Smilingly they shook hands. He said

The passed Cousin Edward Conner swift- : "Fine, Miss Holder," he said. "I see na! We'll take that first if you don't face at a range of about two miles She . J. She heard the clank of his crutches, you threw in a few corrections for good mind. Afterward the rest of the mater- opened fire, and so the did the Prenchbut did not turn to see if she might measure."

Nancy would have passed the front-room the boss with discretion. door, "Here's your Aunt Ora." "Goodness!" wailed Nancy under ber | you?"

breath. She entered the room. Aunt

Ora rose. She was an up-country woman, the type known in the vernacular

wilds of the costal plains and sawmills. "Wa-al, ding-bust my time!" cried Aunt Ora, kissing Nancy with primitive gusto, "If you ain't looking as natural as pig tracks! Well, me and Eddy, hall aguin and put our names in the She grinned at Nancy's

"Yes," said Mrs. Holder

comment, "Who knows it better than I"" She escaped as quickly as she might. established her typewriter for this sparetime work. She put the envelope on her desk and dropped down, burying her face in her arms beside the machine She felt sobs possess her. She had so longed for that cheap little evening ciress. One of the office girls was giving a party a week hence.

Nancy heard her mother's step along the hall going back to the kitchenet's Nancy did not stir. She sat there. croughing in the darkness, considering the hard way of the youngest daughter of the house. Her three oldest brothers were married and gone, making homes

straight. For a moment she steadled thinking in a quick vision, of young Doctor Westbrook. What of him? Could he be free of responsibilities? She remembered, now, having heard how his clinic was battling for life. He had not only put all his money into it, but he

"Goodness!" Nancy said, under he breath, "Here I am making a hubbub and stir over so slight a thing as feeding and lodging these*two, as my poor share "Hope it chokes 'em;" said Jimmy in the general cause! How utterly, sel-

fish I am!" She dashed the tear from her eye, and went resolutely out to where her mother was preparing supper. She would, Nancy promised herself, at least be nice and courteous to Aunt Ora and Cousin Ed-

Supper was, withal, a loud affair. Aunt Ora had a prodigious appetite, and despite the allment, Edward, too, knew what to do with food. Afterward Aunt "Okeh then Feed 'em. Here's the Ora helped Mrs. Holder wash dishes. and Nancy went to her typewriter, where she fell to work with habitual concentration, speed and skill. For hours, until almost two in the morning, her finger sped the keys. It was the life story of "Hah! Then I know there's something the boss, a man who had seen salty life! humorous old character, a unique man. As the office clock pointed to five and a lot of his personality managed to minutes after five, Nancy covered her gleam through his stilted phrasing. Now about you last night," the doctor was

street. The manuscript was tightly it. Each page meant fifteen cents for those that so far as we know have never thick fog, and about an hour later one her, and she turned out a page every yielded successfully to treatment. But, of the steamers in the convoy, a neutral, Abruptly she slowed her pace; here ten minutes. Had she followed copy it appears that something akin to a cure was torpedoed. was the Westbrook clinic. It was an exactly or had needed not to revise has been accomplished. I am having The explosion was seen and heard old French dwelling, crouching among spelling and grammar, she might have them come again, to make sure but that from the escort vessel, which at once

giving his life to the healing of crippled | Wearily, her fingers numb, her back come to some mutual agreement Would the surface of the sea." children. He passed Nancy without see- in pain from rigidity, her eyes filmed you stop by this afternoon to see me?" ing her, got into a car and drove away from constant focus on the paper under! "W-why, y-yes. Doctor ... Westbrook! The girl hurried forward again, oddly the light, she finished. Collecting the And thanks-" rebuked by the sight of the young doc- sheets neatly; she tucked them into the . "Okeh, Miss Nancy." tor. She passed groups of seamen in envelope. She crept to her room and went "Rather nice, ch" the boss grinned front of the Sallors' Mission on Concep- to bed; but so tense was she from her "If-tf my Aurit Ora and Cousin Edtion Street; small wiry men from south- hours of labor that she was a long while ward come to see me again; the extra-

the northlands. She could see the lines . The next morning Nancy was up at Nancy. of shipping at the bay front as she her accustonied hour "Wa -al." said. Mr. Bo'tzer became grave . He said. crossed side streets. Nine blocks out, in Aunt Ora, "I reckon as we'll be going quietly, "You deserve so much, my dear self up on a plate, and appears to have the confused tangles of narrow picture- to see the Doc to-day. I've got nary child. You see, I'm aware that you're been incredibly careless. Her captain sque streets and lanes, she came to the l'a cent of money. Nancy. Eddy can't the youngest daughter. I've seen it hap- was so intent upon inspecting the ship " little wind-browned cottage where she walk up town, and it might hurt his peri a score of times where the girl in he'd torpedoed, that he was apparently game leg bad if we tried to take a your position has the care of the old unaware of the escort vessel's presence A boy sat, on the steps, a pair of street car; besides, the street car don't people upon her shoulders. And bravely In less than a minute the escort vescruiches one side " His eyes were stop within a block of the place It a lot of you younger daughters shoulder sel started to let go her depth charges. black and alert. His hair was dark and costs a dime in one of these there cheap it, and carry on magnificently. But more which exploded one after the other at unkempt curly. He regarded Nancy not taxis. I don't reckon as you have a dime than that, I've also observed how the various depths below the surface. Two

forced cordia'tty. Looking into his Aunt On's plate; then she fled, lest sikty-five a month." pathetic, eager young eyes, hungry for after all she give way to her feelings and Nancy walked on air until the time affection she was moved by a deep wave say something that would hurt the old came to quit work and go to see Doctor

hand upon his dark head, in a spontan- ing she walked uptown, the quick movecous fgesture of pity. He reached up ment clearing her mind and soothing boy told me so much about you. How and caught her fingers. Inside the room her emotions. She turned the finished fine you were, and a'l that. I have his Nancy heard Aunt Ora's coarse voice book over to the boss, and he grinned, case record here—a remarkable one, and Every serue within the girl hardened, after glancing through the sheets. ... one I wish to publish in a medical jour-

"Yes, sir," Nancy smiled. "I thought in mind, eventually, publishing a book sighting the U-boat on the surface with "Nance!" called her mother, when it would not matter." One must correct on the subject of my clinic and investi- several men on deck and dropping a

"I appreciate it: How much do I owe

Ninety pages, altogether, at fifteen cents a page. Thirteen-fifty."

He gave her a ten and a five. "You've earned it," he grinned. "Run along." He was still running through the pages when she went out. Later she heard him talking over the telephone to some one saying how letter-perfect the typing was, and how she had corrected the spelling and simplified the phasing, and tinkered up the thing in such odds and

In the week that ensued the extra money was quickly devoured in extra food and taxicab fare for Edward. If at times Nancy had difficulty keeping her anger within bounds at the way she was imposed on, she managed to remain civil to Aunt Ora, and she was immeasurably moved by the pathos of the boy Had he grown up in health and vigor "bark-eaters." The big-boned, uncouth he would have been a darkly beautiful youth, with gypsy swarth of skin, and jet-black hair. True, he was uncouth; he was, indeed, almost universite. Time and again, at home, Nancy found herself studying the boy, with intensity of pity and hunger for his future. He told her in often tiresome detail of the treat ments the doctor was giving him seemed to full to Aunt Ora to retail the dismal business of the pain. boy said nothing of the hurt, and he frowned, when his mother insisted moon mentioning this side of the matter. Once he begged impatiently:

"Please, Maw, bush about that! Who cures to hear about how it hurts? I'm going to get well. Doctor Westbrook says so -- that is, he is almost sure he can do a lot for me, and maybe fix my leg so it won't ever show much. He's the best doctor there is anywhere on such things. So if I get well, what does any thing else matter? And Cousin Nancy I'm going to study hard from now on I may never be strong and big. regular boys, but I'ran use my head and be worth a lot. I can study and make something of myself. Maybe God sent this on me to show me how to use my head. You can't tell about those

In this simple statement of apprecia-The problem was a complex one, that tion Nancy discovered, abruptly, compensation for the fifteen dollars. In looking herself by clinging to the desk. She was at her father and mother, happy, secure in their old years, she woke to realization that after all being the youngest daugh-

and Cousin Edward returned to Montwas devoting all of his professional life to the station. The Red Cross had sup- under her arm. Out of the confusion plied their tickets.

> eventful affairs Her resentment had departed against Aunt Ora. A cara came saying that Edward's leg had healed, and now he might stand on it, and it was fattening like the other leg, and he would maybe be healed entirely. He was studying hard, and was making two grades in school. Aunt Ora had, taken a house next door to the schoolhouse. hear it; she was more certain than ever money, then she set the matter uside

> One morning Mr. Boltzer called her into his office for dictation. He smiled "Miss Holder, before we begin, will you call Jaxon 446" That's Doctor Westbrook's clinic. He wishes to speak with

"I?" echned Nancy, surprised.

The boss nodded, and Narrey took the telephone and called . The voice at the other end of the wire was the doctor's "Mr. Boltzer and I were speaking

money will be mighty welcome." laughed

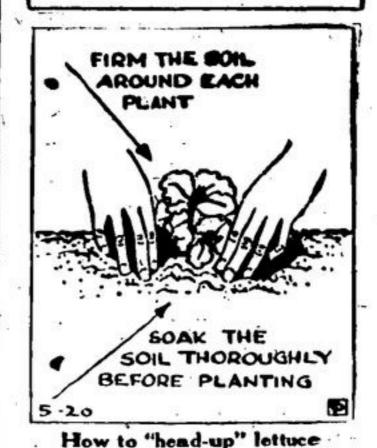
Her: anger mounted, instinctively and of your value to us, here at the shipping so the hunt continued swift; yet, she had promised to mark her office. So if I may. I'm telling you A little later the hunter regained conthat, beginning at the first of the month.

Westbrook. He was waiting for her

"I feel almost as if I knew you. The ial may be done at leisure. But I have man. A flying-boat joined in the search gations. I'm not a writer, mot a typist. bomb which fell within twenty feet of Mr. Boltzer says you are both. Now: if its target. we may speak of terms, may I offer you. The U-boat, long and low, was very

Weekly Garden-Graph

Written by DEAN HALLEDAY for Central Press Canadian



Make use of a shaded portion of th getable garden by growing lettuce Since lettuce does not stand heat it will do better in that portion of the garden which is at least

Transplanting is a first step towards "heading-up" lettuce. The soil should "ouddled" bhoroughly beforehand. When the plant has been set in the 'puddled" soil, firm the earth about it, as shown in the accompanying Graden-Graph, in order to eliminate air pockets and because lettuce roots grow better when in firm contact with the soil. For two or three days after transplantin the lettuce It must be shaded from the Remember, too, that in order to "head-up" properly lettuce must have quantities of water.

Lettuce which grows slowly is usually. tough, and the faster it can be made to grow the more tender it will be when harvested. . Applications of nitrate of soda can be used to stimulate the growth

hours?"

At the close of the week, Aunt Ora! He brought a bale of papers, after a few remarks on his exact needs. Directgomery. Nancy paying the taxicab fare ly the girl hurried away, with the data of her thinking, and her happiness at A good while passed. Namey worked the turn life had taken, she saw, so olearty, that all this could have been so utterly different had she yielded to her anger and swiftly growing dislike for Aunt Ora and the boy, when they came to see her. She remembered the words "We are stronger and are better, under

> manhood's sferner reign Namey was, at last, grown up Thirtyfive dollars would buy a beautiful and genuinely lovely evening dress. other girl in the office was having anshe tripped through the evening, going along - the quaint narrow streets of the

> > FATE OF A U-BOAT By Taffrail

old town, in the soft twilight

This eye-witness story of the striking of a U-boat which attacked a convoy, gives a vivid picture of the war at sea.

An ascort vessel was in company with

Mr Boltzer's young daughter from a life! amount of this work to be done, and it strument which has been referred to occurs to me if you would do it, we might as "irroralinable fingers groping beneath

Presently a periscope was sighted dead ahead It was seen for a momenty or two then dipped then reappeared and remained in sight for at least twentyfive seconds, and only 150 yards ahead. One can imagine the supressed excitement at sighting that periscole right under the bows.

The U-boat seemed to be offering her-

responsibility makes you able, depend- large air-bubbles came to the surface. as if instanctively aware of his sorry ! Nancy would have to walk to work, able persons. I am fully appreciative but for the time no signs of the U-boat.

tact with her Asdic, and dropped more eves. "Hi. Bddy." she returned, with . "There," she said, laying the coin on I am raising your salary from fifty to depth charges. Still there were no signs of the submarme. Meanwhile other ships in the neighborhood had been informed of what was going on, and just before two o'clock two British destrovers arrived shd- joined in the hunt. Then a French destroyer appeared .

At half-past two, the weather having 'cleared a little, the escort vessel suddenly sighted a submarine on the sur-

"There's the amount on the first page. say, about thirty-five dollars a month. difficualt to see from the ships because

of the patchy mist on the surface." The she disappeared altogether-blotted out, Bist steaming on,' the secort vessel saw five men struggling in the water, so threw a Carley float overboard as she

Then she sighted another object, which was at first taken to be the U-boat's conning tower. An attack was about to be made when the mist cleared and the object was seen to be a raft with a large number of men clinging to it. There was a thick scum of oil all round it; but no signs of the submarine She had sunk, and from the number of men on the raft it was obvious she had been abandoned.

The men were resched, and a destroy er picked up the others from the Carley They saved every man of the U-boat's crew except the captain, who had either elected to go down with his ship or had been too late in making his

Describing the attack, the Germans told how one of the first depth charges had caused the stern gland to leak and to admit some tons of water. While they were trying to repair it, another charge exploded close alongside with a shattering detonation This, coupled with a shortage of air, finally drove the leaking U-boat to the surface and surface, and sairrender

This in merely one metdent out of many which shows the efficiery of the submarnie detecting devices now fitted in most British excert vessels and des troyers " But it also gives some idea of the constant watchfulness that is neces sary in the vessel escorting Allied com voys, and of the liakon between the Navy and Air Force

Arriving for Opening of 19th Parliament



the opering session of Canada's 19th Parliament. The Speech from the Throne was read by Str Lyman Duff, Acting Governor General

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25c

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