

The Free Press' Short Story

Peter Lyons Dad's Substitute

BY NINDE HARRIS

FOURTH STREET looked drab as Peter Lyons came down the sidewalk early that Spring morning to open up the store for the day. People seemed out of sorts from the old newspaper dealer on the corner to the Wilkins boys, playing marbles in the middle of the walk.

"I know this is going to be some day," Peter sighed to himself. The big sign, "Lyons & Son," in front of the big paint store on the corner failed to rouse his pride this morning. He looked from it to the step and saw Mrs. Sobony huddled there. In her lap were the three cans of red paint. Grandfather Lyons had sold her yesterday.

At sight of Peter she began to chatter in her broken English. "The old man" had been all wrong and Peter had been all right. "My old man, Mike, he say red barn paint no good for garages," she finished. Peter unlocked the door and she followed him into the store. He talked, knowing very well that all the early morning customers expected conversation as well as paint. "But it really was Mardine who turned thumbs down on the red paint and wants green," he laughed. "She's studying colors at the Tech High School and doing grand. Now isn't she, Mrs. Sobony?"

Quickly he pushed the ladder over to the house paint shelves, ran up it and brought down three cans of dull green paint for the Sobony garage. Had it not been for the murky morning, he would have laughed merrily over Grandfather's constant advice to "paint garages red like sensible barns always have been painted."

With Mrs. Sobony gone, Peter began to check off orders for Jerry Lawrence to deliver as soon as he arrived. A rainy day might give painters a holiday, but it meant a busier one at the store. People who came to buy lingered to study colors, ask questions and look at the cans of paint on the top shelves.

He had just finished checking off yesterday's orders when Winslow Hunt walked into the store. For one minute Peter did not recognize the trim tall young man, who had been center on the regular football team when he was guard at the state university for three perfect years.

The two went into a huddle immediately, shaking hands until they hurt, asking how the other was, expressing delight over seeing him. Finally Peter asked in a humorous manner, "How did you happen to discover the trains ran westward, Windy?"

"I drove," Winslow's answer was cordial, though clipped and business-like to the core. "Planned to be here last evening, but something went wrong with the engine at a little town down the road and I was misrouted there all night."

Detached the way to the corner of the store, termed the office in courtesy to the desks grouped there, and seated the visitor in Father's easy-chair. He dropped into another himself. "Hope Jerry gets here early this morning," he chuckled. "Otherwise you'll learn that April business is rushing on an, April morning."

Jerry was late and the customers were numerous. While Peter hunted out odd cans of linoleum paint, floor stain and a dozen varieties of varnish, the visitor watched with wondering eyes. During the lull in trade, Winslow ventured into conversation. "It's that ladder that gets me, Peter," he said. "How on earth do you manage to skip up and down it so easily? And moving it while you're on it seems a real art to me. It's better than tackling."

They were laughing over famous tackles of the team when Peter's father, W. H. Lyons, the second, came into the store. He was at his desk, shaking out his raincoat before he noticed the visitor.

Before he could reach Winslow's hand, Jerry, the delivery boy, had slipped in. He was noisily filling orders with the evident intention of making everyone think he had been in the store a long time.

Father remembered Winslow well. When the university team met Purdue he had been in the grand stand. "Thank you sat next to me at the alumni banquet last year," the older man talked on. "That's been ten months ago. How time does fly!"

He suddenly remembered to play in a little country town the year he had reached for his own hat and pushed the dripping one Peter kept for rainy days toward him. "Jerry can watch the store until Clark comes," he said. "I'm taking you boys across the street for some of Aunt Rhody's famous flapjacks."

Winslow told the reason for his visit. He was on his way home from a hearing on his freight rates on glass in Chicago. He was visiting the homes of members of last year's football team, re-visited them of the big reunion the boys had planned for commencement time.

"Let's see, you're in the Chamber of Commerce at Northton?" Father's tone congratulated Winslow on his position. "Transportation department, if I remember."

"Father's a vice president of the chamber here," Peter's voice was proud. "The other members wanted him to be president, but—"

"The paint business is too strenuous for that," the older man chuckled. In his own clever way he steered the conversation from his work. "Great idea, those reunions," he approved. "You'll understand what a real reunion is twenty-five or thirty years from now. Bald heads and white hair will be at your table, but the old spirit of pride for school will still hold on. Why, when we get together Ves Umstead always insists upon boasting of his batting average and George Cotton sings 'Casey Jones' whether or not the crowd listens."

The fellows of last year's class, as Winslow saw it, would want to talk about their jobs. Joe Grant, the team center, was now sport writer on the biggest newspaper in the capital. Edith Harmon was coach at Bristol and Bones Lomax was studying medicine.

Finally he said in words too carefully measured to escape Peter. "Boots Burton is with his father like you are Jerry. And from what I hear they're building up a pretty good radio station—thanks more to Boots' father than to Boots'."

"Well, we're holding our own in the paint business," the elder Lyons boasted. "It was just fifty-four years ago this coming May, the Lyons paint store opened on this corner with my father, as a young man, in charge." For a few minutes he reminisced, only to remember he was host. He put carefully selected questions to Winslow about his work in the traffic department of Chamber of Commerce and the convention he had recently attended.

This brought a monologue from the guest about freight rates, interrupted only when a call came from the store for Peter's father.

"You're staying with us a day or two, Winslow," he invited as he rose. "Jerry will take you down to the house so Mother can fix you up with a room. I'd let Pete off, but the park board holds a caucus this morning to open bids for paint for the park rest stations and stadium. Peter's going to be there. You see he's earning his title of D.S."

The visitor's mystified look made Father chuckle. "Dad's substitute," Peter himself explained. "Grandfather gave that title to Father until he took him in partnership. I'm bearing it now until I get into the firm."

Back at the store Peter tried to forget the chuckle Winslow had given over the title, "D.S." the way he had said, "Sort of an apprentice while he's earning his title of D.S." He had heard the park board and the other youth had not stopped that morning.

"Selling paint seems rather a humble occupation to the assistant traffic manager of a Chamber of Commerce," he murmured. All through the morning the chuckle of the former captain of the university football team irritated him. Even while he was at the park board that scene of the conference of the traffic managers in Chicago. While he had been at the Sobony home looking at the wall paper to give advice about paint for the woodwork, examining the weatherboarding of the garage at the O'Rourke home to tell Dan how much linseed oil to use in mixing his own paint, Winslow had been at each meeting.

Ever since Peter had been a small boy he had planned to follow in his father's footsteps. He had run away from home many times to stay in the paint store. When he had decided to attend the state university instead of a technical school, he had done so because of the fine commerce course it offered.

Today he became discouraged with his work. Back at the store, after he had heard the park board refer the matter of awarding the paint contract to the park superintendent, he scowled at Jerry and spoke sharply to him about late deliveries. Father's note on the desk telling him that he was taking Winslow to the Rotary Club luncheon did not lift his spirits.

To himself he pictured the members applauding when Winslow was introduced with the other visitors

that day. He would receive applause never given Peter when he accompanied his father.

The afternoon trade was at his best when Father returned. Hardly had the older man told Peter to take the rest of the day off to show his guest the town when the telegram arrived summoning the older man to the capital for a meeting with the governor, relative to the Home-Building Committee.

Murmuring a hurried apology for having to recall his permission for a vacation, Peter's father handed his son his memorandum book as he left the store to drive to the capital. Aloud Peter read the list of tasks he was to do.

"See the county commissioners about the paint job at the hospital; dinner with the other trustees of the hospital; the west side Court of Honor tonight."

Winslow leaned forward and almost upset Grandfather's chair in his eagerness to see the list. While Peter helped the two clerks with the trade, measuring out gallons of linseed oil and turpentine, packing cans of paint and white lead, he studied the list. Sometimes he looked from it to the customers, who ranged from the mayor to the smallest Barusky boy, who wanted two cents' worth of putty to put a window in his dog house.

"I see you have strike troubles in your town, too," Winslow remarked as the two of them ate dinner at the restaurant across the street because the hospital board meeting had been called off. "Didn't mean to encroach, but I heard the mayor say something about your father being appointed to serve on an arbitration committee."

"Father often serves on committees like that. He's been in business longer than any other man in town. He knows everybody, and well, you know what it is."

Before he could go more into detail about the strike, the park superintendent, who happened to be calling off the restaurant, came in to tell Peter the contract for the paint work was to go to their firm because of the high grade of paint offered. He accepted Peter's invitation to eat at their table and the conversation turned to the improvements to be made at the parks.

Later the two youths walked through the shabby streets of the west side to the mission, where the Court of Honor was to be held. There Peter introduced Scouts, their parents and leaders alike to his guest.

About that time Mike Sobony called Peter from the room to tell him the box factory strikers were planning to rush the building in less than an hour's time. "If your father could go down there he might stop them," he mourned. "I was hopin' he'd be here."

"Father's on the arbitration board the mayor named today," Peter hesitated, looking at Winslow, who had followed him from the room. "I guess I'll have to leave you again to go down there and tell them. They'll listen to me after I announce that."

"I'm going along." The football captain went into action striding along beside his erstwhile guard. He kept step with rapid Peter through groups of worried workers, hesitant strikers, to the very muttering and threatening, who wanted to rush the building because the board at first named did not meet their committee.

Winslow stood beside Peter while he talked to the men in a firm, unafraid and yet friendly voice, telling them about the new committee of which his father was chairman. "This is the time for arbitration, not violence, Jerry," he talked to the burliest man in the crowd. "Tell your boys, Tony, that your son's Scoutmaster is on the arbitration board. And you, Erik, talk to the fellows you know best."

"For a time I thought that men were going to rush us," Winslow confessed near midnight as the two of them again sat at the white-covered tables at Aunt Rhody's tea room, eating flapjacks and sirup in the most healthy manner.

Suddenly his hand shot out and gripped Peter's. "You're a real job, old fellow. A bigger one than any of the fellows of the old team I know. Some day you'll be one of those chaps about home they say. He's standing on his father's shoulders in Congress or the Senate, sent by the fellows to whom you talked to night and those Rotarians at noon."

"Then I'll be telling the boys about this day when you measured turpentine without spilling a drop and rushed that ladder better than you ever did the opposing team on the football field. And then as now I'll be envying you because I haven't a father to whom I can be a D.S."

The girl came with a fresh stack of wheat cakes for the two young men. She asked some anxious questions about the strike. Her father worked at the factory, she said, and the family could not afford to have him without work for a time.

While the visitor told about the meeting of the evening, Peter looked sharply to him about late deliveries. Father's note on the desk telling him that he was taking Winslow to the Rotary Club luncheon did not lift his spirits. To himself he pictured the members applauding when Winslow was introduced with the other visitors

The Sunday School Lesson

FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 20

USING WITNESSING POWER Golden Text.—They were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and they spoke the word of God with boldness. Acts 4:31.

Lesson Text. Acts 2:1-43; Phil. Acts 2:1-4; 4:8-20. Place: Jerusalem.

Exposition: 1. The Disciples Filled with the Holy Spirit, 1-4. The disciples had been hidden and to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father, the baptism with the Holy Spirit (ch. 1:4, 5). They had faithfully obeyed this command. After the ascension of Jesus they had returned at once to Jerusalem (1:12), to wait for the promise of the Father. Though "they continued steadfastly" in prayer (1:14) the entire time was not spent in prayer (1:15-26; Luke 24: 53). There was absolute unity in their prayer. It was "with one accord." Their minds were all united in one thing, "the promise of the Father," the baptism with the Holy Spirit (Luke 11:13; Acts 4:31; 8:15-17). They did not regard the promise of Christ (1:5) as relieving them from the necessity of prayer, but as an incentive to and foundation for prayer. The women were there as well as the men (1: 14). Ten days passed without an answer. The day of Pentecost, the day of "first fruits," the gathering of the church (Lev. 23:13-21) came at last.

The blessing came "suddenly" (16; 25, 26; Mat. 3:1; Luke 2:13). There was not a moment's warning. There was a roar as of a hurricane. Emphasis is laid upon the fact "this sound came from heaven."

There was not only "wind" from heaven, but fire as well (Matt. 3: 11; Isa. 43; Jer. 23:29). The fire was in the form of tongues, the new power was to manifest itself in a tongue of fire granted to them (v. 4). The tongues parted asunder or portioned themselves out to "each one of them." They rested upon the women as well as on the men (vs. 17, 18). The blessing was not to the church as a body but to "each one of them" as individuals. This is a fulfillment of Ch. 1:5. So the expressions "filled with the Spirit" and "baptized with the Spirit" are practically synonymous. The expression used here brings out the thought that the Holy Spirit takes complete possession of the faculties. The immediate result was that they began to speak with other tongues (10:46, 19:6). The baptism with the Spirit did not always manifest itself in this particular gift at all times in new power for Christ (1 Cor. 12:6-10, 30; Ac. 4:31; 9:17-22).

II. Peter's First Answer to the Sanhedrin, 8-12. The Jewish Sanhedrin was the great court of Jewish law, composed of seventy-one leading men of the nation. Calaphas, the nominal high priest by Roman appointment, Annas, the real high priest, according to the Jewish way, were both there. It was a very august assembly, composed for the most part of Sadducees. Peter and John's being brought before it, and their treatment by it was an exact literal fulfillment of the prediction of Jesus (Matt. 10: 17): Their attempt to hinder the preaching of the gospel really gave it wings. Peter had seen this body together once before when Jesus was tried and condemned. On that occasion he was thoroughly frightened and played the petron before now he is calm and fearless. The resurrection of Jesus from the dead and his own baptism with the Spirit has wrought a great change. The Jewish and other wonder workers were accustomed to perform their marvels by the power of some name (as the name of Solomon, or the unspeakable name of Jehovah) so the council very naturally asked Peter and John "in what name" they had healed the lame man.

Peter's answer is skilful. But its never again would Peter consent having to give up some of his own plans to help his father.

If Jerry were late in the morning he would have to sweep out. If Mike Sobony did not happen to be in a mood for green paint for the garage, Mrs. Sobony would again be waiting on the steps with cans of paint in her lap.

Peter knew he would probably stumble over marbles if the children insisted upon playing on the sidewalk. He would not scowl at them. Father laughed over such things as that and the children came to him for advice. He was carrying an envied title. He knew now that he had to make good as Peter Lyons, D.S.

III. The Council Were in a Dilemma, 13-20. They marveled at the fearless frankness of men who had never enjoyed the teaching of the rabbinical schools and would be overawed in 22 August and learned an assembly as their own. Holy Ghost boldness in untutored men is always a perplexity to mere scholars. Peter's sermon and hearing probably led ultimately to the conversion of some of his hearers (ch. 6, 7).

CHEQUE FOR CRICKETER LONDON, (CP) Following his marriage recently Denis Compton, noted cricketer-footballer, was presented with a cheque by Sir Pelham Warner on behalf of Middlesex County Cricket Club.

CREDIT WHERE DUE HUNTING, Ohio, (CP) Killer of 13 gray foxes, "Skippy" received an honorary dog license from the Lawrence County Conservation Association when the members learned the little fox terrier shared their sympathy for chicken killers.

wisdom was due to the split. Left to himself Peter was a blunderer. Peter was deferential and courteous. The Holy Spirit does not make the men He controls rule and overbearing, but gentle (Gal. 5:22, 23; Jude 8, 9). Yet Peter was bold, frank, fearless and outspoken. There was no compromising of the truth, no glossing over of their guilt. The council had spoken exclusively of the thing done in "this." It is a keen and disconcerting thrust of Peter in his reply to say, "If you refer to a good deed done to a strengthless man" (Jno. 10:32). Then without hesitation Peter tells that it was in the name of Jesus Christ, the one they had crucified, the one whom God had raised from the dead. The scene has changed Peter the accused has become the accuser; the culprit-father follows up his advantage and drives his charge home with a blow of God's hammer, the Scriptures (v. 11; Jer. 23:29; Ps. 118:22). Peter closes with an appeal (v. 12).

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Ancient Farms Change Dukes

Portland Sells to Devonshire But Still Owns Mere 183,000 Acres Or So

LONDON, (CP) The Duke of Portland, one of Britain's biggest landowners, is selling 1,000 acres of his estates in Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire to the Duke of Devonshire. The real estate deal between two holders of centuries old titles is one of the largest in this country since the war began. The purchase price is not disclosed.

The property, only part of the Portland estates in the district, includes 43 farms named in the Domesday Book, 22 smallholdings and 230 acres of woodland. Some of the farms have been in the possession of Dukes of Portland for many years.

It was planned originally to auction the property but the Duke of Devonshire made an offer which was accepted.

The Duke of Devonshire, son of a former governor-general of Canada, is parliamentary undersecretary of state at the India Office and chairman of the Overseas Settlement Board. He is a veteran of the First World War and was M.P. for Derbyshire West.

TULSA, Okla., (CP) The war has eliminated practically the entire flow of smuggled opium to America's inland cities according to Roy Bridges, federal narcotics officer in Oklahoma.

When you entertain



FOOD SPECIALS

Silver Star Pastry FLOUR 24-lb. bag 61c

Salada Tea For Fine Flavour

Quick or Regular ROLLED OATS 5 lbs. 17c

Heinz Baby FOODS 3 tins 25c

Wagstaff's STRAWBERRY JAM 32-oz. jar 25c

Clark's SOUP Tomato, Vegetable and Scotch Broth 10-oz. tin 6c

Clark's Potted MEATS 2 tins 15c

WOODBURY'S Facial Soap 4 cakes 24c

LARGE CUBAN PINEAPPLE, Special 21c

FRESH, CRISP HEAD LETTUCE 2 large 19c

DOMESTIC SHORTENING 2 1/2 lbs. 27c

COOKING FIGS Pound 14c

ASPARAGUS TIPS Aylmer 12-oz. 15c

R.C.A.F. BISCUITS lb. 17c

CHRISTIE'S RITZ pkg. 14c

CHOCOLATE ROLLS Each 20c

CHRISTIE'S DO-NUTS doz. 15c

LEMON PIE Mrs. Baker's 2 pkgs. 25c

FRUIT PUDDING Baker's 2 1/2 lbs. 25c

HEINZ KETCHUP 2 1/2 lbs. 35c

Lynn Valley Sweet Mixed PICKLES 27-oz. jar 23c

HEINZ SPAGHETTI 2 med. tins 25c

MUSHROOM SOUP Heinz 2 1/2 lbs. 25c

LYXDOL pkg. 8 1/2c, 22c, 59c

LUX FLAKES pkg. 9c, 22c

SURPRISE SOAP 2 bars 9c

P. & G. NAPHTHA SOAP 7 bars 25c

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER 2 tins 19c

POLIFLOR Floor Wax tin 29c, 49c

KIRK'S CASTILE SOAP 3 cakes 14c

Nugget Black SHOE POLISH tin 10c

FRESH BEETS 2 bunches 13c

LARGE JUICY ORANGES, Dozen. 39c

Also Fresh Cucumbers, Spinach, Fresh Tomatoes, Cabbage

Fruit and Vegetable Prices Until Saturday Night Only

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You Roll Them Better With OGDEN'S FINE CUT CIGARETTE TOBACCO