

The Free Press' Short Story

OUT OF THE PAST

ALICE COOPER BAILEY

SIREN sounded a shrill blast. In another hour the great Trans-Pacific Yacht Race would start. Already the harbor was thronged with spectators...

Five entries were slated for the race this year: the "Constellation," pride of the Western Yacht Club; the "Flying Fish," the new seventy-one foot ketch from Santa Barbara; two sixty-footers, the "Jackspaw" and the "Kiwi," hailed from San Francisco...

It was the "Manuwal" that Austin Hunt, cub reporter for the Daily Record, found himself assigned for the trip to Honolulu, with instructions to get every thing of any importance...

Not until supper time did it become generally known that Austin Hunt was on the Daily Record. Gathered at the mess table, Commodore Holmes inquired his name. Austin hesitated a moment before replying...

Perhaps because Commodore Holmes, when he was at home, lived a more or less isolated life on one of the big sugar plantations, some forty miles or so outside of the city of Honolulu...

Commodore Holmes blew a circle of smoke into the air. "Can't say that I do." Silas Todd granted. "George Hunt's adopted son, the one who nearly got sent up on a charge of embezzlement...

"The fellow's got his nerve," continued Todd, "going back now that the old man's dead. I suppose he thinks maybe he can force Edytha Blake to buy him off again."

The commodore stroked his close-clipped Vandyke beard thoughtfully. "Somehow this young Hunt doesn't look like a rotter," he mused. "Must have been a bad strain in the family somewhere."

Austin stumbled over a cleat in the deck, caught his balance and stood staring in a sort of daze at the "Jackspaw" as she pulled up abeam of the "Manuwal"...

John, however, had no mercy. "Yes, he's dead, and everyone says it's because you disgraced—" "Shut up!" said Austin sharply. A sudden shift in the wind, a quick imperative order from Commodore Holmes...

Perhaps it was the sight of Aunt Edytha, or maybe it was only the whiff of fragrant ylang-ylang, which assailed Austin's nostrils one day, that filled the young man with a sudden overpowering desire to revisit his old home...

Cutting across a corner of the garden which was abloom with oleanders, he came to another house, larger and of a much more formal design. Aunt Edytha Blake's home! Light streamed from the windows...

Although his first impulse was to flee, he found himself saying "Don't be afraid, Lois." There was a moment of utter silence, then a whispered cry from the girl. "Austin, Austin, you've come at last!"

"Oh, Austin!" There was a note of strange exultation in the girl's voice. "John told us that you were here in Honolulu, and we've been searching everywhere for you. John and Mother are both here now. Do come in!"

Austin followed her, and soon found himself in the great living room filled with priceless treasures of art. Lois led him directly to her mother. Without ceremony of any sort, she introduced him. "It's Austin, Mother. Don't you know him?"

At the sound of the young man's name, Edytha Blake rose to her feet. Austin could see that her hands were shaking like leaves in a violent storm. He had always thought of her as an iron woman. To his amazement he now heard her half crying and moaning out his name...

There was one, however, who took no part in the festivities that followed. He was Austin Hunt. He evaded the crowds, having slipped away from them that first day by turning into a narrow back street that skirted the city proper...

It was but a matter of hours for Austin Hunt to get his photographs developed and printed and his copy off to his chief. As he was coming out of the post office, then, he caught a glimpse of his Aunt Edytha Blake. Fortunately she did not see him. How he deplored her! If just she had shown the slightest sign of sympathy for him in his plight...

Long before Austin Hunt's assignment covering the yacht race had reached the Daily Record, another story, beginning with heart interest, was being flashed over the cable to Derwent Nowell, its chief. "Gratitude loads adopted son to assume guilt of foster father."

It was with a feeling of tremendous relief that, on the morning of their last day at sea, Austin saw the mountains of Molokai over the port rail. Like a race horse returning to its stable, the "Manuwal" sheered through the waters of the channel between Molokai and Oahu...

It's all right, Aunt Edytha. The young man found himself strangely at a loss for words. "I haven't finished yet, Austin," Aunt Edytha continued. "You see, I kept my brother's confession a secret. I couldn't bear to have the public gloat over it. I was determined that unless you could find your way back to the grave with me...

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HOW TO TREAT POISON IVY

Various treatments for ivy poisoning are given in the free pamphlet on poison ivy issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture. The treatment most widely recommended is the present time is to dash the affected parts with a three per cent. solution of potassium permanganate...

Customer—"Are those eggs strictly fresh?" Grocer (to his clerk)—"Feel of those eggs, George, and see if they're cool enough to sell yet."

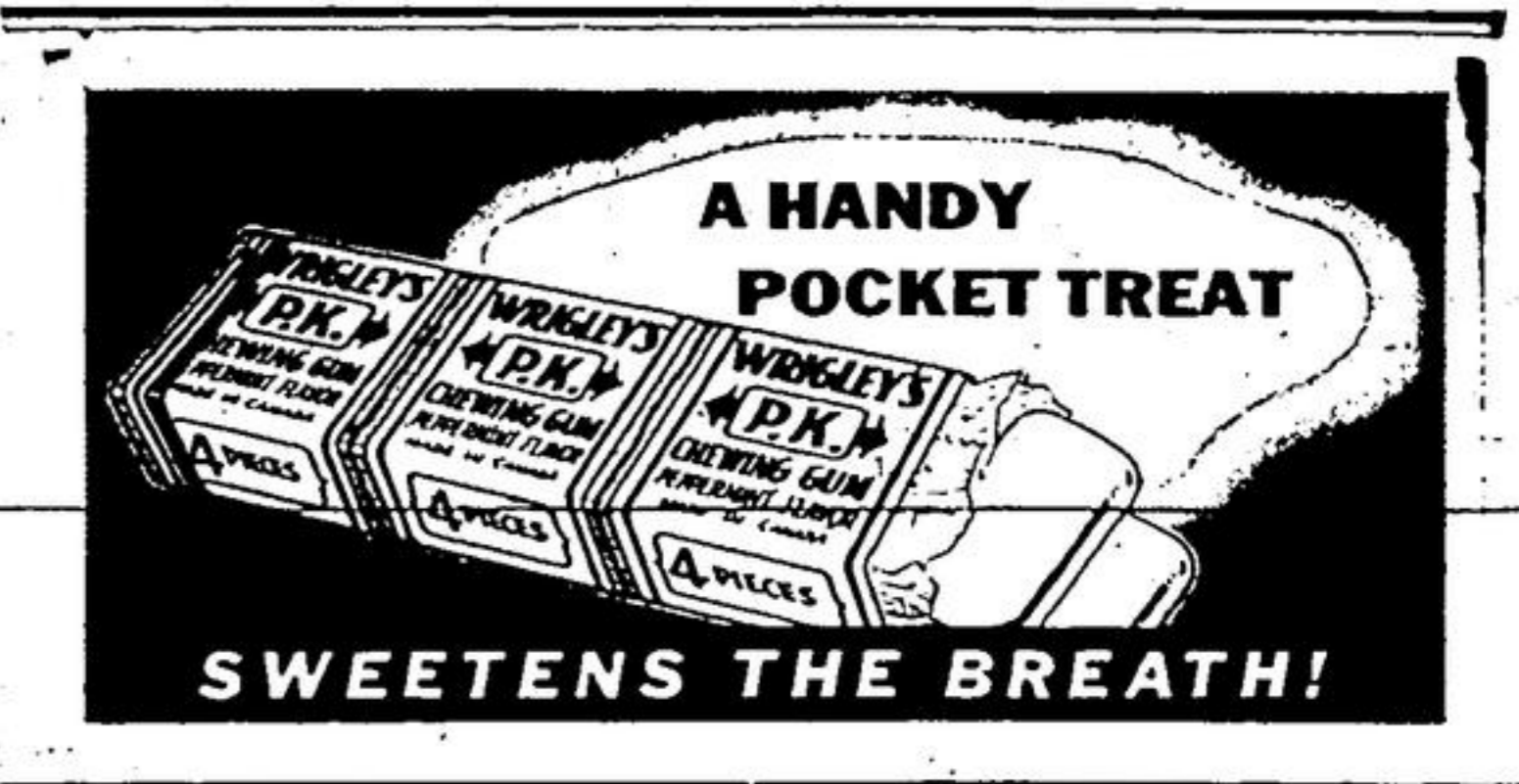
Worms in children work havoc. These pests attack the tender lining of the intestines and, if left to pursue their ravages undisturbed, will ultimately perforate the wall, because these worms are of the hook variety that cling to and feed upon interior surfaces...

HOW TO MAKE ICED TEA

Infuse six heaping teaspoons of Solada Black Tea in a pint of fresh boiling water. After six minutes strain liquid into two-quart container. While hot, add 1 1/2 cups of granulated sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Stir well until sugar is dissolved, fill container with cold water. Do not allow tea to cool before adding the cold water, otherwise liquid will become cloudy. Serve with chopped ice.



SAFE KEEPING: "Are you fond of coffee?" asked the little fellow of a lady who was assisting at a party. "No, thank you, my dear." "Then will you look after these caramels for me?" INNOCENT: Judge: "Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?" Foreman: "Not guilty, with a recommendation that he should be told not to do it again."



GOOD YEAR TIRES advertisement featuring a smiling man in a suit and a large Goodyear tire. Text includes: "GOODYEARS? Yes, sir, I'll put them on right now", "Buy from me and you get a choice of six different tires... but they're all Goodyears and they're at all prices!", "If your ideas run along moderate lines I have Pathfinders in my rack that will give you keen centre-traction and long mileage without trouble.", "These tires are all made in regular and in heavy duty 6-ply, which means six different Goodyears for you to pick from.", "That's the way I do business and that's the kind of tires I sell... and it all adds up to the reason why More People Ride on Goodyear Tires than on Any Other Kind.", GOOD YEAR SELECTED DEALER