

Mother and Son to Rescue



With the skipper (her husband) and her daughter lying seasick in their sodden bunks, Mrs. P. S. Bennett and her 15-year-old son, Julien, fought a terrific storm in their 38-foot pleasure yacht and succeeded in bringing the crippled craft into Yarmouth. The Florida, in charge of Brigadier P. S. Bennett (retired) had set out last year for a cruise to the Bahamas. On their way home they ran into a storm just out of Boston. Mother and son took turns at the wheel and the pumps. When the motor failed, they had to rig up a makeshift sail. Above picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, son Julien and daughter Jeanne.

Holds Solution To Deaths of Hornby and Companions

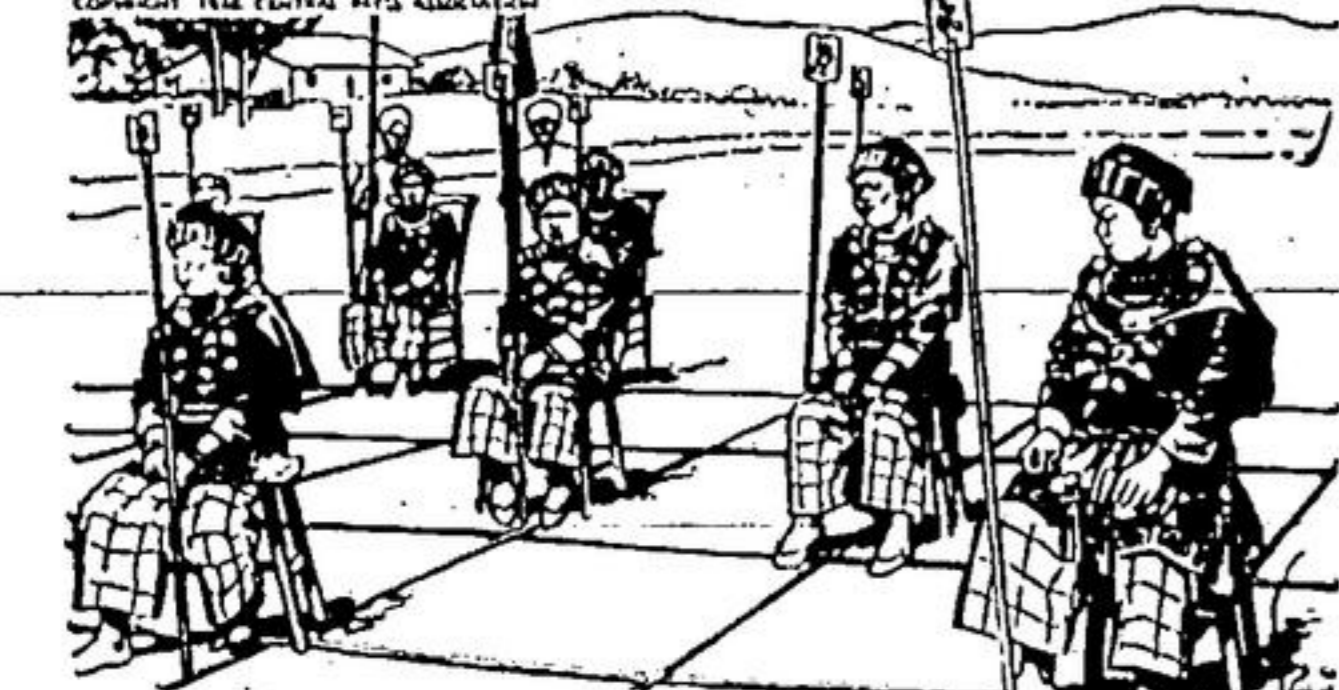
At Greathouse, bush-scarred veteran of the north, says they starved to death—reviews sensational story



Mysterious vandals have wrecked cemeteries at Kamack, Sask., and many nearby towns and villages, causing damage in excess of \$7,000. Above photo shows workmen repairing tombstones at Kamack.

By J. F. C. WRIGHT  
Central Press Canadian Writer  
Kamack, Saskatchewan, May 27.—While "reward" posters still flutter from billboards and police remain baffled, citizens supervised by C. E. Russell, undertaker and monument-maker, work in the cemetery here to restore it to some semblance of what it was before unknown vandals desecrated graves, smashing scores of tombstones by sledgehammer-like blows early last March.  
Snow more than two feet in depth and the psychologically numbing effect of this unprecedented act of destruction, which citizens felt after their wave of surprise, anger and resentment had subsided—is the reason why work of rehabilitation has only just begun.  
The tombstones knocked from their pedestals lay cracked and split where they had fallen in the snow, for weeks after discovery was made by Charlie Parkinson who went to the cemetery to dig a grave, early Tuesday morning of March 2.  
Amazed at the sight he saw, he dropped, his shovel and pick to notify police who came to find muffled foot-prints in the snow. The tracks led on to the roadway

SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK



IN INDO-CHINA  
GIRLS ARE CHECKER  
MEN ON A HUGE BOARD  
THE GAME IS ACTUALLY  
PLAYED ON A SMALL BOARD  
AND THE GIRLS DUPLICATE  
THE MOVES.  
LEBANON  
STAMP  
SHOWS  
SCULPTURE  
OF ANCIENT  
PHOENICIAN  
CHIEF  
IF YOU  
WANT TO  
BUY  
SCOTT'S  
SCRAPBOOKS  
AND REMOVED, SKIPLINS MAKE  
EXCELLENT AND AFFECTIONATE PETS

The Free Press Short Story

Three Times a Bridesmaid

By MARGARET E. SANGLER

GRACE MILLEN looked at herself in the long mirror and sighed. She might well have smiled, for the reflection in the mirror was a pretty one. All the way down from her orchid corsage—hat-to-her-orchid-crepe-de-chine slippers she was a vision of cool, early summer charm. All that she needed to complete the ensemble was the little round bouquet of orchid sweet peas that she would carry on the morning when she, with five other girls in pastel-tinted frocks, would be a bridesmaid.  
Grace, however, who should have been happy, was not in the least glad. It was the third time that she had been a bridesmaid. Worse, it was the third time in the space of a year! She thought of the line in a certain more or less popular advertisement: "Three times a bridesmaid, but never a bride," the line read. It had seemed amusing to read it in cold type in a magazine; but it was not funny, really, when Grace stopped to consider. She was the sort of girl who seemed cut out to be a perennial bridesmaid. Somehow she seemed to lack that something that led to active romance, love, and a home.

The bride in this special case was a dear friend; in fact, she had been Grace's roommate at boarding school. They had been together constantly during the boarding school vacations, for they lived in the same town. During the years since they had been graduated, they had kept up the intimacy. It was only natural that Grace should have been chosen as one of the attendants at the wedding; yet in a way the girl resented her friend's obvious favor. She had been chosen so often of late!  
"You know, Anne," she said to the bride to be, as they sat together, just a few days before the wedding, talking plans over, "I can't help feeling a little jealous of you and your happiness."  
Anne was flushed, radiant, and dimpling. She looked like all the pictures of all the world's brides to be, rolled into one joyous personage. "Darling," she said, "you've no reason to be jealous of me. You're prettier than I am—much."  
"Any time!" ejaculated Grace laughingly. With the laughter dead on her lips, then, she went back to her original theme. "Oh, I'm really not homesy, I know that!" she admitted. "But somehow my looks never help, at all, so far as men are concerned."  
"Perhaps," considered Anne, "it's because you're so serious-minded, Grace. Dear. You take so many things hard! Your Sunday School class for instance. I've known you to give up parties because of it. And you don't go in for necking." Anne laughed apologetically, "for making harmless whoopes" the way some of the girls do. You're so old-fashioned, Grace! Why I've heard the boys say that you ought to be dressed in a crinoline!"  
Grace answered very soberly; there was no question of laughter in her heart now. "I can't help it," she said, "if I have old-fashioned ideals. I love my Sunday School class, I like to go to church, and I dislike wild parties and road houses and things like that. No wonder I can't join in the way the other girls do!"  
"Unfortunately," said Anne, "many of the young men of the present generation seem to be interested mainly in excitement. At least, I can't help thinking that they are! Oh, why don't you pretend, Grace, that you are a little more modern? Just pretend, and see what happens!"

It was the truth! As Grace stood looking at herself in the long mirror she realized that it was absolutely an inescapable fact. She liked sweet old-fashioned things, sweet old-fashioned virtues. Life, for her, did not revolve to the music of a jazz band; it was turned to the simple melody of a parlor organ. That was why present-day young men the brothers and the cousins of her friends, so often looked at her and said, "She's a nice girl, but she hasn't any pep! She's too dead."  
"Never mind," she told herself, as she met her mirror's eye. "I know that I'm right, even though I'm not popular. I know the things I love are the best things!"  
After the way of girls, then, Grace carefully took off her orchid ensemble, flung herself across her bed, and dissolved in tears.  
There were no tears the next day, however, when Grace stood with the other bridesmaids in front of the altar and heard the minister speak the words that made Anne and the man of her choice husband and wife. Indeed, Grace was flushed and radiant, by far the prettiest of the bridesmaids; in fact, prettier, almost than the bride.  
One of the brides thought so, as she looked at her. He was a stranger in the town. "Imported," Anne had said, "for the occasion." He had arrived only an hour before the service, with scarcely time to meet the others. After the ceremony, as the wedding party gathered together at the reception in Anne's home, he hurried over to Grace's side.  
"I don't know whether we're supposed to be partners or not," he said, "but I choose you anyway!"  
Grace laughed, just as though she had had this sort of thing happen before. "It

shaky and that her own voice broke as she answered him. Could this be love at first sight, she wondered?  
"There's just one thing," said the young man earnestly, "that I want to ask. You were talking about your interpretation of the marriage service, and you said you felt it carried a real set of vows. I—I wonder how you'd feel about giving all your youth and beauty and plans and dreams to a man who is just starting out in his own business, and who has a long row to hoe before he gets anywhere? Most of these young fellows in town," he hesitated just a trifle awkwardly, "are pretty comfortably fixed aren't they?"  
Grace choked over her answer. "I don't think that matters at all," she said. "It is love that counts, and sharing. I'd like to help my husband during his building years."  
"Love and sharing," breathed the young man, and his hand reached out through the soft June darkness and touched Grace's hand. "I guess we understand each other," he said at last.  
That was all, except that, until the party broke up, the two of them just sat on the garden bench in the shadow of some sweet blooming tree and talked and talked—about church and Sunday School classes and ideals. Finally cars began to drive up to Anne's house, and to go away again. By all visible signs, the party was over. It was then that Grace rose with a sigh.  
"It's time to go in," she said. "I expect it's good-by, now."  
"But of course I'm going to take you home," said Rose, and much to the open-eyed surprise of the entire group of guests, he did.  
Grace and Rose Blackton drove to her home in one of the town's hired cars, in silence. Somehow they were talked out, the two of them, although not in the usual sense. All the other things that were left to be said were too advanced for the saying, just then. It was only when they parted on Grace's front steps that the usher from out of town spoke.  
"I have to leave first thing in the morning," he said. "I won't see you again just now, but I'll write you and I guess you know what I'll write."  
Grace was old-fashioned. The modern girl would perhaps have made some clever answer and would have turned the young man's seriousness with a light quip. Grace, however, was essentially honest. "Yes, I think I do know what you'll write," she said.  
All at once she felt the young man's arms about her, and his lips upon her own. "Then," said the usher from out of town, "that's all right, too."

Grace slipped quietly into the house and went to bed, but she did not sleep. Her dreams were wide-eyed ones because she was reviewing all that the young man had said. She had assumed that he was starting out in business; that he was probably very poor; that life for his wife would be a time of toil and sacrifice. She found that the thought pleased rather than dismayed her.  
It was almost dawn when Grace finally fell asleep. At eleven o'clock she was awakened by the telephone ringing a sharp summons from the little table beside her bed. Sleepily she answered; then all at once she was excited and wide awake. It was Anne's voice that sounded over the wire.  
"Well," began the bride, without preamble, "you're the sly little thing, you are! I had to call you up and tell you so, even though it's costing me a million dollars a minute, because I'm pretty far away by now."  
Grace forgot all the things that she wanted to say to the bride, all the good wishes for happiness that she wanted to give. "What do you mean, I'm aly?" she asked instead.  
"For making a terribly serious conquest," Anne told her. "You may not know it, but that Rose Blackton is a confirmed bachelor—and a great catch. He always told my husband, her voice thrilled over the now word, "that he'd never found a girl he was even slightly interested in; but last night, just as we were leaving, he took my husband, and told him he'd at last succeeded to

"I'll say I'd like," said the usher.  
"You know," said Grace, and she was aware as she spoke, that even the bride and groom were beginning to notice their absorption in each other, "you're going to be sorry you picked me out this way. I'm not good fun like the rest of the girls. I don't play around the way they do; I'm stupid at parties, and I'm not—well, gay. I have a Sunday School class and I belong to the Girls' Friendly Society, and I go to all the Missionary Society meetings, too. I suppose you'll think I'm a regular book worm."  
Rose Blackton smiled. "I came from that sort of family, myself," he said. "Believe it or not, I'm modern, too. I'm a member of a Sunday School class—unfortunately, I don't teach one."  
"I suppose," said Grace, "that's why we two have been drawn together in this way. We understand the same language."  
"And, perhaps," said the usher from out of town, "we're both a little lonely."  
It was just then that the bride called out to them. A note of impatience was mingled with the excitement of her voice. "Oh, Grace," she called, "this isn't your welcome; this is my wedding!"  
Grace, laughing, obeyed the unmistakable summons. "I'm not going to be allowed to monopolize you any longer," she said to Rose Blackton.  
The bride's part of the reception at last was over, and the wedding bouquet had been thrown. Much to her own surprise, Grace, at whom it had not been aimed, was the one who caught it. It seemed to fall automatically into her arms.  
"I call that good news," breathed Rose in her ear, as she caught it.  
Then the bride and groom, in their brand new travelling clothes, had disappeared in a cloud of confetti. "Now," Grace told herself miserably, "the glamour will be off because this man will see that nobody else wants to pay any attention to me, and he'll lose interest."  
Strangely enough, however, Rose Blackton did not lose interest. He solved matters by saying simply, "I'm going to be selfish for once in my life!"  
Tucking Grace's hand under his arm, he pulled her out into the dewy, moonlit garden. "I can't stay here very long," he said; "in this town, I mean. These other fellows will have to get along without you for one evening. We've a lot of talking to do."  
Grace discovered that his tone was

shaky and that her own voice broke as she answered him. Could this be love at first sight, she wondered?  
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(Continued on Page Six)

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