

The Free Press Short Story

INTERRUPTED PLANS

MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY

DERRE DU PLANT pausing un- seen near the cook house win- dow, thought few girls could look as pretty, under the circumstances, as Lynda did. It was a hot July day, and she was bending over a big range, giving the finishing touches to a dinner for thirty "lumberjacks." Her cheeks flamed, her dark hair flew up in little curls and her brown eyes glowed. "You're ready, Mrs. Nevin," he heard her say. "You aren't able to stand the heat to-day, and most of the work's over anyhow."

"It's awfully good of you, Lynda," answered Mrs. Nevin's kind voice. "I don't see why I'm so faint like! But Teasle ought to help. Teasle!" "Oh, Ma, I'm busy!" Pierre would not have recognized that voice! When he was about, Teasle spoke both carefully and gaily.

"I know, busy painting your face! You ought to be ashamed! Nice girls don't do it as much as you think. You just ask Lynda!" "Sure, I'd be apt to ask the cook's helper in a second-rate lumber camp about points of etiquette! Lynda may think she's going to college, and she may have been in Marquette and Duluth and everywhere; but she doesn't know any more'n I do, so there! Say, I hear the woods sound good."

Pierre, who had wanted a word with Lynda, decided to slip away to join the other men as they came crowding into the long low room, down which ran rough board tables and benches. A husky, rough, good-natured crew, they had little to say. They quickly fell to eating the mighty meal before them after their greetings to Mrs. Nevin, wife of the camp's boss, Lynda, and pretty red-haired little Teasle, now lying about like the personification of cheerfulness.

"I'll tend to these kids," she said with a flirt of her hand, waving Lynda away from the table where the younger men sat—Pierre, grandson of one of the owners of the lumber company, here to get some practical experience in the woods during vacation; big blond young Lars Larson, son of old Lars; and sturdy Newton Eccles, from a neighboring farm.

"Thanks," said Lynda, with a delicate scorn only Pierre and Teasle understood. The latter flushed angrily as she saw him smile. "What you girls been doing to-day?" called Mr. Nevin. Pierre, glancing at the bowls of soup, the platters of steak, the dishes of potatoes and corn, the big berry pies that marched down the centre of each table, and remembering the mighty breakfast, wondered if they had done anything but cook and wash dishes since they had arisen at half past four!

Teasle, however, answered quickly. "Oh, we had a lot of fun! We went after blueberries, and I made tracks with my knuckles. Lynda believed it really was a bear! You should have seen her run! I yelled and she fell down and rolled into the river and got zopping wet! My, she was funny!"

The men laughed. They were used to rough jokes. Old Lars, however, with the freedom of a family friend, said, "Funny for you—not for Lynda! You make much laugh of Lynda! Jim, is Teasle too old for spanking?" "I'll say she's not," growled her father, who, no more than his wife, would have given their adored daughter a hard scolding!

The laughter was on her this time, however, and she was furious. Teasle had been brought up in lumber camps, where she was pampered by the men, showered with gifts on pay days, and where she ruled regally. She had been angry when her mother had told her that she had employed, as helper, the child of an old schoolmate.

these people, seventy miles from a hospital, twenty from a town, it was worse. "How much you boys been visiting back and forth?" demanded Mr. Nevin. It developed, however, that there had been little familiarity between the two crews. Nobody had been there since Teasle's visit.

Teasle! She was off somewhere with young Lars now, and old Lars said decisively, "We ban not be going to tell her. We might just scare her into it. Now boys, mind! She must not hear this, nor her mother mustn't neither!" They did not. When, ten days after her runaway trip to the other camp, however, Teasle turned feverish and ill, the overworked doctor pronounced the verdict all feared. "She's got it—had. Mrs. Nevin is in no shape to take care of her, either. What you going to do?" "I—I don't know!" Mr. Nevin was piteous in his bewilderment.

"But I know!" The whole frightened crew turned at sound of the calm young voice. "I'll take care of Teasle. I'm a good nurse," declared Lynda. "And that boastful Pierre, always telling about his camp cooking, will be cook, with Newton to help him. You men just hurry and fix up the old bunk house for us, and Teasle and I'll move right in."

The camp was fortunate, considering. Only Mrs. Nevin caught the disease, and she had it mildly. Lynda had her moved into what she called her "private hospital." At last came a day when the doctor pronounced all safe. A trembling but happy woman and a weak but grateful girl were carried out into the warm sunshine, to be greeted by cheers from the whole crew.

For the first time in her life, Teasle was anxious to share the attention. Her little hand drew Lynda forward, her shaky little voice cried, "Here's the person you really ought to cheer! The most wonderful girl, boy! And when I think how mean I used to be to her—!" Her voice broke in a sob, and Lynda leaned down and kissed her.

"My patient mustn't go and get silly, now she's well," she admonished. Oh, she thought, if they would just take her where she could be quite still, where she could get into a clean, comfortable bed and just sleep—sleep for a whole week! Instead, they were tossing her up on the strong arms of young Lars and Newton, giving her cheer after cheer. Every one was smiling at her, even a stranger, a handsome, well-dressed woman, who, with Pierre, was standing beside a car.

Lars and Newton were carrying her towards that car, where they dumped her in upon its luxurious cushions! Startled, she turned towards Pierre for an explanation. "Here she is, Paulette!" he exclaimed.

To Lynda he added, "She's the big sister I told you about. She was interested, even before the beginning of this last thrilling episode in the life of our hero! But now—say, she says that any girl who looks ahead the way you do, is worth having lots of help in reaching the goal she's set herself!"

Mrs. Du Plant laid her strong, capable hand over Lynda's weary fingers, with a look that brought tears to the girl's eyes. "As usual, my dear," she said, "Pierre expresses himself very flippantly, but it's true. I was interested by what Pierre wrote me about you. But now we've met, why I really think we'll have to do your looking ahead together."

There are some people who ride all through the journey of life with their backs to the horses. They are always looking into the past. All the worth of things is there. They are for ever talking about the good old times, and how different things were when they were young. There is no romance in the world now, and no heroism. The very what they used to be in fact life is all together on a small, commonplace scale. Now that is a miserable sort of thing: It brings a kind of paralysing chill over the life, and petrifies the natural spring of joy that should be ever leaping up to meet the fresh new merces that the days keep bringing.

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Three Ottawa residents were charged in Ottawa Police Court on April 3rd by the Prunk Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture with offering for sale adulterated maple syrup contrary to the provisions of Section 4 of the Maple Sugar Industry Act. They were found guilty and each was fined \$15 and \$2 costs or in default four days in jail. An analysis of the syrup they offered for sale disclosed that it was merely flavored and colored cane sugar and taste was no maple in it at all.

It is stated that the pastor of a colored congregation in the South so posterred his bishop with requests for help that it devolved upon the latter to write him a letter stating that in future such appeals would be entirely disregarded. Pretty soon, though, another letter came from the minister. The bishop opened it. It read as follows:

"Dear Bishop: This here ain't no appeal. It's a request for help. I has no pants!"

Household Hints By MRS. MARY MORTON

To peel ripe tomatoes, scald them with boiling water, then cool by rinsing in cold water, and the skins will come off easily. Wiping them over the flame of the stove for a moment, so the will keep the skin will gently scraping with the dull side of the knife before peeling.

Maple Muffins—Two eggs, one-half cup buttermilk, one cup maple syrup, one-fourth cup melted butter, two and one-half cups pastry flour, one-half teaspoon soda, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half cup raisins. Beat eggs, add buttermilk, maple syrup and melted butter, beat together. Sift flour, measure and sift with soda, baking powder and salt. Mix in raisins. Stir into liquids, stirring just enough to moisten well. Turn into well-greased muffin tins and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven, 400 degrees. This makes about 18 muffins.

Quick Butterscotch Frosting—Two tablespoons powder and salt, two tablespoons butter, two and one-half cups confectioners' sugar, one-fourth cup milk. Place sugar in small iron skillet and cook over low flame, stirring constantly until straw colored. Remove from fire. Add boiling water slowly. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Work butter with spoon until soft. Rub in half a cup of the confectioners' sugar. Add the sugar syrup and beat well. Add remaining confectioners' sugar gradually, thinning with milk until of right consistency to spread.

Always Looking Backward There are some people who ride all through the journey of life with their backs to the horses. They are always looking into the past. All the worth of things is there. They are for ever talking about the good old times, and how different things were when they were young. There is no romance in the world now, and no heroism. The very what they used to be in fact life is all together on a small, commonplace scale. Now that is a miserable sort of thing: It brings a kind of paralysing chill over the life, and petrifies the natural spring of joy that should be ever leaping up to meet the fresh new merces that the days keep bringing.

With the advent of Spring comes the menace of the house fly—which may correctly be termed Public Enemy No. 1. It is world-wide in distribution and is notorious for the part it plays in spreading such serious diseases as typhoid fever, tuberculosis, cholera, dysentery, infantile diarrhoea, and other dangerous epidemics. The fly breeds in filth; insects itself with filth; carries germs of filth and disease on its legs and body and in its intestines; and with these germs pollutes food, especially milk, one of the principal nutritional items in the establishment of the human race.

It is known that a single fly can carry as many as five hundred million germs on and inside its body, but until there is active co-operation on the part of entire communities, including the municipal authorities and every single individual in the community, to remove filth, the main source of fly-production, the menace of the fly to human life will remain.

The most effective and desirable method of controlling the house fly undoubtedly consists in eliminating or reducing its breeding places to a minimum by properly treating or disposing of such materials as manure and garbage. The house fly breeds in such decaying and fermenting matter as kitchen refuse and garbage. Garbage receptacles should be kept tightly covered and where possible all refuse should be burned or buried at once or without undue delay. If it cannot be disposed with, refuse should never be left exposed but sprinkled with powdered borax or chloride of lime. Windows and doors of houses, particularly those of the dining room and kitchen, should be screened and all flies that gain entrance destroyed. This may be done by the use of fly swatters, by tanglefoot strips, or by using a fly spray. Milk and other food should be screened with muslin, covering it with muslin and fruit should also be covered. On no account should flies be permitted in a sick room, and the faces of sleeping babies, or babies lying unattended in their cots or cribs, should be screened with muslin.

An effective poison bait, but one which cannot be used where children are exploring or romping about, is made by exposing in saucers a mixture of one teaspoonful of formalin in a cupful of sweetened milk or water. Fly sprays, of course, operate best in closed spaces, and the dead or paralyzed flies should be swept up and burned, or thrown into very hot water to prevent any from re-covering.

Spring in the Air Mr. Crochet. "Spring in the air, Mr. Crochet." "Yes." "I said, spring in the air." "Why should I? Eh, why should I?"

Any Time is Tea Time "SALADA" TEA



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