The Free Press Short Story

300

GLOVED HANDS

By ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

"Oh, I am sorry, Doctor Craffel The

"Miss Rogers would be gracing son

other station in life if I had my say!

antitoxin and food. Who does Miss Rogers

think she is anyhow? This is not the

first time she has ullenated a patient

married? We'll have to find some one

to take her place. She leaves at the

that's sick, they swallow their pride."

"Don't pull a Miss Rogers on me,"

grunted Powler. "One in the place 14,

His eve ran over the card the nurse

handed him. "Number 5 Willett's Place.

H-m-m. Three in the family. Sole sup-

port granddaughter, clerk at eighteen

week, after long unemployment. That

"You didn't see that grandmother,"

It was eight o'clock that evening be-

fore Fowler found himself free to hunt

up Number 5 Willetts Place. As he had

suspected, it was in a region of dark old

tenements and dingy boarding houses;

climbed three flights of worn stairs and

a flaring gas jet, an old woman was

in the doorway with his black bag. "

have come to see the little boy."

knocked at the door of the rear flat.

all the information you gob?"

screw-driver to get this."

has no right to feelings!"

ISS ARABELLA CRANE laid | went into the waiting room, The chairs hold! the were all vacant, "Where is that little third pair brought out by the dark-eyed boy?" he asked the nurse who clerk which had proved not to be the was bending over the deak. "The boy asked-for, and with a withering with his grandmother?" look at the pale gist behind the counter. turned with dignity and marched away, grandmother took him away, Powler, her nephew, the tall young doc- Rogers, who was here at the desk, said tor, strolled amusedly at her side. "That something that offended her. I am was an outrage!" declared Miss Arabella, her cheeks flaming under her expensive the patients. She regards them

"Dumb, Just dumb," commented Powler, his eyes roving restively over the rich interior of the store, his mind on quite other matters than his great-aunt and her indignation, "Shall we go on Peters' office now? It's almost time for your appointment."

"Worse than dumb!" retorted Miss ing and inattention impudent! should the store keep an employee like that, pray? In these times, too, when so many are out of work!"

"Have her discharged, then, report her," said Powler, bored and unthinking. "Why scold me-about-it?"

"That's a good idea." The stately old · lady in her rich attire stopped to reflect. Her face grew stern. "Come with me!" commanded Miss Arabella, sweeping on. floor, will be not? I am in no hurry to

kept me waiting often enough." Powler followed her, prepared to be diverted. He liked to see Miss Arabella on a rampage. It might be bad for her blood pressure, but it was a grand sight for the onlooker. That clerk had been dumb. He recalled her blank look and fumbling movements without pity; if he was sorry for anyone, it was for himself. Such an intolerably dull morning! Miss Arabella, with the imperiousness of age and wealth; had reguisitioned him to accompany her to the dentist. never occurred to her that the young

doctor should not be at her beck and call. She liked to have this youthful, distinguished-looking relative in attendance, and for good measure had squeezed in an hour of shopping. She did not Powler suspected, take his own ambitions very seriously. "It's all right for me to miss seeing Brill operate," he thought ironically. "I can hold Aunty's hand and watch Peters fuss over a tooth."

"That was not very good fun." commented to himself half an hour later as lie left the obsequious manager's room in the wake of his triumphant aunt. "Why did I think it would be?" The not unfamiliar thought visited him that it was too easy for the great ones of the earth to get their own way; and the face of the girl clerk came to his mind more clearly now than when the errand had been proposed. Dumb? Well, maybe. Too late for compunction anyhow. shrugged it off and turned to the business of the morning, seeing Miss Arabella through her triffing ordeal at the dentist's. . He was able to make himself useful to the extent of holding the spirits last delivered her safely from her limousing into the hands of her maid, drew a breath of relief and hurried off. IIIs own affairs crowded in upon him

This was Thursday, and on every Tuesday, Thursday, and Priday, Powler Crane, M.D., specialist in eye, ear, nose, and throat diseases, gave his time between three and four to the service of the free dispensary. The building was located in the shadows of the city's great hospital, and Fowler was well accustomed to seeing the stroum of the destitute wretched and suffering that filed through its doors. He was reticent about his work among these needy ones. One would have supposed he was ashamed of ! but in those hours at the dispensary, Powler Crane was truly himself. The character of suave, sophisticated, bored young-man that his regal-minded greataunt knew, was there doffed like a masquarader's costume. Powler's hand was the gentlest, his manner the warmest with the sympathy that comes from the heart, and his eyes the keenest to detect the real truth under a brave camouflage. of any doctor's in the clinic.

The young doctor looked up now from the inspection of the throat of a darkeyed, thin, shabby little boy with the slight tightening of the lips that the nurse recognized as concern. "Who came with this young chap?" he asked, then smiled down reassuringly into the wide, frightened eyes. "I didn't hurt, did I fellow?"

"A very old woman--his grandmother, I think," replied the nurse. "The name was Cartwright. . She didn't want to give any information about herself. Poor but proud -- you know the kind."

While he listened, the doctor was swiftly and skillfully using an antiscptic spray. "That feels good, doesn't to Smells nice, too," he commented, "Tell the grandmother to wait with the boy. I wish to see her later," he gave his order. to the nurse and helped the little fellox now amiling dublously, out of the chair and turned him gently in the direction of the door.

It was a full hour afterward when Crune slipped off his white coat, put on a dark one, left the inner room where he examined and treated his patients, and

Powler placed his bag on the table and | 11?" opened it. "Will you move, please, and let me get at him?" he asked quietly. He spoke to the girl, but he kept, his and render him useless. He had called her dumb. He had not taken the trouble to read the signs of termenting anxiety behind the civil mask she presented to the world. He had abetted his luxurysurrounded nunt in depriving her, in the name of justice, of her position-and she the bread-winner of this poor house-

position instantly. "Tell methow I can help, doctor!" she exclaimed, taking on alertness and competence with the words. "Gramy, you must let him look at Bobby -do what he thinks best," she told the old woman sternly. "You must!" . -

Powler saw at once that there was but afraid she isn't always very tactful with one thing to be done; only an emergency operation could have the child's life charity,' you know, and thinks 'charity' Unless a passage were made to allow breathing, the boy would be dead from diphtheria within the hour. While the doctor worked, the girl stood at his side, Powler spoke with heat. "That boy had steady, competent, intuitive, seeming to very bad throat, diphtheritic, I think I-mean to get his grandmother's consent serve. Powler had never seen anyone to have him enter the hospital for observation. He needs expert attention,

fessional's help," he said. Deliberately, provinces of Ontario and Quebec, as well plied by electric motors. then, his eyes searching hers, he added, as in the United States "I think you were wasted behind that These roads which are essentially of power resources and has made marked glove counter, Miss Cartwright."

from brow to chin; her mouth trembled pitcously. "But I've lost my lob. Y was discharged to-day. How did you know?"

"Can't be too soon to please me, mut-The girl did not recognize him tered Fowler. "See here, you've got the her inner stress she had been blind address, haven't you? - I'll look 'en up. well as dumb that morning to everything "The manager will be on the eleventh why. I didn't really do a thing for the around her. Fowler was tempted to take boy-thought I would wait until I had refuse in her lenorance but he scorned won his confidence if I had to give him to act the coward. "Know? Who should antitoxin. He was so terrified, poor little know better?" he asked drlly. the poor sap with that handsome "You take it too much to heart, doz- Tady who asked for white gloves she did tor." The nurse's hands were running not at all need. If you must know the ver the case cards. "They'll be back worst," he went on ruefully, "It was to-morrow probably. When it's a child who suggested to her that she get you

He saw her hand go to her throat, saw the girl struggle to master herself. deserved to lose my job-I wasn't thinking of what I did," she owned bravely at last. "I was no good at it anyway. disliked selling gloves; but-but-" her lips quivered and she could not go on.

"But we well-fed ones needn't have been guite so cruel-that it?" he helped the nurse told him calmly. "It took a

"You didn't know what it meant to me," she breathed, her eyes seeking the floor, and then the form of her little brother and her grandmother sitting them?" beside him watching them gravely.

"No: we didn't know. But Aunt Arathe street was ill-lighted, unsavory. He bolla is going to, now, Somewhere under the layers she has a heart and I may as well make up my mind to assist her in "Come!" called a voice, after a finding it. I have a notion that the best place for Bobby to convalence will be in The picture that the opened door gave her house. Aunt Arabella and your to Powler Crane was to linger long in grandmother must make friends. They his memory. Beside a bare table, under are a lot alike, those two!"

"You were kind to come to-night," said seated with a little nightgowned boy in the girl, tonelessly. "Bobby would have her arms. His eyes were glittering with died without you." There was no warmth fever, his face burning red and contort- in her words, however. Fowler fel dised with effort; hoarse gasps issued from missal in them.

his half-open mouth. The old woman's "It was all in the day's work," he head was finely molded, even patrician, answered briefly, fussing with the clasp Beside the two a girl was kneeling. Her of his bag. With every moment that face, startled, tear-stained, self-forgetful, passed, he felt a stronger need to justify was turned toward the doctor who stood himself before this tall, proud girl.

"See here I don't believe you under-

Fowler glanced at the girl, recognized stand how corry I am-what a cur her. His heart gave a sickening lurch; feel! I owe you a job-that's the size of then he met the severe, questioning look it." A flash of inspiration came to him. of the old grandniother and spoke dir- "I think I know just the thing for you. ectly to her. "I am the doctor from the How would you like to work in the disdispensary," . he said, gently. "You did pensary? The girl in the reception room not walt as I intended you should. I who takes names, addresses, and so on, before passing the patients on to the He saw the old woman draw the child nurses, is going to leave. It's a position closer as though instinctively to shut out that calls for a lot of tact and," he unwelcome attention. Her lips moved, added deliberately, "loving-kindness, You but Powler could catch no words. The would, have to like children and know girl, however, burst out wildly, "Oh, he's how to nandle them, as well as their dying, m, little brother is dying. He grandmothers. From what I've seen o

you, I think you'd be fine." Do you want

"Want it?" cried the girl, her hands

"Well then, I'll see that you get poke in an offhand manner, but his heart bounded with lov.

CANADIAN IDEA IN USE OF SALT

Directly and indirectly, salt plays an important part in the agricultural industry. For example, apart from personal use, it is fairly well known that about The girl sprang up from her kneeling million and a half pounds of salt are used annually in Canadian poultry and live stock feeds and over five million pounds in Chadian fruit and vegetable preparations every year, but the application of salt in making roads of the kind particularly beneficial to farmers is not so familiar. The use of salt in roadmaking vince of Nova Bcolla.

the low-cost, secondary highway types A flood of scarlet swept the girl's face states A. F. Gill, of the National Re- beginning of the present century watersearch Council, consist of a clay bond in power development installations have admixture with coarse minerals so pro- grown from 173,323 horse-power to 7,portioned and graded as to give maxi- 909,115 horsepower at the end of 1935. mum density under the compressive effect | Canada's recorded waterpower resources of traific. The properties of the clay are will permit a turbine installation of about improved by no admixture of certain 13,700,000 horse-power, of which only chemicals, notably-calcium chloride and slightly over 18 per cent, is being utilizsalt. Calcium chloride has been in use for many years as a dust layer. He use in integrally mixed stablished roads is a comparatively new development and the use of salt still more recent. Investigators claim that the salt has two major effects. It retards the evaporation inish shrinkage and cracking of the clay Donegal coast of Ireland.

NOT SO PARTICULAR

Hotel clerk (to new arrival): "How

Montana with a bunch of cattle." Hotel clerk: "Where are the rest of

New arrival: "Down at the stockyards I ain't as particular as they are."



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USE OF ELECTRICITY GROWING

Cheap electricity, developed principally clasping themselves longingly. "Oh, it's from abundant waterpower, is steadily revolutionizing conditions in homes and factories throughout Canadat - Electric power is cheaper in some parts of Canada than elsewhere in North America.

About three-quarters of all homes in

Canada are wired for electricity. The use of electricity brings several additional comforts and conveniences to the home, such as lighting, electric cooking, electric refrigerators, water heaters, washing machines, humidifiers, clocks and other devices that can be operated by turning a switch and at a cost that is merely nominal. For home use, sales of electric vacuum cleaners during 1935 were valued at \$3,413,542, electric refrigerators over \$3,000,000, and electric stoves, washing machines, froners, toast-

ers, hand froms, etc., ran into severn

In the manufacturing field an ever is a Canadian idea which is being widely greater advance in recent years has been adopted in other countries, as the result made in electrification. During the eleven of experiments originating in the pro- years from 1923 to 1934 the use of electric motors in Canadian factories increased Pollowing the experiments in Nova by 153.1 per cent., compared with an in-Scotla, laboratory work was carried out crease of 86.1 per cent. in internal comby the National Research Council of bustion engines, 40.7 per cent. in steam know before he spoke how she could best Canada and by McGill University, and engines, and 1.8 per cent. in water subsequently the matter was taken up wheels. The manufacturing industries of by the United States. During the past Canada in 1934 were 78.5 per cent, elec-When all was done, Powler turned to three years, considerable mileages of salt-; trifled and 75.1 per cent. of the power her. "You have given me almost a pro- established roads have been laid in the used in the mining industry was sup-

Canada is richly endowed with water-

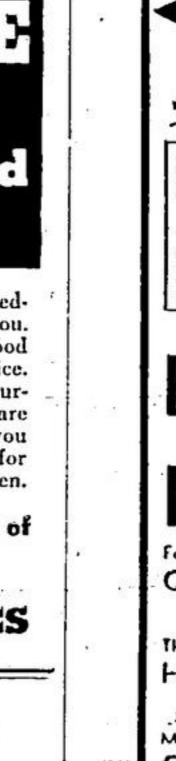
of moisture when the road is first laid, of Dr. Francis Gallagher, who has just and the growth of salt crystals as the introduced an automobile on the lonely road eventually dries out tends to dim- wind-swept isle of Arranmore, off the bond. The latter is an important feature arranged with Dr. Gallagher that he as the elimination of shrinkage tends to shall not drive in excess of five miles prevent ravelling of the mineral aggre- an hour, and that there shall be no driving at night," said a native. The 600 islanders, the majority of whom have rarely left the island, are not pleased about this "new-fangled" invention, "The island is nine miles long and five broad. the doctor explained, "and the 200 donkeys seem more like 2,000 when you try to drive past. Surfacing is so terrible that my tires must only be semi-inflat-

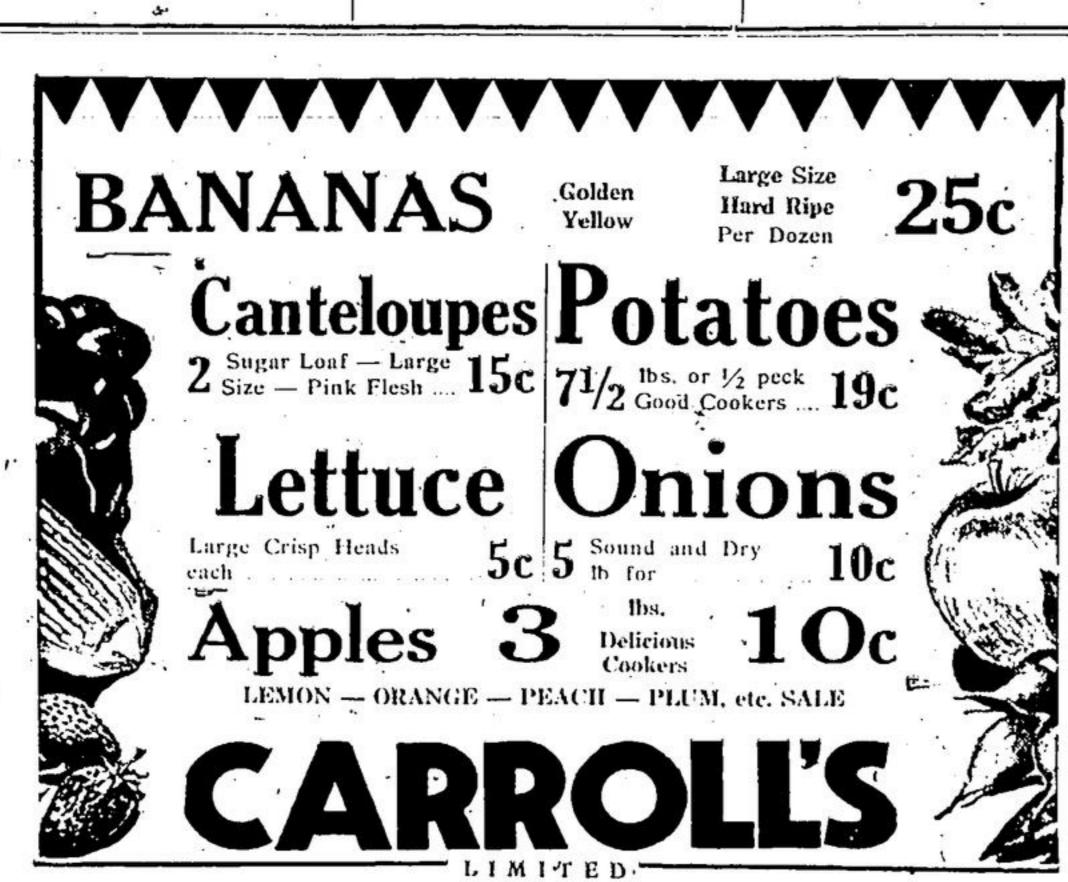
The King and His Pipe



An unconventional pose of his majesty, King Edward VIII, in a closeup made during the monarch's current vacation on the Bay of Martinac. Sweater-shirt open at the throat and pipe clutched between that he was, instead of the austere ruler of Great Britain that he is '









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