The Free Press Short Story

The First Month is the Hardest

THOMAS S. HUNTLEY

"Well, you man," asked the professor

kindly, as his stern face relaxed into

friendly smile, "do you speak English?"

self to go back to the history room

splte of his former determination neve

to step inside again. He was sure that

all the students thought he was the

Dinky tried his best to get John

with the other fellows, and to enter

"Huh! You better put your head

ng If you weren't around to pull me

Later in the evening a short, stocky

The next evening John Mason was

"Glad to have you." answered John

"That's a queer answer," smiled the

John slid down comfortably in his

"Whoa!" exclaimed the young proc-

tor. "Don't blame the school. I almost

time. I think that I can help you if

"I'll try anything reasonable," declar-

for Freshman football practice. I be-

"Yes and no."

A week passed. John had forced him-

"Y-yes, sir," stuttered John.

"boob" of the college.

LONG line of students stood un- he was dimly aware that his name had comfortably in the hallway of been called. Without thinking, he rose a great stone building one hot awkwardly to his feet and towered be-September afternoon. They had been side his deak, as he had been accuswaiting for the office of the registrar to tomed to do at school back in Centreorder that they might make ville. The room became breathlessly their arrangements for the new college silent. The professor stared in surprise The line of students pushed for- at him, then called his name again, ward when the door of the office swung John was so flustered when he realized wide. A glance at their anxious faces what he had done that he could not was enough to tell anyone that they were say a word.

Preshmen totally new here. "Hey, you! Move along!" came from some one in the rear of the line. A bly awkward youth started suddenly and moved rapidly forward. He pulled a very large blue handkerchief from his back pocket and mopped his perspiring face In the process of stowing this away startled exclamation "Clumsy!" told him that he had once again bumped the girl behind him. muttered an apology, his face growing red, and shifted a large pair of worn go out for Freshman football, to mix

Near the rear of the line of new into the activities of the school; but students, two lads chuckled together. One his roommate remained strangely shy of them, short, well-dressed, and wear- once outside their room. ing a broad grin, left his place and walked - toward the tall youth near the head of to speak to Dinky. A cold fall rain was the line. He touched his arm as he beating against the windowpane in front asked cheerfully, "What's your name?" of him. The awkward stranger stared down at him as he answered, "John Mason,

The smaller chap smiled up innocent ly at him, as he calmly explained. "The this dose of bad weather bother you, are carry the ball over the goal. Again the Griffin; W. Lasby. dean wants to see you in his office right you?"

away. Better hurry." "Well n-" John looked helplessly around, then muttered a "thank you" as in college. Tve about made up my he turned to leave. Some one near by snickered, but John was too disturbed to notice. He strode anxiously down the long hall to a stairway, then ran up the under the cold water faucet for a while. stone steps, two ut u time.

How would I ever wake up in the morn-Pive minutes later he was back in the line of students, but at the foot. out of bed?" Dinky dismissed the matfelt very ungry and very silly. ter with a laugh, but he frowned as he the dean all right?" called the short boy, turned back to his desk. now at the head of the line. Several students near him laughed. A girl glgsoung man walked softly down the long gled exasperatingly.

hallway of the Freshman dormitory. Once back in his room on the second He stopped in front of the door of the floor of the Freshman dormitory of Amworth College, John Mason removed his proctor in charge of that floor, looked sweater and sat down heavily on the up and down the hall, then knocked. edge of his bed as he stared out of a Leyden Arlin, a Senior, opened his door. window. Only yesterday he had stepped The short young man went in. down off the train, but already he was homesick for the little country town alone in his room working on his hishe had left back in Illinois. Was any tory. Someone rapped on the door. one ever so dumb or so clumsy, he Dinky was out, so John opened it. "I'm Was ever a place so strange Leden Arlin, the proctor of this floor or so different? He dreaded the thought Mind If I come in and visit a bit? of going to classes to-morrow in the big asked a friendly voice. stone buildings with their long shiny halls. He hoped that he would meet in surprise. He offered a chair to that short fellow some dark night! slim, cheerful fellow, wearing glasses. Anyway, he had a job for his spare hours down town.

John glanced at the bed across from He was wondering who would when the door was pushed proctor. "I'd like to help you any way open, and a short, heavy, good-natured I can. looking youth seemed to fill the en-When he saw John, a broad | chair, stretched his long 'legs, and begrin overspread his face. "Hello! Guess gan to talk with Leyden. A half hour you must be Mason. I'm Dinky Mark- passed. "So you see, I don't believe this school wants to be friendly-" hum. Hope there's enough room us here." John looked Dinky's broad frame, and smiled. made that mistake myself once upon a "I'm from New York," explained

Dinky. "And I'm from Centreville, Illinois," you will do as I say."

John informed him. Just as he spoke a voice from the upper floor bellowed, "Hey, Mason!

want to speak to you!" "Wonder who that is," grunted John lieve I know what's the matter with trouble?" as he went to the window, stuck his you." head out, and squinted upward. He soon found out. In a few moments he hastily jerked himself back into the 'room, soaking wet and sputtering. From

windows all along the upper floor came peals of laughter. Dinky chuckled a bit, then became sympathetic when he saw how miserable John looked. "Never mind, fellow," he comforted. 'Don't let anyone get your goat. Don't take life too seriously. 'That's my motto." He slapped his roommate on the back as he suggested. "Come on down to dinner. I'm always

ready to eat." The next morning was bright and The sun was making long streamers of light through the great elms on the campus. The bell in the tower of the chapel tolled seven o'clock. The beauty and dignity of the campus was lost on John, for to-day he was thinking that he had to go to classes. He shook his room-nute to waken him. After some grumbling Dinky was up

and dressing. 'See you later," called Dinky as the two left the dormitory. John walked ulong with the crowd of Preshmen toward a towering recitation building. He would have liked to speak to some of them, but he did not know what to

When he had entered the history room, he chose a seat in the rear off to one side. He noticed that the professor had heavy eyebrows and a stern face. The man began to call off the names of the students which he read from a sheet in front of him. John ullowed his thoughts to wander as he ylanced around the room, until suddenly

"Well, you could change your working hours, I'm sure. Of course, if you won't try out my suggestion, I can't help you." The room was silent for a minute while John stared at his shoes wearily. 'What I can't understand," he finally answered when he looked up, "is just how going out for Freshman football is going to help me: but I'll try it out."

"Fine!" declared Leyden. "Of course can't say for sure that it will help you, but I think I'm right." He rose leave. "I'll have to catch a little sleep now. Come around and see me

John Mason had learned the funda-

mentals of football back in Centreville;

but most of his itme had been spent

on work of some kind outside of school hours. As he dressed in the field house members of the squad with interest. His muscles were still hard from a long summer's labor out of doors, so after a light exercise, he sat on the bench with Dinky while they watched

Freshmen scrimmage the varsity. The captain of the college team made long gains through the left side of the Presh- | Shantz. man line in spite of all the substitutes who were sent in by the coach. No one appeared to be able to stop the hard driving full back. Suddenly the coach spled John and noticed his size. "See you can stop that full back," he said.

When John took his place in the line he received a friendly nod from th big Freshman centre. Signals were called, the college line charged, and speeding form appeared to run directly at the new tackle, who found himself sprawled that on the green turf with the One evening he turned from his books Preshman centre beside him. are you, a wax dummy?" demanded the disgusted Freshman centre.

John said nothing, but he had a warn "What's on your mind?" asked Dinky glowing feeling inside. He crouched cheerfully, "You've been wiggling tensely watching every movement of the around and shuffling your feet for the player directly in front of him, feeling last fifteen minutes. You aren't letting certain that he knew who would try to varsity full back plunged struight at "No, but Dinky, I've been doing some him. This time John butted over the thinking. I don't believe that I belong player in front, seized the full back as he rushed at him, and was at once mind that I won't come back next sem- buried in a mass of players.

When the pile had untangled the bal still lay on the one-yard line.

"Nice work, fellow," exclaimed the guard as they slapped John's broad back John thought it queer how he felt He could not put the feeling into words but it was as though a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Late that evening John knocked on the door of Leyden Arlen. When he entered the room, he was surprised to & Son. find Dinky sprawled in a chair, talking to the proctor. "Well, John, you look happy," grinned Leyden. "Our little scheme worked."

"Something worked," smiled John, as son, he rubbed a sore hand, "but I can't qui'e figure out why I feel the way I do." "I think that I can tell you," declared Leyden. "That little football scrimmage jour self-confidence, which you badly needed, and made-you see that the fellows would be glad to be friendly with you if you gave them a real chance. You can thank Dinky here. He figured out T. O. Dolson.

what was wrong with you." "How are you coming along? Do John stared in surprise at his lightyou like the school?" questioned Leyden. hearted roommate, as he murmired his thanks. "I owe both of you more than I can repay - ever," he declared seriously. "I certainly was mostly to blame

Dinky squirmed uncomfortably: then he rose to his feet, grinned, and said, "You can pay me back by pulling me out of bed so I can continue to get to on to bed. We need our sleep.'

SOME DISTURBANCE

"All right. To-morrow night report night.

"I ate three helpings of Welsh rab-"But I have work and I don't see bit."

Prize Winners

(Continued from Page One)

LIGHT HORSES IN HARNESS Single Carriage-W. O. Moffat; Mark liven; Robt, Kerr & Son, Saddle Horne-Dr. McQuibban;

McQuibban; Pred Gowland.

Best Pony, hitched-Pred Gowland. HORSE SPECIALS

Single Turnout-Robt. Kerr & Son; Long Woolled Sheep, Any Other Breed Span of High Steppers in Harness tobt. Kerr & Son; W. O. Moffat.

Span of Clydes or Shires-J. A. Dun-

Colt, two years and under-W. H. John A. Kelly. Allon; H. McDonald; Gordon Snow. Saddle Mare or Gelding-Dr. McQuib- Kelly. ban; Dr. McQuibban.

& Sons; A. Hewson & Son.

CATTLE Shorthorns

E. Griffin; G. R. Brecken. E. Griffin; W. Lasby.

G. R. Brecken; W. Lasby. Two-year-old Heifer-S. E. Griffin: Pasmore. G. R. Breckon; W. Lasby. ningham: E. Pasmore. One-year-old Helfer - S. E. Oriffin: K

Griffin; W. Lasby; G. R. Brecken, & Sons: K. Elliott & Sons.

Shorthorn McKinnon & Son; S. W. Nelles & Son McKinnon & Son; S. W. Nelles & Son. Two-year-old Helfer-Geo. Mack. Arnold McKinnon & Son; S. W. Nelles

Pure Bred Holstein Bull, 18 months or over-T. O. Dol-

Bull, 18 months or over-J. M. Dolson; Gerald, Graham; L. G. Ella & Son. Bull, under 18 months - Gerald Graham; W. J. Alexander; J. M. Dolson, Cow, any age-J. M. Dolson; Gerald Graham; L. G. Ella & Sons.

Sons: Gerald Graham; J. M. Dolson. Sons: Gerald Graham; J. M. Dolson. & Sons; Gerald Graham.

Pure Bred Jersey Herd - J. M. Dolson; Gerald Graham; L. G. Ella & Sons. Best Female Animal-J. M. Dolson,

Herd of Pure Bred Beef Cattle-Geo. Best Beef Steer or Helfer-Geo. Mack. Dairy, Cow, any age-'r. O. Dolson. at Acton Fair SHEEP

Lekester Ram, two years and over-W. Clarkon and Son; J. S. Norrish. Shoarling Rom-John A. Kelly: W.

& Son; John A. Kelly.

John A. Kelly.

Shearling Ewe-W. Clarkson & Son:

Ewe Lamb-W. Clarkson & Son; John

Ram Lamb-James Little; John A

Ewe, two years and over-Jas. Little:

Shearling Ewe-Jas. Little: John A

Plock of Long Wool Sheen-W. Clark

Oxford Downs

Ram, two years and over-J. C. Cun-

Shearling Ram-E. Barbour & Sons

Ram Lamb-E. Barbour & Sons: E

Ewe, two years and over-J. C. Cun-

Shearling Ewe-J. C. Cunningham:

Ewe Lamb-E. Barbour & Sons; J. C.

Best Ewe in Class-J. C. Cunningham,

Downs, Any Other Breed

Ram, two years and over-J. S. Wil-

Shearling Ram-J. S. Wilson; Frank

Ewe, two years and over - Frank

Shearling Ewe - Frank Mack: J. S.

Ewe Lamb-Frank Mack; J. S. Wilson.

Flock of Fine Wool Sheep-E. Barbour

(Concluded on Page Seven)

Best Ram-E. Barbour & Sons.

son; John A. Kelly.

Mack: J. S. Wilson.

Ram Lamb-J. S. Wilson.

Best Ram-C. Wilson.

& Sons: Frank Mack.

Best Ewe-Frank Mack.

Ewe Lamb-James Little; John

Best Ram-James Little.

Best Ewo-James Little.

son & Son; John A. Kelly.

Best Ram-W. Clarkson & Son.

Best Ewe-W. Clarkson & Son.

Clarkson & Son. Ram Lamb-W. Clarkson & Son.; J Single Carriage, 3-year-old-Donald S. Norrish. Ewe, two years and over-W. Clarkson

Span High Steppers-Robt. Kerr & Son: W. O. Moffat. Three-year-old Roadster, gelding filly-W. H. Allen.

A. Kelly. High Stepping Horse in harness-W. Monat; Mark Given.

Ram, two years and over-John A. Kelly; Jas. Little. Shearling Ram-James Little.

Span of Percherons or Belgians-A. J.

Pony Race-Fred Gowland. Heavy Horse on grounds-J. Curtiss

Bull, two years or over-W. Lasby: S. Bull Calf-Peter Stowart & Sons; S. ningham; E. Barbour & Sons. Best Cow, any age-R. Elliott & Sons: J. C. Cunningham.

Elliott & Sons; G. R. Brecken. Calf Helfer-G. R. Brecken; S. E. Barbour & Sons. Herd, I bull and 4 females - S. E. Cunningham. Pen of Three Calves-Peter Stewart

Baby Beef - O. R. Brecken; Peter Stewart & Sons; S. E. Griffin. Aberdeen Angus or Other Breed Not

Bull, any age - Geo. Mack; Arnold Cow, any age - Geo. Mack; Arnold One-year-old Heifer - George Mack;

Helfer Calf - Geo. Mack: Arnold McKinnon & Son; S. W. Nelles' & Son.

Bros.: T. O. Dolson: R. Neclands Cow, any age-T. O. Dolson; R. Néelands; J. D. Gale, Two-year-old Helfer-J. D. Gale; T. O. Dolson; R. Neelands.

One-year-old Helfer-T. O. Dolson; Robinson Bros.: R. Neelands. Helfer Calf-J. D. Gale; J. S. Wilson; Pured Bred Holstein Herd - T. O.

Dolson: J. D. Gale: R. Neelands. Best Mule Animal-Robinson Broz. Best Female Animal-T. O. Dolson.

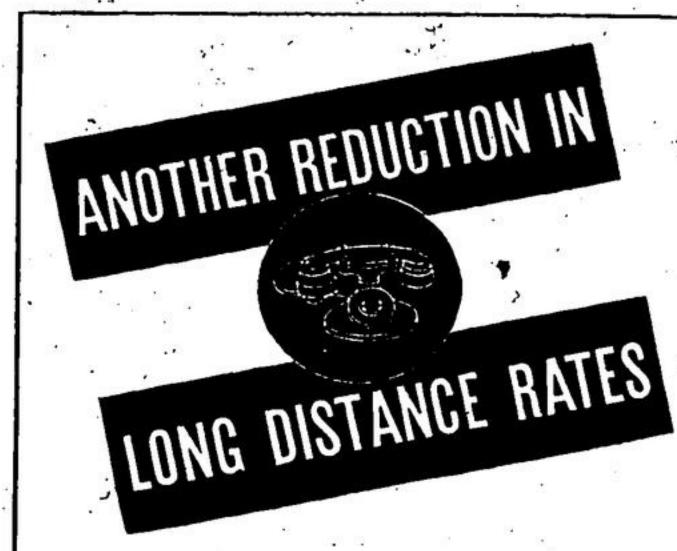
Pure Bred Jersey

Two-year-old Heffer - L. G. Ella & One-year-old Helfer - L. G. Ella & Helfer Calf-J. M. Dolson; L. G. Elia

CATTLE SPECIALS

Group of Three Dairy Cows-Gerald

Ask Salada Brown Label



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Today, your telephone is within easy reach of any one of 33,000,000 telephones scattered throughout the world. Low night rates from 7 every evening and-all day Sunday!





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Package 33c

Singapore Cubed

CALAY

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SPECIAL! Maple Leaf LARD 1-lb. Package

SPECIAL!

Lachine Golden

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Wagitaffe's Pure Orange MARMALADE 32-oz. Jar 27c

PINEAPPLE

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WAX BEANS 3 No. 2 Tins 25° Party, Blue Back

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WAX 1-lb. Yin 23° Baaded Ivory SNOW Today. Package 12c. A Delicate Yoilet Soap

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