

SWEET CAPORAL
CIGARETTES
"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY
WHAT'S BECOME OF JERRY?
By Izola Forrester

The narrow glass sign said "Vacancy", on the front door of the brownstone front house on West 75th street, just off the Park. Nannette climbed three flights behind the superintendent. There was no landlady. He was a stout, good-natured Hungarian with a family in the basement and three such houses to look after, he told her.

The room was in the rear, facing south, fairly well furnished, but with a desk, couch and well filled bookcase, and these caught her eye at once.

"There used to be a feller in here named Jerry Sanders. That's his trunk over there in the corner. I didn't lug it downstairs because I always expected he'd turn up, but didn't. He just disappeared one day and never came back. He was a funny fellow, always talking about going places. I tell my wife I think he went some place all right, maybe up the river."

"Didn't you notify the police?" asked Nannette, looking in the large clothes closet.

"No, I didn't. I was going to, but my wife she don't like the police nosing around, so we just keep this trunk and wait and see. She thinks he'll show up some day, and I say sure, he will—when they let him out."

Seven dollars a week, and she had been paying eight in a community apartment with three other girls. This was heaven. The trunk could stay there, of course, she told Mr. Bela. After she moved in, she covered it with a strip of Chinese silk, sea green embroidered in colored moons and silvery birds, topping it with a brass Buddha with an incense burner on its lap.

Sometimes a whiff of incense curled up from the burner evenings when she lay on the couch reading the books she found in the room. A squat jade colored bowl of daffodils on the low wicker table helped spring along too.

Every single boat whistle on the river stirred Nannette's restlessly. Sometimes, coming home on the subway, she felt like a boat tugging at its moorings, eager to be off. Down along Riverside Drive when she strolled there by herself after dinner in a cheap restaurant on Broadway, the whole atmosphere thrilled her and left her almost breathless at its loveliness these nights.

She began to know Jerry Sanders through his books first. Mostly on travel, with his name sprawled across the title pages, as if he must have bought them all himself. There was poetry, too, Noyes and Masfield, Kipling of all things, and one

called "Vagabond House," that made you want to go on quests after islands.

Thumbtacked to the closet wall she discovered a scrap of paper torn from a comic page. All it said was "If you had everything, what could you get?" And tacked on the other wall was a double page torn from a steamship folder—a lot of pictures of world harbors and points of interest to travelers—she studied them all, wondering where Jerry Sanders had gone.

One Sunday she decided to open the trunk, after finding it was unlocked. That showed he had left intending to come back. And since the police had not been notified, she felt it almost her duty to try and discover some clue that would solve the mystery of his disappearance. Almost the first thing she came across in the smaller top drawer was the picture of a girl torn in four pieces. On the back was written, "O, very well!" The girl was rather pretty, not wonderful at all, but cute. This in itself, Nannette thought, might provide a motive. Hopeless love. Disillusion. Jerry Sanders became a rather morbid, satirical young person to her for a few moments.

Winter clothing, more books, pipes, odds and ends, a round tin of tobacco. She opened this and put a few pinches on the incense burner in front of Buddha to see what it was like. And the whole room suddenly became aware of Jerry Sanders' presence. He was right there in the big armchair, feet on another chair, smoking his pipe, dreaming of—well, of some girl and travel. She kept the can of tobacco out and used to burn a pinch of it now and then when she was specially wondering about him.

There was a 1934 class book from a Middle Western college. It was easy to find him in this, quite a boy—swimming, track, football, literary society. Here he was squatting down with his team, husky, serious, shock-headed, and here he was all dressed up in tails, and here in a small oval picture. Nannette pored over this one. It was a face to remember. She wished she could have put it up on the closet wall, but refrained. He might come back. And there were other things in the trunk that she just glanced over, letters. When you are doing detective work it is permissible to read such things if you are trying to solve a mystery. By the end of five months she felt as if she knew Jerry very well. She didn't wonder at his going away. Sometimes, she felt he might never come back at all. But it was not a case for the police. Mrs. Bela, being a woman, had sensed that.

One night in May she had been out walking, thinking about these things. A misty new moon had helped her mood. When she came along 75th, someone in a basement was playing an accordion, very softly. The Belas sat out on their basement steps, enjoying it all.

As she started up the front steps, Mr. Bela called out to her. He's come back—he's waiting to get in your room. I told him you wouldn't mind if he got some things out of his trunk.

She found him at the top of her own flight of stairs, smoking, and before she had turned the lower hallway, she recognized the fragrance she and Buddha knew so well. But she was very calm and impersonal when they met. Of course he could get at his trunk. She took the things off the top, while he stood looking around him eagerly, hands in his pockets, pipe held in his teeth as he talked.

"Funniest thing, you know," he said casually, "I haven't lived here for at least five months, and yet the room has a whiff of my tobacco in it still. Something about odors all tied in with memories. I always like it here."

"Why don't you sit in the armchair and smoke now," Nannette suggested, "that is, if you feel like it?"

"Thanks, I sure would. Did anyone ever call up for me after I left?"

"Not that I know of. I am at work daytimes." She was watching him sink into the armchair, and lean back his head as he blew the smoke upwards. Much better than seeing it come from the incense burner. "You have been away travelling, haven't you?"

"Yeh, I have. I shipped on an oil boat for the islands. Always been crazy over islands." But he was frowning, thinking back to that day of sailing suddenly. Nannette knew just what he was thinking.

"Even when you were in college, Mr. Sanders?" she asked.

He grinned up at her. "How did you know my name?"

"Mr. Bela spoke of you. They thought something must have happened to you."

"It did plenty, but not the kind you can tell about. I was going to write to them, but when you're way off on the other side of the world, you forget all about everyday things over here. I don't suppose any letters ever came here for me?"

"I haven't seen any." If she could just get his mind away from his trouble, get the deep, hurt look out of his eyes. "I wish you'd tell me about your travels. I've never been out of New York except up to a farm in Connecticut for the summer, where my grandfather lives. But I love salt water and boats—I love just the sound of their whistles, especially at night. When did you get in?"

"Oh, I landed in San Francisco and took a train across. I have to be back in a month, got a job waiting for me on a pineapple plantation, if I want to take it. I don't know why I ever came back—"

By the end of the second week they were walking along Riverside one night. Nearly every evening he came for her and they went places—theatres and dining out, dancing, almost of all, just strolling. She could see he was easing out of the mental pain over the other girl, and he could really laugh naturally, as if he were having fun.

Tonight they had taken a bus trolley up to the end of the island and back, with his arm around her, and her head on his shoulder very naturally as one does at such times. Then they decided to walk back from 96th street and Nannette stopped at her favorite spot where she had taken counsel so many times by herself, of the moon and stars and hurrying tide. They leaned over the stone wall, close together, and all at once he started to tell her why he had gone away—about Lillian, the girl he was to have married, and his best friend, Dick Madigan.

"You don't have to tell me, Jerry," she said softly. "I know all about it. They ran away together, and you couldn't take it. What's the difference now," she quoted to him slowly, "if you had everything—what could you get?"

"Gee, you found that, didn't you, on the wall—it helped me plenty—I just had to tell you, so you'd understand—it was why I came back. I couldn't get away from her—until I met you." He looked at her with eyes that had forgotten anything in the world but her. "I'll get a hundred and fifty a month and my bungalow. You can live swell on that over there, and have a couple of house boys on the side. I know it's funny to expect you to believe me after knowing why I went away but you'd love it, Nannette. I'd ask you to marry me and go along right away—I have to get back if I'm going at all—but I realize, of course, you don't know anything about me—"

Nannette slipped her arm around his neck, her cheek pressed to his chin. "Listen, silly, I know everything about you, even to the size of your collar—I hunted all through your trunk to try and find out about you so we could trace you—just being a little detective, and I found your pictures and your tobacco—I used to burn some of it in the incense holder—that was what you smelled—I guess I must have always been interested in you. When do we sail, dear?"

WOODBIDGE

BURWICK WOMEN'S INSTITUTE HOLD PICNIC FOR CHILDREN

Members' children were entertained at a picnic staged by the Burwick Women's Institute at the home of Mrs. Bob Plunkett on Tuesday afternoon of last week. The picnic replaced the group's usual monthly meeting. A talk on "Health" was given by Mrs. Alvin Wood and prize winners in the races were as follows: Girls 8 and under, Eleanor Riseborough, Mary Wray; boys 8 and under, Paul Lewis, Herb McLean; girls 12 and under, Helen Riseborough, Lillian McLean; boys 12 and under, Jimmy McLean, Howard Lovett; song race, Mrs. Wray, Mrs. Bob Plunkett.

Phone HYland 2081 Open Evenings Res. Phone 9788

Johnston & Granston
MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS
OF CANADIAN & FOREIGN

Granite Monuments
1849 Yonge St. (east side)
Between Merton & Balliol Sts.

RIVERCOURT MEMORIALS
300 O'CONNOR DRIVE
FORMERLY DON MILLS ROAD
LETTERING ON
ERECTED STONES
DESIGNS AND PRICES
GIVEN ON REQUEST
Agent — K. BENTLEY, Richvale, Ont.

Summer Suits

Tailored to your measure from choicest new fabrics
Dressy Flannels for Sports Wear

Call in and see us and be convinced of the moderate cost of made-to-measure clothing

Cleaning and Pressing

We offer to the district an unexcelled cleaning and pressing service. Phone and our driver will call, or take advantage of our attractive Cash and Carry Prices.

RICHMOND TAILORS
J. A. GREENE

Highest Quality Tailoring For Men and Ladies

Phone 49J Richmond Hill

OFFICIAL

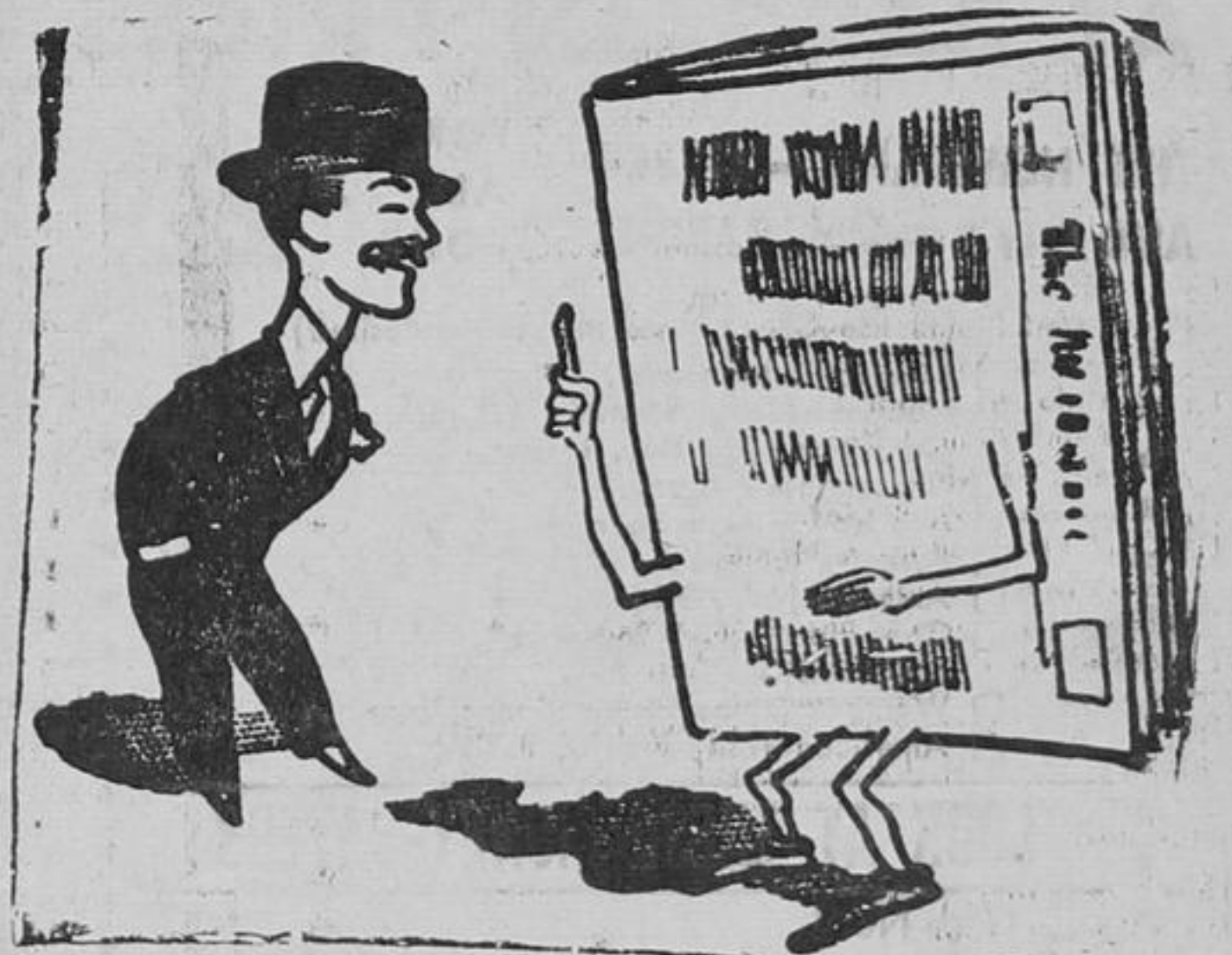
ONTARIO MOTOR LEAGUE ROAD SERVICE STATION
(24 Hour Service)

GENERAL REPAIRS

Cities Service Garage

29 Yonge Street

Phone 12 Richmond Hill



Resourceful Men Consult LIBERAL CLASSIFIED ADS

THE up-and-coming citizens who get things done know where to turn when they want something. . . . They consult the Classified Columns of The Liberal. . . . If they do not find it listed there they then turn to their phone, tell The Liberal to insert an ad . . . and get results. . . . If you want a job, a house, an automobile, a garage, a room, some work done, furniture repaired or sell a house, automobile, horse, cow, radio, etc., etc. . . . Use The Liberal Classified Ads. . . . Try The Liberal Classified Ads. . . . They are wonder workers. . . .

THE LIBERAL

Phone 9 Richmond Hill

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
BOOTS and SHOES

We handle only standardized brands and we invite your patronage

R. J. CRAIGIE

MEN'S AND BOYS' FURNISHINGS
BOOTS AND SHOES

"Everything for Dad and His Lad"

Agent for Langley's, Cleaning and Pressing Service
Yonge and Richmond Streets Richmond Hill



Boy, I'm in Luck!

I bought my
GOOD YEAR
SPEEDWAY
TIRES Today!

• You'll think you're lucky too, and you will be, for the low price on Goodyear Speedway makes it easy to have brand new Goodyears on your car, without delay. Drive in and see the big-value, low-price Speedway today! We have your size!



Young's Service Station
YONGE ST. RICHMOND HILL