

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

A TELEGRAM

Chapter 29

The letter went off and Dora began planning how she would look after the small boy. She told her father about it, who seemed delighted.

"If it isn't too much work for you, I'm pleased," he said. "It's dull enough here to drive a stupid person crazy—and you're young and lively enough if you get a chance."

Dora smiled at the idea of being "lively." As the work slackened with the end of harvest, she tried to rest a little. But in her run down condition it was easier to work than to rest.

She tried to make over Gladys's old clothes into something becoming. Knowing nothing of styles, she had to copy Gladys's new things which she knew did not suit her—and finally in despair made herself a couple of dresses with long, loose basque waists and full skirts, with a full at neck and sleeves—an extraordinarily becoming fashion, for it made her as quaint as an 1850 print.

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she said to her father. "And if he's too ill to play outdoors, I'll bring the big settee into the kitchen and talk to him while I work."

She remembered finally that she should ask her aunt for permission. Aunt Maude, whose conscience hurt her a little about leaving Dora alone readily consented.

"I'd like to have her here to help me," she told her husband. "But Gladys won't hear of it."

"Why not?" Peter asked angrily. "Gladys has her own house now, she has no business interfering with ours."

"Well, but she thinks either that Dora likes Morton too much, or that she—"

"Idiot!" snapped Peter. But after a time he added:

"If she comes here to stay with us, Jim will light out for months again, and I'll have to pay Fred Mason nearly twice as much to look after things out there. Jim will stay if Dora is there."

Which prudent and economical reason satisfied them both about leaving Dora where she was. December had come. Dora remembered that almost a year had gone since she first met Morton, and liked him. The year seemed a lifetime, so much had happened.

"If only Francis comes, it won't be so bad," she said to herself. "I would have someone to look after then, someone beside myself to think about. Being happy must consist in thinking about others, the more I remember all my past life, and the more I think about what is to happen to me, the more unbearable all this becomes."

The farm in winter was not cheerful. Aunt Maude took the best looking farmhands to town. Gladys had helped herself to a lot of places too. Outdoors the world was brown, mostly wet and cold, the vegetable garden dumps of dark earth and frozen stalks of dead plants. The front lawn was a wet brown mat of last summer's grass. Knob Hill a cold

protrusion of earth that shut off the meadowlands from view. She hated to look at Knob Hill—because she had loved it so much before.

A week or more passed and there was no answer to her letter.

"She's forgotten me," she told her father. "People always do. Or else she thinks it presumptuous of me to ask for Francis. She must have so many friends that would look after him—or else she's found a nurse—or a pleasant place for him to go."

"I'm not good for anything, but I could take good care of him, and I'd like to so much," she said later.

One raw, wet day a boy in a blue uniform drove out to the farm—the messenger boy from the station telegraph office.

"Telegram for you!" he announced casually—being quite used to wires himself! Dora never had a telegram sent to her before, rarely had letters. Telegrams meant death and disaster—also why should people spend so much money to send a few words when a two-cent stamp would carry as much as they could write?

She tore it open in great excitement.

"Your offer too generous, Frankie better," she read. "Terrible creature now in charge of flat. Thank heaven she's leaving Wednesday. You come by me for the winter at least. Farm life idyllic in summer or in small doses. You'll like New York, I'll write and explain this crazy message. Love, Gloria."

Out of this confusion Dora finally gathered that Gloria was asking her to live with her in the city for the winter.

"But I've no money to go, no clothes—perhaps she'd take me as a nurse," she told her father, who promptly objected to the nursemaid idea.

"But I'm no more than a servant here," Dora said logically and waited impatiently for the explanatory letter. Of course, though, she could not go!

Tomorrow—The Letter.

The tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down" is said to be a translation of an old Norse song.

WATCH

Council Unable to Pass An Exclusive Franchise

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., May 15.—Mayor Goddard of Klamath Falls is on record declaring he never will sign a city ordinance which would grant an exclusive franchise to the Strahorn Lines in Klamath Falls. He issued a statement yesterday explaining why he vetoed the second franchise. So far the council has not been able to obtain a majority sufficient to pass the franchise over his veto.

Large Class Is Initiated By Moose Lodge of Bend

Ten candidates were initiated by the Moose lodge at Thursday night's meeting, and another big class is ready for induction into the lodge at the first meeting in June. Those initiated last night were



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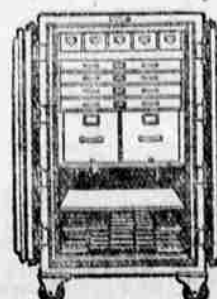
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William E. James, Richard A. Woods, Charles L. Hunt, Andrew J. Donnelly, Ralph A. Hope, Arthur D. Olson, Harold Holley, Adam Repnack, P. J.

Fadden, William F. Holley, Owen Hudson and Jay H. Upton were elected delegates to the north-west Moose convention at Spokane June 4, 5 and 6.

The penalty of selfishness is to be left solitary.

No man is quite as good as his son in law should be.

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