Ugly Duckling

A Short Story

BY LENA GARY CLARK

As Helen Carey struck out in the cool morning waters of Cape Nantucket, she thought contentedly how little it mattered that she had no doubt played wall-flower more times than any other girl in her State; how little it mattered that the prettiest sister Bee had dubbed her "Ugly Duckling," a term which had been taken up in Birmingham to distinguish her from the five lovely Carey girls. All her life she knew her plain appearance had been an embarrassment to her parents, an annoyance to her sisters because they had to be always explaining she was actually related to them, and worst of all she had been a nonentity to most men.

She smiled grimly as she forged ahead through the white-capped breakers rolling in from the ocean. But the water was so exhilerating and her spirts so high away from the depressing influence of her family that the grim smile was replaced by a happy one. She decided she'd try to make it over to Cove Point. Swimming was good for the soul as well as the body, she exulted. Finally, a bit breathless, she came out of the water. On the beach she almost stumbled over the prone figure of a man. His presence ruined everything. She was undecided to ignore him or to dive back in when the figure evidently feeling her presence, jerked itself up. A pair of brown eyes stared at her. "How did you find this place?" their owner demanded.

Helen started violently. Lowell Manson from Birmingham! And he didn't recognize her. She was cut to the quick, for he was the only man she had seen at the Country Club and who had been to her home she'd like to know better. What in the world could he be doing up here when Bee had planned a campaign at White Sulphur Springs?

"The place is quite visible you know from back there." She smiled. "May I sit down and catch my breath?" Without waiting for an answer she walked a few paces away and sank down on the sands, her hands under her head.

"My sister swore no girls ever came here," Lowell said resentfully.

"My aunt swore no young men came here," countered the girl.

Helen's lovely voice was her best asset. The man smiled in spite of his resentment.

Why, this was fun, thought Helen, to talk to Lowell like this even if Bee had marked him for her own.

"My name's Lowell Manson, Birmingham. Putting up at my sister's, Mrs. Addington Lewis."

"My name is Helen—Helen (she'd better not tell him her real name for the present) Anderson. I'm visiting my aunt, Miss Sue Irwin. She's a dear. She isn't always trying to find a man for a girl and she makes divine cookies."

Lowell grinned.

"Why do you resent women?"

"I'm sick of fighting females."

"Oh! So they fight over you?" Helen asked, knowing full well they did fight over him.

"Say, I know that sounds terribly conceited and all that — but I just want to get away from pretty girls for a while."

"Not sisters I hope."

"Yes! All five!"

"Five?" How thrilling!"

"I'll ignore your goshing. Did you ever know a divinely beautiful girl?" Lowell wanted to know, "look like the devil when she was plain mad?"

Helen shook her head.

"I'm beginning to think I never again want to look at what people call a beautiful woman. Up here—why—everything is so different."

Helen's whimsical gray eyes danced with fun. "Yes, up here you do get a different perspective, don't you?"

They returned together, swimming almost side by side. Helen knew if a pretty girl suddenly appeared on the horizon Lowell wouldn't so much as notice her. He hadn't noticed her in Birmingham when pretty girls were around—but it was going to be heaven to swim with him, to be near him for a while. She was remarkably free from self-consciousness. She could feel herself expanding. And she was being terrifically happy for the first time in her life. She resolved she would be until Bee came after him and Bee would surely get him if she wanted him. She knew her sister. Hadn't she nagged Dad until he had to get her a Paris coming-out gown when all the other girls had had to wear New York dresses?

The month of July was joyously happy. She and Lowell swam before breakfast and ate like Turks, they walked long walks and ate cookies from Aunt Sue's cookie jar, and they swam by moonlight.

Desperately she tried not to think of Bee as the days flew. It was next to the last day of Lowell's visit. They were swimming over to Cove Point.

"You know, Helen, these have been the most wonderful strangely contented days I have ever spent."

Helen could not answer for an ache in her throat.

They dropped down upon the beach to rest. Helen, hugging her knees, stared out to sea, but she knew every turn of her companion's handsome dark head, every inflection of his voice, every gesture of his well-knit figure. Tears filled her eyes.

"Its wonderful to meet your kind of a girl," he continued. His fingers pressed Helen's.

"It hasn't been half bad knowing you," said Helen in a low voice, her eyes still turned away.

On the way back to Aunt Sue's little weatherbeaten gate, scrunching along the sand, they were silent. At the gate they stopped and faced each other, abruptly.

"I'm leaving tomorrow early, so can't we have a last moonlight swim tonight?"

"Yes," she said slowly. She knew that when he left all the magic in the moonlight would go with him. Something of this must have communicated itself to the man as she turned her face toward the hollyhocks.

"Why, Helen, what's the matter. Are you——"

Before he could finish they were startled by the rattling of the village Ford up to the gate.

Helen's heart sank and she moved closer to Lowell when she beheld the familiar figure of a golden haired goddess alight.

"Bee!" both exclaimed.

The goddess gazed at them, fury in her blue eyes.

"You're a nice one," she accused advancing coldly toward them, "to come here when you promised to go to White Sulphur. It seems as if you're having a queer business engagement. Oh, I finally wormed your real whereabouts out of your father."

"Listen, Bee——" began Lowell.

"And 'The Ulgly Duckling' of all people."

"Leave her out of it," pleaded Lowell.

Helen knew there was no use fighting her sisters, for the lovely Bee always got what she wanted.

She made a tragic little gesture of abnegation and slipped out of Lowell's detaining hand.

Half an hour later he found her on the beach, jabbing her knuckles into the white sand.

"You funny kid!" he said, standing over her. "Why didn't you tell me you were one of the beautiful Carey sisters?"

"Where is Bee?" Helen's voice was husky.

"Bee?" She's spending the night at the Tavern and catching the eight o'clock train back."

Helen stared.

"I tried not to be nasty—honestly; but gee I couldn't stand the way she talked about you."

Helen saw the brown eyes regarding her lovingly, tenderly. "Gosh but you're sweet," he said.

She felt herself being lifted up by the elbows, felt his warm breath against her cheek.

Let's swim," she cried ecstatically. "I feel I could swim to the ends of the earth."

"Let's. I'll follow you to the ends of the earth but I'll never so long as I live let the lovliest Carey girl out of my sight."

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KILBURN

Nov. 17—Miss Henderson spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Ritchie, at Upper Kent.

Mrs. Emery Hallett, of Coronation, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Stewart Bishop and Mr. Bishop on Friday last.

Mrs. Gilbert MacDonald, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Riley Lamereau, at Presque Isle, returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. King, of Perth, were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin Sunday afternoon.

Miss Jean McPhail returned to her home at Linville after spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Archie McPhail and Mr. McPhail.

The Baptist Missionary Society held their November meeting at Mrs. Murray L. Grant's.

Mrs. Edward Drost has been very ill with a severe attack of quinsy but is much better now and able to attend her duties as postmistress.

A number of the young men have been successful in getting quite a few deer.

Mrs. Crouse, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Campbell, returned to her home at Devon on Friday last.

The Ladies' Aid of the United church met with Mrs. Frank Bishop, Andover, on Friday evening last. Ten ladies were present, and sewing and knitting was done, after which the hostess served refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Porter and family, of Flewelling Mills, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Grant.

Best School-Day Snack is a Glass of Cold Milk.

School days are milk days and rightly so, because no other food is so refreshing, healthful and nourishing as milk. When the boy or girl comes home from school at four o'clock they are hungry and tired and the wise mother knows that a glass of milk is the most healthful and easily prepared food she can provide. The four o'clock glass of milk should be part of the school-day programme.—Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Silver will not tarnish readily if a small piece of camphor gum is placed with it when stored away.

Before setting a hot sauce away to cool, place bits of butter to melt over the surface to prevent a film forming on top of the sauce.

Save bits of soap until you have a pint, add glycerine or oatmeal for toilet use; to the rest add borax or naptha for laundry use, or finest sea sand for scouring purposes.

To make window cleaning easy dip a piece of chamois in hot water, wring it and go all over the pane with it, turning the chamois frequently. No rubbing with dusters is required as the pane will dry with a beautiful polish.

If the sink is at all greasy try the following plan: Dip a piece of flannel in kerosene oil and rub all over the surface of the sink with it. Then wash well with warm water and soap and leave the cold faucet running a few minutes. This helps to clean the pipes as well as the sink.

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MAPLE VIEW

Nov. 16—Miss Hazel Witherly, of Weaver, entertained a number of young people at her home on Thursday evening. Quite a few from this place were present and all enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Miss Helen Crone spent Friday night with Miss Stella Rideout.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Tapley spent the week end in Woodstock the guests of his sister, Mrs. Louis Neilson and Mr. Neilson.

Miss Lizzie Armour, of Plaster Rock, and friend, William Cox, of Woodstock, were the guests of Miss Stella Rideout over the week end.

Quite a few from this place attended the Armistice service in the community hall at Plaster Rock on Sunday, November 8.

Miss Stella Rideout spent Thursday with Helen Crone.

Mrs. Miles Flanders spent a few weeks with relatives in Woodstock and Maine.

Mrs. Wesley Crone and Misses Annie, Helen, Muriel Crone and Herbert Hamilton visited relatives in Centreville on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Williams and son, Gilbert, spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Thorvald Neilson, of Sisson Brook.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Neilson and son, of North View, Mr. and Mrs. Thorvald Neilson and children, of Sisson Brook, Alfred Collett and James Westerman were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Craig Williams on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Tapley, of Sisson Brook, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Tayley.

Hints for Homebodies

By JESSIE ALLEN BROWN

Some people have the idea that children are plastic and can be moulded at will. When you hear someone say that "their child will never do such and so," you may rest assured that their children are young, or that they have no children at all. Any parent who has children that are past the very young stage knows very well that there are limits past which you cannot influence or direct a child. Each child has their own distinct individuality and you can go so far in changing it, and no farther. It is well that this is so. We may comfort ourselves with the idea that any child whose conduct could be moulded at will would not be of strong character. We all wish our children could be of strong character.

We can all think of people who have spoken very forcibly of what their children would be. One of our friends was the proud father of a baby daughter. He spoke frequently and at length about what kind of a girl she would be and no amount of teasing would convince him that she could be other than a blue-eyed, golden haired, lady-like girl, the kind who would "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seas." A dream-child. How did she develop? Why, she is a lovely little girl, but her parents acknowledge that she is the worst tom-boy in the neighborhood.

The wise parent will say very little about what their child will be. That we cannot tell. All that we can hope to do is to influence them to a certain extent, and to try to strengthen their weaknesses so that they will have sufficient character to carry on alone. We influence them more by what we are than by what we say.

Height and Weight Charts

Too much faith should not be put in height and weight charts. At best they are only a guide, and if your child does not conform to them do not worry. It is a wise precaution to keep track of the children's weight. There should be a steady slow gain. If there has been no increase in weight for a period of three months it is time to check up and find the nigger in the woodpile. There are many things which may cause it. Teeth should be looked after. Check up on the sleep. Late hours are one of the most frequent causes. Eating between meals is another.

It is very interesting to compare your offspring's size with the average in the charts, but as I said before they are not absolute. If your child is very much below in weight or very much overweight, it might be well to consult a doctor. Keep your own chart and see that there is steady growth and increase in weight.

Fruit Juice in Jelly

Do you ever add your left-over canned fruit juice to your gelatine desserts? It adds to the food value, changes the flavour and makes the dish more interesting. Today we used three-quarters of a cup of peach juice to replace the same quantity of water, with an orange-flavoured jelly powder, and it made a delicious jelly. There are many other combinations which are equally happy. Experiment yourself and you will find some new flavours.

Fricassee of Chicken

Fricassed chicken is a delicious way of using the less tender fowl that cannot be roasted. It makes a convenient company dish as most of the work can be done the day before. The method is as follows: Cut the chicken in pieces suitable for serving. Simmer in water to cover, add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 whole onion, 1 carrot diced, and two pieces of celery. Cook until almost tender and let stand in its own liquor in the refrigerator over night. Next morning remove the chicken from the broth, and roll each piece in a mixture of 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Fry until well browned in butter or dripping. Arrange the browned chicken in a casserole or covered roaster, pour over the broth and bake in a moderate oven of 375 degrees until very tender. Remove the chicken to the serving dish. Thicken the gravy with flour moistened with milk, and add more milk if necessary to increase the amount of the gravy. Serve the gravy poured over the chicken, or separately as desired.

If there is apt to be chicken left over, I am always a bit cautions about using milk in the gravy, as I once had chicken spoiled because of the milk in the gravy turning sour. If I expect to use chicken the next day, I stick to water for the gravy. The flavour is not quite as good but it is safer.

Club Salad

1 quart cream, 1 quart salad dressing, 1 box gelatine, 1 cup sugar, 1 lb. blanched almonds, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 large can large white cherries, 2 large cans sliced pineapple.

Soak each envelope of gelatine in a cup of pine apple juice five minutes, add 1 pint boiling water, add sugar

(Continued on Page Seven)

Now try this interesting MAGIC MENU

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Miss Lillian Loughton, Dietitian of the Canadian Magazine, suggests this attractive Luncheon Menu. You'll find it just as appetizing as it sounds. Try it. Of course, like many other good things, it's very easy to make up.

LUNCHEON MENU
Cream of Celery Soup
Chicken Salad in Tomato Rings
Fresh Rolls
Preserved Pears
"Magic" Date Cookies*
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee

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Try Miss Loughton's Recipe for *"MAGIC" DATE COOKIES

3 cups rolled oats
2½ cups flour
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup lard
½ cup butter
½ cup milk

Put rolled oats into a bowl. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and sugar together; add to oats. Melt butter and lard, add to dry mixture with milk. Mix all together; roll, cut with round cutter and bake in moderate oven.

Fill with following mixture: 1 pound chopped dates, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup hot water. Cook well and put between cookies.

Or finish cookies as illustrated. Have filling ready when you make cooky dough; when cookies are shaped with small cutter, cut centres from half the round; place a spoonful of the thick date filling on uncut rounds, put the open ones over the filling, pinch edges together well and bake at moderate heat.

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