

# Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

**SYNOPSIS.** Neale, Crittenden, original American youth, lives with his parents in Union Hill, a village in the Colorado mountains. In France, Marisa Allen, about Neale's age, lives with her American parents in the home of her father, a French woman. Marisa's father is foreign business agent for the American firm of Messrs. Ambergren, an old French merchant in the Allen family. Marisa, a musician and French and wins a prize in a musical contest. Neale, who has been in love with her since she was a child, leaves her alone with her father, leaving his parents to South America. After several months his mother returns while his father remains there on business. Neale is in love with Marisa Westworth whom he met at college. He takes a position with a large lumber company and makes a fortune, meanwhile buying plans to marry Marisa as soon as possible.

He studied the buyer, the situation, the sort of lumber needed. He sat up nights going over the architect's specifications; made up alternative schedules for spruce, oak, yellow pine interior trim; clear or "grade A" shingles. The delivery schedule information he himself had collected, he rechecked his figures, shaving the margin of safety down till he was sure his bid would be lower than any other firm's, and yet safe—no danger of leaving the firm in the hole. The Gates Lumber company could count on its usual percentage of profit and Neale Crittenden on his biggest commission yet, to add to the sum he was laying aside for the new home.

When his bid was finally in the contractor's hands, the architect and road work threatened to leave him with time to think. Neale turned hastily back to his private deal with grandfather. Grandfather's intimate knowledge of all the possible timber tracts in his region was a gold mine. There was always wood lots in the back valleys being sold for taxes, or for very little because, all the timber generation dying off, the western heirs did not care enough about the little old family land holdings to come east and investigate the market, or if they had, knowing nothing of the eastern or indeed of any lumber market, they had no notion of the potential value of their inheritance. To Neale, the idea of taking part of the savings for the use of the new household, to buy up a few such wood lots, and turn them over at a big profit, had been in his mind now, sure he could swing such an operation, and taking advantage of the Labor day vacation, he went up to West Adams to take up the week-end and talk it over with Grandfather.

Nothing ever changed in Grandfather's home. Grandfather and grandmother did not look so very much older to Neale at 24 than they had to the 8-year-old, having always looked as old as possible. Jennie, the hired girl, had aged more than the old folks, he noted, as she went with him up the steep stairs to the little slant-ceilinged room now incredibly low and tiny.

He sat down on his little-boy bed, a thousand forgotten memories standing thick about him. He saw his mother leading in the sleepy little Neale, and now he saw that she was young, young as Marisa, so young herself . . . as young as Marisa! He was the strong, purposeful, determined young man, sitting on the bed and looking at that long past scene, and yet he was also the sleepy little boy, feeling on his lips his young mother's kiss. "Good-night, Neale." "Good-night, Marisa."

He went hastily down the stairs and fell to talking business with grandfather, talking in very good purpose. Today their models went far beyond the little tract of second growth oak they had first thought of. Grandfather, wily old spider, at the center of a wide-flung web, knew many tips which he was more than willing to pass on to his favorite, Neale—Neale who had the other half of the combination and could sell at a price which grandfather could buy at rock-bottom. He was in fact delighted with Neale's ideas and the energy with which Neale laid his plans. "Why, you're worth two of your father," he cried exultantly, as they sat again, the next morning on the porch and went into details. "I never could see why Daddy didn't get on better. He never seemed to care enough about it, and by thunder, you got to care if you're going to get anywhere." The old man paused, took breath and brought out with an attempt to sound casual, "I've thought sometimes 'twas your mother made him that way. She's a nice girl, your mother is, Neale, but I never thought she pushed your father the way she ought to."

Neale felt so queer a disquiet at all this, that he got up abruptly and clapped on his hat. All kinds of different pieces were fitting together before his eyes into some sort of a pattern. He wanted to get away by himself and look at it to see what pattern it was.

"I'm going up to the far wood lot," he said. "I can remember when the pines were just coming in there, and want to see how much they grow in 15 or 20 years." But he had no interest in the young pines, and he was not at all thinking of them as he strode hurriedly up the stony sunken wood road. He was thinking of Marisa. Out of nowhere there had come to him the recollection of saying good-by to her at the station. He had kissed her good-by, and as clearly as though he had just now stooped to her, he could remember that very instant, their lips met he had been wondering if he would have time to get down to the office before Mr. Gilman came in from Chicago. He wanted Gilman's support for his scheme to follow the shifting center of supply with a branch office in the

her voice was quivering and very low, "I must tell you quickly, Neale, I'm afraid I've done you a great wrong. Neale, I love you better than any one I ever saw, but," her voice sank so low Neale could scarcely hear her, "I don't want to marry you."

Her lips began to tremble. She hung her head, and Neale could see the dark red flooding up to the roots of her hair.

"He was for a moment literally incapable of speech. She went on falteringly, "Out in Cleveland, at Margaret's wedding you know, everybody talking about getting married, and Margaret . . . she's like my sister . . . we're so near each other . . . and we talked. She was just going to be married, and she thought I was, too. And I thought—so. Truly, Neale, I'd never dreamed of anything else. And she talked to me as one woman about to be married talks to another—'not girls' talk."

She began to cry a little now, though she made a great effort to control herself, drawing long, long breaths, and halting between her words, trying to bring them out quietly. "Neale, I'm afraid you won't understand. I don't know how to tell you. I don't know how to tell you! You see I never knew my mother and I never liked to talk intimately with other girls about . . . about . . . but Margaret is so fine and—"

She cried out what she had to say in one burst, in a loud voice of pain. "Oh, Neale, when I saw Margaret with her lover I knew, I knew I'd never loved you at all. I knew I'd hate you if we were married."

She turned away and leaned against the wall, sobbing, her face hidden in the crook of her arm. "What's the matter with me?" she cried desperately, brokenly. "Why don't I? Am I different from other women? I can't bear to hurt you, so I want to love you! What can I do with myself if I don't?"

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

# Adele Garrison

## "My Husband's Love"

**Why Madge Determined to Help Katie Find Jim.**

All the trepidation and excitement vanished from the demeanor of the woman across the road at my throat to take her back to the village "lock-up" if she made any trouble for the young trooper in charge of her home. She pressed her baby closer to her and spoke softly.

"I make no troubles me, no." Then still in the same soft tone, she queried slyly. "Clean up? Eet so dirty."

She indicated the tubs of mash and soaked floor boards, and I realized that her furtive brain was still casting about for a way to destroy the evidence of her illicit whiskey making.

**"Is There Anything Left?"**

I took her arm in a firm grasp and spoke with extreme sternness. "If you touch one thing around here without this man says so he will tell me and I will take you back. There is nothing for you to do in the kitchen. Your children have had a big supper. You stay in here with them and leave the kitchen alone."

"All right," she replied meekly, and I knew that because I had been able to secure her release, she looked upon me as the temporary arbiter of life and death to her. But before I turned away I caught the eager look she cast upon the table which Katie was clearing, and I spoke quickly:

"Is there anything left, Katie?"

"Not much of stew," Katie said dubiously. "Nice plate of soup, and

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

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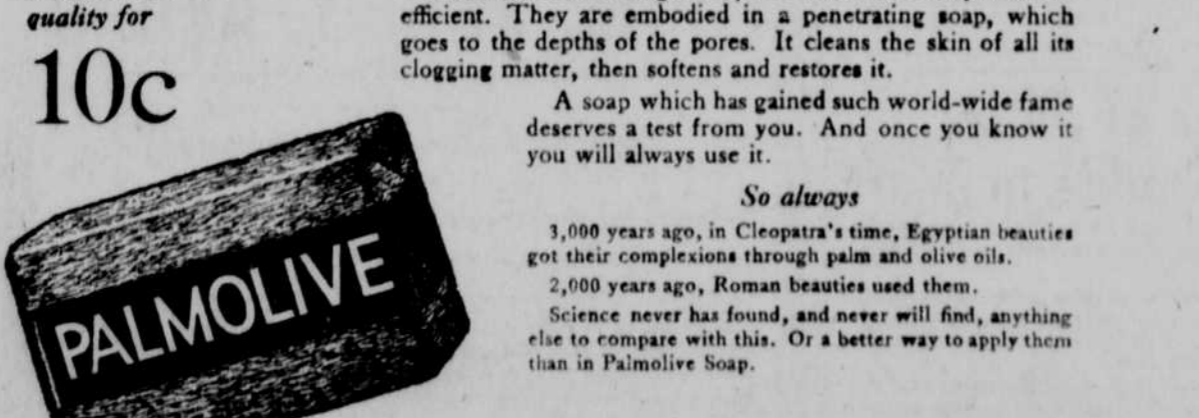
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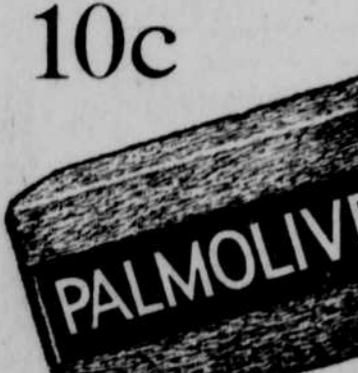
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some bread and milk. Vy? You want eet for her?"

She jerked her head toward the woman I had brought in.

"Of course. She has had no dinner—have you?" I turned to the woman.

She shook her head.

"I want make no troubles," she said slowly, but there was no heart in her words, and I suspected she was voraciously hungry.

"She want something else beside eat," Katie declared. "She want her coffee. I fex queeck. Vare you keep eet?"

She shot the question at the woman, who replied in Katie's native tongue.

"All right, I fex." Katie's familiar slogan sounded cheerily, and while Katherine and I consulted in a low tone about the needs of the little family, Katie took coffee from a dilapidated can in a cupboard behind the stove and brewed a concoction as unlike the amber beverage which she serves us each morning as could well be imagined. It was

almost black, but the woman seized the cup containing it and drank every drop.

**Katie is inflexible.**

"She like eet black," Katie commented, evidently feeling that some explanation was necessary. "She all right, now. I shove on her plate und in her cup all food veta left, und den I beat eet back home. Dot old vomans, she ready for crazy house eef we don't feenish dose two rooms tonight."

I took the hint promptly.

"Mrs. Bickett and I will let you carry the things back," I said, "and then we won't have to take Mrs. Ticer away from the cleaning again."

"Dot will be goot," Katie said with a satisfied air as she preceded us home.

With a parting injunction from Katherine to the mother concerning the care of the baby, she and I left the unhappy young trooper in charge of the family and made our way back home.

"Not that my advice about the

baby will do the slightest bit of good, but it relieved my mind to say it," Katherine commented cynically as we walked up the path to our correct feeding and living and yet pine knots are weavings compared to them.

"That's because all the weak ones die," I returned idly and then we were in the kitchen, with Katie's troubled face confronting us.

"Dot Jeem he no back yet Missis Graham," she said accusingly. "I promise I no go after heem if you coom, but now you back, I no promise any more. I going after my man."

There was a dignified inflexibility of purpose about the girl, which forbade any dissent. I turned to Katherine with sudden decision.

"Will you please look after the dinner, Katherine?" I queried. "I'm going with Katie to find Jim."

The soviet church body in Russia is closing all monasteries which are not organized on the basis of a commune.

These companies are to hold open house during the week of August 10 to 11 and it is expected that thousands of people will visit their factories to learn how the tires that carry them miles and miles every day are made.

Omaha rubber industries employ several thousand people and the money spent here in Omaha by the three companies annually amounts to a vast sum.

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