A GIRL OF METTLE

BY BESS McKAE DAVIS

PART I.

Nilwan Seiger's poultry yard was small but it was modern; she had put all her money in it and hoped to make a good living. She cast an experienced eye over it now, to see that everything was right, then walked buoyantly around the tiny house, and to the road that lay like a dusty, winding ribbon.

When she had gone but a few rods a car stopped beside her and a man asked in a friendly tone, "Can I give you a lift, Miss Seiger?"

It was a disreputable looking car, the driver stolid-faced and rather furtive-eyed, but Nilwan knew him as one of the farmer neighbors, and answered, "I'll be glad if you will, Mr. Simpson. I'm going to the Evans'—not far, but it's hot for June."

She took the seat by him and they drove on, the car rattling and bumping. The road led crookedly for half a mile then headed straight toward the city.

"I'm going to Carrolton," the man said, "but I'll take you to the Evans'."

"Oh, no! I'll get out and walk across the field."

As she spoke, two men stepped from behind a thicket directly in front of the car, holding up authoritative hands.

Nilwan heard the man beside her utter a sharp word as his foot touched the accelerator; then he looked at her and stopped with a jerk.

The two officers searched the car with deliberate thoroughness, found whiskey concealed in a box of June apples and ordered curtly, "Drive on into headquarters."

The girl said not one word but a deeper color burned the clear tan of her cheeks and her lips were compressed.

"I'm sorry you're in trouble, Mr. Simpson. Thank you for picking me up. I'll get out here," she said, opening the door.

One of the officers stopped her. "Just keep your seat, lady. We'll take you in, too."

"But I know nothing of this! I was walking to a neighbor's when Mr. Simpson overtook me and offered to let me ride," Nilwan protested.

The officer shrugged. "Sounds pretty! You're with him and you'll go in and tell that to the man higher up."

Simpson spoke heavily. "You've got the goods on me, all right. I know when I'm cornered but why drag this girl into it? She's telling the truth."

"Drive on," the man answered laconically.

Nilwan sat straight, her gaze on the road ahead.

She gave her version of the affair to the judge in a steady voice with a straightforward manner. Simpson corroborated it with emphatic eagerness, looking confused and guilty.

The officers insisted that she was an accomplice and was in the car all the time; it had not stopped at her house, they said; it had been under their eyes constantly.

"But that can't be! There's a turn in the road. The men couldn't possibly have seen from where they were," she pleaded earnestly. "I assure you, there's a mistake. I've lived there only four months. I know nothing of the liquor traffic."

The judge was unsympathetic. The very assurance of her bearing seemed to antagonize him.

"There's been too much of this sort of thing. One hundred dollars fine or thirty days in jail!"

Nilwan stepped back as if she had been struck.

"But I can't—I simply can't pay that fine!" she cried. "I put every bit of money into my poultry yard. Jail? Oh, please, won't you believe me? I am not guilty, and my chickens . . . my business . . ." She swallowed hard.

"One hundred dollars or thirty days in jail," the judge repeated stonily.

Desperate, Nilwan glanced about the room. It was an old tale to these men hardened to lies until they did not recognize truth when they heard it. Panic seized her; then, she looked into sympathetic brown eyes set in an engaging young face. The owner smiled and came forward.

"I'll pay the fine, Judge Browder. There's been a mistake but Miss Seiger needn't go to jail while it's being cleared up," he said briskly. He handed a roll of bills across the desk then laid his hand on Nilwan's arm and, with no word spoken between them, ushered her from the place.

She stood on the sidewalk and looked up at her deliverer who met her gaze with understanding kindliness.

"Why did you do that for a stranger?" she asked.

"Because I knew you were telling facts. I'm Carter Mason, a reporter for The Star. Let me take you home. I'd like to see that poultry farm."

His smile was genuine; his brown eyes were guileless. Nilwan held out her brown, hard little hand.

"I'd be a good subject for 'when a feller needs a friend,' wouldn't I?" she said with her sunny smile. "I can't begin to thank you. If you will be so good as to take me home—that will be another debt I'll owe you."

"It's nice of you to let me," he assured her.

Carter helped her into a roadster. He glanced at her and said, "I wager you never were in a 'tight' before."

"Not that kind, but I've been up against it'—that's why I'm here. Six months ago I was thrown upon my own resources. I love the open air and digging in the ground so I decided to put all my eggs in one basket—poultry raising."

"That's refreshing," Carter commented. "You aren't afraid to stay alone?"

"Not in the least. I never was nervous. I am absolutely dependent upon the success of my venture and I believe I'll make good. You've no idea how much like human beings chickens are—the arrogant, the biddable, the hard-to-manage, the undecided. It's too funny!" She laughed joyously.

"Tell me more. That would make a corking story," Carter urged.

"I wasn't speaking for publication—just telling you. You're the first responsive person I've seen since I came. Most of the neighbors look on my venture as a sort of whim, I think, but it's meat and bread to me. I'm bothered about owing you, for I simply can't pay it back. One doesn't forget a kindness like this. There's my 'mansion.' Isn't it dear?" she said.

Carter brought his car to a standstill. Nilwan jumped out and he followed her up a flower-bordered path to a tiny house covered with vines. She took him through the four rooms, simply furnished but attractive with dainty feminine touches, on to the back where a wire-fenced yard housed the chickens that came running at her call.

Carter assured her with a boyish grin, "I came, I saw, I—am conquered! This is ripping. Maybe newspaper notoriety will add to your 'gate receipts.' People will be making a trail to your door. I'm much obliged to that bootlegger for offering you a ride!"

She took him back to the house to offer lemonade and old-fashioned tea cakes. When he returned to his car, he remarked, "It seems to me you might give folks pointers on flower raising. Do you know, this place, after the heat and blare of the city, is a 'little bit of Heaven'? May I come back?"

"If you don't, I shall be sorry," she said and waved at him as he drove off.

That was the beginning of a rapid friendship. Carter Mason's car stood before Nilwan's house often; his laugh, carefree and infectious, rang out with merry abandon; his deft hands, to help her, wielded a hammer and nails or drew water from the well.

One day, after he had gone, she found a picture tucked behind a pillow in the swing, as if it had fallen from his coat. She opened the folder curiously. The lovely face of a girl looked back at her—a delicate, wistful-eyed face with an aureole of waving hair. Nilwan stared at it and read, "Your own Janet."

What did she know of Carter Mason? Little but that he was generous and clean and dependable. As to his private affairs she knew only what he had chosen to tell her and she realized that their talks had been more of her and her prospects than of him.

She searched her memory for evidence that he cared for her, more than as a friend but with the exception of a few times when at parting, he had held her hand a bit longer than was necessary, certain tender inflections of his voice—nothing!

And like thunder from a blue sky, in the jealous light of this pictured face, she knew that she loved him.

She sprang to her feet, went inside, placed the picture beneath a stack of magazines—she would give it to him next time he came and watch his expression when he saw it.

On his afternoon round next day, the postman left her a letter from Carter. "I'm going out of town on a case for a little while but I'll see you as soon as I can. Don't get too energetic these hot days."

She wondered, with a dull pain in her heart, if Janet had anything to do with the "case" but even as bitterness gripped her, she reproached herself for the feeling. Carter had been fair and aboveboard. If he loved Janet—she sighed and went to see about her turkeys.

She found that a brood had strayed and set out in a search that led her into a small thicket near the road. She was tired and sat down for a moment, forgetting the turkeys as once more her mind took up its mulling over the past few weeks and the turmoil that Janet's picture had made in her contentment.

(To be concluded.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

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Make Your Own Hockey Stick.

If you need an ice hockey stick there are two ways to make it. The first is to bend the wood into shape, the other is to select a piece of wood that is already correctly bent.

Making the sharp bend is not easy with the equipment of the average home workshop, but you can have this done at a local mill, where they have facilities for bending wood, and making it stay bent. The rest of the shaping and finishing will be no trick at all.

The other method: A tree branch is selected, elm preferred, that has the correct bend to it; this is first roughly hewed to shape with an axe, then finished to the form with spoke-shave or draw-knife, plane, file and sandpaper. After sanding smooth, a coat of shellac should then be applied.

Minard's Liniment for chapped hands.

Gen. John Graves Simcoe

First governor of Upper Canada, whose burial place in an old chapel at Wolford, England, has been purchased by Sir Leicester Harmsworth, to be preserved as a permanent memorial in Simcoe's honor.

Rider Haggard's Mother.

Here I will try to give some description of this mother with whom we were blest. Twenty-two years have passed since she left us, but I can say honestly that every one of those years has brought to me a deeper appreciation of her beautiful character. . . .

My mother never was a beauty in the ordinary sense of the word, but in youth, to judge by the pictures which I have seen of her (photographs were not then known), she must have been very refined and charming in appearance. . . . Her abilities were great; takig her all in all she was perhaps the ablest woman I have known, though she had no iron background to her character; for that she was too gentle. Her bent no doubt was literary, and had circumstances permitted I am sure she would haev a name in that branch of art to which in the intervals of her crowded life she gravitated by nature. Also he was a good musician, and drew well. Of her mental abilities I have however spoken in a brief memoir which I published as a preface to a new edition of my mother's poem. . . .

I think that the greatest of her gifts, however, was that of conversation. No more charming companion could be imagined. Also she had the art of drawing the best out of anyone with whom she might be talking, as the sympathetic sometimes can do. In a minute or two she would find which was his or her strongest point and to this turn the conversation. . . . She contrived to read a great deal, and to keep herself au courant with all thought movements and the political affairs of the day. Further, she did her very best to teach her numerous children the truths of religion, and to lead them into the ways of righteousness and peace. . . .

Her various duties, including that of housekeeping, of which she was a perfect mistress, left her scarcely an hour to follow her own literary and artistic tastes. All she could do was to give a little attention to gardening, to which she was devoted.—From "The Days of My Life," by Sir H. Rider Haggard.

Leap Over Broomstick is Romany Wedding.

Jumping over a broomstick is all that's necessary for a young couple to do to become man and wife under Romany Law. This was explained by Martha Smythe, an aged gypsy woman who applied at Fareham for a pension. When asked to produce her birth and marriage certificates she said she and her husband-to-be had merely jumped over a broomstick at a fair and, according to Romany custom, were legally married.

"And we have lived happily as man and wife for over fifty years," she added proudly. The old lady's application for pension was granted.

A Conspiracy of Silence.

Oscar Wilde was not a person renowned for sharpness of tongue, but there is one remark tradition ascribes to him that Whistler himself could hardly have made more cutting.

A certain rather dull poet once complained bitterly to Wilde of the lack of critical attention that his poems received. "There seems to be a conspiracy of silence against me," he declared. "What would you advise me to do?"

"Join it," came the unconsoling reply.

Motorsleigh, invented by Mr. A. H. Waring, Uhthoff, Ontario. It has a Ford engine, and can travel twenty miles an hour on any road of ice or snow, and does not, like most motorsleighs, use excess gasoline.

AERIAL SURVEYS IN CANADA

A VALUABLE AID TO DEVELOPMENT.

Activities Extended Over Various Parts of Dominion With Noted Success.

The value of aerial photography in its application to mapping has been demonstrated many times since the commencement of this work a few years ago. By its use it is possible to map with speed and economy lands which would require a tremendous expenditure of time and effort to cover by the ordinary ground methods. Thus it is possible to employ aerial photography in the mapping of our hitherto unmapped areas when to produce maps of the same order of accuracy and detail by other methods would, from a standpoint of economy, be out of the question.

This work has been carried on since its inception, five years ago, by the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, working in co-operation with the Royal Canadian Air Force, Department of National Defence. In the office of the Topographical Survey, all aerial photographs used in mapping are indexed and filed and may be referred to at any time for information relating to the development of the country. Such information is of the utmost value, and generally could not otherwise be obtained without the expenditure of a tremendous amount of time and money in personal investigation over the territory in question.

Maps Show Wealth Detail.

Operations during the 1926 season extended over various parts of Canada. One of the areas included was that of the new Rouyn mining district in the province of Quebec, the Shirley Bay station near Ottawa being used as a base and the necessary ground field work being performed by the Geological Survey of Canada. The photographs which covered an area of over 5,750 square miles in this locality were all taken in a systematic manner and show great wealth of detail which will be of service in revising the maps of the district and in rendering assistance to the geologist, the forester, and the prospector, and for the development which will follow theo pening up of this mineral area.

In northwestern Ontario aerial photography was carried on over the region lying in general to the east of that covered by the 1925 season, and extended from the Red Lake area into the Woman Lake and Lake Nipigon districts. Consequent upon the 1925 field work, the first aerial maps of the Red Lake district became available early in the spring of 1926, at a time when their need was greatly felt. They proved of great assistance to prospectors, geologists, mining recorders, and others engaged in the development of this mineralized area, the demand for them exhausting the initial issue in a few weeks. This aerial photographic mapping work was carried on in co-operation with the geological and survey divisions of the Ontario Government, a large extent of hitherto unmapped territory being successfully photographed. These photographs reveal thousands of lakes and in addition furnish accurate records of the character of the country, and give information which will make possible the preparation of base maps for the guidance of the prospectors as well as for those engaged in patrols for forest fire detection and suppression.

Autumn Tints Aid Photographer.

In September the planes were moved into Manitoba to undertake photography in the forested areas in the vicinity of The Pas and Norway House where they operated until freeze-up, about the middle of October. During this period over 18,000 square miles were successfully photographed. The ful season of the year waschose n for this work on account of the advantage to be obtained in photographing forested areas, when the change of color in the leaves is of the greatest assistance in detecting and delineating the various timber types.

From the High River base, Alberta, photographic work was carried on in the Calgary district. From this base also a plane was dispatched to the Battleford and Prince Albert districts. In these three localities some 2,090 square miles were photographed.

In addition to those enumerated above, many small scattered photographic operations were undertaken, all designed to assist in the development of the natural resources of the country. These operations were correlated with the major operations in such a way as to minimize the expenditure of time and money, and were usually required in connection with water-power proects, forestry, geological investigations, and other purposes. Until the late autumn, work was carried on in the vicinty of the Batiscan river in Quebec and on Vancouver Island in British Columbia.

The year was a very successful one and the resulting maps will greatly assist in the development of the resources in the areas covered.

The Gypsy.

"Where do I live when I'm at home?"
The gypsy laughed to me.
"My hearthstone's laid in the good red loam
And the sky was raised for my own rooftree.
As he carries his house on a shiny track
I carry the sky, like a snail, on my back,
Till it dabbles its eaves in the sea.

"And when dark drops down and the roof grows thin
I haven't a place to be lonesome in,
For I look through the moon like a clean-washed pane
And a candle set
In the house of a friend where I'll come again. . . .

"Where I wake, sun-up, with a fern-leaf curled
In my chumpled palm, as a child could come,
That's where I live when I'm at home—
Right in the world."
—Beatrice Ravenel, in "The Arrow of Lightning."

Dancing for a Wife.

Men are not the only creatures that learn to dance when they are in love.

The ugly scorpion indulges in elaborate dances before mating. The male crawls up to the female and goes through contortions not unlike those of a shy man on introduction. Then he seizes her claws with his own and sedately walks backwards with her, turning to right and left in a sort of waltz. This generally continues for over an hour, when they rush off to spend their honeymoon underground. Afterwards the female generally kills and eats the male!

Spiders make love by a sort of Charleston solo dance. They lift one side of the body and then the other most grotesquely, and afterwards make semi-circles round the chosen one, sometimes a hundred or more, until she is apparently bewildered into acceptance.

The crane wheels round in front of his future partner, makes a bow so low that his head almost touches the ground, and then leaps into the air. He then makes another pirouette and, facing her again, a deep one. If she accepts him, the female bird gives a bow and a hop, and then together they give a series of hops and jerks, bowing ceremoniously to right and left in a remarkable resemblance to the minuet.

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.

The Brook.

Here runs the brook beneath its snowy robe,
Here on the bank the pines
Stand straight against the saffron evening,
And leaning o'er the muffled music of the water
The withered red of barberries.
—Prudence W. Potter.

What Man is Worth.

The chemical constituents that make up a man's body—iron, lime, carbon, salt, phosphorous etc.—can be bought at any drug store, we are told, for ninety-eight cents. That is what man is worth—materially. It is the intangible, invisible spirit that animates this almost valueless heap of mineral matter, the valiant spark amidst the dusk, that is the man.

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Death In Rose Thorn.

Blood-poisoning from a rose thorn scratch led to the death of William Duckett of Kendall, England.

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