

# HAWK IN THE WIND

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER



## CHAPTER I

Virgie Morgan shut the front door of her house, locked it, chained it, leaned against it, her knees fluid, her heart pounding.

"The old fool!" She choked with fury. "The adie-headed, pathetic, impudent old fool!"

Hot red surged into her strong, auburn face. Then it ebbed a little. She pushed back a gray wave of hair with a gesture naive and disturbed. She was fifty-two. A tall, strong woman with power in every inch of her tallness, in the wide decisive gentleness of her mouth, in her steady gray eyes, her proud nose which dominated her features without dwarfing them.

Her feet sat solidly on the polished floor; her clothes, well-made and not cheap, fitted her muscular body, forsaking style for utility. Her chest was deep and her thighs sturdy, but with all this anchored stability she was now one quivering tumult of outraged nerves.

A man had asked her to marry him and in sudden wrath, half shame and half consternation, she had put him out of her house. Now she could hear his car roaring around her drive, swerving past the rhododendrons and the tall stone posts, gathering speed as it swooped into the descending road.

Wallace Withers whom she had known all her life—going home in a rage because she had slammed her door upon him.

Pulling herself together with some difficulty Virgie went to the mirror, straightened her collar, looked herself coldly up and down.

Her feet wavering slightly, her head spinning, she stumbled into her library, which she still stubbornly called the "sitting-room." A log fire burned there, there were books in autumnal colors along two walls and, over the stone mantel, an enlarged photograph of a middle-aged man with an alert, nervous face, black hair, and cool, calculating blue eyes.

Virgie looked up at this portrait, swallow grimly and aching, tightened her cold hands into fists.

"You missed a lot, David," she said aloud. "I reckon it's just as well."

A door at the far end of the room moved slightly, Virgie scowled at it.

"Come along in, Lossie," she snapped. "If you want to listen, come in where you won't miss anything!"

A girl with a dull face and brassy hair waved stiffly into the room.

"I heard you talkin'—I thought maybe you was callin' me?"

"You heard me all right," Virgie was grim. "I suppose you heard Mr. Withers, too? Listen to me, Lossie Wilson—if you drop a word around Marian, you're fired—you hear me?"

"Yes'm, I wouldn't say anything for nothing, Mis' Morgan. I didn't hear real good, anyhow. You want anything, Mis' Morgan?"

"Yes. Heat up the coffee-pot. You haven't washed it, I know. Bring me a cup of coffee—strong—and no sugar. Is Marian in yet?"

"No'm, she ain't yet. She went to the second show, maybe."

Virgie wandered to the window uneasily. "It's starting to sleet again. She's got no business driving that car up this mountain in a storm."

"Yes'm—but she will though. It ain't any use saying anything to her."

The coffee was hot and black and warmed by it, Virgie Morgan relaxed a little. Her anger had turned chill, stiffened to self-scorn. She had let herself get out of control. She had made Wallace Withers mad. That he had made her fighting mad, also, did not excuse her.

She had known, she realized now, what was working in Wallace Withers' mind for more than a year. She had known when she had gone to his brick house up the river, at the time of his wife's death. She had carried hot home-made bread and baked ham; she had gone into the Withers' kitchen and supervised the excited, whispering women there, had made coffee for Wallace Withers and prepared his supper.

With his wife lying stony dead and cancer-yellowed, laid out in her best gray silk, Wallace had looked at Virgie then with approval and thoughtful speculation in his slow, drab eyes.

A rich man, a careful man, a man who lusted for power, she knew now that she had seen then the birth of an idea in Wallace Withers' mind, over that hot meat, that cup of coffee.

And tonight, here by her pleasant fire, the thieftast practical, dressed up in tight arguments, launched in clipped, perfected phrases.

Wallace had kept to his suave tone, however, wheedling, smooth, switching cleverly to the point that actually lurked in the back of his mind.

The mill, Virgie's mill.

No womanly woman—no gentle, tender-hearted creature, his marching words averred, ought to be worried with running a pulp mill. And there was his timber land, up river, toward the gap.

"I'll buy it if you want to sell," Virgie interrupted, tersely.

But Wallace did not want to sell. His eyes were on the mill. On the mill that David Morgan had built and Virgie had run successfully ever since David's death. It was then that Virgie had lost her temper.

"Trying to tell me I didn't know enough to run my mill!" She snorted now, setting the coffee-cup down on the hearth.

As though she had not steered the mill successfully through the hardest years business had ever known in these Carolina hills! A whole year after David had had his stroke, and for three years since. No profits to speak of—but no red ink either. Credit maintained, and the quality of the Morgan product kept to its high standard. Manufacturers who bought pulp from the Morgan mills knew that they were getting the best. Virgie had fought for that—as David had before her.

"I'd like to see the mill Wallace Withers would run—the old chiseler!" she snorted, fanning her disgust anew.

She unbuttoned her shoes, eased the straps over her plump ankles, wandered to the window.

Marian ought to be coming in—the crazy young one. It was after ten and the wind was rising. A slow, cold drizzle blackened the windows and, freezing, made the hemlocks bend and twist into tortured patterns. It was the worst early storm Virgie could remember. The boys would grumble about going out into the woods tomorrow, but two truckloads of seedlings had to be put out before the ground froze hard and their roots dried.

Lossie came in with the wood, punched at the fire, regarded her mistress staring out into the ugly night.

"Want I should wind the clock?" she inquired helpfully.

"You always wind it too tight," Virgie objected. "I'd hate for that clock to get out of fix. David brought it to me all the way from St. Louis once, held it on his lap so the little bronze boy wouldn't get his arm broken off. It's company for me, ticking and striking in the night. Marian thinks it looks terrible—but Marian thinks about everything in this house is old-fashioned and terrible—including me!"

Lossie, hunkered down, poking at the embers, said hesitantly, "It's none of my business, Mis' Morgan."

"That"—Virgie was dry—"never deterred you yet when you had anything on your mind!"

"It's none of my business," the girl went on in a little, desperate rush, "but I can't help seeing things. She—don't care a thing in this world for Bry Hutton, Mis' Morgan. Not a thing in this world. It's just—you make such a fuss about it—she's stubborn, she's always had her own way a lot."

"She's had her own way too much," Marian's mother set her mouth stiffly. "Bry Hutton can't drink and tear around like he does—and then hang around my house!"

"She just wants her own way," persisted Lossie, with the brass familiarity of the old servant. "If you'd just stop fussing about him—let me like it didn't matter one way or another, she'd get tired of him mighty quick. But—she likes a fuss going—she likes to get the best of you—"

"Lossie, if it wasn't that you can make good butter and on oapkins better than anybody ever had in my kitchen, I'd fire you for your impudence!"

"No, you wouldn't, Mis' Morgan. You know what I say is so. You want me to sit up till she comes in!"

"No, you go to bed. I want my breakfast before seven. I'm going up in the woods with the boys."

"I'd better oil up your boots and set 'em in a warm place, then. You got 'em terrible stiff the other day, wading that branch."

"I want sausage—and corn muffins. And black coffee. Black—not dirty gray. Shut that door. It makes a draught."

"Yes'm. If you'd put in a furnace, Mis' Morgan—it would save a lot—all that ashes and dirt."

"A lot of people have lived in this house, Lossie Wilson, and nobody ever froze yet." Lossie tensed. "Sounded like the front door."

# "As We See It"

By J. A. Strang

Most of us have our own favorite sport and at this time of the year, we would be likely to state that sport would be hockey. In the summer time though, our opinions would likely vary. Some localities prefer lacrosse, others baseball and still others softball. The latter seems to be gaining in popularity and no doubt this is on account of the more thrills that the spectators have at a softball game. Usually there are more runs scored than in hardball and runs of course means more excuses to cheer. For a smart summer game we prefer girls' softball, and when given half a chance it has become quite popular. It might be interesting to note that south of the border, according to attendance figures, it is basketball that is the most popular game in the U.S.A. Softball takes second place and hockey gets the ninth position. Lacrosse too has its followers in the States, the city at Rochester, New York State, being perhaps the most enthusiastic American city for that game. Outside of baseball, football and hockey, we hear or read very little of American sports. It would never do though to sign off this column without mentioning the great Canadian game that is so popular at this time of the year. We refer to the game of marbles. It seems to be as popular as ever.

Shortening, as used as one of the ingredients in bread making, is often referred to as the great villain. There are several different kinds of shortening and perhaps the better known three would be butter, lard and vegetable shortening. Within the last few years vegetable shortening has gained wonderful popularity. Its main advantage is its freedom from becoming rancid. Pure lard gives the best results when used in bread-making, but its drawback is the fact that it varies in flavor from time to time. Fat is not so stable as shortening. The shortening of all when used in bread-making. Not only does it give the bread a dark appearance, but it also fails to lubricate the gluten as does the use of lard or of shortening. This property that shortening has of lubricating the gluten, allowing it to stretch further without breaking, is quite an asset to the appearance of the finished loaf of bread. Another advantage of the use of shortening in bread-making is the fact that it enables bread to keep fresh longer and again its use overcomes some of the stickiness in the handling of the dough. While pure lard is considered the best shortening of all to use in bread-making yet because of its variation in flavor it is used as universally as vegetable shortening.

There is quite a difference in rural life in Northern Ontario as compared with older or Southern Ontario. The folk up there still refer to our part of the Province as "Outside." No doubt you have driven the Ferguson Highway as far as Callander at least and you would see very little difference in the towns up that way as compared with the towns in this locality. They have neat service stations and hot dog stands much like our own with perhaps more cabins and tourists houses than we have down this way. However, if you have turned off on the highway and driven back the side roads and concession lines you would have noticed quite a difference as compared to the side roads of this part of Ontario. Perhaps you might be interested in the rural schools up there. One about six miles off the highway. It is of frame construction and we remember when it was built, replacing the former log school. A different site was chosen for this school and the school grounds were covered with trees. The soil was light sand and stoney. The trees were removed, but the nature of the soil was not suitable for landscaping and the grounds were not level either. The teacher would often be a young lady and this her first position after graduating from Normal. She often just stayed the one term getting some experience to enable her to take a better school. Last September it was a young man that the school board selected and he proved to be a go-getter. Before the frost came he had the pupils bring a couple of wheelbarrows and several shovels and morning and evenings both pupils and teachers were leveling the yard—the idea being to make an open air skating rink when Jack Frost appeared. A few boards along the edge completed the foundation and a plentiful supply of water completed the undertaking. The average attendance is twenty-six and somehow or other they buy up skates and shoes and the teacher supplied a hockey stick for each boy and girl. Skating was on the program morning, recess, noon and after school. Young men with this teacher's ability are in demand right now and he was called up for his services. He was teaching in that school he had taught, besides the regular lessons, the value of co-operation, in the leveling of that rink foundation, and besides that he had taught these pupils how to skate and also how to play the game of hockey. We imagine those youngsters will remember that young man long after they have forgotten the name of the capital of Afghanistan.

We have found that the rural parts of Northern Ontario are different than our rural parts. The town that we have in mind is located on the highway and is also on the main line of the C.N.R. It has a population of some 700 although the summer village is considerably that number. This town has a nice skating arena and they usually have a very fair hockey team, although, due to war conditions, have no team this winter. But it is the team of about the same age that we have in mind. One of those players is now in the N.E.I. and is making good. Another member of that team was the local minister. Of course there is no reason that we know of why a minister should play hockey, however, it isn't often done. Perhaps this young man was different and it was interesting to learn that on prayer meeting night the hockey practice was set ahead an hour to enable the minister to take part. The

# Milton Soldier Weds In England

FIRST LOBNE SOOT TO MARRY OVERSEAS—GEORGETOWN OHIO BIRTH

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the Royal Military College Chapel, Sandhurst, Surrey, England, on Saturday, February 23, when Susan Irene Morrison, eldest daughter of Mrs. J. Morrison, of Whitley Bay, Northumberland, became the bride of Pte. John W. Turner, of the Lorne Scots. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Turner, of Milton. Both the bride and groom were in uniform, the bride being a member of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service.

The bride was attended by Volunteer Violet Parlett, while Capt. Thomas E. Given, Georgetown, acted as best man. The bride was given in marriage by Sgt. J. Oullinaine, of the Welsh Guards.

The couple left the chapel under an arch of bayonets formed by members of the Lorne Scots who acted as guard of honor. The wedding party proceeded to the railway station where a hearty send-off was given to the happy couple as they left for a honeymoon trip to the north of England.

On the evening preceding the wedding, a dance was held in honour of the bride and groom. A presentation was made to the couple by Capt. G. W. Bullock on behalf of the Lorne Scots.

Pte. Turner, who enlisted at the outbreak of war, has been on active service in England for more than a year. He was the first member of his unit to marry in England.

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# 47 Mumps in March Tops Last Month's Figure

47 new cases of mumps are reported by the Medical Officer of Health in the March statistics released this week. This brings the total number of cases to 127 since the outbreak of the epidemic last September.

The complete report follows:

Scarlet Fever	0
Chickenpox	1
Meadles	0
German Measles	0
Mumps	47
Infantile Paralysis	0
Typhoid Fever	0
Whooping Cough	0
Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis (Epidemic)	0

rest of the team appreciated the minister's hockey ability and after practice that night each week the whole team went to prayer meeting. It all sounds like a fairy tale, but after all, playing the game is merely another way of practicing the Golden Rule.

Go places for **Easter**

**Special LOW FARES**

GO: any time Thursday, April 10th, until 2.00 p.m. Monday, April 14th.

RETURN: leave destination up to midnight Tuesday, April 15th, 1941.

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