

# HAWK in the WIND

By  
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WNU Service.

"I'll make some chocolate." Lucy was a little breathless. "This chair is more comfortable, I'm sure."  
"Can I help?" Daniels offered.  
"Oh, no. I couldn't think of it." Lucy laughed quickly. "I'm old-fashioned, you see. I belong to that vanishing race of women who think that men should be waited upon."  
Never could she let him see the inside of that dreadful old kitchen. The old wood stove, the smoky kettle and rusty pipe, the smelly little two-burner kerosene contraption they used in summer.  
She lit this affair now, to heat the cocoa, carefully closing the door so its smudgy smell would not penetrate the other room. The little cups were pretty. She had bought them hopefully, and kept them now in her trunk, after having found one on the back porch with medicine in it, mixed for a sick hen. She had crocheted the lacy edge of the napkins and ironed them to a gloss.  
Everything was delicate and pleasing—even Marian Morgan herself could not have arranged a daintier tray.  
Then she lifted the lid of the cake box and exclaimed in sudden dismay. "Oh—mean! Oh, what shall I do?"  
Mrs. Fields had eaten all the little cakes.

Even before he was able to stand alone without wavering, Branford Willis knew that he was falling in love with Marian Morgan.

The realization troubled him. He was under deep obligation to Virgie. She had, he knew, saved his life by taking him in, by the care he had had when illness laid him low. To repay that debt by falling in love with Virgie's child, especially now that Virgie was also to be his employer, seemed a left-handed and slightly dubious procedure—but there was no help for it.

Marian's very aloofness, her odd, prickly, half-sweet, half-bitter withdrawing, the secret and judging quality that lived in her dark eyes and hid in her long lashes, made her an enigma, a challenging mystery to dare any man with blood in his veins. And Branford Willis was young and fiercely proud and adventurous.

His pride was what bothered him. As he stood, erect finally and shying himself with a rather uncertain hand before the mirror in his room, he told himself grimly that no one, least of all the girl herself, should ever guess the state of his feelings until he could look Virgie Morgan calmly in the face, a man on his own, worth what he was paid and able to love a woman without apology or without humility.

So whenever Marian came near, he kept the conversation on the brittle, half-bantering, half-contemptuous strain that modern youth assumes, choosing it for sophistication, hiding any current of feeling, masking every emotion. And so soon as he could mount the stairs without staggering, he rented a room in the house of Ada Clark's mother, and prepared to move.

"I have to do this. You understand," he said to Virgie.  
"Yes," she said, "I understand."  
"I haven't anything to pack," he said, "so I might as well go. I have to send some wires and locate my belongings. I'll report for work on Monday. And I'll earn whatever you pay me."  
"You'll earn it all right," Virgie was terse. "I had to give up philanthropy after three banks had busted in my face. People who work for me have to produce."  
"To Marian, Willis pitched his farewell speech in another key.  
"I'm about to depart hence," he remarked, walking into the little room at the foot of the stairs which had once been David Morgan's private lair. "My obnoxious person is about to be removed from your vicinity. Then you can smile and be lightsome and gay once more."  
Marian looked up from the letter she was writing. A quick little shadow moved over her face, her eyes darkened, and her lips caught on a half-open, incredulous question. Then her composure returned.  
"Well—good-by," she said, getting to her feet. "I suppose it would be too much for you to tell them in Washington that we are really fairly decent people, if we do mull pulp."  
"I'm not going to Washington. I'm staying here."  
An older man, a wiser man would have caught the light that flamed up behind her eyes, noted the quick little catch of her breath. But Branford Willis was young and not terribly wise.  
"Oh—so you're staying here." Marian's voice wavered ever so little.  
"I'm going to work in the Morgan

mill. Didn't your father tell you?"  
"No," she said slowly. "she didn't tell me."  
She stood waiting, with the old desk where David Morgan had kept his dusty piles of letters and his stacked trade papers, with David Morgan's photograph—steely-eyed and with a fierce, handle-bar mustache—behind her, as the tradition of the Morgan mill and the Morgan money was behind her. It was a little like standing on a proud mountain, disdaining all below, but Marian was not thinking of that because at that moment a white pain had her by the throat.

There had been an hour—but of course Willis had been desperately ill then, and sick men are unaccountable—but there had been an hour of dusk and quietness, when she had been keeping watch and Willis had caught her hand in his hot, twitching fingers and told her that her voice was like a song.

Mad folly, of course, even to have listened! But she had listened, and her heart, lonely and self-contained and timorous for all the briary barriers she had let grow around it, had waited hungrily for more.

But obviously there was no more. He did not care. He was going to work in the mill. He had wanted a job and he had been ingratiating and smooth and, engaging until he got it. She let bitter acid, brewed from galling disappointment, seethe through her blood and sting the tip of her tongue.

"So, you're going to work in the mill, you never waste time, do you? I hope mother is able to make money enough to pay you. She has had a hard time, paying the men she has already."

"It was her suggestion." He stiffened himself, missing everything that a man should have seen and heard in her eyes, in her voice—a man who was in love. Then he plunged on angrily, because he was hurt and tingling from a vague scorn he thought he caught in her attitude. "It won't be necessary for you to see me, if it's painful to you. You can ride by and disdain me from beyond the wall. I've been looked at with loathing before. I can bear it."

He walked out, and Marian stood still, pressed against the old desk, her teeth set on her lip. The little room was small and gloomy from an overhanging hemlock tree. An old chair, twisting squeakily, stood there and she sat in it, her knuckles pressed against her teeth, her nails cutting her palms.

So—he was an opportunist, and callously brazen about it! And she, daughter of David Morgan, had dreamed dreams! She writhed against the cold leather of the chair. Then, on an impulse, she ran to the hall, dragged on a hat and coat, picked up the telephone, and gave a number crisply.

"I'm ringing," announced Mildred, the operator, in suave tones that made Marian's teeth click. All the girls in the exchange knew that she was calling Bry Hutton. All the girls knew also that probably Bry wasn't up yet.

Mrs. Hutton answered, a hurrying nervous woman with a nervous voice. Marian could almost see her standing there with a duster in her hand and an ear cocked to one side to listen for fear the beams might be boiling over. She was a marvelous housekeeper and it was rumored in the town that Mrs. Hutton kept a dustmop in a hall closet, ready to erase the tracks of visitors almost before the door had closed upon them. Bry was shaving, she said.

Bry Hutton had only two types of conversation where women were concerned. An ironic, half-bitter drawl and an insinuating, caressing intimacy, that verged faintly on insult. He began in this second manner but Marian cut it short crisply.

"I didn't call up to be petted, Bry. This is business. I want to go to Selly Gallup's. That mountain road is muddy and mother will fuss if I drive it myself. You'll have to take me."

"Oh, look here, sweetness, it's raining and cold as hell. Can't you call Selly on the phone? Can't you wait till tomorrow? It might freeze over by that time."  
"I want to go today. If you don't want to take me, Bry, I'll call somebody else."  
"Well, don't do that. If you absolutely have to go, I'll take you. But it's a nutty idea, if you ask me. There's no sense to it."  
"Nobody asked you—and perhaps there isn't any sense to it. Bry, will you take me to Asheville instead?"  
"Sure—stick around. I'll be there."  
"No, I won't stick around. I'm going into town, now." She spoke hurriedly. A car was stopping outside. In a moment Branford Willis would be going down those stairs. "I'll meet you at the drug-store, Bry," she said as she hung up.

Rain beat through the open window of her little car as she tore down the mountain. The wheels lurched and skidded on muddy curves but she was reckless and heedless. She had to get away. Anger rode her like an imp of white flame—anger that hurt. The stuffy fiber in her hat that she had from her father, that odd fierce honesty that could be both intolerant and tender, was tortured by the thought of weakness of surrender. How could she have been so weak—so easy? She braced herself so hard on the steering-wheel that her knuckles ached.

(Continued next week)

—BUY VICTORY BONDS AND HELP BEAT HITLER!

## "As We See It"

By J. A. Strang

Usually we associate weddings with the month of June, and it might be quite proper to also associate examinations with this month. Up to the present time it seems that examinations are the best means thought of, to determine the right of promotion, but like everything else examinations have their faults. The otherwise capable student may worry about exams, thereby producing nervousness, with the result the student hasn't made an honest showing of his or her capabilities, on the exam papers. Again the gifted student with a short memory can cram the night previous to each certain exam, get by with a good percentage correct, and by the following day may have again forgotten it all. There is an opening for someone to discover a better system to obtain a fairer standing for promotion for students than by the present system of examinations. Until this better system is discovered we will have to put up with this rather unfair system which is now in use.

We noticed an article in one of the exchanges recently regarding a pupil in the town represented by this exchange and as we happen to know this particular student, the item interested us. This student had won a valuable scholarship and the local paper had rightly given him quite a write-up. He is a smart lad, alright, but we just wondered about the other students of that same school who are likely to be numbered with those average students who just get by. It is not likely that they will get any particular mention regarding their ability.

But suppose we look into their future and no doubt we will find that these average students will make up the rank and file of their community and it is they that will be making the wheels go round. They may never win any scholarships but they will be classed as so many of the common people that Abraham Lincoln seemed to admire. On the other hand what about this brilliant student that has

won this scholarship. He will have a hard row to hoe as he will be expected to continue to be brilliant. He may have gotten his education the easy way and might be able to forget it all just as readily. So often the plodder who gets his education the hard way remembers the little he did learn much longer than does the student who seems to learn so readily. Somehow we have a heart for those plodders who just get by. There seems to be so many of them.

The first day that we arrived in Georgetown we were asked if we were familiar with the Big Dam that was being erected on the Grand river near Pergus and we have been asked the same question a great many times since that. It so happens that we were born in the same township in which the dam is being erected and we also lived in Pergus for several years so we are more or less familiar with that part of the country. Often those enquiring about the dam have never been up to see it yet and we thought, judging by the number of sightseers that have visited the dam each week-end during the last two years, that everybody in Ontario at least had been there.

The Grand river rises near Dundalk and flows through two townships in Dufferin County, East Lether and East Garafraxa, and then on into West Garafraxa, which is in Wellington County, and it is in this latter township that the dam is located. Back in the 1890's we can remember the folk talking about the Government ditches that were being dug in Lether Township in order to drain the marsh. Had those ditches never been dug it is quite likely that this big dam would not have been needed. Those ditches drained the flat country quickly each spring causing a flood on the Grand and then when the flood was over the river was usually very low for the remainder of the summer. The idea in erecting the dam is to overcome this freshet trouble in the spring by storing the water, then releasing it gradually during the summer months. This steady flow of water from the big dam will be used for power perhaps by some of the factories down the river, but the main benefit will be for sanitary purposes for such towns and cities as Pergus, Kitchener, Frenon, Galt and Brantford. The dam

isn't quite finished as yet and may not be finished now until the conclusion of the war. A few miles of the G.P.R. that runs from Elora to the Cataract has to be moved to higher ground before the dam can be operated to capacity. We haven't mentioned the size of the dam nor the amount of land that it will flood when it is full. If you are one of those folk who haven't visited the dam yet, we suggest that you drive up and see it. The most direct route from here is straight through Ballinastad and Hillsburg, and then turn left at the Pergus-Orangeville road and driving straight ahead will take you to the dam. It is about a forty mile drive.

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(Mrs.) M. R. L.  
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