

The Free Press Short Story

HEARTS THAT DISCERN

FLORENCE KERIGAN

JACK DAVIDSON paused an instant to mop his brow before swinging upward to the next boulder. "My word!" he muttered. "This must be a mountain goat or something."

The red-weathered figure of the girl ahead of him was his objective, but she seemed to be climbing as fast as he was for she was never much nearer. At last he lost her around a curve in the trail, such as it was, and finally came upon her snuggled on a ledge overlooking the most beautiful valley in all the Balkans. At first he thought she had fallen, but then he discovered that she was crying and peered irresolute.

"Go away!" said the girl. Jack sat down on a convenient boulder to wait until the violence of her pent-up emotion had abated somewhat; then he calmly handed her his handkerchief. "Now, what's it all about? Bad news from home? Homesickness? Something gone wrong with your classes? Or all the troubles in the world piled up at once?"

"Something like the last," she smiled merrily. "—oh, I don't see why I ever came here!" "Well, I don't either," he admitted. "You might have picked out an easier place to climb to."

"I thought maybe if I climbed I'd feel better. And I didn't ask you to come, anyway."

"No. But I knew something was wrong. I've been through it myself, you see."

"Not like this. You couldn't have." She paused and studied the plaid border of his handkerchief. "You see, I thought all a missionary needed was the urge to go and do it. And—"

"And?" she questioned after a moment. "There's more to it than that."

"Such as what?" "Personality."

"He thought a moment. 'That covers a lot of ground. Just what do you mean by 'personality?'"

"What you have. Now take you for instance. The boys worship you! Oh, yes they do! They never think of doing anything without asking you to do it. I mean things they don't have to do. ask a teacher to help them with. They tell you things, intimate things, and they—they love you!"

He looked across the valley to the lavender mist, and a tender little glow crept into his black eyes. "They're decent little tykes," he said finally. "I kind of—love them—myself." He turned toward her again. "But how does that apply to your problem?"

"My girls don't feel that way about me."

"Aw, shucks! Give them that! You can't expect them to take you to their bosoms at sight. And girls are more cautious than boys, anyway. Boys size you up and either make your life an inferno, if they don't like you, or decide you're a good sport and give you the key to the city, practically the first time they see you. There's no half-way with boys; they're elemental. Girls, now, are more subtle—I think that's the word."

"There's no way of knowing what they're thinking until they get ready to tell you; then half the time they've been thinking something you never suspected!"

"The girl laughed a little shakily at that. "Not so badly characterized," she admitted. "But I think you're too modest. Elemental though the boys may be, you've got to admit that you're a tremendous influence for good in their lives—and in the lives of the rest of us teachers, too."

"It's nice of you to say that," he said sincerely.

"—In fact, you're the reason I'm here. You're so marvelous!"

They killed, tossing them from spear to spear until they were dead. The wall by the fountain in the market square—there was a little village there with cedars and poplars and sweetly blossoming fruit trees—was spattered with blood. The fountain ran red. And now—the valley is serene and beautiful."

He turned suddenly. Elizabeth Carter stood looking at him with surprise in her eyes. He had changed in that moment. His eyes were glowing in his lean dark face, like the eyes of one whose visions. "Come, let's go down. It will be dark soon. Better give me your hand, for the trail is treacherous."

During the days which followed, the two young people were often together. They became Elizabeth and Jack to each other, and the other teachers exchanged meaning looks and nodded kindly, pleased at the romance they saw budding before their eyes.

"Elizabeth's a sweet little thing," said Doctor Graham, thoughtfully watching the two swing off together for a hike after school hours. "Needs a little more seasoning, perhaps, but—"

When Elizabeth and Jack returned from their hike, laughing and joking with a score of boys and girls who had joined them, Doctor Graham met them on the porch of the teachers' house. "Jack, I have a job for you—mean job, too, with a storm coming up."

"Sure. What is it?" "Graham leaned heavily on the railing of the porch. "I've just had a message from Willis. An epidemic of diphtheria has broken out in the hills. There's a doctor on the scene, but he's used up all his antitoxin and there's no one else to send. You'll take all our extra supply, will you?"

"Who are these people?" "They are a group of nomads, under Hassan Mahomud, just outside the gates of Kabul. I have the stuff all ready for you and the best horse we have. Sorry to ask it, but you'll have to go to-night in spite of the approaching storm."

Jack had become strangely tense. When he turned toward Graham, his face was white and his eyes blazing. "Take antitoxin to Mahomud's men!" He threw back his head and laughed, but there was no humor in the sound. "Diphtheria in his camp? And to think I should be here to know of it! I!"

"Why—Jack!" "For an instant the two men looked at each other. "I will not—take antitoxin to Mahomud's men!" said the younger deliberately. His face was grim and set.

"The storm—" began Doctor Graham, and stopped. He knew there was a greater reason than the storm, a reason which struck to the other's very soul, transforming Jack from the most dependable and Christlike missionary on the staff to a man seething with primitive hatred and shaken with passion.

"They'll die if you don't," whispered Mrs. Graham.

"Of course they will! If I were not afraid of catching it I would go there to watch them die! I would enjoy it!" "Jack!" gasped Elizabeth. "What are you saying?"

"They're Turks," he said. "Turks! And you're asking me to go out there to save them—me! And they're not just ordinary Turks! They're Mahomud's men!" He laughed again, and the sound was not pleasant to hear; then he went inside the house and slammed the door.

Doctor Graham and his wife stared at each other dumfounded. Elizabeth looked at them both, hesitated a moment, and then went inside to find Jack. He was standing by a window overlooking the valley. "Jack—" she began.

"He swung around. "You remember that day when I followed you up the mountain?"

"—And I said you were my ideal of a missionary," he said quietly.

He faltered, then stiffened, and the muscles stood out on his jaw. "Remember I told you about the massacre twenty years ago in that village? Look at me! What nationality am I?"

"Why—why—American, aren't you?" "I am called Jack Davidson. My name is Jakob Davidson. An Armenian. I was born in that village. I was taking care of my sheep on a ledge just above the village when the Turks, under Mahomud, swooped down from the hills. I ran down. I saw them kill my father. He didn't die right away—he lived—quite a while. They killed my grandmother—and they took my mother away. My little brother too—they—"

He ran his slender brown fingers through his blue-black hair and shut his eyes against the vividness of the memory. Elizabeth thought of her father, her mother, her baby brother back in peaceful, safe America, and shuddered.

away. I came to the American mission and the missionaries took me to America when they went back. And now I am asked to take life-saving antitoxin to turn the curse of God away from that people!"

"But, Jack! Think! You're a missionary! It's—it's your duty—" "My position is that of teacher, Elizabeth, neither messenger nor doctor. If a Turk comes here to the mission and I have to teach him, well and good; but I do nothing more!"

If a Turk came to the mission—Elizabeth both had an idea. She left Jack Davidson sitting by the window, with bitterness stamped upon his heart and lined upon his face.

A long time afterwards, or so it seemed to him, something roused him out of his slumber, something soft and compelling. A tiny brown hand lay on his knee and a baby face looked into his. Brown dimpled fists beat on his knee and a childish voice lisped, "Up! Up!"

He took the child on his knee and she snuggled down into his arms. "Sing!" she commanded. "Sing me—sleep—" "Oh, here she is!" Elizabeth laughed down at them in well-stimulated surprise.

"Sing!" Jack warned her. "She's asleep!" "We're here to make the world safe for children like her," whispered the girl. "To teach them and their brothers so that they will be happier, to teach them of God—to heal them when they are sick. You—you would dread to see her suffer, wouldn't you, Jack?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Jack, tightening his arms a bit as though the act would keep away harm. "Where did she come from, anyway?" "She was brought here this morning by a man who said her parents are dead. She's—she's a Turk, Jack."

The young man looked down at the sleeping child and could hardly believe that anything so soft, warm, and adorable could be a Turk!

"She and her sick mother and this man were left behind on the march. After the mother died, the man was afraid to take the child to the encampment because there is death there. So he brought her here. You see—she is one of Mahomud's little. It's—it's hitting children like this one pretty hard and he was afraid—"

Children like this one! Fully Jack had always thought of the Turks as men, fierce, bearded giants with curved swords. "Here. Take her."

"Jack! Where are you going?" "I'm taking the antitoxin to Mahomud's men. And if you want to know why, read the last two verses of the book of Jonah!"

Elizabeth watched him ride off through the lacing silver threads of rain. She then laid the child down on a couch and turned to the last two verses of Jonah, to the place where God reveals his pity to Jonah who had raged against the people of Nineveh because he hated their wickedness: "Then said the Lord, 'Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, where are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?'"

Elizabeth met Jack Davidson coming back far up the valley the next morning. He came riding like a victor, and only she knew how much of a victor he was, conqueror over a heart of bitterness, over an age-old racial enmity.

Elizabeth met Jack Davidson coming back far up the valley the next morning. He came riding like a victor, and only she knew how much of a victor he was, conqueror over a heart of bitterness, over an age-old racial enmity.

EXPORTS MAKE BIG GAIN Canada's domestic exports in August had a value of \$70,738,000 compared with \$55,249,000 a year ago and \$44,723,000 in August, 1933. The increase over last year was \$15,489,000, or 28 per cent., and the increase over two years ago was \$26,015,000, or 59 per cent.

The domestic exports for August were greater than for any month since November, 1930. Many items contributed to the gain in the August exports. Exports of alcoholic beverages rose from \$509,000 in August 1934 to \$715,000, due chiefly to increased buying by the United States.

Wheat shipments were heavier, amounting to \$17,504,000, compared with \$12,829,000. Shipments to the United Kingdom at \$14,016,000 almost doubled, and those to the United States were valued at \$2,404,000, compared with \$355,000.

Unmanufactured leather exports rose from \$178,000 to \$207,000; meats from \$1,345,000 to \$1,768,000; raw wool from \$78,000 to \$105,000; paper, chiefly newspaper, from \$6,808,000 to \$10,101,000; planks and boards from \$2,555,000 to \$3,306,000; shingles from \$442,000 to \$986,000.

Automobile exports were higher at \$1,869,000 compared with \$1,459,000 in August last year, and farm implements rose from \$188,000 to \$508,000; machinery from \$388,000 to \$634,000; pig iron and ingots from \$67,000 to \$137,000.

In the non-ferrous metals, aluminum exports were worth \$1,518,000 against \$287,000; copper \$3,187,000 compared with \$1,765,000; raw gold \$528,000 against \$318,000; lead \$900,000 compared with \$564,000; nickel \$4,080,000 compared with \$2,409,000; and silver \$1,070,000 compared with \$603,000.

Asbestos was higher in August at \$340,000 against \$275,000 and coal at \$175,000 compared with \$129,000.

NO RELIEF NOW The member of the crew approached a very distressed passenger on the boat.

"Don't be downhearted, sir," he said. "Sea-sickness never killed anyone yet."

The suffering one groaned. "Don't say that," he pleaded. "It's only the hope of dying that's kept me alive so far."

SLATS DIARY BY ROSE FARGUE

Friday—Joe Hises wife says she doesn't believe any more that who is good for Painting Spells because Joe has been having fainting spells 2 or 3 times a week and she got him sum wine for his fainting spells and now Joe has a fainting spell most generally evry day, sun times 2.

Saturday—Pa is still werrying over his bad luck wich he had when he betted on the Bare Lewis prize fight. He bet 2 \$ with Mr. Gillem and if it had Ended in the fourteenth Round instead of the 4th and Bare had knocked out Lewis pa would of win 2 \$ instead of losing it.

Sunday—Les Wilkins & his Wife had there baby out riding today for the first time since it was born. They had Emmey they felt Frye to take it out now on acct. they finished paying for it yesterday.

Monday—Tim Blunts ole Made Ant died the other day and he went to her Funeral today and he told pa that he honestly beloved the onley 2 dates she ever had was the ones they were putting on her Toom alone.

Tuesday—Wird got out that Lilly Spriggs win the rolling pin throwing contest at the FFA picnic last week and since then she hasnt had no dates with her intended husband.

Wednesday—Pa seen in the paper where a man wich was refused a loan by the Bank went and set a Bum under it and blue the bankup, pa called the bankers attentian to it here in town.

Thursday—Phil Jinkins has started to learn the Barber business but pa says he will never get a long very well at it becuz he has got a stoppage in his Speech.

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.—In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh.

AFRAID OF NOTHING

Little Girl—Daddy when you see a cow ain't you afraid? Daddy—Of course not, darling. Little Girl—When you see a great big worm, ain't you afraid? Daddy—No, of course not.

Little Girl—When you see a horrible, monstrous tumbleweed, ain't you afraid? Daddy—No, certainly not. Little Girl—Ain't you afraid when it thunders and lightnings? Daddy—No, no, you silly child. Little Girl—Daddy, ain't you afraid of nothing in the whole world 'ceptin' mother?

AND THEN SOME

Friend: "Did you fish with flies?" Returning camper: "Fish with them? We fished with them, camped with them, ate with them and slept with them."

COLD DRINKS FOR HOT DAYS

Milk drinks claim the distinction of being both refreshing and nourishing. In other words they are not only thirst quenchers but valuable food, an ideal combination for hot summer days when appetites are apt to lag and there may be little desire for solid foods.

The natural flavor of milk makes it a most palatable drink when served iced. Some prefer the tang of fresh buttermilk to that of sweet milk, while milk drinks, such as the following, made by the addition of syrups and flavorings, are also quite popular.

CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKE 4 squares (ounces) chocolate (melted over hot water) or 1/2 cup cocoa

Few grains salt 1 to 1 1/2 cups sugar 1 1/2 cups boiling water

Mix together chocolate or cocoa, salt, sugar and water and stir until well blended. Boil 5 minutes. Cool. Pour in a covered jar. Use 2 to 3 tablespoons syrup to 1/2 cup of milk, heating together with egg beater or shaking well in a shaker. Serve thoroughly chilled.

MILK ORANGEADE 1 cup milk 2 tablespoons cracked ice 3 tablespoons orange syrup

Make orange syrup by boiling together 5 minutes equal quantities of orange juice and sugar. A little lemon juice may be added if desired. Put milk, ice and syrup in a jar and shake until blended and serve cold.

GINGER MILK 1/2 cup milk 1/2 cup ginger ale Sugar if desired

Combined very cold milk and chilled ginger ale. Sweeten to taste and serve at once.

MILK BLOSSOMS 1/2 cup milk 2 tablespoons fruit syrup or grape Juice

Blend milk and syrup together before adding charged water. Serve very cold. Orange, lemon, pineapple, strawberry, raspberry or fig syrup may be made by using half as much sugar as fruit or fruit juice. In the case of berries, cover with water. Boil 5 minutes and strain through cheesecloth. Canned fruit or jam may be used to make the syrup. With most syrups a few drops of lemon juice improves the flavor.

Friend: "Did you fish with flies?" Returning camper: "Fish with them? We fished with them, camped with them, ate with them and slept with them."

HORSES COMING BACK

Canada's horse population has declined greatly during the past fifteen years, due, principally, to the invasion of the motor vehicle into the field of endeavor as long ruled by the equines. Unable to compete with the speed and convenience of automobiles as a mode of transportation the horse naturally suffered in prestige, and with the adoption of power machinery on farms his sphere of usefulness became even more limited, with the result that the number of horses in Canada declined from 3,610,494 in 1921 to 2,933,492 in 1934, notwithstanding the growth of the country during that period.

Despite the continued decline in recent years, indications point to better days ahead for "Old Dobbin," with both horse population and demand on the increase. An estimate of the number of horses in Manitoba as at June, 1935, places the horse population at 297,000, an increase of 1,000 over the preceding year. Another favorable indication is the distinct increase in horse-breeding activities. Horse breeders' clubs in the Prairie Provinces numbered 166 in 1934, an increase of more than 30 per cent. over the number in operation in 1933, and a number of districts reported inability to secure satisfactory stallions. Imports of pure-bred stallions and mares of the draft breeds numbered 50 in 1933, and this number was more than doubled in 1934.

Assistant Driver "Did you have a nice trip?" "Very good. My wife did all the driving."

"How lovely. So you could enjoy the scenery?" "Yes, all I had to do was to hold the wheel."

What is the principal part of a horse? The main part (mane).



Brighten up with ALL-BRAN!

You've had days when you've felt discouraged and low. Nothing seemed to go right. Frequently these dreary days can be traced to common constipation, due to lack of "bulk" in your meals.

This ailment may cause headaches and loss of energy. Correct it by eating a delicious cereal.

Laboratory research shows Kellogg's All-Bran provides "bulk" to aid elimination. All-Bran also furnishes vitamin B and food-iron.

The "bulk" in All-Bran roasts digestion better than the fiber in fruits and vegetables. It is gentler and often more effective. Isn't this natural food better than taking patent medicines—often harmful?

Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran daily are usually sufficient. With each meal, in chronic cases. If not relieved this way, see your doctor.

Brighten days with All-Bran! Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

J. Cadesky OPTOMETRIST WILL BE IN ACTON ON Monday, November 4

Kellogg's HARVEST SALE AT LOCAL GROCERS this week there's a special no housewife can afford to miss! Crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes in a great Harvest Sale. Specially priced! Outstanding value!