

The Free Press Short Story

CRUMBLED WINGS

JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS

THE scene came back to Roy Baxter daily, almost hourly, like a horrid, grisly nightmare. It was a picture which blotted out all other pictures in his mind, all other scenes before his eyes. He had thought he might escape those unquiet memories in travel, only to learn to his sorrow that it is impossible to escape memories. Now, in the palm-shaded patio of the Casa de Manana a hotel in Antigua, Guatemala, Roy leisurely ate a breakfast of huevos rancheros (eggs, rather spicy) and drank black Guatemalan coffee. His lean brown face, with its brooding blue eyes seemed years older than his twenty years as he stared at the splashing fountain in a setting of luxuriant flowers in the centre of the stone patio. Then, in that strange way of late, his present surroundings faded into another scene. He had been an air-mail pilot on the New York-Chicago run, the youngest pilot, but one of the ablest. One night three passengers with political privileges presented themselves with orders from Washington which could not be ignored. Roy had explained that reports indicated fog in Pennsylvania's Himalayas, the Appalachian and Allegheny Mountains. Roy remembered well his passengers. The man was a big jovial sort with smiles and a big nose. The girl, about Roy's own age, possessed her mother's charm and had smiling, vivacious blue eyes. They flew into that mountain fog on a moonless night—and they never flew out again. Roy remembered the horrible sensation of helplessness when the hub on the propeller flew off and the propeller followed it, robbing the aeroplane of all motive power. The propeller, spinning at 1900 revolutions a minute, ripped through the lower wing of the biplane, nearly severing it. There he was, left as best he might to get them down, with his ship, whose wings were fraying, whose motor he was forced to shut off to keep it from tearing itself and the aeroplane to pieces when the propeller flew off, and visibility nil. Roy Baxter was no coward, but the terror of death was in his heart. Uttering a prayer that he could get his passengers down safely, regardless of what became of himself, he tried to glide to unseen grass below. It was a hopeless "washout," of course. The miracle was that Roy Baxter lived and that the aeroplane and mail did not burn. The subsequent investigation completely exonerated Roy; no pilot could have done more than he had done to save his passengers. There was a recommendation that the type of aeroplane he had flown be discontinued in service because of the radical structure and mechanical faults and that there be a limitation of passes issued on air-mail planes. An investigation, however does not restore three lives. Roy Baxter was cleared of blame, and his position was open to him; but he could not go back. He explained matters to the "super" after the second trip, and was advised to lay off until he could forget. Buying an aeroplane with his savings, he tried barnstorming for his living. Barnstorming required taking up passengers, however, and he was afraid of what might occur. Thinking distance might lessen the pain of memory, he flew down through Mexico and Guatemala, landing in Antigua. That ghastly scene still haunted him as it did now, however. Why of the four, wondered Roy, had he been the one to live? Was there any guiding hand to direct the destinies of man to make order out of chaos? It did not seem so to Roy. He saw no reason why he, of the four, should have been spared! No Supreme Hand would have made such a decision. If humans just drifted through an aimless world like chaff in the wind, however, to what could he pin faith? The reasoning always led him back to the same full question: Did anything really matter? Roy's pondering mind was drawn from its own troubles by a rumbling and hissing. The youth glanced up at the three volcanoes which stood guard over the flat adobe town of Antigua. They were called Agua, Puego and Acatenango. From the latter issued a plume of smoke, etched in black relief against the blue dome of the sky. Roy was indifferent to the fact that lava was now beginning to spill over the brim of the crater. All the day before smoke had issued from Acatenango in spurts, sometimes amounting five miles, above the peak. Guatemaltecos Indians in bright blue, red and yellow homespun tunics had thronged along the cobblestoned streets of the old town; others had departed in ex-carts containing their scanty possessions. Watching them, Roy was aware of their sensed danger in the rumbling and growling of the volcano. Now that their Indian fears had materialized into reality, his instinct for self-preservation was still unaroused. "What does it matter, anyhow?" he asked himself. Suddenly a car grated to a stop outside

one thing he had been unable to observe for certain from the Casa de Manana. The reason the river of lava separated into two streams on either side of the adobe house was evident. A great point of rock above the house proved the point of cleavage. As the lava continued to flow, however, it was breaking new ground. In less than ten minutes it was probable the house would be surrounded by the incredible hot stream. Throwing his machine into a slow spin, Roy nosed down for the plowed ground behind the house. He wondered if he would survive the landing. He must lose his safety belt as he neared the ground; he levelled out the biplane. The aeroplane struck in what would have proved a perfect three-point on level ground. Now, due to the rugged contour, the crate bumped along unevenly for a dozen feet, nosed up, and sent Roy catapulting forward as it did so. When he staggered to his feet, some distance from the machine, it had pivoted over on one wing, which was crumpled beneath the twisted mass of wreckage. Something constricted in his throat. His hope of taking the woman and two children out in his aeroplane was shattered. A squat woman with toll-worn face came running toward Roy. "Senor! Senor!" she exclaimed. "Are you hurt?" He forced a pale smile to his lips. "No," he answered her in Spanish; "but I'm afraid we're all in a bad way. I'd hoped to take you out in my plane." Fear and despair looked out of her eyes as she surveyed the twisted heap of metal, wood and fabric. Roy stared with narrowed eyes at the stream of lava already striking the edge of the house. He turned his eyes to the great natural barrier of rock which had so far cleared the stream. "Quick!" he muttered thickly. "We must run toward the big rock. It's our only hope." Roy sprang toward the house. A girl was crying on the floor. "Go to your mother!" he directed her harshly in Spanish. On the bed lay a boy with flushed cheeks and fever-bright eyes. This was the milder of whom the mazo had spoken, sick with malaria, Roy guessed. He picked up the boy in his arms, hurrying to the door. A thin, black stream had trickled through the doorway. Roy leaped over it, staggering, and hurried on up the slope to the place where the mother was standing as he had left her, her mind evidently still numb from the hopelessness of her position. "Come," he said hoarsely. She followed him up the precipitous slope like a child, the girl clinging to her hand. The air was stinging, stagnant with the fumes of the volcano, and Roy panted from the burden of the sick child in his arms. His aeroplane was burning now, ignited by the river of lava, which had surrounded the house. He had arrived hardly in time. As he looked ahead, Roy wondered if he had not been too late. The path was growing narrower. The woman sobbed. "We can't make it, senor. It is hopeless!" "Have faith," said Roy, through clenched teeth. "Trust in God." He staggered on, the stream seemingly closing after them to shut off escape to the rear, should they be mad enough to attempt it. The adobe house was crumbling. One wall tottered and fell inward as Roy gave one hasty backward glance. The path ahead narrowed to a yard—two feet—a foot—and then in places to a space barely permitting passage. Roy staggered on, great drops of perspiration pouring down his face at the exertion. At last they reached the great out-thrust boulder which clove the stream of lava. Spent with their climb, the mother and the girl lay panting on the hot rock. Roy laid the little invalid beside him, and watched with a grim sort of satisfaction as the trail closed behind them. Hours dragged on, the convulsions of the volcano grew less frequent. Roy knew they were saved. He knew, too, that he had been saved from a life of futility by the realization of that day. He would return to his position with the New York-Chicago mail line because that would be the hardest thing to do. He had been running away from duty. It would be a pleasant duty if he would but remember that it was his only way of repaying God for giving him that opportunity to serve man. Keep your stock free from blenheim with Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. Removes inflammation, quickly relieves bruises, sprains, strains, swellings, contraction of cords, stiffness of joints and sore muscles.

Airedale Terrier First Called Bingley Terrier
About a hundred years ago, when the lure of football was a thing unknown, Yorkshire miners (particularly those living in the Valley of the Aire) gave all their spare time and pence to the sport of water-rat hunting; and many were the Saturday afternoon money matches between rival dogs over a measured strip of the River Aire, writes Maj. Milford Brice, in Answers Magazine.
Each dog, followed by a large crowd, would be allotted a separate bank, and as soon as either contestant "pointed" a rat in his hole, the hunt would be checked and marks awarded. Terriers having been employed to bolt him, the rat would make for the water, and the hunt be resumed.
Hunted who-its have a habit of swimming under water and reappearing at some distant point, but these miners' dogs were not deceived—they simply "trud" water, and, crawling their necks, waited for the rat's reappearance. Eventually one of them would effect a kill, when more points were awarded.
So profitable and popular did this sport become that it was decided locally to evolve, if possible, the perfect water-rat dog. It had to be a good swimmer, courageous, and above all, blessed with strength and stamina.
Other hounds were crossed with rough-coated, black-and-white working terriers, and an animal was produced that delighted the hearts and eyes of the local fanciers. This animal was first known as the Bingley terrier, but in 1879 the name of Airedale terriers was bestowed upon him.
Many Spains, Modern and Ancient, Urban and Rural
There are many Spains, ancient and modern, urban and rural, Christian and Moorish, observes a Madrid correspondent in the New York Herald Tribune.
There is the Spain of the Romans at Tarragona and Merida; the Spain of the Moors in La Alhambra and the Alcazar at Seville. In the mosque of Cordoba, the Alhambra and Generalife of Granada; Christian Spain in the beautiful cathedrals of Santiago, Seville, Leon, Burgos and Toledo, in the monastery of El Escorial, in the convents, abbeys, church and relics of every period of European culture.
Scenes of the most beautiful and varied and ever-appelling natural beauties, of gardens and countryside, of the almost perfect climate, of the charms of city and village fete, of folklore that is the product of the most diverse civilization of bygone days, everywhere delightful this Spain of Don Quixote, Gil Blas, of the Cid, of Don Juan and of Carmen, still lives.
In the very center of the country is Madrid, the always smiling and courteous city, a great modern capital in every respect that yet cherishes its remembrances of the past. Here one comes for every type of civilized enjoyment, high on the list of which are the Prado museum with its treasures of Velazquez, Murillo, Goya, El Graco.
Yugoslavia's Show Places
The most widely known section of Yugoslavia is the Dalmatian coast. Here is the ancient town Split (Spalato) with the famous ruins of the palace of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. The well preserved huge palace is a unique example of Roman architecture. Near Split are the ruins of the early Christian town of Salona, and a little to the northwest stands the ancient town of Trogir (Trau) with the Lion of St. Mark on the walls of the cathedral and of the city hall, proof of the power of Venice in the Middle Ages.
Flags on U. S. Capitol
There are two flags which fly on the United States Capitol day and night every day in the year. These are the flags which fly immediately above the main east entrance and over the west front of the Capitol. There are two other flags, one over the east front of the Senate wing, the other over the east front of the House wing. These fly only during the legislative day—that is, when the House in question is in session.
Machine Guns in Airplanes
Prior to the outbreak of the World War no airplane on the western front was actually armed with a machine gun. Rifles, carbines, pistols, shotguns and hand grenades were carried by pilots and observers. In the spring of 1915 all bombardiers began to mount machine guns in their standard, two-seater reconnaissance aircraft. The Fokker monoplane (autumn, 1915) was the first effective "fighter" airplane.
Taxpayer the Goat
There is an old case on record where a man was condemned to stand in the pillory for some offense or other, with a rope around his neck. The plank on which he stood was rotten and the ground beneath it was soft. He was the first to fall, and he was the last to rise. He brought an action against the town for the defective pillory and recovered damages.
Voodoo Worship
Voodoo worship has been defined like the old woman's recipe for fruit cake—"a little of this, and a little of that, and a little of most anything, but a heap depends on your judgment in mixing."

DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL FARMER Weekly News Letter
Raising Geese
The essentials to success in goose raising according to the Dominion Poultry Husbandman, are free range and an abundance of tender grass or clover. The geese should start to lay about the middle of March, and the eggs should be set as soon as possible. It is advisable to sprinkle the eggs with lukewarm water once daily when set under the mother goose or under hens, and twice daily when set in an incubator. Goslings require warmth after hatching and should be left under the goose or in the incubator for about two days. When the goslings are ready for feeding, place a green sod near the brooder in order that they may pull the tender shoots. For the first few days they should be fed bread crumbs moistened milk. When they are about a week old give them a moist mash composed of bran and shorts, feeding three or four equal weights of corn meal, barley meal, three days for about two weeks. Give the goslings a good start, then turn them out on good pasture, and discontinue the feeding of mash. They should be protected from cold rains, confined at night until the weather gets warm, and always have plenty of shade and fresh water.
Extending the Breeding Ewes
The matter of extending the ewe flock should not be considered lightly. If strong lambs are to be had, pregnant ewes should have access to a run at all times. If necessary, spread hay on the snow so as to force them to move. This will help to keep them in good health. Avoid crowded quarters. Not only are they unsanitary, but they are the cause of many abortions.
The Spring Seed Supply
Now is the time for farmers to take stock of their spring seed requirements, states the Dominion Cerealist. Those who do not have sufficient seed of their own should secure what they require as soon as possible, making sure that they are getting the varieties recommended for their part of the country. Farmers who have their own seed should have it properly cleaned and graded before the spring run.
Riley met with an accident, but the next day managed to crawl to work. "Why didn't ye stay home for a week or two?" said Finnigan. "Worn't ye carryin' an accident policy?" "I wor not—had cess to be carelessness!" said Riley. "I had left it home in my bureau drawer."
LIVES LOST
Mr. Graustein: "No meat for me. I never eat anything that costs the life of a living creature. This boiled potato will do."
Mr. Measled: "Very well, but let me warn you that the potato that that potato has cost the lives of thousands of potato bugs."
YOU TRY IT
Little Mary's grandmother had a way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose and then stretching the piece at arm's length.
One day Mary found a piece of ribbon. Crying it to her grandmother, she requested gravely: "Grandma, could this and see how long it is."
Wouldst thou subject all things to thyself? Subject thyself to thy reason—Seneca.

LEARNED YESTERDAY
A golf professional, hired by a big department store to give golf lessons, was approached by two women.
"Do you wish to learn to play golf, madam?" he asked one.
"Oh, no," she said, "it's my friend who wants to learn. I learned yesterday."
THROUGH ARKANSAS
Claims Agent—"Here's another farmer who is suing us on account of cows."
Official—"One of our trains has killed them, I suppose?"
Agent—"No, he claims our trains go so slow that the passengers lean out the windows and milk his cows as they go by."
The fact that our joys rarely come up to anticipations is more than counterbalanced by the fact that our troubles are never as bad as we anticipate.

THE FUGITIVE
An angry woman rushed into the registrar's office. In her hand she bore a license. To the registrar she said:
"Did you, or did you not, issue this license for marryin' me to Albee Briggs?"
"Yes, I believe I did. Why?"
"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she demanded. "He's escaped."

STOP THAT COLD IN A HURRY WITH
Groves' Laxative BROMO QUININE
You can't be careless with colds. They can quickly develop into something much more serious. At the first sign of a cold take Groves' Bromo Quinine. Groves' has what it takes to stop that cold quickly and effectively. At all drug stores. Ask for Groves' Bromo Quinine in a white box.

FREE! Boys send for this HOCKEY BOOK
and AUTOGRADED PICTURES of YOUR FAVORITE PLAYERS
Here's your chance to get a book on hockey. How to become a Hockey Star, and a special autographed picture of a famous hockey player or team, FREE!
This is the book on hockey written by T. P. (Tommy) Gorman, Manager and Coach of the World's champion team, Montreal 1915-16 and Chicago Black Hawks 1917-18. Every boy will want this hockey book. It tells everything you should know about hockey. Show your mother this advertisement and get your copy!
This outstanding offer is made to users of Canada Starch products only. Send in one label from a can of Keweenaw "CROWD BRAND" or "EVELY WHITE" CORN SYRUP and the front of a carton from any one of the other products listed below. We will immediately send you the "HOCKEY BOOK" and any picture of the team or player you select from the group shown at the right. Make your choice now!
When sending in the necessary labels to the address below, write your name and address plainly.
MONTGOMERY CORN STARCH CANADA CORN STARCH
CHALLENGE CORN STARCH SILVER CROSS LAUNDRY STARCH
CANADA STARCH COMPANY Limited, Toronto

The Free Press Offers You
A Great Subscription Bargain that SAVES YOU MONEY
and gives you year-long enjoyment
Here is a real offer that will save you money... Give yourself and your family lasting enjoyment and entertainment the whole year through... This is all you have to do.

Select any 3 of these famous Magazines
Together with your local Newspaper
and you will receive the whole 4 publications for one year from the date we receive the coupon. Here is the amazing combination low price. **\$3.00**
Our Guarantee to You!
This wonderful offer is available to old and new subscribers to this newspaper. We guarantee the fulfillment of all magazine subscriptions and you have positive assurance that this generous offer is exactly as represented. Renewals will be extended for full term shown.
MAIL COUPON TODAY
Please clip list of Magazines after checking 3 Publications desired. Fill out coupon carefully.
Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... Please send me the three magazines checked with a year's subscription to your newspaper.
NAME.....
STREET.....
TOWN AND PROVINCE.....