

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

McDONALD FLAHER

Consuelo, a beautiful gypsy girl who longs to dance, is loved by the Dummy, a deaf mute, and Marcu. She despises her mother, Anica, but is fond of her father, Girtza. Marcu attempts Consuelo with a huge diamond and she agrees to marry him until she suspects her gypsy sweetheart has tricked her about the ring's value. In town she sees three men playing cards near a private car on a railroad siding. She dances for them. Much impressed, one of the men, Stewart Blackmire, New York theatrical producer, promises to return in 10 days and give Consuelo a pair of slippers. Marcu bargains with Girtza for his daughter's hand. Reluctantly Consuelo agrees to marry Marcu and the gypsies celebrate. On her wedding day, Blackmire and his friends return with the slippers for Consuelo. She asks him to take her to New York. Blackmire refuses and the train pulls out for New York. At the next stop Doug, Blackmire's secretary, finds Consuelo has been riding in the day coach.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY) CHAPTER 19

DOUG WAITED until the back-gammon game was over, then casually said, "Say Stewart, I've been thinking and I've come to the conclusion from observation in the past that you are quite a heart-breaker. In view of that fact, may I ask why you didn't bring the gypsy along with you when you are usually such an easy foil for good-looking women who plead with tears in their voices?"

"Of course you haven't a serious thought in your head—never did have and never will—"

"Now that's positively unkind. I've been concerned with serious thoughts all afternoon. You could at least have given the gypsy your address or paid her fare or done something—"

"You know as well as I do why I didn't bring her along. I'll admit she's about the prettiest thing I ever saw—but after all I didn't have time to give her gypsy father three horses and two colts and my gold watch and—"

"A small check of several thousand dollars would have expedited matters considerably. Money, in my opinion, is faster than a horse or a watch and I would say that—"

"And have a dagger through me for my pains." Stewart interrupted what

threatened to be a long speech on the subject.

"Still be interested if suddenly the girl turned up in New York?"

Stewart lighted a cigarette before he answered.

"That would be different." He seemed to play with the idea. Then he shook his head. "Like all the rest of the women she'd want me to put her on Broadway. Leave it to you to tell them all about me. Next time you do—"

"—out I go into the cold cruel world, eh?"

"Yes. You know, I often wonder if there's a woman in this world who is satisfied."

"I'll admit you haven't met quite all of them. Now about this gypsy, what if you did put her on Broadway? She can dance like a whizz!"

"I suppose you think she and Louise would get along together?"

"Are you going to marry Louise or something?"

"No. She is a lovely thing—the gypsy, I mean, but then it's best to leave her back in the gypsy camp and let her marry her gypsy man. Take her to New York and you'd spoil her. Why she'd want everything she saw."

"Yes, I imagine she usually gets what she wants, too." Doug said meaningly.

"In fact, Don Juan, just a minute ago she said to tell you that gypsies always get what they want!"

Telling fortunes.

Laughing.

People about her, interested. Rumble of the train, wheels intoning, to the east, to the east. New York. Lights on Broadway. The high hill at last. What did these gorgios who listened to their fortunes and pressed money into her hands know about this song in her heart and what could they know about this other thing in her heart that was weeping bitter tears and asking over and over, revenge is sweet? Revenge is sweet, it is, gypsy?

"White man, you will find your heart's desire in New York. Go on—"

Happy fortune.

Revenge is sweet, it is? Is it? Tonight her wedding night. It was already dark. The fires would be lighted. The music started. Gypsies singing, laughing, drinking, eating. Petru and his flute. Marcu tall, straight, eyes shining, heart beating fast, going to the van to part the curtains and call his bride, or had one of the women gone in and found her not there?

"Cross my palm with silver, white lady. I can tell you all you want to know, your past, your future—"

Can you yet tell if revenge is sweet? Fear came over her. What was this thing she had done? Marcu standing at the van—light gone from his eyes—where is she, where is my loved one? Gone! Wheels rumbling, New York where the marble palace beckoned. . . . I cannot take you with me, gypsy girl. I tell you it ain't worth notin'—it ain't real—it's a hunk of glass!

"Watch, white man, that you do not go on the water, for the ship will sink and you will surely die!"

Where is she? Where is she? Tell me, you skunks, what have you done with her? This is my wedding night. If in jest you have hidden my bride, I will kill the one who has dared this thing!

"Cross my palm with silver and I—"

Kiss me before I go. Kiss me, my big dumb one, and forgive me. Silent lips could not say, Marcu she has gone for always. You have lost her.

This is her revenge. My dumb one, it is good now you are dumb and cannot say these words. I have called you my friend and now I want your arms about me that I may pour my tears against your heart. I am alone and afraid. I am wicked, bad! Oh Girtza, Girtza, where is your whip that I may feel its forgiving stings against my body! Marcu—Marcu—

"I cannot tell more fortunes. I am tired! I am sick—"

The gypsy staggered to her feet and pushed her way through the crowd of people and ran down the aisle of the train. Revenge? She was filled with fear, with sickness. There was only one idea now in her brain. She must get back! She could not take this revenge. She must go to him! She was his, had been his, always would be his! Ah, let him beat her, let him beat her now!

She ran blindly and almost fell into the arms of a man in the shadows at the end of the day coach.

"Gypsy girl!"

Through wet eyes she stared up at him wildly. The gray-haired man. She had been angry with him. He had dared refuse her. Now she forgot that. He was a friend and she clung to him and buried her face against his coat.

Where is this girl, my daughter? Where is this bad one to have done a thing like that to me, her father?

"Why, gypsy girl, what's the matter?" Blackmire was glad of the darkness of the vestibule.

"I must go back! Will this train never stop?" she sobbed.

"It's your first time on a train, isn't it? You poor kid. Come on back with us for a while. Have you had your supper?"

"I—I didn't see any food." Food—who could eat with such a sickness inside of her? There would be a banquet, a wedding banquet with no bride. Empty arms!

She hardly knew that she was walking along beside him but soon she was back in the private car and Doug and Bill were there. They were talking to her—joking. She heard the gray-haired man telling a ducky to bring spaghetti—heard him say, what does a gypsy eat anyway. What does a gypsy eat? What can a gypsy eat when her heart is breaking? Heart breaking, little fool? Why? Marcu, ah, you hate him! Was he not the one who tricked you?

"You'll feel better just as soon as you've eaten, gypsy girl."

Was he not the one who gave you this "hunk of glass" on your finger? Was he not the coward who did not dare to take you in his arms afterward—until too late? Think of his great fellow, the look of anger on his face when he finds you gone. Ah, now you've gotten the better of him! Revenge is sweet, isn't it?

"Gee, kid if you've never seen New York you've got a thrill coming and papa Doug is just the man to give you that thrill—with reservations, of course."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lindbergh's Flight Through the North

Mrs. Lindbergh Writes Very Interesting Account of Event Some Years Ago.

There was considerable interest in the North some years ago when Col. Lindbergh and Mrs. Lindbergh made a flight to China by way of Canada, Alaska and Siberia. Everyone here knows that when Col. Lindbergh and Mrs. Lindbergh landed in the far North they were given information and advice that meant probably the saving of their lives. It is no reflection on the Lindberghs to say that Canadian airmen knew much more about flying in the far North than they did. In the review of the book on the flight from the North to the Orient, it would appear that the Lindberghs did not appreciate the interest taken by Canadian experts in the route and conditions for flying through the far North. As a matter of fact, Col. Lindbergh eventually deferred to the advice given by the Canadian airmen who knew by long and arduous experience all the perils of flying in the far North.

Last week "Grab Samples" gave a review of a book just published by Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh giving a full account of the flight. "Grab Samples" thinks the book a very interesting one. There is one thing sure, anyway, and that is that the review of the book is an interesting one. "Grab Samples" the clever column in The Northern Miner, has the habit of being interesting. Under the title of "North to the Orient":—

"Many people recall the flight that Col. Chas. Lindbergh made, with his wife as "crew", to China via Canada, Alaska, Siberia and Japan, a few years ago. It was conceded to be a risky undertaking and many Canadians, particularly in the far north, watched the progress of the flight with interest tinged with anxiety, knowing the dangers of traversing for the first time and unguided the lonely regions of the Barren Lands and the Arctic Coast. Anne Morrow Lindbergh has enshrined the experience in a book, with the title given at the head of this column. It is a remarkable piece of work, a rather astonishing piece of literary craftsmanship for an amateur, an absorbing tale told in a delicately attractive style, revealing and convincing.

"Mrs. Lindbergh was somewhat more than "crew," the title which her distinguished husband gave her at the outset. As historian of the expedition she is a striking success and of special value are the revelations, unconscious

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perhaps, of the character of the remarkable man who has made aviation history in the past ten years. There is not the smallest trace of an attempt to glorify or heroize the famous husband; on the other hand there is a frank portrayal of the personality of a flying genius, with his weaknesses and his strengths.

"Apart from that angle the story itself is distinctly worth while. It is obvious that Mrs. Lindbergh was the more or less silent spectator, the chronicler of events, with no responsibilities as to route, landing places, flying policy, equipment or conduct of the expedition, apart from being the radio operator. But her observations are extremely interesting and valuable. To Canadians her reactions to contacts at Ottawa, where the Canadian government had assembled experts in Northern travel; at Baker Lake, at Aklavik, are absorbing. Evidently the Ottawans were anxious to help, perhaps a trifle over-anxious in detailing the dangers of Northern aerial navigation. Their objections to certain proposals of Lindbergh were such as to cause the flier to bluntness state that if he so strenuously protested his taking the Arctic Coast route he would fly via Greenland. That settled it.

"At Baker Lake Mrs. Lindbergh made her first contact with the sub-Arctic and her descriptions of the persons she met, their mode of life, their mental processes, the petty jealousies of the little settlement, the overpowering loneliness and barrenness of the country, are delightful. She didn't miss a thing and even made acquaintance with the word "bushed" and sensed

its meaning. The next leg of the journey was a long one. They flew without a stop from Baker Lake to Aklavik, going straight across the Barren to Victoria Island, skirting the coast to the bottom of Amundsen Gulf and then across country, north of Great Bear Lake, to the mouth of the Mackenzie. The author admits that this was a weary flight, with she and her husband alternating at the controls while the other slept in the unending light of an Arctic night. The lonely land impressed her. "We had flown all night from Baker Lake. It never grew dark. For hours I watched a motionless sun set in a motionless cloud bank. For hours we skirted that grey, treeless coast, stretches on stretches of bleak land, scattered with icy lakes. Always the same. Until I wondered, in spite of the vibration of the engine, whether we were not motionless too. Were we caught, frozen into some timeless eternity in the North? The world beneath had no reality that could be recognized, measured and passed over." She sent out radio messages, listened to the faint mumbblings of a station that might be Chicago, or Tokio.

"At Aklavik they stayed several days and the chronicler skillfully caught the atmosphere. The last boat of the year came in, creating vast excitement as it brought the annual shipment of supplies, in fulfillment of orders sent out months before. Here she met the Eskimos and the husky dogs, whose eerie howlings depressed her. Here she learned of the work of the missionaries, of the hospital people and the police, a colourful note in a drab world.

"The next leg of the journey was to Point Barrow, on Behring sea, and it brought difficulties of fog and darkness, which forced a landing at a point near where Wiley Post and Will Rogers were so recently and tragically wiped out. They fought their way finally down to Barrow and waited for the weather to permit a flight to Nome. From Nome they took off for Siberia and made their objective without difficulty. From Siberia to Japan marked the really dangerous stretch and its hazards materialized. It is in the description of their futile attempts to make a landing in fog along a string of Japanese volcanic islands that Mrs. Lindbergh reveals the emotions, thoughts and feelings of the typical passenger whose life lies in the hands of a pilot in difficulties. For a long time they spun around a volcanic peak, vainly seeking an opening to reach the water. Lindbergh would spot a hole, plunge into it full throttle, sidle and roll to keep the water in view, only to lose it at the critical landing moment, when he would again have to roar aloft, guessing at the presence of jutting crags. His wife does not know how he senses his position. She is frankly afraid of instant death and she

get off and make Japan proper. The description of the Japanese visit is brief and the scene shifts to China, where the Yangtze is in flood and where they volunteer their services as observers of flood damage. Follow harrowing scenes of death and destruction. The plane itself is finally lost in hoisting it from a British airplane carrier, where it had been housed for safety.

"The plane, the Sirius, was equipped with a 600 h.p. Cyclone engine and could carry gasoline for a 2,000-mile flight. It was extremely fast and a great weight carrier. Its equipment is detailed by the writer, as is also a list of emergency supplies which seemed woefully inadequate had there been an emergency landing in the far north."

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