

# GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE



Big Ann was shaking her

**READ THIS FIRST:**

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 tempts Consuelo with a huge diamond and she agrees to marry him. But on her wedding day she boards a train for New York on which are riding Stewart Blackmire, theatrical producer; Doug, his secretary, and Bill, a friend. Consuelo had danced for them 10 days previously when their private car had been waiting on a railroad siding in town. Doug takes the gypsy into Stewart's car. Stewart telegraphs his publicity agent and also his friend, Louise, telling her not to meet the train. Consuelo throws her arms around him. In New York a series of publicity stunts prepares Consuelo for her debut in the Follies. Crowds watch her everywhere she goes. Longing for green grass, the gypsy leaves her hotel alone and finally gets into Central Park, where she bathes her tired feet in a fountain pool—and is arrested. Rescued for rehearsal she not only dances without fire, but has a fight with Louise L'Ville, the star, who demands that Consuelo be removed from the cast. Doug tells the gypsy girl she can have only one more chance.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

**CHAPTER 24**

STILL CONSUELO did not look up, but sat tense in the chair.

"It will be different," she said.

"Well, it'd better be," said Doug.

"Gosh, kid, when you danced beside the train I'd never seen anyone so good. Why didn't you dance like that when you were on the stage?"

"I have no spirit in me when I am there. It's cold and black and ugly and nowhere can I see that it might be a marble palace."

"I know, kid, you're getting a tough break. Forget all this and imagine the crowds out front. Gee, kid, when you dance and know that there are thousands of people out there in front, watching every move you make, why, it makes all the difference in the world. I'd like to take you and let you see it alive but," he grinned, "they won't let you backstage till it's necessary, little hellcat. You know New York has been reading a lot about you. We haven't a ticket left to sell." He was coaxing the light back into her eyes. "Baby, you've got a chance to go over like a million dollars. Why Louise was jealous of you or she wouldn't have said the things she did. She's afraid of you already. She's afraid you'll take her place

and become the star of the show. I'll let you in on a secret, Goldberg doesn't like her or he'd never in the world let you have a chance after the way you acted the other day."

For a long time he talked to her and when he had her promise that she would be good he got up to go.

"Stewart hasn't forgotten you either." He took a small case out of his pocket.

"He said to tell you that if you'll be a good girl and not cause us any more trouble he'll get you something more beautiful than this even." He handed the case to the girl. "It's from him."

Consuelo opened the black box. Inside lay a necklace with four square-cut rubies. She grasped and held it, devouring its beauty.

"Rubies, rubies for a gypsy!" She looked at it long and lovingly and the light of happiness came back into her eyes. "Tell him that the rubies are no redder than my lips which are waiting for him." She put the necklace on and bent her head and pressed the stones against her cheek. "Tell him I will be good. Tell him I will not spit on this white woman. I will dance for him and forget that ugly stage. Tell Mr. Goldberg, who is fat and looks like a frog, that I will make money for him. Tell him I will give him all of the silver dollars that roll to my feet." She paused. "Tell my white man that I am lonesome—"

Long into the hours of the night the girl sat and stared into the darkness. Dogs, all of them, she thought. This white woman, ah, how I hate her! I looked at her and thought she was beautiful but my eyes lied to me. My white man sends me a necklace that is more costly than any I have ever owned and yet he does not come to me. A piece of glass was worth more than that to Marcu. Marcu . . .

She thought of the gypsy camp. She went into the bedroom, took the shawl from the drawer and wrapped it around her shoulders. She saw the Dummy, his dark eyes upon her, loving her, his lips so speechless. She saw him and Marcu fighting and the dust that stirred about their feet. She saw Girtza and her heart became more lonely than it had ever been.

Walls about her, holding her in, crushing her. Big Ann, a giantess. No trees, no laughing brooks, no man to hold her in his arms. No man to whisper words of love—or to beat her. Marcu, tall and straight, flinging her to the ground and laughing. Marcu who had said, gypsy women lie, and had put the ring on his finger before he had taken her in his arms. Did he not know the ring was unnecessary? If only then

he had said to Girtza, I offer you three horses and my purse of gold. A ruby necklace? Was it, too, maybe a "hunk of glass?"

There is a high hill and I shall dance there—irony of words, irony of dreams! There is no high hill. There is no palace, but on that ugly stage stands a woman with golden hair.

In the darkness of the night the gypsy flung back her head and clenched her fists and pounded against the arms of the chair.

I will show this white dog who says I cannot dance. Ah—I will show her! I will make her take back her lying words! I will make her cry out that she is a liar! I will make this Goldberg, this fat toad, get on his knees and beg me to stay before I am through with this New York. They will not conquer me! I will make this white man, this Stewart, love me. He who thinks he is too good for a gypsy, who sends gifts and is fool enough not to accept reward. I will make him love me until he is mad with passion and then I will laugh in his face. Oh, God, how I will laugh!

Her hands beat harder against the chair. There were tears streaming down her face.

I am going mad in this jail—but I have work to do. They, all of them, have spit upon me and I, Gypsy Consuelo, swear vengeance.

If there are thousands there as he said, I will be rich—rich—

She leaned back in the chair. Money flowing in a golden stream and it was music to her. And she began to picture how she would dance to make them throw their dollars with reckless abandon.

I will not think of that bare place, but of brooks and of trees and through the trees I will remember that the white woman is watching me.

Her eyes closed. Her body relaxed.

Music began to throb through her and she saw herself dancing. As she danced the stage became the high hill and the palace of marble and she wondered at the import of the thing she saw. Was it possible? The dance ended. To her ears came the sound of clapping like thunder and the people were not like thunder, but before her sitting row after row in the black theatre. Ah, it was good to dream thus! If only the Dummy might come to her now and watch her and tell her with his eyes that she was the most wonderful dancer in the world—he who knew her dream.

Her thoughts became muddled. They were no longer coherent. All of this that had happened was a bad nightmare. She had never left the gypsy camp. She had never sought revenge on Marcu. She was going to marry him now. But the bridegroom who stood before her was not Marcu. It was the white man. Over there sitting cross-legged in the dirt by the campfire were the golden-haired woman. Consuelo went into the van and got the long rawhide whip with its beautiful carved handle and came out and began to beat the white woman. Now she was laughing and at each fall of the whip she cried, "This is for that lying word and that one and that one—" Then there was confusion and someone else had the whip and it was Anica beating her again in the van and she was crying out from the pain.

She opened her eyes and big Ann was shaking her and the sun was streaming in the windows.

"You can't sleep in your chair like this, miss. You'll catch cold."

She picked the gypsy up in her arms and carried her into the bathroom. She stripped the girl of her clothes and lifted her into a steaming hot tub and began to massage the ochre skin.

Consuelo, out of eyes half closed with sleep, grinned up at her.

"I am beginning to like you, my Ann. It is good to have one to boss me and not ask me first if I will be good."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## PIC HOLTZE Credit Jeweler

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## Big Gains in World Production of Gold

Since 1929 Production of Gold has Increased in Leaps and Bounds. Running Thirty Million Ounces Now.

For some years previous to 1929 the world's production of new gold was substantially stationary. In 1924 it was 19 million ounces. In 1929 it was 20.2 million. Since 1929 it has been progressing by leaps and bounds, says Walter Renton Ingalls in The Annalist, New York. In 1934 it was 27.3. On the basis of the first six months of 1935 it looks as if the production this year will be at least 29 million ounces, and it may run to 30 million.

The increase in production since 1929 has in no wise been due to the Transvaal, the premier producer, where production has been steady at the rate of about 10.5 million ounces per annum. The managements of the mines of the Witwatersrand have preferred to take advantage of the increased valuation of gold by extracting ore of lower grade rather than by increasing gold production. In other words, there is increased tonnage of ore mined rather than increased ounces of gold produced.

**Remarkable Increase in Russia.** "Apart from the Transvaal there has been increased gold production almost everywhere, but most remarkably so in Russia. The production in Russia in 1934 was 4.2 million ounces, and it looks as if in 1935 it may run to something like 5.5 million.

The Russians have had the greatest fields of unexplored resources and the greatest opportunity to substitute modern methods of mining and metallurgy for primitive methods. Moreover, the Soviet government has been spurred on by a desire to establish foreign credits for the purchase of machinery and other necessary things. In pursuance of this policy 9,290,000 ozs. of gold were delivered to Germany in the four years ending with 1934. In the first six months of 1935 Germany received 174,000 ozs. From Russia the United States has received in the same period 266,000 ozs., this being our first importation from that quarter. The Russian gold that is coming to this country is in crude forms for smelting and refining here, including arsenopyrite concentrate.

Besides the production of new gold there has been a great unlocking of hoarded gold. In the last four years British India has exported 29.3 million ounces, substantially all of which has gone to Great Britain. The quantity of gold remaining in India, and available, is unknown. Conjectures range from 60 to 80 million ounces. From the beginning of this century to the end of 1934 the excess of Indian imports over exports was about 60 million ounces and theoretically that quantity remains, in addition to prior net imports.

There has, furthermore, been a large increment to the supply of monetary gold through reflux of old jewelry, ornaments, etc.

**Conditions Favor Further Gain.** Present conditions are stimulating the production of new gold everywhere. The maximum of possibility in Siberia is probably still far from being reached, if we may believe the Russian engineers and geologists. The Japanese, having acquired Manchuria, think that they have got some great gold prospects and are already taking steps to exploit them. New Guinea, which is a relatively new field, is producing upward of 200,000 ozs. per annum. Gold mining in Canada has been forging ahead rapidly; many of its mines are relatively new.

The foregoing notes do not attempt to give any consideration to the possible relation between gold supplies and commodity prices, but simply the current developments in production. These may be summarized in the statement that during the last five years there has been an augmentation of gold supply exceeding in terms of percentage anything that has happened in recent history.

### BULL MOOSE CAPTURED GRAZING AT HAYSTACK

A young bull moose coolly eating at a haystack on his farm near McFarlane Lake, in the Sudbury area, was the discovery made one day last week by a settler. The settler succeeded in capturing the animal and has applied for permission to keep it. It is necessary for a special permit to be secured for the keeping of any wild animal or game animal. The captured young moose is a calf of this year and a fine specimen. It is said to be perfectly contented with its new home.

London Advertiser.—Wiley Post and Will Rogers were natural teammates. One flew around the world and the other talked around it.

### Too Many Accidents on Roads in the North Land

For months past The Advance has been endorsing the plan of the Timmins police to avoid the danger of automobile accidents by strict enforcement of the safety rules and regulations designed to minimize traffic troubles. The fact that there has not been a serious motor car accident in Timmins this year, despite the increased traffic here, is surely proof of the wisdom of the attitude of the Timmins police in the matter. While Timmins has been free from serious motor accidents, the same can not be said in reference to the district around Timmins. Scarcely a week has passed without its toll of damage and injury. District traffic has not been without its fatalities. There is no intention to reflect on the provincial police in making this comparison. The territory is so large that the provincial police have no way of checking up and enforcing preventive measures such as those adopted by the town police. As The Advance has pointed out on more than one occasion the condition of the district roads this summer has contributed in large measure to the number of accidents. Of course, there are other factors, and it is pleasing to note that the question is being studied generally. In the issue of The Halleyburian last week an editorial dealt with the question and some suggestions were made that are worthy of consideration by the "powers that be." The Halleyburian editorial was as follows:—

"There have been far too many accidents with a fatal termination in this area this summer, and it appears as though there should be some remedy. Highway fatalities have been more frequent than in any past year, we believe, and while in almost every case they have all the appearance of being accidental, there must be a fault somewhere, and there must be a cure. Some believe that the cure can be effected by more severe penalties on offenders against the traffic rules, others hold the view that a more strict examination of applicants for motor licenses is required, while still others maintain that it is simply a condition that cannot be overcome. Personally, we believe that a more strict examination of drivers before a permit is issued would help considerably. The writer had an accident that might easily have proved serious, and can only blame inexperience as the cause. The imposing of more severe penalties would have a tendency to make drivers more careful, beyond a doubt, and there is also the question of educating pedestrians, and especially children, to watch the motor traffic more closely. The whole question is a serious one and one that cannot be solved in one season, but continual vigilance on the part of all who use the highways is absolutely necessary."

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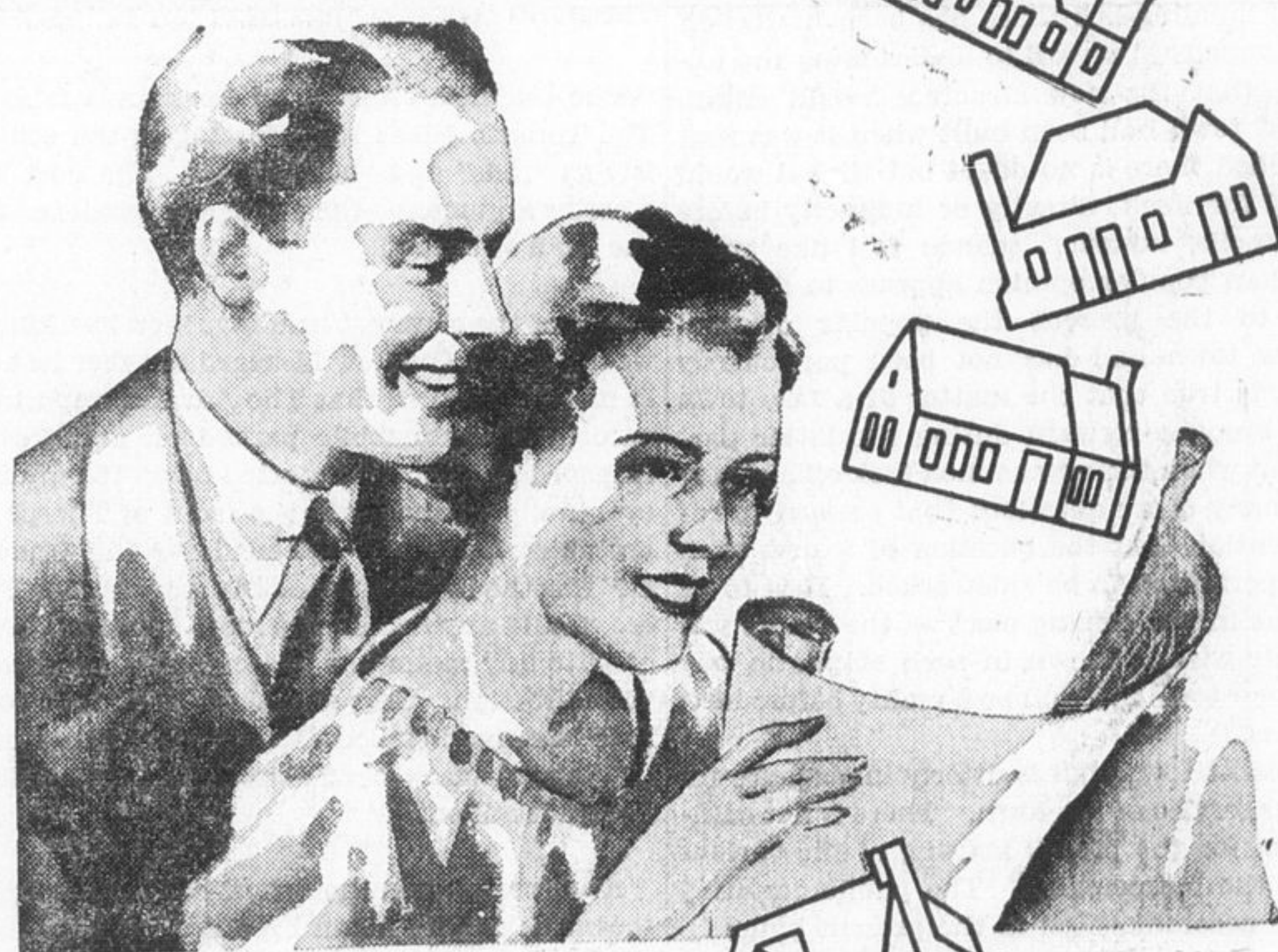
### NEW LISKEARD FAIR TO BE ON TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY

The annual fall fair at New Liskeard is being held this year on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, September 24th and 25th. New Liskeard fair is always interesting and there is a good display of the products of the North.

### Bridge, 500 and Whist to be Thursday, Not Wednesday

The bridge, 500 and whist to be given in Schumacher under the auspices of the Catholic Womens' League, will be held at the Croatian hall on Thursday, September 26th, instead of Wednesday, it was announced this week. A good crowd is expected to take part in the games and a large number of tickets have already been sold.

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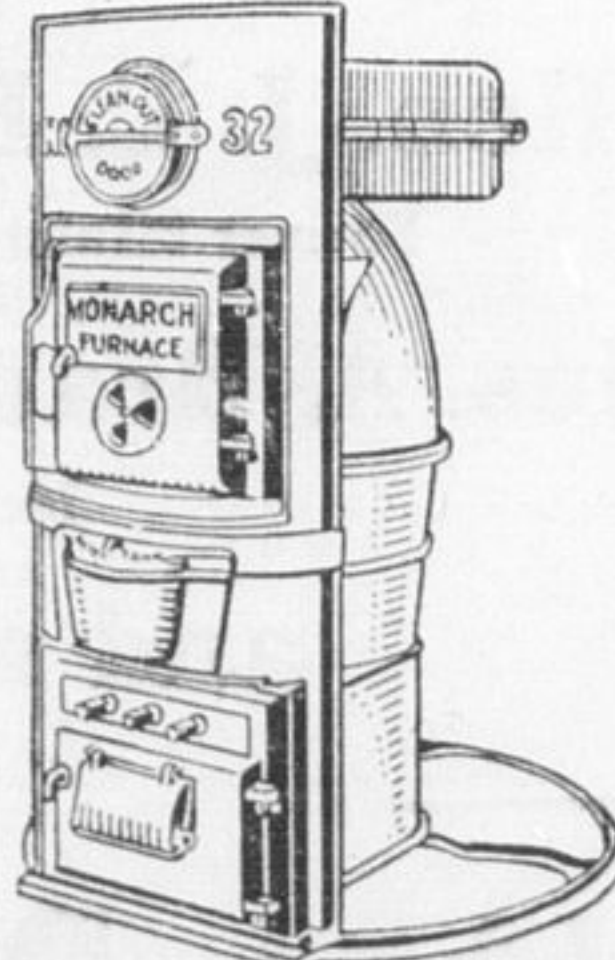
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### Northern Veterans' Band and its Trip Overseas

There have been several references in The Advance to the Northern Veterans' Band and its proposed trip overseas at the time of the Vimy Pilgrimage next year. There is very general interest in this band and considerable support throughout the North to the idea of having this unique band (all Northerners, all returned soldiers, all skilled bandsmen) accompany the Vimy Pilgrimage. In its Thursday issue last week The New Liskeard Speaker had the following in reference to the Northern Veterans' Band:—

"The silver instruments which were raised by public subscription 20 years ago and presented to the 159th Battalion of the C.E.F. before that unit went overseas during the World War, will be used when the projected tour of the Northern Ontario Veteran Band is made during the Vimy Pilgrimage next summer. The instruments were left in England when the battalion was broken up for active service, but were brought back to Canada at the end of the war. Plans for next year's trip include a week's concert tour of England after the visit to Vimy has been made. It is announced. Zone representatives of the organization in this area include W. Kesselt, New Liskeard; E. Gray, Englehart; George McGraw, Kirkland Lake, and H. McCleary, Noranda and Rouyn. The cost of the trip is estimated at \$7,500 and it is hoped to finance the tour by public subscriptions."

Ottawa Journal.—Headlines: Italian Press Again Assaults Great Britain—23 Are Sentenced to Die in Albania—Athens Is Scene of Fierce Clash—Three Shot Dead in Mexican Town—U. S. Strengthens Its Naval Force. What a world!