

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPOSSIBLE ROMANCE

McDONALD FEADLER

CHAPTER 58
 THE GIRL stood in the lobby staring around her as if she had never seen it before. She fingered the soft silken covering of one of the chairs. She buried her feet in the deep nap of the rug. She stared at the dimly lighted oil paintings on the wall, at each sign of luxury in the room and the thought came to her how many times she had rushed through to her limousine with never a glance at the beauty of the furnishings of this place. Exclusive, expensive apartments, with hers the most expensive, the penthouse on the top—and she sighed.

Memories flooded over her. It was right after she had become star of the Folies that Stewart had brought her here. Star of the Folies, and suddenly it came to her what she was doing—oh, Lord in heaven, to-night, to-night since it was morning already, the curtain would go up without her. Ah, no—they couldn't do that! The Folies without the gypsy dancer? No, no! Was she mad to be thinking of running away and leaving it all? Applause. The house filled to overflowing. Hands clapping, recalling her time and time again to bow. Why, this was the thing she had worked so hard for! This was the thing she had schemed and prayed for; now she was giving it up because—because she was tired and lonesome. Little fool! Little fool! She couldn't go that with never a thought. Why, they couldn't do that show without her. What would the Folies be without the gypsy dancer of Broadway? Nothing, nothing at all. Then, unbidden, she saw again the look upon the face of her understudy that night she had been late, and she remembered how impatiently she herself had stood in the wings watching L'ville and waiting for her chance. That same look of hunger, of impatience, of frustration upon this girl's face. Ah, now give her a chance! And a slow smile crossed the gypsy's face. "To-night, little one, you shall take my place!" and a laugh came to her throat, but it was one of contempt. "Bah! No one can ever take my place—not the Gypsy Consuelo's!" and she straightened her shoulders and flung up her head with arrogance.

"Quick, baby, we haven't a minute to lose if we want to catch the train." Doug grabbed her arm and with his other hand picking up the bundle.

Together the two of them raced out the door and across the walk to the cab. "Pennsylvania Station, and make it snappy," ordered Doug breathlessly, as the two got in and slammed the door behind them. "What a tough old guy he was. Luckily he knew me. You'd think I was a thief." He chuckled. "Baby, it cost me your second best diamond wrist watch to get the loan of a measly two hundred dollars out of the old geezer. Say, I bought that very watch at Tiffany's on Stewart's account for seven fifty, and the old mutt thinks he's been cheated and only forked over the two hundred on account of Stewart." He yelled: "Hurry up!" to the driver and squeezed Consuelo's arm. "Gosh, I'm going to miss you. You know, baby, I think I ought to come along. Listen, I'm not so hot about this probable beating episode from your old man. How about it, if I trot along with you and if things don't go right I'll step in, sock the old man for a loop and we'll dash out and away. What say, baby?"

She laughed softly and patted his hand. "Darling, my little darling, papa would—but she changed the words and a fierce intensity entered into her voice. "Now, I would rather have his whip unleashed upon my body than—than a thousand kisses from me!" He grinned. "I'll bear up. There's only one satisfaction in this business and that will be my great delight in gently breaking the news to Stewart in the morning. Any particular message, or shall I use my own words?"

She shook her head. "We have said so much—that can be nothing left to say."

"Correct—I get you. And Goldie, our mutual friend Mr. Goldberg, how shall I soothe him for your walking out on your contract?"

"That fat toad—ah, but he was harmless—like a toad, yes, always chirping—'Look what I have done for

you! Bah, he could not have done anything without me. It was I who made his Folies. It is I who am the gypsy dancer of Broadway. I am famous from one end of the earth to the other!"

"Shrinking violet—but I love you for it. And you don't care about just leaving him flat when you're the big hit?"

"What is that to me—now?"

He took a deep breath.

"It must be well to be without a conscience. Well, here we are baby, now we got to run like the devil. I'll get the ticket and you head for the gates—and don't get in any fights on the way—and they both knew what he meant, remembering her entrance into New York and her quick trip to the jail. They hopped out of the cab, paid the driver and holding hands ran inside the station.

No minutes to spare now. Red caps offering to take the bundle from Doug. People staring at the gypsy clothes under the chic fur coat, at the bare feet, the bangles on ears, at the bare knotted scarf on her head.

"Quick, not that gate," Gatemán bawling out last minute warning. "Hey, hold it a second—" Doug shouting—running ahead of her now. "Hurry, kid, here take your ticket and money—" He was shoving them into her hands. "Watch yourself now. Can you carry this bundle all right?" Hands full. Gatemán yelling: "All aboard—train leaving for Pittsburgh—" Doug kissing her. "Go on, baby, don't stop now—go on—" The gate clicking between them. Doug mopping his brow—gatemán running with Consuelo, half carrying the heavy bundle.

Gay clothes disappearing, a last shout: "Good-bye, my friend," over her shoulder, her voice high with excitement.

Doug stood waving his hand. He shouted: "Don't forget to write—" Now she was gone—gone. He walked suddenly over and sat down on the bench. Suddenly he was tired. He wanted a good stiff drink of whiskey. He mopped his brow; he wiped under his wilted collar. He felt dragged out—as if there was nothing left. He caught himself mumbling, "Don't forget to write—" and an ironical smile crossed his lips. "Now who ever heard of a gypsy writing?" and it was as if her lips had said the words.

He got up and left the station.

CHAPTER 59
 AT THE edge of the gypsy camp she stood, motionless, looking before her with eyes of a starving person. Oh, God in heaven, this was home! This again the gypsy camp! The fragrance of the rom in her nostrils; the sound of the fiddle in her ears; the sight of the van in her eyes. The old familiar litter, laughter, shrill voices of children. Loud words. Music of the flute. It was Voda who looked up and saw her.

"Look," he shouted. All eyes were upon her now. There was deadly silence. Girtza rose to his feet and straightened his big shoulders and stared at her.

No one moved. No one spoke. Just stared. And the Gypsy Consuelo stood as if on trial for her very life and down in her heart she was praying. The silence endured. It would never end. When it did—it would be over—over. Girtza would cry: "I do not know this person. Let no gypsy go to her." Ah, look at him, his face, twisted with anger—or might it be pain?

Finally his great voice boomed out at her: "Well, now, why are you standing there like a calf? Come and eat your supper before it gets cold!"

With a cry she was in his arms, her face buried against his coat and he was hugging her to him.

"My frog, my little frog!"

"Papa! Papa!" Emotion choked her. "Oh, papa, how good are your arms!"

A moment passed. Then he cleared his throat and pushed her arm's length from him.

"Ah, you are my bad little one to be so late for your supper. Anica, a plate for a gypsy girl and an extra portion at that." He rubbed his hands across his eyes and blew his nose. "Well, you stand, he shouted, "what are you folks there staring for? Get to your

dinner! Get to your work! Before you let your eyes fall from your head. Petru, play us a tune—a good lively tune!"

Now the silence was broken. They were crowding around her, asking questions, appraising the quality of silk in her striped skirt and examining the jewelry that adorned her arms and throat. She was kissing this one and that and looking at the new babies, but all the time her eyes were searching for someone. She ate with her fingers, out of the plate heated with meat and potatoes and cabbage. She licked her fingers when she had finished and laughed till she cried.

Anica took the empty plate. "You have not spoken to your mother, pig."

"Old antagonism flared up. "Now, my mother has not spoken to me, nor put her arms about my neck and kissed me."

"I kiss no gypsy slut!" But she had not taken her eyes from the girl's face. She stepped closer now. "You have been unhappy. The gorgios have hurt you!"

"No! No!" Consuelo cried. "You are wrong!"

The woman stepped closer, her black eyes looking into Consuelo's. Then suddenly tears were rolling down her face and she held the girl in her arms.

"Oh, my little one, my daughter, they have hurt you!" She was holding her close. "I would kill the gorgio who has taken the sparkle out of your eyes and the colour from your cheeks." She rubbed her hand across her eyes and stood back. "Why did you leave your mother like a dog? You had better go back where you were. You're not wanted here. There is no room in the van for you, but perhaps I can clear out a place for you to sleep to-night."

She hustled away and Consuelo stared after her, then she looked about her helplessly.

"A mother now," she muttered. "Oh, God in heaven, this is too much for this bad one!"

Just then the Dummy came up to the crowd and saw her. Almost it might be said sound left his lips, and he threw himself at her feet and kissed her bare legs and buried his face in her hands and acted like a drunken man. She lifted up his face and looked deep into his eyes. She kissed his lips and held him close to her.

"Oh, Dummy, Dummy, my dear one, if it had not been for you I would never have come back," she whispered. "There was more to the picture than you painted," she said, but of course he could not hear her.

Merla, with her saucy black eyes, approached the girl and fingered the bracelets on her arm.

"You will marry the Dummy now?" she asked.

"And what makes you think that?" Consuelo returned.

"You must marry someone or I will not have you in the camp. You are a trouble-maker and Marcu and I—"

"You are his bride?" The words were like knives cutting her as she spoke them.

Merla preened herself and twisted her braids and displayed the jewelry on her arms.

"He is down in the town to buy a new tent now." She pointed to Marcu's wagon. "See, it is ours. We are thinking of leaving the tribe and buying a car, since it is Girtza is too old-fashioned to allow one in camp. We—"

Consuelo moved closer to the girl. "Tell me, are you married already?"

Merla threw back her head and laughed.

"Now it couldn't possibly make any difference to you. He wouldn't look at your little finger."

Consuelo grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her till her head bobbed back and forth.

"You lie, you little toad! Tell me, are you his wife?"

"Not—yet—" Merla stammered, trying to get her breath.

Consuelo let go of her. It was her turn now to put back her head and laugh. "You will never see the inside of that new tent!" she cried.

CHAPTER 60
 THE GYPSIES parted around Consuelo and Merla. There was ominous silence, all except Merla's laughing, her throaty, musical laughing over Consuelo's comment.

"Now who is it that's talking about seeing the inside of my new tent?" The laughter stopped. Consuelo straightened up. There stood Marcu, tall, more handsome than she had remembered him.

"I am, big fellow. I said I'd never go inside it."

"Bah! I would not have you! So you have come back to flaunt your new jewelry to the camp." He reached out and tore the necklaces from her throat and threw them to the ground. "Slut!"

"Liar!"

"Shut up!" He slapped her across the face. "So you thought you would come back, my little one, eh? Well, I have a new bride that I am going to marry." He put his arm around Merla. "I have paid my gold for her. I marry her in a week but now I have changed my mind. I will marry her to-night and she will sleep in my new tent."

With one swing of her body Consuelo jerked Merla from him. Before she could speak Marcu had her by the arm.

"Not so rough, little one," he said. "I will marry her to-night but before I do I have a little score to settle with you."

She pulled herself free from him. "And I with you, big fellow!" She took his ring from his finger and threw it in the dust at his feet.

"There! Perhaps you remember it! Your hunk of glass I paid for!"

He stared at her, eyes on fire, then

SNAP

Cleans Dirty Hands

slowly, deliberately, placed his foot over the diamond and ground it into the dirt.

"That is what I think of it and of you!"

"Liar!" She laughed up into his face. "Now what is it you would show me?"

He turned from her and went to his wagon. The girl stood and watched him. She was scarcely breathing.

In a moment Marcu came back. In his hand was the wagon whip.

"Now you will pay, you hussy!"

"I have paid a thousand times, big fellow!" She was staring him in the eyes. "I have paid a thousand times!" she repeated.

He hesitated, then raised the whip. "And one!" The whip curled around her body.

No sound from the girl. Then she put back her head and laughed.

"You have only kissed me!" she cried.

He raised the whip and again it curled around her, the sound echoing through the gypsy camp. A thin line of red came through the white of her blouse.

"Another kiss from the man who loves me!" she shouted.

"You lie!"

Again the whip wound around her body and her laughter rang out. The sting of the lash was joy, she was crying inside. It is better than all the dreams I have dreamed. Again the whip caresses me. My eyes are closed. I see the marble columns falling into dust and the floor of the marble palace is crumbling beneath my feet. I am not laughing now. Again the lash! It is beating down the marble walls. Again! They are gone now. Again! It is stripping from me all that I have done. Again! Now the marble is only dust and the high hill is gone and the last chain is torn from me! I am free! I am home once more. I have never been away. I have never tried to be a gorgio! I am a gypsy! I am a gypsy! Beat me, Marcu, my loved one, heat me! It is better than all the kisses of a white man!

He paused, the whip held high. "Now, you hussy, get to my tent! My old one is good enough for you!"

His voice was wild with exultation. He picked up the diamond from the dirt. "Put it on before I beat you more!" He was like a drunken man. "Girtza, my father, where are you? Why have you kept us waiting?"

Girtza was standing next him.

"Well, now, what would you have?"

Marcu took his purse of gold from his pocket and flung it to the ground. "No bargains. Take that. She is not worth more!" He cracked the whip above his head. "Now, woman, to my tent! To my tent, I say!"

As she went, he followed behind her, cracking the whip and shouting gypsy words. At the door of the tent he paused and turned back to the gypsies.

"Fools, what are you staring for? Petru, some music! Some songs! Dance, dance, all night long!" He threw a handful of coins to them. "Get beer! Get wine! Eat! Drink! This is my wedding night. In my tent is my bride!"

He cracked the whip over his head again and then, folding it under his arm, strode into the tent. The flap closed behind him and the strings were tied hastily in knots.

And now for the first time in months the camp became alive and the trees looked good and the stars were brighter than they had been. And it seemed that they must sing and their songs had a happier lilt and Petru's music was faster and gayer than it had ever been. Laughing was louder and there was kissing and love making under the trees.

The Dummy and Merla stood apart from the others.

"I guess she was his first," she said, shrugging her shoulders. She tilted her saucy head and looked at him.

"I have never before seen how handsome you are, my big dumb one. Is your purse of gold always going to hang at your belt?"

THE END

Secrets of the Noranda Area Given by Engineers

It sometimes happens that a lively argument about the why and wherefore of a mineral deposit that has been discovered and made into a mine discloses its secrets, and thereby gives the key to the discovery of additional deposits. Such an argument has been started (it is hoped by the authors) in the January "Bulletin" of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. H. J. Connolly and R. C. Hart have studied in detail the rocks in the Osisko lake area, surrounding the Noranda mine, and appear to have solved at least a part of the puzzle presented by that mixture of rhyolite, tuffs, andesite and what-not.

In the midst of this apparent muddle of rocks is the series of copper-gold deposits that constitutes the great Noranda mine. It is not yet known why these deposits have been formed in this particular place. The nature and disposition of the rocks obviously have something to do with it. The geological map of the rocks now provided by Messrs. Connolly and Hart, along with their deductions, may give the reason. Last summer a million dollars was spent by the Geological Survey in field work with a view to directing the efforts of prospectors and mine-makers throughout this broad Dominion. Already the information thus gained is giving a good return. The more detailed investigations, such as those of Messrs. Connolly and Hart, are similarly valuable and this particular paper will, it is hoped, start a lively and fruitful discussion.

What Does it Cost to Make Job for Miner?

Some Figures Given in Regard to Various Mines. Variety in Cost According to Mine Concerned.

(From the Northern Miner)
 Henry Ford computes that it costs his company about \$9000 to provide one of his employees with a steady job. By this observation is meant that an investment of capital in machinery, buildings and services is required in that amount before a man can be put regularly to work.

What does it cost to create a job for a miner?

The answer varies with the property and the figure runs from \$3,000 to \$16,000. Such sums must be spent in prospecting, surface work, shaft sinking, underground development, machinery purchases, erection of housing accommodation, provision of mill and equipment of same, developing or bringing in power, building roads and carrying out the innumerable small jobs that finally add up to a going mining concern.

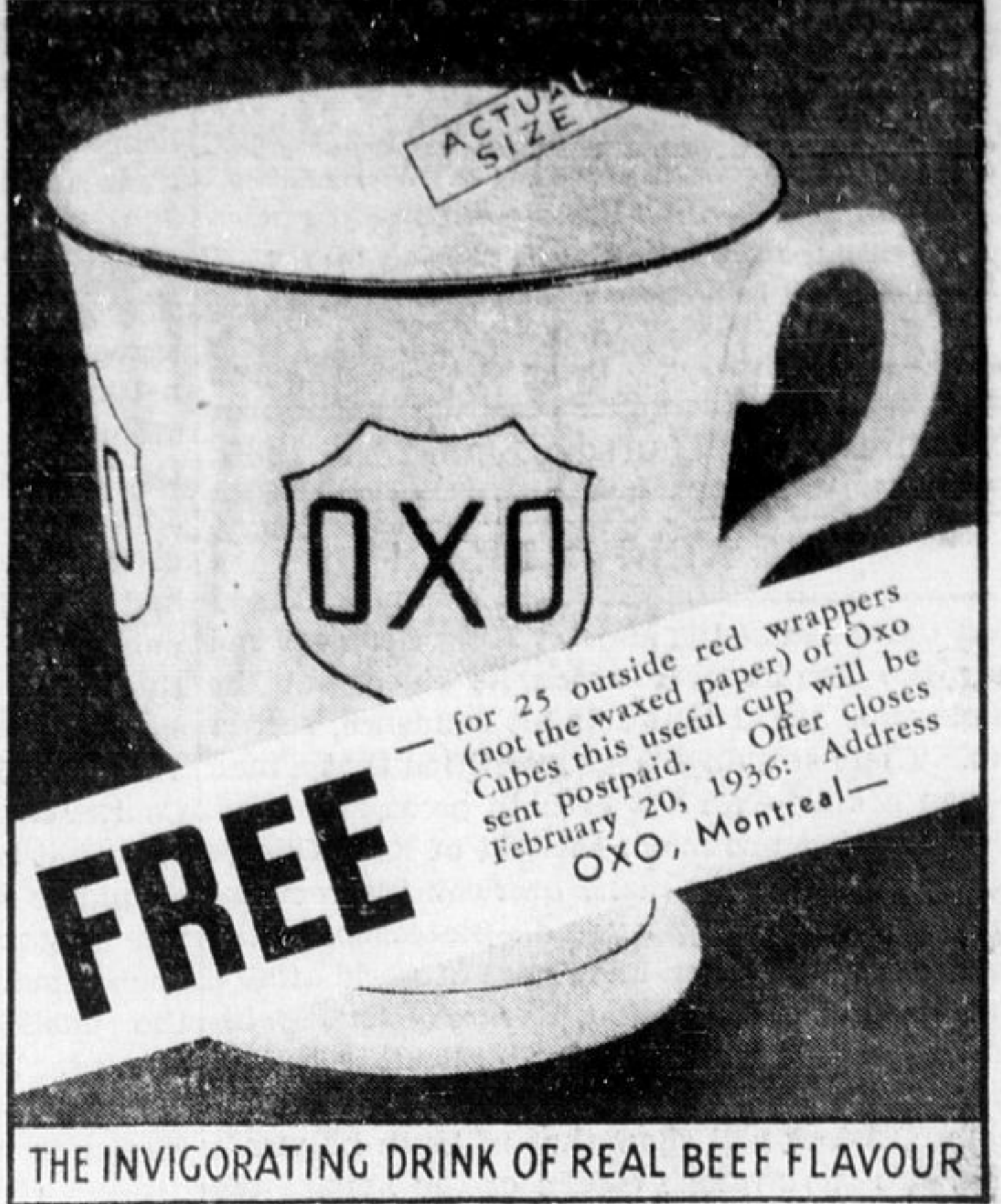
Before miners can be put to work the money must be found and in 90 cases out of a hundred it is provided by the public. Even when a producing, dividend-paying company expands and for the purpose uses treasury surplus or the public pays, because the shareholders forego dividends in order that more men may be given employment or that employment may continue.

This task of finding money to open new mines or to perpetuate established ones is extremely important. It is not the only problem in mining, of course, but it often overshadows the others. It frequently stands in the light, preventing development, the resulting engagement of miners and the creation of employment for a widening circle of persons. In the following paragraphs some instances of money expenditure to create new jobs are cited.

An example of necessary outlay may be provided by Little Long Lac Gold Mines. To the end of 1934 this company had expended \$576,880 in buildings and equipment and had added to this \$297,269 in development and exploration work, for a total of \$874,149. With about 150 men on the payroll the cost of \$5800 each. Of course, the story does not stop there, as the maintenance of the mine in a condition to produce gold requires constant outlay for development, for machinery, power and other incidentals.

Wright-Hargreaves Gold Mines has paid out to the end of August, 1935, \$3,015,108 in providing plant and equipment alone, without considering the several million dollars spent in the development of the property.

The Beattie Gold Mines, Limited, has expended \$1,082,336 to the end of 1934 in buildings and equipment and in the



same year the operating and other expense ran to \$901,724. In other words about a million dollars in equipment and about a million dollars a year are required to keep some 300 employees at work.

Canadian Malartic and its predecessor company spent a round million dollars in reaching the production stage.

Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company expended \$21,413,020 before its 1300 men had assured jobs and its 5000 population community rested securely on an economic footing. In this case the cost ran to \$16,471 per employee, due to the necessity to develop power, build an expensive transmission line, erect a mill and smelter and create a new community in the wilderness.

The International Nickel Company of Canada has spent about \$60,000,000 in nine years in Canada alone and has been able to add 4000 Canadian employees. Thus \$15,000 per capita has been spent upon providing them with continuing and increasing employment. It might be argued that in this instance the money does not come from the public but it does, from that part of the public which is represented by the shareholders.

It can be readily seen that it takes a million dollars to make a comparatively small mine and to create employment for about 150 men. The bigger, the more remote the development the higher the cost. The figures may seem high, but are they? If one were to accept a figure of about \$7000 as the average cost of getting a miner a job could this be considered excessive in

the light of the general benefit which accrues from his employment? Apparently the economic answer to the above question is supplied by the observation that industry welcomes the word that Henry Ford has added to his payroll. Canada should welcome the news that the number of its miners is steadily increasing.

However, Canadians should also realize that the public must put up the capital sum necessary to initiate a new mining operation and bring it to a fruitful culmination.

Sons of Scotland Monthly Whist Drive Last Friday

The Sons of Scotland held their monthly whist drive in the Hollinger hall on Friday night. There were 15 tables of whist. After the cards a nice lunch was served. Then the dancing started. Scotty Wilson and Peter Boyd supplied the music. Everybody had a good time. D. Cotcher, J. McConnell and D. Kerr were the M.C.'s. Prize winners were: Ladies, first, Mrs. J. Parks; second, Mrs. Hunt; third, Mrs. Chulak; gentlemen, first, Mrs. J. Surrat (playing as gentleman); second, C. Sellars; third, Miss M. James (playing a gentleman).

Brantford Expositor:—United States railways are legitimately boasting of a year without the loss of the life of a single passenger. Compared with the mounting toll of the deadly auto the contrast is certainly most marked.

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