



Hawk in the Wind

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Wills had drawn a dozen maps of this region, he had plotted it from aerial photographs, and every line of these was engraved on his mind. There were the tremendous summits to the north and west, there was this ridge, sloping southward and eastward, where Hazel Fork went splashing down to meet the river. It all had form, it fitted in with the thought that had entered his mind when he studied the little map in Virgie Morgan's desk. So many of the surveys had been haphazard, so much had been done that had to be done again.

"Stop here a minute," he said, "just here. I'll walk a little way." He unfolded the map again. He had drawn it, sitting up most of the night, drawn it from sketchy bits in the note-book that remained in his pocket. All his material had gone on to Washington, but he felt that he had enough.

Slowly he walked, studying the terrain below. Above, on the narrow road, where first Virgie Morgan had seen the two men in the black car, Marian sat now, behind the wheel, looking small and lonely. For an hour, he scouted the crest, and the sun climbed higher. Icicles melted on the southern slopes and the faces of the crags began to drip. Down the gullies little streams ran clear, finding their way through a lacy network of ice. On a muddy bank, where he leaped across, was a deer track, lately made, clean-printed and plain.

He returned to the car and Marian sighed patiently, as she set the motor going again.

"Now where?"

"Can we get down under—down there where the big trees are?"

"We'll have to go far around. Some of it will be rough. But I know the way. I used to come in here with Tom."

She fell silent, as they followed the rough woods track, thinking of Tom. Just down there he must have hidden, those two days—and below, through the cathedral trees, ran the abandoned road where Cragg and the others had come in. A heavy pain bothered her when she thought that Tom probably would never see his beloved trees again. Never see the hills again, perhaps—or the shabby old mill that he had loved—never hear again the crow's shrill defiance or the answering insolence of the mountain raven.

It was noon when they reached the lower slope of the ridge, and the sun had warmed and gilded the rocks with a false promise of spring.

"Look here, you must be starved," Wills exclaimed suddenly. "Is there any place near where we can get some sandwiches, or something?"

"Lottie made sandwiches. They're back here and there's some coffee."

"Saved! I was a chump not to think of it myself."

The coffee was not hot.

"Would the lady who owns the stewpan mind if we blacken the bottom of it?" Wills asked. "I can make a fire."

"Lottie can scour it."

If only things were different, Marian thought wistfully, what fun this would be! If only he were not so arrogant and so cold—if only she did not detest him. Wills built a small fire, expertly, between two up-ended rocks. Then he thrust a stick into a crevice and hung a white handkerchief on it.

"Truce!" he announced. "The war is temporarily suspended while the combatants are fed."

"Only one cup," said Marian. "So—what do we do?"

"Pour your half back into the bottle. Then you drink from the cup and I imbibe from the stewpan."

"It's hot."

"In camps where I've dined we used empty bean cans. Gives a rich pork-and-catsup flavor to the brew."

A winter sparrow came and teetered on a sumac bough, making small inquiry as to whether any crumbs would remain. The sun lay ardently on the face of the rock and Marian held her palms to it, catching the warmth in cupped, pink fingers.

Her head was cocked like the bird's, her eyes were cool and remote. Wills looked at her and his heart gave a savage, hurting clutch. His spine straightened and a grim line hardened around his mouth. He was not defeated. Now she was as far from him as the moon—but when a man had caught a precious dream in his heart it was not easy to let it go. Today she was the daughter of the Morgan mills—and he was an employee in corduroy pants. Tomorrow—he clamped his teeth and flung a challenge to tomorrow. And suddenly he cleared his throat roughly.

Intolerable—to sit here in a forest of silence with her disdain, with her eyes on him in cool indifference.

He flung the crust to the waiting sparrow, stood up.

"You needn't speak," he said, hoarsely. "I know how you feel—how you despise me. But I'm going to tell you this—if I never say another word to you as long as we live. I fell in love with you—the first time I ever saw you. I haven't changed. I realize who you are—and who I am—just a tramp that your mother rescued from a mountain thicket! I know what you've

been thinking. It doesn't change. Nothing will change me—ever. And—I'm not giving up."

She stood up, slowly, let her eyes come up slowly. There was an odd little beating at the base of her throat, and for an instant her eyelids trembled mistily.

Then she gave a choky little sound.

"I'm going home," she said and turned and ran without looking back.

The car door slammed. The motor roared and she tore down the rutty track, jolting and bouncing for a hundred yards. Wills sat still on the rock, turning a cigarette slowly round and round in his fingers.

Then as suddenly as she had started, Marian stopped the car, backed it slowly.

"Get in," she ordered.

He gathered up the stewpan and the thermos bottle.

"Get in—and don't talk to me," she repeated, huskily keeping her eyes straight ahead.

Her profile was as unyielding as the line of the distant mountains.



She could manage humble men and make important ones respect her.

She was David Morgan's daughter—and she was finding it hard to surrender.

All the way back to the mill she kept her eyes grimly on the road. Wills sat silent, but his heart was leaping wildly, and a little smile twisted the corner of his mouth.

She was built, fine and gallant and loyal, as a silver sword. She was cut from a golden width of the fabric of dream. For a dream like that a man could wait a lifetime—joyfully!

Virgie went to the mill that Saturday morning, with her face set like the face on a monument.

She had argued with herself through long hours of darkness. Why was she being such a fool, being thrown into a tense panic by Wallace Withers? She could mill pulp and she could sell it; she had proved that. She could borrow money and pay it back. She could manage humble men and make important ones respect her. Even if Wallace bought up her notes, she could pay. She had kept her credit good. The mill would run on.

David would have laughed at Wallace Withers—or smiled his dry, one-sided smile, for David had seldom laughed. He had been intent and grave and fiery, like Marian. But he fought an army of enemies and come through. His mill should run on.

Very high-headed, Virgie climbed the steps of her office. And there Lucy Fields looked at her with a tragic face.

"The West Virginia people have canceled," she said.

"What?"

"The West Virginia order—they canceled by wire this morning."

"But—your stuff is already milled! It's practically ready to go. What reason did they give?"

"None at all. It was a very short message. They canceled," Lucy was wan-faced. Her fingers were uncertain as she opened a trade-paper and indicated a paragraph. "I just saw this. Do you think it could have had anything to do with it?"

Virgie scanned the column. The paragraph Lucy pointed out, was headed, "MORGAN PEOPLE IN TROUBLE." The Morgan mills, so the type stated, were experiencing serious labor trouble, the outgrowth of a shooting affair on the property of the company. Mr. Gordon Cragg, prominent financier and timber magnate, so the story ran, had been shot and dangerously wounded by Thomas Pruitt, superintendent of the Morgan plant.

"Somebody ought to show this to Tom," Virgie commented, flatly. "I don't suppose anybody ever called him Thomas in his life."

"But we depended on that West Virginia order," Lucy worried. "They've never canceled before—I just looked through the files. They've been buying from us for eighteen years. We depend on that order for the tax money."

"I'll have to go up there, I sup-

pose—and argue with them," Virgie said patiently. "Payne and Hooper and Withers, et al., are getting in some fancy underground work."

"How can you go—with Tom's trial starting Monday?"

"Young Daniels will have to go." Virgie sat erect again. At least here was something that could be done. Something definite and on the offensive. "Go get him, Lucy."

While Lucy was gone across the yard, Virgie thumbed the mail over swiftly, scarcely seeing the type that her eye ran over. On Monday Tom would go on trial before a jury. "And any sentence will kill him—so it would be kinder to hang him and be done with it," she had answered that.

What troubled her most was her own ineffectiveness. She had been fiercely boastful, she had defied the world, as the Irish are so prone to do; she had talked widely and magnificently about saving Tom—of saving the mill and being undismayed by Wallace Withers, and now every recurring blow left her more helpless, more inarticulate, futile, pathetic.

It was a sickening spectacle for a proud woman to contemplate. It was worse for an honest woman who could not bring herself to stoop to alibis. Up to now, she had been able to do nothing to stem this tide of disaster. Somehow, of course, Payne and Hooper and Wallace Withers were behind this newest catastrophe. She gave Wallace credit—he was overlooking nothing.

Lucy came back, followed by Stanley Daniels.

Virgie regarded her chemist, her mouth drawn severely straight.

"For a working man," she said, "you're very elegant, this morning!"

Daniels wore his good clothes, a clean shirt, a jaunty tie. He was a trifle pale, but he faced her coolly.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Morgan," he said. "But—I'm not working today. I am resigning my position with you—today!"

Virgie let the old octagonal clock tick off a measured minute, while she looked him up and down. Lucy stood like a statue, white as death, motionless, hardly breathing.

"So—they got you, too, did they?" Virgie said, presently.

Daniels flushed, then the blood drained out of his face.

"My—decision has not been influenced by anyone," he said, stiffly. "I have felt—for some time—that I did not have your confidence, Mrs. Morgan. Chemistry is a responsibility—a serious responsibility. I—feel that I don't wish to assume that responsibility any longer in a plant where I'm not—trusted."

"Who distrusts you?" Virgie countered, her eyes as frigid as his.

He was manifestly uncomfortable. Lucy drew a little strangling breath, her hands at her throat.

"You—were very plainly suspicious of me, Mrs. Morgan—when we lost that pulp. And your attitude yesterday—and before that—"

"How much," Virgie cut in, "did Wallace Withers pay you to make that speech?"

Daniels glared, affrontedly.

"I have not been paid—certainly not by Mr. Withers!"

Virgie reached for the telephone. "Call Julia Gill for me, Mildred," she said into it evenly. "Julia? This is Virgie Morgan. Was Wallace Withers in town last night? Oh, he came there to see Mr. Daniels, did he? Much obliged. No—that's all." She hung up.

Stanley Daniels' eyes were blazing.

"I—think I have a right to—my own affairs," he said, "on my own time—without being spied on—or catechized!"

"All the right in the world," Virgie's tone was wooden. "The right to cheat and do sabotage—and destroy the people who have depended on you! The right to disappoint people who look for something decent and square in this younger generation."

"I haven't cheated! I didn't touch that pulp—oh, what's the use? You wouldn't believe me anyway!"

"No," Virgie was patient, "probably I wouldn't. I'm just a stupid old woman. I believe what I see—and what I hear. I see you deserting me—and I hear that you've been in communication with the man who brags that he's going to ruin me. I add up two and two in my naive, outmoded way—and I get a plain answer. Now—I'll tell you something, Daniels. I did suspect you—at first. I overcame it—because I want to believe in young people. I called you in here just now to send you off on an errand of importance to me—because I hoped you'd do it well—because I thought you'd be glad of the chance to prove yourself to me. But—all that's ended. Talk is no use. You can check out. Take the inventory over, Lucy—and check him out."

"You'd better check carefully," Daniels flared. "Probably I've been stealing from you, too!"

"The person you've been stealing from," said Virgie, with a heavy patience, "is yourself!"

"Oh, please—I can't!" faltered Lucy.

"I said—go over and check him out," repeated Virgie, evenly, "and remember—all the tragedies aren't played in the Little Theatre!"

At the laboratory door, Lucy turned on Daniels a livid face.

"How can you do a thing like this—to her?"

He flushed angrily. "What chance did I have? I could have explained—but she wouldn't have listened. You heard her give me the third degree—telephoning Mrs. Gill."

"You could have explained what? What was there to explain?"

"I could have explained why Withers was there. He—framed me. He would have ruined me. He led me on to talk—he got information out of me—formulas—"

"You told him what to put in a digester to ruin a batch of pulp?" Lucy was all white scorn. "You were just talking—to be interesting—because he made you think you were important. And then when he took the information he got from you—and hired those low-down Spain boys to do the work, probably—"

"How do you know?"

"I don't know. But—it adds up, doesn't it? And then he threatened you—I think you're cheap!" she blazed at him. "I think you're—yellow! And—I was in love with you! I—suffered because you didn't care! It—makes me sick now when I think about it."

He flung the door back. The flat, acrid chemical smell rushed at them. This had been his world—the place where he had ruled men and processes, by the power of his moving thumbs over a test-tube, by the might of figures written on ruled sheets, by his word. For years he had been supreme, a person of importance, knowing things other men did not know. But now he was only a lost young man stumbling into a reeking cubicle—a young man out of work.

"Hadn't you better get at that inventory?" he said, flatly, racking up test-tubes. "I'm leaving town. I don't intend sticking around here forever."

But Lucy did not stir. She stood, with the flat book under her arm, her eyes purple-black and thunderous.

"You're not going!" she slashed.

"You're not going through with this. You're going to stick here—and be—something—a man!"

"Sorry—I'm going."

She held the latch of the door. She was vibrant all over, like a small gray hornet.

"You're not going! There's the mill! I—despise you! When I think what a fool I've been—crying—over you—I never want to see you again. But—there's the mill. It has to go on. It has to go on. And we can't run without sulphides and magnesium and the right formulas. You're not going—because I'm going to lock you in!"

Daniels jumped too late.

She had swung with the heavy door, crashed it shut, and he heard the heavy padlock he had himself put on, clack fast on the outside.

"You're not going, Stanley Daniels," she shrielled at him through the panels. "You can sit in there and make up your mind to that! You can make up your mind to—be a man! You're going to stay in there—till I get good and ready to let you out!"

He dragged at the door, beat unavailingly on the heavy panels. He swore at her.

"You crazy little fool!" he shouted. "You crazy devil!"

But she was gone. He kicked the panels in wrath, but the effort was wasted and he knew it.

Heavily he sank on the greasy stool, watched an upset bottle of acid trickle slowly to the floor.

Who would have thought that quiet, mousy little thing had so much fire in her? His anger relaxed a little. He had been sick, shaken and miserable with a mixture of shame and dread all night. Toward dawn he had decided that the only thing to do was to leave town.

But now his neck stiffened a little, his jaw set. So—she thought he was yellow, did she—the spunky little devil? He'd show her—he went to the door and gave it a resounding kick.

CHAPTER XVII

The lawyer who came at noon, with Wallace Withers, was a suave stranger.

He was, so he stated, from Baltimore. He represented the Messrs. Payne, Cragg, and Hooper.

"And Withers," added Virgie. "I do not represent Mr. Withers. I am not connected with the local enterprises of my clients, Mrs. Morgan. I am retained to prosecute a suit for damages for Mr. Cragg against your—superintendent, I believe—Mr. Thomas Pruitt."

"You didn't overlook anything, did you?" drawled Virgie.

"It is the function of an efficient attorney to overlook nothing. Very wisely, we think, Mr. Pruitt accepted our advice—which was to settle out of court. With more serious action pending it would be unfortunate for him to be involved also in civil matters, to which he could not give his attention. So he decided to make suitable settlement with my client, Mr. Cragg, and I have here—"

He unfolded a paper—"an order upon you, Mrs. Morgan, to deliver to me fifty shares of stock in the Morgan mills—the property of Mr. Pruitt."

Virgie sprang up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
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(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for February 16

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JESUS TEACHES FORGIVENESS AND GRATITUDE

LESSON TEXT—Luke 17:1-4, 11-19.
GOLDEN TEXT—Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Ephesians 4:32.

Did you ever hear of "vinegar saints"? They are the Christian folk who are "preserved" (as Paul prayed in I Thess. 5:23), but are apparently pickled instead of sweetened. Every housewife knows that things may be preserved with sugar or with vinegar.

God never intended it to be that way. All through His Word there are admonitions and encouragements to gracious and considerate living. Every Christian is under orders to "grow in grace" as well as in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ (II Pet. 3:18). This lesson stresses two leading Christian graces.

I. Forgiveness—Not Always Easy, but Always Possible (vv. 1-4).

The Bible is ever realistic in its approach to life. God knows that Christians must live in just our kind of world; in fact, your kind of world, and makes provision for it.

Offenses cannot be avoided. There will always be occasions for stumbling. No matter how closely we may guard our children, they will face temptations. Let us prepare them to meet them with the power of Christ, and let us be so prepared ourselves.

The fact that offenses must come does not excuse the one who creates the cause of stumbling. Someone is responsible for every such occasion for offense, and the woe of God is pronounced upon him.

What shall I do about the one who thus tempts me and others? Just grieve over it and look the other way? No indeed. "Rebuke him," says God's Word. Let us do it! If he does not repent, there is no occasion for forgiveness. To do so would only encourage him in his sin.

If he repents, or even says he repents, we are to forgive, not just once, but over and over again (v. 4). That's not easy for any of us, but it is possible if we, like the disciples (see v. 5), ask God to "increase our faith," and use it as Jesus directs in verse 6.

II. Gratitude—the Almost Forgotten Christian Grace (vv. 11-19).

Nine men wonderfully healed of the dreadful disease of leprosy, and only one said, "Thank you," to Jesus, "and he was a Samaritan," an outsider or stranger. One wonders whether in our own day of professed enlightenment and culture the average of those who express their gratitude would even reach one-tenth.

"Gratitude is as scarce as friendship." Many there are who profess to be Christians who never offer praise to God for the provision of their daily food, let alone for all other temporal and spiritual blessings. The kindness of friends is taken for granted. The thoughtfulness of others is accepted without comment.

Have you told your minister that you appreciate his sermons and his ministry in the community? Does your Sunday School teacher know that you have received help and blessing in the class? Does the editor of this paper know that you enjoy and appreciate this column? If you do, why not encourage him by calling him on the telephone or writing him a note to tell him so?

Young people, have you ever said a real heart-felt "thank you" to your father or mother for all they have done for you? Perhaps some older sister or brother or school teacher or neighbor would be greatly heartened by such a word from you.

Someone may say, "I am grateful, but I am not the type that talks about it." One wonders whether Henry Van Dyke was not right when he said, "A dumb love is accepted only from the lower animals." A dog will show his thankfulness by wagging his tail, but a man has a tongue with which to say kind and tender words of appreciation to both God and man.

Most important of all, let us bear in mind that God awaits our words of praise. Christ valued the words of gratitude of this man and missed them from the nine others. When He was in Simon's home (Luke 7:44-46), He gently rebuked His host for failing to show him the ordinary courtesies of the household.

Appreciate Beauty

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful—welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower and thank Him for it who is the fountain of all loveliness; and drink it simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—Kingsley.

Bible Is Valuable Guide

I have read it (the Bible) through many times; I now make a practice of going through it once a year; it is a book of all others for lawyers as well as divines, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule for conduct.—Daniel Webster.

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Automatic Electric Water Heater 30 Gal. Finest quality \$39. Buy direct from factory, save half. Valuable information free. White Products Corp., Lansing, Mich.

AROUND THE HOUSE

You will find that fresh bread will cut easier if you heat the knife.

To keep muslin curtains even when laundering, put two curtains together and iron as one curtain.

A little vinegar put into soapy water when washing aluminum ware helps to keep it bright.

For washing windows—an old auto windshield wiper blade makes a good utensil to wipe water from house windows after they have been washed.

Before hanging clothes on the line in freezing weather, put pins on the clothes in the house, then snap on line with double clothes pins.

A Towel Tip—Instead of making kitchen towels roller shape, put a deep hem on each end and slip roller through. When one end becomes damp reverse the towel. Less toweling is needed and it will dry much quicker.

Iron scorches on white cotton, silk or linen materials may be removed by dampening a cloth with peroxide of hydrogen, laying it over the scorch, then putting a dry cloth over the damp one and pressing with a warm iron.

MOROLINE 5

Wishes
Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; and pride, two bent knees.—Richter.

Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aids nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION
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Fruitless Harvest
Who eat their corn while yet 'tis green,
At the true harvest can but glean.—Saadi.

KOHLER HEADACHE POWDERS

Sweetest Plum
In all the wedding cake, hope is the sweetest of the plums.—Douglas Jerrold.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS

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Harshness will alienate a bosom friend, and kindness reconcile a deadly foe.

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