The Toronto World

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FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 4.

Provincial Housing.

The report of the director on housing of the bureau of municipal affairs for 1919, now available, gives particulars of the operations carried on under the two acts passed by the provincial government. The total amount appropriated by the province by order-in-council is $10,694,000, and of this $5,125,000 was appropriated to seventeen cities, $3,809,000 to forty towns, $625,000 to sixteen villages and $1,125,000 to eleven townships. The total loans approved, with houses erected in 1919-1920 under the Ontario housing act, is $7,119,352.74, and a further amount of $953.15 had also been approved but not yet paid out. The total amount actually paid out on account of such loans by the province for the purchase of land for housing purposes in 1919-1920 was $6,866,511.95.

The report further states that during 1920 the cost of house construction increased slightly over the already high cost of 1919, but in the latter part of 1920 there was a slight decrease noticeable, and the expectancy was that there would be quite an appreciable further decrease in 1921.

Director Ellis' report further states that there is still a great shortage of houses in rural and urban centres of population and his estimate of such shortage is at least 20,000 houses. It is pleasing to note that up until the end of December, 1920, there have been returned on account of these loans $368,255.58, and that none of the municipalities were in arrears of their payments.

Marketing Canadian Cattle.

The question of the cattle embargo was raised again in yesterday's Globe. The opinion of Professor Robert Wallace of Edinburgh University was cited, in which he gave advice to Canadian cattle raisers to the effect that it would be better to go into the chilled meat industry than to worry with other methods of marketing Canadian cattle.

A correspondent in The World last week, Mr. William Houston, was of the opinion that northern Ontario would make a splendid field for raising store cattle and stockers to be shipped to the old country. Mr. Houston's suggestion has been brought to notice before by a well-known cattle exporter from the Toronto market, but whether this is feasible or not remains to be tested out. However, the facts are that nobody seems to have taken advantage of the opportunities, if they are there, of starting ranches in the northern Ontario limits, and until this is tried out it is largely a matter of surmise rather than proof.

The main point in connection with the whole question is the fact that the Ontario farmer at the present time is having no difficulty in marketing the cattle at what is considered a good price. In fact consumers in the cities think, and we think there is some justice in their contention, that they are paying more than is at present justified for their meat bills. Perhaps there is a large rake-off between the farmer and the consumer, but it is certain that the price of meat has not yet fallen in proportion to the prices of other food products, perhaps with the single exception of wheat.

The facts evidence that there is no surplus of Ontario cattle to be shipped. On the Toronto market there is a continual call for finished cattle, and we still think if the Ontario farmer would keep his stockers and feeders and finish them off he would receive much more advantage than he would by seeking to get them out of hand as quickly as it is possible to class them as beef.

Raising the cattle embargo in England does not seem to be quite as easy a problem as some would imagine. There are many and varied considerations to be taken into account before live cattle could be permitted to enter the old country to be fed and finished, and we have grave doubts whether Hon. Mr. Doherty's visit to England at the present time will be productive of any good results.

City Hall Salaries.

The fitness of things is evidently not one of the strong points in the public make-up of Alderman Beamish. His suggestion at the meeting of the parks committee that the salary of the commissioner be increased by nearly thirty per cent. is entirely out of line with present day conditions, and the alderman will find this resented by many thousands of citizens who are carrying just about all the taxation they can afford to stand under. In every direction there is an attempt made to bring about what is termed deflation. The alderman is working, or trying to work, the reverse way. The barber business may be specially adapted to this method of operation, but in every other direction of business activity the opposite course is in effect.

The World has always believed in paying remunerative salaries to civic employes, but with the present unemployment, extremely high taxation, and a reduction being made in every other direction, this is altogether the wrong time to be even suggesting that salaries at the city hall be made any larger.

Incorporations and Stock Markets.

The incorporated companies act in its original inception found a method of securing capital co-operation for the development of large undertakings which could not be made by the means that were then in existence, that of forming partnership arrangements with a limited capital. By the formation of companies with large capitalizations which could be distributed to thousands of shareholders a much readier method was found of getting aggregations of capital together, and it served a good purpose.

With the incorporated companies, however, came the promoter, with his necessary adjunct the stock market, and together these two have served to build up the millionaires and billionaires which were impossible under the old conditions. The high financing which has been occasioned by capitalization and over-capitalization and stock market operations may, however, result in disgusting would-be investors. The utter collapse of many supposed securities on the New York stock exchange and the Canadian exchanges during the past year will open the eyes of people who have given their confidence to many promotions. They will begin to see that the stock market is too close a companion of the enterprises and will learn that these exchanges are much more largely reserved for gambling operations than they are for investments, and will prefer, from the point of safety, to place their money in associations whose shares are not padded out in capitalization to an enormous extent, and whose earnings are conserved to finance the businesses rather than being distributed in unwarranted dividends. Stock market operations of late will no doubt be an eye-opener to people who have any regard for the safety of their money.

Remarked in Passing.

The purchase of more land for park purposes on St. Clair avenue is a matter that might well be left over to more prosperous times.

* * *

The German bluff having been promptly and decisively called, the Boches at once did the usual thing in such cases, said they had been misunderstood, and prepared to back down.

* * *

An "apartment-to-let" sign caused a near riot in New York the other day. Wonder what would have happened if it had been a "rent-reduced" sign?

* * *

Toronto's new street cars are to be built here, and if they don't provide seats and straps for all who want them, Toronto's citizens will know where to place their kicks.

* * *

Shipyard workers refused to launch a vessel named after Admiral Von Tirpitz, the frightful German admiral, until its name had been changed. Seems as tho the admiral were not popular even in his own land.

* * *

Farmers' Sun wants Toronto broken up into ten cities of 50,000 inhabitants each, so each family may have a food-growing garden. The idea being, no doubt, to relieve the farmers of the hated responsibility of growing food to sell to the city people.

* * *

Board of Education Administrator Pearse seems to have found a way of making the coal dealers take back some of the poor quality stuff they have been delivering for fuel purposes. It's sometimes a pity the man who has only his home to heat couldn't do the same thing.

* * *

Attorney-General Raney, usually the most placid of gentlemen in the legislature, is developing somewhat of a belligerent air these days, particularly during a passage at arms with the Conservative leader.

* * *

There is one thing, at any rate, that the Liberal and Conservative groups in the legislature agree upon, and that is the right of a defendant in an O. T. A. case to appeal if he thinks he has not had justice.

RANEY: Just come off the fence and make good those words.

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

The World will gladly print under this head letters written by our readers, dealing with current topics. As space is limited they must not be longer than 200 words and written on one side of the paper only.

RABBI SHOWS SINCERITY.

Editor World: Permit just a word in recognition of Rabbi Brickner's communication in your issue of March 3 in reply to mine of a previous date. It is quite evident from the tone of the rabbi's letter that he regrets the error in his statement regarding Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the entire incident. With such an attitude one cannot but correspond and accept his sincerity when he says: "The Catholic Church in many instances has been (and, may I add, is) amongst the best friends of the Hebrew people. May it be God's will that this friendly and amicable relationship shall continue."

Catholic.

INIQUITOUS LEGISLATION.

Editor World: The city council may be charged with passing curious legislation sometimes, but they will be asked to pass the following from the city legislation committee at Monday's council meeting: "That sanction from the legislature be applied for authorizing the city to expropriate any citizen's property by giving forty per cent., plus assessed value, when such expropriation is necessary." This seems to be a piece of freak legislation, and is in reality an insult to the assessment commissioner and to the official arbitrator. If it ever reaches the legislature, I trust they will tell the individual who originated this idea that they regard such a proposition as an insult, pure and simple.

The Beaches.

Rhyming Views On Daily News

By GEORGE H. DIXON.

They say at Dunnville things were lax, and people every day would get their morning exercise by breaking O.T.A. it was a pipe to get the booze before they tightened down, and that a boy of fourteen years could buy enough to drown. Yes, that is what the papers say about the whiskey probe, that's shocked the people in the land, and, most of all, The Globe. They say a boy of fourteen years could buy it without fuss; we wish they'd send that kid across to buy some stuff for us.

Altho there now is some dispute around the little isle, we think it would be just the place for yaps that we'd exile. There are a lot of people here who daily make us rave, that we would like to ship away where they could misbehave. The yap who chews a wad of gum, then sticks it on a seat, where other yaps are sure to sit, we'd give this little treat. Then, there's the yap who always knows the end girls in a show, and of the way they fall for him he daily let's you know. Still, there's the yap we all have met, who pesters us each night, by calling up at ten o'clock to ask who won the fight. There's other yaps that we could give, whom we would treat the same, but, as we have a lack of space, no more of them we'll name. "What's in a name?" a poet asks, a very clever chap; but there are many we would send out to the Isle of Yap.

MOVE FOR REVISION IN COPYRIGHT LAWS

Application to the parliament of Canada for immediate revision of the copyright laws is one of the objectives of the Authors' and Composers' Association of Canada, whose newly-elected president, George H. K. Mitford, says that the present copyright laws and regulations give no protection to authors and composers, in regard to motion picture scenarios and reproduction of songs in phonographic records.

PACT IS INIMICAL TO U.S. COMMERCE

Report Against Agreement Between Britain and Mercantile Marine Co.

Washington, March 3.—The agreement between the International Mercantile Marine Corporation and the British admiralty requiring the corporation to operate its ships without injury to British commerce is inimical to the foreign commerce of the United States, the United States Shipping Board declared today, in a report submitted to the senate. The report was in response to a resolution of inquiry, as a result of charges by Senator Jones of Washington, that the agreement was injurious to United States shipping.

In reporting its findings after a hearing had been held on the charges, the board declared the agreement to be inimical to, and not in harmony with the policy of the United States, with respect to the development of its trade and commerce and at variance with both the letter and the spirit of the merchant marine act of 1920."

The resolution, a copy of which has been sent to the International Mercantile Marine Corporation, directed it to amend the agreement to exclude all vessels documented under the laws of the United States from the effects of the agreement, so that it would not apply to ships operated by the company at any time under the United States flag.

WINNIPEG IS FIGHTING ITS ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Dispute Over Higher Fares Leads to a Court Case—Mayor Issues a Warning.

Winnipeg, March 3.—Efforts at private settlements having proved futile, the city of Winnipeg and the Winnipeg Electric Railway are now engaged before the court of appeal in contesting a recent order of the public utilities commissioner for higher fares.

Mayor Edward Parnell, in addressing the local real estate exchange, declared that the Winnipeg Electric Company was "practically on the verge of bankruptcy," and added: "If you do not do something that will put it in shape, then it will come on the city's hands, and I warn you against municipal control at this time."

There are suggestions that private parties may intervene in an effort to put an end to the legal fight and secure a permanent settlement of outstanding differences.

ONTARIO REFERENDUM ACT IS GIVEN ROYAL ASSENT

Ottawa, Ont., March 3.—In the senate today the royal assent was given to the Ontario referendum election act.

The government's bill creating a Lake of the Woods control board was given a second reading. This bill provides for a board, consisting of four members, two of whom shall be appointed by the Dominion and two by the province of Ontario. This board will be charged with the responsibility of "securing at all times the most dependable flow and the most advantageous and beneficial use of the waters of the Winnipeg River and the waters of the English River."

NO HURRY TO REDUCE FEDERAL POSTAL STAFFS

Ottawa, March 3.—The proposal of the firm of efficiency experts, Griffenhagen and Company, for various reforms in the postoffice department involving the dismissal of some 300 employes, is in suspense. No action along the line of a reduction in staffs is likely to be taken in a hurry.

FEDERAL MONEY FOR HOUSING.

Ottawa, March 3—(By Canadian Press).—A total of almost eleven and three-quarters millions was advanced by the federal government to provincial housing schemes during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1920. Of this amount, Ontario received $8,700,000.

THE WORLD'S WEEKLY NOVEL

THE CODE OF THE MOUNTAINS

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK. (Copyright, 1921, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

(Continued from Yesterday's World.)

CHAPTER VI.

Love Comes to a Dark Soul.

IN THE months that followed, Henry Falkins organized and drilled into some semblance of military form a company of militiamen. Men on both sides ceased to speak of the "truce," and called it by the more permanent name of "peace." But, reflected the farsighted Deacon, there might come an outbreak some day, and then it would be no advantage to the Spooners to have a hundred Falkinses take to the brush with the high-power military rifles. So, in the course of time, the Spooner platoons were duly organized and taken into the state guard. The Deacon himself consented only to become a sergeant. Yet, from the inception, it was the sergeant, rather than the captain, or lieutenant, who dictated every matter of importance.

Newt Spooner felt the stirring of a new emotion. In this novel game of playing soldier, he found, rather against his will an interest that threatened to become an enthusiasm. For the first time in his lonely life, he began to taste, with a tang of relish, the pleasure of companionship. Newt was waking out of a sleep that had lasted since babyhood and that had been all nightmare.

A man whose outlook on life had been broader than Newt's, and whose brain did not receive constant poisoning from within, would have softened that fall and winter, because a new influence was working upon him.

The influence was Minerva, and the boy found himself, as the splendid fall died swiftly into the unspeakable desolation of mountain winter, counting the days between her visits to the cabin. But of this he said nothing, and the only evidences he gave to her at first were mute evidences, and a greater ferocity in suppressing the spirit of nagging and persecution to which his mother and sister drifted with inevitable perversity. When the girl returned at Christmas, after a longer absence than usual, she found, to her astonishment, the contour of the cabin altered. Newt had thrown against one end an additional room. It was a simple annex of hewn logs and puncheon floor with a clay-daubed chimney and no windows, but it was tight-chinked and solidly weather-tight.

"What's the new room, Newty?" she demanded.

"Oh, hell!" ejaculated the boy with a sudden rush of color that even the moonlight failed to hide. "Damned ef I didn't plumb fergit hit!" That was a lie, for he had not forgotten, only he had been too bashful to speak. Now he led her over and opened the door.

A fire was roaring inside on the hearth. The place was unfurnished except for a chair, a bed and a table, all home-made, but all clean and soundly carpentered. In the Frankfort prison Newt had worked in the chair factory.

"Ye see, M'nervy," he went on, floundering for words, "ye see, I hain't had nothin' much to do round hyar, an' I thought hit mout kill some time ter sort of build this hyar contraption. I 'lowed ye mout be a little more satisfied ef ye had a room of yore own, thar kin ye could go in, an' put ther bar acrost the door, when them women folks pestered ye, an' tell 'em to go ter hell."

Now, he stood there before the roar of the fire on the hearth that he had built and watched the shadows retreat into the corners of the room. He saw Minerva sitting with her eyes still pensive and her lips still smiling, and the flames awakening color on her cheeks and mahogany glints in her hair.

She was beautiful. To a more discerning eye that would have long ago been apparent, but until now Newt had meant nothing to Newt Spooner. It had not existed.

So, with the stunning effect of light breaking on eyes that have been sightless, the young man in the room, in his drab homespun, whose brain had been even more colorless and sombre than his clothes, felt a wild hunger to take her in his arms and claim her for his own. That this thing had been growing in his mind, unrealized until this moment, he did not suspect. That it was much less sudden than it seemed, he did not understand. He knew only that he, Newt Spooner, vassal to hate, was now in love, and, as he acknowledged it to himself, his face became drawn and pale, and his hands clenched themselves, for with the self-confession came utter despair.

He was ignorant, penniless, vindictive. She was, to his thinking, learned, fastidious and pledged to the new "fotched-on" lover.

Should he tell her that he loved her, provided he could imagine his stoic lips shaping such phrases, she could only be offended and distressed. He must not tell her. That one thing seemed certain, and, as he stood there, masking the storm in his thin breast under a scowling visage of tightly compressed lips and drawn brow, he was being racked by a yearning greater than he had ever known or imagined.

How long he remained rigid and silent he did not know, but at last he heard her voice, speaking very softly:

"Newty, you have been very good to me. You did all this for me—and yet even you don't know how much it means to me."

"Hit wan't nothin'," he answered in a dead voice. Then, having resolved not to betray himself, he found himself crying out to his own surprise, in a tumult of fierce and passionate feeling. "I'd go plumb down into hell fer ye, M'nervy."

The girl looked up, then she rose unsteadily, and laid a hand on his arm. Her eyes were gazing very fixedly into his, and she spoke eagerly:

"You say you'd do that—for me. Do something else, Newty. Come—out of a life that's not much better than hell—for me."

He spoke quietly again, tho under her fingertouch his arm shook as if it were suddenly palsied:

"I don't jest plumb understand ye."

"Give it all up, Newty." She was talking, excitedly, and her words came fast. "Give up this idea of vengeance. It's all wrong and mistaken—and wicked. It hurts you most of all. You said there tonight that this was the only life you ever knew—"

"This an' ther penitenshery," he corrected her, and a harsh note stole into the words as he uttered them.

"There are other lives you know. Can't you forget it?"

The man gave a short and hollow laugh.

"I reckon so," he answered. Then, as his eyes flashed wildly, his utterance rose and snapped out the remainder of the response. "When Henry Falkins is dead an' buried—damn him!"

Minerva stood looking into the face that was close to her own. It was a face branded and stamped with so fierce a vindictiveness that she realized the hopelessness of argument. It would have been as easy to persuade a maniac to become sane by asking him to lay aside his lunacy. She turned and dropped into her chair, then, looking straight ahead at the blazing logs, she went on, holding her voice steady and even:

"When you were in jail, Newty—at Jackson—I tried to see you. But they—they wouldn't let me."

The bitterness left his eyes, and he bent suddenly forward.

"Ye tried to see me—in ther jail-house? What fer did ye do that?"

"I wanted to tell you, I was sorry—and to beg you to give up—your idea. I didn't know until that day you were nursing a grudge—against Mr. Falkins."

For a while, Newt stood silent. Finally, he said curtly:

"I'm obleeged ter ye."

"But that isn't all, Newt." Minerva's hands were clasped in her lap, and the fingers twined themselves nervously and tightened as she went on. "I've got to tell you all of it. I heard that morning—what you aimed to do—and I went to Jackson—to warn him."

The mountaineer drew back, and over his pale face passed a paroxysm of bitterness, which at first left him wordless. His posture grew rigid, and if Minerva Rawlins had been capable of physical fear, she would have felt it then, because she was looking into eyes burning with the fire of monomania. But, at last, he spoke in the same dead voice, and only to ask a question:

"How did ye know? Who betrayed me?"

"I can't tell you that. I knew that, if you succeeded you would ruin your life—as well as end his. You are bound to see sometime that all this idea of a man's being his own judge and jury and executioner is wicked, and then—if you had succeeded—" She raised her hands in a despairing gesture, and broke off.

Once more the boy had become stiff in his attitude, and his face seemed a gargoyle of hatred.

"Ef I'm goin' ter be so plumb miserable erbout hit," he said slowly, "I mout as well suffer fer a couple as fer one. Who war hit thet betrayed me?"

Minerva shook her head.

"You think of Henry Falkins as your bitter enemy. He isn't, Newt. He's not any man's enemy. Only he has lived in the civilized world as well as here, and he knows that a system that's built on murder is wrong. You know only the Henry Falkins that you've imagined. I know how terrible it must have been down there—at Frankfort. . . . I know that you had little else to think about. . . . But just for that very reason you can't trust the ideas that came to you down there. The real Henry Falkins isn't the man you think."

"Ye says I don't understand Henry Falkins. What does ye know about him beyond what I knows?" The jealousy that rang thru the question was the only declaration of love he had ever made to her, and his fingers unconsciously bit into her arms until they ached.

"He came down to the school," she said faintly, "and he gave me this medal because I had—I had tried to study hard."

She groped at her throat for the small metal disc, which she held out to him. But he drew back, his eyes gleaming venomously.

"I'd rather tech a rattlesnake," he declared in a voice which she hardly recognized, "then ter lay hands on anything thet damned dog hed teched." She stood dazed, and he went on, the high-timbered shrillness of excitement. "Some day I'm a-goin' to have a reckonin' with that feller, an', when I gits thru, he won't go roun' givin' medals to no other feller." He wheeled and stamped out of the room, and the girl did not know that for hours he tramped the snowy woods of the mountainsides, cursing under his breath, and redoubling his oath of reprisal.

News from the outside world percolates slowly into the quarantine of the beleaguered hills. A fever that rushes hotly thru the arteries of the nation from sea to sea, is hardly a flush to the country that leads its own isolated life. The Maine had been blown up in Havana harbor. The war fever was burning thousands into fitful patriotism, but back there in the Cumberland mountains, where men scarcely knew who was president of the United States, life was going more placidly than usual.

CHAPTER VII.

The Voice of War.

BUT, if the fever came slowly to the hills, it infected the men of the two new companies thoroly enough when it did come. So far, each organization was drilling in its own territory, and, when the boy thought of Henry Falkins, it was not in connection with the war with Spain, but as the principal enemy in another war. On the lintel of the cabin door was a series of notches cut by his pocket-knife. Each month he added a fresh one at the end of the line. When he had cut 12, he would have complied with his promise to the Deacon.

Then came the day when the company from Troublesome hiked across the hills to Jackson. The college students were drawn up at the palings to see them pass. Minerva Rawlins was leaning across the fence, and, as Newt passed her, he caught once more the flutter of her handkerchief. There was no leave-taking, and she did not know that, as he left the cabin that morning, his last words had been a warning to his mother and sister, that, if they "pestered Clem's gal" while he was away, he would hold them strictly to account on his return. At the railroad station in Jackson, the outfit was joined by the other company; but, as Newt stood on the platform, his eyes somberly searching the space where the men were gathered, he sought vainly for the figure of Henry Falkins. At last, a corporal told him that the first lieutenant was in command and Newt made no audible comment. But to himself he said:

"I reckon the damn' crowd was skeered ter come along. He kain't fight Spain in no witness chair."

* * *

The Breathitt county battalion was sent to Chickamauga and there Henry Falkins joined as major. Finally they were ordered across the continent and from early June until late in October sat down and waited at Camp Merritt and the Presidio, drilling and being whipped into shape that it seemed to them that military life was the only life they had known. And between June and October falls the month of July, and in the month of July comes the Fourth.

Over Private Newt Spooner's cot in his tent hung a calendar. Each day he carefully marked off a number, and, as he kept track of the time, a strange sort of contentment appeared to descend upon his soul. He studied his drill manual, threw himself into the life of soldiering, and presented to the world a face less grim and lowering. He was pointed out as a smart, well set-up soldier.

But beside Private Job Wedgesley, his buddie, another man in the company had an eye on Private Spooner. At times, when the soldier did not know of it, the top sergeant of the outfit strolled in and noted the calendar on which the passing of each day was so faithfully recorded, and the brain of the top sergeant dedicated itself to cogitation. On the night of the third, Sergeant Peter Spooner asked and was given permission to speak privately with his major.

The tall grave figure with the thoughtful eyes and the chevroned sleeve was a picture of soldierly deportment, and, as he came into the tent of Major Henry Falkins and stood respectfully at attention, the battalion commander looked up, with a pleased smile.

"I have the captain's permission to speak to the major, sir," announced the infantry man.

Falkins nodded.

"Tomorrow is the Fourth of July, sir."

"Yes, there is to be a parade in town. Have your men tuck their shirt-tails in." The major smiled at his little pleasantry. The mountaineers had long since abandoned their more exaggerated idiosyncracies.

"It is concerning Private Newton Spooner, sir, that I want to speak."

"What about him?"

The Deacon told his story. He was shrewd enough to tell it with seeming frankness, even to the point of admitting that on that other day, now a year ago, he had bound Newt over for 12 months of truce. That period ended tomorrow, he spoke of the calendar in the private's tent, and Falkins' face darkened thoughtfully.

"Don't you imagine he has forgotten that grudge?" questioned the officer. On the table before him lay an unfinished letter to a girl in Winchester. He had boasted in a paragraph on which the ink was still damp that his militia experience had succeeded.

"He has not forgotten it, sir. He has not changed it." The Deacon shook his head with conviction as he spoke. "You're a mountain man, yourself, sir. Did you ever know a mountain hatred to die while the man himself lived to harbor it? Did you ever make a pet of a rattlesnake?"

The major was sitting at his camp table, littered with papers and paraphernalia. A swinging lantern cast its yellow flare on the canvas walls and his side-arms, lying with his discarded blouse on his cot. Just inside the opening stood the sergeant, seeming rather gigantic against the black background of the night sky thru the triangle of the raised tent flap.

"I don't like to admit that," Falkins picked up the pen and toyed with it absently. "I'm rather eager to see this boy make good. You are a mountain man, too. Your record for feud hatred and homicide was once a rather full one, yet you came back to the hills, declaring for peace. Isn't the change in yourself permanent, sergeant?"

Falkins had made the personal application as an illustration, and he made it smilingly, but the Deacon's face was for a moment an expression of deep pain.

"I hope, sir," he replied, respectfully, "that my record speaks for itself. But I had been living in the outside world. He has known only the mountains—and prison."

"And now he knows the army!" The officer spoke eagerly. "The service is stronger than the individual. It will grip him. If we can arouse his ambition—"

"It won't help to make mistakes, sir. Tomorrow Private Newton Spooner becomes a menace to your life. Until midnight tonight you are safe."

For a while there was silence; then Major Falkins took up his pen again.

"Sergeant," he said, "tomorrow morning, after inspection, send Private Spooner to my tent."

"Yes, sir." The Deacon saluted, turned with the precision of an automaton, and left the place.

* * *

Immediately after inspection on the next morning, a private appeared at the fly on Major Falkins' tent. The private was, of course, unarmed. His top-sergeant had seen to that, even tho the soldier had surreptitiously sought to slip a revolver inside his army shirt.

As Newt Spooner presented himself, Henry Falkins was sitting on the edge of his cot. He was already in dress-uniform for the parade, and wore side arms. He glanced up and nothing in the demeanor of the private escaped him.

For Newt stood at the tent-opening as white as a ghost, and, despite his lately learned military bearing, there was the faint of a tremor thru his entire body. It was evident that last night had brought little sleep to the eyes of this man. His hands were tight-clinched at his trouser seams, and deep back in his eyes burned a fire that was hardly sane. Yet Major Falkins was in part right. The sinew of the service is stronger than its atoms, and, as Private Spooner of B company waited with clenched teeth, his hand rose automatically, the rigidly, in the prescribed salute.

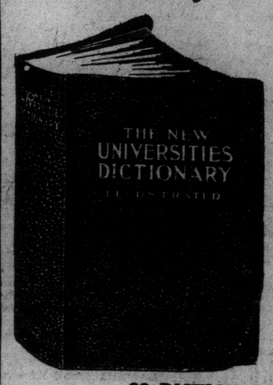
"The first sergeant ordered me to report to ye," he announced in a queerly strained voice. At the "sir," he balked, but the officer was not inclined to quarrel over such details. He knew that, however insane and morbid was the fixed idea in the soldier's mind, it was to himself a thing of ghastly reality.

"Spooner," said the officer quietly, "for the next ten minutes I waive all matter of rank. I sent for you to talk to you, not as Private Spooner of B company, but as Newt Spooner of Troublesome Creek. Today is the Fourth of July."

(Continued Tomorrow Morning).

THE TORONTO WORLD'S

New Universities Dictionary



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