ork Post res Canucks

RK, December 3—(By ress)—The subject of erature was discussed by k Evening Post in an ed- opening of Authors' Dominion. Under the ho Reads a Canadian Post said:

vill ask this question as ns her celebration of thors' Book Week. Of poems in the language, popularity was enjoyed ers Fields' written by a rgeon who died at Bou- reads Bliss Carman, es in various cities will of the week, or Robert r Charles G. D. Roberts, hompson Seton, or Sir er? The head of one of publishing houses in ares that Canadian au- w win a standing of their enlisting a following Dominion. That has r years. The poems of pbell and of W. H. the laureate of the hab- became well known be- , but they met with a em inside the Dominion. seem to be true that a thor can subsist wholly les of his books to the blic. In part this limit- ribed to the paucity of in the Dominion. One thors' Week is to stim- k-buying habit.

literature as yet repre- not genius; but it has ly beginning, because it Canadian. A century could say that our one y figure, Irving, was sciple of Addison and ut Canada stands on its Nearly every section has depictor. Sir Gilbert ried in some books to fix dian types, in others the Hudson Bay terri- still others has present- Montreal and Quebec. has Haliburton, the cre- Slick, and Roberts. The the lumber woods fig- Conuor's pages; the Yu ice's. John Mackie has Western Canada, though armers have had no wor- or. Canada, in fact, has e an atmosphere and so that our own Western the hot-blood-and-cold- have taken to poaching order.

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SH LAP AHEAD

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The..... Prairie Mother

By Arthur Stringer

(CONTINUED.)

He was such a little tot, I kept telling myself. He was not warmly dressed, and night was coming on, with several degrees of frost. He would be alone, on that wide and empty prairie, with terror in his heart, chilled to the bone, wailing for his mother, wailing until he was able to wail no more. Already the light was going, I realized with mounting waves of desperation, and no child, dressed as Dinkie was dressed, could live through the night. Even the coyotes would realize his helplessness and come and pick his bones clean.

I kept thinking of Bobs, more than of anything else, and wondering why Whinnie was so slow in getting back with his broken wagon, and worrying over when the men would come. I told myself to be calm, to be brave, and the next moment I was picturing a little dead body with a tear-washed face. But I went on, calling as I went. Then suddenly I thought of praying.

"O God, it wouldn't be fair, to take that little mite away from me," I kept saying aloud, "O God be good to me in this, be merciful, and lead me to him! Bring him back before it is too late! Bring him back, and do with me what You wish, but have pity on that poor little toddler! What You want of me, I will do, but don't, O God, don't take my boy away from me!"

I made promises to God, foolish, desperate, infantile promises; trying to placate Him in His might with my resolutions for better things, trying to strike bargains at the last moment, with the Master of Life and Death—even protesting that I'd forgive Dinky-Dunk for anything and everything he might have done, and that it was the Evil One speaking through my lips when I said I'd surely kill Iroquois Annie.

Then I heard the signal-shots of a gun, and turned back toward the shack, which looked small and squat on the floor of the paling prairie. I couldn't run, for running was beyond me now. I heard Bobs barking, and the Twins crying, and I saw Whinnie. I thought for one fond and foolish moment, as I hurried toward the house, that they'd found my Dinkie. But it was a false hope. Whinnie had been frightened at the empty shack and the wailing babies, and had thought something might have happened to me. So he had taken my duck-gun and fired those signal-shots.

He leaned against the muddy wagon-Wheel and said "Guid God! Guid God!" over and over again, when I told him Dinkie was lost. Then he flung down the gun and drew his twisted old body up, peering through the twilight at my face.

I suppose it frightened him a little. "Dinna fear, lassie, dinna fear," he said. He said it in such a deep and placid voice that it carried consolation to my spirit, and brought a shadow of conviction trailing along behind it. "We'll find him. I say it before the livin' God, *we'll find him!*"

But that little candle of hope went out in the cold air, for I could see that night was coming closer, cold and dark and silent. I forgot about Whinnie, and didn't even notice which direction he took when he strode off on his lame foot. But I called Bobs to me, and tried to quiet his whimpering, and talked to him, and told him Dinkie was lost, the little Dinkie we all loved, and implored him to go and find my boy for me.

But the poor dumb creature didn't seem to understand me, for he cringed and trembled and showed a tendency to creep off to the stable and hide there, as though the weight of this great evil which had befallen his house lay on him and him alone. And I was trying to coax the whimpering Bobs back to the shack-steps when Dinky-Dunk himself came galloping up through the uncertain light, with Lady Alicia a few hundred yards behind him.

"Have you found him?" my husband asked, quick and curt. But there was a pale greenish-yellow tint to his face that made me think of Rocquefort cheese.

"No," I told him. I tried to speak calmly, determined not to break down and make a scene there before Lady Alicia, who'd reined up, stock-still, and sat staring in front of her, without a spoken word.

I could see Dinky-Dunk's mouth harden.

"Have you any clue—any hint?" he asked, and I could catch the quaver in his voice as he spoke.

"Not a thing," I told him, remembering that we were losing time. "He simply wandered off, when that Indian girl wasn't looking. He didn't even have a cap or coat on."

I heard Lady Alicia, who had slipped down out of the saddle, make a little sound as I said this. It was half a gasp and half a groan of protest. For one brief moment Dinky-Dunk stared at her, almost accusingly, I thought. Then he swung his horse savagely about, and called out over our heads. Other horsemen, I found, had come loping up in the ghostly twilight where we stood. I could see the breath from their mounts' nostrils, white in the frosty air.

"You, Teetzel, and you, O'Malley," called my husband, in an oddly authoritative and barking voice, "and you on the roan there, swing twenty paces out from one another and circle the shack. Then widen the circle each turn. There's no use calling, for the boy'll be down. He'll be done out. But don't speak until you see something. And for the love of God, watch close. He's not three yet, remember. He couldn't have got far away!"

I should have found something reassuring in those quick and purposeful words of command, but they only served to bring the horror of the situation closer home to me. They brought before me more graphically than ever the thought that I'd been trying to get out of my head, the picture of a huddled small body, with a tear-washed face, growing colder and colder, until the solitary little flame of life went completely out in the midst of that star-strewn darkness. Only too willingly, I knew, I would have covered that chilling body with the warmth of my own, though wild horses rode over me until the end of time. I tried to picture life without Dinkie. I tried to imagine my home without that bright and friendly little face, without the patter of those restless little feet, without the sound of those beleaguering little coos of child-love with which he used to burrow his head in the hollow of my shoulder.

It was too much for me. I had to lean against the wagon-wheel and gulp. It was Lady Alicia, emerging from the shack, who brought me back to the world about me. I could just see her as she stood beside me, for night had fallen by this time, night nearly as black as the blackness of my own heart.

"Look here," she said almost gruffly. "Whatever happens, you've got to have something to drink. I've got a kettle on, and I'm going back to make tea, or a pot of coffee, or whatever I can find."

"Tea" I echoed, as the engines of indignation raced in my shaken body. "Tea? It sounds pretty, doesn't it, sitting down to a pink tea, when there's a human being dying somewhere out in that darkness!"

My bitterness, however, had no visible effect on Lady Alicia.

"Perhaps coffee would be better," she coolly amended. "And those babies of yours are crying their heads off in there, and I don't seem to be able to do anything to stop them. I rather fancy they're in need of feeding, aren't they?"

It was then and then only that I remembered about my poor neglected Twins. I groped my way in through the darkness, quite calm again, and sat down and unbuttoned my waist and nursed Poppsy, and then took up the indignant and wailing Pee-Wee, vaguely wondering if the milk in my breast wouldn't prove poison to them and if all my blood hadn't turned to acid.

I was still nursing Pee-Wee when Bud Teetzel came into the shack and asked how many lanterns we had about the place. There was a sullen look on his face, and his eyes refused to meet mine. So I knew his search had not succeeded.

Then young O'Malley came in and asked for matches, and I knew even before he spoke that he too had failed. They had all failed.

I could hear Dinky-Dunk's voice outside, a little hoarse and throaty. I felt very tired, as I put Pee-Wee back in his cradle. It seemed as though an invisible hand were squeezing the life out of my body and making it hard for me to breathe. I could hear the cows bawling, reminding the world that they had not yet been milked. I could smell the strong coffee that Lady Alicia was pouring out into a cup. She stepped on something as she carried it to me. She stopped to pick it up—and it was one of Dinkie's little stub-toed shoes.

"Let me see it," I commanded, as she made a foolish effort to get it out of sight. I took it from her and turned it over in my hand. That was the way, I remembered, mothers turned over the shoes of the children they had lost, the children who could never, never, so long as they worked and waited and listened in this wide world, come back to them again.

Then I put down the shoe, for I could hear one of the men outside say that the upper muskeg ought to be dragged.

"Try that cup of coffee now," suggested Lady Alicia. I liked her quietness. I admired her calmness, under the circumstances. And I remembered that I ought to give some evidence of this by accepting the hot drink she had made for me. So I took the coffee and drank it. The bawling of my milk-cows, across the cold night air, began to annoy me.

"My cows haven't been milked," I complained. It was foolish, but I couldn't help it. Then I reached out for Dinkie's broken-toed shoe, and studied it for a long time. Lady Alicia crossed to the shack door, and stood staring out through it.

She was still standing there when Whinnie came in, with the stable lantern in his hand, and brushed her aside. He came to where I was sitting and knelt down in front of me, on the shack-floor, with his heavy rough hand on my knee. I could smell the stable-manure that clung to his shoes.

"God has been guid to ye, ma'am!" he said in a rapt voice, which was little more than an awed whisper. But it was more his eyes, with the uncanny light in them making them shine like a dog's, that brought me to my feet. For I had a sudden feeling that there was Something just outside the door which he hadn't dared to bring in to me, a little dead body with pinched face and trailing arms.

I tried to speak, but I couldn't. I merely gulped. And Whinnie's rough hand pushed me back into my chair.

"Dinna greet," he said, with two tears creeping crookedly down his own seamed and wind-roughened face.

But I continued to gulp.

"Dinna greet, for *your laddie's safe and sound!*" I heard the rapt voice saying.

I could hear what he'd said, quite distinctly, yet his words seemed without color, without meaning, without sense.

"Have you found him?" called out Lady Alicia sharply.

"Aye, he's found," said Whinnie, with an exultant gulp of his own, but without so much as turning to look at that other woman, who apparently, was of small concern to him. His eyes were on me, and he was very intimately patting my leg, without quite knowing it.

"He says that the child's been found," interpreted Lady Alicia, obviously disturbed by the expression on my face.

"He's just yon, as warm and safe as a bird in a nest," further expounded Whinstane Sandy.

"Where?" demanded Lady Alicia. But Whinnie ignored her.

"It was Bobs, ma'am," were the blessed words I heard the old lips saying to me, "who kept whimperin' and grievin' about the upper stable door, which had been swung shut. It was Bobs who led me back yon, fair against my will. And there I found our laddie, asleep in the manger of Slip-Along, nested deep in the hay, as safe and warm as if in his own bed."

I didn't speak or move for what must have been a full minute. I couldn't. I felt as though my soul had been inverted and emptied of all feeling, like a wine-glass that's turned over. For a full minute I sat looking straight ahead of me. Then I got up, and went to where, I remembered Dinky-Dunk kept his revolver. I took it up and started to cross to the open door. But Lady Alicia caught me sharply by the arm.

"What are you doing" she gasped, imagining, I suppose, that I'd gone mad and was about to blow my brains out. She even took the firearm from my hand.

"It's the men," I tried to explain. "They should be told. Give them three signal-shots to bring them in." Then I turned to Whinnie. He nodded and took me by the hand.

"Now take me to my boy," I said very quietly.

I was still quite calm, I think. But deep down inside of me I could feel a faint glow. It wasn't altogether joy, and it wasn't altogether relief. It was something which left me just a little bewildered, a good deal like a school-girl after her first glass of champagne at Christmas dinner. It left me oddly self-immured, miles and miles from the figures so close to me, remote even from the kindly old man who hobbled and went with a decided list to starboard as he led me out toward what he always spoke of as the upper stable.

Yet at the back of my brain, all the while, was some shadow of doubt, of skepticism, of reiterated self-warning that it was all too good to be true. It wasn't until I looked over the well-gnawed top rail of Slip-Along's broken manger and saw that blessed boy there, by the light of Whinnie's lantern, saw that blessed boy of mine half buried in that soft and cushioning prairie-grass, saw that he was warm and breathing, and safe and sound, that I fully realized how he had been saved for me.

"The laddie'd been after a clutch of eggs, I'm thinkin'," whispered Whinnie to me, pointing to a yellow stain on his waist, which was clearly caused by the yolk of a broken egg. And Whinnie stooped over to take Dinkie up in his arms, but I pushed him aside.

"No, I'll take him," I announced.

He'd be the hungry boy when he awakened, I remembered as I gathered him up in my arms. My knees were a bit shaky, as I carried him back to the shack, but I did my best to disguise that fact. I could have carried him, I believe, right on to Buckhorn, he seemed such a precious burden. And I was glad of that demand for physical expenditure. It seemed to bring me down to earth again, to get things back into perspective. But for the life of me I couldn't find a word to say to Lady Allie as I walked into my home with Dinky-Dunk in my arms. She stood watching me for a moment or two as I started to undress him, still heavy with slumber. Then she seemed to realize that she was, after all, an outsider, and slipped out through the door. I was glad she did, for a minute later Dinkie began to whimper and cry, as any child would with an empty stomach and an over-draft of sleep. It developed into a good lusty bawl, which would surely have spoilt the picture to an outsider. But it did a good turn in keeping me too busy to pump any more brine on my own part.

When Dinky-Dunk came in I was feeding little Dinkie a bowl of hot tapioca well drowned in cream and sugar. My lord and master took off his hat—which struck me as funny—and stood regarding us from just inside the door. He stood there by the door for quite a long while.

"Hadn't I better stay here with you tonight?" he finally asked, in a voice that didn't sound a bit like his own.

I looked up at him. But he stood well back from the range of the lamp-light and I found it hard to decipher his expression. The one feeling I was certain of was a vague feeling of disappointment. What caused it, I could not say. But it was there.

"After what's happened," I told him as quietly as I could, "I think I'd rather be alone!"

He stood for another moment or two, apparently letting this sink in. It wasn't until he'd turned and walked out of the door that I realized the ambiguity of that retort of mine. I was almost prompted to go after him. But I checked myself by saying: "Well, if the shoe fits, put it on!" But in my heart of hearts I didn't mean it. I wanted him to come back. I wanted him to share my happiness with me, to sit and talk the thing over, to exploit it to the full in a sweet retrospect of relief, as people seem to want to do after they've passed through great peril.

It wasn't until half an hour later, when Dinkie was sound asleep again and tucked away in his crib, that I remembered my frantic promises to to forgive Dinky-Dunk everything, if He'd only bring my boy back to me. And there'd been other promises, equally foolish and frantic. I've been thinking them over, in fact, and I *am* going to make an effort to keep them. I'm so happy that it hurts. And when you're happy you want other people to be that way, too.

Wednesday the Third

Humor is the salt of life. The older I grow the more I realize that truth. And I'm going to keep more of it, if I can, in the work-room of my soul. Last night, when Dinky-Dunk and I were so uppish with each other, one single clap of humor might have shaken the solemnity out of the situation and shown us up for the poseurs we really were. But Pride is the mother of all contention. If Dinky-Dunk, when I was so imperially dismissing him from his own home, had only up and said. "Look here, Lady-bird, this is as much my house as it is yours, you feather-headed little idiot, and I'll put a June-bug down your neck if you don't let me stay here!" If he'd only said that, and sat down and been the safety-valve to my emotions which all husbands ought to be to all wives, the igloo would have melted about my heart and left me nothing to do but crawl over to him and tell him that I missed him more than tongue could tell, and that getting Dinkie's daddy back was almost as good as getting Dinkie himself back to me.

But we missed our chance. And I suppose Lady Allie sat up until all hours of the night, over at Casa Grande, consoling my Diddums and talking things over. It gives me a sort of bruised feeling, for I've nobody but Whinstane Sandy to unbosom my soul to.....

Iroquois Annie has flown the coop. She has gone for good. I must have struck terror deeper into the heart of that Redskin than I imagined, for rather than face death and torture at my hands she left Slip-Along and the buckboard at the Teetzel Ranch and vamoosed off into the great unknown. I have done up her valuables in an old sugar-sack, and if they're not sent for in a week's time I'll make a bonfire of the truck. Whinnie, by the way, is to help me with the house-work. He is much better at washing dishes than I ever thought he could be. And he announces he can make a fair brand of bannock, if we run out of bread.

Tuesday the Ninth

I've got a hired man. He dropped like manna, out of the skies, or, rather, he emerged like a tadpole out of the mud. But there's something odd about him and I've a floaty idea he's refugee from justice and that some day one of the Mounties will come riding up to my shack-door and lead my farm-help away in handcuffs.

Whatever he is, I can't quite make him out. But I have my suspicions, and I'm leaving everything in abeyance until they're confirmed.

I was on Paddy the other morning, in my old shooting-jacket and Stetson, going like the wind for the Dixon Ranch, after hearing they had a Barnado boy they wanted to unload on anybody who'd undertake to keep him under control. The trail was heavy from the night rain that had swept the prairie like a new broom, but the sun was shining again and the air was like champagne. The ozone and the exercise and Paddy's legato stride all tended to key up my spirits, and I went along humming:

"Bake me a bannock,
And cut me a callop,
For I've stole me a grey mare
And I'm off at a gallop!"

It wasn't until I saw Paddy's ear prick up like a rabbit's that I noticed the gun-boat on the trail ahead. At least I thought it was a gun-boat, for a minute or two, until I cantered closer and saw that it was a huge gray touring-car half foundered in the prairie-mud. Beside it sat a long lean man in very muddy clothes and a rather disreputable-looking hat. He sat with a ridiculously contented look on his face, smoking a small briar pipe, and he laughed outright as I circled his mud-hole and came to a stop opposite the car with its nose poked deep down in the mire, for all the world like a rooting shote.

"Good morning, Diana," he said, quite cooly, as he removed his battered-looking cap.

His salutation struck me as impertinent, so I returned it in the curtest of nods.

"Are you in trouble?" Iasked.

"None whatever," he airly replied, still eyeing me.

"But my car seems to be, doesn't it?"

"What's wrong?" I demanded, determined that he shouldn't elbow me out of my matter-of-factness.

He turned to his automobile and inspected it with an indifferent eye.

"I turned this old tub into a steam-engine, racing her until the water boiled, and she got even with me by blowing up an intake hose. But I'm perfectly satisfied."

"With what?" I coldly inquired.

"With being stuck here," he replied. He had rather a bright gray eye with greenish lights in it, and he looked rational enough. But there was something fundamentally wrong with him.

"What makes you feel that way." I asked, though for a moment I'd been prompted to inquire if they hadn't let him out a little too soon.

"Because I wouldn't have seen you, who should be wearing a crescent moon on your brow, if my good friend Hyacinthe hadn't mired herself in this mudhole," he had the effrontery to tell me.

"Is there anything so remarkably consolatory in that vision?" I asked deciding that I might as well convince him he wasn't confronting an untutored she-coolie of the prairie. Whereupon he studied me more pointedly and more impersonally than ever.

"It's more than consolatory," he said with an accentuating flourish of the little briar pipe. "It's quite compensatory."

It was rather ponderously clever, I suppose; but I was tired of both verbal quibbling and raodside gallantry.

"Do you want to get out of that hole?" I demanded. For it's a law of the prairie-land, of course, never to side-step a stranger in distress.

"Not if it means an ending to this interview," he told me.

It was my turn to eye him. But there wasn't much warmth in the inspection.

"What are you trying to do?" I calmly inquired, for prairie life hadn't left me a shy and timorous gazelle in the haunts of that stalker known as Man.

"I'm trying to figure out," he just as calmly retorted, apparently quite unimpressed by my uppity tone, "how anyhing as radiant and lovely as you ever got landed up here in this heaven of chilblains and coyotes."

The hair-brained idiot was actually trying to make love to me. And then and there I decided to put a brake on his weel of eloquence.

"And I'm still trying to figure out," I told him, "how what impresses me as rather a third-class type of man is able to ride around in what looks like a first-class car! Unless," and the thought came to me out of a clear sky, and when they come that way they're inspirations and are usually true, "unless you stole it!"

He turned a solemn eye on the dejected-looking vehicle and studied it from end to end.

"If I'm that far behind Hyacinthe," he indifferently acknowledged, "I begin to fathom the secret of my life failure. So my morning hasn't been altogether wasted."

"But you did steal the car?" I persisted.

"That must be a secret between us," he said, with a distinctly guilty look about the sky-line, as though to make sure there were no sheriffs and bloodhounds on his track.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded, determined to thrash the thing out, now that it had been thrust upon me.

"Talking to the most charming woman I've encountered west of the Great Lakes," he said with an ironic and yet a singularly engaging smile. But I didn't intend him to draw a herring across the trail.

"I'd be obliged if you'de be sincere," I told him, sitting up a little straighter on Paddy.

"I am sincere," he protested, putting away his pipe.

"But the things you're saying are the things the right sort of person refrains from expressing, even when he happens to be the victim of their operation.

"Yes, that's quite true, in drawing-rooms," he airily amended. "But this is God's open and untrammeled prairie.

Where crudeness is king," I added.

"Where candor is worth more than convention," he corrected, with rather a wistful look in his eye. "And where we mortalss ought to be at least as urbane as that really wonderful robin-egg sky up there with the chinook arch across it."

He wasn't flippant any more, and I had a sense of triumph in forcing his return to sobriety. I wanted to ask him what his name was, once we were back to earth again. But as that seemed a little too direct, I merely inquired where his home happened to be.

"I've just come up North!" he said. And that, I promptly realized, was an evasive way of answering an honest question, especially as there was a California license-number on the front of his car.

"And what's your business?" I inquired, deciding to try him out with still one more honest question.

"I'm a windmill man," he told me, as he waded in toward his dejected-looking automobile and lifted up its hood. I took him literally, for there wasn't anything, at the time to make me think of Cervantes. But I'd already noticed his hands, and I felt sure they weren't the hands of a laboring man. They were long and lean and finicky-fingered hands, the sort that could span an octave much better than they could hold a hay-fork. And I decided to see him hoisted by his own petard.

"Then you're just the man I'm looking for," I told him. He stopped for a moment to look up from the bit of heavy rubber-hose he was winding with a stretch of rubber that looked as though it had been cut from an inner tube.

"Word such as those are honey to my ears," he said as he went on with his work. And I saw it was necessary to yank him down to earth again.

"I've a broken-down windmill over on my ranch," I told him. "And if you're what you say you are, you ought to be able to put it in running order for me."

"Then you've a ranch," he observed, stopping in his work.

"A ranch and a husband and three children," I told him with the well-paraded air of a tabby-cat who's dragged her last mouse into the drawing-room. But my announcement didn't produce the effect I'd counted on. All I could see on the face of the windmill man was a sort of mild perplexity.

"That only deepens the mystery," he observed, apparently as much to himself as to me.

"What mystery?" I asked

"You!" he retorted.

"Whats' wrong with me?" I demanded.

"You're so absurdly alive and audacious and sensitive and youthful-hearted, dear madam. For the life of me I can't quite fit you into the narrow little frame you mention."

"Is it so narrow?" I inquired, wondering why I wasn't much more indignant at him. But instead of answering me that question, he asked me another.

"Why hasn't this husband of yours fixed the windmill?" he casually asked over his shoulder, as he resumed his tinkering on the car-engine.

"My husband's work keeps him away from home," I explained, promptly on the defensive.

"I thought so," he announced, with the expression of a man who's had a pet hypothesis unexpectedly confirmed.

"Then what made you think so?" I demanded, with a feeling that he was in some way being subtler than I could quite comprehend.

"Instinct—If you care to call it that," he said as he stooped low over his engine. He seemed offensively busy there for a considerable length of time. I could see that he was not what in the old days I'd have called a window-dresser. And I rather liked that pretense of candor in his make-up, just as I cottoned to that melodious drawl of his, not altogether unlike Lady Alicia's, with its untoward suggestion of power and privilege. He was a man with a mind of his own; there was no denying that. I was even compelled to remind myself that with all his coolness and suavity he was still a car-thief, or perhaps something worse. And I had no intention of sitting there and watching him pitch shut-out ball.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked, after he'd finished his job of bailing ditch-water into his car-radiator with a little collapsible canvas bucket.

He climbed into his driving-seat, mud to the knees, before he answered me.

"I'm going to get Hyacinthe out of this hole," was what he said. "And then I'm going to fix that windmill!"

"On what terms," I inquired.

"What's the hatter with a month's board and keep?" he suggested.

It rather took my breath away, but I tried not to betray the fact. He *was* a refugee, after all, and only too anxious to go into hiding for a few weeks.

"Can you milk?" I demanded, deciding to keep him in his place, from the start. And he sadly acknowledged that he wasn't able to milk. Windmill men seldom were, he casually asserted.

"Then you'll have to make yourself handy, in other ways," I proclaimed as he sat appraising me from his deep-padded car-seat.

"All right," he said, as though the whole thing were settled, on the spot. But it wasn't so simple as it seemed.

"How about this car?" I demanded. His eye met mine; and I made note of the fact that he was compelled to look away.

"I suppose we'll have to hide it somewhere," he finally acknowledged.

"And how'll you hide a car of that size on the open prairie?" I inquired.

"Couldn't we bury it?" he asked with child-like simplicity.

"It's pretty well that way now, isn't it? But I saw it three miles off," I reminded him.

"Couldn't we pile a load of prairie-hay over it?" he suggested next, with the natural cunning of the criminal. "Then they'd never suspect."

"Suspect what?" I asked.

"Suspect where we got it," he explained.

"Kindly do not include me in any of your activities of this nature," I said with all the dignity that Paddy would permit of, for he was getting restless by this time

"But you've included yourself in the secret," he tried to argue, with a show of injured feelings. "And surely, after you've wormed that out of me, you're not going to deliver a poor devil over to—"

(To be continued.)

Holloway Bazaar Brings Nearly $225

The parlors of Holloway street Methodist Church were last evening prettily decorated for the annual sale and bazaar held by the ladies of the congregation. The affair was a social and financial success, the returns totalling a few cents short of $225. The booths were very beautiful with their offerings of the season's choicest articles in lingerie, aprons, dolls and all classes of fancy-work. In spite of the large number of offerings, the booths were early divested of all their wares.

The ladies in charge of the sale were: Mrs. Mastin, president of the Ladies' Bible Class, and Mrs. Priory, president of the Ladies Aid. The convenors were: Reception, Mrs. (Rev.) Foster, Mrs. Bacon, and Mrs. Bailey; Fishpond, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Ostrom and Mrs. Schryver; Tearoom, Mrs. Woodley, Mrs. Bunnett; Candy, Mrs. Denyes and Mrs. Robson; Home Cooking, Mrs. Kember, and Mrs. Murdoff; Fancywork, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Barnum; Aprons, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Jone; Dolls and Toys, Mrs. Yerex, Mrs. Kerr; Miscellaneous, Mrs. Vandervoort, Mrs. Melburn, Mrs. Drewery.

A full course dinner of cold meats, salads, pies, cakes and ice cream was served during the evening.

The decorations of the parlors were in pink, green and red.

VIENNA WRECKED BY MOB

Inner City Looked Like Tornado—Victim After Mob's Innings

VIENNA, Dec. 2.—The inner city of Vienna this morning looked as if it had been struck by a tornado as the result of yesterdays rioting.

Ten thousand men marched into the city. They smashed shops in Ringstrasse, and hotels and cafes were stormed. Guests were dragged from the tables and automobiles in the streets were stopped while the occupants were pulled out and their clothes torn from their backs.

HUNS WANT BIG LOAN

LONDON, Dec. 2—Herr Rathenau is negotiating with Sir Robert Horne and the Bank of England for a loan of fifty million pounds to Germany.

'BRINGING UP FATHER' - - By George McManus