Seasoned Timber

By Dorothy Canfield

CHAPTER SIX

Timothy said, through his teeth, "There is nothing we offer our country young people more valuable to them than those two courses. I'd rather cut out Latin and higher Algebra."

Mr. Wheaton brought his wrinkled old hand down on the table. "You're crazy, man! You couldn't prepare for college with those gone."

"A good many of our Clifford young people don't go to college."

"That's just the point, T. C., that is—just—the—point I'm always making. There's a layout there that no new school could duplicate. Why, I love that school! It's got atmosphere, genuine atmosphere! It's got history! I could make it into one of the places with a waiting list years long, every name on it from a good family. Out out the girls, of course. You'll never get gentlemen's sons to go to the same school with girls. Make your curriculum over—cut out everything but athletics and what's needed for college entrance—tighten up on the entrance requirements, exclude foreigners, raise the fees, make it hard as the dickens to get into. Exclusiveness! That's the secret of prestige, T. C., exclusiveness! Keep people out and everybody wants to get in! If the Academy could just cash in on its assets—it's got wonderful assets — old-American New England tradition, a hundred and forty years of experience . . .

Timothy closed his lips over the correcting "hundred and seventeen"—and let it go. The interview was over. The secretary acolyte, her skirts wafting incense, showed him out. The Gothic elevator dropped him twenty-four stories to the entrance hall. Not till the June Trustee meeting would he need to hear Mr. Wheaton's voice again.

After the right number of street crossings he mechanically made the turn at the right corner, but striding gloomily ahead, hynotized by the dark chaos around him, he passed the entrance to his hotel without seeing it. When he saw his mistake he turned back in a temper, pushed open the swinging door and stepped into the small dingy lobby.

A girl was sitting there. She was rather pale and looked a little anxious, and she wore a last year's hat. She sat nervously far forward, and kept her eyes fixed on the door. When she saw him, she sprang up and went quickly to meet him, saying his name in a deep, shaken note, "Oh, Mr. Hulme!" she cried, as if she were astonished to know that he still lived.

He took both her hands in his, looking down at her in relief and astonshment as great as hers. "Susan!" he cried. "Why, Susan!"

Delia, short, broad-shouldered, sturdy-legged, appeared from a door at the side, her hat in her hand, her surly dark hair freshly combed, her brown eyes snapping. "Hello there, Mr. Hulme. Are you as nearly dead with tiredness as Susan? Not me! I'm crazy about this town. Here's where I'm going to live, you watch me! What are we going to do this evening"

They went to a restaurant and ate fish in a white gravy with oysters, and for dessert had thin, thin pancakes but not with maple syrup; with another kind of syrup that the waiter touched a match to and it actually burned for a while. After a movie, Timothy took them up Broadway, its myriad electric lights resonant as bugles.

The most unexpected event of the winter was the solving of the old problem of how to get the basketball teams and their supporters transported to the towns up and down the valley where their out of Clifford matches were played. Selling that gadget for carburetors, Eli Kemp had learned a good deal about cars and he had come to know several of the mechanics in various garages. One of them was Bill Peck, a rough-spoken older workingman employed in a garage in Ashley. Peck had a brother working in St. Johnsbury who happened to write him that the old bus line there was about to replace its two battered ancient buses with new ones.

When Eli heard this news he was awed to feel, blowing from it as from the Delphian pit, the authentic wind of inspiration. Dizzy, but agoniznigly in earnest, he told Peck that if those two old cars could be had as a bargain he was sure something could be made out of them at the Academy. Peck was a pool-playing old bachelor with no wife to restrain him from follies; he withdrew a few hundred dollars from his savings account, borrowed a little more for insurance, and went into the bus business, he driving one and Eli the other.

The engines were still in fair shape, but the bodies and seats were disreputable. The older man was willing to put the first profits into paint and denim, and Eli got up eagerly at dawn, day after day, to scrape, mend, paint and patch. Even at their worst, the two rickety buses were more comfortable, enclosed as they were, than the open pulpwood trucks in which, standing up on zero nights, the teams and a few hardy backers had formerly ridden to out of town games. With Professor Hulme to help him Eli worked out a season ticket plan.

It was just before the beginning of the midwinter vacation, which that year was the first week in March. Susan was to spend it with Delia who had come on from Boston to join her. They were to visit some of their father's over-the-mountain kinsfolk. Aunt Lavinia had asked the girls to spend the evening before they left at the principal's house and had stayed downstairs till they arrived, warming her knees before the fire.

To be continued

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

Insects destroy from 1/5 to 1/10 of all crops planted in Canada and the United States!

Horror flashed across the face of Alan Hannaford Rice, radio operator on a passenger plane taking off from the airport at Dar Es Salaam, East Africa. For there draping itself across the neck of the pilot, Capt. Tug Wilson, was a 4-foot green mamba, Africa's most deadly snake.

Finally, a couple of passengers managed to get the snake free from the pilot, only to have it drop down in the control tower. It struck at Hannaford-Rice, but the double fold of his coat collar stopped the deadly fangs from sinking into his neck.

After a lot of excitement the reptile disappeared into the instrument panel. Then it disappeared again after falling to the floor. When the plane landed the snake was found in a locker beneath the men's feet.

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Like a lot of other couples one might mention the bare necessities of life were what Albert White and his wife decided to get along on when they married a quarter of a century ago, in Western Canada. Both worked, nor one nor tother smoked nor drank. They never owned a radio, car, or went to movies or social events. Their chief slogan was "money, money, money!"

Recently they went over their savings. The little nest egg was worth close to 50,000 bucks which the Whites kept in a paper sack—no banks for them please.

The next time they went to look at the tidy fortune it had taken wings. No, it was not stolen. Mrs. White accidentally dropped the bag containing their life savings into a trash can whose contents Mr. White burned.

Just how deep is the deepest ocean? Well, up to recently, the recorded depth of 34,440 feet was made off Sureagao Strait in the Philippine Islands. The latest recorded depth — 35,640 feet — was found by a group of British sea surveyors while sounding a vast underground canyon south of Guam in the Western Pacific.

• • •

Planes equipped with reverse seats are less likely to have their passengers killed or seriously wounded in the event of a crack-up. The navy bureau of aeronautics and the military air transport service investigated 245 airplane crashes and found that most of the fatalities were caused by injuries of the head and torso.

They concluded that the human body can withstand 200 times its own weight without injury if the force is spread over the entire frame. The answer, they decided, was to reverse the seats.

So don't be surprised if someday you find yourself flying backward.

Proud of his six-year-old son, but red-faced is one of C.F.C.Y.'s radio announcers. He took his son fishing. When it was time to call it a day the boy had a string of 12 fish. His Dad caught two, the largest of which measured less than six inches.

• • •

It's surprising the number of persons who fear a thunder storm. Dogs, too, often set up a dismal howling or try to conceal themselves under beds, and other objects.

Thunder storms have played many curious pranks which may be the chief reason why they are looked upon with awe. But one of the strangest tales has reached me from members of the Kelley farm house just outside of Cumberland, Maine.

Music comes to the Kelley home every time a thunder storm passes their way — and believe it or not, the refrigerator and the electric iron turn out a weird kind of music that's been a $64 a question to the Kelleys and their neighbors for quite some time.

An electrician said there is nothing wrong with the wiring, and to date nobody has been able to explain the phenomenon.

• • •

A dollar will still go a long way—if you carry it in your pocket while you're trying to purchase something with it.

If the government continues to increase taxes and expects to collect them it will have to lend the taxpayers the money to live on.

There's one disadvantage against an elderly bride—there's no mother to run home to.

CLINTON W. I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Clinton Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. C. B. Gass with ten members and one visitor present. The meeting opened in the usual manner and roll call was responded to with a pickle recipe.

Minutes of the last meeting were read, approved and signed. Red Cross yarn was given out. Two trays and a dipper were purchased for the hall, and it was decided to purchase a cupboard. Four sick calls were reported and expressions of thanks were received for treats given. Proceeds from the pantry sale amounted to $31.80.

The following are the committees for the next meeting:—

Lunch, Mrs. Willard Riley, Mrs. C. B. Gass, and Mrs. Sterling MacKay; programme, Mrs. Bruce Clark and Mrs. Ian Henderson.

The next meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Sterling MacKay, roll call to be answered with a riddle.

A donation was passed in to be sent to the A.C.W.W. Conference to be held in Toronto, to help defray expenses. Eleven members subscribed to the Institute News. Collection was taken amounting to 85c, and Mrs. George MacKay entertained the gathering with riddles.

The meeting closed by singing "God Save the Queen", after which the hostess and her committee served refreshments.

Burgess Bedtime

Continued from page 9

and in less time than it takes to tell it, not a baby was to be seen. She had swallowed every one. Mrs. Peter had seen happen just what Peter had seen happen. But she was less sure of what she had seen than was Peter of what he had seen.

"Did those baby Snakes run into mother's mouth, or did she pick them up?" thought Mrs. Peter. In her own mind, she couldn't be sure. The only thing she could be really sure of was that those baby Snakes were now somewhere inside the big Snake's throat. For a little way her neck bulged out. That must be caused by the babies she had swallowed; it must be that they hadn't gone down beyond her throat yet. They were not yet down in her stomach.

The big Snake was coiled comfortably on the flat rock. Just then along came Bowser the Hound. He appeared so unexpectedly that he startled Mrs. Peter. Also he startled that Snake. And then Mrs. Peter saw something that she could hardly believe. She saw two little Snakes run out of the old Snake's mouth. She really had been shown.

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Best because it's always fresh!

One Dead, Four Injured In Train Wreck

VANDERHOOF, B. C., Oct. 28—(CP)— One railway repairman was killed and four others injured when a Canadian National Railway work train and freight train collided three miles east of Finmoore early Monday.

Dead is John Kowel, section hand.

The four injured workmen were Nick Notchsuk, back injuries. P. M. Krake, broken ankle, Jack Holt, broken leg, and C. J. McDonald, cuts and bruises. All four and Kowal, 68 are from Prince George.

Finmoore is on the Nechako River, 50 miles west of Prince George.

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"My husband is a carpenter on the railway," writes Mrs. Jack Taylor, St. Catharines, Ont. "One morning he went to work and found he could not climb the ladder to do his work. A dull pain in his shoulder and leg was almost unbearable. The druggist recommended T-R-C's. My husband took 2 capsules and before the day was over he was back at work again. Now, if he has any pain at all, he carries T-R-C's in his lunch pail."

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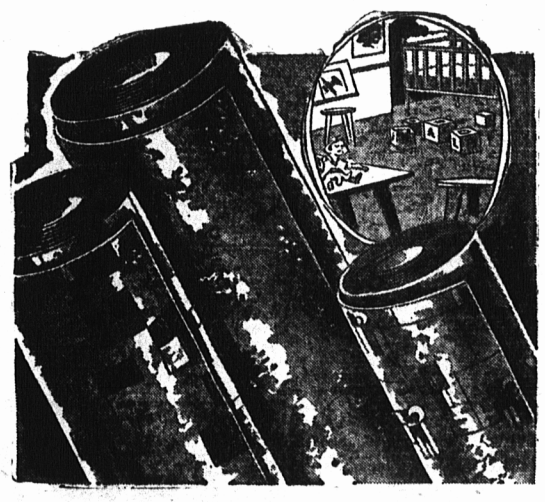

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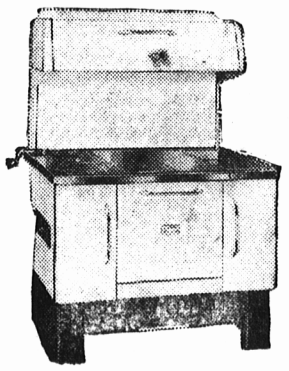

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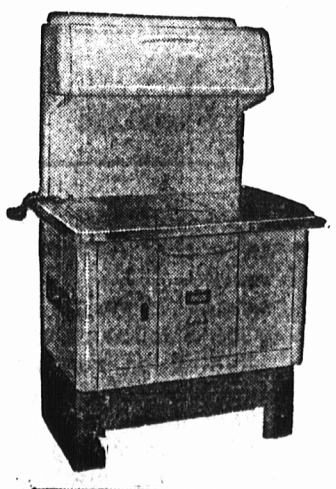

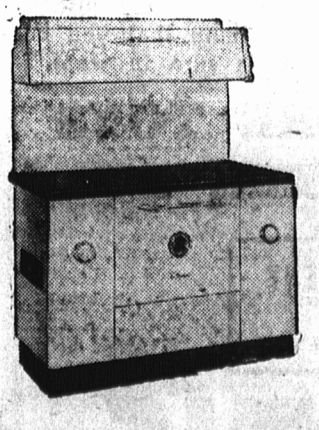

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