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The Harvey Girls

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"New, Claim jumpin' is yellow-back novel stuff. Purvis is slicker than that. It was all done with one of them surveyors' jimeracks, a theodolite." Sonora settled herself to exposition. "All them early surveys was hitch'n'-kick. The engineerin' gang would come along and lay out the lines, and leave a chainman to finish up. Well, the sun would be hot, and the chainman would be lazy, and he'd have a quart with him, maybe. So he'd find a tree, and he'd lay down in the shade. You can figure how it would go from there. Chainman takes a look, takes a drink, takes a nap, wakes up and stretches. And there's your survey."

"Just the point. Nobody does. Survey might be a couple miles or two out of plumb."

"Does Judge Purvis make his own surveys?"

"Don't have to. He's got some crooked pals in the Government office, and they juggle the lines for him. Thursty's old man went back East, broke and broken, and died. The lad quit college to come here and work what was left. He's doin' well, but he's never been able to get that wet land back, though he's still workin' on it. Purvis's crowd has tried to run him out, but Thursty ain't easy to run. So now you got the story, and how do you like it?"

"I don't like it at all," said Cricket miserably.

"Anyways, I'm glad I told you. You're doin' pretty good as you are," said the widow. "They're shiftin' you to the big room Monday, and Hazel gets your chairs at the counter."

"Oh, I'm glad for Hazel!" she said. For herself she was far from overjoyed. In the dining room she would not see Clay Thurston at mealtimes.

Hardly had the girls settled into the routine of their new sleeping quarters when Ruby Watrous accosted Cricket with a secret mien.

"Wanta go on a bust kid?"

"What kind of a bust?"

"Up in the mountains. Bander-ough Pass."

"That's twenty miles. How would we get there?"

"Train of course." She unfolded the plot which some of the Santa Fe hands had devised. It was to be a "caboose party"; up trip on the midnight freight a local; back on the westbound freight due at 2.45 a.m.; supper in the caboose with the crew as hosts. Terry Kelsey was in charge; Bella Torrance was going with him; she Ruby, had Hugo Wertheimer of the Emporium as partner; Birdie Sweyn was paired off with Biggity Smith, a six-foot-two hogger, and there might be a couple more. Tim, the counter man, would bring his harmonica. One of the train crew had an accordion. It would be fun. Would Cricket come along? Tomorrow night. She could ask Clay Thurston, if she liked.

Cricket produced a valid excuse. "I'm not feeling very well. I guess I'd better not go."

"Don't say anything about it," cautioned Ruby. "We don't want old Bliss to get fly to it." The plan was for the girls to sneak out when all the others were asleep, find their way down cellar and thus through the door into the yard. They would hide until the railroad men could smuggle them aboard the caboose.

Restless with the excitement of the adventure, Cricket slept fitfully. From her window she watched the wraithlike form of her companions scamper across the open, one after another, and disappear into the shadow of the tower. Every hour or so, Cricket woke up and listened for the eight-day clock in the passageway to strike. She missed the one o'clock, but heard the two. The half-hour struck and her keen ears discerned the clear, distant note of the whistle. She slipped into a dressing gown and groped her perilous way down to the cellar and out into the yard, through the partly open door. She quite forgot that it bore a catch lock.

When the short train pulled in, it moved far along past the platforms, bringing the caboose opposite the tower, so that the revelers could find refuge until the small consignment for that station was unloaded and the coast clear. There Cricket joined them, to be greeted with jeers. "You certainly missed something!"

"Where's Deb?" asked Cricket. "Didn't she go with you?"

"Deb? I should hope to say not."

"Don't say anything about it them."

"How did you get here, Cricket?" asked Terry.

"Through the cellar."

"You didn't close the door after you, did you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Heavens!" said Terry. "Girls, you're locked out."

Consultation followed. "I know that cellar like the bottom of my shoes," asserted Bella Torrance. "You can let me down the coal chute and I'll unlatch the door."

"You'll spoil your pretty dress," said Birdie Sweyn.

Terry, a young man of infinite resources, had one of his bright ideas. He would swipe a pair of overalls from the tower. Protected by them, the volunteer could make her foray. He ran to get them. Thus was the first operation over what came to be, in unofficial Harvey lingo, the Overall Route.

Meantime late activities were in progress at the Alhambra. Cricket drew aside the counter man. "Time, will you do something for me?"

"Surest thing you know."

"Go over to the Alhambra and find out if Ned Trent is there."

"You keep away from him, kid. Ned's bad medicine for little girls."

"I don't want to see him. I just want to know whether he's there," she returned impatiently.

"Time, will you do something for me?"

"Surest thing you know."

"Go over to the Alhambra and find out if Ned Trent is there."

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Mr. Norton J. Anderson (above) was elected a vice-president at the annual general meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, Feb. 15, in Montreal. He will also continue in this position as general manager of the same organization. Mr. Anderson is a native of Manitoba, and was formerly chief public relations officer for the Canadian Army in Ottawa, and subsequently an executive of the Wartime Information Board. He served overseas as an infantry officer and was retired from the army with the rank of major.

Burgess Bedtime

Continued from page 7

that with many folks when times are bad they are the worst they ever had been?

Buddy suddenly made up his mind and started off at a trot. He left Laughing Brook and headed straight for—where do you think? For Farmer Brown's orchard. Whom did he hope to catch in the Old Orchard? No one. He had remembered that before the snow fell, before food had become so hard to get and he had become so very hungry, he had seen a few frozen apples on the ground there. He remembered just where. He makes it his business to remember such things for possible future need. That need was now.

Making sure that no one was around to see him Buddy dug down through the snow. His memory had served him well. He found a frozen apple. He ate it. It was cold and it wasn't much in the way of food, but it was better than nothing. He found another and took that away with him.

Remove dead leaves from the house plants as soon as they appear not only for appearance but for further growth.

LONG RIVER W. I.

The Long River Women's Institute held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. A. C. Johnstone on Friday evening, February 4th. Meeting opened in the usual manner, with Mrs. Elmer MacLeod, vice-president, in the chair.

Roll call was responded to by sixteen members, with an exchange of valentines, after which the minutes of last meeting were read, approved and signed.

Sick committee reported one sick call, and fruit taken. School committee reported that the school needed scrubbing and a committee was appointed to scrub school. Upon motion all bills were ordered to be paid.

The following new committees were appointed: Sick, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Mrs. Eustace Paynter and Mrs. W. J. Proffitt. School, Mrs. A. A. Campbell and Mrs. Heath Campbell. Program, Mrs. A. C. Johnstone and Mrs. James Bernard. Lunch, Mrs. Oscar Johnstone, Mrs. Murdoch MacLeod, Mrs. Nelson MacLeod and Mrs. Elmer MacLeod.

Under the heading of "new business" it was decided to adopt an Institute in England, and also to give the hockey team \$25 to pay for their much needed equipment.

The program consisted of a humorous reading by Mrs. Elwood Campbell and a very amusing contest by Mrs. Edwin Bernard. Meet-

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ing closed by singing "The King". A dainty lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by the committee in charge and a period of social intercourse was enjoyed. Mrs. Ernest Dunning kindly invited the members to her home for the March meeting, when the roll call will be answered with an "Irish Joke." Collection \$1.00 and one member paid her fee.

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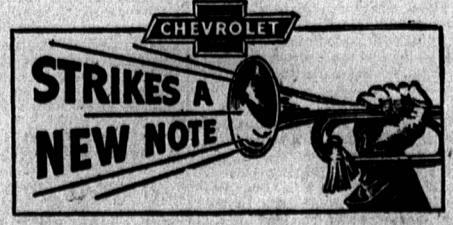
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(To be continued)