

HE WHO SERVES

He has not served who gathers gold. Nor has he served whose life is told in selfish battles he has won. Or deeds of skill that he has done. But he has served who now and then has helped along his fellow-men.

THE ST. GEORGE IMPULSE...

The man who called himself James Ware had seen the photo and read the bill about himself outside many police stations—only it made no mention of the James Ware. It spoke of him as Frank Williams, better known as Frank the Bird, of London, England. It described him as a boxer, 5 feet 10, clean-shaven, broken nose, and so on. It declared that the said Frank Williams was wanted by Scotland Yard, England, in connection with the death of a man named George Craig.

Even ten minutes after the killing of George Craig, when James Ware had worked his way up from the Middle West with the railway gang, driving the new Grain Line to the Hudson, a tattered copy of this bill still clung to the notice board of the Mattawa Landing police post. James Ware read it there under the eyes of a mountie trooper lounging on door duty—and there was no arrest.

There never would be. James Ware had made good friends in the days when he was fighting a sure way toward the light-heavy belt as Frank the Bird. He got that nickname from the quick in-and-out hop that, with the deadly peck of his left hand had won him so many battles. These friends had been sorry to see a clean boy ruined through no real fault of his own. One of the richest had hidden him in a steam yacht lying in the Thames until the hunt had died down. Another had taken him to a surgeon in Paris who had set his twisted nose straight. Thanks to that and a mustache, no detective on earth could recognize him.

He had never been sorry about the death of George Craig, save that it meant vanishing just when he was so sure of the light-heavy belt. Craig had only got what he deserved, even if Frank the Bird had no intention of killing him. Craig had been dirt and had acted as such toward a girl—and Frank Williams had never been able to resist an appeal to his chivalry from a girl—a nice girl, that is. Frank was a man well fitted to teach her all the things she loved best—canoeing, shooting, tracking and so forth, and he knew how to strew himself around just when she wanted a lesson.

He was as wicked and as crafty as a timber wolf. Jenny had no leanings toward bad men nor taste for the clandestine, but Large Yougall arranged all that for her. He knew that if the sergeant learned he was playing around with his daughter there'd be hell to pay, for the sergeant had his record on file, so he saw to it that the sergeant did not know. It called for cunning and quite a lot of lying to Jenny, but those were the subjects Large Yougall could have won an honors degree in anywhere.

But if the sergeant, like quite a lot of fathers before him, had no idea of his daughter's danger, James Ware had. He knew mainly because he watched Jenny as a lover will, but partly because Large Yougall had decided that a fork of the trail just beyond James Ware's timber cuttings was the safest place for his "accidental" meetings with Jenny.

James Ware saw that these accidents were becoming far too regular, and, knowing what Large Yougall was, he began to simmer. That made him a little afraid. It was too much like Frank the Bird again. Still, he feared for the girl, and knew he ought to do something. What it was hard to decide, for the dread of revealing his past by word or action was always with him.

He did speak to Jenny herself, but that was rather worse than useless. Jenny reacted as clean and trusting young things always do when they are certain that one they like has been slandered. She flared out at James Ware, told him he had a mean mind and made it plain that she felt it was only jealousy of a man indefinitely his superior in strength, looks, dash and skill that made him lie about Large Yougall behind his back. Large Yougall had filled her mind with that jealousy stuff. She really did believe that the frequent hard words she heard about him were due to it.

James Ware was stung enough to take her at her word and tell Yougall what he thought of him to his face the next time he waited at the trail fork. Large Yougall, sure of his strength, did not argue. He just swung to the face and James Ware went onto his back. Frank the Bird got up, and it might have fared ill with Yougall, only that moment

Montreal promoter brought his boxing stable north to give displays and collect easy money. The promoter had persuaded young Len Laney, the English middleweight who had come over to beat the Canadian champion, to take the trip through the rough country, and young Len's exhibition bout was the reason why James Ware showed this, his first ring interest in boxing. He saw no harm in it. Young Len had been in the novice class when Frank the Bird ran from England; he didn't see how the boy could know him, let alone recognize him as he was now.

What he overlooked was that novices are usually hero worshipers and that young Len had been one to such effect that he was able to recognize Frank the Bird in spite of all changes in him. It was part of the bad luck of events that he was too awed to attempt to talk to James Ware.

The other mistake was in thinking that the death of women in Mattawa Landing made it safe for a temperamental like him. It was no roughneck town and had plenty of honest-to-goodness families, but the ladies were mainly married or, anyhow, of the type not to make demands on James Ware's fatal weakness for playing St. George when they met dragons. What he overlooked here was that the very lack of devourable maidens made dragons fall even harder when the right type happened along. Yeh, and St. Georges, too.

James Ware did not find out what these mistakes were to mean until well on in his third year at Mattawa. For, though he, with the rest of the community, had long known that Large Yougall was the biggest toughest and wickedest possible blackguard among dragons, it was not until Jenny Sterling came home from university at Toronto that he found that Yougall's nastiness was to have personal reactions.

There was a queer sort of fatality about the whole business. Take Jenny herself. It just did not seem enough that she should be good to look at and know that she had a will as well as an innocence of her own, that she complicated things with a love of the outdoors and a misplaced cinematic taste for heroes. Fate made her in addition the daughter of Robert Sterling. And Robert Sterling was the mountie sergeant who was all the law in Mattawa district.

James Ware liked Sterling and was himself liked by the splendid old sergeant for his steady, clean-run qualities. All the same, the man who had been Frank the Bird naturally considered it tactful not to let liking become too intimate.

Then as to this he-man, out-of-door stuff, James had quite a lot of it. Large Yougall, on the other hand, had even more and could. Large Yougall was the biggest and strongest man in Mattawa. He was the best woodsman, trapper, shot and all the rest, if he'd only been honest and clean enough to abide by his natural gifts. But big muscles and a twisted mind, a honey tongue and gypsy good looks had taught him that there were easier ways of picking up a living than work.

Large Yougall not only made a good thing out of every possible evil but also had large stretches of suitable idleness on his hands. Suitable because it gave him his chance with Jenny. He was a man well fitted to teach her all the things she loved best—canoeing, shooting, tracking and so forth, and he knew how to strew himself around just when she wanted a lesson.

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Jenny arrived. So it fared ill with James Ware instead. Her cry made him remember that other man he had killed because of a woman. He dropped his hands and backed away. Large Yougall thought that was victory. He leered and led. He told Jenny he'd had to thrash this yellow dog because he'd insulted her.

Even that did not force James Ware into action. He shivered, instead. He felt that he had only been saved in the nick of time from exhibiting an ability with his hands that must have revealed who he really was. He turned and walked quickly from temptation. It made him an inglorious figure, a man who had defamed Jenny and yet who too cowardly to stand up and take his gruel. But that did not get him out of his fix, either. It made Jenny thicker than ever with Large Yougall, while Yougall himself, with things getting a bit too hot for him in Mattawa, was more than willing to force the pace. Something must be done to save the girl, even though it meant earning her hate forever by telling her father.

James Ware, after a good deal of anxiety, decided to do this—but he never did. When he got up as far as the station house it was only to pull up blinking before the notice board. The old bill concerning the killer, Frank the Bird, had been pasted up afresh. And even as he studied it the sergeant came out of the station house itself with a citified man.

Sterling saw him and called: "Evening, James. Know that face 't all?"

James Ware, with a trip hammer going in his throat, managed a desperate casualness. "Hey? Oh, this boxing fella? No—I was looking at these flood warnings. No, I reckon I never seen any one like him."

"Well, if you meet up with him you know who's waiting for the news," the sergeant said genially, and he waved toward the citified Gavaney. "Meet Detective Inspector Gavaney, of Scotland Yard, London, Inspector, meet James Ware, one of our older citizens and leading men." That passed off. The Yard man had gimlet-eyed James Ware until the sergeant's words and the wrong shape of his nose had satisfied him that this chap was not his man. They shook hands and parted. But James Ware was sweating cold. Gavaney, one of the Yard's big guns, was here after him. A new hunt was up, as that bill proclaimed. How had they got on to him after all this time?

The reason was simple enough. Young Len had talked. Quite innocently he had mentioned to pals that he had seen Frank the Bird at Mattawa Landing. That was all he said, for, in fact, that was all he knew, as the Yard found when they sweated him. He didn't remember enough about the change of nose to think it worth mentioning, but in any case he had said enough to set wheels working, especially as Gavaney had been in Ottawa at the time on police business. He had been wired and had traveled up to Mattawa to see if anything could be picked up.

James Ware lived through a week or so of concentrated fear. Only gradually did he come to see that he would be all right as long as he himself did nothing to give himself away. Nobody even thought of suspecting him. He had grown into their lives as a solid and honest citizen who had always been part of the place. Not only was his record above question, but even when his past, with that of all other citizens, came to be studied in the thorough Scotland Yard way, Sergeant Sterling himself gave him a clean bill. He didn't come out of the Middle West and not England?

Even Gavaney took him for what he seemed. Gavaney was looking for a prize-fighter. Gavaney knew enough about boxing men to feel certain that however Frank the Bird might have disguised himself, it wasn't in the nature of his type to have lived in such a husky community for three years without letting slip some evidence that would connect him with the game. A sound enough theory if James Ware hadn't been an exception to his kind; but he had made it a point from the first never to lift a fist to a man or even air his knowledge of the ring.

There wasn't even a hint to be gathered against him, nor any one else, of course. As the weeks went by all Mattawa knew that Gavaney, who'd never shown much love for his job anyhow, had become convinced he'd been sent to hunt a mare's nest. It was only a matter of time before he quit and all James Ware had to do was to carry on as usual and he would be safe.

And he would have been, too, if it had not been for Yougall and Jenny. All along Jenny's affair had been mixed in his. Fate works things like that. And it was part of the working of Fate that Sergeant Sterling, riding out to search for Frank the Bird, had found Yougall and Jenny instead. He found them twice. The first occasion might have been the mere accidental meeting Yougall tried to make it seem. The second was emphatically not, and Sterling, who had merely dropped a word in season after the first, blew up after the second and so drove Jenny into Yougall's arms. Personal wrath has that effect on the ardent young.

For Sterling raged, not as the custodian of the law, but as a father. That is, he just stormed and commanded instead of proving with the cold, hard facts on file that this he-man hero of hers was mere criminal dirt. He can't exactly be blamed; a father doesn't find such facts easy of telling to a girl so clean-minded as Jenny. Still, it was a mistake. Jenny promptly adopted the age-old impression that a parent is a reasonable, mule-minded creature whose one role in a daughter's love affair is to see that it does not run smooth. She could even quote the proverb,

to that effect, as many a daughter has, for better—or worse. She did more. She carried her indignation to Yougall and he reacted as might be expected. He had known for months that his day for leaving Mattawa Landing in a hurry was drawing near. Now he felt that this was as good an opportunity as any. He was fond enough of Jenny in his way, and she'd be a pleasant and useful companion to him on the lone trail, anyhow, so he decided for prompt elopement. He had no great difficulty in persuading Jenny either, for if she was more than half infatuated with him, she was certainly more than half rebellious against what she felt was the reasonless tyranny of the old.

James Ware saw her go. No, it was not an affair of snowshoes and dog teams. Canada is only Our Lady of Perpetual Snows for the purpose of poems and picture postcards. It was, in fact, tropic heat and his own unrest that sent him strolling to his timber cutting when he should have been asleep. That was how he heard a horse whinny from the fork of the trail and sent him to see what it meant.

He saw Large Yougall sitting a pinto that was also well laden with packs. He frowned at that. Yougall did not own a horse and he wondered whom the man had been robbing. Then he heard the clink-click of hoofs on the trail and Jenny rode up in the moonlight, her mare also laden with packs.

James Ware's heart froze in his breast. He saw the pair meet and wheel and ride away, and knew that Jenny was running off with this blackguard. For one sick moment he saw what it meant for her—and more; he saw what it might mean to Frank the Bird. And yet he knew that whatever it might cost him, Jenny must be saved. He ran back to his shack and in ten minutes was on his horse and riding after them.

He was not so well mounted as they. In fact, he would never have come up with them if Yougall hadn't made the pace easy, because of the packs and because he was sure of his getaway. James Ware knew about that when the trail fell away and he saw ahead the broad gleam of Lake Chignago silver under the moon. He knew that if Yougall had a canoe waiting Jenny was as good as hopeless. The devil could take her across to any of a thousand secret creeks on the far side and gain more than a day's start from a pursuit that must ride around.

And that was Yougall's plan. James Ware, kicking his mount to a gallop, only rode out of the timber as they finished loading the canoe. Jenny was getting into it. Yougall was preparing to shove off. It was touch and go. If he could not stop that canoe, Jenny was lost.

He wheeled his horse to a high bank the canoe must pass in order to get out of the creek. He shouted to Yougall: "I'm going to jump my horse at you if you attempt to pass."

Yougall knew what that would do to the frail barkskin canoe. He cursed and pulled a gun.

"Don't shoot," Jenny cried. "It's only one—James Ware." That was what in her voice that hinted that Yougall had given her an inkling of his true character in the exuberance of their ride. Yougall, in fact, was certainly feeling a big man. He even retained the idea of beating up this interfering fool, quite apart from the fact that a half-killed man would be of no help to a pursuit. He swung his great bulk toward James Ware, telling him in an exultant shout that this time it wasn't going to be a lesson but a massacre.

James Ware slid off his horse and backed away, while he called to the girl: "I think this jackal has lied to you, Miss Sterling. He's a thief who's been in jail, a blackguard of the worst character."

Yougall merely laughed. He'd got the girl; what did it matter if she knew now? Also, he thought that James Ware was backing away because he was scared. He was wrong there. James Ware was drawing him away from the canoe because he meant to slip in between and cut Yougall off from it. Yougall did not even credit him with cunning until he rushed in swiping. Then, however, Frank the Bird sidestepped like a flash and, with his back to the canoe, slugged a sledgehammer left to the bull neck that sent the brute nuzzling to the ground.

But Yougall learned nothing from it. He came up threatening red murder, only to run into a couple of smashes to the mouth that rocked him anew. He was too much the bigger and stronger to be stopped so early, though, and he just fell forward on this man, his arms flailing. Sheer weight smashed one blow through Frank's guard and brought the great elbow jarring against the side of the head.

Frank staggered and backed and Yougall followed like a charging bull. His great arms seemed to overwhelm the slighter man and one or two of his wild clouts did set the boxer's head ringing; but it was too cool a head to be stamped. As Yougall pounced to wrestle his man down, two full-swinging swipes of a baseball bat seemed to meet his chin and left him flopping on his back.

Again he came up, shaken but incredulous. He simply could not believe that this half-sized fellow could have done that to him. He charged, slugged, missed, made uncouth notions of fainting and, even as he did, Frank the Bird did his celebrated hop in and out, his fists peck-peck-pecking at the face with deadly effect.

Only his immense physique kept Yougall on his feet under that trip-hammer tattoo of blows. As it was, he stood swaying groggily, a sudden realization of what was happening to him flaring into his brute mind. He knew from the sting and kick of those punches that he was fighting a master and that the longer he stayed fighting the less would grow

his chance of getting away with Jenny.

He made an abrupt and headlong lurch for the canoe. Frank had feared this. He dived straight at Yougall trying to swing him aside. Yougall took a spanking left and right to ear and jaw, but brute weight still carried him on. Frank had to bore in close to crowd him away. He knew it was a deadly risk against that poundage, but for Jenny's very safety he must keep the man from the canoe.

It was close-quarter fighting now, had to be; Frank's head and shoulders against Yougall's, while he ripped drumfire jolts to the great body. Yougall ground him back step by step, bull-dogged and blind to everything at first save reaching the canoe. Then, as the half-arm stuff tore grunts from him, fight flared in him and again he did what Frank the Bird had dreaded. He grabbed. He held on. He began to tear and gouge. He began to use his immense strength and weight to twist and break.

He got a tree trunk leg around Frank's. He butted his head well home under Frank's chin. His great left hand held and twisted Frank's right until it seemed the elbow must snap. With his right arm round Frank's waist, he heaved with head and leg until Frank felt his spine must go.

It was the killer's fight. Yougall meant to break his back if he could and his right arm for a certainty. These woodsmen stopped at nothing when their blood was raging. It was to be Yougall or himself—Yougall or Jenny, and no quarter. He seemed to feel his vertebrae grating as his body curved more and more. There must be a snap in a moment. He went limp deliberately.

Yougall jeered triumphantly and shifted grip for a killing hold. As he did, Frank the Bird hit him. He jolted his left to the solar plexus, every ounce of muscle and cunning of experience behind it. There hadn't been too much room to swing, but no more than a six inch jolt had flattened many ring giants before this. Yougall wasn't a ring giant. He crumpled like a deflated bladder.

Frank the Bird fainted on top of him. He came to in a minute, but already two men had come out of the trees to examine Yougall and stand over him. He looked up at them—and that was worse than anything Large Yougall had given him. The men were Sergeant Sterling and Detective Inspector Gavaney, and from the set of Gavaney's face in the moonlight he knew that he'd seen enough of the fight to tell him James Ware's secret. Frank the Bird had given himself away, and in his old and unmistakable manner, for a girl.

Jenny beside them was asking breathlessly: "Is he dead?" "Large Yougall is," said her father grimly, and then with a look at Gavaney: "I had to be one or the other, you saw that."

"Yes," Gavaney nodded. "I saw." Jenny said surprisingly: "Yougall attacked James Ware—James Ware was trying to prevent us going off in the canoe."

"Touch and go, too," muttered the sergeant, his face suddenly working as he looked from the loaded canoe to the broad, gleaming immensity of Lake Chignago. "We'd never have found you—Girl! Girl! Do you know what he has saved you from?"

"James Ware told me—and—and I saw for myself," she choked and she put her face in her hands. "Almost too late."

"Yeh, almost too late," the sergeant's voice shook. "If James hadn't been the fighter he is, it would have been—"

He pulled up, his face going gray as he stared at Gavaney. Frank the Bird's heart went sick. He knew that Sterling knew what Gavaney knew. Frank the Bird had been found—With his lips shaking the old sergeant looked from his girl to the detective. "Only—the law's the law," he muttered.

"How?" Gavaney's voice was an abrupt, hoarse rasp. "A clear case of killing in self-defense, if you ask me. We saw with our own eyes what Yougall meant to do to Ware here." He dropped to his knees beside Frank.

"Did he damage you much, Mr. Ware?" he said evenly, wiping the blood from Frank's face. "No—just bruises and skin cuts, I see—I thought, for the moment, your nose was broken, but I see it is all right!" His eyes met Frank's with a steady stare, but was there the vestige of a grim smile in them? Anyhow, he added softly: "Try marriage, my son—to this young lady here, may be. It'll check that St. George Impulse of yours—"

He got up and helped to catch the horses. He only referred to the matter once again. It was as they drew rein at James Ware's house. "Well, Mr. Ware, I'll be saying good-by," he said, holding out his hand. "My job here's finished. I'll pull out on the limited tomorrow."

"But—but what about—?" the old sergeant began nervously. "The Frank Williams matter?" shrugged Gavaney. "I always did think it a waste of time. I'm going to report to the Yard that, in my opinion, Frank the Bird can be counted as dead. Don't you agree that's the best line to take, considering the circumstances?" "Considering the circumstances—I couldn't advise a better myself," said the sergeant gravely, but he turned a face bright with relief toward James Ware.

"Them hurts of yours want looking to, James. Shall I send—?" "No," said Jenny huskily but firmly, looking straight at James Ware, "I think I can do everything James wants!"—By Douglas Newton.

FARM NOTES.

—Well-grown plants, properly transplanted, produce both earlier and larger yields of vegetables. Early cabbage and tomato plants are particularly important. Transplanting on a cloudy day or in the late afternoon and the use of water in dry soil help to avoid losses.

—Do not turn cows on pasture until the grass has a good start. Then do not overstock. If pastures are divided by a fence so that cattle can have alternate periods of two weeks on each part, much more feed will be realized.

—Wool should be stored in a clean, dry place until it is sold. The basement is not suitable for such a product.

—Remove the cockerels from the breeding flock at the close of the hatching season, say State College poultry specialists.

—Bouquets of flowers from appropriate trees can be placed in solid blocks of single apple varieties to aid pollination. Bees also are essential in securing an adequate set of fruit.

—Arranging kitchen equipment to save steps and decrease drudgery is a practical way of increasing efficiency and prolonging life. Convenience often can be obtained at comparatively low cost.

—Some farmers are planning to pasture part of their wheat and rye because of low grain prices. An acre will provide good grazing for 2 or 3 cows for 3 or 4 weeks.

—Plant and sow when soil and weather conditions are favorable and not according to the calendar or the moon. Good seed and well-prepared soil are more important than custom.

—There is perhaps no other branch of farming in which an open mind is more needed than in fruit growing. There are certain principles which are fundamental and live, but practices of one generation, or even decade, may be obsolete the next. A grower was taken to task at a meeting, by a man who had heard him express a different opinion about the matter under discussion two years before. "I changed my mind," he replied. "That is the right and duty of every man when he finds that he is wrong."

He was a practical fruit grower and keen observer of methods and results in his business. Some of his plans of a score of years ago might be discarded now, and he, if living, would be the first one to do it. New things about the behavior of varieties, handling of trees and soils, adaptability of various lands to orcharding, etc., are coming up yearly.

—Cows that are forced to go to the creek for their drinking water in winter give about 10 per cent less milk than those that drink from drinking cups at the stanchion.

—Watering the lawn during the summer is important in keeping it attractive. In a circular just issued by the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture on the preparation and care of lawns, Dr. E. M. Gress, the author, has the following to say about watering the lawn:

"In dry weather when the grass becomes dried and parched, the lawn should be well watered to the depth of three or four inches at less frequent intervals instead of being given only a slight sprinkling every day. In the latter case, the grass will have a tendency to become very shallow rooted on account of only the top surface being kept moist, while in the former case the roots will grow deeper into the moist lower layers of soil."

"Too frequently, the watering of lawns is begun to be needed. The water which supplies the plant is brought up from the lower layers of soil by capillary attraction. The top layer may, therefore, become quite dry and still do little or no damage from drought more quickly than other parts of the lawn, on account of less absorption and more rapid evaporation of water. Terraces, therefore, should receive special attention during drought."

Dr. Gress has included many other valuable suggestions on how to maintain a good lawn in this circular which is being distributed free to all persons in the State requesting it.

—Few woodlots are so run down that improvement operations are not practicable.

—Value of live stock on Nevada's farms and ranges declined more than \$7,000,000 during 1931, according to the estimate of the Salt Lake City office of the bureau of agriculture.

—Reports from farmers who grow the major portion of the commercial potato crop in the United States indicate that the acreage this year will be about 2 per cent below last year.

—Bees are most famous for their honey-making activities, but in some regions bees are several times as valuable for their aid in cross-pollinating fruit trees as for their honey.

—Increasing the spraying pressure from 400 to 600 pounds made no increase in potato yields at the Pittsford (N. Y.) tests.

—On the average, an eight-ton yield of silage to the acre costs about \$7.50 a ton; five tons cost \$11; and eleven tons cost \$6 a ton.

—Government scientists are making feeding tests with live stock to see how artificially dried hay compares in nutritive value with hay dried naturally.