

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

INSTALLMENT FIVE

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau gold country, six men lost their lives on the Nottaway river. Red Malone, Garrett Finlay, brother of Red Malone, Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors.

The trader led his guests into a large living room the floor of which was strewn with moose, caribou and bear-skin rugs. Two hundred miles from the railroad the trader lived in comfort. "So you're surveying the lakes?" he began. "I suppose that will take you all summer."

"Almost," Garry answered, his thoughts with the girl. "But we have the lower Nottaway to finish before joining our party at Rupert."

"Lucky you're not mapping the big rivers that feed this chain of lakes! You'd need canoe men—Indians."

"We left the best white-water man in Canada out there on the island but we'd need more than Indians," said Finlay pointedly, "we'd need luck."

"Oh, you have a man with you?" "Yes." So you thought Blaise was killed on the river, did you? surprised Finlay. Then he said: "I judge from the buoys you use planes here."

There was a shadow of annoyance in the other's baffling eyes. "I have to hire a plane from Quebec to bring the girls in and out. They don't like the river. I can't get them to winter here. It makes it pretty lonely."

Shortly a Montagnais girl appeared at the door and nodded. There was laughter outside and Isadore's wife and step-daughter entered the large room at one end of which a table was set.

"Hope you won't mind if we doled up and powdered our noses!" bubbled Corinne Isadore. "It's an event to have guests and—such guests!"

Isadore disappeared and returned with a cocktail pitcher and glasses. The two guests watched him closely as he filled the glasses with martinis and passed them. Finlay gave the "Okay" signal to the questioning eyes of Malone as he lifted his glass.

"To our charming hostess!" he said, holding his glass at his lips until Isadore and Corinne had started to drink. He watched Lise closely as she placed her half-emptied glass on the table.

"What's making her so nervous?" he wondered. "On the surface she seems too decent to be the step-daughter of this buccaneer."

Garry caught the trader studying the bulge in Red's coat caused by the .45 in his hip holster as he bent over the effervescent Corinne. "That's sudden death, Isadore," he reflected, "if you're so foolish as to try to pull anything tonight—sudden death! Watch your step!"

There was red-fleshed sturgeon and roast ptarmigan and the hungry men did honor to the half-breed cook. When the Montagnais girl brought in bottles of red Bordeaux, Garry gave Malone the "okay" signal by rubbing his left ear. "So far, so good, mine host!" Garry mentally applauded. "The wine may make your ladies talk."

It was evident that Corinne Isadore was making a night of it. She was mercilessly flashing her black eyes at the russet-haired giant, blowing cigarette smoke in his face and greeting his low-pitched conversation with bursts of laughter while he casually filled and refilled her glass.

As he talked with Garry, Isadore's cold eyes constantly wandered to his wife's flushed face inching closer to Red's. It was different with Lise. She lit and snuffed out half-smoked cigarette after cigarette. The hand holding her fork was unsteady.

It was evident that Lise Demarais was either excited or worried. "Your home is in Calgary?" Lise asked.

"Yes," he lied. "So your work has been in the west?" broke in Isadore.

"Yes," Finlay was on his guard. There were questions he wished to avoid. "I suppose you're a Province of Quebec man?" he countered.

Isadore laughed. "You think I'm French? No, my father was Spaniard."

Finlay saw Corinne Isadore answer what must have been a signal by raising her black brows. She turned to Red with: "When you've finished the map of the lake, you'll let me see it? Could it be traced? I'd love a map of Waswanipi."

"That's his first move!" thought Garry. "He doesn't believe we're engineers."

"Of course, I'll trace one for you!" replied Red, beaming into Corinne's challenging eyes.

"That's fine!" applauded Isadore. "We'd appreciate it. Well, gentlemen, let's drink to a successful summer for us all! But your glasses are empty. I'll open another bottle."

Finlay noticed that the glasses of Isadore and the girls were full. That couldn't be accident. He'd watch this.

As the trader half turned to uncork a fresh bottle, held at his side, Garry saw his left hand, grasping the neck, move over the mouth as he took the bottle in his right and, rising, fill the glasses of his guests.

Finlay is told that the six men were not drowned as reported. Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country at any cost. The three men start out on the

Finlay's eyes found and held Malone's. His right hand lazily moved to the back of his neck. Red caught the warning and turned to Corinne. "In British Columbia," he laughed, "we always exchange glasses for a toast."

Isadore coughed sharply. The veins in his forehead swelled. "Corinne! Not another drop! You've had too much already!" His voice split the silence as an axe splits oak.

Blood flooded the girl's olive skin. Her eyes kindled. "I'm no child to be told what to drink!" she shot at the man who sat rigid watching her, then drained the glass in her hand.

On the hush that followed broke an idle tapping on the spruce table. As he watched the infuriated Corinne, Malone's straining ears caught the dots and dashes, in Morse code, of Finlay's signalling fingers. "New bottle drugged!"

Isadore's high-pitched voice, now under control, broke the tension. "I'm sorry, gentlemen! You'll excuse Corinne. She's not used to much wine."

Corinne drew deeply on her cigarette, blew a cloud of smoke into Red's face as she lounged, round arms on the table. "Do you think I've had too much wine, beeg boy?" she whispered.

"Of course not, Beautiful!" Red returned, from the corner of his mouth, watching her fast drooping eyelids.

"We've forgotten our toast!" insisted the tight-faced Isadore, raising his glass.

"That was clever headwork of yours, Red, when I signalled that he'd drugged the wine. That strange western custom of switching glasses had him stopped dead. Nothing like an Irish imagination!"

Red chuckled. "Thought you'd like it! Say, the girls couldn't have been wise to his plan!"

"No, it didn't look so. But what was his plan when he had us doped?"

"I believe he wanted to search us. He'd let us sleep it off,—then he'd apologize for his strong wine we couldn't handle."

"Our showing up here must have staggered him. But he's got nerve."

"What interests me most is this Tete-Blanche. He seems to be a bogey man at Nottaway and Lise looked as if she'd seen a ghost when she spotted him in the doorway. She must know he's Isadore's private killer."

"I wonder how much those gals do know."

"Get anything out of Corinne? She threw a wicked eye at you, Red. I was worried—thought she'd kiss you right before King Isadore!"

Red laughed. "What a doll to trot on your knees! She's right up my alley for looks! But she didn't ask a suspicious question. How about Lise?"

"She puzzled me. She started off with a rush—was gay and flippant; then suddenly grew absent-minded. Drank hardly anything! Didn't hear half what I said!"

"She was sure easy on the eyes in those whipcords."

"And easier in that white dress at dinner! Skin sort of transparent. The distinct impression I got was that she wants to leave Waswanipi. She didn't say so, of course. But I sensed it. She's worried."

The approach of the canoe to the island where Blaise had a bright fire burning as a beacon was announced by the barking airdale.

"Well, Blaise, what do you think of it?" asked Finlay, when he had finished his story.

"We leave here, wabatch, quick!" "You mean tonight?"

Brassard nodded. "Why tonight?"

"Two Montagnais fallar come here after dark. I give dem suppair and taste of whiskey. Den dey talk. We move out, now. Onles you wish to fight."

"Well, what's it all about, Blaise?" demanded Red.

Blaise told his story. That afternoon the two hunters had brought a canoe load of sturgeon to Isadore's place to be traded for supplies. They were in the trade-room when the Peterboro was first sighted far down the lake. Labelle rushed in and called the man with the scarred face outside where Isadore was watching the distant canoe through glasses. Curious, the two Indians moved to the door and listened. The trader was wild with rage. "You liar!" he said to Batoche. "Here come de men you said drown in de Long Saulte de de Nottaway." The trader struck Batoche in the face but Labelle stepped between them. Then they moved away out of earshot of the eavesdroppers.

Later, the Montagnais were starting with their supplies for their fishing camp when they heard an angry voice up the shore. "What good are you? Now Isadore send me to dat island tonight to finish your job!"

They looked and saw the man with white hair, the Montagnais called Neshiwed, the Killer, with a little man, Tetu, talking to Batoche. So, after dark, the hunters had come to the island with the warning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Red nodded. Action! There was the glint of sun on young ice in his blue eyes. Stiff in their chairs the men waited. Then the trader returned.

"It is most embarrassing, gentlemen," he coolly apologized. "Mrs. Isadore took more than she's accustomed to. I hope you'll understand."

Garry rose. "Of course!" he said. "Will you thank her and your daughter for a most delicious dinner and—interesting evening?"

"But you're not going? The night is young."

Finlay admired Isadore's callous nerve. "It's late," he replied. "We'll say good night."

Nottaway, despite warnings. On the third day out they are ambushed from shore. They escape serious injury and start for the Hudson's Bay post. Finlay and Malone visit Isadore and meet Lise, his pretty stepdaughter.

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"Well, if you insist. I'll give you a light to your canoe."

Outside the night was black as a spruce swamp. Isadore produced an electric torch and walked to the shore beside Finlay. Close on the heels of the trader followed Malone.

As he pushed off the canoe Finlay said: "The evening was most pleasant, Mr. Isadore, and—instructive."

Finlay and Malone paddled in silence until they were well offshore. "Now what do you think of that for a dinner party?"

"Think?" snorted Red. "My fingers ached to drown him in front of his place. Drugged his own wife! Some joke on the slick Jules Isadore! And was he sore!"

"That was clever headwork of yours, Red, when I signalled that he'd drugged the wine. That strange western custom of switching glasses had him stopped dead. Nothing like an Irish imagination!"

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rayon Fabric Patterns Show New Emphasis on Originality

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



NO LONGER are fine fabrics the exclusive property of the few people who can disregard cost. There's luxury for everybody these days, because of the advancement of rayon as a textile fiber during the last few years. Rayon has made possible the reproduction of all the magnificence of tradition quality cloths at prices well within the reach of modest budgets.

To the evening wear field, where luxury has always been the keynote, are contributed gorgeous fabrics worked with all the lavishness and richness the feminine heart could ask. Exquisite, for evening, is crisp rayon taffeta in enchanting colors and new effects. Such novel taffeta finishes as gleaming satin stripes, metal stripes and striking plaid effects with metal stripes and unusual color designs are seen in stunning bouffant gowns like the model pictured in the foreground of our illustration.

Beautifully adapted to the fluid molded lines of the current evening season, sleek rayon jersey brings its lovely draping quality to

sophisticated dinner and evening inspirations. Jewel-toned rayon jersey falls in sleek gleaming folds for the skirt and wide bishop sleeves of the glamorous dinner gown centered in this group.

The vogue for street-length informal dinner gowns has inspired the long-torso style which combines a rich black rayon crepe skirt with a smartly contrasting shaded rayon and metal striped bodice, as shown to the right. The long sleeves and low V-neck of the bodice are excellent fashion points, as is the graceful all-round pleated skirt.

Indispensable in the dinner and evening wardrobe are the rayon crepe frocks. Lovely versatile types, such as matelasse patterns, tree-bark effects and mossy finishes give pleasing variety. The exquisite grace of line expressed in the slender tiered frock to the left in the group interprets the beautiful draping qualities of mossy rayon crepe. In this instance the crepe is in a dusty rose, with the refined brilliance of cut steel at the draped neckline.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Large Patch Pockets Extend the 'New Look'

Dresses and suits are very pocket-conscious this fall. Four seems to be the magic number for pockets and sometimes six—four on the long-torso jacket, distributed in two breast pockets and two hip pockets, with the skirt sporting two pockets on its own account. Ingenious pocket arrangements are also expressed in connection with peplum flares. There are separate stole scarf affairs made to wear with practical daytime dresses that are finished off at each end with huge pockets. They have zip fastenings, all very practical and usable.

Tip to Toe—You'll Be Wearing One Color

The latest turn of fashion is to carry out the costume ensemble in one color from head to foot. Very handsome indeed is an outfit that created quite a sensation in the grandstand parade at one of the important games this fall. This stunning ensemble, done in the new gold tone so smartly in fashion, included a fleece boxy topper, a perfectly matched handknit two-piece dress and a turban. Costumes all in the widely heralded "black plum" are also outstanding in the autumn-winter collections. Brown and topaz colors are also very effective developed in single tones throughout.

Bangle Bracelets

Young girls are going in for a new hobby. It is the collection of bangles for their bracelets which are for the most part in silver. You can buy cunning little trinkets galore at the jewelry counters, and a most thriving business is going on in their sale. However, it makes it far more interesting to add the personal touch of dropping a hint to dotting relatives and friends that you would rather have a bangle to add to your collection than any other gift they could make to you.

Ostrich Trim

The much-beloved little pillbox hat is taking on new glory this season. Picturesque ostrich goes trailing down one side over the hair in a glamorous "portrait of a lady" manner. The huge profile berets are also dramatically ostrich-adorned.

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO
By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IT'S difficult to write calmly and critically about Walt Disney's "Dumbo"—in fact, it's practically impossible. This story of the baby elephant with the over-size ears, who's born into a circus and made miserable by the other animals because of those same ears, is completely enchanting. There's Timothy Mouse, successor to Jiminy Cricket; there's the band of black crows, there's the squealing circus engine—and there's the really lovely sequence in which pink elephants dance. Every moment of this hour-long picture is delightful—no two ways about it, you'll have to see "Dumbo."

Jean Phillips, once Jean Harlow's stand-in, had moved from a bit to a co-starring role in just two pictures—she's the first stand-in since Adrienne Ames to become a leading woman, which is bad news for girls who hope to climb to stardom by that route. Her first break came when she was cast in "Among the Living"; that performance earned her the second lead in "The Morning After." Now she's co-starred with Macdonald Carey in "Dr. Broadway." Her resemblance to Ginger Rogers blocked her career when she first went to Hollywood.

Glenda Farrell is happy. She's signed to play the ex-sweetheart of a gangster in "Johnny Eager"; says she's fascinated by the part, and



GLEND A FARRELL also wants to do it because the picture is being directed by Mervyn LeRoy, who gave her her first part in films.

Irving Berlin has written 14 new songs for "Holiday Inn," more than have ever before been turned out in a single picture. Bing Crosby will sing some of them, Fred Astaire will dance to them. The score includes two old Berlin favorites, "Easter Parade" and "Lazy."

Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant will co-star in RKO's production of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," with an original score by Oscar Strauss, the Viennese composer. If you want to see another version of the same story right away, you can go to Metro's "The Chocolate Soldier," with Nelson Eddy and Rise Stevens, of the Metropolitan Opera company. It's Miss Stevens' screen debut, and Metro executives feel sure that the public will take her to their hearts.

Remember the parting of the Red sea in C. B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments"—or the chariot race in "Ben Hur"—or the earthquake in "San Francisco"? Mr. DeMille thinks he's added a memorable sequence to that list—the squid fight in "Reap the Wild Wind." Ray Milland and John Wayne, in diving suits, are exploring the hull of a wrecked vessel in a search for Susan Hayward when they encounter the sea monster. Mr. DeMille donned a diving suit and directed the scenes, in a huge tank. For other scenes in the picture he descended 20 feet into the Pacific, to the ocean floor. Said it was the only way he could get the eerie realism that he required.

Who'd be your choice to portray Will Rogers in Warner Bros. film of his life, made from the book, "Uncle Clem's Boy"? At present Stuart Erwin, Spencer Tracy and Roy Rogers, Republic's Western star, are under consideration. It's said that Mrs. Rogers prefers Tracy, though Erwin's supporters urge that he's a better choice because he resembles the famous comedian and philosopher.

ODDS AND ENDS—Paramount will star Charles Boyer and Veronica Lake in "Hong Kong," a romantic story played against modern, war-torn China. . . . Ginny Simms has just been made an honorary colonel of Southern California district, American Legion. . . . We hear that Tony Martin said he was "ready and willing" to enter the army, even though an appeal from his draft classification had been filed. . . . RKO's "Mexican Spitfire at Sea" brings you not only the team of Lupe Velez and Leon Erroll, but Zasu Pitts, Elizabeth Lord, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Eddie Dunn and Harry Holman as well.

FARM TOPICS

PLAN BOX SILO ON LEVEL LAND

Good Substitute for the Trench Silo.

By E. R. EUDALY
(Dairyman, Texas A & M College Extension Service.)

Built above ground, a "box" silo is a substitute for a trench silo in regions where the land is more or less level and where keeping water out of a trench is a problem.

To construct such a feed container, build two parallel levees of dirt any height and width desired, then fill between the levees with silage and cover with earth. This sometimes is called a trench silo upside down. Two—in places where lumber is cheap it might be advisable to build the upside down trench out of lumber and tar paper. This is called a "box" silo.

It is not advisable to build a "box" of smaller dimensions than four feet between walls, six feet high and 20 feet long. Lesser space between walls would be hazardous since a little spoilage at the edges would be too high a percentage of waste. A minimum height of six feet is suggested because of settling and the possibility of some spoilage on top. If the silage settles a whole lot there might be a high percentage of spoilage.

Width and height may be as much as desired beyond the minimum footage as far as keeping of the contents of the silo is concerned. But the width should be regulated according to the number of livestock to be fed, the specialists advise. At least five cows are necessary to obtain the most success from a "box" silo.

The posts should be three feet apart in the row if one-inch lumber is used, but may be as much as 4 1/2 feet apart if using two-inch lumber. Shiplap lumber is best for siding, but rough sawed lumber may be used provided it is laid so that the inside of the wall will not be so rough as to break the lining paper. Tar, or asphalt, paper is recommended for covering the inside of the wall, and No. 9 galvanized steel wire, or the equivalent in strength, to tie the posts together at the top.

The silage at the open end of the box should slope from the ground to the top of the wall so that the end can be covered with earth. Only two or three inches of dirt may be used provided oats or barley is planted in it, and the earth kept moist until the grain makes enough growth to form a good root system and hold the dirt together to prevent cracking.

Seed Winter Oats for Successful Winter Crop

Many farmers have had excellent success in seeding winter oats in the fall as a cover crop, according to J. C. Hackleman, crops extension specialist of the University of Illinois college of agriculture, Urbana, Ill. The only trouble with using winter oats in the fall, he said, is that the crop is more apt to winter-kill than barley or rye. Oats also does not make as good a nurse crop as the other two crops because it makes a more leafy and dense growth and consequently shades the legumes more and probably consumes more moisture and plant food than would be used by a rye or barley crop.

When used as a winter cover crop, winter oats, barley or rye should be seeded a week or 10 days before the average date for seeding wheat, Hackleman said.

Although more apt to encourage chinch bug increases the following growing season, barley makes the best pasture of the three crops. If nurse crops of oats, rye or barley, instead of being harvested as grain, are pastured next spring, the land can be classified as soil-conserving under the AAA farm program.

Farm Notes

Spraying of certain chemicals has been found to hasten the maturity of potatoes on experimental plots at an Idaho research station.

Root rot fungus spreads by slow growth along roots from plant to plant, even when they are dormant, at the rate of a foot or so a month.

The annual output of United States fruit canning plants amounts to about 50,000,000 cases. Peaches lead with over 12,000,000 cases.

More commercial fertilizer was used by American farmers in 1940 than in any previous year.

One hundred per cent water-inflation of farm tires will be possible and economically practical as the result of developments by a large rubber company.

Only by the use of pressure is it possible to get the high temperature needed to kill organisms in nonacid vegetables which, if not destroyed, will likely cause spoilage.