

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

INSTALLMENT NINE

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 one of the six, and Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as survivors.

"She was so natural," Finlay groaned inwardly, "so terrible real! And her story seemed so straight. But that was just the bait to catch the mouse! Poor Red and Blaise! What have I done to them?"

With a shiver he brushed her from his thoughts. Shame and chagrin vanished. With his .45 covering the direction of the last sound it was another man who lay there, a cold fighting man who waited like a cornered wolverine for a movement in the scrub.

Evidently, from the fact that they had not shot him on the beach, their intention was to take him alive.

Brush snapped behind him. His eyes flashed back but saw nothing. They had him surrounded but could not reach him without drawing his fire so were playing safe. For minutes he lay rigid, listening.

Presently his roving eyes caught the green plumes of a young spruce shivering as if touched by wind. But there was no wind. The spruce top moved into the notched rear sight of the .45. Again the spruce quivered and Finlay glimpsed a pair of glittering eyes in a swart face. Like glass splintered by a hammer, the "b-rang!" of the .45 crashed on the silence of the bush.

There was no face behind the spruce.

"One gone!" Finlay muttered, inching swiftly around to cover his rear.

He was just in time. From behind the boll of a Jack-pine, eyes roved the undergrowth seeking his position. Finlay lined his sights. Then the full face and a shoulder edged into view.

"Flambeau!"

Again the forest rocked with the thunder of the .45. There was a scream followed by a stillness so intense it hurt the ear-drums. Then the liquid notes of a chickadee broke the spell.

"Two gone!"

But the jaws of the trap were closing on the hunted man. His firing had marked his position. He must move. Quick! Flat on his chest he hunched to the sanctuary of another spruce.

From three sides came the snapping of twigs as the hunters closed in on the hidden quarry. The eyes of the trapped man blazed with the fighting flame of a beast at bay. His nerves were ice as he knelt, watching in three directions for the rush that was coming.

Suddenly there were yells and a thrashing in the brush. But the concealed man would not be stampeded into showing himself. Then a ring of men simultaneously rushed a few yards, to fade, flattened to the earth. But one never moved again. A slug from the .45 had drilled his forehead.

"Three gone!"

"They're close in, now!" muttered Finlay. "The next one will reach me!"

Then five men flung themselves at him. He found the white head of Tete-Blanche and the .45 flamed. Again it roared. They reached him and he fired point-blank into a grimacing face. The face burst into a bloody mask. With his heavy gun he bludgeoned a black head that dove at him. Free, he stumbled back and swung at another. As he did there was a blinding flash of light in his eyes. He sagged to his knees, then to the earth.

CHAPTER X

At intervals, in Finlay's brain flickered a dim consciousness of his surroundings. Through blurred thoughts filtered the sound of voices, only to die away. For, time and again, the dull pounding in his head drove him back into the abyss. But gradually he groped his way through the mental twilight and was aware of his splitting head and of an indefinite torture. Sharp pains sliced through his upper arms and legs. He tried to move but his hands and feet were numb. Something held him like a vise.

With difficulty Finlay peered through the cracks between his puffed eyelids. He was on the lip of a bog, lashed to a trimmed spruce sapling. For a time he stared stupidly at the four men with rifles watching him. Then, into his dazed brain shot the memory of the fight on the shore. So they had clubbed him from behind? It seemed long ago—very long ago.

They had him lashed hand and foot with rawhide thongs, the victim of clouds of black flies that hovered around him like smoke. What would they do? Shoot him or leave him to be stung to death by the flies and mosquitoes? Men had died that way in swamps. He heard again the crash of his .45, and his tortured lips twisted in a smile. It had been a fight while it lasted. He'd got three—perhaps four. They'd remember that! But the man he wanted, whom he'd promised Bob he'd get, stood there with a leer on his hideous face under its thatch of yellowish-white hair. He'd missed Tete-Blanche. Beside him were Batoche and two others, one a bow-legged dwarf with the darting eyes of a mink—Tetu.

Finlay receives an anonymous letter suggesting 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

"How you like fly, surveyor?" taunted Tete-Blanche. "Mosquit' he start to make bees music, soon, and you swell up like poison dog."

There was laughter from the three breeds.

Finlay's face, neck and arms were stippled with blood. On his head was a lump left by the clubbed gun. His eyes were almost closed.

"You win!" Finlay groaned. "You win, now, but tell Isadore that a police plane is due here from Ottawa in September. Mounted Police! Ever hear of them? You win, now, but you'll hang before the snow flies! Think that over!"

The four breeds exchanged startled looks. Then Tete-Blanche stood over the man lashed to the spruce. The feral eyes in his grotesque face with its broken nose glittered. Finlay had seen such eyes in a trapped wolf. "Tree good men you shoot!" he snarled. "Now you pay for dem!"

A wave of exultation beat through the man who was about to die. He had made them pay. Death held little terror. He had looked it full in the eyes before. But in the slow hours of unresolvable torture that awaited him he faced an end of which he had never dreamed. An icy sweat burst from his body. But what lay in his heart these men should never see. He squinted through the slits which were now his eyes at the venomous face of Tete-Blanche and said:

"I wanted you, handsome, for myself! Now the rope'll get you. It's too bad to soil an honest rope!"

Tete-Blanche thrust his leering face close to Finlay's. The pupils of his eyes dilated like those of a snake. "You get de kiss from fly and mosquit', now, not de woman!" he jeered. "Bonsoir, M'sieu' Feenlee!" He made a mocking bow. "We see you in de mornin'! You swell up good by den! Look like beeg fat man! Bo'-jo', M'sieu' Feenlee! I wish you sleep good!"

The breed waved his hand across Finlay's face. On the little finger was a ring of hammered gold.

"Bob's ring!" A storm of hate beat through the man trussed to the tree. He strained desperately against the thongs that held him but Tete-Blanche had done his work well.

As they left, Batoche struck Finlay in the mouth. "Dat ees for Joe Flambeau!"

Blood burst from Finlay's split lips as he flung back: "Sorry I missed you, you yellow dog!"

Garry Finlay was alone with the horror of the coming night. He gazed through his fast closing eyes at the rose afterglow above him. "Last sunset last twilight, Garry!" he muttered. He filled his lungs with the spruce-sweet air and looked long at the black silhouettes of tree tops etched on the horizon. "Slow death from poisoning and shock! Slow-death!"

He was young and life was good. But it was over, now! He peered hungrily at the fading flush in the sky. "Last evening, Garry!"

He thought of the loyal Red and Blaise anxiously hunting the shore; of his family and of the grave on the Waswanipi. "Two of us, now, Bob!" he groaned. "He's got your ring! I saw it! Two instead of one, Bob, and I promised to get Tete-Blanche for you!"

Again and again he wrenched at the thongs on his wrists until his lacerated skin and the throb of his head stopped him. "Sergeant Garrett Finlay, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, lost on duty! Lost neglecting his duty! I begged for the detail and I got it. And this is what I've done with it—walked into a trap with my eyes open! Forgot duty and a clean record for a lying cheat of a girl! Red, Blaise!" he pleaded. "Forgive me for what I've done to you!"

What would they do?

men start out on the Nottaway, and visit Isadore in his magnificent home where they meet Lise, his pretty step-daughter. In response to her desperate plea for aid, Finlay meets her secretly. After she left, gunmen attack him.

Under the lash of his remorse Finlay grew numb to the stings that were fast poisoning his blood. Then a sound back in the bush silenced him. Shortly he called: "Come and finish it, you bush rats!"

They had returned. If he could only taunt them to cutting it all short with a bullet. "Isadore's handsome, white-haired boy comes back!" he jeered. "And the cross-eyed M'sieu' Batoche who was bitten in the face by a rabbit!"

But his answer from the scrub was a mad yelp and the snapping of brush as a dog burst from the bushes, stopped, gazed in doubt at the huddled figure, approached and sniffed at the man who spoke to him, then in a delirium of whines and caresses threw himself on the master he loved.

"Flame! God bless your old bones! You followed their trail from the shore! Boy, I'm glad to see your whiskered map again!"

Frantic with joy the dog nuzzled Garry's tortured face and neck. Hope flowed through Finlay as water through a burst dam. With Flame there was a chance. Flame would never leave him. If he could only get the airedale to chew through the thongs that bound his wrists!

"Where's Red, Flame? Red and Blaise? They turned you loose to hunt for me but where—"

A distant shot stopped him. He listened while the dog's soothing tongue licked the blood on his face and head. "That's Red, signalling, or else there's a fight on." Like a madman Finlay battled with his thongs. They gave slightly and the blood began to ease into his numb hands. Then the long hours that Sergeant Finlay had spent on the education of an airedale puppy began to bear fruit. Fearing that, some day, he might be stolen and tied up, Finlay had taught the dog to chew through any rope, leather leash or raw-hide that held him prisoner.

After much coaxing Garry managed to focus the dog's attention on his bound wrists. Shortly Flame was licking the thongs as well as Finlay's hands.

"Eat it up! It's good—good chow for dogs! Chew it! It tastes good, Flame!" the man endlessly coaxed while his dog licked the thongs and the swollen forearms. Then Flame hooked a long fang under a loop and tugged at it. "That's the dog! Eat it up, Flame!" urged the man battling desperately against time.

Gradually the airedale seemed to comprehend. It was a game they were playing and he liked the taste of the fresh hide.

At last the dog lay down behind the bound man and with his great grinders jammed against Finlay's wrists began to chew at the knots. "That's the dog! Chew it up!"

Spurred by his master's approval and relishing the taste of the hide as he would a bone the airedale chewed through two key knots. A last heave and Finlay's numbed hands were free.

In his joy, he shook like grass in the wind. Again life beckoned as a camp-fire to a man lost at night in the bush. He laughed, now, at the black cloud of his tormentors which once meant a slow death. He laughed at Tete-Blanche, at Isadore. He'd come back from the grave.

"We've licked 'em, Flame!" he panted. "Bless your old hide, you've done it, boy!" Hugging the dog's wriggling body, Finlay crushed his face against the scarred skull. "I love every hair of your old carcass," he crooned. "I'll have my feet clear in a minute but you'll have to lead me to the shore. I'm stone blind."

When his numbed legs could carry him, Flame led him by a thong over the back track to the shore. Headlong into the cool water plunged man and dog, maddened by the lance-like thrusts which had stippled their bodies with welts.

"Oh, this is good, Flame!" Laving his burning arms and face, Finlay wallowed with grunts of relief in the comforting water. "I'm puffed up like a poisoned pig, Flame, old socks! But we've whip-sawed this Tete-Blanche, you and I. We'll meet again some day and when we do there'll be lead in the air." He laughed bitterly.

A distant shot cut him short. "Hear that? Must be Red and Blaise hunting for us! Answer 'em, Flame! I've lost my gun. It's Red! Tell 'em we're here!"

The airedale's brittle bark floated through the murky settling on the lake.

Then Red hailed. Finlay answered and shortly the Peterboro slid up to the man lying in the shallow water of the shore.

"What's happened to you, Garry?" cried the alarmed Red, leaping from the canoe and bending over the man soaking in the water. "What are you lying there for, Garry? You hurt?"

"Hello, Red! You there, Blaise? I'm all right, but I've been eaten alive by bugs. I'm blind as a dead fish and I've got a lump on my head like an egg. I hate to leave this water even to shake hands with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Junto Lives Again

IF THE spirit of Benjamin Franklin had been strolling along the streets of Philadelphia on a recent night, it is not unlikely that a passerby might have heard the ghostly presence of the immortal Ben chuckling to himself. For that day had witnessed the spectacle of 2,000 of his fellow-Philadelphians crowding into the Academy of Music to revive an organization which he started 214 years ago, and, according to Time magazine, "at week's end fresh hordes were still coming. It was the biggest cultural revival in many a Philadelphia year; the cozy little study club he founded in a tavern with 11 convivial companions in 1727 has a mammoth reincarnation."

This "cozy little club" was the famous Junto or "council," a mutual self-improvement society, formed by Franklin and several of his "ingenious acquaintances." It was a democratic organization, too, for among its members, besides 21-year-old Ben Franklin, were a scholar, a glazier, an Oxford professor and a "young gentleman of some fortune."

Although the proceedings of the club were secret and no minutes of its meetings were kept, Franklin, in his writings, has revealed some of the topics which the members of the Junto discussed. Among them were these: "Whence comes the dew that stands on the outside of a tankard?"



Earliest known portrait of Franklin, painted probably about 1748, now owned by Harvard university.

"What unhappy effects of intemperance have you lately observed?"

But the Junto is important in American history if for no other reason than this. It was this club which helped launch Franklin upon the career as a scientist which brought him world-wide fame, especially in the field of experiments in electricity. Franklin first became interested in electricity in 1746 when he attended a lecture by a Dr. Spence of Boston. This led eventually to correspondence with Peter Collinson of London who sent him an electrical tube and with it Franklin performed various experiments for the edification of the members of the Junto. Writing to Collinson later, Franklin said:

"I never was before engaged in any study that so totally engrossed my attention and my time as this has lately done, for, what with making experiments when I can be alone, and repeating them to my friends and acquaintances, who from the novelty of the thing, come continually to see them, I have, during some months past, had little leisure for anything else."

Undoubtedly the encouragement which he received from his fellow members of the Junto had a great deal to do with his continuing the studies in electricity and branching out into other scientific fields. "Franklin seems to have carried on his studies in physical science, natural philosophy, wholly during the period 1747 to 1756, and then to have been driven off from his work, which he described as the most absorbing of his life, by the increasing demands of public life and civic obligations."

Thus writes Howard McClenahan in the chapter, "Franklin, the Philosopher and Scientist," in the book, "The Amazing Benjamin Franklin." In it he lists all of the "striking phenomena observed for the first time by this fundamental physicist."

The Junto lasted for 40-odd years and out of it grew the American Philosophical society, the oldest scientific society on the American continent. During its existence of four decades it was the originator of many important institutions—in all of which Benjamin Franklin played a leading part.

Among these were: 1731, the Library Company of Philadelphia, the first circulating library in America; 1736, the Union Fire company, the first volunteer fire department in Philadelphia; 1749, "Proposals relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania," which led to the formation of the College (afterwards the University) of Pennsylvania; 1751, the Pennsylvania hospital, the first of its kind in America, and 1752, the "Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses From Loss by Fire," the first chartered fire insurance company in America.

Elaborate Applique Shown on Daytime and Evening Styles

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ROSES are red on the superbly beautiful white gown centered in the group. The flair for white for party wear and also for youthful "date" dresses is important fashion news. College girls and teen-agers are simply thrilled with the idea of "winter white" for dine-and-dance wear. For these, fancy runs mostly to white crepes, wools and jersey, some trimmed with gold accents and others gay with appliqued floral patterns or bright yarn embroidery.

The lovely white party dress pictured to the right above is made of soft white crepe which molds itself to the figure of the wearer. Attention is drawn to the tunic and shoulder drape which is gathered from a V-neckline. Great lovely roses in crimson red crepe are applied to form a border on the tunic and a corsage cluster at the left shoulder.

In the stunning afternoon model to the right below one senses the fact that applique design is as gracious and effective for daytime modes as for formal evening gowns. Black and pink, a flattering color combination widely featured this season, distinguishes this ensemble. The black dress is styled with the new drop shoulder, while the sprightly pepum is encrusted with an applique of pink braid in a floral motif. The pillbox hat is black felt with a bow of black veiling.

The sophisticated evening gown to the left in the background is of black marquisette worn over a nude-pink slip. The call for black on black is dramatically answered in the bold leaf design in black velvet which is artfully applied on the shoulders and at the waist. The applique theme is being worked out stunningly for simple wool daytime dresses and suits. The flower applique is self fabric which traces its way along lapels, sleeve tops and often over the entire front of the bodice or blouse.

In connection with the vogue for

gay and festive trimming accents in the way of beadwork and embroidery, it is interesting to note the glitter of sequins, rhinestones or nailheads, as well as a definite revival of applique design. This form of handcraft is very smart, and in featuring it, designers have tapped a wellspring of inspiration which is pouring forth a wealth of ideas in endless procession.

Applique design offers a technique which is being successfully employed for both day and evening modes with the utmost simplicity or in the most elaborate motifs to fit the occasion. Consequently, there are going to be all types of applique this season, from the simple single bouquet effect on a blouse or bodice to take the place of a corsage or glittering spray clip, all the way to elaborate designs. Also, we may expect to see a tremendous amount of applique used on the sports clothes for resort wear.

Many of the "dressy" clothes for winter are so beautifully embellished they are veritable works of art. See this demonstrated in the lovely gown pictured to the left below in the illustration. For this applique the artist designer has taken morning glories for her theme, translating them into handmade fabric flowers that bloom in all their deep purples, wines, brilliant pink and azure blue. Leaves and stems and tendrils of green go cascading from shoulder to hem down the side front of this stately, sleekly fitted, black crepe dinner gown. It is said that many women of discriminating taste are turning to fabric applique as a welcome change from too much glitter of sequins and colorful stones.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Color Contrast



Daring, but as fascinating as daring, are the color schemes designers devise this season. Using color in striking contrast is a new styling method that has developed into a favorite fashion formula. In the picture, cloud blue forms the front of a brown crepe dress. The color scheme is unusual and is made more so by the cardinal red felt hat which tops milady's smartly coiffed head—which goes to show most anything can happen in the way of color schemes nowadays. When all is said and done, the effect comes out a hundred per cent eye-satisfying. The new color freedom is indeed a revelation.

Jacket Is Favorite

Theme of Designers

Suits of gay plaids or colorful tweeds have held good right through the fall and will continue to do so during the winter. Already resort fashions have emphasized the supremacy of jacket suits in the mode. Two features of the newer suits are the continued use of pleated skirts and the emphasis on beautiful wools in charming colors for the new jacket suits. For climates that call for warmth, these pastel and richly colorful tailored wools are trimmed with fur.

White 'Bunny' Wrap Is

The Delight of the 'Teens

The vogue for white this winter is creating no end of excitement in the younger set which simply dotes on the new white jersey or crepe or corduroy "date" dress. With these they wear cunning "comfy" white bunny jackets. Sometimes these are bordered down the front opening with vividly gay peasant yarn embroidery.



DAVIE stood at the camp window and looked out over the great frozen lake. "Do you think he'll come right across the ice?"

"He?" Mother answered from the kitchen. "Oh, Santa Claus? Why, perhaps, darling. But not this morning, funny boy; not before evening."

Such unquestioning five-year-old faith, and she must watch its betrayal. Because there weren't going to be any presents. There wasn't any money.

Suddenly Davie screamed with excitement and his mother went running to look out too.

"Why, it's a deer, Davie."

"Reindeer," said Davie, without any question at all.

"One of Santa's, you think? Maybe the sleigh tipped over and all the presents spilled! Isn't that too bad?"

They watched the graceful creature until it disappeared into the woods on the other side. Then mother returned to her baking and Davie followed.

"It's a shame for it to happen just the day before Christmas when there won't be time to make any more. How disappointed all the children in the world will be! But you



Two small blobs appeared far out against the snow.

won't mind so much, will you, Davie darling, because you'll know what happened. Just think, you saw the deer! And wasn't he beautiful?"

"Yes," Davie drew a long sigh of rapturous memory. He fell silent, then: "May I go out and play?"

The eleven o'clock sun was warm and she bundled him out.

Suddenly it was one o'clock and time for lunch. And she had heard no sound from Davie for an hour!

No answer when she called from the door. Davie wasn't in the yard. Of course he had gone to find the sleigh, the tipped-over sleigh and the presents. How could she have failed to consider the way a child's mind would work?

She dared not leave the baby, who had a slight cold, nor start out with her on a search which might last for hours. Nothing to do, then, but wait for Jock to come in midafternoon.

It was three o'clock before a small blob appeared far out against the snow. Two small blobs, in fact. She waited, sobbing with relief.

"I didn't find Santa Claus' sleigh, Mama," he explained as soon as he could speak for her kisses, "but I found his house. She lives there—and that was one of his reindeer. The tracks went right into the yard. Santa Claus was gone. There was just a man asleep in the kitchen. I think he's one of the toy-makers."

"No, that was Ned," said Goldilocks.

"What's your name, dear?"

"Phyllis."

As the afternoon wore on something familiar about the contour of the little face kept tickling her memory until realization struck.

Golden curls and a blue zipper suit! Phyllis! Ned—Ned Cozetti? Of course. This was the Bentley child. Phyllis Bentley, kidnaped Thanksgiving day and given up for dead!

Jock, bending to unlace his snowshoes, was met by a whirlwind bundled to its ears in shawls and surrounded by three miniature whirlwinds similarly wrapped.

"Crank up the car right away. We've got to get into town before the telegraph office closes. Do you know who this child is?" The whirlwind gave a bounce and grasped his arm. "Phyllis Bentley, that's all. And her mother thinks she's dead and this is Christmas eve. Oh, hurry! Davie was gone three hours today and I know just how she must feel. And if we get hauled up for driving without a license, there'll be ten thousand dollars to pay the fine!"

Toys for Little Tots Can Be 'Noise-Makers'

Children from one to four years of age like noise-makers. For them we might suggest a set of a half a dozen baking powder tins, each with something in it to make a noise, as buttons, nails, paper clips, pebbles or screws. Since some of the contents might be easily swallowed, the tops should be firmly cemented on before the tins are given two or three coats of enamel paint, each can a different bright color.