

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

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 surveyors.

"I'll bet his liquor comes in by air," said Red.

"Exactly. So he tried to wipe you out—tried to stop a government survey party? Now I wonder just why? What's back of it all?"

"Of course, they must have decided that we were only prospectors posing as surveyors."

"Shooting prospectors is not so dangerous as firing on government men but it's still murder, ain't it?" snorted McNab.

"True!" laughed Finlay trading winks with Red behind the back of the outraged McNab. The trader's hatred of Isadore would be useful. He knew much about Waswanipi which they would learn, for the evening would be long. "If you've heard he flies stuff in from somewhere south in the Province, possibly you've heard about the August plane from the Bay," suggested Garry.

"From the Bay?" demurred McNab. "Now what in thunder would he be—wait a minute!" The trader scratched his jaw as his half-shut eyes squinted at a gun-rack in a seeming effort to recapture a vague memory. "I've got it!" he exploded. "North, at Rupert House, two summers back, they were talking about a strange schooner some traveling Crees had told of seeing off the mouth of the Hurricanaw. The Indians said a sea-plane was lying in the lee of an anchored ship. Later the plane headed south and disappeared over the muskeg of the mainland. They've been trying to figure that out, at Rupert, ever since."

Finlay glanced triumphantly at Malone. Lise's story was corroborated. "Was it spring, summer or fall they saw it?"

McNab nursed his chin. "Why, let's see! I was at Rupert in early September. It must have been in the summer."

Finlay's face brightened with satisfaction. "McNab, that plane was bound for Waswanipi. Every August a plane from the North stops there, then heads south."

"Waswanipi?" blurted the puzzled trader. "What's the reason for it? What could it carry?"

Finlay leaned toward the Scotchman chewing nervously on his pipe stem. "McNab, that's just what Constable Malone and I would like to know."

After a clean-up and shave, Finlay and Red joined the trader at his house for supper. A shy woman whose face wore lines etched by a life of isolation and worry, and an excited girl with an unruly red-gold bob, and the height and vitality of her father, welcomed them.

"Mary, this is Mr. Finlay and Mr. Malone," said the trader. "Gentlemen, my daughter, Thistle!"

The quick violet eyes of the girl swept Finlay's erect figure and glance-cut features with a passing gleam of approval. But it was to Red's freckled face with its infectious grin which bared his regular teeth that the girl's dancing eyes clung. As she laughed at Malone's sallies, dimples dented her brown cheeks.

"What a pair!" thought Garry. "If I know the signs, she's fallen for the devil already."

Far into the night three men sat in a cloud of smoke in the trade-room.

"Sergeant," demurred McNab. "It's flat suicide for you to go back there now. I tell you you haven't a chance. But if you do hang on until that plane shows up from the Bay, how are you going to learn if she carries gold south, with that Indian mob of Isadore's watching her? Man, it's ridiculous!"

Malone laughed. "You've never seen Sergeant Finlay operate?"

"McNab," said Finlay, quietly, "if we're there when that plane arrives, we're going to learn what all this mystery's about."

McNab's blue eyes snapped. "Yes, I think that's just what you two would start to do in the face of them all. You've got the nerve all right. But have you ever seen what whiskey will do to bush Indians? Tete-Blanche and that crew'll wipe you out, then hide up in the Bitter Water swamps."

"Between muskeg and water and swamp there's fifty miles of it. It's absolutely impassable except for an Indian trail or two. They'd never be found there, Sergeant. I don't want you to go back until you have help."

The gray irises of Finlay's eyes were rings of steel circling the pupils. "That's our hard luck, then. It's our job to get this crook. We'll start; someone else may have to finish it!"

McNab stubbornly wagged his sandy head. "I know, Sergeant, I know! But think of the odds, man! It's fifty to one up there, now, with the Indians against you!"

Red grinned at the grave face of his chief. "At Fort McLeod it was a hundred miners to one Mountie, eh, Sergeant?"

"What happened?" asked McNab. "Sergeant Finlay elbowed his way into that mob of drunks and took his man, Mr. McNab!"

INSTALLMENT TWELVE

Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country at any cost. En route to the Hudson's Bay post they visit Isadore in his palatial home, meet his wife and Lise.

McNab's face lit with admiration. "What do you know about this Tete-Blanche—ever seen him?"

"I saw him once at the steel. He looked uglier than a starved wolf. Never saw such a face! They say Isadore brought him here from the West, up God's Lake way. He was probably wanted there and had to leave. Two years ago, after those four men were reported drowned, he went up river to Nottaway and hung around making a lot of veiled threats. He had everybody uneasy. The Nottaway people know Isadore is rich and think he has government pull of some kind. They're afraid of him."

"Nobody but the station agent has dared open his mouth and he's been threatened."

Finlay handed the letter he carried in his wallet to the trader. "McLeod did more than talk. He wrote."

McNab returned the letter. "That's what they all think, up there."

"Pretty state of affairs in a free country!" snorted Red.

"About Tete-Blanche!" Finlay's dark face was bitter. "Is he half crazy? The night they trussed me up I had a good look at his eyes. The pupils dilated like those of an Eskimo gone 'piblocto.'"

McNab squinted hard at the speaker. "You know, I believe he is,



"This is my daughter, Thistle."

just that, blood crazy. I've talked to Montagnais who've drifted here from Waswanipi. They say the Indians are afraid of him. They think he's got some mysterious power—talks with the spirits. But it's this medicine-man, Kinebik, that he works through."

"Isadore's whiskey and Kinebik's medicine-making have turned the young bucks against us," said Finlay.

"By the way, McNab, why did Isadore build such an elaborate outfit?"

"I can't account for it. It must be sheer vanity. He's certainly made big money in fur. But there must be something else. He's got a partner in Montreal, Blondell, who flies here every summer and, I'm sure, carries the liquor. They say he lives like a prince in the city. What my people are wondering, is what Blondell does in Montreal besides handle the fur."

"And they can't find out?"

"No, it's a mystery."

"How about placer gold?" asked Red.

"That's what they've suspected. Flake gold and nuggets would be easy to transport secretly in a plane. He may have struck some rich sandbars in the upper Waswanipi. That may be the answer. But Sergeant," the trader rested his hand on Finlay's shoulder as they parted for the night, "I wish you'd have that police plane sent here and wait for it. They fly to Isadore's place and arrest him. I like you two boys. I don't want you to go back to Waswanipi. With the Indians loose and Isadore not knowing you're police it's deliberate suicide."

Finlay took the trader's big hand. The shadow of the pain which lanced his heart crossed his face as he thought of the boy in his grave beside the thundering Waswanipi. "As yet I've nothing tangible on Isadore except this liquor business with the Indians. Before I'm through I'll have something he'll swing for. I'm not sending for help, McNab. Tomorrow we start back."

CHAPTER XIII

The following morning Blaise and the fretting airdale, circled by the hostile post huskies, waited on the beach beside the loaded Peterboro. Over at the stockade gate Thistle's eyes clung to Malone's sober face. "I've guessed what you are—you two," she said, her chestnut brows meeting as she searched his candid eyes in an effort to read what lay

in his heart. "It's the way you Mounties carry yourselves—something so cool and masterful about you. You can't fool me, Mr. Man. I know you're police." Tears suddenly blurred her eyes as she drew a quick breath. "And I know from the way father acted this morning that he never expects to see you again! Oh, Red," she flung out desperately, "I want to see you again! I want you to come back, Neil!"

Red had the girl's trembling hands in his. "I'm coming back, Thistle!" he said, and his voice was hoarse with feeling. "I'm coming back straight to Matagami—to you, kid." Then with a shrug of his heavy shoulders he swallowed hard and the dancing lights returned to his eyes. "Now flash those white dazzlers of yours in one of those smiles that makes my heart go pitty-pat or I'll rumple that gold stuff you call hair right before your mother who's watching us through the window."

A smile broke through the girl's clouded face at the sally of the irresistible Red.

Over at the trade-house Finlay and McNab were saying good-by.

"My men should reach the steel with your report in thirteen days, but I wish you'd change your mind, Sergeant. Ask for immediate help and wait here for it!"

Finlay's thoughts were with the girl who waited for his message at Waswanipi. His mouth curled at a corner. In his eyes was the glint of sun on young ice. "McNab, the Mounted Police never send for immediate help!"

"I know! I know!" McNab wagged his head resignedly as he gripped Finlay's hand. "But I like you two boys! It's a shame—a rotten—"

The trade-room door swung wide and Blaise rushed in.

"Cano' comin' from de eas! David look in glass and say it come from Isadore! I hid cano' and shut up Flame!"

"Tell Red I want him, quick!" Malone burst into the room. "Put your glasses on that cano, Garry!" Red cried. "Mine are packed! Something's up!"

"Are they near enough to see us?"

"No, they're miles away. What are the orders?"

Finlay took his binoculars from his duffle bag. "If they stop here, Red," he said, "we'll hole up in the fur-loft and listen while McNab drags them out. It may prove valuable. They've decided we passed them that night and are out to overtake us on the river."

Red shrugged his wide shoulders. "Overtake you and Blaise and me, in strong water? Swell chance! But we don't happen to be running!"

"No, we don't happen to be running!"

Far to the east on the wind-rippled surface of Matagami moved a black speck. Finlay focused his glasses. It was a big Peterboro driven by an outboard motor, with a crew of four men.

"Do you recognize any of them?" he asked McNab.

"Not yet. But it's from Isadore's. He's got the only outboard motor in this country."

The two returned to the trade-room while Finlay made his plans. "Whoever it is, McNab, get them in here and pump them dry. We'll lie up there in the fur-loft and hear it all. Tell them we stopped for grub yesterday, on our way to Rupert. That may send them hunting us down river. And we'll surprise Isadore when we show up at Waswanipi."

"Correct. I'll handle those Indians."

"Make them talk even if you have to feed them some of that scotch of yours. It will be legal for it's an order from the police."

The two men grinned. "Leave it to me, Sergeant."

Red and Blaise appeared with their Lee-Enfields.

"Don't think you'll need them, Red," said Finlay. "Now we'll hit that ladder for the loft."

"I'll have another look and let you know what I see," said McNab, as the three men disappeared through the trap-door of the fur-loft.

As they lay on the floor of hand-hewn, spruce planks near the opening, Finlay outlined his conversation with McNab.

"Suppose Tete-Blanche is in that cano?" queried Red.

"Our job is Isadore!" cautioned Finlay. "What we want today is information. A fight, here, will spoil it all."

Red chuckled. "I wasn't serious, chief, I was only worrying about Blaise. We'll have to lie on him to keep him from jumping through that hatch."

Brassard's slit eyes glittered in the half-light as he grunted: "I can wait. But dis big fallar wid red head, we have tough time to keep his mou' shut!"

Red shook Blaise's calloused paw. "Now we're square, you old wolverine!"

"Shut-up!" snapped Finlay. "Someone's coming!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TO YOUR Good Health

By DR. NATHAN S. DAVIS, III

INFORMATION FOR THOSE WHO ARE OVERWEIGHT

True obesity is a constitutional disorder in which there is a compulsory tendency to gain weight un-

less the intake of food and expenditure of energy are kept under control all of the time. In this condition, the body tissues have a greater tendency than normal to deposit fat.

Fortunately many people who are overweight do not have this abnormal condition. During childhood, adolescence and early adult life, a high calorie, high vitamin, high protein diet containing adequate minerals is necessary for normal growth. At this period of life people are most active physically and need more calories. Thus they become accustomed to eating large amounts of food, are not satisfied with smaller quantities. When they stop growing and go to work they are apt to be less active physically and require less food. But they continue their usual high calorie diet and the

Infant Deaths in the United States Deaths per 1,000 Live Births



portion no longer needed for the production of heat and energy is converted into fat. Sometimes such a gain in weight does not come until the individual changes from hard manual labor to some less arduous type of work.

Gains During Pregnancy.

During pregnancy and while nursing their babies, women have to eat enough to nourish two and so eat much more than they did formerly. Then when the baby is weaned they continue on the high calorie diet. As they no longer require the extra nourishment, they gain weight and lose their lovely girlish figures.

The change of life in some 20 or 30 per cent of women so affects the balance between the various glands that their diet causes them to gain weight.

It is relatively easy for those who are overweight because they eat more calories than they require, to reduce. Those who have the hereditary abnormal tendency to accumulate fat, water and salt find it much more difficult. Many believe that exercise, even violent exercise, is necessary if weight is to be lost. Those who have never engaged in athletics or who are too old to engage in them, consider passive exercise or massage indispensable.

While exercise is good if started gradually and not carried to extremes, weight can often be lost more easily and rapidly without it. Exercise increases hunger and thirst and makes it more difficult to stick to a restricted diet and so harder to lose weight.

Low Calorie Diet.

A low calorie diet (1,000 to 1,200 calories) is absolutely necessary for weight reduction. Such a diet can often be best tolerated if a cracker, a glass of fruit juice, or of skim milk is taken between meals. Thus low blood sugars that cause ravenous hunger are avoided. Any reducing diet must contain enough vitamins, minerals and proteins to satisfy the body requirements. It should contain one pint of skim milk, one egg, two ounces of fish, meat or fowl, three servings of vegetables (one of them raw) including potatoes, two servings of fruit (one of them raw) and one and one-half pats of butter. It should contain a minimum of fats, sugars, sweets and starches and the fluid intake should be decreased. To make it quantitatively more satisfying, eat more meat, cheese and leafy vegetables may be taken.

When you have thus lost enough, add to your reducing diet just enough to enable you to maintain the desired weight. If you go back to your old diet, you will again rapidly put on the pounds.

"The constant drip will wear away the stone; the constant imperfection of nutrition, though this be relatively slight, will wear away the body." — Sir Robert McCarrison.

QUESTION BOX

Send questions to Dr. Nathan S. Davis III, Winnetka, Ill. (Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.)

Q.—What is vitamin B, and what vegetables or foods are highest in this vitamin? S. L.

A.—Vitamin B is a complex mixture of chemical compounds required to aid the utilization of foods by the cells of the body. Lima, navy, kidney and soy beans, buckwheat, whole wheat flour, ham and pork, beef, kidneys, liver, yeast, peas, and various nuts contain this vitamin.

Learn to Sew if Your Budget Is Limited—It's Fun, Too!

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THIS year the fashion picture is literally packed with drama. What with a whirl of midwinter festivities and gala occasions in full swing one is almost sure to yearn for more than the usual amount of clothes glamour. The good news is that, by making sewing your hobby, you can easily manage to have an enchanting array without suffering a single budget twinge.

Simply pick the pattern that measures up to your idea of a dream dress, get your material in hand and then dash off to your nearest local sewing center where expert help is cheerfully given in sewing short cuts and fashion tricks, at little or no expense.

Fabric counters are literally bubbling over with an endless display of smart, inexpensive rayon jerseys, tweedy weaves that tailor beautifully, gorgeous taffetas and moires that look twice as expensive as they really are; velveteens in alluring pastel and brilliant jewel-toned colors; handsome laces of every type from sheer to the new linen effects, which, for the most part, can be had for under a dollar a yard. This year a merry war is going on between traditional black-and-white and lush, ravishing colors like fuchsia, turquoise, black plum, alarm red, topaz, gold and beige, Kelly green and seafoam tones and tints.

For the twilight hour and its flattering candlelight, there's romantic elegance needed, and you will be equal to the occasion if you make a dinner dress which combines a long-sleeved, front-buttoned, long-torso

basque top of black cotton lace with a shirred wide-spreading rayon moire skirt which repeats the black lace in a hip border inset after the manner of the gown which the figure seated in the foreground is wearing.

And again your evening splendor will be definitely established in a mist-blue jersey dress that molds and tapers to your form in draped and flowing lines like those of the gown shown to the right in the trio of evening modes pictured above. Drapery treatments are very important and are outstanding this season. They are ever so easy to manipulate, even for the inexperienced, with the aid of a new molded-to-you thermo-plastic dress form. With an exact reproduction of your figure before you, it requires no special gift to drape the folds of a material in a way that will most effectively dramatize your silhouette.

Gay and inexpensive materials make the luxurious looking dinner dress centered in the group above. There is style distinction reflected in the chrome yellow velveteen jacket that hangs with easy grace from broad-looking shoulders encrusted with importantly new embroidered motifs that are repeated on the pockets. This jacket would be lovely with a candle-slim forest green crepe floor-length skirt. Believe it or not, the embroidered motifs that so definitely enhance this jacket were stitched up in practically no time on a modern sewing machine, and the finished job looks for all the world like fine handwork.

The fashion suggestions above are destined to turn your "date" into a successful drama, and they will inspire repeat performances in the future.

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FARM TOPICS

SPEED REPAIRS OF MACHINERY

Quick Action Will Protect Farmer From Shortages.

By C. B. RICHEY
(Agricultural Engineer, Ohio State University.)

Farmers who immediately take measures to protect themselves against any possible shortages in machinery or repair parts will save themselves and their neighbors money and trouble.

The first step in this preparedness campaign is the inspection of all machinery and equipment to find broken or worn parts that are likely to fail the next time the machine is used. Some farm machinery will have to be partially dismantled before the amount of wear and tear on parts can be determined.

If repair parts are needed, labor can be saved by leaving the machine torn down until the parts are obtained. However, bolts, washers, keys, and other small parts of the machine should be placed in a container so they can not be lost during the period of waiting.

The second step in getting the machines ready for 1942 is to order needed parts immediately. This should be done whether or not the dealer says they are available. Back logs of orders for parts in the manufacturers' files are powerful arguments in getting supplies of materials for filling the orders.

While the machines are being inspected, all loose nuts and other minor lacks of adjustment should be corrected. Excessive vibration of machinery in operation decreases its efficiency and increases chances of breakage. Lock washers help keep nuts from working loose.

Good Farm Pasture Will Aid Uncle Sam

Good farm pastures will become as vital as munitions factories in Uncle Sam's war program as the demand for more meat and dairy products increases in months to come.

"The farmer's surest recipe for meeting this demand for food for our armed forces and our allies, lies in undertaking an intelligent program of pasture improvement that will insure him a good stand of legumes and grasses," says a statement of the Middle West Soil Improvement Committee. "To accomplish this it is important, first of all, that the soil's productivity be built up by the use of fertilizer containing phosphorus and potash.

"Whether the crop is good or poor will be determined by the presence or absence of plant food. Thus it is important to have the soil tested to determine whether it is adequately supplied with the necessary elements.

"Agronomists at state colleges or county agents are prepared to cooperate in making these tests and likewise in providing recommendations covering the use of fertilizers on pasture crops in a rotation."

Soil Erosion Called A 'Fifth Columnist'

No "fifth columnist" ever worked more quietly than does soil erosion on a farm, but one difference is that evidences of soil erosion are easily seen. Every muddy stream that comes down the hill after a rain is a warning that somewhere on higher ground the soil has been loosened and is being carried away.

So says Prof. Paul Hoff of the department of agricultural engineering at Cornell University. As to the objection of some farm operators who know they have an erosion problem but can't find time or labor to correct it, he says:

"Soil erosion cannot be solved overnight; nor does it require a lot of work during the busy cropping season. A soil conservation program on any farm usually covers several years.

"On most central New York farms, for example, such a program consists of rearranging the fields into long narrow strips that are level from end to end. Sometimes one or more diversion terraces are needed to protect the strip-cropped slopes from unusually heavy rains or rapid spring thaws. The level rows of cultivated crops and strips of sod help to hold the soil and water."

During the past few years, about 2,000 farmers in New York state have installed strip-cropping systems on their farms.

Guarding Machinery

Because of the national war emergency program is expected to make it increasingly difficult to obtain new machinery and repair parts, it is suggested that farmers keep their implements in good shape.

Farmers can prolong the life of their machinery by observing the following rules: 1—Store implements in a dry place. 2—Overhaul machinery periodically. 3—Keep equipment in good adjustment. 4—Protect wood surfaces with paint.

White Fur



In keeping with the vogue for "winter white," this season, comes the prediction from furriers that snow white lamb will prove one of the most popular furs of the season. The young set is "rushing" the idea. It's a treat to the eye to see young girls wearing coats like the one pictured. These coats are strikingly new, and they top the now-so-modish white jersey "date" dresses to perfection.

Rain Now Calls for Gay Fashion Parade

Away with somber attire on a rainy day! No longer are leaden-skied, downpours of rain and muddy streets a sign that one must match the somberness of the scene with clothes equally depressing. According to the new theory, a rainy day is just the time to come out in bright array. In fact, rainy days are turning into cheerful events.

There are gay new capes, fitted coats and trench model coats, some in white, some in blue and, most exciting of all, those in bright red rainproof transparencies or processed cloth, if you prefer. You can get red or white boots to match.

There's style and charm, too, in the new processed black satin raincoats that are fashioned with smart details and given a glamour touch in that the newest out are fashioned with jeweled buttons.

Magazine Tells What the College Girl Is Wearing

According to a new women's magazine:

College co-eds are braiding their hair in "country cousin" style.

Earrings are being worn with the braids.

Sixty inch pearls worn on "Sloppy Joe" cardigans are "tops" everywhere.

Cowboy boots, plaid sweaters, lime yellow shirts, corduroy jackets, the "V" neck sweater and knee length argyle plaid socks also storm the American campus scene.

For the Young

Take yards and yards of bright red net. Fashion this into a full skirt. Top this with a snug-fitting bodice made of jersey in matching red. Outline the décolletage, sleeve edges and finish off the waistline with a single-row beading of sparkling red sequins.