

GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W. N. U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: To help save Norland Airways from bankruptcy Alan Slade agrees to fly a so-called scientist named Frayne and his assistant, Karnell, to the Anawotto river in search of the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. Slade is suspicious of Frayne, who has nevertheless paid them enough to enable Cruger, Slade's partner, to buy a new Lockheed. Just before leaving the local doctor, to give first aid treatment to a flyer named Slim Tumstead, Slade is not pleased to learn that Tumstead, an outcast flyer who has lost his license for drinking, knows about the new plane and about Frayne's expedition. That night the Lockheed is stolen by a masked thief who heads north. On the way to the Anawotto with Frayne and Karnell, Slade runs out of gas, and they are forced to spend the night at the cabin of Slade's prospector friends, Zeke and Minty, where Slade keeps a gas cache. Frayne shows no interest in the fact that the surrounding country is rich in pitchblende, source of a new kind of power. But the next morning Frayne decides to stay near there and not go on to the Anawotto. While Slade is on the way back, Lynn Morlock's father decides to operate on the blind Eskimo, Umanak, in the hope of restoring his eyesight. Umanak is anxious to see again so he can hunt the "devil bird" he hears. Slade has returned, the operation is over, and he and Lynn are talking. She has received a letter from Barrett Walden who, for Lynn's sake, has offered her father a job in Ottawa. Lynn feels that his frontier work is too hard for him. **Now continue with the story.**



"But you might remember you don't own this country."

CHAPTER IX

Her father watched her as she read the closely written pages. It came home to him as he studied the stooping figure in white, the vital young figure with its ripening lines of womanhood, that they could not always be together.

"How about Alan?" he repeated as the girl in white looked up from her letter.

"Barrett's been pulling wires again," she observed without meeting her father's eye.

"For whom?" was the Padre's prompt demand.

"For you," said the girl with the letter. "He writes that he's had a cable from the Minister and there's an opening for you in the Department of Timber and Mines. He says it's a grand chance for somebody in the know to co-ordinate the medical care of miners."

The Flying Padre's face hardened a little.

"And who asked Barrett to pull wires for me?" he demanded.

"It was his own idea," acknowledged Lynn. "But he naturally held back until he knew I agreed with him."

The stooping shoulders stiffened.

"No," he said with conviction. "I can't go to seed. Not yet."

Lynn looked at him for a moment or two of silence.

"Barrett," she said, "will be disappointed."

Her father swung about on her.

"You know, of course, why he's doing all this?"

"I was only thinking of you, Dad," she said as she leaned against his towering shoulder.

He lifted her head and looked into her face.

"But there's always a string to arrangements like that. And in this case that string would be you." She attempted a protest against that, but he stopped her. "Barrett's a good egg. I like him a lot. And I don't blame him for being in love with you. But I happen to know you're not in love with him."

"Would that be so important?" she asked.

He stroked the cropped head that looked so boylike and yet remained so womanly.

"You're not such a bad egg yourself," he said with a stabilizing sort of gruffness. "I happen to know something that you've got tucked away in that lopsided heart of yours. And I'm not going to sell my girl's happiness for an old-age pension and a berth in Barrett Walden's Department of Timber and Mines."

Slade, after checking over a series of uncertainties, decided to head for Echo Harbor. Cruger, back at Waterways, had told him to follow up any clue that showed itself. And this shadowy plane that had been seen flitting between tidewater and some unknown hinterland base was worth looking into.

That base, Slade acknowledged, may have been unknown; but he had a theory or two of his own which, he felt, kept his quest from being entirely a wild-goose chase. He knew well enough the vastness of the country over which he was flying, with here and there only a time-bleached Eskimo cairn to mark its destination. And to look for a plane in that tangle of river and muskeg, of ice-scored bluffs and starveling tree growth, seemed very much like looking for a needle in a haystack.

He was further depressed by the discovery that a sea-fog, rolling in from the Arctic Ocean, was cutting off his view of the broken coastline. Where he should have found Echo Harbor he saw only a blanket of gray mist. So he turned south and winged his way into the clear, sweeping the horizon with his glasses as he went. But still no sign of life came to him.

This section of the sub-arctic, he felt as he stared about him, had for obvious reasons remained overlooked. If there was

those lonely gray ridges below him the new frontier hadn't crawled that far north to find it. It still seemed to ache with emptiness. And for that reason, as he winged his way over the gray wastes, he knew a distinct quickening of the pulse when he caught sight of a faint plume of smoke beyond a darker stretch of spruce-land that circled a lake studded with many small islands. For smoke meant fire; and fire implied the presence of human life.

Slade dropped lower, avoiding the island-studded lake and circling off to a companion lake that offered clearer water for a landing, a mile or more to the southeast. His eyes searched the shoreline as he drifted into a ridge-sheltered cove where he could moor and land without trouble.

He mounted the ridge and once more peered about at the starved-looking spruce-land. But he could see no sign of life. Yet on second thought he stepped down to his plane and quietly removed a breaker assembly. With that out, he knew, his engine was tied up. And he had no intention of taking chances.

His next line of procedure, he decided, was to push on overland in search of that small but unmistakable wisp of smoke. But the going was not easy. He found it best to follow the rock ridges where the footing was safe even though the direction of his advance was variable.

His presence there, he knew, had been well advertised to any watcher between the spruce ridges and the rushes. Yet he advanced with both caution and quietness. Twice he was compelled to back-trail and seek out more solid footing. His final line of advance, he saw, was taking him out to a rush-fringed point abutting into an island-dotted lagoon that was half reed-beds and half open water. It looked lonely and empty.

He was on the point of turning back and rounding the lower arm of the lake when he was arrested by an unexpected sign of life in the reeds ahead of him. This was confirmed, a moment later, by the discovery of footprints in the soil about him. But whoever or whatever lay hidden there refused to disclose itself.

So he pushed quietly on, following the vague path where other feet had preceded his own. He went on until a turn in the narrow runway brought him to a thicker tangle of shrub-willow and rushes.

There, just at the water's edge, he caught sight of a man.

This man was crouched low in a blind of rushes, waddled roughly together. Beside him lay a pair of binoculars and a telescopic camera. But at the moment he was making use of neither. He was merely crouching there, intent and motionless, staring out over the island-dotted lake.

Slade knew it was Frayne, even before he saw the bony face that turned to flash a look of annoyance at the intruder.

"Quiet, please," was Frayne's preoccupied command as his gaze went back to the watery vista in front of him.

"What's happening?" Slade questioned.

"What I have traveled eight thousand miles to find," was Frayne's quietly asperous reply. The half-whispered and half-hissed words came clearly tinged with reproach. "It is a trumpeter swan, making love to his mate."

Slade peered through the rush tops and caught sight of two floating islands of white along the remoter reaches of the lake. The thing that impressed him was first their size and then the snowy whiteness of the feathered bodies that glided in and out between the darker bodies of land that turned the lake end into an archipelago.

"Then you're getting what you came after?" Slade suggested. He noticed for the first time the collapsible rubber canoe, plainly lighter than any Indian birchbark, which lay half-concealed in the fringe of rushes.

"Not when outsiders interfere with my studies," retorted the ornithologist. "Where is your plane?"

"A mile or two southeast of here," Slade explained.

"I won't have a plane disturbing this territory," Frayne proclaimed

with an unexpected note of passion. "It means all my work has been for nothing."

Slade's laugh was curt.

"You're welcome to your wilderness," he said. "I'm looking for something bigger than swans."

"Then kindly leave the swans to me."

"Sure," said the unruffled flyer, "but you might remember you don't own this country."

"Perhaps not," was the sharp-noted response. "But the sooner you leave it the happier I'll be."

"Thanks," said Slade. His mouth hardened a little as he stood eyeing the other man. "And what would you do if I happened to hang around?"

Frayne became conscious of the challenge in that question. His thin lips compressed and for a moment he remained silent. Then he shrugged and stared out over the waddled brow of his blind.

"You would not be so foolish," he quietly announced.

That announcement, Slade saw, was not without its own tacit challenge.

"Then since you regard this as your territory," he ventured, "I suppose your camp is here?"

"It is not," countered Frayne. "This is merely an observation post. My camp is farther south, toward the Kasakana, since that seems to be caribou country. And we must have meat, of course."

"If you're nearer the Kasakana," ventured Slade, "you must be neighbors to my two old sourdough friends. I mean Zeke and Minty, the men we bunked with on the way out."

"I have seen nothing of them," was the deliberated response. "My one object here is to be alone."

"Thanks again," said Slade. He stood silent a moment before asking: "Where is that camp-mate of yours?"

"Karnell," said Frayne, "is cutting wood and smoking fish, in case we should winter here. I have learned, in unsettled country, to think of the future."

"If you winter here," observed Slade, "you will no longer have your swans."

"A man of science learns patience," retorted Frayne. "They will come back in the spring."

"But before next spring," persisted Slade, "you'll be needing some plane service."

"I have no need for a plane," asserted the other.

"And you've had none?"

"Of course not."

Slade found it necessary to give that some thought.

"Then why did you try to buy a plane, a couple of weeks ago? And why did you want to hire a flyer?"

The opaque eyes regarded him with disdain.

"That," asserted Frayne, "was before I found what I was looking for."

"And now you've spotted your swans you've no need for us?"

"None whatever," was the acidulated answer.

"And you haven't happened to see a plane in this neighborhood?"

"Not until I had the misfortune of seeing yours."

"Then you saw me as I came in?" Frayne's nod was curt.

"As did my trumpeters, which you disturbed," he announced.

"Before I leave you to your trumpeters," said the flyer, "I'd like to ask just one question. Where do you come from?"

"What difference does that make?" demanded the other.

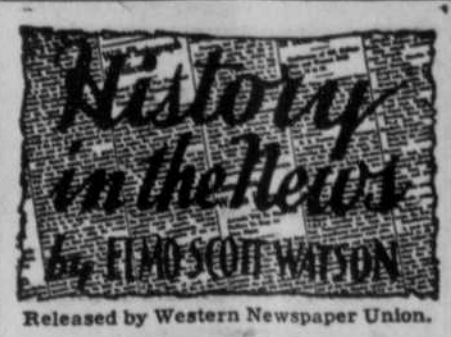
"Because your manners make me think you are German."

The ornithologist's face hardened. But his voice, when he spoke, was a controlled one.

"If I had my passports here," he quietly asserted, "you would soon learn otherwise." His movement, as he turned away and reached for his binoculars, took on a touch of the valetidical. "And I regret that my interest in bird life must interfere with your curiosity as to my origin," Slade laughed.

"Well, good luck with your trumpeters," he said as he turned and strode from the blind. He realized, as he studied out the uncertain trail to where his plane must be resting, that meetings like this were mighty rare along the frontier.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Spy Trial

WHEN President Roosevelt, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, appointed a military commission, headed by Maj. Gen. Frank R. McCoy, to try the eight German saboteurs landed on American soil from submarines, he was following a precedent established just 80 years ago. On February 27, 1862, President Abraham Lincoln issued an executive order creating a similar tribunal and it was the first of a number of such military commissions established by both the Union and Confederate governments to try the cases of draft evaders, blockade-runners and others whose offenses thwarted the war effort.

The term "court martial" is a familiar one in military history and in other nations it had the power to try all forms of offenses in war time. But in the United States the power of a court martial was limited to the trial of offenses by members of the armed forces. So the "military commission," established in 1862 and having jurisdiction over all types of offenses, whether committed by the military or by civilians, was an innovation.

The commission appointed by President Lincoln was made up of only two men, both New Yorkers. One was a leading member of the legal profession in that state, Judge Edwards Pierrepoint, who later became attorney-general in President Grant's cabinet. The other was Maj. Gen. John A. Dix, who had had a varied career. He had been an officer in the army during the War of 1812, held several state offices in New York and served for a brief time as secretary of the treasury under President Buchanan. At the outbreak of the Civil war he was commissioned a major-general of volunteers. Placed in command of the department of Maryland he had much to do with holding that state in the Union.

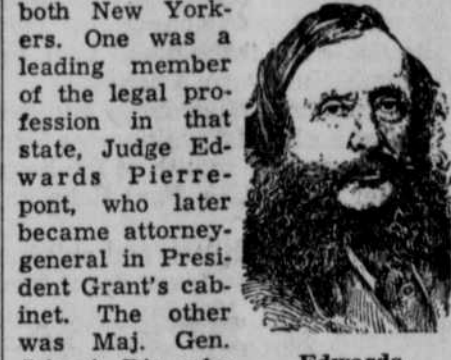
While Dix was commanding at Fortress Monroe, he was recalled to Washington to serve with Judge Pierrepoint on President Lincoln's military commission. Its duties were to examine prisoners who had been arrested for various offenses and determine whether they should be released, held in prison on civil charges or turned over to the military authorities.

One of the first cases Pierrepoint and Dix were called upon to try was that of a Washington society leader, Mrs. Rose Greenhow, the handsome young widow of a Virginian. She was a relative of Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas and lived in a mansion across Lafayette park from the White House. There she entertained cabinet members, senators, congressmen and especially Union army officers. In fact she was such a charmer that the information which she wheedled out of some of the latter and passed on to her Confederate friends is said to have played an important part in the Southern victory at the first Battle of Bull Run.

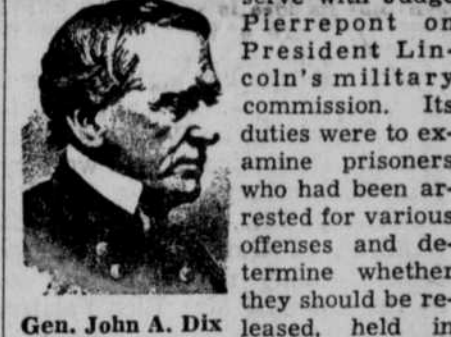
Soon afterwards she was arrested by Allen Pinkerton, head of the Union army secret service, held a prisoner in her own home and then removed to the Old Capitol, a brick building which was used as a jail for political prisoners in 1861. Charged with being a spy, Mrs. Greenhow was placed on trial on March 29, 1862, and the military commission soon found that it had "caught a Tartar." The dark, handsome widow, who swept into court with a queenly air, was extremely indignant over the whole affair.

She declared that "this is a mimic kind of court," she parried all the queries of the commissioners and asked them as many questions as they asked her. Finally she intimated that if they really wanted her to talk freely she would give them information which would be highly embarrassing to many high officials in Washington. It was no doubt something of a relief to those officials—whatever they might have been—as well as to Dix and Pierrepoint when her "trial" ended and she was bundled off across the lines to her friends in the Confederacy.

Perhaps the most famous military commission of this kind was the one appointed in 1865 by President Andrew Johnson to try the fellow-conspirators of J. Wilkes Booth after the assassination of Lincoln. Presided over by Maj. Gen. David Hunter, it was composed of Generals A. P. Howe, James A. Ekin, Robert S. Foster, T. M. Harris, Lew Wallace, A. V. Kautz and Henry L. Burnett; Colonels D. R. Clendenin and C. H. Tompkins and two federal judges, John A. Bingham and Joseph Holt, the latter serving as judge advocate for the government.



Edwards Pierrepoint



Gen. John A. Dix

Wool-Like Rayon Jersey Is The College Girls' Favorite

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



NEVER has the challenge to do the right thing in buying clothes for classroom and campus wear been so keenly felt as now when war conditions call for wise and careful judgment in acquiring a wardrobe with an eye to the future as well as the present.

While the new fashions are making simplicity and practicality their plea, and while they conform patriotically to every priority ruling, there are at the same time turning out to be about the most flattering, the most charming and much-to-be admired and desired apparel that ever graced a fall style program. Especially in the college and school-girl realm, the incoming styles are so definitely and refreshingly new looking and "different," so fascinatingly colorful and so everything girls want their clothes to be, shopping this season resolves itself into a grand and glorious adventure rather than an arduous task.

The new wide wale corduroys and the handsomely colorful velveteens are taking the young fashion element by storm but no more so than are the smart and delightfully wearable rayon jersey weaves. They look wool-like because of the refined dull finish but they are so delightfully lightweight they are the kind "you love to wear." All types of jersey this season are a joy to wear, so much so that if there is one fabric that stands out more than another as a favorite for the making of the simple casual daytime frock, jersey is its name. There is, in fact, a bit of rivalry going on between the rayon-backed jersey with its wool-like surface and the new wool-and-rabbit hair type which is recognized as a sportswear leader.

The big "fad" that is spreading out through every campus and in the sports world at large is that of the simple daytime classic done in natural beige colored jersey, styled after the manner of the charming dress centered in the above illustration. Slit pockets and front fullness in the skirt are new autumn style notes that it carries out to a nicety. It is a "victory" style and carries out the war production board's general orders perfectly both in the letter of the law and in the loyal patriotic spirit. In fact, each of the three dresses shown is in accord with L-85 regulations.

The importance of natural beige tones cannot be overemphasized for fall. It is not only in jersey that they flourish, but the new velveteens and corduroys in beige are simply stunning for coats and suits as well as dresses.

A smart two-piece daytime frock done in the prescribed L-85 manner, shown to the right in the above picture, gives a jacket-suit impression which is very fashionable. This two-piece dress is a veritable standby for campus, go-to-town or travel wear.

The dress at the left with the flash of raffia embroidery is charming for "date" duty, and it is in the very foreground of fashion, for there is a wealth of intriguing embroidery being lavished on dresses this fall. The unique thing about the embroidery that enhances this kelly green jersey frock is that it is done in multi-color raffia instead of the usual peasant yarn work.

Milliners are making exotic draped turbans of rayon jersey, some with embroidery and others with long scarf end intended to be draped about the throat.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Corduroy Coat



Here is a coat that is "as smart as they make 'em" this fall. It is a glowing example of the smartness of cottons for fall. You are helping the war effort when you are clad in a coat like this, and you'll be the envy of your fellow students at school if you make your appearance on the campus in a coat as outstanding as this model. Yes, indeed, this coat of beige hollow-cut velvet is so good-looking you certainly won't feel you're making a sacrifice in giving up needed materials to the army and navy. The coat is cut with a soft bloused top and ample pockets in the skirt. Unpressed pleats run right through them. Note that the tie-belt is the only fastening.

'Jewelry' Dress Is an Innovation

Destined to "go places" this fall and winter is the new "jewelry dress" as interpreted in endless ways. Instead of being worn as accessory to the costume, the jewels are actually embroidered on as an intrinsic part of the gown or coat (evening coats especially).

You'll love the new "necklace" dresses. The most conservative are of black crepe with a necklace effect of pearls worked in as realistically as if it were a separate piece of costume jewelry. Other frocks are given a dash of exotic color with glittering multi-color stones worked in simulating a real necklace. Lapel and shoulder ornaments are jewel-embroidered after the same manner.

There is what is referred to as the "bracelet dress," for example, which flaunts a gorgeous bracelet of colored stones worked right onto the long sleeves about the wrist.

Dance Frocks Decorated With Embroidery Accents

Some call them "date" dresses, others refer to the dressier types and a new expression coined this year as "off-duty" dresses. At any rate, the dress-up dress is as important as the uniform and the casual frock, more so this season in that the vast program of entertainment now under way for army men on furlough demands that one dress to the occasion.

Lace, being a non-priority medium, is going to play a big role in the party frock realm. Rich, too, with embroidery and with glittering accent are the newer dance frocks. There is something devastating in the simple dress of dainty lingerie type, and nets, piques, dimities will hold good way up until "the frost is on the vine."



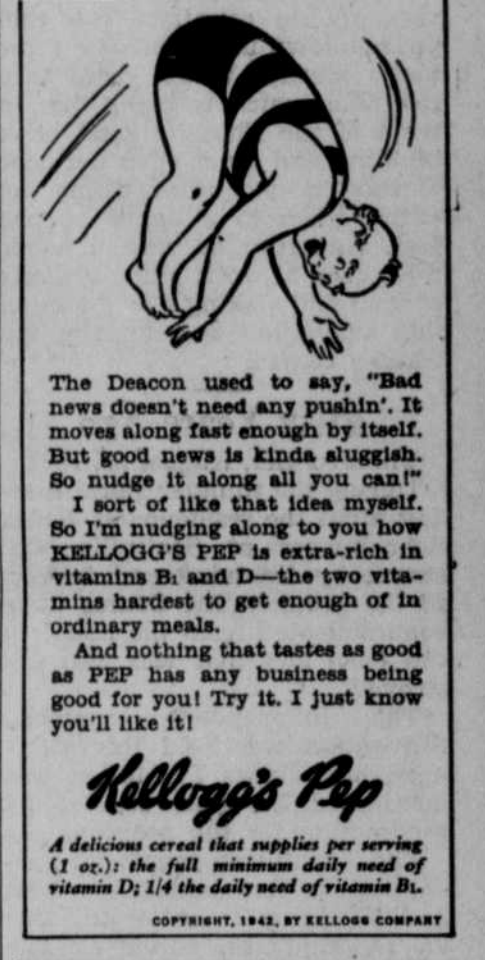
THINGS for YOU TO MAKE

BEAUTY comes to the linen closet in fascinating pairs when pillow slips are embroidered with these new motifs. At top, there is a picture treatment, unusual and interesting. Next—a scalloped band of dainty flowers in all white is effectively relieved by pastel center flowers. For the third pair, the perennial butterfly emerges in a new and lovely design; lastly, pots of tulips furnish distinctive embroidery in cross stitch.

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