

and his partner, Cruger, need the money to keep Norland Airways in business, Alan Slade agrees to fly a "scientist" named Frayne and his partner, Karnell, to the Anawotto river in search of the trumpeter swan. With the proceeds Cruger buys a plane, a Lockheed, which is stolen. When he returns from the Anawotto Slade starts out to look for the plane. He has three clues, one of which appears to have lead up a blind alley. Slade thought the missing plane had some connection with Frayne, but when he returned to where he left the swan-hunter there was no trace of the plane, and Frayne appeared to be hunting swans. The second clue is the story of Umanak, the eskimo, about a "ghost" plane that is supposed to come from Echo Harbor. The third clue is Slade's hunch that if he finds a fiyer named Slim Tumstead he will find the plane. Tumstead, who knows about the Lockheed and about Frayne, has disappeared. Now Slade, Umanak, and Slade's old prospector friends, Zeke and Minty, are all out looking for the plane. Slade has just learned that his hunch was sound. Tumstead is with Frayne, and they have a plane somewhere. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XIII

"On the contrary," retorted the older man, "you will sail away quite comfortably on the Kovalevka when she takes out her cargo. You will be carried safe and sound to Vladivostok, with money enough, remember, to give you three years of travel in Europe and all the vodka your heart may desire."

Tumstead seemed to be consider-

"But why doesn't your Kovalevka show up?" he questioned.

"She will come," was the precisenoted answer, "when we are ready for her. Ice conditions have not been of the best. And we, too, have been a little slow in getting our shipment in shape."

"So damned slow," Tumstead retorted, "your stuff won't be any use to you. While you're combing the icicles out of your hair the war'll

"Silence," commanded the steelier voice. "The men of my race are taught to do what they are com-"And some of it," retorted the

other, "I'd call uncommonly dirty "It is not for you to question the

nature of my work." Tumstead's laugh was harsh.

"No, I'm merely a flyer," he acceded. "But I'm not the kind who can keep a ship going without gas." It was the older man's turn to

stand thoughtful. "That is a problem," he finally said, "which we must in some way solve."

Tumstead's repeated laugh was edged with bitterness.

"I've gathered in everything that's lying round loose between here and the Pole," he protested. "And the next pinch may put us all in the

dog-house." "I think not," said the other. "And we have a problem more immi-

"What problem?"

"Those snoopers which you spoke of. A means must be found to discourage them." The speaker's glance circled about in the uncertain light that surrounded him. "They may be closer than we imag-

As Frayne disappeared within the tent Tumstead groped about for his fallen cup and reached once more for the coffeepot. Slade, watching him, backed quietly away through the underbrush. But his retreat was a brief one. He worked his way down the hollow between the hills and slowly ascended the opposing slope. Then, seeking what cover he could find, he circled back toward the lake front. He stopped, from time to time, to listen and look. But nothing, as he went, came between him and the object of his

That objective was the shadowy tangle of spruce trees at the water's edge. He noticed, as he drew nearer, how a rough ramp of spruce logs had been built out from the hillside. It was so plainly a landing stage, to make easier the passing of heavy freight into a plane cabin, that no shock of surprise touched Slade when he peered under the matted treetops. For, standing there in the shadows, he saw the stolen Lockheed.

He climbed to the rough-timbered ramp and advanced to where two filled ore bags stood together at its outer edge. He stooped over one of the bags, intent on determining its contents.

He failed to see the bare-shouldered and burly figure that emerged from the tree shadows behind him and quietly reached for a spruce bole as long as the long bare arm that wielded it.

He failed to hear any movement as the newcomer crept forward, as silent as a shadow, and brought the spruce bole down on the stooping flyer's head.

Slade went down like a clouted

Slade, as consciousness slowly returned to him, found it no easy matter to orient himself. His head throbbed and his body seemed cramped into quivering helplessness. Then the singing in his ears and the quivering of his frame merged into the throb and drone of a motor.



He failed to see the bare-shouldered and burly figure that emerged from the tree shadows.

in flight.

He thought, at first, that his bodily helplessness was due to being so tightly wedged in between soiled ore bags and the pilot's seat. But it was due, he found after an effort or two to move, to the fact that both his hands and feet were tied.

Memory came back to him as he lay back trying to figure out the reason for all this. The final mists eddied away as he looked up and saw that the man at the controls was Tumstead. Slade made no effort to speak. Instead, he quietly tugged and twisted, in the hope of freeing himself. But his struggles were without result.

The plane's pilot, however, must have become conscious of them, for his smile was sardonic as he glanced back over a shrugging shoulder.

"Coming round?" he nonchalantly called out.

"What does this mean?" demanded Slade. Tumstead flew on for a moment

or two of silence. "It means you're lucky to be alive," he finally announced. "That

bullhead who knocked you out went back for his Luger. He was all set to give you the works." Slade seemed to be giving thought

to that statement. "What are you going to do with

me?" he asked. "That," retorted Tumstead, "is

easiest way, of course, would be to drop you overboard. And that's where you'd go, all right, if we both weren't flyers.' "Then as one flyer to another,"

Slade asked, "why did you steal this plane?" Tumstead's reply to that was a

snort of laughter. "That's my own affair," he said.

"And you should have known better than nose in on it." "You're flying for Frayne," said

his prisoner. "Can you suggest anything bet-

Slade considered that question.

"Yes," he answered, "I know something better." "To head back to Waterways with

this Lockheed, while there's still a chance of saving your scalp." Tumstead's laugh was hard and

"Not on your life," he proclaimed. 'It's your scalp you need to worry

about. And it's going to be some time before you get back to Water-"Why do you say that?"

Tumstead's glance went over the terrain beneath his floats.

"Because, a little farther on, I'm going to drop you where you'll stay anchored for a considerable stretch of time," he said.

Slade's response to that was to struggle against the cords constricting his wrists and ankles. But those struggles, he still found, were use-

"Are we over the Anawotto?" questioned Slade, embittered by the thought of his helplessness.

"We are," answered Tumstead. 'And it's sure empty country." Slade's trained ear told him, a

minute later, that they were dropping lower. But from where he lay he could see nothing of the outside world. He concluded, from the length of time that Tumstead taxied along the surface, that the waterway on which they had landed was by no means a small one. He could hear the grating of the pontoons on a gravel bar.

"All out," cried Turnstead. He half-swung and half-tossed his prisoner ashore, where with a still deeper sense of helplessness Slade tumbled full length along the pebbled slope. There, after taking a shuddering breath or two, he writhed and twisted about until he was able to fight his way back to a sit-

ting posture. "So you're going to leave me here?" he said.

"I am," said Tumstead. "And I can't waste time on talk." "But why are you doing this?" persisted Slade.

"Because you got too ambitious." Slade watched the plane being warped around in the shallows. A | back to them. wakened to the fact that he surge of desolation swept over him

was in a plane, and that plane was | as he glanced about at the ice-scored and barren-ridged island surrounded by its lonely reaches of open water. That island, he saw, had little to offer him. Any scrub timber that grew between its ridges, he realized, would be too small for the making of a raft. And even with a raft to deliver him from that watery prison, he further realized as he stared about at the distant bluehazed horizon, he would face a wilderness quite empty of life.

"I won't get away," he said, "and Tumstead's laugh was defensively

"Let's hope for the best," he said as he turned back to his cabin. He emerged, a moment later, with a sheath-knife in an old and battered holster. But as the other man unsheathed the knife Slade saw that the blade was keen-edged and long. His eye remained on Tumstead as he stepped closer, the knife in his hand. The quick look of apprehension that came from his captive

caused Tumstead's dark face to

crease with a smile.

"I'm not that yellow," the latter announced as he stooped and cut the cords that bound Slade's wrists together. He was about to do the same with the cords that bound the ankles. But on second thought he drew back and replaced the knife in its sheath. This, after a moment's hesitation, he tossed a few paces hat I'm trying to figure out. The farther up the shore slope, discreetly out of reach. Then as Slade sat trying to work life back into his benumbed hands the older man coolly explored the other's pockets. From them he extracted a lighter and a package of cigarettes.

lips as he touched the little flame to a cigarette end and tossed the lighter back to its owner.

"You may need that," he observed. "But seeing I've been out program recently, said that one of of fags for over a week I'll keep the smokes."

me," said Slade, watching him as he play the part of "Rochester" in he luxuriously inhaled.

"It's about all I can afford," Tumstead said as he swung about and fere with any plans the office of Coglanced down at his fellow-flyer. No Ordinator of Inter-American Affairs look of commiseration softened the older man's face. But for a moment a frown of meditation wrinkled his forehead, a frown followed by a small shoulder movement of dis-

ironic exclamation as he turned away and climbed aboard his ship. The man on the beach waited for

the roar of the motor. But that familiar crescendo of sound failed to greet him. What he heard, instead, was Tumstead's cynically indifferent voice calling down to him. At the same time a package was tossed ashore.

chocolate," Tumstead announced as he tossed still another object toward the motionless figure on the shore "And here's a can of bullyslope.

He shrugged when no word of tionless figure.

"And here's something for your cigarettes," was Tumstead's last curt call as he threw overboard an empty tobacco-tin which struck Slade on the shoulder and came to a rest between his throbbing knees. Slade sat watching the plane as it taxied across the gray-blue water and rose in the air. He continued to watch as it headed northward over the blue-misted ridges and faded away along the empty skyline.

He sat without moving until the ache in his tightly bound ankles reminded him of other things. Then he looked about for the sheath-knife. He gave a gulp of gratitude when he saw it lying there, within ten paces of him. It took him some time to worm his way to the knife. But a little of the listlessness went out of his face as his fingers closed about the heavy haft.

He lost no time in sawing through the cords and freeing his feet. When he attempted to stand up, however, he discovered that his benumbed legs were unable to support him. He had to sit there, for several minutes, waiting for feeling to com-

(TO BE CONTINUED)



By VIRGINIA VALE

AFTER all these years A something new bobs up in the way of what Hollywood calls a "world premeer." On October 10, RKO theaters throughout the country will present "Here We Go Again," the new Fibber McGee and Molly picture, the cast of which includes Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Ginny Simms and the Great Gildersleeve. The hour is 9:30 a. m. The admission prices everywhere will be 35 cents for adults, 25 cents for children. The novel feature is that adults will be admitted only if accompanied by

Metro did all right with its most recent opening. "The War Against Mrs. Hadley" made its bow in Washington, D. C., and admission was by war bond only—the prices being scaled from \$25 to \$25,000 per seat, and all seats being reserved.

Albert Dekker, who's just finished playing a marine in "Wake Island,"



ALBERT DEKKER

thinks it's rather amusing that the public believes him to be a foreigner, thanks to the kind of roles he usually plays in pictures. He's as American as they come; his father was a colonel in our army, and Dekker is a graduate of Bowdoin col-

life, goes on and on at the New York theater where it opened. House records fall one after the other, as people crowd in to see Gary Cooper and Theresa Wright in this very moving picturization of the career A cynic smile played about his of the famous and beloved baseball

Orson Welles, who guest-starred on the Stage Door Canteen radio the most tempting offers he has had since his return from South "So that's all the chance you give | America was David Selznick's that "Jane Eyre." Welles turned it down, is determined to let nothing intermay have for him.

"Over Land and Over Sea." a song composed by Alexander P. de Seversky and his wife and published five years ago, has been revised and "Happy landing," was his curtly dedicated to the American air forces. Seversky's "Victory Through Air Power" is being made into a feature by Walt Disney.

Alan Reed, star of the air's "Abie's Irish Rose," is head man at home since he brought his son the prize match cover of the boy's collection. It's the President's personal match cover-solid blue, with a gold "That's a pound of German army sailboat with the F. forming the masthead, the D. the mainsail, and the R. the auxiliary sail.

Want to see how the FBI goes about rounding up spies? Then be sure to see the new "March of gratitude came from that still mo- Time," called "The FBI Front." The film reveals the way in which Axis espionage activity was apparently permitted to go unchecked for a time, in order to amass as complete a file of evidence as possible against the day when the guilty ones were to be rounded up.

Few radio programs have attracted the attention and praise that have come to the Norman Corwin series "An American in England," broadcast over CBS from London. Corwin has been hailed as "the greatest American morale builder because he has pointed out the best in two great peoples."

ODDS AND ENDS-Metro reports that motion picture exhibitors believe that Van Heslin is the No. 1 star of tomorrow: "Seven Sweethearts" is his next picture . . . In "Nothing Ventured" you'll see Lana Turner as a girl soda jerkor who masquerades as a debutante and falls in love with a clerk in a fiveand-ten . . . Signe Hasso, Swedish actress making her American film debut in 'Journey for Margaret," is said to possess all of the potential talent of her countrywoman, Greta Garbo . . . Clarence Nash, who portrays Herman, the Duck, on the Burns and Allen show, is

These Items Are Highlights of The College Girl's Wardrobe

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



TOW that a college girl's "yes" as to the fashion status of this and that has come to be regarded as an ultimatum it is interesting and illuminating to check up on her style preferences.

The first thought that comes to mind is the enthusiasm with which fair collegiates have gone "all out" in favor of cottons for year-round wear. The major recognition they are giving to smart cottons in assembling their back-to-school wardrobes this fall is really most significant. Take for example the darling ted-

dy-bear coat shown to the left in the above illustration. This adorable model is made of a white fleece woven on a cotton backing and lined with gay multi-striped broadcloth which accents the cuffs and front "The Pride of the Yankees," Sam- closing, edges the pockets and forms del Goldwyn's story of Lou Gehrig's the collar. College girls figure this as warm as the teddy the fleece resembles when they wear a coat of this type, and being "comfy" as well as charming helps a lot when it comes to lustily cheering from one's vantage spot in the stadium. Take it from the college vote that here is a coat that says V-for-Victory in no uncertain terms.

> Another decision among campus enthusiasts is that they will be needing plenty of snappy sweaters to keep them in comfort and in fashion at the same time. Maybe a college girl's clothes allowance isn't just what it used to be, what with her being the girl behind the boy behind the bombers, by buying up those war bonds. The thing to do so as to keep pace with fashion's demands is to bring your last year's cardigan up to date by trimming it with oodles of chic buttons as the smart ones on the sweater to the right in the group illustrated in the

Thrifty college girls who are doing everything to save for bonds have discovered, too, that it's patriotic to make sewing their hobby. Nowadays sewing is an easy road that leads to fashion success and, besides, it is considered smart these days to "make your own." With the aid of one of the new thermoplastic dress forms you can cut dress construction time in half by eliminating repeated try-ons. It's worth while knowing that your local sewing center can mold your form in half an hour. And then, with the fashion short cuts they will teach you, you'll be all set to do a grand

If you feel the urge to sew you might try your hand at a jerkin costume like that shown centered in the group pictured above. This is a style easily made, especially if you provide yourself at the start with a good pattern that makes simplicity its theme. College girls adore jerkin costumes, for with a different blouse they may be made appropriate to any occasion in a jiffy. Then, too, jerkins are so chic and so flattering and so youthful looking. Brick red is the color of the fine

job at home sewing.

wale corduroy that fashions this jerkin dress. The billowy blouse is a golden yellow, which goes to show how wholeheartedly campus dwellers have gone in for high color. A smart idea is to write your name in your own handwriting across the front of your jerkin blouse, just below the square neckline then fill it in with a signature stitch quickly on your sewing machine.

Dear to every collegiate heart is pretty lounging apparel like that pictured above in the inset. The "latest" as shown at the national wash apparel show recently held in Chicago is cuffless satin rayon pajamas done in blue for the pajamas and peach rayon satin for the quilted jacket. Please underscore the word 'quilted," for there's a perfect craze for things quilted, from negligees to smart daytime jackets with bags to match. Released by Western Newspaper Union,

With Velveteen



Velveteen is being combined with other fabrics this season in effective ways. When brown velveteen is paired with brown and beige hound's-tooth check woolen the answer is ultra smartness. That is exactly the case in regard to this charming jacket costume. A suggestion of the military appears in the double-breasted gold button fastening of the brown velvet jacket. The skirt is of the brown and beige check. The jacket edges and simulated pockets are overcast in beige varn. The newest fashions feature considerable yarn stitching used as trimming. A little costume like this is ideal for early fall, with studying dentistry in his spare moments. its warm colors and soft fabric.

Memo to a Modern: **Buy Pretty Things**

Here are a few fashion items that the modern girl might jot down in her notebook as "must haves." Sweaters with brushed surfaces, for shaggy effects are the thing this season. Add corduroy separates to juggle as you please, also a swank corduroy coat and a corduroy suit in beige or green or bright red. A jumper dress of denim, gabardine or corduroy should be included, and any and everything quilted from a house robe to a hat and muff twosome. The new "jive coat" which is a

30-inch topper is wanted in wool. A rabbit' hair or wool jersey dress with embroidery touches. Velveteen dirndl skirt. Gingham pajamas, neatly tailored and a gingham nightgown to match. Flannellette nightie for cold winter wear. Velvet date dress in a luscious color. Cotton gabardine raincoat. Necklace gaily painted acorns. And she will add dozens of little

hair bows, flowers and fantasies. Spotted furred tuxedo cloth coat (hat to match). Something in the new purple or violet tones. Lace blouse to wear with afternoon velvet suit.

Cowl Neckline

Much attention is being given to creating flattering necklines. A "newsy" message from style centers is the revival of cowl neck treatments. Very new and smart is the black frock that has a cowl drape about the neckline done in a contrast-color fabric. Often deep cavalier cuffs match the cowl. If collar and cuffs are detachable, one can make the black frock do double service. A cyclamen pink cowl or black is very effective.

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Kidneys Must

39-42

For You To Feel Well

For You To Feel Well

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