

GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W. N. U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: A Lockheed is stolen from Norland Airways. Alan Slade suspects a "scientist" named Frayne, who is supposed to be hunting swans, but who turns out to be after bigger game. He has the plane and is using it to carry pitchblende, a valuable source of power, to the coast for shipment to Germany. A pilot named Slim Tumstead is flying for him. Surprised near their camp, Slade is knocked unconscious by Frayne's assistant, Karnell, and is taken to a deserted island by Tumstead and left there. When he fails to return Lynn Morlock, daughter of the "flying Padre," starts out in her father's plane to find him, while her father and two old prospector friends of Alan named Zeke and Minty attempt to fight it out with Frayne's crew. Lynn finds Slade, exhausted, ragged and nearly starved, and they return to Frayne's camp to find that Zeke and Minty are in the midst of a fight with Karnell. The Padre is in Slade's plane looking for Lynn. Slade and the prospectors have cornered Karnell and are chasing him into the marshland.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Why do you say that's Karnell?" Slade asked as he strode on at Minty's side.

"It's Karnell all right," averred Minty. "Zeke told me that when he sidled back for a handful of shells."

"Good," said Slade. "I want to meet up with Karnell."

"Make sure it ain't an unexpected meetin'," Minty warned him.

"I've got my eye peeled," said Slade. He stopped short and blinked across the ridge-crests. "What's more, I think that's our friend Zeke crawling along that hogback."

Minty stared in the direction the other pointed.

"That's Zeke all right," he admitted.

"He sees us," cried Minty as he rounded a sheltering rock. "But this is enemy territory, son, and we'd best keep under what cover we can find."

Yet Slade, he soon saw, was making no effort to keep under cover. The tawny-headed bush pilot was advancing down the slope that led to the matted bogland veined with open water. For far out on that soggy tundra, plunging along from tussock to tussock, was a heavy-shouldered man with a rifle in his hands.

"That's Karnell," cried Slade. "Don't let him get away."

Minty promptly dropped on one knee and took a pot shot at the fugitive.

But Karnell ducked in time to hear a bullet whine over his head. Then he clambered up on an island fringed with shrub-willow and faced his pursuers. Both Slade and Minty, when they saw the leveled rifle, flung themselves flat on the wet soil. They lay without moving, until the gunshot echo died away.

Karnell, looking into his rifle chamber, saw that his last shell had been fired. His shout, however, was one of defiance as he turned and leaped from his willow-fringed island to a runway of broken sedge-tufts leading deeper into the muskeg.

He shouted again, hoarsely, as he went panting onward from sedge-tuft to sedge-tuft.

He looked for islets with a showing of clump-willow, for in those root-bound spaces he knew he could always find the promise of support. Across two of these he leaped. Then in his haste he sprang for an island of wire grass. It was a sizable-looking island and to the eye it had an aspect of solidity. But instead of being an island it was merely a floating raft of tangled vegetation, a tissue of fiber-bound peat that parted and sank under his weight.

It went down slowly. But as it went it left nothing ponderable for the groping long arms to catch at. The churning water rose to the wide shoulders. It rose to the screaming throat. Then it closed over the back-fung head and a few bubbles appeared between the tatters of fiber-bound peat that floated on the water.

Slade, clinging to a willow-clump, saw the stirred-up water grow quiet again.

"Let's get back," he said. "I've still got Tumstead to deal with."

Then he stopped short, arrested by the familiar drone of a distant plane.

He watched the plane as it passed overhead.

"That's the Padre," he said as Minty came up with him.

The old sourdough blinked after the passing wings that dipped and circled for a landing and then were lost to sight.

"I thought mebbe she was that ghost plane there's so much talk about."

Slade's laugh was harsh.

"There'll be less talk about ghost planes," he proclaimed, "when I get my hands on Tumstead."

Slade held out a warning hand as he came to the crest of the ridge. For above the scrub that furred the valley slope before him he detected a wisp of smoke.

"What's worryin' you, son?" demanded Minty as he leaned on his rifle.

Slade, instead of answering, moved forward until he had a better view of the valley bottom. There, in a rock bowl beside a purling stream, he saw a campfire. Squat-



"It's Tumstead. He said he was ready to give up."

ting over it was a ragged figure, holding a skillet with a stick tied to its handle.

"Why, it's Zeke," gasped Minty. Zeke, startled by their advance, scrambled for his rifle. But the poised barrel slowly lowered as he identified the intruders.

Slade felt a wave of weakness go through his body. He realized, as he subsided beside the fire where the tea pail bubbled, that he was very tired.

"Why, Lindy, you look all in," cried Zeke, conscious of that sudden slump.

Slade stiffened his shoulders. But it took an effort.

"I'm all right," he protested.

"Where's Frayne?"

"We'll go into that," said Zeke, "after I've bucked you up with a swallow o' hot tea and some saw-belly."

"Where's Frayne?" repeated Slade.

Zeke, busy over his fire, caught the determination in the other's query.

"That's what I'd give an arm to know," he admitted. "There ain't been a pop out o' him for two hours now. But how about that orangutan mate o' his?"

Zeke showed no emotion when told of Karnell's end. He merely directed a reproving eye at his shack partner. You should've got that buzzard on the wing."

Slade found his boiled tea strong and bitter. But it washed away his weariness.

"How about the other man, Tumstead?"

Zeke blinked about at the encircling spruce ridges.

"That bird seems to be hidin' out on us, same as his boss."

Slade was on his feet again.

"I've got to save that Lockheed," he said as he reached for Minty's rifle.

"What's a Lockheed?" queried Zeke.

"Our stolen plane. The plane they've been ferrying that pitchblende out with."

Zeke reached for the battered tea pail and drank from it. Then he wiped his mouth and essayed a head-jerk toward the west.

"She's there," he announced.

"And she'll stay there."

"What does that mean?" questioned the startled Slade.

"It means I snaked through the scrub and climbed aboard her. And bein' there, jus' to make sure o' things, I twisted her fuel-line out."

"You what?" barked Slade.

"I jus' anchored her where she lay," answered Zeke, "by tearin' out her feed-pipe. I emptied her tank, son. And I ain't got that small o' gasoline out of my pants yet."

"And you didn't see Frayne?"

"Not hide no hair o' him."

Slade stood thoughtful a moment.

"Then what's he up to? He can't get out of this territory without a plane. Yet he can't use that Lockheed. And he can't skulk back in these hills for long. We've got to know where he is."

It was Zeke who spoke next.

"That's what your Flyin' Padre says. He and his girl's busy on their two-way radio over there at the lakeside, tryin' to call Edmont and Churchill and Mountie headquarters at Coppermine. Said he reckoned it was about time for the air patrol to edge in on this."

"We can't wait for that," announced Slade. "And if I know Frayne he won't wait for it."

A happy thought lightened Minty's seamed old face.

"How're you t' know he ain't lyin' out there with a bullet hole through his head? He was sniped at considerable, by Zeke and me, even if our eyes ain't what they used to be."

"That would still leave Tumstead," said Slade. "I'm going to get my plane and scout over these ridges."

Zeke proceeded to mix a fresh portion of flajack batter.

"Well, I hope you round 'em up pronto," he announced. "For grub's gittin' low with us two, Lindy, and I've a hankerin' to amble back to that Kasakana shack of ours and know a considerable spell o' peace and quietness."

Slade made no response to that. He merely swung Minty's rifle over

his shoulder and started up the slope that stretched between him and the lake where his plane rested. His glance at the sun told him the long northern afternoon would soon be merging into its equally long evening. And there were things to be done before the brief hours of sub-arctic darkness set in.

It was on the crest of the second ridge that he caught sight of Lynn. She hesitated, apparently bewildered as to what course to take. But once she heard Slade's shout, she quickened her steps and came panting up the slope.

"What is it?" he asked, arrested by the alarm on her face.

"It's Tumstead," she said. "He came to Father, just now, with a white rag on the end of a stick. He said he was ready to give up. Frayne, he claimed, was lying wounded over the hill and had to have help."

Slade's face darkened.

"Did your father believe that liar?"

"He said he had to," was Lynn's panted reply. "He's gone out to Frayne. He said he couldn't let a man die without help."

"I don't like the look of this," said Slade. "Where is Tumstead now?"

"He pretended to go back with Father. But something tells me he didn't."

"Where's your plane?" Slade promptly questioned.

"At the lakeside there," said Lynn, leading him to slightly higher ground and pointing to the expanse of blue water that could be seen through the spruce tops. "We'd been working on our radio. Father'd been having trouble in sending and found a transmitter fuse had crystallized and had to be replaced. I was back in the cabin, testing out the set, when Tumstead came down the bank and talked to Father."

Slade peered through the trees, to a lower arm of the lake. The tension went from his face when he saw the Snow-Ball Baby still moored there.

"Let's go," he proclaimed.

"Go where?" asked Lynn.

"Back to your ship," answered Slade, "or to mine. I've got some quick scouting to do around this neighborhood."

"Alan, you can't fly," she told him. "You mustn't."

Slade, looking down at her, smiled at the determination in her face.

"I've got to fly," he announced. "That's my business."

He was moving on along the ridge crest toward the lake, disregarding the restraining hand she linked in his arm.

"But you're as foolish as Father," she maintained. "You're in no condition to fly. You're tired and worn out. You've got to have proper food and sleep before you're fit for taking chances like this."

The tremor in her voice brought him to a stop. He stood looking down at her again, but this time he looked down at her as though he were seeing her after long absence. Through his dull fog of fatigue and anxiety the loveliness of her face came slowly home to him.

"I'm used to taking chances," he said, with a little of the earlier ring of iron gone from his voice.

"Then I'll take them with you," she announced. "If you go up, I go too."

"His thin face softened with a smile.

"Am I worth it?" he asked, conscious of how little room for kindness life had been leaving them.

"You are to me," she said with the forlorn and final candor that walks hand in hand with desperation. She even moved a little closer to him. "I love you."

He forgot hunger and weariness as he took her in his arms and held her close.

"I have to be worth it," he told her as he smoothed back her hair. Then his laugh was brief and bitter.

"They haven't left us much room for this sort of thing, have they?"

"We must make room," she protested, clinging to him. But as he lifted his head she could see the hardening light in the Viking blue eyes.

"Let's go," he said for the second time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TO YOUR Good Health

by DR. JAMES W. BARTON

PULPLESS TEETH

From time to time the question arises as to whether pulpless teeth (dead teeth) should be removed. In general, the opinion of the dental and medical profession is that if the X-ray shows no trouble and the individual is not suffering with any condition due to infection — rheumatism, neuritis, tired feeling, sleepiness—the pulpless teeth should remain in the mouth. Artificial teeth cannot take the place of natural teeth.

There are many physicians and dentists, however, who believe that pulpless teeth are a menace to health even if the teeth and the patient have no symptoms of infection. Dr. Charles Mayo, America's outstanding physician, and Dr. Weston Price, Cleveland, the distinguished dentist, both advised that pulpless teeth were a "hidden" danger, and should be removed.

In the Journal of the American Dental Association, Dr. Lehman Wendell, Minneapolis, tells of a patient "who suffered for years from lack of appetite and poor digestion. His left eye required a different lens from that required by the right. At frequent intervals a severe pain in the heart would compel him to sit down for a few minutes. He was continually tired and never felt refreshed from a night's sleep. As years went by pain developed on left side in the arm, the shoulder, the hip, the knee and the great toe. He got but little sleep."

Suspecting three pulpless teeth, he had X-rays taken which were examined by dental and medical specialists, all of whom advised him not to remove the pulpless teeth and his own. A physician then gave him a complete physical examination and could find nothing to account for the patient's ill health but the three pulpless teeth. The three teeth were removed and in a month the patient was completely free of pain and in normal health. The patient was really Dr. Wendell himself and as he tells his own story he says: "My own experience was for me a valuable lesson. I have become suspicious of all pulpless teeth."

Simple Test For Early Goiter

In examining recruits for overseas service, the physician keeps in mind that the recruit is likely to be nervous and his heart rate will therefore be faster than normal. Thus when the heart is very rapid the recruit is asked to sit or lie down, and rest or read some non-exciting book.

If the heart rate is fast every time it is examined, the examining physician may suspect an early disturbance of the thyroid gland—goiter.

It can readily be seen, however, that if the individual is of the nervous or emotional type, his very nervousness will keep him nervous, less calm, than he should be during the test and so the heart and other body processes will work too rapidly and yet no goiter be present.

How, then, can the examining physician be sure that goiter is not present when the recruit's nervousness causes the body processes to work as rapidly as when goiter is really present?

As many young men are being examined by their family physician these days before they go for examination by army physicians, I want to speak of the test known as the Bram Quinine test for hyperthyroidism or overactive thyroid gland. In Medical World, Dr. Israel Bram, Philadelphia, stated:

"For a long time the general practitioner has been in need of a simple, dependable and harmless test for goiter not influenced by emotional upsets, errors in making the test, or other factors."

The quinine test is simple. The patient is given 12 capsules containing 10 grains each of quinine with instructions to take a capsule three times a day. If, after four days, there are no symptoms arising from the quinine, the individual is called "positive," that is he has goiter, because a normal individual cannot take this much quinine without having present the symptoms due to quinine—feeling of fullness in the head, head noises, lessened hearing, occasional headache and dizziness and sometimes disturbances of the stomach and urinary bladder.

In a series of 5,000 cases this test was correct in about 96 per cent.

QUESTION BOX

Q.—Please give me some information regarding treatment of glaucoma.

A.—I'm sorry, but I try not to prescribe for individual cases. See a good eye specialist as glaucoma does not improve without treatment.

Q.—Please suggest treatment for varicose veins.

A.—See your family physician. It may not require an operation or injection, but if it pains it requires some attention.

Versatile Uses of Fur Gives Variety to Winter Fashions

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SUCH thrilling chapters as fashion is writing into the story of furs this season! It may be merely an accent of fur used as trimming, or it may be an entire garment of fur; but rest assured that when fur enters into costume design as it does so lavishly this winter, it's doing so with an artful gesture that brings high drama into the fashion picture.

Furs are especially playing a fascinating role in the trimming and accessory drama this season. Huge muffs, which fashion decrees for this winter; dramatic fur hats made to match; gloves of fur, lapel pieces and corsages of fur flowers; and big bows of fur at the throat are a few of the exciting highspots that fashion has in store for the coming months.

It is big news, too, that stole scarfs are in fashion again. Only the new styles are cunningly devised with tricky little concealed pockets and handbag adjustments and many convertible contrivances that make them practical for many-purpose wear. The handsome fur stole pictured to the lower right in the above illustration is a convertible type. It can be worn with long scarf ends or be manipulated to form a collar and muff as you see in the picture.

The stunning "date" dress shown to the lower left in the illustration gives evidence that fur accessories are bringing high drama into the fashion picture. This two-piece frock of luscious matte-finished rayon crepe is a masterpiece when it comes to delineating an exquisite, figure-flattering silhouette. The slim, graceful lines interpreted by this dress are typical of the new fashion trend. It is the slim, svelte figure that experts will tell you can be achieved only when a correct and perfectly fitted foundation garment is worn. The deep toned rayon crepes so modish this winter in their gorgeous hues are not only beautifully adaptable to the molded lines of the new streamlined dresses, but also

make a perfect background for rich fur accents. In this instance a huge muff is matched with a huge pom pom of fur on the hat. Tiny gilt bows harmonize charmingly with the fashionable mink brown of the crepe. The smooth bodice, with its smartly draped hipline tops a pencil-slim street length skirt cut of the newest lines.

The smart jacket and hat ensemble illustrated above to the right shows the importance of "a hat to match." Here a silver fox fur jacket with its brilliant silver marking is topped with a hat of taupe velvet trimmed in matching silver fox. Jackets, short coats and capes of fur have a high rating in style prestige for the coming winter.

One of the biggest successes of the season is turning out to be the wool suit that is smartly trimmed with fur. Every sort of fur from smooth pelts to the long-haired types are in style. The spotted furs are toponotch fashion. The suit centered in the group illustrated above makes fetching use of ocelot (that fur so adored by the younger element) for the notched collar and the patch pockets. The tawny color of the fur contrasts effectively with the black wool of the suit. A telescopic turban of bright red and black novelty striped wool is worn, together with a matching bag.

A vogue for pure white evening furs is becoming increasingly important. The two outstanding furs are white caracul and snowy ermine. Teen-age and college girls are calling for three-quarter length all-white caracul coats.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Side Buttoning



Here is a two-piece dress of celanese spun rayon that is of the sort young girls adore. It boasts a long-torso overblouse of plaid with a monotone natural tan weave. The new side buttoning is smartly carried out. There is an oval yoke of the plain fabric matching the skirt. This skirt is made strictly in keeping with WPB regulations.

Plaid With Plaid

Just as twin prints are being used together, designers are now working out little plaids with big plaids. The former for the dress, the latter for the topcoat. The patterning and coloring is identical, only the size of the plaid patterning differs.

Winter Cottons Include Velvet Wedding Gown

A theme that holds interest in all fabric displays these days is that of cottons for all year 'round wear. Outstanding items that are made of fashionable cottons to wear right now are velveteen and corduroy dresses and coats, quilted gingham and percale jackets and house coats, work clothes in denim and gabardine, and dinner dresses in cotton lace, the newest out being a thin and lovely filmy mesh black lace. The latest cotton news is the wedding gown of white velveteen.

Beads Decorate 'Date' Or 'Furlough' Dresses

In the charming bead-embroidered dresses that are making their debut this fall in the fashion world comes a new thrill. They are all that is to be desired for dress-up occasions. You will find one of these gowns in black or duobonnet, purple, royal or fuchsia makes a perfect "date" or "furlough" dress. Beaded yokes are one way of arriving at chic and charm, and even newer is the single huge flower spray that adorns at some strategic point.

Suit Wedding

For the informal hurry-up wedding suit styles are outstanding. Brighter stronger colors share the spotlight with subtle neutrals for going away costumes and for the wedding ceremony suits in lovely colorful wools are feminized with fur trimmings also dainty marabou muffs with matching hats.

Colorful Shoes

A clever fashion trick is the costume carried out in one color from head to foot. Shoes matched to your red, green or purple dress and hat are this winter's proud boast.

Cheerful Panholders Add Color to Kitchen



CHEERFUL, attractive, economical, practical—here is a new group of panholders perfectly described by those words. An animated pansy and rose, a kitten and pup pair, and the twosome which features bouquets of flowers are included. That's six panholders in all.

They are all on a single transfer—Z9460, 15 cents. From this usable-several-times hot iron transfer you can stamp sets which will give you colorful panholders for your own kitchen, for gifts or for bazaars items—inexpensively. Send your order to:

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KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN MUFFINS
2 tablespoons 3/4 cup milk
shortening 1 cup flour
1/4 cup sugar 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 egg 2 1/2 teaspoons
1 cup All-Bran baking powder
Cream shortening and sugar; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Stir flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes. Yield: 6 large muffins, 3 inches in diameter, or 12 small muffins, 2 1/2 inches in diameter.

If you smoke, you know how welcome it is to receive a Christmas Carton of Camels or a pound of rich-tasting Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco for your pipe. That works both ways. For those smokers on your list, send them the favorites. You'll have your choice of Camels in the gift-wrapped Christmas Carton or the gay "Holiday House" containing four boxes of "flat fifties." Either way you give 200 mild, flavorful Camels. Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco is richly packaged in the pound canister. None of these packages requires any other wrapping. And don't forget the men in the service. Cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel their favorite cigarette. Your local dealer is featuring them now.—Adv.

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