



Red Raskall

By CLARK M'CEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



THE STORY THUS FAR: While voyaging from England to America Lark Shannon's ship goes down. She is cast upon an island, and Galt Withe, a bound servant, rescues her. At the inn where she is taken she is made prisoner but escapes and is found by her sweetheart, David North, who is disguised as a gipsy to get a line on one Dr. Matson and his shady dealings. Lark and Galt fall into the hands of Dr. Matson, and at a gipsy camp he requires each male gipsy to pass before him and her in review. Lark is required to say, "That is not David North." As the last man passes in front of her, Lark faints. Lark and Galt escape from Dr. Matson on swift horses, and make their way to Norfolk.

CHAPTER XV

Mara said, "Don't be ridiculous, sir. Where would you go?"

Lark said, "Oh, Galt, I don't know what to do. I'm so tired, I could die."

"Come, child," Mara's tone softened a little now. "I'll send Cupsie up with the kettles. You'll feel better after you've had a bath and a nap. Dinner is at three. You'll meet my sisters then and we'll discuss sensible plans for your future."

Dinner was something of an ordeal. The food was sparse and not very well flavored, Lark thought, but in spite of that fact she ate it with keen relish. The eyes of the Misses Hastings seemed to say, "My, what greedy young people!" as they watched Lark and Galt accept Cupsie's urgings of second and third helpings.

Lark, herself, felt extremely young, untutored, and hoydenish, as she accurately folded her fringed napkin in emulation of the Misses Hastings. They were, she supposed, forever conscious of having to be an "example to the young." How trying that must be, she thought.

On the impulse she said, "I'd thought maybe I could help out with the teaching, Miss Hastings. David suggested that, but now . . . I wonder . . ."

"I don't think Captain North quite realized the situation," Mara began, choosing her words carefully. "Norfolk is an extremely conservative town. My sisters and I cater to its most select clientele."

The two older Misses Hastings inclined their heads condescendingly.

"Lark knows a lot," Galt said truculently. "She's a parson's daughter and can read whatever she's a mind to."

Lark smiled at him gratefully as Mara said, "We'll give her a trial, Mr. Withe. My sisters and I wish to accede to Captain North's requests in every way."

"Indeed we do," Miss Sara broke in enthusiastically. "He's such a lovely, lovely, gentleman!"

Mara rose with a frown and motioned Lark to follow her into the adjoining room where the hum of young voices could be heard. Galt excused himself to see to the horses.

The children shuffled to their feet as their preceptor entered and stood at attention like little puppets. Their clothes were exact duplicates of their mothers' and fathers', and they were prim-faced and solemn. A pale shadow of a teacher rose quickly from behind her high desk and bowed nervously.

"Miss Mimms," Mara said. "This is your new assistant. You may put her in charge of your classes while I observe her capabilities." She seated herself at the desk while the startled Miss Mimms whispered instructions to a bewildered Lark, and handed her a rhetoric book.

At the end of an hour Lark was quite ready to acknowledge her inadequacy as a teacher. The children had tripped her on many points and, feeling her lack of poise and assurance, had behaved like thoroughly undisciplined young cubs.

"I failed, didn't I?" Lark lifted discouraged eyes to Mara's unemotional face. "I didn't know what it was going to be like, any of this. . . . I thought David would be here, that he would be so glad to see me. I don't know why I thought you'd welcome me, that there would be a place for me. I guess I was stupid to think that . . ."

Mara stood looking down at the younger girl consideringly. "I do welcome you," she said, still with her air of complete detachment. "Any friend of my fiancé, Captain North, is naturally welcome under this roof."

Lark said, "Oh!" in a flat, small voice and sat down quickly on a near-by bench. "I didn't know—I thought—"

It was then that Cupsie, who had been eavesdropping, came forward and, with a black look at Mara, put a kindly arm about Lark's waist and helped her to her feet. "You came down to my cabin, chile," she said tenderly. "You see kin see it ain't much, but such as it is it's open to you an' young master. I'd be proud to home you."

Mara said sharply, "Cupsie, you forget yourself. Miss Shannon is our guest. Take her to bed at once, give her a glass of wine. We will call Dr. Selden to see to her."

ined that he was a different kind of man from the one he is. I thought that things would be right and happy between us. I understood that you were just a kind friend to him, an older woman who was fond of him and whom he admired."

Half an hour later the adieux were made in the square parlor. Galt offered one of his remaining gold pieces as payment for their entertainment. The Misses Hastings declined it haughtily, and Lark took it and gave it to Cupsie whose, "Lard, bless you, honey," lent the one pleasant and warm-hearted note to a painfully strained leave-taking.

For some time after they left Mara Hastings' gloomy square house, Lark and Galt rode along quietly. The hoofs of the mare, Dosta, and Red Raskall echoed softly on the street. The towering rusty magnolias drooped stily over them. Lark could sense Galt's sympathy with her, his embarrassment for her, turned out by Mara, unwanted by David.

Once he said, "Lark, I wouldn't take what Mara Hastings had to say too much to heart. Maybe, if we'd waited till North came back from Baltimore—"

Lark said, "Oh lord! Do we have to talk about it?"

"Galt, I'm sorry." They pulled their horses up, to walk the curving steep hill ahead.

"There's no call to be sorry. I think Mara Hastings was lying about being engaged to North."

"No," Lark said, "she wasn't. David was—funny about her in Eng-



It was four o'clock when they stopped to rest.

land. If I'd used any sense at all I would have known."

"There's a point I want to settle with you, Lark. When—if we get the hundred pound reward for this horse," he laid his hand on the Raskall's neck, "it's yours. You caught him, and that's the way it's going to be."

"You really think I'd take it, don't you?"

"Why, Lark, honey—why Lark—" "You'll send forty pounds to Matson," Lark said shortly. "You're certainly not going to run any risk of him or the Vurneys making a claim on your service again. I won't let you."

"Won't you?" Amusement was in his voice. There was surely nothing of the bound boy in Galt now. The change, subtle at first, was plain in his look, his talk, his manner. . . .

He said, "I'll get work and send Matson his money, don't you fear. The thing I'm afraid of, is that you don't realize what you've done for me, Lark."

"For heaven's sake don't think you have to try to make me feel better! I didn't do anything for you, and please don't tell me I did! You'd been trying to get away from that place for years. One day you'd have made it. I didn't help you. I slowed you down. You'd have caught the horse alone."

"You did help me get away," Galt said quietly. "And you caught the horse. But I didn't mean that, Lark. . . . Maybe I couldn't quite tell you what I do mean."

"You mean you feel sorry for me. It wouldn't do any good for me to ask you not to. Yet the last thing anybody wants—"

Galt said, "I do feel sorry for you, Lark, but not that way. Not the way you mean. . . . I feel sorry that the things you want aren't put into your hands. I'm sick and sorry I can't put them there. I want to do very badly. That's why I hope you'll be slow to believe Mara Hastings. When North comes—"

"I don't want to see him," Lark said. "Oh, Galt, I want to find some place to go, some work to do. Because David will come, and he'll feel bad about my leaving Mara—and the way I acted. That showed how I felt—jealous and hurt—and—"

"You acted all right toward Mara Hastings," Galt snapped.

Galt's easy silence made talk easier for Lark, gave her the release of words, plain words. "Sometimes I think David does care about me. Sometimes I know he doesn't. Yet I came to this new land without any plan of my own, beyond David. I couldn't picture it, see it, I mean, the way we see that valley down there, or saw the town of Norfolk, or the oyster coast. It was just big and fresh and wonderful—with no form or detail I could vision."

Galt said, "Lark, you couldn't for a minute think about—letting me take care of you? I mean, all the time, Lark. I know I've got nothing compared to North. But when I try to think of a better thing than working to care for you—"

He hushed, watching her face. Lark said, gently, "I'll never forget the way you have cared for me already, Galt."

He pulled up Red Raskall from munching weeds, headed down hill. "We've got twenty-five miles to go," he said. "That doctor fellow said we couldn't miss Greatways. And you said Squire Terraine was friendly to you on the boat. He might know the very thing for you to do, here, Lark. . . . And you'll have a little money, and Dosta's yours. You're not to fret, you know that?"

It was about four o'clock when they stopped to rest a while in a shady grove below a mill. They unbridled the horses, slipping on their soft rope halters, tethering them to a young tree, taking off the saddles and laying them in the deep shade to cool, near a rocky stream.

The girl and boy walked to the stream and cupped up the cool water, drank and drank again, lay down in the deep fragrant grass in the shade of a huge old sycamore that was losing its bright leaves. The old tree, warm, sleepy, contented, stood with its feet in the water, its big bald body bleached by the October sun. Behind it the water rushed over the dam, losing itself in the deep pool, reuniting here with the sullen leaf-flecked brown water of the mill race.

Lark said, "I wish we didn't have to go on. I wish we could just stay here, forever. . . ."

The horses were tethered on long ropes. Red Raskall went quite far into the water, quite deep into it, until only his head was above it. His breath ruffled the water. Galt pushed up, watching him.

"I'll hate to give him up. Won't you, Galt?"

"Lark," Galt said, "listen, Lark, if Red Raskall really belonged to us—the way you said it, just now, we could race him, and breed him—he shows his blood lines—if he belonged to us. . . ."

"While you're about it," Lark said, "why not pretend that big farm we just passed belonged to you?"

"You said, 'belonged to us' a minute ago."

"All right, suppose we owned the whole valley and all the horses!"

He sighed. "I remember when I was little, my father got me a Chincoteague pony. I thought I'd burst with pride. I used to love to keep him nice. He was a right pretty little pony, at that."

A man wearing a big dusty smock came out of the mill door and stood on the tiny bridge over the race, looking down at the two by the creek bank. When Lark smiled, he waved, and cupped his hands and called, "Strangers here?"

Galt nodded. He got to his feet and shouted, "How far is it to Greatways plantation?"

"Twelve mile. . . . Can't miss it. Two hills and then Dawes Ferry place. Couple mile from that's Minnie Buxtree's toll-gate, and then you're headin' for Greatways. You goin' to the wedding? Big wedding' up to Greatways, I hear tell. Miss Dana an'—"

His voice was lost in a breeze that rustled the sycamore leaves and stirred the water. He called something else unintelligible and waved again, disappearing into his mill.

She and Galt rode at a good clip until they saw the black shadow of the toll-gate far ahead. There was a foot path that dipped into a ravine near-by, and seemed to skirt the gate. They turned their horses there, a quarter mile from the toll-gate and the low rambling white-washed house on the very lap of the pike. Lark could see a man in a straw jimmy and overalls guarding the gate, could see a white chicken strolling leisurely across the narrow porch of the house. Then the ravine dipped below the level of the road, the path cutting away among blackberry bushes and undergrowth. They followed it for some time, and then Lark, riding ahead, reined Dosta in sharply.

Something was blocking the path, just ahead, just beyond a big russet apple tree. It was something enormous and dressed in violent pink, a figure shapeless and relaxed in a big split-bottom chair set directly across the little path. The woman in the pink dress was Minnie. She was sleeping comfortably in her chair, head back, mouth open, snoring deeply.

Lark tried to turn Dosta back quietly, tried to motion Galt back. But it was too late, of course. Minnie stirred, leaped from her chair, running toward them, shouting:

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

By VIRGINIA VALE

RADIO, which so often looks to the movies, theaters and cafes for its stars, has glanced at its own front parlor and brought out Georgia Gibbs for the summer replacement of "Hall of Fame" on Sunday nights. Georgia, who got her start on the air a few years ago, has gone straight ahead as a singer; she's appeared on the Jimmy Durante-Gary Moore show



GEORGIA GIBBS

since its inception. But now she's branching out as a songstress-of-ceremonies; she is being co-starred with Paul Whitman over the Blue Network.

Don DeFore of Paramount's "You Came Along" plans to take a busman's holiday this summer in his home town, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He'll do some acting in a play for the Sinclair Memorial Church's drama group. The rest of the cast consists of his brother and his three sisters. And the director is his mother. If acting doesn't actually run in that family it certainly has a good start!

When he was a Mack Sennett star, about 29 years ago, Chester Conklin used to pick up a youngster who had no car and drive him to the studio; the lad worked for \$5 a day, with a three-day-a-week guarantee. His name was Eddie Sutherland, and, as director of RKO's "Having Wonderful Crime," he was delighted when he found a role suited to Conklin, and signed him.

When George Marshall, director of "Murder, He Says," started in pictures 33 years ago, he shared a room with two other \$3-per-day actors. But they all changed professions—the others were William Seiter and Frank Lloyd, also directors, and good ones.

Gig Young, the promising young actor who took a "rain check" with Warner Bros. for duty with the coast guard in the South Pacific, came back on furlough and added his bit to the list of how-small-the-world-is stories. He met a marine officer named Obringer on Guadalcanal, and asked him if he knew Roy Obringer of Warners' legal department. "Sure," said the other. "He's my father."

Harriet O'Rourke, soprano soloist of "Steel Horizons," has a parrot, Sammy, who's the envy of her singing friends. Sammy practices right along with Harriet, and has developed a good ear for music—she says he squawks whenever she makes a mistake.

What Charles Boyer did for the movies, Jerry Wayne, star of his own show in the Blue, will do for the stage. He'll appear with Joan Roberts in a new musical, "Marinka," a musical version of the film, "Mayerling," in the role of "Prince Rudolph."

It's becoming an old story to Dinah Shore, this business of being named the No. 1 radio songstress of the nation, in a newspaper poll. So far this season it's happened 11 times—but to Dinah it's still pretty thrilling.

Probably the most carefully guarded plot in Hollywood was that of "Notorious." Ingrid Bergman's picture, which Alfred Hitchcock will direct for David O. Selznick, Hitchcock and Ben Hecht wrote most of the story in a hotel room in New York. Only they and Selznick knew for some time what sort of role Miss Bergman would play.

Among the many accomplishments of Felix Mills, band leader on "The Man Called X"—the summer replacement for the Bob Hope show—is the ability to play every instrument in the band. He can also read music upside down—though just why, he can't say.

ODDS AND ENDS—The "tall tales" submitted by wounded servicemen and featured on the Kate Smith hour will eventually appear in book form. . . . Frankie Carlo says he knows he's a success—he got a fan letter asking him to lend the sender \$1,000. . . . One of the extras in Columbia's "The Fighting Guardsman" is Gertrude Astor, who was Thomas Meighan's leading lady about 25 years ago. . . . Johnny Mack Brown, Monogram Western star, is making a personal appearance tour of southern theaters. . . . Ozzie Nelson, costar of "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" over CBS, has another picture on the list: Paramount's "People Are Funny."

Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

THE DANCE is not only one of the seven lively arts; it's threatening to become the liveliest.

In the movies it's always an up-and-down career, if not actually tough going. Our producers have doled it out in fits and starts—a number here, a finale there—as if they were afraid we could not take it in more than five-minute doses. And except for the Astaire-Rogers musicals and an occasional "Cover Girl" we've had mighty few that can really be described as dancing films.

In this connection, the late Mark Sandrich was one of those rare producer-directors who had enough foresight to cry, "On with the dance!" He did the best of those delightful ballroom romances with Ginger and Fred, and just before he died he was preparing "Blue Skies," a cavalcade of hits by my old (but only in years of friendship) pal, Irving Berlin.

Only Local Oversight

But if Hollywood—and exceptions like Mark Sandrich only prove the rule—has failed to grasp the terrific possibilities of the dance, the rest of the country certainly hasn't. On Broadway and in the once so-called hinterlands something has been happening—something to which Hollywood cannot close its eyes much longer.

What has happened, my dears, is that the dance has come into its own. And by dance I don't mean live, although that, my spies report, is doing all right, too. I mean—and it's perfectly safe to come right out and say it—ballet. Only it's ballet with the curse off—pantomime and jazz and the classics and the joy of living, all rolled into one!

Today the big names are those like Agnes de Mille, Jerome Robbins, George Balanchine, and David Lichine, among choreographers, and Leonard Bernstein, brilliant young composer of "Fancy Free" and "On the Town." There are ballets in "Oklahoma," "Bloomer Girl," "One Touch of Venus," "Song of Norway," "Up in Central Park," "La Vie Parisienne," and "Carmen Jones." Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova are demonstrating tetrachord in Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts." Vera Zorina, that gorgeous, elflike creature, is posing in Shakespeare's "The Tempest." And Ruth Page and Sgt. Bentley Stone have set New York town—and Commissioner Moss—on their respective ears with a sensational interpretation of "Frankie and Johnny."

Common Denominator

Sooner or later motion pictures and the dance are bound to get together. The very soul of both is rhythm. In one sense they already have. Isn't Walt Disney the greatest creator of rhythm of them all? And we've had our "numbers" and our "specialties" by Veloz and Yolanda, the De Marcos, Carmen Amaya, the Hartmans, Katharine Dunham, and countless others. We've even had a short or two with the Ballet Russe. And we've had Astaire, Gene Kelly, Jimmy Cagney, George Murphy, and that spectacular leaper Marc Platt of "Tonight and Every Night."

Our dancing daughters have been few but precious—Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Ann Miller, Ruby Keeler, Eleanor Powell, Ginger (of course), and little Joan McCracken, who highlighted "Hollywood Carteen" with her "Ballet in Jive."

The other day I had the pleasure of watching a sequence from "Wonder Man," Danny Kaye's new one in it, but Vera-Ellen was. She sang and danced a number called "I'm So in Love." Sam hired her without even making a screen test after he'd caught her in "A Connecticut Yankee," and this time I'm betting on his judgment. Vera-Ellen (the last name is Robe) is not only petite and blonde as Marilyn was; she can put over a song with refreshing charm and she's a dancin' fool.

If Warners ever get around to making that Marilyn Miller film they'll be wise to have a look at Vera-Ellen. If it's O.K. with Sam Goldwyn, of course.

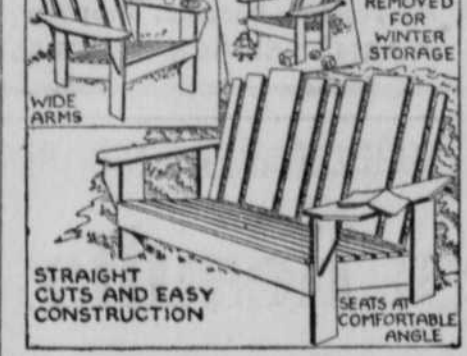
Incidentally, Goldwyn, who is something of a wonder himself, has already snapped up Jerome Robbins, who staged the dances for "On the Town," to design numbers for Danny Kaye's next. Which brings ballet that much nearer to the screen.

Over-Age at 15 Months

Gene Tierney thought for one exciting moment she'd get her daughter in for a christening scene in "Dragonwyck." In fact, Joe Mankiewicz led her to believe it, then asked how old the baby was. She said, "15 months." "Sorry," said Joe, "She's 14 months too old." . . . Since so much fuss, feathers, and furbelows have been put on her in "The Dolly Sisters," Betty Grable thinks our costume designers should get an award next year. Why not? Set designers do.

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ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Where is the longest canal in the world?
2. Are congressmen required by law to attend any session of congress?
3. Who calls "track" in the sports world when he wants people out of his way?
4. What man signed his correspondence and paintings with the figure of a butterfly?
5. Will food cook more quickly in vigorously or gently boiling water?
6. Sinology is the study of what?

The Answers

1. In China. It is 2,100 miles long and was completed in 1350 after 600 years.
2. No.
3. A skier.
4. James Whistler.
5. The same.
6. Chinese language and culture.

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