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PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN

By Harlan Hatcher Illustrations by O. Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS

In 1788 Saul Pattern of Virginia came into the beautiful virgin country of the Big Sandy valley in Kentucky. Chief of the perils were the Shawnees, who sought to hold their lands from the ever-encroaching whites. From a huge pinnacle Saul gazed upon the fat bottoms and the endless acres of forest in its primeval quietude at the mouth of the Wolfpen, and felt an eagerness to possess it, declaring it a place fit for a man to LIVE in! Five years later he returned with Barton, his fifteen-year-old son, and built a rude cabin. In Saul's absence the Indians attacked Barton and wounded him so badly Saul was forced to return with him to Virginia. In 1796, when it was reasonably safe, Saul returned with his family and a patent for 4,000 acres, this time to stay. He added to the cabin, planted crops and fattened his stock on the rich meadows. Soon other settlers arrived. A century later, in the spring of 1885, we find Cynthia Pattern, of the fifth generation following Saul, perched on the pinnacle from which her great-great-grandfather had first viewed Wolfpen Bottoms. The valleys, heretofore untouched by the waves of change sweeping the Republic, are at last beginning to feel that restless surge. Her dad, Sparrel, and her brothers, Jesse, Jasper and Abral, convert the old water-wheeled mill to steam power. Cynthia feels that something out of the past has been buried with Saul. Cynthia is pretty and imaginative miss in her late teens, who often re-created Saul and her other forebears, and fancied them still living. Sparrel proudly brings home the first meal out of the steam mill, and Julia, his wife, is pleased in general after generation has added comforts and conveniences to Saul's homestead, and Sparrel has not shirked. The family goes easily into the work of the new season, due to the simplicity of life designed long ago on the Wolfpen. Joy is abundant. Jesse plans to study law. A stranger, Shellenberger by name, comes to Wolfpen, intent on buying timber. Sparrel refuses his offer. Shellenberger tells of progress in the outside world. With the advent of Shellenberger some intangible disturbing alteration seems to affect the atmosphere of Wolfpen. Sparrel decides to sell timber land to Shellenberger.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Yes, I want to know law and be a lawyer like you." Tandy studied him as though he were about to seat a juror. "Well, do you honest?" "I sure do. I just wondered if you'd take me into your office here with you and help me learn law. I might be able to help you a right smart looking up things for you and writing papers." His eagerness mounted with the words and quivered in his throat. "Well, now, I don't hardly know, Jesse. When would you want to come?" "Not much before fall I don't reckon till things about the place are up in shape. But I thought if..." "How much schooling have you had, Jesse?" "A right smart. Five winters at Gannon Creek school. And then I've read all Dad's books over and I always read the Cincinnati Weekly Gazette."

CHAPTER VI

WOLFPEN seemed emptied

Cynthia when Sparrel and Jesse and Jasper had ridden out of it. Or, perhaps, the feel of emptiness was only the moment of unusual stillness between the tumult of day-break and the lonely, cadenced silence of a mountain farm when people were not about: tufted cardinals flashing red among the cherry blossoms and scattering liquid notes on the morning like a flutter of released petals spiraling to the ground; bleating lambs leaping nervously and awkwardly about the lot, still dazed and bewildered by the new and unfamiliar world into which they had suddenly been dropped. Slowly she went back to the house and put the kitchen in order. Julia had gone out to her garden. Abral had disappeared into one of the hollows. The wonted equilibrium was even more upset within, and she could feel the fragments moving about her into new arrangements. She went upstairs and sat on the foot of her bed looking out on the orchard. "The world looks different to a body when you look out of an upstairs window. What would it be like if you were always above it as high as a house instead of down in it as low as a man and looked over an orchard in bloom the way you look over a cornfield in June? Would you still feel a bit twisted out of shape inside because of the way your folks and things move about in the bottoms? I feel like I'm being pulled by something that is moving around the place and taking me with it, and I guess I'll just go."

CHAPTER VII

Language of Jesus

While scholars are not agreed as to the language spoken by Jesus, it is generally supposed that it was the Galilean dialect of the Aramaic or Syriac language, a corrupted form of the Hebrew proper. This was the language of the common people, while Hebrew remained the learned and sacred language of the Jews. Both Latin and Greek were also used in Palestine, particularly by the Roman rulers and the trading classes.

"and you pay the wages against the price of the land." The tension relaxed, there was a pause, and Shellenberger said, more naturally and pleasantly, "You're robbing and cheating me, Mr. Pattern, but I'll do it. And we'll get a man over there as soon as possible. Do you know anybody?" "I've heard of a good man down at Catlettsburg."

"What's his name?" "Warren."

"I'll see him when I go down tomorrow and send him up if I can and I'll be back here in a couple of weeks or so."

As Sparrel walked through the square, greeting the men, talking of the crops and the price of cattle, the feeling that he had made a good bargain with the extra dollar sustained him in the backwash of doubt that followed the important and irrevocable decision.

Jasper was already at the stable. Jesse, with the book under his coat, came breathlessly with long strides through the open doors just as Hardin Stusser brought the mules from the stalls.

"Did you make out all right?" Sparrel asked.

"I got what I came for," Jesse said, mounting.

"You know we got an extra mule here," Jasper said.

"It seems like a waste just to lead her," Hardin sputtered.

Jasper had no retort. He swung into the saddle.

Then as Sparrel mounted and started to go without saying anything, Hardin could wait no longer for the news. "Did you trade any with that feller, Sparrel?"

"I figure I may do some business with him, later on," Sparrel said. He rode out of the stable and down the road followed by Jasper and Jesse.

When Sparrel detached himself from his boys, he walked by the bank and the three stores, greeting the men he knew, and up to the corner of the Gibson House. The thing Sparrel had made his mind up to, now wavered within him, and instead of going in at once, he turned and went back down the street, greeting the men in the square, and watching the horse traders riding up and down the street before the skeptical customers. He went on around the court-house square, slowly traversing its four sides, banked with horses and saddle mules hitched to the rails, and came up to the Gibson House from the opposite direction, and then, as though the destined moment had arrived, he lifted his head above the press of men and walked straight into the lobby of the Gibson House.

Shellenberger was sitting in a chair with his legs crossed and one foot resting on the shelf of the bay window, smoking, looking not at the

square but above it into the timbered mountains. He looked the part of a well-to-do stranger temporarily isolated in a mountain town.

There was no one else in the room. Shellenberger stood up, and extended his hand in eager hospitality. "Good morning, Mr. Pattern!"

"Howdy," Sparrel said reservedly.

"Well, how are you this morning?" "Well as common," Sparrel said, and then calmly in his slow voice with the melody in it, "You got around all right, I see."

"I got around all right, thanks to your mule. What do I owe you for the use of it?"

"Nothing at all, nothing at all. Glad to accommodate you."

"Smoke?" Shellenberger offered a cigar.

"No, but much obliged to you." They sat down.

"A good deal of trade on the rivers."

"Yes, Pikeville is a right good-sized town now," Sparrel said.

"And it will get better as this region opens up."

The subject was ready to be brought into the open, but Sparrel was still. Then Shellenberger plunged.

"Well, Mr. Pattern, I rode by that lower timber-land. It may not be as good as I first thought, but I'll stick to the proposition I made. What do you say about it?"

"I don't guess I can do it," Sparrel said.

"You mean you won't sell?" Shellenberger exclaimed.

"That's about what it amounts to."

"But why not, Pattern, why not? Four dollars an acre is a big price. Well, what do you want for it?" he demanded resolutely.

"Five dollars an acre."

Shellenberger smoked, making short puffs, and twisting the cigar.

"You'll have it surveyed by a competent man?" Shellenberger said.

"I'll board him," Sparrel said,

turned back and was followed by the others into the pen, Cynthia closed the bars.

"That's better," she said, and the dog muzzled her hand.

"Sheep live a calm and easy life, don't they, Shep? Never much to bother them worse than your bark that wouldn't hurt a motherless lamb if he just knew it. And always somebody to see that they have food and water. The women always water the sheep; there's the Bible for that. And come to think of it the Bible women always met their men at the well when they watered their sheep. Let's see: there was Rebekah and Rachel and Jethro's daughter. . . I wonder if it would be better to be watering a flock of scared ewes, just putting up the last bar like this for instance, and the stranger from another land would come up the path and see you and say he had come from a far place to find you and could he water your flock for you? No, I still think it would be better to be by the pear tree with a sprig of blossom in your hand, for likely as not all the silly lambs would start baa-ing at once till a body couldn't hear what he was saying."

When she had reached the end of that dream, she found herself back in the barnyard a little dazed in her mood of idle and purposeless wanderings, and there came rushing back to her the vision of Sparrel disappearing in the dawn with Jasper, and of Jesse riding away on a sudden notion. The unbalance returned and she followed it through the sweet-potato patch where the plants were beginning to trail the sandy earth with slender green tentacles, and down to the creek. There was satisfaction in this kind of idleness, the cows in the quiet of afternoon under a chestnut tree staring into the great peace beyond the world of wearied flesh. She drifted without haste to the sparse clump of willows where the water ceased flowing over the serrated slate bottom and lapsed into the profound peace of the mill dam.

"Does running water like to slip into the pool and stop and lie down like a tired ewe, or does it try to get away again and run down to the mill and tumble with the big wheel, clapping its paddles and pulling it around while the water eases itself down to the creek-bed again like Jesse swinging to the ground from the top branches of a young sapling. I guess it's like sheep and people, that way, and sometimes likes to lie quiet and sometimes likes to pull on a wheel and go some place else just to be where you're not."

The shepherd, springing before her around the willow trees, gave a low growl and retreated a step. Cynthia looked. It was nothing more startling than a blacksnake, and that was nothing at all because Sparrel always kept one in the corn-crib to catch mice. But while she was yet speaking this to herself, she felt her stomach tighten involuntarily and a wave of sickness gripped her abdomen and contracted up into her throat. The thick black reptile was in the act of swallowing a copper-colored toad with blue warts on its back. It had already sucked into its gullet both twitching hind legs, and the lubricating slime from its extended mouth was oozing out in a white froth to engulf the quivering front legs and the trembling throat. The glassy eyes of the terrified toad bulged out in a death panic. It seemed to Cynthia that they were fastened upon her, and she became the suffering animal, endeavoring the toad with her own revulsions, feeling her own legs engulfed and absorbed into the reptile.

She picked up a stick and punched the snake on the neck. Fright suddenly seized it. In a trickle of slime it ejected the toad, and slid in terror back into the bushes across the path. Cynthia controlled the pang of nausea as she watched the paralyzed toad try to move its helpless legs. She pushed it gently under a ledge in the rock bank and left it there.

She stood for a moment where she had sat watching the bubbles and the minnows, relaxing but still disturbed and breathless. "There now, Cynthia Pattern, what are you going to do and think next, anyway? Why did you go and do that? Snakes have to live too; and you hate to see such things but still they go on all the time and you don't think anything about it. It must be the seeing of it." And trying to shake off the revulsion, she shuddered and ran down to the mill again.

She tossed the stick into Wolfpen, watching it float away toward Gannon creek. One end caught on a rock and stood while the other moved slowly around with the current and set it free. She followed it through the Y Meadow and into Gannon where it gathered speed and soon disappeared around the bend.

Hotel Register Publicity

Up to 1840 American hotel registers sometimes competed in interest with the publications of their day. Guests not only entered their names and addresses but also their business, merits of their product, their choice for President, reason for leaving their wives at home—and puns, poems and indecent stories. After their departure, says Collier's Weekly, the proprietor entered his opinion of them with phrases such as "fat but pretty" and "forgot to settle."



THE BIG SHOW COSTS

SOME presidential candidates are swayed into office on a cloud of smoke while the aspirations of others are dashed to oblivion by the same breeze.

All of which is by way of saying that the cigar-making industry is due for a boom, now that a presidential election year is with us. As far back as 1888 when Harrison was elected the astounding number of 100,000,000 more cigars were manufactured than the preceding year. By 1920 and its increased population the boost in cigar making for the presidential year came to the tidy total of \$20,000,000 above that of 1919.

The astonishing thing about the big, countrywide show of an election is that the Havana filler the politician stuffs into your mouth is merely an item in the whole campaign and election costs. The latter, it has been estimated by competent and conservative observers, reaches \$40,000,000.

In addition to that huge sum there are other millions impossible to compute.

Out of all this spending it is perhaps fortunate for the American public that usually more good than merely the choosing of a President is the result.

For one thing, hundreds of thousands of persons are employed—not the least of them being newspaper workers who figure briefly but actively in compiling election returns.

In Chicago, for example, the business of collecting returns is in the hands of the police. An officer visits each precinct, obtains two results of the vote. One of these he speeds to the board of election commissioners, the other to the City News Bureau which has moved bodily into Chicago's council chambers for the evening.

Rents are paid out for organization quarters, down to the smallest precinct; spellbinders are employed, with all expenses paid; bands are hired; banquets are spread . . . and the politicians pass out cigars.

Did we say \$40,000,000 expense? Well, it's a conservative estimate, anyway.

CROPS AND ELECTIONS

IF THE Democratic party is dubious about the 1936 election it may be because of the drought.

History of our political campaigns indicates that the size of crops has an important bearing on national elections. In other words, if there be a scarcity of farm products, the party in power is turned out of office.

None can say that this is an infallible rule, yet there are notable periods and events which tend to prove its truth. A seven years' drought, for example, starting in 1833, is the first widespread destruction of crops of which there is record. At the end of it, Martin Van Buren was voted out of office and the Whigs came in with a great show of strength.

A second drought occurred shortly before the Civil war, but the latter event dominated, of course, every trend of political development for that period. In 1874 there was a large Republican majority in the lower branch of congress . . . but there had been drought years immediately preceding, and Democratic congressmen were elected in droves.

Beginning in 1887, ten years showed a deficiency of rainfall and crops naturally suffered. It was during this period, perhaps more than in any other, that the American voter practiced assiduously his right to vote parties in and out of power.

Conditions may be changed today. The Democratic party, which happens to be in the saddle, has survived one of the country's worst crop years, 1934. There are political observers who assert that we are too much an industrial nation today for Old Man Weather to lay such a heavy hand on political fortunes.

Only time will tell if this estimate of the situation is correct. When this is written, however, indications point clearly that burning, dry winds have destroyed a large part of the spring wheat crop in the Dakotas and Montana.

Industrial nation or not, it is at least an even bet that when the campaign warms up particular attention will be paid to those three states by Messrs. Hamilton and Farley—not to mention Congressman Lemke, who hails from that area himself.

Western Newspaper Union.

Fair Enough By STANLEY CORDELL © Associated Newspapers. WNU Service.

WHEN Barry Keith secured the \$40,000 a year job with the Cranston Architectural company both he and Alvina, his wife, figured they would be able to save money. Heretofore, Barry's income had, in a good year, totaled around \$4,000, hence they were used to a moderate manner of living.

"We'll move down to Newmont," Barry said, "and live there for awhile. Forty grand a year! Man! Say, we'll be able to sock more than half of it in the bank. In five year's time we'll have a neat little pile. Then we can buy a place up in the country and live the way we've always wanted to live."

"It'll be grand!" Alvina agreed, eyes shining. "But we must remember to save."

Which was nice philosophy. They remembered to save all right. But they didn't save. They couldn't. When you're earning a salary of \$40,000 a year and depending upon society to give you your business, you have to put up a front. And putting up a front in a city like Newmont is expensive.

For one thing, you have to entertain, and entertain a lot. You have to furnish your house with the most costly appointments, and not one but two motor cars. Most important of all, you have to dress. And you can't go shopping for your clothes in bargain basements or at department store counters. You visit exclusive shops, patronize fashionable dressmakers. You pay more for one dress than your entire last year's wardrobe cost.

The thing that grieved Alvina the most was that in order to keep up appearances she was expected never to appear twice in the same evening gown. Even with \$40,000 a year to fall back on that little whim of fashionable society seemed foolish and ridiculous.

It seemed that way to Barry, too. At the end of each month Barry looked over the bills and whistled through his teeth and wondered where the money was coming from to buy the little place in the country. At this rate they'd never be able to buy anything. So far they hadn't saved a dime.

Another month passed and a new flock of bills came in. Looking them over, Barry was mildly surprised to find that they totaled less than on the month previous. Considerably less. This puzzled him. He checked over the items and discovered that statements from exclusive women's shops were conspicuously lacking. He frowned. Alvina still looked as smart as ever, still wore new gowns and hats and shoes.

For just a moment an ugly suspicion flashed across Barry's mind. Alvina was dressing as expensively as ever, yet the monthly bills revealed that she was buying less. Where, then, was she getting her new clothes? Or where was she getting the money to pay for them?

He dismissed the thought with a gesture of irritation. He was a fool to even consider such a thing.

In the weeks that followed, however, the ugly suspicion kept asserting itself despite his best efforts, provoked by the fact that each time they went out Alvina was expensively gowned and hatted in clothes that were new and bore the trademarks of the smart shops. She was getting them somewhere and Barry wasn't paying for them, a fact evidenced by the following month's statement.

Barry allowed two more months to slip by before he broke down. Then it was (he assured himself) curiosity more than suspicion that prompted his inquiry.

Alvina looked at him queerly, if not guiltily, when he asked the question. And then suddenly she sighed deeply and assumed the well-you've-found-me-out-I-might-as-well-tell attitude.

"You'll probably think it dreadful of me, darling, but—well, after three months of our present hectic existence I came to realize that we were defeating our own purpose. We weren't saving a cent, and we weren't as happy. Yet we had to keep up appearances. I began studying the situation and I caught on to the fact that everywhere we traded merchants and dressmakers and shop owners charged us according to what they thought we could pay."

"So I fell to thinking, and at last I contrived a way to beat them at their own game. I simply went down to So and So's and ordered three or four gowns sent up on approval. If we were going out that night I'd wear one, and return them all the next day. I did the same with hats. It worked fine. I had a new hat and a new gown from the right shops every time we went out and only occasionally would I have to buy one. Also, it gave me an opportunity to save money."

Alvina broke off, because Barry was staring at her in amazement. But the look was tinged with relief. He grinned. "Well, I'll be—Vina, suppose we don't wait till we get our nest egg of a hundred thousand? Let's be satisfied with quarter of that much and live the way we want to."

"Grand!" said Alvina. "I did feel guilty about it. It'll be fun and much more satisfactory being honest with ourselves once more—and trying to save money honestly!"

Uncle Phil Says: There's the Harm

A man thinks a great deal of his political party, but very often not enough to vote.

There is something relentless in the speed with which a village decides a man doesn't amount to much. He can fool a city much longer.

The man with a smile doesn't get along as fast as the man with a backbone.

To Say the Least

One may be indifferent to the wickedness of profanity; but it has to be admitted that it sounds coarse and cheap.

If one has an inferiority complex, it is probably his own fault. Babies don't have any such thing.

A drowsy loyalty to one's town becomes wide awake in time of disaster.

Most people are timid enough so that when they do their hating the object of their hatred doesn't know it.

Rather in All of Us

What is the mental defect in so many of us, that makes it impossible for us to understand finance?

A young man in love thinks that the ability of his girl to make good bread is mere gilding of the lily.

What we call confidence in ourselves we call conceit in others.

Broken Out FACE ALL CUTICURA A NEW GIRL NOW IT'S FUN TO GO OUT AGAIN. CUTICURA CERTAINLY HELPED CLEAR MY SKIN. DON'T BE DISCOURAGED BY EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES, RASHES, BLACKHEADS - GET QUICK RELIEF WITH CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA

WNU-U 35-36 FOUR TEASPOONFULS OF MILK OF MAGNESIA IN ONE TASTY WAFER

DOLLARS & HEALTH The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity.

HEARTBURN? Its surprising how many have heart burn. Hurried eating, overeating, heavy smoking, excessive drinking all lead to heartburn. When it comes, heed the warning. Your stomach is on a strike.

TAKE MILNESIAS Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Thin, crunchy, mint-flavor, tasty. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores. 35c & 60c bottles 20c tins