

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau gold country, six men were lost their lives on the Nottaway river. Red Malone, Garrett Finlay, brother of one of the six, and Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors.

When Blaise had finished Finlay looked hard at Malone across the fire. "How does that strike you?" he asked.

"So far as I'm concerned," said Red, driving a fist like stone into his cupped hand, "I'd like to get this white-haired beauty, now. Set a trap for him and finish him right here. It's got to be sometime, why not tonight?"

Finlay shook his head. "Not yet, Red! You forget it's Isadore we're after. I want to talk to Waswanipi Indians first who must have met Bob and, later, seen his smashed canoe. We're leaving now for the head of the lake."

"I guess you're right, boss. We want that evidence first."

"What's your idea, Blaise?" asked Garry.

Brassard drew deeply on his pipe before he answered: "At fishin' camp at head of de lake is dat Montagnais treaty chief dey call Pierre Wabistan, de Injun on Matagami tell us about. Dose fallar here to-night say he have much trouble at de spring trade wid Tete-Blanche. We have talk wid him."

"That's our man, Red!" cried Garry. "Did you see these Indians about the men lost on the Waswanipi River, Blaise?"

"Ah-hah! Dey say Pierre Wabistan have story to tell about dat." "They knew nothing, themselves?"

"No, dey say talk wid Pierre." "You bet we will! All right, let's go! We'll leave a nice fire for Tete-Blanche to warm his hands on."

Through the night the rhythmic "churn-swish, churn-swish," of three maple blades drove the Peterboro up the lake. At last, when the eastern hills were rimmed with fire the canoe headed inshore and the tired crew cooked a meal and slept. Far in the distance, like battleships at anchor, the islands off the mouth of the Waswanipi hung above the windless mirror, reflecting the green ridges of the shores.

CHAPTER VI

Camped on the islands the Montagnais who, in winter, hunted the hinterlands, lived through the short summer on their gill-nets and sturgeon spears.

"Where did they say Pierre Wabistan is camped, Blaise?" asked Garry, on the following afternoon, as the Peterboro approached the maze of islands.

"On islan' wid big boulder." As the canoe passed the fishing camps where lines of ripples thrusting from points of shore marked the wood floats of gill-nets set for pike, dore and whitefish, it was hailed by men sprawled in the warm sun in front of caribou-skin teepees.

An oldish Indian with the eyes and hooked beak of an eagle waited with three young men as the canoe slid in to the stony beach of an island marked by a huge boulder.

"Kekway!" greeted Blaise, shaking hands with the four Montagnais. "Where is Chief Wabistan?" he asked in Cree.

The old man replied in English: "You look in his face." His darting eyes covered Blaise, Garry and Red in turn, from hair to moccasins.

"We come to make picture of de lake for de Faders in Ottawa," said Blaise. "We wish to make talk wid you."

Wabistan nodded, measuring Finlay in a long stare as if probing for his thoughts. Then he said: "You are brave man to come here."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Garry.

"Manee white man die on Waswanipi River!"

"The man I'm after!" thought Garry. Then he said: "Let us smoke and take council, Chief Wabistan. We need two canoe-men. Will your sons go with us?"

The young Montagnais looked doubtfully at their father's impassive face. Garry glanced at Blaise but Brassard's features were as immutable as stone. He handed each of the Indians a plug of Hudson's Bay nigger-head and they squatted on their heels and filled their pipes. Finlay struck a match, lit Wabistan's pipe, then his own and, after an interval of puffing, asked: "What killed the white men you say died?"

Wabistan's narrowed eyes focused on a distant island. In his face was no trace of humor as he said: "Ver' strange bug keel dem."

Finlay caught Red's surprised look as the Indian continued. "Eet fly more quick dan duck-hawk and it sting more deep dan otjework, de deer-fly." The old man's gaze hung to the island. The faces of his sons were glazed with awe.

"And it starts to fly with a loud noise," added Finlay, gazing straight before him.

"Yes, as the ice splits wid cold." "You saw the white men who died last summer?" Fearing to break the spell, Finlay still avoided Wabistan's eyes.

"Two bodies I saw below de Fry- ing Pan on de Waswanipi." "The year before that there were

INSTALLMENT SIX

Finlay receives an anonymous letter suggesting that the six men were not drowned as reported. Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country at any cost. The three

men start out on the Nottaway, despite warnings. They escape an ambush prepared for them and continue toward the Hudson's Bay post. Finlay and Malone visit Isadore. They later learn that Isadore's men will soon attempt to kill them.

"A little man held the torch in the bow?"

"Yes, a small man."

"It was Tete, his shadow, who obeys him like a dog—even to killing those he hates." Wabistan kicked at a pebble with his moccasins, then he lifted a face seamed with the hate that glowed in his eyes. "Istet Tete-Blanche is hunting you," he said in Montagnais, "and he comes here to find Kinebik, the wabeno, who is my enemy."

"He is a conjuror, this Kinebik?"

The old Indian laughed. "Kinebik, the Serpent, is a false shaman. Tete-Blanche uses him to put fear into the hearts of the foolish ones who listen to his medicine. He tells my people he talks with spirits."

Blaise interpreted Wabistan's remarks to his friends. "But Wabistan is treaty-chief and the Montagnais will not listen to Kinebik," demurred Finlay.

Wabistan turned to Finlay and his breath hissed through his teeth. "There are many who will listen! There is trouble among my people!"

"Where is this wabeno, Kinebik, now?" asked Blaise in Cree.

"He hides somewhere in the islands from my sons."

"You are hunting him?"

"Enn-enn! Yes!" The old Indian glared savagely into Brassard's square face. "This Tete-Blanche will ruin the Montagnais! He gives them whiskey to steal their fur. He has come to the head of the lake to find you. He is Isadore's neshiwed, his killer."

Brassard's slits of eyes glittered. His moment had come. "Tete-Blanche will not return to Isadore!" He seized Wabistan's bony hand. "He is your enemy! He is our enemy! We are brothers! You and your sons will lead us to the grave of the white men who you say were shot on the river last year. Then we will hunt Tete-Blanche and Kinebik. When we find them Wabistan will again be happy."

With growing wonder, Finlay and Malone watched Blaise draw his knife. Facing the chief he stiffened, raised the knife and touched the steel hilt to his forehead. Straight as a spruce, his burning eyes on Brassard's solemn face, Wabistan drew his own knife and repeated the ceremony. Then the hands of the two joined over their crossed knife blades in consummation of the Montagnais oath of brotherhood in a common cause.

Blaise rapidly interpreted his talk with Wabistan and the two white men took the oath with the old chief and his sons.

The following day a Peterboro and two birch barks entered the mouth of the Waswanipi River. In their rear, on either shore, traveled a son of the chief to watch for following canoes and a possible ambush. Three days of poling, tracking and carrying around rapids brought them to the roaring mile of falls, chutes and boiling reaches climaxing in the Fry- ing Pan, the white chaos which gave the rapids its name. After a search in the birch scrub of the high shore Wabistan raised his hand. "It is here," he called, "the grave!"

Red glanced at Finlay's bitter face. "It will be hard, Garry, to see him now. You'd better leave it to Blaise and me."

"You can't identify him! They'll want to know, back home, that I saw him. I've got to see the evidence that he was shot."

Red nodded and Finlay joined Blaise and Wabistan beside a heap of small boulders. "The carcajou let dem sleep," said the Indian. "De rock too heavy to move!"

While they removed the boulders protecting the shallow grave, Finlay was tortured with memories of the younger brother who had come so far to die. The year previous he had received a letter from Bob that he had decided to join the Chibougamau gold rush, with a partner, the following summer. That was all. Bob had left North Bay and the family had had a post card from Nottaway announcing that they had decided to take the Waswanipi Trail. That had been the last of Bob Finlay. The ruthless North had swallowed him. No word of his fate had reached the waiting father and mother at North Bay until there had come the anonymous letter Garry carried in his wallet, with its sinister final sentence: "I don't believe these six men were drowned."

The man who had written that letter had guessed only too well.

Following this it had taken weeks of wire-pulling for Finlay to obtain from his superiors the Nottaway assignment for himself and Malone. But in the end the letter from the unknown writer had brought it about and they had received their orders.

Shortly Malone stood beside the man whose brooding eyes were on the rock-scarred rapids below him.

"Garry!"

"Yes."

"They shot them. The change in him—it's going to be hard for you, Garry."

"I've got to see him!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VII

At daylight Finlay was at Wabistan's skin teepee. The bedlam of his yelping dogs brought the treaty-chief from his blanket.

"Tete-Blanche is here!" announced Blaise. "Somewhere in the islands!"

"He has followed you? How do you know?"

"Last night we saw him when a torch flared in a canoe."

"Why not go after him and settle it?"

"No! We've got other work to do first."

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Wool and Fur Combinations Make Stunning New Outfits

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WITH surpassing artistry and craftsmanship American designers are setting a new high in costume design. Especially are our American style creators doing themselves proud in the campus, town and country ensembles which they create of gorgeous colorful wool and stunning fur.

Not only do the costumes pictured redound to the glory of American designers but there is fascination and patriotic thrill in the thought that the fur, American opossum, which is combined with the beautiful wools of these stunning costumes, is itself decidedly all-American.

The possibilities presented in this new alliance of wool with opossum are endless. Not only is opossum a flattering young fur when used for general utility costumes, but through scientific skill it has also been made available for dressy daytime and evening wear as well as for all-purpose wear.

A beautifully cut coat is shown to the left in the group. The exquisitely colorful wool stripe of which it is made speaks for itself. Now that fashion is advocating color, women are going in wholeheartedly for coats that add a bold dash of color glory to the winter landscape. The soft front fullness achieved by skillful manipulation of the stripes is decidedly effective. The wide notched collar and cuffs of natural American opossum are perfect with the subtle blue, lavender and pink in the tweed.

When one invests in a three-piece outfit as perfectly ensembled as the handsome model shown to the right, she has underwritten for herself a feeling that wherever she goes she is sure to be among the best dressed. This important ensemble for town carries an air of

matchless distinction. The suit is a masterpiece of fine tailoring. The three-quarter length cape of American opossum with striped tweed to match the suit will carry through triumphantly as a wrap to wear through the winter with daytime frocks and party dress as well. A sure, safe, sound and sane investment, this, that will pay big dividends in chic, charm and self-gratification.

Centered in the picture is another example of the intrigue and glamour expressed in the alliance of bright wool with smart fur. The coat is lined with a plaid wool in glowing high color to match the hood and blouse. When thrown back, the hood forms a colorfully lined collar. The jacket and skirt pick up two of the colors in the plaid. Mittens too, if you please, of matching fur!

If your new wool ensemble happens to be of wool in the now-fashionable magenta color, and if it is without fur, you will look very smart if you carry with it a stunning huge muff of opossum, and, of course, there must be a hat of the same fur to wear with it. The hat and muff twosome is an accessory combination especially cited among toponotch fashions.

Colors highlighted in wools this season especially stress browns and dark greens. The new bright blue is the talk of the town. With furs it is outstanding in any fashionable gathering. Amethyst tones and purples also are being played up to heights of distinction in wools, their beauty accentuated with handsome amethyst jewelry and sumptuous furs.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Crocheting Has a Gay Fashion Role

Crocheters, now is your big moment. Crocheting is rising to dizzy heights of style prestige this season. It is nothing less than astonishing to see what novel and intriguing costume accents can be achieved with crocheting. This new enthusiasm for crocheting is "going big" with leading designers everywhere who are bringing new artistry and imagination into the field of crochet design.

One of the most fascinating gestures noted this season is that the new longer length heralded for the smartest vividly colorful suede or fabric gloves is being achieved by either gauntlet or mosquitoire tops done in simple crocheting decorated with tiny crocheted flowers or tiny ruffles that finish the top edge and then go meandering down the glove.

Wool suits and dresses are cunningly detailed with pockets crocheted of yarn in either a matching or a contrasting color. A crocheted patch pocket embroidered in your monogram will add a thrilling touch to your long middy-like jersey sweater.

Other ideas include a border of crocheting that widens the brim of your gay colored felt hat. Add a bag and belt with related crocheted detail. Cover big button molds with plain crocheting adorned with an applique of crocheted flowers. Designers are also bringing genius to the crocheting of scarfs and triangular head coverings. In fact, there is no end to the charming and unique uses now being made of crocheting.

Silk Jersey



Here is a perfectly charming dinner gown made of silk jersey that combines sun tan beige for the blouse with black jersey for the skirt. The skirt is subtly draped in the new long sleek lines so popular this season. Note the new, long dolman sleeves. A wonderful black crepe felt turban has super-fine sheer black lace veiling arranged over its crown, the ends brought down and fastened under her chin. Gold buttons adorn the blouse.

History in the News

By FRED SCOTT WALTON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

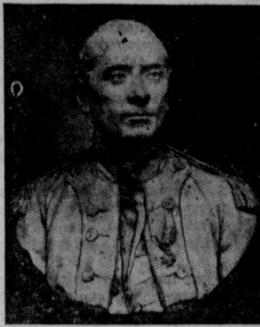
No. 1 U. S. Naval Hero

FOR more than 30 years the body of John Paul Jones has rested in a marble tomb in the crypt of the United States Naval Academy chapel at Annapolis. Recently a precious relic was placed in front of his sarcophagus. It is a plaster bust of America's No. 1 naval hero, made more than 150 years ago by Jean Antoine Houdon, the famous French sculptor.

This bust, one of only five of its kind known to be in existence, was presented to the Naval Academy museum by an organization known as the Friends of the United States Navy. Back of this gift is an interesting story.

In 1779 Capt. John Paul Jones was placed in command of the American frigate Bon Homme Richard. Upon his arrival in Paris, Jones, who had been a Mason since 1770, applied for affiliation with La Loge des Neuf-Souers or the Lodge of the Nine Sisters (meaning the nine Muses). This lodge, besides being a fraternal organization, was also a club for artists, writers and other intellectuals. Benjamin Franklin was its worshipful master and among its members was Houdon, the sculptor.

Before the lodge could act upon Jones' application, he had sailed away to challenge the power of the "Mistress of the Seas." On September 23, 1779, occurred his historic victory over the stronger British man-of-war, the Serapis, during



Bust of John Paul Jones by Houdon. (Photo, courtesy United States Naval Museum.)

which he uttered his immortal words of defiance—"I have not yet begun to fight!"

When Jones reached Paris the next spring, all France was eager to honor him. Not only did the Lodge of the Nine Sisters welcome him and initiate him into its membership, but it commissioned one of its members, Houdon, to make a bust of the victor for the lodge. King Louis XVI was so delighted over the defeat of the British frigate by the Bon Homme Richard that he gave Jones the Cross of Military Merit, the first time it had ever been presented to a foreigner.

Jones was proud of this honor and asked Houdon to depict it on the lapel of his coat when the sculptor made the original terra cotta bust of him in 1780, even though congress had not authorized him to accept a decoration from a foreign monarch.

Between 1786 and 1791 Houdon made 16 plaster copies of the bust on orders from Jones, who presented them to Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, Lafayette, Robert Morris, John Jay and others. The one presented to Jefferson was owned by the Boston Athenaeum for many years. But some time before 1900 it mysteriously disappeared from that museum and has never been found. Today the whereabouts of only five of the plaster copies of the original terra cotta, including the one recently presented to the Naval museum, are known, but several scholars are trying to find out what became of the other eleven.

In 1791 Jones ordered Houdon to make a plaster replica of the bust and on it, besides the Cross of Military Merit, show the Order of St. Ann, which Catherine the Great, empress of Russia, had given him in recognition of his services during the Russian war with Turkey. Soon afterwards Jones wrote to Jefferson, then secretary of state, asking Jefferson to obtain for him authority from congress to keep the decoration. At this time he stated that a congressman from North Carolina, his adopted state, had asked for a bust of him and that he had directed Houdon to prepare one, showing the Cross of St. Ann, and forward it to North Carolina. The state has no record of having received it and some of its historians are trying to determine what became of it because of the celebration in honor of Jones which is planned for 1942.

Houdon's bust of Jones was declared by some of his contemporaries to be a remarkably accurate likeness. President James Madison wrote to one of Jones' first biographers: "His bust by Houdon is an exact likeness, portraying well the characteristic features stamped on the countenance of the original." In criticizing a portrait which this same biographer had chosen for his book, President Thomas Jefferson wrote: "Houdon's bust of him is an excellent likeness. Why have they not taken a side face of him from that? Such a one would be perfect."

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