

# Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH Penn. Publishing Co. W.N.U. Service

## INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau gold country, six men 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.

There was the scuffling of moccasins in the trade-room below. "Sergeant!" called McNab, in a voice thin with excitement, "Who do you think's heading in here in that canoe?"

"If it's Tete-Blanche, McNab, watch your step. Have David and his boy stand by, outside. We can't see much through these cracks."

"It's Jules Isadore!"

"Isadore?" The three in the loft straightened where they lay. Finlay's fingers bit into Red's arm. Isadore, walking right into their hands! But the time was not ripe. There was Lise! There was that plane from the Bay and the evidence they lacked.

To have Isadore disappear, now, would put them all on their guard, at Waswanipi. Lise must be safe, first. No, the time was not ripe to arrest Jules Isadore.

"Get him to talk his head off!" Garry called. "Carry on as we planned!"

"Aye! Aye! I'm off to meet the blackguard!"

"Now what's he'll?" drawled Red. "What's he after, here? He must think we ran his guard on the Quiet Water. He's come here to pump McNab."

"He's worried," said Finlay. "He thinks we've slipped him and are making for the steel or Rupert."

"And he knows if we reach there it will cook his goose!"

After an interval Finlay recognized Isadore's voice as he entered the trade-room with McNab.

"Well, McNab," began Isadore with the purr of a cat in his voice, "I'm here to let by-gones be by-gones and I hope you are. We've fought for the fur in the past but I've got a proposition, now, that's to our mutual advantage." There was a dramatic pause, then: "McNab, you and I can make big money together."

Garry's elbow pressed Red's arm. "Oh, I know how to take a licking!" laughed McNab. "Before you go into it, sit down and have a taste of the best whiskey the Hudson's Bay ever imported."

"Thanks, I will!" There was the pop of a pulled cork, the tinkle of glass and an interval of silence, then: "By the way, did a party posing as government surveyors stop here in June?"

"No, but they stopped yesterday."

Through a crack between the planks Finlay saw Isadore's hand stiffen with the glass he held half way to his lips. Then the hand returned the glass to the table at which the two sat. "Went through yesterday?" Isadore's voice was as brittle as ice.

"Yes, bound for Rupert."

"They lied, McNab. They came here for supplies. They're bound back to Waswanipi. What kind of a cock-and-bull yarn did they tell you?"

McNab laughed. "Why, they had a wild tale about a medicine-man filling the Montagnais' heads with mumbo-jumbo and their stomachs with your whiskey, Isadore."

"My whiskey? That's a criminal offense! Do they think I'm a fool? The Indians believe Finlay's transit is an evil eye that has sickened some of the children. There are parties of Montagnais hunting for him, now."

"They're wasting their time. He's gone north."

"I don't think so!" There was an interval of silence then the trade-room rattled with Isadore's metallic laugh. "McNab, let's be frank! Just what did they tell you about Jules Isadore?"

It was McNab's turn to laugh. "It wasn't complimentary. They seem to think you know something about the drowning of those six men."

The muscles in Finlay's body tightened as he listened.

"I do," Isadore replied, in a voice as cool as wind off frozen tundra. "My people found two bodies and the Indians picked up pieces of canoes the year before that. But here's my proposition, McNab. It means comfort for you and your family for life. Man, I'll make you rich if you show the brains I think you've got."

"You mean—you've struck gold—on the Waswanipi?"

"I have. And I'm here to cut you in on it."

Finlay could hear Red's breath slowly leave his mouth. So Isadore had been protecting a gold strike on the river! That was the answer to it all.

"Gold! You've found gold in those sand-bars?"

"They're as rich as the beaches were at Nome, McNab. And I'm offering you an interest. Are you listening?"

"Am I listening? Man, you've knocked me flat as a wind-fall! A glass of scotch with you, Isadore, on your good luck!"

"And your good luck, McNab!" The neck of a bottle clicked against glasses as the drinks were poured.

"But before we talk business I want to ask you if this fake surveyor told you he shot three men and wounded another?"

"Shot three men? Why—what for?"

"I don't know, but he murdered them in cold blood. He's a gunman, a dead shot, sent here by a Montreal syndicate to locate our placer strike."

"To avoid a rush of prospectors in here we've never registered our claims. The minute we did that the lake would be over-run. But they've found out we ship gold to Montreal. So they're out to jump us. Of course he can make a map. He's a mining engineer."

Red's fingers closed on Finlay's arm as McNab exploded: "Well, I'll be skinned! A gunman! Killer! That's what he's here for! To locate your gold strike!"

"Exactly!"

The conversation below was approaching the boiling point for the three men rigid in the fur-loft.

"Well, I'm waiting for your proposition, Isadore."

"Just a minute until I give you the picture. Finlay's going back up the Waswanipi to hunt for our placer beds. And he's going to disappear. He'll either drown as the other men did, in that white-water, or the Montagnais will wipe out his party. When the police are sent in here to investigate, they'll blame me for losing control of my Indians and not notifying the authorities. They may even charge me with knowing too much about those men who were drowned!"

"All right! Where do I come in, Isadore?"

"You're going to say when they take your testimony that you know

"Comin' on to blow, soon! Beeg wind cloud een south-west! We gotta start to camp at de inlet."

"All right, I'll be with you in a minute!"

The men left the trade-house.

"McNab," said Isadore, pushing back his chair, "you're a shrewd man and know where your bread's buttered. Stick with me and I'll make you rich!" The ice suddenly returned to Isadore's voice. "But if you change your mind—if the police scare you and you double-cross me, you won't live long! Understand me, McNab?" Isadore snapped his fingers. "You'll disappear like that!"

But the trader laughed. "You think I'm crazy, Isadore?" he blurted, and Finlay was relieved. "Leave the police to me, man. I'll handle them. We're partners now, aren't we? You've cut me in on a bonanza! Don't worry about Duncan McNab!"

The two men left the trade-room bound for the shore. Shortly the put-put of the outboard motor drifted up from the lake. With a grunt of relief Red rolled over on his back and stretched his long arms as Blaise and Garry sat up.

"So it's placer gold on the Waswanipi he's covering up, after all! What a line of honey he handed McNab! And did McNab do a job on him?"

"We may have use for that fake bill of sale, some day. Well, Blaise, how about it?"

"Kiputeh!" Blaise grunted, regretfully. "We make big mistake to let dat fallar go! He hunt us all de more hard now he link he got McNab in his pocket!"

"That's true! He'll make the lake hot for us, now, but we haven't got the evidence I want, yet. What puzzles me, Red, is this plane from the Bay. It doesn't fit into the picture."

McNab found his guests waiting in the trade-room. "Well, how was that?" the Scotchman chuckled.

"McNab, you'd have made a great actor! It was perfect!"

"A fifth interest in Waswanipi Gold, when issued!" exploded McNab. "He must think I'm a numbskull to swallow that. It'll never be issued. If he gets out of this scrape, all he has to do is incorporate under another name and McNab holds the bag. It took will power, Sergeant, not to smother that sneering face of his. He forgot I'm Scotch."

"So am I," Garry laughed. "But Isadore's badly worried. He knows he'll need your help with the police."

"Anyhow, I'm richer by a thousand dollars, if it's not counterfeit."

"That's also evidence we may use," said Garry. "Well, if this storm blows over, we're going to paddle all night, so we'll say good-by."

Red lingered behind as Garry and Blaise left the room.

"I want a word with you, Mr. McNab, before we go," he said. The trader stared curiously into Red's candid, blue eyes. "Well, constable, what's on your mind?"

"This! Why, you've only known her since yesterday."

"That's true," Malone's eyes were dark with the intensity of his feeling. "But it didn't take us long to find out. I just want to tell you that I'm coming back here. She'll be waiting for me."

McNab's bushy brows pulled down over his searching eyes as he studied Malone's bronzed face, shot with freckles. "I didn't realize—you two—"

"It seems sudden, I know. I've never believed in it. But it's true. Thistle and I knew last night that it was—that way with us. I love her, and don't fear, I'll come back through hell for her!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Defense Uniforms Can Be as Smart as They Are Practical

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



NOW that thousands of women are engaged in defense service that takes them into factories and plants, or that keeps them busy on the farm, designers are confronted with a new challenge to create practical clothes that are primarily functional but are also chic and becoming.

In this program of clothes that are able to resist wear and tear, the first problem to be considered is necessarily that of finding materials that will give satisfaction from the standpoint of wearability plus launderability. Since sturdy cottons can "take it," they naturally are first in fabric choice. Denim holds forth at the top of the list in either solid colors or stripes (often combined for contrast). Then come coverts, manish tweed cotton suitings and that favorite of favorites—corduroy.

White duck, which holds an enviable record for perfect laundering, is particularly smart for young girls who like snappy fashions and who are stationed in surroundings that demand they look immaculate. This fabric is suitable not only for overalls, but also for overseas caps, to keep straying locks from the eyes. To the left in the illustration above is a costume especially designed for American women at work in defense industries, on farms, or in the air. This "civilian defense suit" is cut on a pattern of simplicity that any woman can make for herself, even if she is a novice at sewing. Note that this suit of washable white duck is one-piece. This garment has convertible trousers which may be worn full or snuggled in to insure protection from possible entanglement in machinery.

Uniforms for women must have certain basic protective details such as those mentioned above, and they must also be designed for freedom of movement. They must be easy to take off and on, with straps caught at the back so that overalls will not slip off at the shoulders, with snap fasteners at the ankles for comfort and protection.

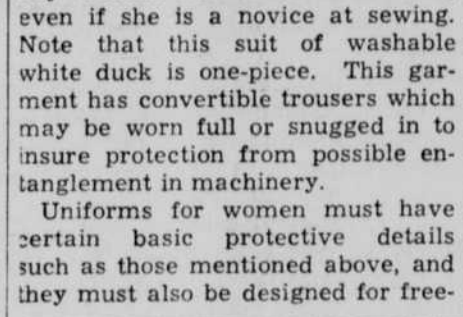
Corduroy mix-mates give opportunity for bright color, style and service and all in one. They meet the farm girl's needs to perfection, and they are equally as useful and smart in the factory. Not only is the never-wear-out quality of corduroy a convincing argument in its favor, but corduroy has that something attractive about it that measures up to any wear required of it from work to play. It goes about town or trudges along country roads with equal adaptability.

The attractiveness of corduroy is shown in the illustration above by the culotte ensemble centered in the group. In this instance, a bright plaid cotton shirt is teamed with a corduroy culotte and vest. Corduroy shoes and cotton stockings complete a perfect outfit for all sorts of active wear. In this smart, good-looking ensemble one can confidently go about town on a shopping tour, feeling suitably dressed for the occasion.

Mixmate this vest of corduroy with slacks, shown to the right in the picture above, and you have a suit that gives the answer to a gay young farmerette as to "what to wear" about home during busy hours. Wear a corduroy beret with this suit if you must go into town on an errand, or whatever the call of duty may happen to be.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

**Bright Wool**



What with all the glitter of sequin and spangle, it is a relief to turn to the lovely color-bright soft wool classics that fashion elects for style supremacy this winter. Undoubtedly these flattering little wools, fashioned as they are with studied simplicity, will be "stealing the show" during the weeks to come. These lovely classic wools make color their theme, and worn under winter furs, they lead the first-in-fashion group. Pictured is a charming model of Fortmann wool in a subtle green that goes beautifully with any fur. There is a restrained accent of sparkling gilt on the belt and front closing. Wear a flaring hat and carry a beaver muff.

**Dutch Bonnets and Hoods Have Peasant Embroidery**

A charming new fashion that is going the rounds this winter, to the delight of high school and college girls, is that of cunning little hoods or bonnets cut in the manner of Dutch bonnets or baby caps and made of bright felt. Or, if you prefer, they can be gaily crocheted. These are adorned with appliques of felt flowers in peasant colorings or trimmed in crocheted flowers. They tie under the chin, and they lend a most attractive dash of color to a wintry landscape. They're perfect with skating outfits, or to wear to and from dances, or to school.

**Here's the Latest Style: Dresses With Apron Front**

Here's the latest bit of fashion gossip. It's all about the dresses with cleverly designed apron fronts. This new fashion calls for a pencil-skirt, at the front of which there is a tie-on apron effect. Sometimes it is achieved with a cascade drape of material. Again it is a pleated tie-on that makes the apron. However, the cleverest of all, because it introduces the right print accent, is the applique of cut out floral prints. The effect is just about as charming as fancy can picture, especially if a corresponding touch of the print appears on the sleeves.

**Evening Capes Sparkle With Beads and Sequins**

Just as new as the coming New Year are the new evening capes, some long and some short, that are made of bright colored woollens handsomely and elaborately embroidered with sparkling stones or sequins or vivid yarns. A favorite color for these gay little capes is magenta. Jet beading on black or white wool also ranks high in chic.

## History in the News

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

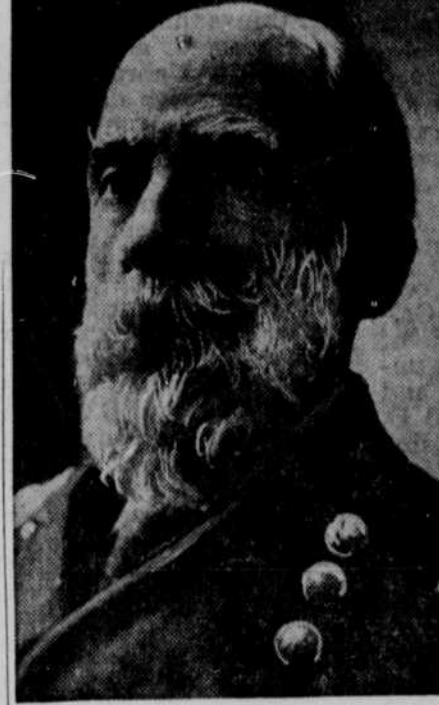
### New Club Is a WOW

ADD to the list of unusual American clubs a new one that's definitely a WOW!

It's the Wheelers of the World club and it's made up of people named Wheeler—that is, those Wheelers who are "agin' Burton K. and for 'Fighting Joe.'" Its purpose, say its sponsors, is "to revive the spirit of Fighting Joe and save the faces of all present-day Wheelers" (at least, those who don't approve of the Montana senator's isolationism), and its aim is "to raise enough money to buy a bomber for Britain and name it the 'Fighting Joe' Wheeler."

The man whom they thus propose to honor was one of the most colorful characters in American military history.

Graduated from West Point in 1859, Wheeler was appointed a lieutenant in the United States army but resigned his commission when Georgia seceded from the Union. When he entered the Confederate army he was first made colonel of an infantry regiment and commanded a brigade at the Battle of Shiloh.



'FIGHTING JOE' WHEELER

But the next year he was transferred to the cavalry and made a brigadier general.

Promoted to major-general when he was only 26 years old, Wheeler was given command of the cavalry attached to the Army of Tennessee and in that position rendered invaluable service to its inept and indecisive commander, Braxton Bragg.

One of Wheeler's political opponents later said of him that he "had never won a battle." More important is the fact that he often saved the Army of Tennessee from defeat.

For Wheeler proved that he understood the true function of the cavalry, that of being the "eyes of the army," and his right to fame rests upon the fact that he was an "army cavalryman," not an "independent cavalryman." Other Southern leaders like Forrest, Stuart and Morgan might perform spectacular feats as raiders, but all too often they were away on some dashing foray when they were most needed as the "eyes of the army" and it is doubtful if they were ever as valuable to their commanding generals as was "Fighting Joe."

That was the affectionate nickname his men gave him soon after he was transferred to the cavalry and he proved his right to it during the remainder of the war. By the time it was over, he had taken part in 400 engagements, been wounded three times and had 16 horses shot under him. "The gamble little banty I ever knew" was the tribute one of his friends paid him—he was only five feet five inches in height and weighed only 120 pounds.

After the war he quickly adjusted himself to peace-time pursuits, studied law and was repeatedly elected to congress.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, although 62 years old, he immediately applied for a commission and was made a major-general of volunteers. Thus he became the only corps commander to wear both the gray and the blue. In Cuba the little "Georgia Gamecock" defied his commanding officer, General Shafter, who was as big as Wheeler was small, and led 1,000 men in a wholly unauthorized but successful fight at Guasimas, the first battle of the Santiago campaign. It was in the fury of this engagement that "Fighting Joe" is said to have forgotten that he wasn't wearing a gray uniform and to have shouted "Come on, boys, give the Yankees hell!" He died in 1906 and was buried in Arlington.

The prime mover in the organization of the new club to "revive the spirit of 'Fighting Joe' Wheeler" is Elmer ("Sizzle") Wheeler of Dallas, Texas, a nationally known sales consultant and author of the book "Tested Sentences That Sell." He is also president of the Tested Selling Institute of New York, founded 12 years ago to test words and phrases for their relative value in making people buy things. He tells salesmen "Don't ask if—ask which." It was his famous slogan "Don't sell the steak—sell the sizzle" that gave him his nickname.

## Winter Sports Set In Simple Crochet



Pattern 2993

Pigtails of wool are the chief lure to this crocheted cap that does for all winter sports including that of being decorative. Mittens and a scarf complete the set.

Pattern 2993 contains directions for making the set in 12-16 year sizes; illustrations of it and stitches; materials required. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. 82 Eighth Ave. New York Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. .... Name ..... Address .....

## Flam and Eggs

sure sound good! You'd order it in a minute if you didn't remember your last experience, when all you got out of it was GAS pains, bad breath and sour stomach, probably due to a spell of CONSTIPATION. Next time have ADLERIKA handy. It is an effective blend of 5 carminatives and 3 laxatives for DOUBLE action. ADLERIKA quickly relieves gas, and gentle bowel action follows surprisingly fast. Tear out this ad and take it along to the drug store.

## Self-Sufficient

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies that the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken.—La Rochefoucauld.

## FOR WOMEN ONLY!

If you suffer from monthly cramps, headache, backache, nervousness and distress of "irregularities"—caused by functional monthly disturbances—try Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for relieving pain and nervous feelings of women's "difficult days." Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. WORTH TRYING!

## Charm of Life

Illusion and wisdom combined are the charm of life and art.—Joseph Joubert.

## Relieves CHAPPED SKIN

● If your skin is chapped, you will be delighted with the effect of Mentholatum applied to the stinging, red, swollen parts. Mentholatum quickly cools and soothes the irritation, assisting Nature to more quickly heal the injury. Mentholatum is also a most soothing and effective application for other minor skin irritations. Jars or tubes, 30c.

## MENTHOLATUM

## BEACONS of SAFETY

● Like a beacon light on the height—the advertisements in newspapers direct you to newer, better and easier ways of providing the things needed or desired. It shines, this beacon of newspaper advertising—and it will be to your advantage to follow it whenever you make a purchase.