

# Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

**INSTALLMENT FOURTEEN**

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

"I don't think you'll come back, Constable Malone, good man as you are! It's too bad—too bad! Poor Thistle," McNab said.

"I wanted to be honest with you and tell you, myself."

Isadore's canoe was out of sight when Blaise and the fretting dog stood beside the loaded Peterboro. Near them Finlay talked with McNab of the message leaving for the steel in the morning. Then the stockade gate opened and Red and Thistle walked slowly toward the shore. McNab turned his head winking hard at the sudden moisture in his eyes.

"What a pair!" said Garry. "She's a lovely girl, McNab. I've worked with him for five years, now, and he's a man, every inch of that six feet three."

"What a pity, Sergeant! If you'd only wait for help—only wait!"

Finlay smiled and shook his head. Walking slowly Red and Thistle approached. She was laughing now, laughing up at him through misty eyes.

"Just like him!" thought Finlay. They stopped near the canoe and Red had her two hands. She flung back her red-gold head and gazed hungrily into his face while he talked.

"Come now!" they heard him say. "Chase the clouds out of those blue eyes! I want to see you smile again before I go. Show your dimples, Lady! Laugh just once more for Red!"

She caught her breath as she smiled up at him, oblivious of them all, then flung her arms about his neck. "I can't let you go, Red!" she sobbed. "You'll never come back! They'll never let you come back to me!"

The others turned away as she clung to him. Later, until the post buildings faded from the sight of those in the canoe, a flutter of white in the clearing marked where a girl waved her farewell.

## CHAPTER XIV

Two days later the canoe had passed through Lake Olga of the chain of large lakes and was on the Quiet Water below the Montagnais camp on the island.

"There's the top-stick spruce David told us to look for!" announced Finlay.

"Ah-hah! David say dat chain of lake lie a mile sout' of here," said Blaise. "We portage to de lake and pass round de Indian watin' on de river, den follow outlet of las' lake to Waswanipi."

In the morning they started packing the canoe and provisions through the spruce, tamarack and Jack-pine, spotted with hardwood, to David's chain of lakes.

Blazing a trail as he traveled, Blaise had reached the first lake with a backload and was returning to pack the canoe through with Finlay when he met the sweating Red bowed under three bags of flour.

Red went on and shortly saw water shimmering through the trees. He was close to the shore when he heard a movement ahead of him in hardwood scrub.

Porcupine, likely, he thought, and kept on.

Then dry twigs snapped in front of him. He lifted his head and looked. Taking deliberate aim with his rifle stood an Indian. Malone pivoted on his heels. With a twist of his head and lift of his shoulders he dropped his backload as the Indian fired. There was a thud as the bullet struck the rolling top bag. With a lunge Red was buried deep in a clump of small fir.

The windless forest vibrated with silence. The Indian who had fired on him could not be far but the brush was so thick he could see nothing. So Red decided to stalk him. With his heavy pistol in his teeth he hunched foot by foot on his elbows until his range of vision had increased to twenty yards.

Around him lances of sunlight thrust through the treetops splashing the underbrush with gold. Still the bush was as soundless as a vacuum. Then a squirrel chattered from somewhere in front and Red smiled. "Ah, there you are!"

He wormed along in the direction of the sound. Then he stiffened suddenly where he lay. Back in the forest rose the guttural "craack-craack!" of the northern raven. Red's eyes snapped as he nodded his head. Shortly the croaking was followed by a dismal "kooer-kooer!"

"Montagnais, say your prayers!" chuckled Malone! "There's a carajou hunting you! That was no raven! That was Blaise's signal!"

Again Red inched his way through young fir and hardwood. But he saw nothing.

Once more the "kooer-kooer!" of the raven startled the forest—much nearer now and followed by a metallic "klunk!"

But Red could not answer. He was too close to deceive Indian ears.

"They're growing nervous! They don't like that old raven moving in on their rear. He's got them guessing. If I could only get a shot, I'd start a stampede." But Red's eyes,

lancing the undergrowth, found no target.

Then, from deep in the forest drifted the familiar yelp of the airdale on a rabbit trail. Flame and Garry! Sweat burst from Red's brow. They must be warned!

There was a sudden movement in the bush. Red lifted his head to catch the fluttering of young fir tops as a dark shape moved through. Once, twice, the 45 roared. Two rifles crashed back in reply. Twigs flew from the saplings where Malone had knelt. But he was already yards away under new cover.

"Thank God! That will stop Garry!" he panted. "There're three of them, at least, but they're worried. When Flame shows up there'll be a circus."

Again the "craack-craack!" of the raven bludgeoned the silence. Nearer now. For a space the stillness beat painfully on Malone's eardrums as he lay nursing his pistol. Then, in the soundless forest lifted a scream that was cut off short as if steel jaws had clamped on a throat.

Red heard a movement in the brush and, rising, saw a disappearing shape. He fired; fired again. There was the "brang!" of a Lee-Enfield, the savage challenge of Flame, then the muffled snarl of a dog closing with his enemy; rightened cries mingling with Garry's commands: "No, Flame! Let him up! Let go, Flame!"

Malone thrashed back into the bush to find Finlay holding the mad-

dened airdale away from a young Indian sprawled on the ground.

"You're all right, Red? They didn't hit you?" cried Garry. "Flame had this boy down when I reached him!"

Nursing his bitten arm, the young Montagnais lifted frightened eyes to the giant who glared down at him.

"It's all right!" soothed Garry. "We won't hurt you!"

"Where's Blaise?" demanded Red. "I didn't get a clean shot but I was afraid you'd walk into them, so fired anyway to warn you. How many were there?"

"This one and two others, I think," replied Finlay, lashing Flame to a tree and starting to examine the shaking boy who watched him with the eyes of a dog.

"Where are you, Blaise?" called Malone. "What was that yell?" Red found Blaise beside a limp shape in the brush.

"Ah-hah!" Brassard was studying the grimaing face from which glazed eyes stared at the sunlit trees.

"Recognize him?"

"Ah-hah! We see heem at de islan' at head of lake."

"He'll drink no more of Tete-Blanche's whiskey. What was that scream?"

Brassard opened and closed his steel fingers in a significant gesture. "Dat fallar run into de old raven." The slits of eyes in his granite face glittered. "De raven squeeze him wid his claw."

"Pity it wasn't Batoche or Tete-Blanche!"

Garry bandaged the boy's lacerated arm while Blaise assured him in Cree that he was safe. Slowly recovering from his terror the fifteen year old lad told Brassard his story in Montagnais. He had been forced by his older brothers to join the party Tete-Blanche had sent to block the Quiet Water. They had decided that it was a bank beaver they had heard the night they fired on the Peterboro but Isadore had returned from Matagami the day before and had doubled the night guard on the river. He, Joe Patamish, and the two men lying there in the scrub had packed the canoe to the lake that morning to hunt moose. When they saw freshly cut birch on the shore, they had landed and found Brassard's bags and footprints. So they had decided to am-

plish the next man over the trail. Patamish had no gun. They had brought him to help carry the meat and the canoe. He had nothing against these white men and wanted to run away. But his companions had threatened to shoot him if he didn't stay. When the firing began he had started to run but the dog had pulled him down.

"Ask him if he believes we've sickened the children with the evil eye as Kinebik says," suggested Garry.

The boy's black eyes glanced at his carefully bandaged arm, then lifted to the faces of the white men and his keen face lighted in a smile. "No," he said to Blaise, "this white man saved me from his dog and bound my arm. He would not sicken children."

"That's the lad, Joe Patamish!" applauded Finlay. "There are brains under that mop of hair. Tell him, Blaise, he's going with us but until we're sure he won't run away, we'll have to tie him up. This kid is going to be useful."

"He'll be very useful," he added. "Now let's get the canoe and the rest of our stuff across this carry."

But the boy had not finished his story. As he talked the furrows cut deep into Blaise's face.

He made a clicking sound with his tongue as he gravely shook his head.

"What does he say?" demanded Garry.

"Dere was big fight at de islan'! Chief Wabistan kech Kinebik and Tete-Blanche wid whiskey for Montagnais. Michel Wabistan and two oders was shot. Der is moch trouble for Chief Wabistan."

"Poor Michel!" said Finlay. "He was a good boy! Well, Mr. Isadore, you're rolling up the score against yourself!"

"Joe Patamish say, al-so," continued Blaise. "dat Kinebik make big medicine wen de August moon is round."

"Red, we'll be there! Now, men, let's get going!"

Through the following night three silent men pushed the Peterboro up Waswanipi bound for their rendezvous with Chief Wabistan.

Malone, whose invincible optimism tolerated no thought of defeat, was deep in dreams of a red-gold head and a pair of laughing eyes back at Matagami.

But as their maple blades put mile after mile of the sleeping lake behind them, in the harassed brains of Finlay and Blaise there was small hope of winning out as only through some miracle of chance could they hope to checkmate the red hunters inflamed by Tete-Blanche's whiskey and Kinebik's magic.

Joe Patamish had told them that most of the young men had left the fishing camps and joined Kinebik's crusade to save the children. Only a handful of Wabistan's relatives and friends had rallied around the chief. And Finlay realized, bitterly, that if he should manage to hang on until the arrival of the police plane, he would be no nearer his goal. He had come to find the men responsible for the disappearance of Bob Finlay and the others. He had found them but he still had no legal proof of their guilt. And how, with the Montagnais out of control, could he hope to arrest and hold Isadore and Tete-Blanche even for breach of the Indian whiskey law? They'd laugh at him, wipe out his party and disappear, as McNab said, into the muskug of the Bitter Water. In his message to headquarters he had asked for a police plane by September first to carry his prisoners south. That plane would arrive too late. Sergeant Garrett Finlay and Constable Malone would then be beyond need of help. And Lise! What would happen to the girl he had promised to see safe at Matagami—who had stormed into his heart that day on the beach? He choked back a groan as he thought of the love that had come so strangely into his life. What would become of Lise?

They slept all day hidden in the timber of the point where Wabistan was to meet them. That night a canoe slid into the beach. Finlay took the old man's bony hand.

"You have lost your son. I am sad," Garry said.

"My son and my people have left me! The heart of Wabistan is sick. Now his knife is sharp like an eagle's beak. His gun is loaded."

"You must eat first," said Finlay, "then let us talk over our pipes beside the fire which is hidden from the lake."

As they ate Moise Wabistan and his father gave to Blaise in their native tongue the story of their finding Tete-Blanche and Kinebik at a Montagnais camp and of the fight that followed.

"Dey say," interpreted Blaise, "de Montagnais was drunk and would not listen wen dey tell dem Kinebik was a false shaman and work for Isadore. De ole chief start for Kinebik wid his knife! Tete-Blanche shoot Michel and dere was ver' bad time. Dere was too many man for Wabistan and his fre'n' to fight and dey leave."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Prints Make Their Appearance With Bright Floral Patterns

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WELCOME the new prints! They are gay, they are lovely, they are everything you want them to be in the way of chic and refreshing novelty. It's going to be a most exciting time for prints from now on. Not only are they putting in a much earlier appearance than usual, but they are strikingly novel in both color and design.

Smartly in keeping with the vogue for bright touches to add warmth and color to the winter wardrobe, charming rayon prints are appearing in such an out-of-the-ordinary assortment that they set a new high in zestful color and originality.

Speaking of the unusualness of new print design, you'll be thrilled with the charm of the new lace prints which fashion enthusiastically features this season. They are simply stunning! In some instances the lace motifs are so strikingly realistic it almost seems as if they were appliqued to their background. However, you will find it is really artfully printed patterning. Many of these lace prints are combined with gorgeous florals.

It is just such lavish lace designs as pictured to the right in the foreground of the group illustrated that are calling forth ohs and ahs from print-seeking enthusiasts. Here the patterning captures the delicate tracery of lace paper doilies and the color glory of chrysanthemums for a striking print design on fine acetate rayon jersey. The styling of this winsome midseason dress conveys a message of soft draping and a very important message it is, too, for the newer silhouettes are making a feature of slenderizing drape technique.

An outstanding treatment found in the new prints is that of wide-spaced, brilliant florals that con-

trast vividly against navy or black grounds. Such designs as scattered rose or tulip prints vie for popularity with extravagant mixtures of many-colored exotic blooms. See the stunning dress worn by the figure seated on arm of chair, as shown to the left in the picture. The luxurious rayon crepe used for this newest and smartest of afternoon dresses glories in an exquisite flower and feather patterning in many colors. This deftly draped and molded-to-the-figure frock is a typically last-minute creation which answers the question of what's new for immediate wear.

Centered in the picture above is a charming print design of immense parma violets giving an exquisite handpainted effect to the softly draped flat rayon crepe that fashions this graceful, full-skirted frock. Watch for these handpainted effects, which are stunningly achieved with multi-color bouquets or single flowers spaced widely over backgrounds of fine rayon crepe in solid tones.

Be on the lookout, also, for the new and fascinating feather prints. Soft plume effects are being importantly featured; also graceful palm fronds that look very tropical when green widely-spaced ferns or palms are printed on white grounds. Other important prints that take you into the realm of small, bright effects carry interestingly diminutive flumes, formalized medallions and curlicues, or exotic paisley patternings.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

# Star Dust

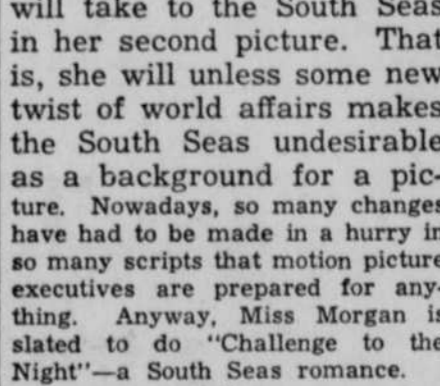
STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE  
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

MICHELE MORGAN, the French actress who will make her American film debut in RKO's "Joan of Paris," will take to the South Seas in her second picture. That is, she will unless some new twist of world affairs makes the South Seas undesirable as a background for a picture. Nowadays, so many changes have had to be made in a hurry in so many scripts that motion picture executives are prepared for anything. Anyway, Miss Morgan is slated to do "Challenge to the Night"—a South Seas romance.

Madeleine Carroll has had to do a bit of plan-changing herself. She was determined to go back to England, you know; had got a year's leave of absence and was set to go home and entertain troops or do anything else that would be useful. As soon as "My Favorite Blonde" was finished she'd be on her way. But our entrance into the war has changed all that; she'll stay here, and probably play a lead role in "Her Perfect Mate."

Metro's writers seem to be turning Robert Taylor into a tough guy, making him discard his gentlemanly ways for two guns and a swag-



ROBERT TAYLOR

ger. He was a vicious killer in "Billy the Kid," and in "Johnny Eager" he emerges again as a cruel gangland leader. Even slugs Lana Turner!

"Dumbo," Walt Disney's latest feature, has been voted one of the ten best pictures of the year in a nationwide poll of junior film critics, conducted by the National Board of Review. "The Little Foxes" and "Citizen Kane" were also included.

Paramount's going to make "Wake Island" an all-star picture; it is being written by W. R. Burnett, author of "Little Caesar" and "High Sierra," and was suggested, of course, by the gallant fight put up by the marines on the tiny Pacific outpost.

Dorothy Lamour has 60 new spring hats! She won them—the California Millinery guild voted her America's Best Hatted Girl, and donated the bonnets as a reward. Maybe they just wanted to make sure that she wouldn't join the hatless brigade, that's giving the nation's milliners so much to worry about.

Come weal, come woe, Edward Small goes right on filming those swashbuckling tales of Dumas. The latest, "The Corsican Brothers," with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. playing both of them, was given its first showing at Washington, D. C., with practically everybody of importance on the invitation list.

Elizabeth Wayne, the Mutual chain's young American representative in Batavia, Dutch East Indies, is the envy of many veteran newsmen and broadcasters. After being on the air only seven months, she suddenly found herself in a most important spot. She's a free lance journalist, and was writing for local Batavian newspapers when the Dutch radio chain, Nirom, asked her to broadcast to America. Since then she has been heard regularly over Mutual.

From now on you're likely to hear any of 14 dialects in any language, spoken by anyone from 18 to 80, on the "Joyce Jordan—Girl Interne" radio serial. The reason is the fact that Luis Van Rotten has joined the cast. He's been signed to play a straight role, but how in the world can a script writer resist making use of his amazing talents as an imitator?

ODDS AND ENDS—Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy are teamed in Columbia's "Trinidad," with Janet Blair making her screen singing debut—she was the vocalist with the late Hal Kemp's dance band. A film trade paper reports that Gene Autry has risen to second place in national film popularity. "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" will soon be released, and "Tarzan Against the World" has gone into production. Lew Ayres has given up that idea of making a picture in China, naturally; he'll make "Fingers at the Window" next, forsaking Dr. Kildare's stethoscope.

# FARM TOPICS

RATE EACH COW TO VALUE HERD

Animal Must Be Checked For Replacements.

By W. T. CRANDALL  
(Professor of Animal Husbandry, Cornell University.)

Every dairyman should know just how good each of his cows is; lack of knowledge makes for waste in feeding and poor judgment in selecting herd replacements.

The use of milk scales every day for every cow will show the farmer the true value of his cows over a period of months.

With knowledge of daily production, the farmer can vary a cow's ration to meet her needs, and thus avoid any waste of costly concentrates. Often the man who feeds is not the man who does the milking, and the only way he can feed properly is to study the daily production record of each cow.

By feeding grain carefully to each cow according to her needs, it may be possible to increase the total herd production, even though considerably less total grain is fed.

In some herds, where several men do the milking, a daily production chart usually stimulates the men to do a more thorough job of milking. It becomes, in a way, a measure of their efforts.

Check the milk scales periodically for accuracy, and make sure they are hung in enough light to be read easily. Put the daily production chart near the scales, and see that it is kept clean and easily read.

## Farm Electrification Still Relatively Low

Although under the government program rural electrification in this country has made striking progress in recent years, the number of farms using electrified agricultural equipment has remained relatively low, according to the department of commerce.

It is estimated that at the present time more than 2,000,000 farms, or approximately 35 per cent of the country's total, have access to electric current. The proportion of farms served by electricity is highest in the northeastern and extreme western states and lowest in the southern and Great Plains states. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and California, five out of every six farm homes are now electrically lighted.

A recent survey of families served by Rural Electrification administration systems in 33 states showed that 89.7 per cent had radio receiving sets; 85.3 per cent had irons, 55 per cent washing machines, 41.8 per cent electric refrigerators, and 21 per cent vacuum cleaners. On the other hand, only 18.4 per cent reported electric water pumps, 16.5 per cent utility farm motors, 10.5 per cent poultry lighting, 8.2 per cent cream separators, and 1.1 per cent milk coolers.

The results of this nation-wide survey, are significant of the potential market, not only for household appliances but more particularly for electrical farm equipment.

## U. S. Silk Production Has Many Barriers

The current shortage of silk brings to mind the fact that Cortez imported silkworms and mulberry seed into Mexico back in 1522. Nothing much came of that.

Attempts have been made to start a silk industry in the United States since the days of the first settlers. The U. S. department of agriculture carried on experiments in silk production for some years but discontinued them in 1908 when the venture failed to show promise.

Brazil has had some success in producing silk but even there the production is far below domestic needs.

The main barriers to silk production in the United States are the large amount of hand labor required in caring for silkworms and the expense of the reeling process by which the cocoons are unwound and the strands blended to form threads.

Increased use of cotton and of the silk substitutes, such as rayon and nylon, are expected to take the place of silk in the domestic field. So far no substitute has been satisfactory for parachutes and powder bags for large caliber guns.

## Rat Racketeers

Rats are real racketeers on farms, in the opinion of T. H. Parks, extension specialist, Ohio State university, who says these rodents cost the average farmer \$40 annually in damage done besides being a carrier of diseases.

Community campaigns to rid premises of rats are most effective because the rodents travel from farm to farm. Poison baits can be prepared cheaper per unit in large quantities than in smaller amounts.

## Crocheted



To give the smart fillop to your appearance you really should wear a touch of crochet somewhere about your costume, now that crochet has grown to be one of the most outstanding words in the present-day fashion vocabulary. Why not crochet a beret as pictured above, the original of which was shown in an all-crochet fashion show recently sponsored by the National Needlecraft Bureau?

For the smart beret here shown, Wanda Kofler, a designer noted for her artistry and skill in crochet, uses two shades of pink mercerized cotton. Worn with a cerise colored crepe afternoon dress, it makes a smart ensemble for a luncheon or bridge engagement.

## Plastic Bags

Surprise and delight await those who first see the new handbags made of woven plastic thread. With the possible shortage of other materials plastics are definitely "in."

## 'Ballerina' Dress Delights the Young

As a compromise, here is an evening dress that looks festive but not too formal. It is a new type of frock—the ballerina dress, which has recently made its appearance in the fashion picture.

As its name implies, this new frock is full-skirted and ankle-length. It really is a forerunner of the short-length evening dress. Young, pretty and so new is this dainty dress. The prettiest of materials go into its making. Lovely prints vied beautifully to the ballerina silhouette. Perhaps most charming of all are the ballerina dresses made of lace. The bodices that top the ballerina skirts are purposely styled with the utmost simplicity, have short sleeves, fit snugly and add to their lure with deep-cut square or heart-shaped necklines.

A most significant sidelight on the ballerina vogue is that the junior and teen-age girls are so fascinated with the idea they are adopting the fashion for daytime dresses of gay chintz and crisp cottons.

## New Sweaters

Luxury-type sweaters are taking on most dazzling details for evening wear. It's a good plan to have one or two sweaters in reserve. They play such a varied and helpful part in either your afternoon or your really "dress-up" wardrobe, with short skirts or the long evening skirts.

## Lisle Mesh

Here's your answer to the hosiery problem! It's smart lisle hose in flattering mesh—perfect with your daytime woollens and tweeds. Favorite colors are cocobark, brown-butter and honeycomb. If you prefer fine plain lisle without mesh, it is now available in all leading stores.