

GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE STORY SO FAR: Alan Slade has agreed to fly a "scientist" named Frayne to the Anawotio river to look for the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. It is black country, and Alan suspects Frayne of having something up his sleeve, but Norland Airways needs the job. Slade and his partner, Cruger, have been having trouble competing with the larger companies, and Frayne has paid enough to enable Cruger to buy the plane they need. When he thought Norland was going to have to quit, Slade applied for overseas service with the army air corps. His application was rejected, but his disappointment has been lessened considerably by the brighter outlook for the business and by the fact that Lynn Monlock, the local doctor's daughter, has decided not to go to England with her Red Cross unit. Now he has gone with Lynn while she gives first aid treatment to an outcast flyer named Slim Tumstead, who has been hurt in a fight. They learn that Tumstead knows about Frayne and about the new Lockheed. It is a few minutes later, and they are talking about their plans for the future. Lynn feels that she must think first of her father's happiness.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER IV

"But you mustn't forget," Slade contended, "that you have your own life to live."

"That's what I'm trying to remember," was Lynn's vibrant-voiced reply.

They came to a stop in front of the hospital steps.

"Some day," he said with a wave of recklessness, "I'll make you see it my way."

If it sounded like a threat it brought no touch of concern to the hazel eyes searching his face. A smile even hovered about her lip ends.

"You've got a harder job than that," she retorted, "if you're flying in to the Anawotio tomorrow." Then the smile disappeared. "By the way, I saw that ornithologist who's flying in with you. He was asking me what I knew about the country north of the Kasakana."

"Is he as screwy as he sounds?" asked Slade.

"He's far from screwy," was Lynn's slightly retarded answer. "He struck me as being cold and hard and shrewd. And I can't figure out what he's after. It rather makes me wish someone else was piloting him into that wilderness."

Slade was able to laugh, as they shook hands.

"Don't lose sleep over that," he proclaimed. Then he laughed again. "I've flown some queer nuts into the North."

Slade, hurrying down to the air harbor, could see his moored plane being warped in to the landing dock. On the dock itself he could make out Cassidy, of the Norland staff, and two strange figures, one more massive than the other. But what held his eye was the amount of duffel piled along the dock's edge.

As Cruger had told him, they were giving him a load all right. Even Cassidy's broad face broke into a smile as he handed him the scaleslip. For Slade's glance, at the moment, was directed toward the two men already interested in getting their equipment aboard. He resented the offhand way in which the bigger of the two strangers was clamoring about his ship. The worn wolfskin coat that covered the wide shoulders of this stranger made him look shabby and subordinate.

When the pilot turned to his second passenger he experienced a sense of disappointment touched with shame. For there seemed nothing sinister about the straitened and scholarly figure confronting him. That figure even failed to look foolish. Slade saw a man considerably less aged than he had expected, a man with sloping and narrow shoulders and an abstracted gaze that looked out on the world from behind bifocal glasses.

Slade stepped closer.

"Quite a load you're giving me," he ventured as the man in the bifocal glasses continued to divide his attention between the duffel pile and a checklist in his hand.

The abstracted eyes lifted and regarded him for a moment of silence. It was the glasses more than anything else, Slade decided, that gave the stranger his look of deliberation.

"Why does that interest you?" the stranger inquired. His tone was mild and without hostility. But the voice, low-toned and remote, seemed marked by an exotic precision of intonation. It persuaded Slade that he was neither an Englishman nor an American.

"This happens to be my ship," the pilot explained as he rested a fraternal hand on the sun-faded fuselage.

"Ah, then we shall see much of each other," said the other. His smile was friendly but abstracted. "I am Doctor Frayne. And this is my camp-mate, my good man Friday, Caspar Karnell."

No responsive word came from the big-bodied man in the wolfskin coat. He merely stood above the cabin hatch, his eyes expressionless.

"Caspar is not—shall I say?—voluble," observed the Doctor. A mild and forbearing smile wrinkled the scholarly face behind the glasses. "And that, I might also explain, is why we travel together."

Slade, after an inspection of the bland emptiness of Karnell's face, nodded his understanding.



"Quite an arsenal you're taking in," he observed.

"They tell me I'm to take you in to the Anawotio," prompted the bush pilot.

"That is my desire," answered Dr. Frayne. "It may so happen that we shall winter up north."

"Down north," Slade corrected. "We speak of it here as downnorth."

The man with the abstracted eyes ventured a shrug.

"With time," he said, "I shall become better acquainted with your country." His movement, as he swung a bag of what had every aspect of mining tools up to his companion, was almost a dismissive one.

"Prospecting?" questioned Slade. "I am not interested in prospecting," was the deliberated answer. "I am a naturalist."

As though in confirmation of that statement he lifted a case of mounted bird bodies up to his waiting companion. Then again the forced smile showed itself.

"It may impress you as a foolish profession. But for many years now I have given my time to the study of bird life."

Slade glanced down at the Mannlicher-Schoenauer, the two holstered Lugers, the pair of shotguns of different gauges and weight that rested between a scattering of cartridge cases.

"Quite an arsenal you're taking in," he observed.

For just a moment the opaque eyes regarded him.

"I am not unfamiliar with the North," Frayne announced with a patience that seemed coerced. "It is well, in case of the unexpected, to be able to live off the land."

"Of course," agreed Slade as he watched the firearms being stowed aboard. They were followed by a tent bale and sleeping bags, by condensed foods with foreign labels, by camp equipment and a box of signal flares and cased instruments and even two carrier pigeons in a hooded cage.

"You're filling me pretty full," observed Slade.

Frayne's face remained expressionless.

"Any inconvenience that I may cause," he said, "I profoundly regret. I had hoped, on arriving here, to purchase a plane. But they are not to be bought, I find."

"There's use for 'em just now," observed the pilot. "We're in the war, you know."

The eyes behind the bifocals became less opaque.

"But here at least," observed the man of science, "I shall not see it come between me and my research."

"The office tells me you're after trumpeter swans," said Slade.

"I am seeking the nesting ground of that noble bird," acknowledged the ornithologist. "They are extremely shy and hard to find in the breeding season. That is why I go into an empty country like the Anawotio."

Slade, not unconscious of the pedagogic note, felt the need of proving that his interests extended beyond gas engines.

"Ever try for them around the Red Rock Lakes in Yellowstone?" he asked. "They started a refuge for trumpeters there not so far back."

"A refuge which will be a failure," was the prompt response. "Your trumpeter is a child of the wilds. He cannot be adjusted to confinement."

His new friend, Slade admitted, seemed to know his bird life all right.

His eye-squint deepened as he noticed two heavier cases being lifted aboard. "By the way, are you taking radio or wireless in with you?"

"Why should I do that?" Frayne questioned. "It is with the lady swan I wish to converse."

"But how'll you come out?" asked Slade. "How'll we know where to pick you up?"

Frayne's gaze again became diffused.

"That may not be necessary," he finally explained. "We shall perhaps work our way through to what are locally known as the Barrens and come out along your Hudson Bay coast. It is a country you may happen to know?"

Slade smiled.

"I know it all right. As much as

a white man can know such ice-fringed emptiness."

The bush pilot found himself being inspected with a new interest.

"That is extremely good news," averred his passenger. "As we fly north, I hope you will give me information about a country that is still distressingly unknown to me."

Slade resisted the temptation to observe that it wouldn't be so unknown to him by the time he'd wintered there.

"But you won't get swans as far east as the bay," he pointed out instead. "At least, not trumpeters."

Frayne's smile became more friendly.

"Already," he announced, "you are helping me. And there is another point on which you might enlighten us. Is the Anawotio River navigable?"

"No, it's not navigable," answered Slade. "It's blocked by too many falls and rapids. That's what's kept the country closed. Even Tyrrell couldn't get into it."

"But there were no planes when Tyrrell made his survey," observed the scholar.

"It's sure empty country," asserted the pilot, who had his own memories of the Anawotio.

"That," murmured the swan hunter, "is entirely to my liking."

"But you're not entirely to my liking," was the thought that hovered about at the back of Slade's head. Lynn, he felt, was right. Yet he was his Santa Claus, as Cruger had expressed it. He had paid well for service, and he'd get service.

Slade dismissed that thought and turned to study the silver-winged Lockheed that rested on the waters of the Snye. It looked spick and span in its new coat of aluminum.

He realized, as he swung about, that the man in the bifocal glasses was also studying the Lockheed.

"An attractive ship," the scientist observed. "It was my intention to own her. But in that I was forestalled by your friend Cruger."

Slade smiled at the sharpened note in the other's voice.

"You have to scramble for 'em, nowadays," observed Cruger's bush-hawk partner.

"So I am learning," announced the swan-seeker. He said it casually. But some newer timbre in the speaker's voice made Slade think of a gun pit smothered in tree branches.

The brief northern night was at its darkest when Cassidy, newly made watchman for Norland Airways, shut off the radio. He sighed as he reached for his thermos at the end of the deal table and drained it of its last cupful of coffee. Then, lighting his pipe, he stepped out into the open and blinked about through the darkness.

He wished he could be having a second thermos of coffee. But there was no bright-lighted eating room in that third-rate outfit on the edge of Nowhere. Its air lanes were as short of ships as its administration building was short of paint. All it was, in faith, was a rough-and-ready jumping-off place for a lot of lunatics who wanted to dig holes in a wilderness where the frost went deeper than the gold. It could never be classed with those high-toned airports he'd heard many a far-traveled pilot talking about.

No, Cassidy decided as he made his rounds, this was a melancholy place for a man of spirit. He didn't like the quietness of the hangar where the twin-motored Grumman amphibian stood surrounded by the engine entrails the workmen had left scattered about. He was glad to move down to the dock edge, where there was a little sound of water-rifles against the floats of the Post-craft that would be going out in three hours' time. Beside it, the only remaining ship in the harbor, loomed the new Lockheed that looked more like the ghost of a plane, in the uncertain starlight, than a workaday framework of metal and linen well covered with aluminum paint.

It startled him, as he stood watching it, that anything so quiet could give birth to movement. But as he watched he saw a shadow detach itself from the shadowy fuselage. He saw that shadow drop to the near-by float, and then leap, quick-footed, to the dock edge.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

History in the News

By FRED SCOTT WATSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

'Little Rhody's' Civil War

ALTHOUGH Rhode Island is the smallest state in the Union, it was once large enough to have with in its borders a rather lively little civil war. True, it was a bloodless conflict, but it gave to the annals of our nation one of the few cases of a citizen of the United States being tried and convicted of treason.

This "comic opera war" occurred just 100 years ago and its name, the "Dorr Rebellion" perpetuates the dubious fame of the principal actor in it. He was Thomas Wilson Dorr, member of the Rhode Island legislature and founder of a new political party in his state.

At that time suffrage in Rhode Island was still based upon the ancient charter granted by King Charles II of England and only holders of real estate valued at \$200 and their eldest sons could vote.

In 1834 Dorr had supported an amendment to the state constitution which would extend the franchise to men who paid a tax on any kind of property valued at \$200 or more. This amendment failed to pass, as did others which Dorr proposed, so in 1840 he organized the Suffrage party which held a mass meeting in Providence on July 5, 1841 and there authorized the calling of a state constitutional convention.

This convention met the following October and framed a constitution, which was submitted to the people in December. Dorr always asserted that this plebiscite resulted in the adoption of the new charter by a



Thomas Wilson Dorr

majority of the legal voters as well as a majority of the adult male citizens but Gov. Samuel Ward King and his administration denied this. However, becoming uneasy over the situation the administration called a convention in February, 1842, to frame a new constitution.

It was rejected by the people the next month and in April the Suffrage party held an election, chose Dorr governor and organized a legislature composed entirely of its party members. At the same time an election under the old charter was held and Governor King was re-elected. Both governments organized on May 3 but when Dorr and his adherents marched on Providence and demanded the keys to the statehouse, the custodian refused to turn them over to him. Thereupon Dorr and his legislature set up business in a building that had been erected to house an iron foundry.

Meanwhile the other legislature was holding its sessions in Newport and when Dorr, at the head of 300 men, attempted to seize the state arsenal, Governor King proclaimed martial law and called out the militia. Dorr fled from the state with a price of \$1,000 on his head. He went to Washington to appeal to President John Tyler to recognize him as the legal governor of Rhode Island but Tyler declined.

Dorr returned to Rhode Island and rallied his followers to march on the capital and seize the government by force. The climax came on July 25, 1842. Governor King's "Law and Order party" had assembled several thousand armed men and when they started to march against Dorr's army, it quickly melted away.

Again Dorr fled from the state, this time with a reward of \$5,000 offered for his arrest. But he remained at large for another year. In June, 1843, he returned to Rhode Island, was immediately arrested and lodged in prison on a charge of treason. Taken to Newport in February, 1844, his trial before the supreme court resulted in a conviction and sentence of solitary confinement for life at hard labor.

The next year, however, Dorr was set free. Eight years later his civil rights were restored but, broken in spirit and embittered by the stigma of "traitor" upon his name, he died in Providence on December 27, 1854.

Dorr was born in Providence on November 5, 1805, the son of a successful manufacturer. He was a student at Phillips academy at Exeter, N. H., and at Harvard college where he was graduated in 1823 with second highest honors. He then studied law in New York City and in 1827 returned to his native city to practice. His political career began when he was elected as a Federalist to the general assembly but he left that party three years later to become a Democrat. When that party failed to support his reforms, he left it to organize his own party.

Lace Makes Lovely, Dignified Midseason Suits and Dresses

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



KEEPING women attractively and suitably apparelled with minimum yardage and maximum good taste and ingenuity is the responsibility which rests with designers in these momentous times. Realizing that the "feminine touch" is a part of every woman's duty to her country, those to whom the task of timely costume design has been entrusted turn to lace as a wonderfully effective weapon when it comes to combatting the tenseness war brings on and maintaining a high morale front. Then, too, lace is non-priority, which counts greatly in favor of its use.

That dress-up call which comes to women after they have spent hours and hours in war service, as so many thousands are doing these days, is being perfectly answered not only by gowns made of lovely lace but by the newest gesture, the suit-dress tailored of lace. See the "full-dress" jacket dress of black celanese lace shown to the left in the above illustration. You'll be ready for every occasion with a stunning twosome like this in your wardrobe collection. One of the nice things about celanese lace is its fine sheen and choice silken look.

It adds swank to this costume that the jacket is well cut on the longer lines so smartly in fashion this season. Self-lace covered buttons add to the fine finesse of this charming outfit. The sleeves are long and snug to make them perfect for the long or short colored gloves which add dash to black lace. There's always a ladylikeness about long sleeves. The dress has a discreetly flared skirt which flatters the figure. This ensemble is completely smart and in good taste for the street, restaurant or for dancing. The hat with its cunning lace trim is a masterpiece in coquetry as it dips saucily over the brow and swings high to the back.

Two romantic fabrics are combined in the charming dress pic-

tured to the right. For this attractive dress black lace is used with black crepe. This disarmingly lovely afternoon costume would decorate any scene to good advantage. The slim skirt is knife pleated for added interest. The rather tailored jacket is nevertheless dressy because of the mere fact that it is lace. The long, summer sleeves are edged with the black crepe, and the collar and closing are bound in the crepe, cardigan style. There are two large patch pockets.

There's an exquisiteness about sheerest of sheer black Chantilly lace which always carries an aristocratic air born of years of high style prestige. Chantilly lace will ever and always continue to give that wonderful feeling of assurance only the best can give. Pictured in the inset is a blouse of patrician black Chantilly lace such as never fails to perfectly complement feminine beauty. A blouse of this type will prove a most treasured possession. They carry these black lace charmers in almost any important blouse department or specialty shop. If you know how to sew, the making of the blouse is simple, and remnants of perfectly exquisite lace are often available at prices to fit low budgets. When this lace fantasy is completed, you'll find it a priceless possession.

As to lace accessories, you can get adorable little calots to wear back of your pompadour, also an assortment of lace mantillas, lace gloves, long or short. The climax is reached in tiny lace butterflies mounted to wear as earrings.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Pastel Plaid



Choose for your fall casual coat a plaid wool in soft pastel coloring. This is a coat that college girls adore and young matrons find utterly to their liking. The colors are so blended they "go with" everything. The tuxedo collar is excellent style, and the slashed pockets are a practical detail. The beret is especially a "conversation piece," for fashion's stamp of approval is affixed to berets in accents bold and clear. They are not only showing berets in conservative dimensions, but the huge beret either in felt or velvet registers as a "fashion-first" timed for immediate wear with summer and midseason frocks. Some of the new, large berets are dramatically feathered or strikingly and picturesquely quill-trimmed.

Less Formal Wedding

Dresses Can Be Pretty

The many marriages taking place at a "moment's notice," so to speak, because of limited furloughs for those in service and other circumstances of war, are bringing about a trend to practicality in the matter of simple ceremony. In consequence, many brides are giving up the idea of an elaborate wedding gown, preferring a simple frock or suit which will be wearable for various occasions later.

Summer brides who cling to the idea of white are looking lovely in dainty organdies or marquisettes which can double after the wedding for party wear. The suit of bengaline lavished with white, frilly neckwear and other snowy detail is the choice of many a bride who needs must do away with formality.

Decorative

Charming are the picturesque snoods which young girls are wearing this summer. There simply is no limit to the decorative detail being lavished on these cunning head coverings. An unusually attractive snood is made of red ribbon latticed and tied with myriads of wee bows, with gay felt flowers clustered about the lower section at the nape of the neck.

New Tweeds

Comes into the autumn fabric realm a series of new tweeds among which the weaves in olive green tones look refreshingly new and outstanding. Again color will be stressed in woolsens, notably bright reds, greens and blues lighter than navy. Gold tones, molasses brown and grape colorings are also in promise.

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