

GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Although he suspects him of being up to something, Alan Slade agrees to fly a "scientist" named Frayne and his assistant, Karnell, to the Anawotto river in search of the trumpeter swan. Frayne pays them enough to enable Cruger, Slade's partner in Norland Airways, to buy a Lockheed plane. But while Slade is away the plane is stolen. When he starts out to find it, Slade is aided by two old prospectors, Zeke and Minty. He returns to Frayne's camp, where he learns that Frayne has the Lockheed and that an outcast pilot named Silm Tumstead is flying something out of the country for him. But when Slade attempts to examine the plane's cargo he is knocked unconscious by Karnell. Tumstead saves him but abandons him later on a deserted island. Umanak, the eskimo, succeeds in getting a sample of Frayne's cargo, which turns out to be pitchblende, a valuable source of power. Now Zeke and Minty, who found Slade's plane and are guarding it, have been joined by the "flying Padre" and his daughter, Lynn. Knowing that Slade would not have left his plane unguarded, they realize that something has happened to him. Lynn has gone off alone in her father's plane to find him.



"Yes, it's Lynn," she told him. "I've found you."

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVII

A lowering sun and a quick glance at her gas gauge told Lynn that her cruising had carried her farther afield than she had first intended. Tired and dispirited, she set her ship down on a many-armed lake that met a series of limestone ridges on one side and merged into scattered islets and muskeg on the other. And after eating and noting the thinning light about her she decided that enough flying had been done for one day.

So she slept that night in the plane cabin, as she had done often enough before. Her sleep, for all her weariness, was both broken and troubled. When she awakened, in the gray light of morning, it was oddly like awakening to a call. She sat up and looked about, wondering as to the source of that ghostly summons.

She smiled when she heard it repeated. For what had come to her over the lake water draped with its morning mists was the echoing call of a trumpeter swan.

Lynn quietly opened the cabin-hatch and studied the lake's surface. A moment later her eyes coasted the nearer shoreline and through the scrub spruce she saw a bear crawl down to the water's edge and drink.

She thought, at first, that it was wounded, its movements were so slow and uncertain. Then the bear, with an effort, stood up on its hind legs. And the staring girl saw it was not a bear, but a man.

Lynn clambered down from the plane and hurried ashore. She scoured over gravel beds and gullies and pushed her way through a tangle of briars, her breath coming in shorter and shorter gasps as she ran. She did not call out. But gladness and anxiety swept through her in interlocking waves as she hurried on. For even before she confronted that squatting figure she knew it was Slade.

She dropped to her knees, in front of him.

"Alan," she cried.

His gaze remained empty and unresponsive.

"It's not a dream, Alan," she panted as she crowded closer to him and brushed back the tangle of hair from his face. She could see a little of the vacancy go out of his eyes.

"Lynn?" he mumbled, still incredulous.

"Yes, it's Lynn," she told him, encircling his ragged body with her arms. "I've found you."

Lynn noticed, for the first time, the gauntness of his tremulous body. She supported him as he sank to the ground, where he sat staring at his worn and battered flyer's boots.

"I lost my knife," he muttered.

"That doesn't count now," she told him. "There's food and everything we need in the plane. But I'm wondering if you can walk that far."

He laughed again, less harshly.

"I guess I could still walk a hundred miles for a meal," he said as he once more got to his feet. "It's what I've been doing . . . walking . . . walking!"

She eased him to the ground, along a slope of moss-covered rock, when she reached the lake arm where the plane was resting. Then she hurriedly made a fire and brought canned milk and coffee from her cabin stores.

He remained as passive as a child in a hospital ward while she tugged and turned and rid him of his tattered clothes. She bathed his bruised body, noting the cuts and scratches, which she later anointed with witch hazel. Then she dressed him in the Padre's denim shirt, which was too small for him, and in the Padre's denim overalls, which were too wide in the waist.

slept on, if it hadn't been for them, and not seen you."

He blinked down at the plane wings in the lake cove, surrounded by its sheltering ridges.

"What is it?" asked Lynn.

"I've got to go back," cried Slade, struggling to his feet.

"Back where?" asked Lynn, startled by the look of hate that darkened his face.

"To where they're hiding with that Lockheed. I've got to find Tumstead and Frayne." His voice shook with passion. "I've an account to settle with them."

He told her, briefly, of his capture and abduction, of his escape from the island, of his loss of strength as he tried to fight his way down to the coast.

"And if you hadn't come," he concluded, "I'd have gone out the way they wanted me to."

"Then you mustn't go back," she maintained. "You've faced danger enough. We know what those men are now. They'll stop at nothing. And I don't want you killed."

He shook off her hand and faced her.

"Who knows what those men are?" he demanded.

She told him of Umanak's discovery and of the Flying Padre's flight that brought him to the two embattled old sourdoughs from the Kasakana.

Slade's eyes narrowed as he listened.

"Then my hunch wasn't wrong," he cried out as his face darkened with a newer hostility. He looked at the spruce ridges that stretched away to the south. Then he looked at the faded blue wings of the plane.

"Let's get going," he announced with a brusqueness that brought her gaze about to his face.

"Not yet," she said, realizing how remote from her he stood in his man's world of conflict.

"What is it?" he questioned, puzzled by the intentness with which she continued to study him.

"If you go back there," she told him, "it will be like going into battle. It will—"

But he cut her short.

"I'll be battle all right," was the bark that came from his dry lips.

"We can't tell what will happen," she went on. "We can't be sure of anything. But before we go I want to be sure of one thing."

"Of what?" he asked, his eyes on the plane.

But after another look at his gaunt face, she knew there was no room for life's subtler hungers in that tired and broken body of his. And pride, coming to her rescue, kept her from answering his question.

"Let's go," was all she said as she stooped to gather up her scattered possessions.

Slade, at the controls, arrowed southward with his throttle wide open. Lynn, from time to time, was conscious of the grimness of his face. Yet she smiled as she realized that a part of his grimness was due to the assiduousness with which he was chewing dried beef as he flew. He had been hungry, she remembered, for a long time.

Then he stopped chewing and scrutinized the country under his floats. The emptier rock ridges had given way to more closely watered terrain, to a region of lakes and streams interspersed with dolorous stretches of muskeg and marshland.

"We must be getting there," he called over his shoulder as a still larger lake floated under them and was left behind.

"There should be smoke," Lynn told him. "Father said a fire would be kept going."

"Where?" asked Slade.

"Where you left your ship," she explained, already searching the blue-misted ridges before her.

But Slade was the first to catch sight of the far-off plume of signal-smoke. He could see the gray drift above the furred darkness of the spruce slopes. His jaw hardened as he changed his course a point or two and droned down on the many-armed lake that more and more took on an aspect of familiarity. His memories of that district clearly were not palatable ones.

"Where's my plane?" he demanded as they dropped lower.

"It should be here," said Lynn, busy searching the shoreline.

"The swans awakened me," she said as she scraped. "I might have

could see, after drifting into the lake arm between the ridges, was a ragged old figure with a rifle, watching them as they came. Behind him burned a huge fire of spruce boles, sending a drift of smoke up the air.

"It's Minty," cried Slade as their pontoons grounded on a gravel bar.

Lynn was the first to clamber down and hurry ashore.

"Where's Father?" she questioned.

But the ragged old sentinel with the rifle was watching the long-legged figure with the mooring gear in its hand.

"So they found you, Lindy," he exulted. "And you're back in the nick of time, son. For there's hell let loose in these hills."

"Where's Father?" persisted Lynn.

Minty, finally conscious of her questioning, inspected her with a reproving eye.

"He's out scoutin' for you, lady. And he sure lost sleep wonderin' what'd happened to you. Where'd you find this puddle-jumper?"

"That can wait," said Slade.

"What I want is that swan-hunter. Minty spat and squared his shoulders.

"Then you've sure come to the right quarters, son," he asserted.

"For he's barricaded over at that lake end o' his and he's slingin' lead at anything that comes within half a mile o' his hide-out."

"And that flyer of his, Tumstead?" questioned Slade.

"I ain't seen no flyer," answered Minty. "And I ain't seen no plane come and go. What he's tryin' to do, I'd say, is hold us off until a plane can swing in and pick him up."

Slade turned to his ragged old friend.

"Let me have that rifle," he said. But Minty promptly backed away.

"Not on your life," he retorted. "I got use for this old girl."

He pointed toward the widening vista of muskeg country that stretched away into the north.

"Zeke's out there stalkin' that swan-hunter's side-kick. And I'm goin' to help him run down that human gorilla."

"You mean Karnell?" cried Slade.

"That's jus' who I mean, Lindy. The slinkin' louse tried to outflank us in the night. But Zeke's got him cut off from his camp-mate out there, dodgin' lead like a coyote. And I'm goin' out to back up my bunkie."

Even as he spoke the sound of a repeated rifle shot, thinned by distance, came to them.

"I'll go with you," announced Slade.

Lynn could see his gaunt face once more darken with hate. Then he turned to her.

"Stay here with the plane," he told her. He pointed to the fire. "And you'd better keep smoke showing until the Padre gets back."

She was able to forgive the peremptory note in his voice as she moved closer to him. He stopped, for a moment, to study her face. But he failed to fathom the source of her anxiety.

"You'll be safe in the plane," he told her. "If you're in doubt, or there's any threat of danger, you can take off."

"I wasn't thinking about myself," she said with reproving quietness.

"Then what's worrying you?" he asked matter-of-factly.

She caught at his sleeve.

"I don't want you to go, Alan." His eyes remained preoccupied as he freed himself.

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I've got to go."

"But what good will it do?"

"I don't know yet," he retorted. "But Karnell tried to kill me. And I'm going to do what I can to round him up."

She knew enough of frontier life to realize there were times when women figured small in men's scheme of things. And this was another occasion, she remembered, when there was no room for tenderness in life.

"All right," she said, well-schooled in quick decisions from others. "I'll be here with the plane. When Father gets back I'll tell him which way you went."

She wanted to say more, but she knew it was useless.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Financier of Victory

TODAY our newspapers are filled with patriotic appeals—through news stories, editorials, cartoons and display advertisements—urging us to "Buy Bonds! Buy War Bonds! Buy Victory Bonds!" All of which is nothing new. Financing a war by direct appeal to the individual citizen goes back even farther than 1917-18.

Back in the days of the Civil war, newspapers carried such items as these:

A soldier in the Army of the Potomac sends to the subscription agent his surplus earnings with the remark, "If I fight hard enough, my bonds will be good." Another soldier said, "I am willing to trust Uncle Sam; if he is not good, nobody else is."

Besides such "readers" as the above, there were also display ads in the newspapers urging the public to buy bonds. The same message was carried to them in booklets, handbills and posters. And all of this was due mainly to the efforts of a patriotic banker, Jay Cooke.

Cooke began work a few hours after he read about the disaster which had befallen General McDowell's army at Manassas in July, 1861. He sat down, scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper and set out to visit some of his fellow bankers in Philadelphia. Within two hours he had collected more than \$2,000,000 to be advanced to the federal government in the form of a short term loan.

Although most people in the North, when the war began, thought it would be a short one, they were soon disillusioned. They soon realized, too, that it would be a costly one. During its first summer, expenditures rose to \$1,000,000 a day. By



the end of the year they had mounted to a million and a half a day. Upon Salmon P. Chase, secretary of the treasury, fell the burden of providing the money.

Congress authorized the treasury to issue three-year notes, bearing 7.3 per cent interest. Accompanied by Cooke, Chase went to New York to raise money upon the security of these notes. But the bankers there were timid about providing the money until Chase threatened to flood the country with unsecured paper. Then they agreed to enter a syndicate with bankers in Boston and Philadelphia to advance \$50,000,000 to the treasury on the secretary's notes if he would appeal to the public to subscribe to them.

Cooke was named as one of a corps of 148 agents appointed to handle the issue of "seven-thirties" (so-called because they paid \$7.30 interest yearly on \$100). The Philadelphia banker went at it on a big scale. He bought a large amount of advertising space in the newspapers and kept the editors liberally supplied with "promotional copy." The treasury had allowed him \$150 for advertising purposes but he spent many times that amount and paid for it out of his own pocket. When the selling campaign ended it was found that he had sold more than one-fifth of the entire bond issue.

The next year the treasury found that it was becoming increasingly difficult to finance the war. Military reverses suffered by the Union armies had shaken the public's faith in the government. Again Cooke was called in. He was placed in charge of a \$513,000,000 issue of "five-twenties" (bonds bearing 6 per cent interest and payable after five and in not more than 20 years). It was then that Cooke's genius for publicizing the bond selling campaign proved itself even more than before.

This campaign was a success, as were his later campaigns—a "ten-forty" loan of \$200,000,000 and a "seven-thirty" loan of \$830,000,000. All in all, Cooke was responsible for raising more than \$2,000,000,000 to finance the Union victory. As one historian has well said "these were the most remarkable feats of financing known to history."

Methods of selling bonds which may be considered new and original today were used by Cooke in his operations. He devised a "pay roll deduction" plan and more than 1,000 employees of a Philadelphia railroad company subscribed to the bond issue under this plan. Cooke also persuaded many companies which had government contracts to accept bonds in part payment for their services and supplies. He enlisted the aid of stage stars to help publicize the bonds and encouraged newspapers to carry "box scores" showing the progress of the campaigns.

Lace Is Feminine, Practical And, of Course, 'Non-Priority'

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



LACE, the indispensable item in every woman's wardrobe, is prominent in the news for winter. The flattery, the prettiness, the allure of lace has been a theme throughout the centuries for painters and poets and fashion creators, but this year lace takes on greater importance than ever in that it is non-priority. It's patriotic to wear lace.

Designers are making the most of the materials still available for civilian use and emphasizing the importance of using fabrics not needed for the armed forces. So, in addition to its magic and fascination, the wearing of lace becomes a patriotic gesture.

Lace has a way of making women look prettily feminine, as they should look to please soldiers on furlough. One of the fashion successes created to meet the wartime demand for a not-too-formal dress is the street length dance frock. Styled of lace, with special attention focused on flattering necklines, these dresses are styled according to a formula that is working like a charm (especially if the lace is filmy black).

The use of lace over color is again in fashion, black Chantilly over pink being favored. Black with chalk white is also especially chic in such combinations as a white lace skirt with a black velvet or jersey blouse top. Jewel colored laces, too, have a prominent place in the mode. The colors that lead stress the fuchsia purples and reds, and also a luminous blue that is gorgeous at night.

The dress to the left in the above illustration is fashioned of a beautiful scroll-patterned plum colored lace. It has just the right lines to achieve a suave, slim silhouette. The open throat V-neckline and the gathered sleeves contribute to the flattery of this gown. This is the type of frock that is regarded as a necessary luxury in the wardrobe of an active woman.

With velvet and velveteen suits holding the spotlight as they so definitely do this season, the lace blouse holds forth in the fashion picture in all its charm and seductive loveliness. Certain it is that there is no surer way of dressing up a suit than to glorify it with a beguiling lace blouse. The dainty blouses inset in the ovals above are furlough week-enders that will team perfectly with the new velvet suit, which will probably be black or a rich autumn color. Val edging trims the becoming neckline and mirror buttons accent the center of the scalloped front of the model pictured in the top oval. This attractive blouse comes either in chalk white lace or in ecru.

Sugar-white lace sweetens the other blouse. Here you see the favorite jacket-type blouse that carries a look of distinction all its own. The open neckline and three-quarter sleeves are smart details. Lace is frilled around the neckline, the sleeves and the edge of the blouse. Mirror buttons twinkle down the front.

It's news, too, that the new lace blouses are introducing exciting adventures in color. The column-slim dress with that "couturier" look of expert design and workmanship shown centered in the group tops a coffee-colored crepe skirt of fluid grace with a blouse done in cocoa lace over pale blue. This new color alliance is dramatic and very lovely.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lovely Cuddle Toys To Make of Scraps



7121

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Pattern 7121 contains transfer pattern of toys; instructions for making; materials needed; illustration of stitches. Send your order to:

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Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages are sometimes further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed by the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

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Clever Beret



Smart? Well, smart is a mild word to use in describing this gem of a beret that tells you at the very first glimpse that it is a winner. It is a black felt beret, and if there is a type of hat more popular with the young set than a jaunty beret, it is yet to be discovered. The double accordion crown is a new note. The unique and amusing bright yarn treatment is right in tune with the present trend. And the wide use of yarn crochet and knit and ingenious treatments that include yarn fringe, ball dangles and hair-braid novel effects, has given to millinery a new interest.

Long Gloves

Long gloves "up to here" are back again to be worn with short afternoon gowns and cocktail dresses. Bracelets are worn over the gloves with earrings and clips to match.

Jet Beads, Rhinestones

Add New Glitter Accents

Glitter is apt to occur anywhere in the mode this season, on daytime woools and jerseys, on sweaters and even on topcoat or cape yokes and sleeves. About all that can be said about glitter has been said, and the supply of adjectives to describe the fascinating sparkling fashions that hold the center of the stage have about given out.

However, there are new highlights that deserve mention. Rhinestone frog fastenings glitter down the front of a black velvet dinner gown. Another idea is Chantilly black lace spangled with jet beads posed over pink to form a plastron covering the front bodice of a crepe afternoon dress.

Fray-Proof Seams Make

Fagotted Slip a 'Find'

It's a good idea, the fray-proof slip now available in stores throughout the country. It has a rayon fagotting that joins the seams. Cut to fit just so under the arm they are perfect for the new slim dresses.

The flat, neat fray-proof seams are as decorative as handwork, yet are many times stronger than the old-fashioned kind. The fagotting gives without any danger of breaking and there is no ravel, not a single raw edge. Absolutely fray-proof, it has been called the "slip with no wrong side" because it is finished off so beautifully.

Colorful Belts

This season novel belts are playing a very important role in adding variety and color to the simple frock. Colorful peasant types are shown in the new collections. Most attractive is a felt belt and bretelle arrangement that has two square pockets attached which are gaily decorated with an applique motif of richly colorful grapes and felt leaf cutouts.