

red raska BY CLARK MEEKIN

ing from England to America Lark Shannon's ship goes down. She is east upon an Island, and Galt Withe, a bound servant, rescues her. Together they hobble Lancer, a fine horse that escaped the sinking ship. Lark is made prisoner at the inn by Cony and Mag, who are holding her for ransom. Lark tries to run away, but Cony catches her and the is locked in an attic. She escapes again and is happy to find that her pursuet this time is David North, her lover disguised as a gipsy. Galt anyes on the scene and agrees to get Lark to Norfold, but when they enter the boat they find Cony con-Lancer, a fine horse that escaped the they enter the boat they find Cong con-cealed in it. The two men fight bills the boat drifts back to the inn.

CHAPTER XII

Lark slept heavily on her hard little bunk bed in the loft cubby, waking painfully to the consciousness of an irritating, soft, insistent knocking at her door. At first she thought it was Cony, scratching at her door as he often had in the past miserable week. Then she remembered and sat up, calling cautiously, "What is it?"
"It's me-Galt."

She stumbled from the bunk, picked up the India silk dress, where she had laid it out in careful folds before she'd gone to sleep, slipped it on, its cool soft contours falling gracefully into place. It was a beautiful dress, perhaps the most beau-

ves appear in he doos at shoulders maing the nber red-rimmed "We're coming down," the steps. "I wak

Silently, the slave turned and went companion joined him at the bottom, grinning foolishly, rubbing his eyes. The two troited across the

earthen floor of the inn big-room without shadow of sound, opened the big front door and waited for Lark and Galt. The inn was clean, now, dim and "A couple of gipsies Matson sent,"

Galt explained, and when Lark caught his arm anxiously, shook his head "Neither of them was North. Had themselves a time in Mag's store room. Picked the lock. The

"You must be nearly dead, Galt?
Did you rest at all?") (1) 1

They went through the door into the low all-powerful-like, you get a feel-water September saashine. Below, ing he always will be. Yet if North at the boat docks, the sailors were busy with the ore slown [Matson, in a cape, hat, and suit of brilliant green, was on the deck. He waved shipped on to Santo Domingo, where at Lark. Matson aways makes his claims to

The slaves fell in step close behind them, boarding the sloop after once. Matson asked Calt to take the helm and steer for Ghost Is-

It gave Lark a strange sensation to set foot on this island again, as if years had passed between times. The familiar dine of the big sand ridge, the finger of fresh water trailing down from the little spring, the clump of scrub pines that hid Galt's secret cache, the beaches cut by the tracks of the wandering pony herds gave her a feeling of surprise, as if she found herself walking in a place she had merely dreamed about, a place without actual sub-

All of them, Lark, Matson, Galt, and the sailors walked to the island tip and then up through the ridge break to the stretch of green valley. The two slaves made the sloop secure by wrapping her hawser about the trunk of a tough wind-stooped pine. Then they followed the group, the afternoon sun making their rich brown skins shine like oiled leather.

Lark saw Red Raskall first, far up the valley, in the shade of the ridge, and she ran ahead of the others, ran to him and threw her arms about his warm red-brown neck, examining the hobble ropes to see that he had no scalds or galls, stroking his flank, pressing her face against his reproachful muzzle. She led him slowly back toward the group.

"Isn't he beautiful! Isn't he wonderful! Did you ever set your eyes on a horse to compare with him? Galt, cut this dreadful hobble. I can't loose it."

Matson said. "You love horses. don't you, my dear? He is a beauty, Matson led the way up the path to

Arab blood."

saddle and bridle, putting them on Red Raskall with no little difficulty. "He needs handling," Galt said said exercise, but he's a beaut sn't he, Dr. Matson?"

Came the two black slaves, leading thous. He says the outworn idea the horse Red Raskall, who was that movies suffer from a dearth of captivity on the island. Behind screen is ridiculous and prepostering the group at a little distance came out.

"I've never seen a finer," Matson thid. "I find I am quite unable to recist iding him. You won't object if I ride your prize, will you, Withe or you, Lake?"

The hig Negro slaves, squatting on their powerful haunches, watched Galt and Lark dumbly. They watched as Old Dog might have remotely, incuriously, yet with an unthe island beach the horse and rider were coming back, a blur of rich red - brown, a dashing splash of

"I doubt you realize," Galt said quietly, "how needful it is to Matson to get his hands on North, or to have a hold on North, through you, through anything. Ginko told me Matson questioned every gipsy man, last night, as soon as his suspicions were up that a Cargoe Riske man was among them.

tiful dress she had ever had on. . . . She washed her face, combed her hair hurriedry, and unlocked the door. Galt came in quickly, supped "You see, the Cargoe Riske is

[(T-think hell hold ven (Lark) to be

strike me they diget anything on

was to get Matson's log record, and

collection tale ref sociate the calaves loaded off here, and the leavings

pounds, to boot. I doubt North go

Galt nodded, "And if North has

Lark, to be like a hostage. I doubt

Lark said, "Galt of David is in

Norfolk he'll come and arrest Dr.

Matson, right away Matson won't

"It ben't crazy. What looks crazy

to me was North's letting you push

off in the night, last night, without him. I'd think he'd try to see you

safe, first, and come back for his

damn log record." He stopped,

looked at her. "Oh, I know how you

feel! I know it makes you mad for

"I think David did his duty," Lark

said. "He thought you and I were safe."

"Oh sure, awful safe! I don't

mean me. Lord, Lark, I got no call

on North for help for me! I don't

want his help. But you-why you-

you're promised to marry the buck-

aroo. . . . You be promised, Lark, ben't you?" And when she didn't

answer, he said, "I guess I got no

With a flourish, Matson brought

Red Raskall up near them. Lather

rose lightly on the stallion's neck,

and he chuffed and snuffed and

pawed the sand. Matson said, "I

have never sat an animal that com-

pares. My congratulations, Lark,

and you, too, Withe, for your luck

in catching him. Now shall we pic-

The slaves led Red Raskall to the

sloop, arranged the gang, and led

him across it and down a steep

ramp to the small fore hold of the

vessel. The sailors went to the

sails, and the shore trip was begun.

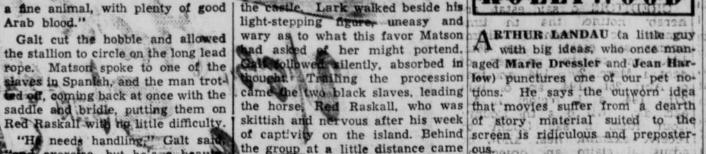
right to nag at you. I'm sorry."

me to say this."

hurt me. That would be crazy,

your getting safe awaysening

nake me identify David?"



One of the sailors laughed then, and Matson reproved him sharply. "He'll catch up with us presently, I daresay," Matson said, adding suggestively, "Possibly he was embarrassed to answer your call. There's great stories of this war, to Metrono need for worry. This path is Goldwyn-Mayer. plainly marked."

He placed his hand under her el- He was put in contact with Cap-He placed his hand under her elbow once more and started forward.
Her pulling back did no least bit of
good. To avoid the ignominy of being dragged, she strait mened proudby and started forward.

Landau perceived immediately
that Lawson had something in the
story toolists. Nothing so
story toolists good looks
as the strait grant the lad will.

Paramount had first erack at it.

As Matson and his followers came up the hill, the gipsies grouped themselves together in a sullen mutter-

What is it?" Lark asked, "What's wrong? A band of fear seemed to tighten about her heart 190

"You heard what the Rom said," Matsen answered smoothly. "A thief has been caught and very properly punished by some of my sailors, according to my orders. I wish you to identify the criminal; or should one say, victim. Is the figure hanging there David North?

While he was speaking these last words, he had swang Cark about suddeniye so that she saw silliouetted against the direlight in gibbet on which danged a body!

is it David North, Lark?" he whispered. "Was that thing hang-Wakhing Teerk science Manualn said

in a voice shat was the autiful and died in passage, he could jail Mat-son and strip him elf-well I wouldn't want to guess how many thousand soft as the courted thone of set vidlin, "Lord have ments to whe (soul of in the Matter o"!Hiro Esbited

The grosses in the background be-gan to keen their minor wail, send-ing the shiver of sound out into the darkness and lobeliness of the gath-ering night, and the said, "you haven't answered my question ... You must say

the words and then I will grant you your freedom, as I promised that I would. Say that thief was David North, the man I doved! "... Lark was silent for a moment.

He prompted her, gently. "That

She said the words after him now, said them slowly, and in a whisper so low that none but he could hear. "Good." He spoke cheerfully now,

and unconcernedly, "We are agreed then that justice has been accomplished. This thief was caught in the very act of going through my possessions. Gipsies are born with their fingers in other men's pockets. Often enough they end on the gallows, with some pretty little wench dissolved in tears." With great show of tenderness, he produced a Madras silk handkerchief out of his cuff and wiped the tears that streamed down Lark's face.

"Our pretty little farce is over." he said. "You played your part with great feeling and conviction. Only, it was a very foolish part." He removed his arm from about Lark's waist, and she sat down quickly, her knees buckling under

With two swift strides he stood under the swinging figure. A low moan of fear wailed from the gipsy group. Matson stood like a dancer, poised for an instant under the figure which swayed slightly as the damp night breeze came up from the sea and caressed it, pushing it a little, this way and that. He stood like an actor on an empty stage, waiting for an It was darkening when the sloop electric instant till he has the comreached shore, and nightfall when plete absorption of his audience.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lark hung back, trying to walk sharp cracks about Arthur's ears, because he's stepping on tender toes. "I know I'm sticking my neck out," he insists. "but there it is. I've proved my contention by too many personal experiences not to know what I'm talking about."

The pulling and having that goes

arm and glanced The pulling and handing that goes see him. What's on behind seenes when there's a hot property going around is something "Perhaps he's dropped back to that the outsider wouldn't believe. converse with the sailors," Matson Let's let Arthur take us behind the scenes for a bit of case history. He Lark called, "Galt! Galt!" as is, incidentally, chief production asloudly as she could, but there wasn't sociate for Ben Bogeaus, and had a finger in three Bogeaus ventures—
"Dark Waters," "Captain "Kidd,"
and "There Goes Lona Henry."

Few, even insiders, know that it was Landau who channeled "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," one of the

Has the Know-How

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and traonaso na stuore dos forest been stein Anthuri 'Shyour word isn't any trapi good, acomo signature isn't, dinner ish- Bawson sala, "Mor much cam you

High Financexe Merask of had pitched their tents. Scattered fires were burning here, and, in their illumination, the clumsy wagons and thor was holding out for \$150,000.

Landau was chianing with Eddie Cantor in Eddie's library one evening and happened ito thumb throughoa volume of stories bysoscar Wildet One he liked. He bought a copy of the volume and had a transcript made of the story. Harry Rapf met him at Metro and said he was looking for a yarn. Landau strung him along with an enthusias-tic buildup and meanwhile ascer-tained that the American rights were in the public domain. Rapf snapped up the property of our

Hunches Pay Off The story was The Canterville ture for Charles Laughton. Metro gladly settled with the British heirs to the Wilde estate Landau plucked 30 grand tout of this air andra hundle

Here's a free tib right out of the Landau Red box: (1000) [1]

He caught a newspaper story recently about W. H. Donald, the mysterious Australian who has been chiang Kal-shek's personal adviser for many years Donald was held captive in Manila by the Leps, who were looking everywhere for who were looking everywhere for him at westimer not knowing they had him right under their thumbs.

"There's another Lawrence of Arabia story in Captain Donald for anyone who can get him to talk," says Langau. That's where you find the germs of good stories, right on the front pages of your newspapers." erson intereste "sraq

Surface Barely Scratched

"I'll venture," says Arthur, "that there are more good stories in the public domain than Hollywood has ever made Not every Tom, Dick, or Harry can take these masterpieces and translate them to the screen successfully. Take Conrad, for example. Every effort to transfer his sea stories to the screen has flopped. So we accept the lazy man's explanation and agree that Conrad makes fine reading but can't be screened. Posh! He'll be screened one day by someone who'll

"Right here in our own company we bought 'There Goes Lona Henry' from RKO, which owned it for years. No one wanted to play in it. We had a new script written, and I give you my word some of the most sought after feminine stars in town have expressed an eagerness to do

Kaye's Kind of Fantasy

Sam Geldwyn has bought James Thurber's "Secret Life of Walter Mitty" for Danny Kaye. Sure it's fantasy-just for Kaye. It all starts when a girl looks at a hat. Danny looks at the girl and sees a desert island. . . . Greer Garson tells it herself. She calls herself "Metro's golden mare." . . . Col. Tim McCoy, western star-remember him?-is well into his second war at the present. He's now in Germany and was awarded the bronze star the other

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Early Draft Victim

A tombstone in a cemetery near Washington, Ind., bears this curious inscription; in memory of Eli McCarty. killed while no tifying drafted men. III

Wedniedia one of the early bat tles of the Civilstian, Captain Me Carry Just the Union army is March, 1862, and became a go eximent agent enrolling men for the scarra arrouser by the crews of the draft a group of southern sym pathizers yewed to shoot e govern nedt agent an sight de Carty was theirtainfortunate wietim.nit McKown Deceased

to the paymen c debt

194c, and that of April

Presserviso. 2000 send 16 cells in light your name address and the pattern fums ber.

is required in filling orders for a few the most popular pattern numbers.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK Address

OBEDIENCE, we may digion, and therefore an element of peace; but love which in-cludes obedience is the whole.— George Sewell.

If you have built eastles in the air, your work need not be lost . . . Now put the foundations

under them. Osa Johnson. A little health, a little wealth, A little house and freedom;
With some few friends for certain
ends
But little cause to need 'em.

Wisdom is knowing what to do next; virtue is doing if David Starr Jordan.



Baking Powder

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM Muscles praise Strains · Bruise hat you NEED is

OT BASSAM Acunt Acunt Acunt Hoon (Acunt Acunt Hoon (Acunt Acunt Hoon (Acunt Acunt Acunt Acunt Hoon (Acunt Acunt Ac

AMERICA ABOU THE MERICANISOIL

ETAHE SOIE is the very foundation Representative, his County Agri-

The wils plentiful. New farms could bein his living from the west mummummum carred out of the wilderness not set ose farm lost its fertility, the farmer welfare of our country and its and his family simply moved to a new piece of land.

Today, it is a different story. Most of the good land has been cleared and is being farmed. When a farm loses its productive capacity, there may not be any place to move, And the nation's supply of food and fiber is reduced. That is why soil conservation has become so vitally important, ooil .9113880

More than one hundred million acres of land have been seriously damaged by wind, water erosion, incorrect farming practices and other causes. Each year millions of acres more are being damaged, some beyond redemption.

Soil conservation methods are efficient, effective and easy to practice. Contour farming, terracing, strip-cropping, fertilizing and crop rotation are the principal methods used. Every farmer can get complete information and specific recommendations from his local Soil Conservation Service

progress. Our independence and Agriculture leacher. The land that our opportunities are deeply rooted act farmer cultivates is a hational heritage. It should be passed on to him. That is a trust which thousail was inexhaustible. New land each man assumes when he makes

people. We believe soil conservais why we are conducting extensive experiments on the 141-year-old Firestone Homestead Farm near Columbiana, Ohio, where our founder, Harvey S. Firestone, was born. That is why we are sponsoring soil conservation contests through the 4-H Clubs, cooperate 1314 ing with the Future Farmers of America and promoting the exchange of ideas through the Firestone Champion Farmers Association.

We have also recently published fillill a new booklet on soil conservation entitled, "Our Native Land, a Trust to Keep," which you may obtain without cost. Simply send your request to the Firestone Farm Service Bureau, Akron, Ohio. I feel sure that you will find this booklet interesting and instructive.

John w. Thomas Chairman

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

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