

a moment met her eyes before she

shrank back-and neither face nor

eyes belonged to an Indian. Startled,

"And that?" The old woman hesi-

"A paleface. Kahtoo bought her

gave a little guttural cluck of tri-

"The palefaces have killed many of

in front of it pounding corn in a mor-

tar. She looked up at him and, star-

half-breed, and he stopped, startled by

that fact and her beauty-and went

quickly on. At old Kahtoo's lodge he

could not help turning to look at her

again, and this time she rose quickly

and slipped within the tent. He turned

to find his foster-mother watching him.

"Daughter of the white woman."

"Who is that girl?" The old woman

Early Morn and daughter of the

white woman-he would like to know

more of those two, and he half turned,

but the old Indian woman caught him

"Do not go there-you will only

He followed the flash of her eyes

to the edge of the firelight where a

young Indian stood watching and

"Black Wolf, son of Crooked Light-

and the Indian woman motioned the

The Squaws Gathered and There Were

Grunts of Recognition and Greeting

When the Boy Pulled Up In Their

lad to go within. The old man's dim

"Talk!" he commanded, and mo-

tioned to the ground, but the lad did

not squat Indian fashion, but stood

straight with arms folded, and the

chief knew that a conflict was coming.

Narrowly he watched White Arrow's

face and bearing-uneasily felt the

"I have been with my own people,"

said the lad simply, "the palefaces

who have come over the big moun-

tains, on and on almost to the big wa-

ters. I found my kin. They are many

and strong and rich. They, too, were

kind to me. I came because you had

been kind and because you were sick

and because you had sent for me, and

"I have seen Crooked Lightning. His

heart is bad. I have seen the new

prophet. I do not like him. And I

have seen the white woman that you

are to burn tomorrow." The lad

stopped. His every word had been of

defense or indictment and more than

once the old chief's eyes shifted un-

The dauntless mien of the boy, his

steady eyes, and his bold truthfulness,

pleased the old man. The lad must

take his place as chief. Now White

"I told you I would come when the

strange new power of him.

to keep my word.

easily.

eyes had a new fire.

"Burn her?" burst out the boy.

he caught his mother by the wrist and

all but cried out:

will burn her."

Kabtoo's kin!"

looked displeased.

"Does she know?"

"What is her name?"

"Neither knows."

"Early Morn."

make more trouble."

"Who is that?"

"Ah!" thought Erskine. '

by the arm:

scowling:

tated and scowled:

EARLY MORN

SYNOPSIS .- To the Kentucky wilderness outpost commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time imme diately preceding the Revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees by whom he had been captured and adopted as a son of the chief Kahtoo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a leader among the settlers. The boy warns Shawnee war party. The fort is attacked, and only saved by the timely appearance of a party of Virginians. The leader of these is fatally wounded, but in his dying moments recognizes the fugitive youth as his son. At Red Oaks, plantation on the James river, Virginia, Colonel Dale's home, the boy appears with a message for the colonel, who after reading it introduces the bearer to his daughter Barbara as her cousin, Erakine Dale. Erskine meets two other cousins, Harry Dale and Hugh Willoughby. Dueling rapiers on a wall at Red Oaks attract Erskine's attention. He takes his first fencing lesson from Hugh. Yandell visits Red Oaks. At the county fair at Williamsburg Erskine meets a youth, Dane Grey, and there at once arises a bitter antagonism between them. Grey, in liquor, in-sults Erskine, and the latter, for the moment all Indian, draws his Yandell disarms him. Ashamed of his conduct in the affair with Grey, Erskine leaves Red Oaks that night, to return to the wilderness. Yandell, with Harry and Hugh, who have been permitted to visit the Sanders fort, overtake him. At the plantation the boy had left a note in which he gave the property, which is his as the son of Colonel Dale's older brother, to Barbara. The party is met by three Shawnees, who bring news to Erskine (whose Indian name is White Arrow) that his fos ter father, Kalitoo, is dying and desires him to come to the tribe and become its chief. After a brief visit to the fort Erskine goes to the

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

On the seventh day he was nearing the village, where the sick chief lay, and when he caught sight of the teepees in a little creek bottom, he fired his rifle, and putting Firefly into a gallop and with right hand high, swept into the village. Several bucks had caught up bow or rifle at the report of the gun and the clatter of hoofs, but their bands relaxed when they saw his sign of peace. The squaws gathered and there were grunts of recognition and greeting when the boy pulled up in their midst. The flaps of the chief's tent parted and his fostermother started toward him with a sudden stream of tears and turned quickly back. The old chief's keen black eyes were waiting for her and he spoke before she could open her lips: "White Arrow! It is well. Here-at

once!" Erskine had swung from his horse and followed. The old chief measured him from head to foot slowly and his

face grew content: "Show me the horse!"

The boy threw back the flaps of the tent and with a gesture bade an Indian to lead Firefly to and fro. The horse even thrust his beautiful head over his master's shoulder and looked within, snorting gently. Kahtoo waved dismissal:

"You must ride north soon to carry the white wampum and a peace talk. And when you go you must hurry back, for when the sun is highest on the day after you return, my spirit will pass." And thefeupon he turned his face

and went back into sleep.

Just before sunset rifle-shots sounded in the distance—the hunters were coming in - and the accompanying whoops meant great success. Each of three bucks carried a deer over his shoulders, and foremost of the three was Crooked Lightning, who barely paused when he saw Erskine, and then with an insolent glare and grunt pussed him and tossed his deer at the feet of the squaws. The boy's hand slipped toward the handle of his tomahawk, but some swift instinct kept him still. The savage must have had good reason for such open defiance, for the lad began to feel that many others shared in his hostility and he began to wonder and speculate.

Quickly the feast was prepared and the boy ate apart-his foster-mother bringing him food-but he could hear the story of the day's hunting and the allusions to the prowess of Crooked Lightning's son, Black Wolf, who was Erskine's age, and he knew they were but slurs against himself.

Fresh wood was thrown on the fire. and as its light leaped upward the lad saw an aged Indian emerge from one of two tents that sat apart on a little rise saw him lift both hands toward the stars for a moment and then return within.

"Who is that?" he asked. "The new prophet," said his mother. Arrow turned questioner: Me bas been but one moon here and

What has she done that she must die? What is the peace talk you wish me to carry north?" The old man hesitated long with closed eyes. When he opened them

leaves fell and I am here. Why is

Crooked Lightning here? Why is the new prophet? Who is the woman?

the fire was gone and they were dim again.

"The story of the prophet and Crooked Lightning is too long, he said wearily. "I will tell tomorrow. The woman must die because her people have slain mine. Besides, she is growing blind and is a trouble. You carry the white wampum to a council, The Shawnees may join the British against our enemies-the palefaces."

"I will wait," said the lad, "I will carry the white wampum. If you war against the paleface on this side of the mountain-I am your enemy. It you war with the British against them all-I am your enemy. And the wom an must not die."

"I have spoken," said the old man. An armful of pine fagots was tossed "I have spoken," sald the boy. He on the blaze, and in a whiter leap of turned to lie down and went to sleep. light he saw the face of a woman at The old man sat on, staring out at the the other tent-saw her face and for stars.

Just outside the tent a figure slipped away as noiselessly as a snake. When it rose and emerged from the shadows the firelight showed the malignant, triimphant face of Crooked Lightning.

CHAPTER VIII

and adopted her but"-the old woman The Indian boys were plunging into the river when Erskine appeared at umph-"she dies tomorrow. Kahtoo the opening of the old chief's tent next morning, and when they came out icicles were clinging to their hair. He had forgotten the custom and he shrugged his shoulders at his mother's A little later when he was passing inquiring look. But the next morning near the white woman's tent a girl sat when Crooked Lightning's son Black ually killed," Major Mathews is quoted Wolf passed him with a taunting smile he changed his mind. ing, smiled. She had the skin of the

"Wait!" he said. He turned, stripped quickly to a breech-clout, pointed to a beech down and across the river, challenging Black Wolf to a race. Together they plunged in and the boy's white body clove through the water like the arrow that he was. At the beech he whipped about to meet the angry face of his competitor ten yards behind. Half-way back he was more than twepty yards ahead when he heard a strangled cry. Perhaps it was a ruse to cover the humiliation of defeat, but when he saw bucks rushing for the river bank he knew that the ley water had brought a cramp to Black Wolf, so he turned, caught the lad by his topknot, towed him shoreward, dropped him contemptuously, and stalked back to his tent. His mtoher had built a fire for him, and the old chief looked pleased and proud.

"My spirit shall not pass," he said. and straightway he rose and dressed, and to the astonishment of the tribe emerged from his tent and walked firmly about the village until he found Crooked Lightning.

"You would have Black Wolf chief," he said. "Very well. We shall see the minds of thinking people to make Within the old chief called faintly who can show the better right-your son or White Arrow"-a challenge that sent Crooked Lightning to brood awhile in his tent, and then secretly to consult the prophet.

Later the old chief talked long to White Arrow. The prophet, he said, had been with them but a little while. He claimed that the Great Spirit had made revelations to him alone. What manner of man was he, questioned the boy-did he have ponies and pelts and jerked meat?

"He is poor," said the chief. "He has only a wife and children and the tribe feeds him.

White Arrow himself grunted - it was the first sign of his old life stirring within him.

"Why should the Great Spirit pick out such a man to favor?" he asked. The chief shook his head.

"Crooked Lightning has found much favor with him, and in turn with the others, so that I have not thought it wise to tell Crooked Lightning that he must go. He has stirred up the young men against me-and against you. They were waiting for me to die." The boy looked thoughtful and the chief waited. He had not reached the aim of his speech and there was no need to put it in words, for White Arrow understood.

"I will show them," he said quietly. When the two appeared outside, many braves had gathered, for the whole village knew what was in the wind. Should it be a horse race first? Crooked Lightning looked at the boy's thoroughbred and shook his head-Indian ponies would as well try to outrun an arrow, a bullet, a hurricane.

A foot-race? The old chief smiled when Crooked Lightning shook his head again-no brave in the tribe even could match the speed that gave the lad his name. The bow and arrow, the rifle, the tomahawk? Tomahawks and bows and arrows were brought out. Black Wolf was half a head shorter, but stocky and powerfully built. White Arrow's sinews had strengthened, but he had scarcely used bow and tomahawk since he had left the tribe. He had the power but not the practice, and Black Wolf won with great ease. When they came to the rifle, Black Wolf was out of the game, for nover a bull's-eye did White Arrow miss.

> "With a gesture Pontiac bade Crooked Lightning speak."

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Man With a Mission. The "man with a mission" is becoming a nuisance. Nine times out of ten he seems to be headed away from the kind of work he is best qualified to do.-Houston Post.

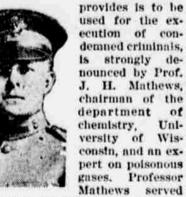
How many self-made men have in reality been made by their wives?

The

DEATH BY GAS IS DENOUNCED

Prof. J. H. Mathews, Former World War Major, Condemns Method Used in Nevada.

Nevada's chamber of death, the gas room which a new law in the state provides is to be



as a major in the World war, studying gas warfare at the British front and serving in charge of the gas and flame branch of the trench warfare section of the United States army.

"The purpose of gas in warfare is to produce as much agony and torture as possible, in order that the victim may be at least incapacitated, if not actas saying to the American Legion news service. "And it is inconceivable that a state should desire to use gases which produce such effects. The purpose of capital punishment is to remove the victim quietly and effectively, in order that society henceforth may be protected and to serve as a warning to other potential evildoers.

"It is to be hoped that civilization has reached a point where revenge is no longer a motive. Only savages torture their victims before killing them; the use of any of the war gases to remove criminals would be quite in line with the practice of savages."

Professor Mathews said there were gases which might be used for executions, if the use of gas at all could ever be deemed wise. Carbon dioxide, the poisonous constituent of ordinary illuminating gas, he declared would be the logical one to use. He asserted, however, that if the administration of gas for execution of criminals were carried out, it should be entirely in the hands of medically trained men who understand both its use and attendant dangers.

"The horrors of poorly carried out electrocutions are sufficiently vivid in them abhor any method of execution which may not be both humane and effective," he declared.

CLIMBS FOR LEGION POSTS

George Polly, Lynn, Mass., Ex-Soldier, Gives Exhibitions to Help Raise Funds.

Some people are height shy. They grab hold of a chimney on the roof of a story-and-a-half dwelling and look over the side only to seek the skylight and the lower regions. "Human Flies" are afflicted with the opposite complex. They can't stand on the ground and look at the chimney without wanting to go right up the front of the building and see if a chick-a-dee has built a nest there.

Such a human fly is George Polly of Lynn, Mass., ex-soldler in the Aus-



"Human Fly" Scaling Building.

rallan army, who for the last two years has climbed buildings from coast to coast for the benefit of Legion posts. He has climbed the Woolworth building in New York, the Custom House tower in Boston and the highest buildings in every other city of size.

His hands and his toes are all he uses in scaling. Needless to say he has never fallen.

Legion Post of City Firemen. A post of the American Legion, composed exclusively of city firemen, has been formed in New Orleans. The fire fighters plan to enter a team in the Legion athletic meet next Oc-

PROUD OF THIS LEGION HERO

Mourned as Dead, "Big Jim" Hanbery Returns and Is Accorded Honors for Bravery.

They mourned "Big Jim" as dead,

and in Pittsburg, Kan., Enid. Okla., and Tulsa, Okla., there were memorial services. The newspapers carried stories of "Big Jim's bravery, of his sacrifice on the country's altar-all in the past tense.

"Jim isn't

dead," Mrs. "Big Jim" insisted, and refused to attend the services. "He'll come back to

me. I know it." "And "Big Jim" did come back, "Big Jim," otherwise Lieut. James W. Hanbery, came back, through war's worst hell, to the woman who waited at home for him. He's a newspaper reporter now, in Omaha. And the other day "Big Jim" was summoned to Fort Crook, near Omaha, and in the presence of a thousand or more American Legion buddles and Hanford Mac-Nider, national commander of the American Legion, and other notables, the Distinguished Service cross was

pinned on his breast. A letter from Gen, John J. Pershing, and one from Gov. Henry Allen of Kansas, were read, praising "Big Jim" for magnificent heroism, And the story was told again of how he fought his way back, dangerously wounded, to life, and back home again to the wife who held to the faith he would return.

Lieutenant Hanbery's act was cleaning out a German machine gun nest at Chateau Thierry. He and his men went forward in bayonet charge. All but 12 of the platoon were killed or wounded. "Blg Jim" was wounded in the head, and his right arm paralyzed, but he kept on going, refusing medical attention, but insisting that his wounded men be looked after. He led a brilliant charge, personally capturing two of the German guns.

He sustained wounds in the head, right thigh and left arm. He crawled into a shell hole and was unconscious eight hours. When he recovered consciousness he bound up his own wounds and tried to help two other wounded men in the same hole-but they were killed by shells.

Then he tried to "dig in." But he was seen by a German gunner, and was hit a few more times. He "played 'possum," until the firing ceased. He tried to signal the attention of an American flyer, but a German airman, instead, saw him, and came swooping down; opening fire on the wounded officer with a machine gun. He "played 'possum" again. And two hours later he crawled out

of his hole and started, slowly, in agony, to crawl to the American lines, He couldn't walk. He rolled, crawled, pushed his way along inch by inch. A German sniper shot at him every time he rolled over, and added more wounds to his total. Finally the sniper got him with a bullet through the right thigh, and "Big Jim" fainted.

He was picked up the next day and sent to a hospital. He was unconscious 52 hours, and for a month his identity lost. The War department cabled his wife in Pittsburg, and parents in Enid, that he was dead. Then the services were held.

But two months later Mrs. Hanbery received a letter from "Big Jim," from hospital in France. After being brought back to the States he was many months in the hospital. When he was able to get out he went to Omaha and became a newspaper reporter. When he enlisted, at the very start of the war, he was a teacher in the State Normal school at Pittsburg. It was with Company L, Fifty-ninth infantry, he went to France, and from the start he was called "Big Jim" because of his height-6 feet 2 inches in his bare feet.

LEGION MEN AS POLICEMEN

Portland, Oregon, Post Responds When the Call Is Made for Traffic Officers.

Glenn H. Ticer, one time infantry-

man and director of the employment bureau of Portland (Ore.) post of the American Legion, received a call from Portland's police commissioner one

morning asking for ex-soldiers to act as policemen. The longshoremen's and water front employees lockout was in full blast at the time and the regular traffic police were detailed for special duty.

The majority of the veterans donned their war time uniforms and wore police officers' badges on their O. D.'s where many of the men might have worn hero's medals. Fifty-two veterans were sworn in as "specials." One of them is pictured here. He's L. L. Robertson, who, with other service men, operated the "stop and go" signs for the two months the lockout lasted.

Will Greet Visitors.

Four state senators and four members of the House of Representatives of the Louisiana legislature have been appointed members of a reception committee to greet distinguished visitors to the American Legion national convention in New Orleans, October 16-20.

Relief Is Found From Stomach Trouble

Hope for the millions of unfortunate men and women who are victims of stomach trouble is sounded by William Hoylen, of 16 Spring St., Bristol, Conn. Mr. Hoylen was a victim of stomach trouble in its worst form, but was completely restored to health by taking Tanlac. He says:

"For fifteen years I had attacks of stomach trouble, and had been in bed for three weeks when I got Tanlac. but three bottles built me up fifteen pounds, and made a well man of me. I am now eating steak and onlons, and feel just fine in every way."

Undigested food ferments in the stomach and soon the entire system is filled with poisons. Tanlac was designed to restore the stomach to a healthy condition and build up the whole body. Millions everywhere have acclaimed its wonderful power. Get a bottle today.

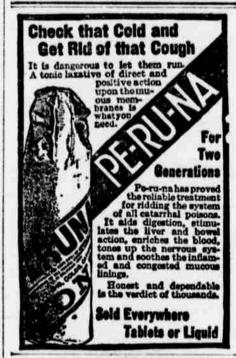
Taniac is sold by all good druggists -Advertisement.

Flapper Styles.

"The latest thing is the dishrag sweater." "Ought to go nicely with the bath towel skirt."

Fresh, sweet, white, dainty clothes for baby, if you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Never streaks or injures them. All good grocers sell it.-Advertisement.

Those Girls! Mabel-"Clara's last photograph was lovely." Edith-"Yes, I had to ask her who it was."



Chronic Constipation Relieved Without the Use of Laxatives Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natu-



It's toasted. This one extra process gives a delightful quality that can not be duplicated

IT'S TOASTED



Clear Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap and Talcum Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 38-1922.