

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flew to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary, following a quarrel. Ishmin and Peter's wife, Dorothy, had urged him to flee. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, forcing his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's, Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Ishmin and Dorothy go to Alaska to return Peter's body to Georgia. They do not recognize Peter, who is chosen head guide. A storm carries their ship to sea, stranding them at the grave. Peter rescues Ishmin from a charging bear whose cub Ishmin wounded. Their ship does not return. Peter lays plans for their escape before winter sets in.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"I do mean it. You've kept your place so far and I know you'll continue to keep it. You can watch out for the bears as well as I can. We'll call it decided—only, if you don't mind, Dorothy, we'll wait one more day to see if the ship comes in."

Thus it was arranged, and now, as the night lowered, Ivan and Dorothy sat by the fireside at the door of her tent.

Tonight Ivan urged immediate marriage. When Dorothy asked him how, exiled as they were from civilization, immediate marriage could be brought about, he had a ready answer. "Can marriages occur only in civilization?" he asked. "It's especially simple here—you know that Nick Pavlov is empowered to marry people. As you must have heard, he has some sort of right from the Greek Church—hereditary, I guess—and it holds good through all this end of Alaska. A license is not required when there is no way to get it—it's just a legal record at best—and if you wish, that could be handled when we get to Seward. Marry me tonight, Dorothy—then together we'll go away—to Russia, to the South Seas, anywhere."

His face was stark white; his eyes glowed like the coals of dying fire. Her lips trembled piteously as she sought his hand in the dusk. "Don't talk about it tonight," she urged, almost pleading. "I'm so troubled—the future is so uncertain—"

He looked straight into her eyes, as if he would hypnotize her. "You're troubled only because you haven't as yet made up your mind to accept me—a decision you are sure to make in the end," he told her slowly, with deep emphasis. "You won't quit being troubled until you do—because you love me in your heart. For this same reason your future seems so dark and uncertain. Dorothy, marry me tonight and put your destiny in my hands."

"I don't want to think about it any more tonight," she told him earnestly. "Ivan, I wish you would play. Sometimes music is like a light, helping me to straighten everything out—"

He took the violin in his slim hands. He hesitated, then began softly the immortal "Elegie" by Massenet. This song of tears, deathlessly sweet, brought her very nearly to the answer of her problem. She did not actually come to a conclusion in regard to Ivan's suit, but she believed she found the reason why she had not yielded to him long since, and thus the source of all her uncertainty, her haunting doubts and fears. This was a song of the dead, and through the magic of its genius she was able, vaguely, to pierce the veil of death.

It was, indeed, a loyalty to Peter—mistaken, perhaps, but yet an emotion of great power—that had kept her from Ivan's arms so long. Partly this loyalty was an echo of her remembered love for him, partly it was born of her remorse for failure in duty toward him. And now that she stood at Peter's grave, the situation had reached its crisis.

"Tell me something, Ivan," The girl spoke quietly, her low, deep, beautiful voice tremulous with wonder, and the soft, starlike lustre of tears in her eyes. "Ivan, do you believe in ghosts?"

"Of course," he said. "Who doesn't? No one can believe in immortality and not, strictly speaking, believe in ghosts. The whole world knows of them—not just believes in them."

"A great truth has just come to me," The girl was exalted. "I've known it all the time, but I just wasn't aware of it. Maybe that isn't plain. I mean that I've sensed it, subconsciously—all the time I've been here—in some back part of myself; and I can't imagine why I've taken so long for my conscious self to be aware of it."

It. The music sent it home to me, just now."

"It often takes music, or some other stimulus to the emotions, to send home the truth. What is it?" he asked gently.

"Peter is watching over me. I feel his presence just as surely as if he were in the flesh."

CHAPTER XII. THE SEANCE.

They were both silent as they thought of the immensity of this; the convey by the dead. Ivan, always something of a mystic, caught fire at once and leaned toward her in deepest interest. "Peter's spirit has held me up, all the way through," she told him in a soft monotone that did not in the least conceal her emotion. "It kept me from being afraid, all these days—and has comforted me when the wind blew—and during those long hours that I watched for the Warrior to return."

"It's not very flattering to me—that the ghost of a dead man could be more assurance to you than I."

"You've been a wonderful help, too," She paused, and her face was stark white in the dusk. "Ivan, do you think we could get a message through to him?"

"I don't know," Ivan spoke very softly. "The dead have been called back. What do you want to tell him?" "I don't want to tell him anything—I feel that he knows my every thought. But I want him to tell me something. I want to know that he has forgiven me for any failure in duty toward him—and I want his advice, how to go on."

Ivan was fully receptive to her mood, and he sat a moment with bowed head. "We can try, Dorothy," he said at last. "We can hold a seance—surely every advantage is in our favor. Fortune Joe is a medicine man, and Bradford described what he called the spirit rite. He might get a word through. Who knows?"

"Get all five of us, in a circle?" "The bigger the circle the better. Shall I summon the three men?"



"He say—change the name."

But they chose to walk together to the guides' quarters, finding the men smoking in comfort before their low fire. "Joe, isn't it true you are a medium?" Ivan began addressing the witch doctor. "That you can get word through to the dead? Mr. Bradford told us you had a reputation—"

"Yes. Me talk with dead," Joe answered simply.

"Then tonight Mrs. Newhall wants you to try to talk with the man who lies buried here," He pointed to the cross, wan and ghostly itself in the pale light, on the beach but a short distance below the camp. "He was Mrs. Newhall's husband, as you know—and she wants to get a message from him. Will you be willing to try a seance?"

"Don't know seance. Sometimes call—no answer. Maybe get answer tonight."

"You'll come too, Pavlov—and Pete. We're going to make a little circle."

To Pete, it was the crowning touch of the whole, fantastic, tragic-comic adventure.

Yet there was a solemn air to the little meeting that was held straightway on the grassy land just above the grave. The medium sat between Dorothy and Ivan; Pete was on the other side of Dorothy and Pavlov next to him. Touching hands lightly, they sat intent.

Fortune Joe had gone into what seemed a half-trance; his head was bowed, his face white as if with utterable agony. They heard him moan softly, in the utter silence.

"What you want?" he mumbled at last. "Me all tangled—spirit keeps"



floating up there, keeps coming back here. Who you want Joe to call?"

"My husband!" Dorothy answered quickly. "The man who lies here dead—under this cross!"

There was a brief spell of silence, then the native moaned again. There ensued a second of struggle in which liquid fire seemed to leap through the chain of their hands. Then Joe's trance seemed to deepen.

"Dead man—he here," he said slowly. "Man—died in the water—lay under cross. What you want?"

"Ask him if he forgives everything," the girl whispered. Tears softened her voice. "Ask him if I am to go ahead—and do what Ivan wants me to do."

The medicine man's blanched face and subdued struggles seemed to indicate tremendous difficulty in getting the questions through, and hearing their answer. His face worked. "You make fun of me," he moaned softly. "You laugh at me—"

Dorothy cast one indignant glance about the circle, saw that every face was intent and sober, then pressed tight the native's hand. "Oh, no! We're not laughing. Get what message you can for me—"

She waited in ineffable anxiety for this word from beyond the grave. "The man—he here," the native muttered, half-intelligently. "He drowned—cut up by rocks. He say—change the name."

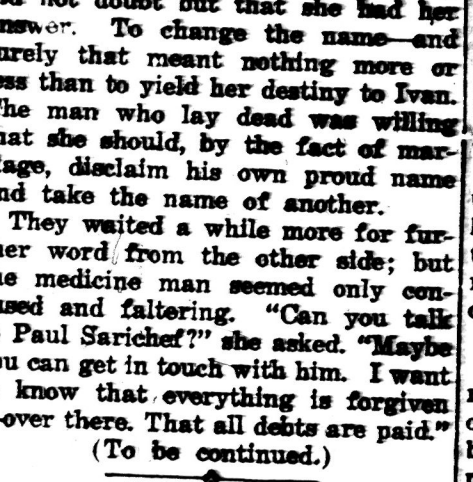
This was something concrete, and the girl trembled in the brooding mystery of the moment. "Is that all—to change my name?"

"Change name!" Me no get no more. Everything else all clouded."

Yet was it not enough? Dorothy did not doubt but that she had her answer. To change the name—and surely that meant nothing more or less than to yield her destiny to Ivan. The man who lay dead was willing that she should, by the fact of marriage, disclaim his own proud name and take the name of another.

They waited a while more for further word from the other side; but the medicine man seemed only confused and faltering. "Can you talk to Paul Sarichef?" she asked. "Maybe you can get in touch with him. I want to know that everything is forgiven—over there. That all debts are paid."

(To be continued.)



"Because bones is sugar-cured don't imagine 'taint from healthy bone'."

"Are you sure these field glasses are of high power?" "Absolutely, sir. When you use them, anything less than 15 miles away looks as if it is behind you."

A small boy found the following sentence in his grammar examination: "The horse and the cow is in the field." He was told to correct it and wrote: "The cow and horse is in the field." Ladies should always come first."

U-Boat Rescue Laid To Suicide Effort

German Veteran Says Attempt to End Lives by Firing Torpedoes Sent Craft Upward

Nine of Crew of 37 Lived

They Were Imprisoned for Forty-four Hours 450 Feet Down in Bristol Channel in 1918, He Says

In connection with the discussion on submarines and their seaworthiness, revived in the German press by the loss of the S-4 with forty men off Provincetown, Mass., on Dec. 17, the Munchener Neueste Nachrichten printed an interview with Paul Ordtolf, a veteran German submarine sailor who served through the World War. Ordtolf, after giving his views on the possibility of rescuing the crews of sunken submarines, told the following as the story of his worst experience at sea:

"On Sept. 20, 1918, in the U-B 86, we attacked a convoy of merchantmen off the west coast of England at the entrance to the Bristol Channel. After torpedoing the first steamer, the commandant tried to dive under the ship, as was the custom, in order to conceal traces of the U-boat."

"Then either we were pulled down by the suction of the sinking vessel or else the vessel itself pushed us toward the bottom. At any rate, our depth manometer fell with fearful speed to 100 meters. The depth register was only set to record that much, but the chart showed a depth of 144 meters (about 470 feet)."

Pressure of Fourteen Atmospheres.

"The grating and the sharp banging on the outside of the boat indicated that we were lying on a rocky bottom. There was plenty of electric power on hand, as we had driven only a short while before. The diving tanks seemed to be damaged. Water trickled through all the rivets and plates, but the boat's sides stood up under the frightful pressure of fourteen atmospheres."

Our first task was to trim the boat, which had landed on the bottom with her bow down. This was done easily enough, but all our attempts to empty the diving tanks by air pressure and thus make the boat rise were in vain. The submarine did not move. Our store of compressed air was soon exhausted and with it all prospects of rescue."

"There were thirty-seven of us. After twenty hours the air was thick enough to be cut with a knife, despite the fact that we had cleared it every once in a while with our ampoules of chlorate of potassium and had drawn upon our store of oxygen. Breathing became more difficult every minute. We were crushed down by a horrid feeling of lassitude."

"After twenty-eight hours some of the men fainted. After thirty-two hours the first death occurred. Apathetic, we lay around hardly able to move. Our panting lungs could get only sticky, foul air."

Four Dead After Thirty-six Hours.

"After thirty-four hours the second man died. Then it went faster. The commandant, Captain Lieutenant Hubbsch, died, followed soon by the torpedo gunner forward. That made four dead at the end of thirty-six hours."

"Despair gripped us. We lay around groaning and coughing, and many of the men became insistent in their plea: 'Kill us with a bullet!'"

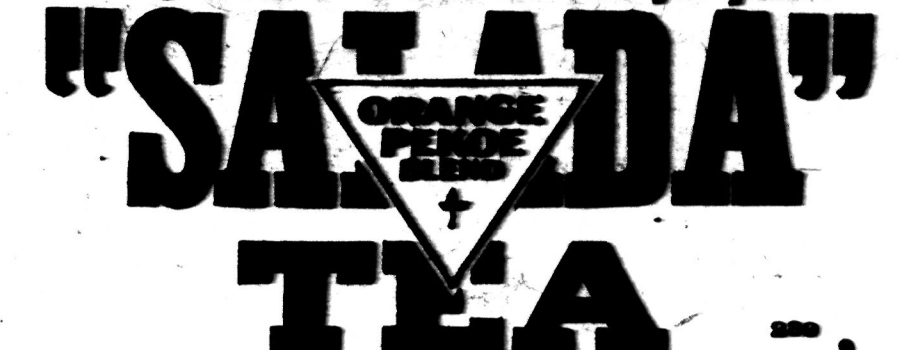
"Once more I tried to use the blowpipe for clearing the air, but my feeble arms refused to function. Painfully the hours dragged on. We knew forty-two had passed. All hope had vanished."

"The torpedo mate asked me to go forward with him, saying, 'If we have to die anyway, let's end it right now by letting loose the torpedoes.' Two firemen dragged themselves along with us forward. With immense difficulty we began to unscrew the cover of a torpedo tube, so as to flood the torpedo. We had been taught that under the pressure of three atmospheres from the outside, i.e., at a depth of thirty meters, the torpedoes would explode of themselves."

"We lay waiting for the detonation that would end our sufferings. It did not come. A dud? It took us nearly an hour, with enfeebled limbs and fighting for breath, to remove the cover of the second tube. The same sinister silence."

"Now we know that even under a water pressure of fourteen atmospheres the torpedoes did not explode. With a vague glimmer of hope we unscrewed the covers of the two other forward torpedo tubes. I crawled back to the firing control, the torpedo mate behind me. Simultaneously we pressed the four buttons of the electric firing apparatus. Were there rocks near the boat that would be bound to make the torpedoes go off?"

"Orange Pekoe" is only the name given to a class of tea—Some good, many poor, Orange Pekoe are sold—The most economical and yet the finest flavored is "SALADA" Orange Pekoe—Sold in metal—pure—fresh—delicious—40c per lb.



Best Begins to Rise.

"The slight shock of the discharge was followed again by the seem deep, sinister silence. But, relieved of the weight of the torpedoes, the boat began to rise by the head. Soon it stood upright, with the bow uppermost. Our attempts to pump water from the after ballast tanks into the forward tanks, and thus bring the boat on an even keel, failed, as the pumps would not take hold."

"But the fact that the boat had moved revived our spirits. There remained only one last desperate thing to do—to fire the after torpedo. From the position of the boat it ought to strike the rocky bottom. And then all would be over."

"For forty-four hours we had lain penned in on the bottom at that fearful depth when the after torpedo was made ready and I pressed the button of the electric firer. It was awesomely still. There was no explosion after the shot. No one will ever be able to say if the torpedo's course was deflected toward the surface by its own force or if we were no longer on the bottom of the sea."

"We waited. Then suddenly a man shrieked, 'Forty meters!' and we all glued our eyes to the depth register. Slowly the boat rose. At fifteen meters we saw clear, green water through the heavy panes of glass. Suddenly it became quite clear. I tried to unscrew the hatch. But my strength was gone. Two others helped me."

Fresh Air Like Liquid Fire.

"The first breath of fresh air was like liquid fire in mouths and throats for hours unaccustomed to oxygen. I had a vague feeling of being saved when I fell into a deep faint from which I awoke after four hours. Of the thirty-seven members of the crew, only nine were alive."

"The hull of the boat was battered

like a can pounded aimlessly with a hammer. The diving rudder was wrecked, and there was no possibility of diving again. But we were breathing fresh air once more!

"We nine held loyalty together. As the oldest in the service, I took command. In nine days we managed to sail on the surface around Ireland between the Shetland and the Orkney Isles, through three lines of English picket ships, and reach Bergen, Norway. The fresh water in the tanks had got badly mixed with sea water. Our main food stores had got damp and inedible. Bread was all we had enough of."

In Bergen, with the aid of the German Consul, we obtained food. In leaving we shook off, under cover of darkness, an English warship, probably informed through the English espionage service. The next morning we were able to establish radio connection with Norddeich, and near the scene of the battle of Skagerrak we were taken in charge by a flotilla of German destroyers sent out to meet us and safely conveyed to our home port of Kiel."

"We were questioned in detail by the naval authorities in Berlin, and finally I was personally presented to the Kaiser."

The Pope's Encyclical

New York Sun: Many earnest seekers for a united church have cherished hope that a way might be found for rapprochement with Rome through some such conferences as the Malines conversations, which were led by the greatly loved and trusted Cardinal Mercier on the one side and by such leaders of the Anglo-Catholic fraction of the Church of England as Lord Halifax and Bishop Gore. Since the encyclical letter defending the unyielding position of Rome was published Lord Halifax has disclosed some half dozen points in which it was found in the Malines conversations that Anglican and Roman Catholic doctrines were not in serious conflict. In the light of the Pope's present declaration, however, it is by no means clear that even with substantial agreement on those six subjects there is substantial ground for hoping that a rapprochement will soon be found.

Naval Competition

New York World: It is with a sense of horror that one realizes that after all they have suffered and after all they have professed the two English-speaking nations are repeating once again the tragic errors of the past. Can it be that these two civilized nations are fatally doomed to forget all the lessons of experience? It cannot be. And it must not be. Within these two nations there are qualities of mind and soul sufficient to avert a tragedy if they are aroused in time to the danger which impends. Thoughtlessness and superficial people may sit back complacently because the danger of collision between the United States and Great Britain is not a matter of weeks, or months, or even a few years. In these matters one has to think in terms of decades, and in time of tranquility prevent what will otherwise become unpreventable.

Rural Credits

Three Rivers Blen Public Coils: The Ontario Government Commission will lend up to 50 per cent. of the guaranteed value. The sum lent at 5 1/2 per cent. is repayable yearly over a period of years. As the Government has no profit in view, but only the welfare of the agricultural class, they do not take estates for non-payment of debts; they take steps on the contrary to safeguard the farmer on his land; they voluntarily offer an extension to the debtor in arrears, and they will wait one, two or three years until better farming conditions permit him to meet his annual payments and interest.

Panama and Peace

New York Times: (The traffic through the Panama Canal was greater in 1927 than ever before). The fact is particularly worthy of notice at this time, when America's "imperialistic" designs in Central America are being so vehemently condemned as utterly selfish and brutal. Just twenty-five years ago an act of America's "imperialistic" policy was being even more vehemently denounced—the recognition of the independence of the Panama Republic. And yet that recognition made possible the rapid construction of the canal, which, while of vital importance to the interests of the United States, has brought increasing benefits to Latin-Americans and the world at large.

Minard's Liniment for aches.

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PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST