The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flees 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.

Dorothy receives word that her husband's body, identified by his sea jacket, has been buried in Alaska. She feels free to receive Ishmin's attentions. But Peter had been rescued by another ship. His appearance is completely changed and he is known as Limejuice Pete. He finds his identity completely covered and takes a job in a cannery. Larson's body occupies his grave.

A last letter sent Dorothy in Pete's effects puts him in a new light to her. She decides to carry his body back to Georgia for burial. Ishmin arranges with Peter's boss for guide and labor. Limejuice Pete is chosen as guide. Ishmin and Dorothy arrive but do not recognize him. He leads them to the grave. While digging, a storm comes, carrying their ship to sea.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VIII.

STRANDED.

Dorothy could scarcely believe her eyes at first. Then she leaped out from her shelter—a slender, appealing figure in the clouds of rain—and called sobbingly, as if her voice would carry out to sea. Then she turned in desperation to the head guide.

"Launch the boat quick, Pete," she said. "Maybe we can catch her yet—"

He shook his head, soberly and respectfully. "You'd better get back under cover, Mrs. Newhall," he advised. "It would just mean to be lost if we tried to catch her. She probably had good reasons for going—"

"But to leave us here, in this awful place—"

"She probably didn't have any other choice. I think likely her anchor chain broke. Her crew is heading for some shelter where she can lie at anchor—possibly clear to Port Heiden. She'll lay up there till the storm is over, then come back for us. I'll make you comfortable; the best thing for you now is to keep dry till we can make camp."

"But how long before they'll be back?"

He looked straight into her wide-open, violet eyes. "That's a question, Mrs. Newhall. When these storms come up, no one knows when they are going to go away, but surely it won't be more than a few days at most. Fortunately we've got plenty of grub—a good part of my winter supply that will last the five of us nearly a month, with fresh meat. I've got my rifle here, so we won't starve. Perhaps they will be back to-morrow."

Pete himself was not an experienced camper, but he was a strong man, left with his hands, and a few camping trips and deer-hunts in the last year had taught him the rudiments of woodcraft. He selected for their camp the first alder thicket adjacent to the boat, which happened to be on an easy slope, immediately above and less than fifty yards back from the grave on the beach. A small stream flowed past their camp and down to the sea, providing plenty of pure water; and the grass of its bank was deep and rich. A space was cleared in the centre with the axe, and here, in a place of comparative shelter from the find, he spread his own light, compact, waterproof tent. Here, on the soft moss under the canvas, he spread the girl's sleeping robe. "Duck for it quick," he told Dorothy, as he wrapped his own great slicker coat about her.

Ivan turned as if he would resent even this shadow of familiarity, but what he saw on the girl's face silenced him. Dorothy had evidently not taken offense. Presently, her hand in his, they were racing together across the tundra toward the shelter of Pete's tent.

One of the natives dug up the roots of a certain dwarf willow that grew beside the creek, and here he found dry kindling that soon developed a cheery fire. Pete's own camp stove soon had the tent thoroughly warm and dry.

The situation looked a little better to Dorothy by now, but it was still a doleful project. The tent was for one person only; she could not image how the four men were to find shelter from the storm. This, however, did not prove difficult. Nick Pavlof was adept at building the combination dugout and turf house that is almost the only kind of human habitation known on the Bering Sea Sea side of the Alaskan Peninsula, and he soon had a shelter that not only defied the rain, but also wind and cold.

Pete disappeared with his rifle up the hill; and soon Dorothy heard him shoot. He returned in a moment with a plump grouse, nearly as large as a chicken, that he explained was the incomparable ptarmigan of the barren lands. Pavlof, who had been given the job of assistant cook, cleaned it and it was soon frying merrily on the camp stove.

The entire company was improved in spirits after a lunch of the tender, delicious flesh of ptarmigan, fried potatoes, and reflector biscuits served with marmalade. Pete himself superintended her coffee, and he seemed to know by instinct just how she liked it! It was rich and dark and smooth; though of a land of coffee drinkers, she herself could not have made it better.

Camp work was completed in the afternoon while Ivan and Dorothy played cards to pass the time. They watched together the gray of twilight thicken over the land, followed soon by the swift-falling darkness. The three workmen moved dimly in and out of the firelight as they prepared the evening meal.

Pete himself filled the girl's plate and brought the food, steaming hot, to her side. She ate heartily, grateful to him, and his last work was to dig roots from beneath her sleeping robe so that she might spend the night in comparative comfort.

He paused for a single instant in the half-darkness beside her. "If the rain quits to-morrow I'll cut a lot of tundra grass and make you a real bed," he told her quietly.

Ivan himself could not have been more considerate of her. She couldn't explain how, yet this man's understanding of the North, his confidence in his own ability to cope with it and conquer it, passed to her and comforted her. "You don't think we'll have to spend another night here, do you?" she asked.

"I think it very likely. Is that all I can do for you, Mrs. Newhall,"

"Everything, Pete. You are very kind. Pete, what part of England are

"I'll cut a lot of tundra grass."

you from? Your accent is not greatly different from the men of my own country."

He looked straight at her. "Liverpool. But I've been in America so long, in the North, it is queer my accent would be anything but Siwash."

He bade her good night and soon vanished into the murk of the storm. She sat a while with Ivan, listening to the beat of the rain on the tent.

"Dorothy," he asked suddenly, "does this land take hold of you?"

She waited an instant, half-dreaming, before she attempted to reply. "It gets my imagination, some way," she confessed at last. "It has given me the queerest moods, the strangest thoughts—all day long. How does it affect you?"

He moved nearer, groping for her hand. He caught it at last, and his throbbed with the fierce pulse of his arteries. "Do you want to know how it affects me It just seems to peel me down—to strip off a veneer of civilization that I've picked up somewhere and just leave the basic part of me. That part of me is something that you yet don't fully know—and I'm some way afraid to have you fully know it." His voice was subdued, and he spoke wi htevident difficulty. "To-night I'm the man of the Ural Mountains. The Occident falls away—and leaves only Asia."

A dim fear trickled through her, a sense of estrangement and at the same time a deep fascination; and she struggled to regain her poise and self-confidence. "Yet this isn't Asia," she said.

"I don't know. It's so far west that it is almost east. It's like my own Siberia. Dorothy, did you notice Pavlof's attitude toward me?"

"No. Not particularly."

"It's like a slave for his master. I am not boasting, Dorothy. That man has enough echo of Asia in him to see Asia in me, and he bows before it. But I haven't anything on earth in common with that big guide, Pete. You, on the other hand, seem to get along well with him. You instinctively like him."

"The East is East and the West is West," she quoted thoughtfully.

"That's it. Your Pete is an Anglo-Saxon—the most dominant of all Western peoples. I am a Russian—strictly speaking, I am a Mongol, and Oriental blood has slanted my eyes. There's no use of trying to hide that fact from you, even if I were not proud of it. Pete and I could never understand each other; we'd fight and kill each other in a minute if the gallows and several other things didn't drop a shadow between."

"Yet—I am an Anglo-Saxon," she told him.

"Yes." He hesitated. "But also you are a woman. We men of the East do not look on women as we look on men. I don't love you for what you racially are. Racial differences don't have to interfere in a love like ours—in a marriage such as ours would be, that would move like a dream—in a garden."

He took his violin from its case and held it a while, lovingly, in his white hands. He began to play for her, softly.

The composition he chose was one that she had never heard before, a wild, haunting thing in the minor that she guessed was a folk melody of his own Urals. He was not playing to her, to-night. He was simply seeking expression of his own unfathomable, Oriental soul. As always his technique was flawless; yet tonight he played with a fire and an ardor she had never heard in him before.

Ivan played on and caught the soul of this North in the wild plaintive tones. The music mingled with the sound of the storm, the rain lashing the tent, the long shriek of the wind the beat of the waves on the shore.

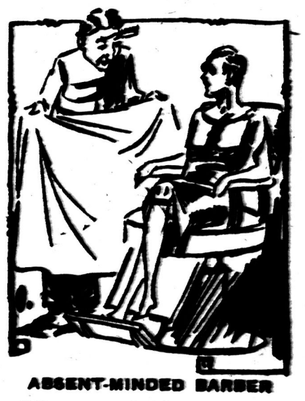
(To be continued.)

A Coast Journey

All kinds of weather you get at all seasons in Devon and Cornwall, but that only adds a spice of adventure to the tour. Of course you never get as far as you intended. A few miles of trackless moor throws you out of your allotted path, or the mountain waves of the Atlantic bid you turn right or left as the case may be; and so, weary and wet and warm, you drop into Combe Martin when you ought to be at Ilfracombe, or you find that an evening at Bideford only whets your appetite for the lovely delights of Clovelly on the following day.

Our way this journey, as the shrewd reader has guessed, is by the coast of Somerset (not Somersetshire), Devon and Cornwall. . . . It is a pedestrian tour of rare charm and beauty, and it brings you in touch with the "haunts" (I would use a better word and I know it) of many authors, some famous for all time, others less famous than they were, others never very famous but having certain qualities of workmanship, personality, or eccentricity that demand more than a passing glance.

Who are these folk? Blackmore and Hary in "Zummerzet"; Southey sheltering at Porlock; Sehlley lingering at Lynmouth; Kingsley reviving the spacious days of great Elizabeth by his wonderful romance of "Westward Ho!"; Capern, the postman-poet of whom you may never have heard, carolling his "Wayside Warbles" as he distributed the mail over a course of thirteen miles a day, including Sundays, at a salary of half a guinea a week; Tennyson at Tintagel; and towering high the giant figure of Robert Stephen Hawker, the vicar of Morwenstow, girding at his wild parishioners for their wickedness in "wrecking," or softening his heart to their needs. . . . A gallery of literary characters, one might say as picturesque as might be seen in any other hundred miles of English territory.—ErnestH. Bann, in "The Homeland of English Authors."



ABSENT-MINDED BARBER

"Shave or a hair-cut?"

For frostbite use Minard's Liniment.

There is only one way to get ready for immortality and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can. —Henry Van Dyke.

Fashion

1705

IMPORTANT FLARE.

Really smart people are wearing the low-placed circular flare to give the desired snug hipline. Design No. 1705 is Parisian to the last word with its hipband, and sleeves perforated to be made of two fabrics. Velvet with metal brocade, lustrous crepe satin, printed sheer velvet, faille crepe or novelty woolen is chic. No. 1705 is in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch plain, and 1⅝ yards 40-inch figured material. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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Governor Smith's Frankness

New York Times: (Addresseing the League of Women Voters at Albany, N.Y., Governor Smith was very outspoken on the matter of prohibition.) While many of his party leaders are going about with their fingers on their lips and crying "Hush!" and while other influential Democrats are saying that if the prohibition question is raised in the national convention or in the campaign it will be fatal to their party. Governor Smith calmly and simply tells what he thinks and what he hopes to do. He, at any rate, will not pussyfoot on an issue about which millions of his countrymen are agitated. If they want him, they must know his honest thought, and so he tells it to them. Whatever else may be said about his course, it is the course of courage.

Mr. Coolidge Closes the Door

New York Sun: In his speech to the Republican National Committee President Coolidge swept away the lingering hope of his countrymen and his party that his name might be taken into the 1928 convention. There are doubters still. They . . . simply refuse to abandon hope that something will happen which will compel Calvin Coolidge to run next year. There is such a chance, remote though it be. A national crisis, wherein the President's re-election would be highly necessary, or a convention threatened with the chaos which engulfed the Democrats in Madison Square Garden—such a contingency might compel Mr. Coolidge to put aside his own inclination. Either situation might break down the door which he has closed.

"There will be no bolt in 1928," says a Western Republican of insurgent tendencies. It is always a consoling thought that there are fewer bolts at any convention than nuts.—Detroit News.

"SALADA" sealed in air-tight metal is the modern tea—dust-free—pure—fresh—delicious. Sold by all grocers, 70c to $1.05 per lb. Bulk tea, with dust weighed in, is a relic of the old days—new methods have displaced it.

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Tribesmen of Australian Bush Reflect Customs of Early Man

Explorer Spends 15 Months With Aborigines Deep in Bush—Know Nothing of War and Are Peaceful, Happy, and Friendly to Whites

Contrary to general belief, the Australian aborigines are a mirthful people, full of friendship once the barriers are broken down, said E. L. Grant Wilson, zoologist, author and explorer. In an interview Mr. Watson told how he penetrated a territory from which but six known explorers have returned.

Mr. Watson spent 15 months in the land of the boomerang, seeing Australia from the "inside," living under a native name and roaming the farthest reaches of the "bush" as a member of a nomadic tribe, few of whom had ever seen a white man, a race so primitive that many of its manners and customs are said to parallel those of earliest man.

With Alfred R. Brown, professor at the University of Sidney, and a roving Scandinavian sailor to act as cook, Mr. Watson left civilization at Sandstone, a little mining town, itself in the midst of a wilderness, on an ethnological expedition sponsored by Cambridge University and the Royal Anthropological Society. Warned, he said, never to turn their back on a native, they ate with them and slept with them, and found them excellent friends.

"The aborigines have retreated into that part of Australia so barren and arid that white men fail to penetrate it," Mr. Watson went on. "There they live in a state of Communism, each tribe with a definite territory of its own, but without a trace of agriculture, and almost without culture. But some of their stone weapons and their customs indicate that valuable information may be found there upon the earlier races that inhabited Europe and England.

"Despite a state so primitive that they have neither house nor tent, but sleep under a few bushes that they tear down at night, they have system, and a clear-cut and definite, though barbarous, system of education that instills in every boy an unimpeachable respect for tribal laws and customs.

"In educating the boys," Mr. Watson continued, "every age of childhood is distinctly marked. Until they are 12 they play and are free, but at that age they undergo their first initiation, and receive a mark that clearly places them a stage above those who are younger. They are then taught to hunt, and to make weapons, and given a hint as to the mythology and secrets of the tribe. Periodically after that time the boy takes other degrees until with the final one he is a man.

"We saw not a trace of war. There was rather a marked feeling of friendship between the nomadic bands. They even gathered for inter-tribal games. Their idea of sport is amazing. They are expert spear throwers, and have a device whereby they can propel a spear with great accuracy for 200 yards or more. It is a stick approximately five feet long with a pin on the end that fits into a slot on the spear. By jiggling the stick they keep the spear balanced. It is thrown in a sweeping arc, the stick giving the same leverage as though the thrower's arm was five feet longer.

"Their favorite game is to hurl a spear at another man's legs, as he stands to protect himself with a narrow hide shield, which does not stop the spear but merely deflects it to one side and into the ground, and they are enormously proficient at it. They also throw the boomerang with great accuracy, and have built up games around that."

Mr. Watson described the wilderness into which the aborigines have retreated as an immense and almost flat table-land, the base of which is granite covered with a fine red dust that filters everywhere, turning people, bushes and beasts a dull red. Th only vegetation during the dry season is a short, tough bush, growing rather far apart, and from which the country has atken its name.

"The climate is excellent," he continued. "During the day the temperature often reaches 100 degrees, but at night there is usually a frost. In the short rainy season the whole area blooms with pink and white flowers, that spring up almost over night.

"The natives, contrary to a general belief," said Mr. Watson in conclusion, "will get along excellently with white men if they are handled properly. If allowed to play and to amuse themselves at their work they will make wonderful workmen, and if given food instead of trinkets or money for their labor they can be induced to stay in the proximity of the whites indefinitely."

NEW MINING FIELDS ARE GREATLY NEEDED

Royal Mint Official Urges Economy in Gold

London.—Unless we are prepared to face a prolonged fall in commodity prices, it is imperative to economize gold both as a commodity and as money" This official warning of the growing world scarcity of gold is contained in a report by Colonel Johnson, the comptroller of the Royal Mint, published here. The report attributes the deficiency of the growing demand for yellow metal to the return to stabilized conditions of one country after another.

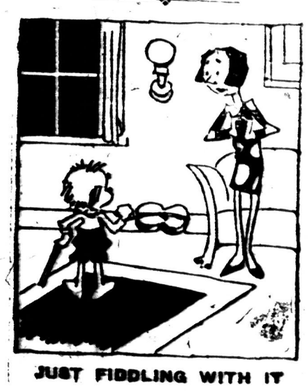
It reviews all sources of production and concludes that unless new mining fields are discovered, the difficulty of making the supply suffice must increase. The report also gives curious reasons for the various currency phenomena here. The sudden increase in the demand for copper coins, for example, is connected with the use of pennies in gas meters hurriedly adopted during last year's coal stoppage. The unpopularity of the 5s. piece, on the other hand, is associated with the fact that the "shopping sex have not pockets, owing to the lack of material in which to conceal them."

Urges Betterment Of British Trade

G. Holt Thomas Calls on Capital and Labor to Unite

London.—G. Holt Thomas, writing to the Daily Mail urges leaders, workers and employers to get together and revise the politico-industrial system in order to obtain a rightful share of the business outside of Britain.

He says they can ensure 100 per cent. output, coupled with high wages by insisting that every British product suffering from foreign competition be adequqately safeguarded, and exports to the Dominions and the rest of the Empire could be enormously increased by a system of mutual trade concessions.



JUST FIDDLING WITH IT

"I've broken my violin again."

"How?"

"Just fiddling with it."

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

It's easy to believe any American boy may become President when you observe some of those who have.—Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).

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