

# POOR MAN'S GOLD

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

© Courtney Ryley Cooper.  
WNU Service.

## SYNOPSIS

Jack Hammond, gold prospector, returns to Prince Rupert after a spree in Seattle and learns that a gold rush is starting as a result of some careless remarks he had dropped at a party concerning a gold discovery. He finds that his partner, McKenzie Joe Britten, has gone on north to protect their claims. Beset, Hammond decides to tell the would-be prospectors how to reach the new gold fields. Around the World Annie, a frontier dance hall proprietor, has assembled a troupe of girls and is bent on starting a dance hall at the new camp. Jack muses about Kay Joyce, the girl in Seattle whom he loves and to whom he confided the secret of his gold strike. Going to his lawyer's office, he passes a young girl on the stairs. Jack asks Bartow the lawyer about the girl and learns that she is a volunteer client. Jack tells him about Kay, Timmy Moon, a mutual acquaintance, had brought them together. Kay was chilly at first, but when she saw some of his gold nuggets they got along beautifully. He had met her mother and a friend of the family, Bruce Kenning, a geologist. Sergeant Terry of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police joins the gold-seekers on their trip north. Jack encounters the girl, Jeanne Towers, and she asks him to lend her a team of dogs and supplies. He consents. The next day the trek to the new bonanza begins. Later, on the trail, Jeanne is lost and Hammond saves her. The gold-seekers arrive and the new camp is soon in full swing. Hammond and Joe have a secret theory that the real gold find will not be on the present site of the Big Moose river but, on its prehistoric bed, which they are seeking. Kenning turns up with messages from Seattle. Springtime comes. Then an airplane arrives bearing Kay, her mother and Timmy Moon, the aviator. McKenzie Joe is moody. While they are eating at the "Slumgullion," Jeanne Towers appears. She and Kay dislike each other at first sight and she sits by herself. Kay urges Jack to take Kenning into his confidence about his operations. Jack notices a seedy-looking young man come into the restaurant. When the youth sees Jeanne she smothers a scream. Hammond sees the young man again in company with Timmy Moon, who reveals that his name is Lew Snade and that he has asked him to make a bootlegging trip for Annie. Timmy tells Jack that the joycees, once wealthy, have lost all their money. Jack asks Jeanne about the strange young man and she is evasive. A miner named Olson makes a rich strike.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

"Oh, I see. Then you stop shoveling and pick up the gold."  
"Not that easy. It takes a long time for those riffles to fill up. Then everything they've caught is scraped out. After that the miners pan it."  
"Pan it?"  
"Yes—there's one." He pointed to a discarded gold pan on the creek's bank, flat bottomed and with sharply sloping sides. "They put the scrapings in there and drip water into it, swishing it around. It takes a long time to get rid of everything but the nuggets."

"Oh, I'd love to see a nugget again. Like those you gave me in Seattle."  
Hammond laughed.  
"It looks like you'll get your wish, Olson's pretty excited."  
The big man was running about with both hands in the air. Other miners attempted to halt him, but only momentarily. At last he saw Hammond and headed for him.  
"I told you it was a new Klondyke!" he shouted. "Look what I found in the clean-up!"

He opened his clenched hands. In each was at least a dozen nuggets, some no larger than a pinhead, others bigger than peas. Kay squealed with interest.  
"Isn't it perfectly thrilling?" she asked. There was a queer, feverish glint in her eyes. Her hands opened and closed spasmodically.  
"Just to think of digging up the ground and picking out gold!"  
Olson veered again into mad gyrations, at last to bring up short before Mrs. Joyce and extend his treasures to her.  
"Look at Mother," the girl said. "She's actually interested!"  
Mrs. Joyce was asking questions and with an extended finger was turning over the nuggets as they lay in the giant paws of Olson. The big man stood there, grinning; somewhat surprised, Hammond saw Mrs. Joyce smile quite gayly. He laughed.  
"Gold certainly is anybody's introduction!"  
Kay shrugged her shoulders.  
"But Mother—" she exclaimed, and did not finish the sentence. They went on then to examine the sluice box. After a time Hammond followed Kay's glance as she once more looked back. Olson and Mrs. Joyce were still talking. At last, Kay said, almost fretfully:  
"But, Jack, all this isn't getting me started on my gold mine."  
He looked at her. "Why the hurry?"  
"But isn't that what a person is supposed to do, the minute you get in camp?"  
Jack stared. "You're not serious?"  
"Of course I'm serious, silly. Why else should I have a gold mine?"  
"A placer claim, since you are serious," he corrected her laughingly. "But I just laid the thing aside for you—merely for fun."  
"Then you mean there isn't any gold in it?"  
"Of course, I hope there's gold. But what's the need, Kay? There'll be enough coming out of Joe's claim and mine."  
"But that wouldn't be my claim, would it? I want to feel it's really mine—that I got it out of the ground."  
"But you couldn't do the actual labor."



"Why Are You So Nervous, So Ill at Ease?"

followed the cliff almost to the veranda, where it jutted straight upward and came out at the cabin steps. Suddenly he raised his head. Low voices which had come faintly from the rear of the building now had shifted closer until he could hear every word.  
"And I'm—telling you, Mother, that I'm not going to stand for it! I won't! I won't!"  
"How are you going to help yourself?" The usually calm tones of Mrs. Joyce were high-pitched, excited. "You live your life and I'll live mine. But I'll tell you this—I had all the damned hypocrisy I wanted with your father."  
"But, Mother, this terrible Olson!"  
"That's enough about Olson!" Mrs. Joyce cried out. "I'll be the judge in that matter!"  
Desperately Hammond began to whistle. The voices ceased. A moment later, Kay Joyce met him at the door, her usual vibrantly pleasant self.  
"Oh, come in," she said and kissed him. "We had begun to wonder what on earth had become of you!"

Late that night, Jack Hammond stood with Kay on a jutting point overlooking the valley. Here and there a faint light gleamed in the settlement, a vagrant candle or the dying embers of a prospector's evening fire.  
"Kay," said the man almost abruptly. "I want to talk to you—about ourselves."  
"And I want to talk to you about yourself. Why are you so nervous—so ill at ease?"  
"It?" It amazed him. "It's all news to me. Maybe I've been over-anxious—to please you."  
"Perhaps that's it." She clasped his hand with both of hers, raising it to her breast. The yield of soft flesh fired him. He whirled and caught her tight to him, his kisses burning her—he felt the touch of her soft hair against his cheek, the brush of an earlobe on his forehead as, eager, roving, he bent to caress the smoothness of her throat.  
"I've waited so long for you," he begged. "All my life—"  
"Jack dear," she gasped, freeing herself. "You say you want me—and then try to crush me to death. But," she shivered deliciously, "how I love it!"

From afar came the roar of an airplane motor, at last to reveal the riding lights of Timmy Moon's

plane, skimming high over the mountains in the moonlight; it was the third trip the pilot had made to Wrangell that day. At last the ship banked in wide circles and with the motor cut off, dropped downward to the surface of the moonlit Sapphire and the nicety of a safe landing.  
"Timmy's taking chances," said Hammond.  
"Oh, he's gone mad with a little money."  
"Well, don't we all?"  
"I suppose so—although it's been so long since I've seen any."  
"This was a different Kay, strangely frank, calmly bringing up a subject which Hammond had been reluctant even to mention.  
"I want to talk about that," he said at last.  
"And I still want to talk about you," she countered. "About your plans."  
He was silent a moment. Then: "Did I build too pretty a picture down there in Seattle?"  
"Don't be silly, I'm thinking of you. Has everything turned out the way you wanted it?"  
"Of course," he answered, with a little surprise. "Naturally we're not making a lot out of those Loon creek placers."  
"But you've got some other claims, worth a lot more."  
"Yes—if we can only find the gold."  
"That's what you mentioned last night."  
"Yes."  
"Where are they?"  
"The claims? Back on the flats, away from Moose river."  
"But how would you go about finding gold away off there?"  
A long period of silence followed.  
"I don't know how Joe will feel about me telling that," came finally.  
"But you're just telling me."  
"Yes, that's true. If the theory ever got out this camp would go crazy staking claims."  
"And you're afraid I might publish it?" she asked, with a queer little laugh.  
"Oh, Kay! Of course not. Everything I've got is yours—even my thoughts."  
She pressed his arm.  
"You're awfully sweet, do you know it?"  
"I'm crazy about you—I know that," he said, with a short laugh.  
"I can say the same to you. And oh, Jack, I want you to strike it rich—richer than any other man on earth!"  
He looked out over the shadowy valley.  
"Somewhere over there," he said throatily, "is enough gold to make us all millionaires a dozen times over. Tons of gold, Kay—the deposits of thousands of years, just waiting for someone to come along and wash it out of the gravel."  
"But where?" she insisted. He ran a hand across his forehead. A long moment passed. Jack Hammond was struggling with his promises to Joe. Then suddenly the secret flooded forth, the belief that somewhere, far in the past, Moose river had run in a different and long-abandoned bed, there to deposit alluvial gold, washed down from the hills by thousands of freshets and spring floods.  
"Once we find that old river bed—" he said. "But where will you find it?"  
"That's the problem. There's nothing to indicate where it might be. We're sure it's there, somewhere. But that's all we know."  
"Then it's like looking for the proverbial needle."  
"Just about," Jack agreed. "We'll just have to keep on putting down test holes; one of them may turn out."  
"Isn't that rather silly?"  
Hammond shrugged his shoulders.  
"All we can do is follow Joe's hunches—as to where he thinks that river should have run. Of course, other persons might go at it scientifically."  
"And find what they were looking for."  
"Perhaps."  
"Then why don't you?"  
"You don't know Joe's breed. They distrust scientists. Any old prospector will tell you that an engineer or geologist can ruin the finest mine ever discovered. Oh, they're funny!"  
Kay tossed her head.  
"I can't see anything funny about it. Why should you give up everything in life just because your partner is—what do you call it—bushy?"  
"But he's my partner, Kay! We've fought the North together."  
"That's carrying chivalry too far. You'd both be better off with scientific help."  
"Of course we would, Kay. But I couldn't sell Joe that idea in a month of new moons. And he'd rave if he found out that I went after advice myself. Besides, where would I go—where I knew I could be safe?"  
She looked up.  
"You haven't thought of Bruce Kenning."  
Hammond's eyes widened.  
"No, I hadn't."  
"My father trusted him for years and wasn't sorry. He did all that work down in Peru and Bolivia." She added bitterly: "We wouldn't be penniless now if he had listened to Bruce." Again there was silence.  
At last Kay clenched her hands and walked to the edge of the ledge. Slowly Jack followed, entranced by the picture of her in the moonlight.  
"I wish I could talk to that partner of yours."  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

# GEORGE VI AND ELIZABETH CROWNED

## Five Million Voices Cry, "God Save the King!" as Guns Boom Glad Tidings From Historic Tower of London.

London, England.—"God save the King!"

As the great guns of the Tower of London boomed forth the news that the Archbishop of Canterbury had placed the weighty Crown of St. Edward, the Crown of England, upon the head of George VI, the cry came forth in a mighty swell from five million throats as from the throat of one man.

This was the climax of the greatest show on earth, a show for which a generous share of the throng which lined the six and one-half miles of the processional route had waited without moving from their places through the dampness of a London spring night and, indeed, through part of the preceding day.

Those of the King's subjects who had not been able to afford £2 to £250 for a seat that would assure them a glimpse of their new monarch on his proudest day began marking off space along the curb on the afternoon of May 11. Smart alecks who thought they could put off their vigil until sunrise of Coronation Day were doomed to stretch their necks an inch or two in twelve hours of straining to see over several rows of earlier arrivals.

"A Quiet Empire."

It was a heavy day of work at the end of many back-breaking weeks of preparation for the 9,000 gentlemen and ladies of the peerage whose rank and purse entitled them to sit for an entire day in 10 to 25 pounds of clothing per capita, on a hard seat 19 inches wide without ever moving. But it was a magnificent show.

"The Lord give you fruitful lands and healthful seasons," said the archbishop in the benediction which followed the crowning of the King, "victorious fleets and armies, and a quiet Empire...."

No one in Britain could deny that in a time of world-wide unrest, a time of urgent necessity for imperial strength and unity, the political expediency of "a quiet Empire" prompted the government to make of this the most splendid coronation in all history. The government expense in the crowning of George VI has been estimated to be double that in the coronation of his father 26 years ago; its backing of the dazzling pageantry required expenditures of \$2,620,000 of public funds, not counting an estimated \$500,000 spent by the royal household in entertaining royal and foreign guests.

In the vast coronation pageant the government hoped to lend new emphasis to that sentiment which is the real bond holding the empire together, and which is symbolized by the crown and the man who wears it. There is still an undercurrent of dissatisfaction over the abdication of Edward VIII. The new King and Queen must be popularized to the fullest possible extent. The coronation was an opportunity to accomplish this, and the government could afford to let none of it slip past.

The show and the crowd lived up to all advance billing. It was estimated that there were 300,000 visitors who had to cross the ocean. All London's 12,000 hotel rooms were sold out. Souvenir manufacturers and vendors did the expected land office business. The drink bill for toasting the new King was guessed at \$10,000,000.

### Queen Goes First.

Pomp and regal solemnity were byword of the day from the time the King and Queen boarded the coronation coach at Buckingham Palace in mid-morning. Eight magnificent cream-colored horses drew the ancient four-ton vehicle down the streets it has traversed since 1761, when it was built for Queen Anne. In its heavily ornate gold and jewels it carried the spectators back through the pages of history to those days before the American colonies had revolted and prevented the British Empire from including the lion's share of North America.

The ancient coach, a tradition at coronations, bore the royal couple down the mall to the Abbey, where the Queen's procession left the King to enter first, so that she could stand and wait for him by the chairs of state, or recognition chairs, in front of the royal box where the other members of the royal family were seated.

Peers and peeresses were in their places before the central figures of the coronation drama arrived. And before them the real martyrs had assumed their positions. These were the eight newspaper photographers the government had permitted to be present.

Abhorring the thought of flash bulbs marring the solemnity of such an occasion, but still anxious that pictures be taken, officials hit upon a solution. They provided camouflaged quarters for camera men in false pillars and other positions which blended into the background of the Abbey. Narrow slits in the walls of these refuges enabled the cameras to peer out at the spectacle. But the poor "photogs!" They had to be "set up" before anyone entered the Abbey and maintain their



King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, officially crowned in one of history's most spectacular and colorful coronations.

cramped positions for eight or nine hours. They were not permitted to withdraw until everyone else had left.

A general color scheme of blue and gold with rich, soft velvet hangings made a brilliant background for the cast and for the spectators in their gorgeous uniforms and gowns. Peeresses wore robes of crimson velvet, trimmed in ermine, unless they happened to be of royal blood, in which event they were required to don the purple velvet of royalty. The court gowns worn underneath were of white, cream, silver or gold. Fashion experts estimated that the most economical of them cost at least \$1,200. Uniforms of the men started at about \$600 and went up from there.

### History's Greatest Gem Display

This did not, of course, include the jewelry of the coronets. The cheapest coronet could hardly have been purchased for less than \$100. The total of all the rings, bracelets, necklaces, etc., worn by the 9,000 present must have run into the millions, and was probably the most costly and magnificent display of



The Crown of St. Edward, or Crown of England, made for Charles II in 1662 and worn, because of its excessive weight, for but a fleeting moment by George VI during the coronation ceremony.

gems ever worn in one place at one time in the world's history.

Rank of the members of the nobility was indicated by the amount of ermine on the robes of the women and the length of their trains. A duchess was marked by four rows of ermine on her robe, and a train two yards long. A marchioness was permitted three and one-half rows of ermine and a one-and-three-fourths-yard train; a countess half a row less of ermine, half a yard less train; rank was further graded per classification.

The head of the procession, which had included a great list of dignitaries, the King's representatives and royal persons with their families from all over the world had been waiting at the west door of the Abbey, and as the royal coach approached, filed in to await their monarch. Following them came the chaplains, deans and officers of Westminster, then the archbishops with the Queen consort and the ladies and gentlemen of the court.

### Enter the King.

Noblemen close behind bore the staff and the sceptre, with the cross and the golden spurs, and the three swords which signify mercy, temporal justice and spiritual justice. These were the trappings of St. Ed-

ward, with which English kings are invested.

Then came more dignitaries, and the King's sceptre with the dove symbolic of mercy and equity; the King's gold and diamond orb, surmounted by the Christian cross; the crown of St. Edward, the patent and the chalice and the Bible.

Then entered George VI in the crimson robes of state, to join his Queen, and march through the choir and up the stairs to the theatre. Passing the thrones, they then knelt at the faldstools before the recognition chairs to offer prayers. Next they proceeded about the Abbey to all four sides before the view of the assemblage. The King went to his chair and once more faced each side of the Abbey as the Archbishop, in loud tones, announced him.

After the regalia had been brought and placed by the dean of Westminster upon the altar, the Archbishop asked the King, according to ritual, "Sire, is your Majesty willing to take the oath?" and the King answered, "I am willing." He gave his oath to govern the peoples of the British Isles and the Empire according to their laws and customs; to maintain the profession of the Gospel and the Church of England. After he had kissed the Bible and signed the oath, the King repeated and subscribed to the declaration required by parliament and, with the assemblage, prepared for the communion service.

Following this lengthy service, the King, having first removed the cap and robes of state, ascended to the throne of St. Edward, the ancient chair which contains beneath its seat the historic Stone of Scone upon which the kings of Scotland sat as they were crowned a thousand years ago. After a silken pal had been put over the King, the Archbishop anointed him upon the hands, breast and face with the holy oil, and he was ready to be presented with the spurs and the sword.

### King Receives His Crown.

These given, George VI removed the pall and was clothed for the first time in the royal robe of purple. The orb and cross were brought from the altar by the Dean of Westminster and placed in the King's hands by the Archbishop. He was next invested with the ring and the sceptres.

Then as the King bowed his head the Dean of Westminster brought the Crown of St. Edward, and the Archbishop, receiving it from him, held it but momentarily upon the head of the King (its weight is terrific).

This was the signal for the trumpets and the guns in the Tower of London, for the peers and peeresses to cry "God save the King!" and for the millions who, along the processional line outside, had been waiting for that moment, to toss their hats in the air and cry likewise, "God save the King!" The peers were now allowed to put on their coronets.

There followed more religious ceremonies of great length and solemnity, and then the coronation of the Queen, following which the peeresses cried, "God save the Queen!" and donned their coronets.

Still more long hours of ceremony. Then, in the early evening the King's coach at last passed once more down the processional route, and the millions who had waited all day for the sight went home happy.

## Household Questions

**Soaking Salt Fish**—When soaking salt fish add a small glass of vinegar to the soaking water and it will draw out more of the salt.

**Tomato and Lima Bean Casserole**—Drain the liquid from a No. 2 can of green baby lima beans and combine the beans with a can of tomatoes. Add a little butter and seasoning, then mix. Place in buttered casserole. Cover.

**Outer Leaves of Lettuce**—The outer leaves of lettuce, often trimmed off and thrown away, are more than 30 times as rich in vitamin A as the inside leaves.

**Boiled Whitefish**—Clean a whitefish. To sufficient water to cover add salt and vinegar and a bunch of parsley and a quartered onion. Cook until the flesh separates easily from the bones. Drain and place on a hot platter, garnished with parsley and serve with a sauce.

**Removing Mustard Stains**—Mustard stains can be removed from table linen by washing in hot water an do soap and rinsing in warm water.

**Beef Juice**—To make beef juice add 1 pound of fresh, raw, finely chopped round steak without fat to 6 ounces of cold water. Add a pinch of salt, put the beef and water in a glass jar and stand it on ice, over night. Shake and strain it through coarse muslin, squeezing hard to obtain all the juice.

**Washing Windows**—Add a little starch to the water used for washing windows. It not only helps remove the dirt, but gives a lasting polish.

## Foreign Words and Phrases

Pioupipi. (F.) A private soldier; the French "Tommy Atkins."

Rus in urbe. (L.) The country in town.

Sub judice. (L.) Under consideration.

Sturm und drang. (Ger.) Storm and stress.

Villegiatura. (It.) A summer vacation.

Belles-lettres. (F.) Refined literature.

Cause celebre. (F.) A court trial of wide popular interest.

Creme de la creme. (F.) The pink of perfection.

Dies infaustus. (L.) An unlucky day.

Filius nullius. (L.) The son of nobody; illegitimate.

## Young-Looking Skin at 35—Now a Reality For Women!



THOUSANDS of women now keep the allure of youthful, dew-fresh skin at 35-40 and even after! Now a modern skin cream acts to free the skin of the "age-film" of semi-visible darkening particles ordinary creams cannot remove. Often only 5 nights enough to bring out divine new freshness—youthful rose-petal clearness, and to eliminate ugly surface pimples, blackheads, freckles. Ask for Golden Pheasant Skin-Cream today at any drug or department store, or send 50c to Golden Pheasant Inc., Dept. E-315, Paris, Tenn.

Our Day  
One today is worth two tomorrows.—Benjamin Franklin.

IT'S NO EFFORT TO KEEP FURNITURE BEAUTIFUL WITH O-CEDAR POLISH/ IT'S SO QUICK AND EASY TO USE



Come to The Cavalier  
Our sea air ensures deep sleep, marvelous appetite, keen zest for all sports. In our own 250-acre pine-forested estate on the ocean shore you enjoy 18-hole golf (2 courses), riding, tennis, swimming.

