

POOR MAN'S GOLD

Courtney
Ryley Cooper

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"You'll change your mind when you meet him. Might as well argue with a tree stump."

"But why bother with him?"

"Kay! He's my partner."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. Why not get your advice and know where you're going, instead of staggering around blindly. Doesn't it amount to just that?"

"In a way."

"It seems guidance would help both of you. A geologist could figure where that river ran a thousand years ago."

Hammond spoke slowly. "Maybe that's an idea, Kay."

"And you can trust Bruce to the limit. Father did. As for the fee, I'll see that he doesn't charge you anything until after everything is over." She laughed. "He'd know better. I'd say him if he put in a bill."

"McKenzie Joe would have to stay in the dark. He'd kick over the traces."

"Why tell him anything? Look here, you're digging now at random, aren't you?"

"Just about."

"Then couldn't you just accidentally dig where Bruce told you to look?"

"That's an idea too!"

"Then why don't you? You owe it to yourself. And Joe, too. He'd benefit as much as you."

He could think of little except that she was close to him, vibrantly warm, that her hair brushed his cheek, that a soft hand stroked his throat.

"I'll have to be terribly quiet about it," he said at last. "Maybe it'd be better if you'd sort of pave the way to Kenning. Don't tell him too much—just enough so that he'll know what I'm talking about when I see him."

"I will, dear," said Kay Joyce softly. For a deliciously long time, she remained close to him. Then slowly she drew away, at last to become solitary, somehow lonely, as she looked out over the valley.

"Jack," came after a long time, "I've a disappointment." Then with jerky abruptness, "We can't be married."

"But Kay, that's impossible!"

"Please don't ask me a lot of silly questions about not loving you," the girl said crisply. "I can't stand it."

Instantly he was beside her. "What are you trying to say?"

"Nothing—of consequence. I'm just terribly unhappy, Jack."

"But why? You say you're crazy about me. You know I worship you. What's come over you, Kay?" he begged. "That night in Seattle—"

"Can't you understand? Mother and I are broke, positively flat broke!"

"I know that. Timmy had a loose tongue last night."

"Father left hardly enough for the funeral," the girl went on bitterly. "He even dragged poor Bruce down in the wreck; almost ruined him. Bruce has been a saint. He's kept Mother and me alive. But just the same, the fact remains we're broke, flat broke, penniless!"

"Well, what of it?" Jack demanded impatiently. "I've got money."

"She whirled, facing him."

"And am I to go through life, calling myself a gold digger?"

"But you're not. That's absolutely silly."

"Is it?" she asked. "I was the snooty banker's daughter. I wouldn't have anything to do with you. Then suddenly, I haven't any money and you've got a lot. So I marry you. What's the answer to that?"

"The answer is that I'll marry you any time you say."

"That's the wrong answer. We're both hot and crazy. Just the touch of your hand makes me want to drag you away into some Eskimo igloo and never come out. But that will have to pass, if we are to be happy. We'll have to go through a lot; quarrel, adjust ourselves to each other. Suppose it doesn't work out?"

"Suppose you get the idea that I was desperate and grabbed you because you had money?"

"You know I'd never do that."

"That's what they all say, Jack. That's why we've got to wait."

He caught her eagerly, tight to him.

"Then this isn't a turn-down?"

"Of course not, silly," she answered, in a smothered voice. "We've simply got to wait, that's all."

"How long?"

Her lips were close to his.

"Until I make some money out of that placer. Oh, it's a subterfuge, I know. But at least I'll

bring you something besides myself—something I've earned."

"But you can't work that claim with your own hands."

"You said you'd get me some men."

"That takes money."

"I've got a little. A few hundred dollars. That will be enough. Bruce gives Mother a little to live on—because of Father."

"But suppose you don't hit it?"

"She raised her head, chin high in the moonlight."

"I've got to hit it. I can't have you until I do. It will be my dowry."

Jack Hammond went down the hill that night with the feeling of having kissed the lips of nobility. A modest man, it had been inevitable that he should have faced moments of doubt—all that now was dispelled.

A few nights later, as McKenzie Joe scraped the sandy mud off his boots and prepared to start for Jeanne's store and a new tin of tobacco, Jack Hammond came out of the semi-darkness of the cabin and leaned against the doorway.

"Listen, Joe," he began, "I've been thinking about something."

"Yeh?" The old prospector tossed aside the mud-smeared stick and stood waiting.

"We've been looking for that old river bed in pretty haphazard fashion."

"Have we?" asked Joe.

"Well, haven't we? We dug a hole here and a hole there—just stabling blind, in the dark. I've been thinking that we ought to map out a campaign. Suppose we swing away over to the right, almost to

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"Look here, Joe. We've got to get our money out of this discovery. We can't stay here forever."

"Seems to me," McKenzie Joe said, as he looked out over the valley, "when we found this place, we both figured it was where we were going to settle down—that we had a life job."

"We're not going to have a year's job, if we don't find that older bedrock. That Loon creek placer won't be enough for us."

"It's enough for me right now," the older man said. "I ain't ever seen that much money before."

Hammond bent over the shovel blade.

"Our ideas are different there."

"You mean, you've let some body change 'em for you?"

Hammond threw down the shovel; it clattered on the wooden floor.

"I'm getting tired of that. If you've got anything to say about Kay Joyce, come out and say it."

The other man glanced at him over his shoulder.

"Did I mention any names?" he asked quietly and moved away toward the upper diggings, a new test shaft, somewhat distant from camp and rather deep in the forest, by which they sought the bedrock. Hammond did not follow.

Instead, with the shovel over his shoulder, he headed for the placer workings along the creek. It was a rejuvenated camp through which he moved. A roar sounded from the lake and Timmy Moon's airplane took off for Wrangell. From far away came the sound of hammers over at Around the World Annie's, on the Alaskan side; a tiny town had begun there; she called it Whoopee. As Hammond walked on, he passed a squat Siwash squaw, gleaming in a new shawl of wildly checkered design, an importation by air.

Then he became aware that someone was calling him. It was Jeanne Towers, waving excitedly from the doorway of her cabin store.

"I've almost sold out!" she exclaimed, as he approached. "I'm going to send in another order tomorrow. Larry Baine, he's the one with the all-metal junkies, is going to bring me back a whole list of stuff from Fourcross."

"That's the way a business grows," Hammond bantered. "Two hundred dollars for a claim, doubled all in a couple of weeks."

Jeanne laughed, tipping her home-made gold scales with a toying finger.

"Well, nearly doubled. I hope I do it again."

"And a dozen times after that. Then I'll know where to borrow if the gold-mining business plays out!"

He went on then, at last to reach Loon creek. Kay was not yet there; it was still breakfast time in most of the camp. But Bruce Kenning was moving along the stream, toward one of his claims a quarter mile beyond. A few hundred yards up the stream, where the raw-boned Olson scooped the earth by great shovelfuls into his sluice, was Mrs. Joyce. Hammond saw her there often; now and then he had found Olson sitting on the veranda of the Joyce cottage, talking of wanderings in many lands in his search for gold, while Mrs. Joyce gave far more than her usual monosyllabic rejoinders. There was something about the man which seemed to fascinate her. Suddenly he ceased his musings. Bruce Kenning had come beside him.

"How's the work going with McKenzie Joe?" he asked quietly.

Hammond shrugged his shoulders.

"I haven't been able to get anywhere. He still wants to put down one hole at a time and give the rest of his life to it."

Kenning frowned.

"You can't have that. I'm convinced that the old river bed lies over toward the British Columbia hills." He chuckled. "I wish it were the other way around—all my claims are in the other direction."

Hammond grinned. "Well, you can't say I didn't tell you."

"Oh, you're talking about that stuff I bought from Jeanne Towers. I've added to that a great deal—on the chance that somebody around here would want it. But everybody's looking the other way. Just as well. I'm obligated to turn over some worthless claims to an English syndicate."

"That's beyond me."

"Something I took over out of what was left when Joyce died. I guess the house is crooked. They say frankly they probably won't develop the property. They just want something cheap in a live mining camp."

"A stock-selling scheme, probably."

"I haven't much doubt of it. Be glad to have the thing over."

"So would I." Hammond felt he could share Kenning's repugnance. He was fired these days with the thought of new gold, clean money. The eagerness had been mounting ever since that night when Kay had told him her decision. To get gold for Kay—his hands clawed for gold, his mind was centered upon little else.

"How deep do you think we'll have to go to reach that old bedrock?"

"A lot deeper than you'd imagine—nearly to a hundred and twenty feet. From my study of the stratigraphy, I can't see any other answer."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Gypsy Girl on a Bucharest Street.

Prepared by National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

IN ROUMANIA, East and West are so interwoven it is difficult to see where one leaves off and the other begins.

Perhaps the countless invasions which have swept her land may partly account for this strange blending of Orient and Occident. Each invader, whether he be Roman, Hun, Pole, or Turk, has left his strong imprint on the nature of the people.

Though Paris may be France, Bucharest is hardly Roumania. This capital has almost nothing in common with the country. It is a gay, cosmopolitan city, often, if not aptly, called the Little Paris of the Balkans.

Its streets are crowded with smartly dressed women, officers resplendent in their colorful uniforms and gold braid, and men and women of the foreign colonies, who contrast strikingly with peasants in native dresses and gypsies in rags and tatters. Its restaurants and coffeehouses, always famous for good food, are abuzz with the latest political rumors and gossip.

The opening, in the autumn, of parliament by the king is a brilliant event. For several blocks and for hours, the palace guards in their bright blue uniforms, high patent leather jack boots, shining helmets with white horsehair plumes, stand smartly at attention until the members of parliament, the diplomatic corps, the army generals, and the king have passed.

The great moments are the arrival and departure of the king, in an open landau. Footmen in satin breeches, long coats of brocade, and three-cornered hats, and a ferocious coachman cracking his whip at six milk-white or coal-black stallions, on whose backs ride positions in bright red hunting costumes, add to the striking medieval picture.

You find it fun in winter to hire an open sleigh drawn by horses bedecked with bells and red ribbons, and driven by a coachman in a high fur caciula (cachoula), a tall astrakhan cap, long velvet coat, and wide girdle of metal.

The wide avenue leading up to the Arc de Triomphe, past a pretty little race course and the golf links of the Country club is a miniature suggestion of the Champs Elysees in the French capital. Many stately palaces and homes line its streets. Roumania has gone modern in her new houses and apartments.

Good Music, Many Churches.

There is much music other than in the cafes. Bucharest boasts of rather good opera during the winter and a really fine symphony frequently plays modern music.

The National theater is well patronized and plays by Roumanian and foreign authors are given. Once ornate, the building is now shabby, although an air of faded elegance still pervades the place.

The Parliament buildings and the Roumanian Orthodox church stand on the summit of the only hill in Bucharest.

Bucharest is a city of churches. From everywhere can be seen rising the rounded domes of the Roumanian Orthodox church. The people are religious, but matter-of-fact about it. Despite the Slavic influence, there is no mysticism here. Religion is simply a part of everyday life. The church is like a protective father, and they respond with a simple faith.

Down by the banks of the Dambovitza, which Eddie Cantor made famous in one of his songs, is the great market, where flowers, fruit, food, household goods, and Roumanian handiwork are sold in the open booths of peasants and petty tradespeople.

Because so many peasants are unable to read, signs on many stores and shops are illustrated with pictures of the articles for sale within.

Around Bucharest the country is not unlike the agricultural state of Kansas. Here is a tremendous wheat and corn region. Visitors love to go through the villages in this fertile district. Crazy little Rube Goldberg houses, whose white-washed walls are painted in soft pastel shades and decorated with borders of flowers or animals, pre-

sent an amusingly shaky aspect along the streets. Roumania is one of the few countries now left in Europe whose peasants usually dress in native costume.

The Roumanian peasant is lovable. Always gracious, courteous, and goodnatured, he is industrious, yet somewhat inefficient. He works hard in his fields and forests, but always in a primitive manner, using the crude tools of his forefathers.

Spend a summer in a small cottage in Predeal, at the top of the Carpathian Pass, on the boundary line between the "Old Kingdom" and Transylvania. During your holidays you have many opportunities to observe the ancient methods of work followed by the peasants.

How Peasants Wash Clothes.

You will be particularly impressed with the native manner of washing clothes. The laundress builds a fire in the yard beneath a large iron pot, in which she puts the clothes to boil. Then, in a large wooden trough hewn from a log, she rubs and washes the garments with her hands, without even the aid of a washboard. Next, she wrings out the heavy linen with her own hands. Backbreaking work it is, but the clothes emerge spotlessly white.

With an old-fashioned iron, kept hot by a small charcoal fire inside, she presses them. She, no doubt, would scorn the electric washing machines and irons so essential to American housewives.

Politically, Roumania traveled toward the left after the war, as have in a degree most of the countries of the Near East. The large landholdings were expropriated and the acres sold to the peasants on easy terms, the result of which was to place the peasant in a more advanced position than he had ever known.

The land was appraised on a basis of reasonable value, and the gentry given Roumanian bonds in compensation for the land. When subsequently the nation went off the gold standard and her money depreciated, these bonds became almost worthless. Since 1926, however, her currency has been among the most stable.

In the Danube Delta country, during the spring and summer, many camps of gypsies are found. They carve out of wood huge water troughs, all variety and manner of cooking utensils, washing equipment, etc. With their wild animal eyes, scraggly black locks, wretchedly dirty, and clad in rags, gypsies are a proof of the disillusionment of reality.

In the Danube Delta Country.

The delta country covers a tremendous area spreading between the three branches of the Danube.

Most important of Danube channels is the Sulina, which carries most of the river traffic coming down from far-off Germany, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia.

The European Commission of the Danube, which assures free navigation of the river, struggles constantly to keep the silt, washed down from half of Europe, from clogging up this artery to the Black sea.

On the Danube's banks are two important ports, Galati and Braila, which receive vessels of ocean draft. Principal exports are wheat, barley, corn, lumber, and some oil.

The bird life of the delta is wondrous beyond description. Many rare and beautiful birds are here for the looking. Hire at fifty cents for the day, a black, flat-bottom rowboat, and slip silently through the reeds and narrow channels of the delta. Suddenly you surprise perhaps 200 pelicans, which, webfooted and gross, make their get-away quickly. You may happen on a flock of wild swans sailing about in quiet dignity. Among the rarer varieties of duck is a snow-white bird with an emerald-green head and bill. Egrets, flamingos, cormorants, wild geese, many kinds of ducks, herons, and cranes are listed among the commoner varieties of bird life.

Constanta, Roumania's most important port, still bears traces of the Turkish occupation of Dobruja province, which is reflected in its shabby mosque and the red fez of many of its boatmen.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

BITTERLY does Miriam Hopkins regret the day last year when she told an interviewer that her judgment on screen stories for herself was infallibly bad. Whenever she gets balky about working in a picture selected for her, Sam Goldwyn reminds her of her own admission. Then he goes on to point out that she thought "Splendor" was a fine story and that she did not like "These Three."

The latter was her greatest success, "Splendor" brought nothing but complaints from the customers.

Recently she completed "Woman Chases Man" and at the preview the audience roared with delight so continuously that it was necessary to take it back to the studio and insert some scenes to slow up the action so that laughter would not drown out the good lines.

If you have ever wanted to be a screen star, if you have ever even longed to visit Hollywood, then "A Star Is Born" is a picture you will adore. It is so ingratiating, it is hard to imagine anyone who would not enjoy it. Janet Gaynor and Fredric March play the roles of the girl who goes to Hollywood and makes good, the man who helps her and who loses his public just as she is winning hers.

An old, old story certainly, but presented in a fresh manner, with gay, bantering lines, glimpses of studios and cafes and parties in Hollywood. Here Janet proves that she is a mature actress, not just an appealing ingenue. There are delightful comedy scenes where Janet broadly burlesques Garbo and Crawford and Hepburn.

Only the three or four ranking stars in any studio are given little portable bungalow dressing rooms parked right at the side of the set where they are working, so Robert Taylor was rather surprised when he went out to work in "Broadway Melody" to find George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen occupying a most elaborate one. Seeking out the business manager, he asked if he couldn't have a dressing room on the set since he had so many costume changes to make. "What's the matter with the one we gave you?" the business manager demanded angrily, stalking out on the set. Then he spied Ebsen and Murphy and bellowed "Those clowns are at it again," and promptly moved them out.

When Lanny Ross abandons the "Show Boat" program shortly, Charles Winninger, the original beloved Cap'n Andy is expected to return, but Eddie Cantor thinks that Winninger will be much too busy making pictures. He says Winninger is a knockout in the new Cantor picture "All Baba Goes to Town."

James Stewart is so worried for fear M-G-M will change their minds about lending him to RKO to play opposite Ginger Rogers that he has stopped having the phone answered at his house, and spends most of his time in a far away corner of the RKO lot where they are unlikely to locate him. To add further difficulties to the lives of phone studio operators, Buddy Ebsen spends most of his time on his new boat and when the studio wants him they have to dispatch a man to the dock who can holler "Eben" good and loud.

ODDS AND ENDS—Farnet Brothers wouldn't ask Betty Davis to take a supporting role in "Gentleman After Midnight," the new Leslie Howard-Olivia de Havilland picture, but she surprised them by asking for it. Basil Rathbone has a chance to play a hero at last in Bobby Bren's new picture, "Make a Wish." Paul Muni rehearses his lines by speaking them into a home recording machine, then listening to them. Sidney Blackmer rehearses in a room with five mirrors placed at various angles so that he can see himself all around. Betty Furness has a charm bracelet from which dangle a dozen or so fraternity pins. She claims she picked them up at a pauper's shop, but considering her popularity with college boys all the folks around the studio are frankly dubious. Victor Moore's son and daughter are making their screen debuts in his RKO picture, "Missus America." John Hall recently rented the house formerly occupied by Charles Laughton in Hollywood, but didn't get around to explore the cellar until recently. He thought he might find mementoes of some of Laughton's horror roles, but confronted by weird sounds and a pair of flashing eyes, all he found was a mother cat with a litter of kittens.

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Fredric March

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Cardui has two widely demonstrated uses: (1) To ease the immediate pain and nervousness of the monthly period; and (2) to aid in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from their food.

Wild Anger

Small fits of anger are like campfires that are likely to become forest fires if not extinguished.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria.

If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

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