

MOTOR TRUCKS TO END NEW YORK FOOD CRISIS



A CITY TRAFFIC JAM

the terminal delivery system. "Our great centers of congested population have grown far faster than the means of transportation," said Mr. Hutchings. "It is obviously out of the question to run in new railroad tracks and build freight stations in a city like New York, which is already crowded to the limit. An engineers commission recently investigated the freight problem of St. Louis and reported that the cost of on track freight houses in the city would be so huge as to be impossible to consider. "St. Louis solved the problem by a motor truck system privately developed to co-operate with the railroads. Eighty off track freight houses are operated in the city. London, England, is using motor trucks in co-operation with the English railroads and many cities in this country are developing motor truck auxiliary freight handling systems. The New York Port Authority is trying to work out a plan of economical delivery by motor truck to central food depots. "Enormous centers of population are a new problem of this era. They have not been planned for. People packed in them in thousands to a city block are entirely dependent on a daily supply of food from the country. Cities like New York or Chicago would be starving in a week's time if farm products were not poured into them daily in train loads."

MUCH BUILDING IN GREENSBORO

Total Cost of Construction So Far This Year is \$2,306,610.70. Greensboro, Sept. 17.—The two-million dollar mark having been passed in the matter of building operations for Greater Greensboro, this city is now steadily forging towards the \$3,000,000 mark, for during the first two weeks of the current month of September the total cost of buildings authorized for construction by T. J. McAdoo, city building inspector, amounted to approximately \$201,238.

The records of Inspector McAdoo presage that this will be a banner month in building operations, as the total cost of construction authorized thus far this month is \$156 more than it was for the entire month of April, of this year, when it amounted to \$201,082. The record this month brings the total cost of construction for the year to \$2,306,610.70, lacking only \$1,817,508.30 of equaling the total cost of construction for the year 1922, when it amounted to \$4,123,179. However, during last year the permit for the Jefferson Standard 17-story building, which was estimated to cost \$2,000,000, was included, so it will be plainly seen that the normal building activities for 1923 are considerably in excess of what they were for the same period last year. Despite the numerous dwellings that are in course of construction, there is an acute shortage of dwellings in Greensboro, and it has been estimated that as many as seventeen persons a week are diverted from Greensboro, because of the housing problem.

Why Change?

An exchange says that "every cynical bachelor ought to have his nose pulled by a dimpled baby," but the chances are that his leg is being pulled by a dimpled, painted doll of about nineteen.—Allentown Record.

Can Make Flower Scents.

Nearly all flower scents can be successfully imitated by judicious blending of artificial odors. That of the jasmine is the most notable exception.

One Lie Breeds Another.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must invent 20 more to maintain that one.—Pope.

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD © LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, 1923

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet is engaged to marry Lenore Hardenworth. They are shipwrecked and with Bess Gilbert they take refuge on an island oiled by a brute named Doomsdorf and his Indian wife. Ned and the girls are made prisoners by the master of the island and he tells them they are to be his slaves. Lenore is too weak to work, so Bess and Ned take up the burden. Doomsdorf announces that he means to make his prisoners do his winter trapping. They are permitted to build themselves a cabin and Doomsdorf gives them an old stove. After the cabin is finished Lenore is permitted to remain and help the squaw with the housework, but Bess and Ned are started on different routes to trap for their master.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

The beaver was of course not frozen: and the skin stripped off easily under the little, sawing strokes of his skinning knife. He was rather surprised at its size. It came off nearly round, and it would stretch fully thirty-two inches in diameter. Washing it carefully, he put it over his back and started on.

Other traps yielded pelts in his long day's march.

Tired out, barely able to stand erect, yet wholly content with his day's catch, Ned made the cabin in the twilight, built his fire, and cooked his meager supper. After supper he skinned out such little animals as he had not taken time to skin on the trail, fished and stretched his pelts, then hung them up to dry. He was almost too tired to remove his wet garments when the work was done. He hardly remembered drawing the blankets over him.

But in spite of the hardship, the wrack of cold, the fatigue that crept upon him like a dreadful sickness, Ned had many moments of comparative pleasure. One of these moments, seemingly yielding him much more delight than the occasion warranted, occurred at the end of the second day of actual trapping.

This day's march had taken him to the Forks cabin; and there, as twilight drew about him, he was amazed to hear the nearing sound of footsteps in the snow. Some one was coming laboriously toward him, with the slow, dragging tread of deep fatigue.

It was Bess, of course. At this point their lines coincided. It was here that she had taken him to the Forks cabin; and there, as twilight drew about him, he was amazed to hear the nearing sound of footsteps in the snow. Some one was coming laboriously toward him, with the slow, dragging tread of deep fatigue.

His appearance in the doorway was not a surprise to Bess. She had counted the days carefully, and she knew his schedule and was too near here. But now she was too near dead with fatigue to give him more than a smile.

With scarcely a word he lifted her to the cot, covered her with a blanket, and in spite of her protests, went speedily about the work of cooking her supper.

They had a quiet hour of talk before he drew the blankets about her shoulders and left her to drift away in sleep. He was unexplainably exultant; light-hearted for all this dread waste that surrounded him. This little bit of logs was home, tonight. The cold could not come in; the wind would clamor at the roof in vain.

He did her work for her tonight. He skinned the smaller animals she had brought in, then fished and stretched all the pelts she had taken, then prepared his own skins, he made a hard bed for himself on the floor of the hut.

It was with real regret that they took different ways in the dawn.

Ned's last office was to prepare kindling for her use on her next visit to the cabin four days hence—hardly realizing that he was learning a little trick of the woodsman's trade that would stand him in good stead in many a dreadful twilight to come. The trails of the weeks to come, often crossed, in the weeks to come. They kept close track of each other's schedules, and they soon worked out a system whereby they could meet at the Forks cabin at almost every circuit.

No longer did Ned go about his work in the flimsy clothes of the city. Out of the pelts he had dried Bess helped to make him garments and moccasins as warm and serviceable as her own, supplied through an unexpected burst of generosity on Doomsdorf's part soon after their arrival on the island. They brought their hardest problems to the Forks cabin and solved them together.

Day after day the snow sifted down, ever laying a deeper covering over the island, bending down the limbs of the strong trees, obscuring all things under this cold infinity of



THEY HAD A QUIET HOUR OF TALK.

white. The traps had to be laboriously dug out and reset, again and again.

When the skies cleared, an undreamed degree of cold took possession of the land. The fingers froze in the instant that the fur gloves were removed, and the hottest fires could hardly warm the cabins. And on these clear, bitter nights the Northern Lights were an ineffable glory in the sky.

Their bodies built up to endure even such hardship as this. The fact that the snow at last packed was a factor, too; they were able to skim over the white crust at a pace even faster than the best time they had made in early fall.

The result was that at last the companionship between Bess and Ned, forgotten in the dread horror of the early winter months, was revived. Again they had pleasant hours about the stove at the Forks cabin, sometimes working at pelts, sometimes even enjoying the unheard-of luxury of a few minutes of idleness.

Very naturally, and scarcely aware of the fact themselves, they had come to be the best of companions.

Ned's hours with Lenore, however, gave him less satisfaction than they had at first. She somehow failed to understand what he had been through.

Slowly, by the school of hardship, and conquest over hardship, Ned Cornet was winning a new self-mastery, a new self-confidence to take the place of the self-conceit that had brought him to disaster. But the first real moment of awakening was

also one of peril—on the trapping trail one clear afternoon toward the bitter close of January.

He had been quietly following that portion of the trap line that followed the timber belt between the Twelve-Mile cabin and Forks cabin, and the blazed trail had led him into the depths of a heavy thicket of young spruce. He had never felt more secure. The only hint of danger that the Red Gods afforded him did not half penetrate his consciousness and did not in the least call him from his pleasant fancies. It was only a glimpse of green where the snow had been shaken from a compact little group of sapling spruce just beside one of his sets. Likely the wind had caught the little trees just right; perhaps some unfortunate little furbearer, a marten perhaps, or a fisher, had sprung back and forth among the little trees in an effort to free himself from the trap. He walked up quietly, located the tree to which the trap chain was attached, bent and started to draw the trap from the small, dense thicket whence some creature had dragged it. He was only casually interested in what manner of poor, frozen creature would be revealed between the steel jaws. The beauty of the day had wholly taken his mind from his work.

One moment, and the forest was asleep about him; the little trees looked sadly burdened with their loads of snow. The next, and the man was hurled to the ground by a savage, snarling thing that leaped from the covert like the snow demon it was; and white, gleaming fangs were flashing toward his throat.

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EXCEPT for the impediment of the trap on the creature's foot, there would have been but one blow to that battle in the snow. White fangs would have gone home, where they were aimed, and all of Ned Cornet's problems would have been simply and promptly solved.

This was not some little furbearer, helpless in the trap. It was no less a creature than that great terror of the snow, a full-grown Arctic wolf, almost as white as the drifts he hunted through. Only the spruce trees knew how this fierce and cunning hunter came to snare his foot in the jaws of a marten trap. Nor could any sensible explanation be made why the great wolf did not break the chains with one lunge of his powerful body, instead of sinking into the covers and waiting developments. The ways of the wild creatures quite often fall of any kind of an explanation; and it is a bold woodsman who will say what any particular creature will do under any particular condition. When he saw Ned's body within leaping range, he knew the desperate impulse to fight.

The chain of the trap broke like a spring as he leaped. The steel teeth that is often used to restrain a savage dog would have broken no less quickly. There was no visible recoil; what little resistance there was seemingly did not in the least retard the blow. It did, however, affect its accuracy. That fact alone saved Ned from instant death.

But as the wolf lunged toward him to complete his work—after the manner of some of the beasts of prey when they fail to kill at the first leap—an inner man of might seemed to waken in Ned's prone body. A great force came to life within him. He lunged upward and met the wolf in the teeth.

A great surge of strength, seemingly without physical limitation, poured through him. In one great bound he overcame the deadly handicap of his own prone position, springing up with terrible, reaching, snatching hands and clasping arms. Some way, he did not know how, he buried that hundred pounds of living steel from his body before the white fangs could go home.

But there was not an instant's pause. Desperate with fury, the wolf sprang in again—a long, white streak almost too fast for the eye to follow. But he did not find Ned at disadvantage now. The man had wrenched to one side to hurl the creature away, but he had already caught his balance, and had leaped to meet the second onslaught.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Chesterfield CIGARETTES



"I know why it's zooming —it's the best cigarette I ever tasted!"

Busy Street Scene in Tokyo



TODAY'S EVENTS.

Tuesday, Sept. 18, 1923. Chile today commemorates the anniversary of its declaration of independence. Today is primary election day in Pennsylvania for the selection of municipal and county officers. Primaries will be held in New York today to choose several candidates for the State judiciary and a new Assembly. The Supreme Council of the Thirty-third Degree for the Northern Jurisdiction Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of the United States meets in New York today for its 111th annual session. Gasoline prices will be considered and support probably given to investigations of the oil industry at a national conference on motor vehicle laws which has been called for Boston today. A notable wedding in New York City today will be that of Miss Gloria Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, and an heiress to a large estate, and Henry Alfred Bishop, Jr. An "international middle class conference," has been called to meet in Berne, Switzerland, today to organize a world federation to defend the Bourgeoisie against communistic or socialist attacks. use as an adifferent for gold. thrown into the sea to prevent its from South America, and ordered the time for the export of platinum at one. The Spanish government at one. Platform Once Thrown into Ocean. American Legion Weekly. to give all the trees away. of the \$25 ones yet, but I've managed pretty fair luck. I haven't sold any New Salesman—"Sure, and I've had two trees \$50, and the tree? The you and put up the sign outside. The Boss—"Did you do as I told Salesmanship.

It Pays to Put an Ad. in The Tribune