

# Ellen Gets Her Man



**SECOND INSTALMENT**  
 SYNOPSIS: Ellen Mackay, on her way from school at Winnipeg, to join her father at Fort Edson, misses the boat by which she was to travel. Hearing that another boat was to start north in the morning, Ellen goes to the owner, John Benham, and begs him to give her a passage. To her surprise he flatly refuses.

"This is Angus Mackey's lass, Pierre," announced Pat.  
 Pierre Buschard murmured a sonorous greeting and bowed clumsily. Ellen smiled and advanced close to the giant riverman. "You are going to help me, Pierre?"

"Oui, oui, mam'selle," rumbled the big fellow. "M'sieu Benham, he's the mad lak' wulf at Pierre Buschard, but Pierre do w'at he can. You come wit' Pierre now mam'selle, and we must be quiet lak' lynx w'en he stalk dat rabbit."

Ellen, victim to a sudden tumultuous thrill, scurried away and donned her mackinaw and cap. Back in the big room she stood on her tiptoes and pecked Pat McClatchey on one whiskey cheek with her red pursed lips. "I'll remember this, Pat," she promised.

"Tis little enough, lass. Now stick to your guns and I gamble this will come out well enough. I feel your sure of your safety, for whatever else he may be, John Benham is a gentleman and the finest riverman in the north. Now run along with Pierre and do just as he says. He has already taken care of your luggage."

Pat gave Ellen's arm a squeeze and shook hands with Pierre Buschard. The next thing Ellen knew Pierre had taken her by the elbow and was guiding her steps down the sloping bank of the river.

It was still out there, vastly except for the ceaseless beat of the river, while the night throbbled to the power of the limitless wilderness which stretched away to the north. A faint, haunting, quavering note

never forget this. "Bien," he grinned. "She's make me happy to help, mam'selle. You hide now, quick."

Her heart beating thunderously, Ellen crept beneath the edge of the tarpaulin and crouched quietly. She felt the slight quiver of the scow as Pierre left it. Alone now. Alone! Definitely committed to the great adventure. The future might bring anything, but queerly enough, Ellen felt no fear. Only a stirring anticipation.

She remembered those strange, marvellously clean, almost hypnotic eyes of John Benham. The next time they rested on her, what would they mirror? Surprise, yes. Anger—almost surely. Yet Ellen felt comfort somehow.

It was cosy there in the darkness beneath the tarpaulin. She stirred and felt about her. Then she blessed simple, big-hearted Pierre Buschard. For, in a crevice between the massed bales and boxes of the cargo was a bundle of food and the sleek, chill contours of a jar of water.

Ellen snuggled down into the blankets, covering herself with the warm, comforting folds. After a bit she relaxed all tension. The scow rose and fell to the surge of the river, creaking and complaining at its tether like a blooded horse, anxious to be gone.

Ellen's thoughts grew dreamy and clouded with sweet languor. The scow became a cradle and the great mysterious force of the river a gentle hand to rock it. Presently she slept.

When Ellen Mackay awoke again it was with a start and a short gasp of surprise. For a moment she scarcely knew where she was. Then all that had happened during the night came back to her and she relaxed. Close beside her a deep voice was booming. A moment she listened, then smiled. Her perturbation left her. In its place came a flood of warm, dancing thrills. She began

muscles tormented with the inactivity. But when, by the efforts and shouting of the Cree Indians, she knew the scows were being warped into the bank to tie up for the night, renewed energy came again to her, and she smiled in triumph. One more cool, friendly night in hiding, and in the morning the brigade would shoot the Cascade Rapid. After that she would be safe in making her presence known to John Benham. For, once below the rapid, he could not send her back without expensive delay and labour.

The scows were in movement when Ellen awoke on the following morning. Again some member of the crew, invigorated by the sparkling dawn, was roaring out the river song. And again the river was speaking to her, though a new note had entered its voice. At first it was only a distant throb, but as time went on the throb became a deep rumbling roar. Cascade Rapids.

Fresh activity arose on the scows. Directions and advice were shouted back and forth. The creak of sweeps on thole pins became steadier, firmer. The scows began to pitch and rock. Ellen, even in her walled-in covert, could distinctly feel the increase in speed. The thunder of the rapids arose to crashing proportions. Then it seemed as though a giant hand grasped the scow and hurled it out into utter chaos.

Mad waters! The hoarse, quivering roar of the pent river beast, battling the barriers of confinement. Spray rained to tingle the lungs. The scow leaped and danced like the merest cockleshell. If men were shouting now, then their voices were being beaten back at their lips. Ellen was not frightened. Rather she thrilled to her finger-tips. Hers was the true pioneer blood, which beat rich and strong and vibrant in the battle with natural forces. Abruptly she swept aside the tarpaulin and stepped forth. Confinement had become intolerable. The men at the sweeps did not seem to notice her. With quick, thrilling steps she ran to the front of the scow and braced herself there. Spray drenched her, the wind of their speed lashed at her face, her throat, her hair, her clothes, whipping the latter tight about her slim, valiant figure.

Presently Ellen turned. The crew eyed her now, stolid, dark, stoic-faced Cree Indians, and they stared at her in shy, unwinking amazement. Eyes from other scows had marked her presence also, and she saw Pierre Buschard grinning broadly and waving at her. Then one of the big craft headed in towards her own. When the scows were still a good three yards apart a big, bare-headed figure cleared the space in one clean leap of splendidly coordinated muscles, and a moment later John Benham was beside her.

"Well," he said slowly, his voice steady and deep. "I see you've won. And by the grin on Pierre Buschard I can guess how you did it."

Ellen's courage came back with a rush. She smiled. "I was desperate," she answered. "It was the only way. I hope you will not be angry with Pierre. He was very kind. And as I said at first—I will pay you well for your trouble."

Benham raised a deprecating hand. A queer hardness twisted his mouth and a certain glint of triumph shone in his eyes. "My payment is already assured," he said grimly. "I'm a good hater. I'll exact my pound of flesh."

Ellen stared at him. In a space of seconds he had become somehow stern and savage. A ripple of fear shot through her. It couldn't be—surely . . .

"Don't worry personally," he stated with a swift, harsh laugh, reading her thoughts with disconcerting ease. "You'll be quite safe. And Pierre is an old and valued friend. He meant well."

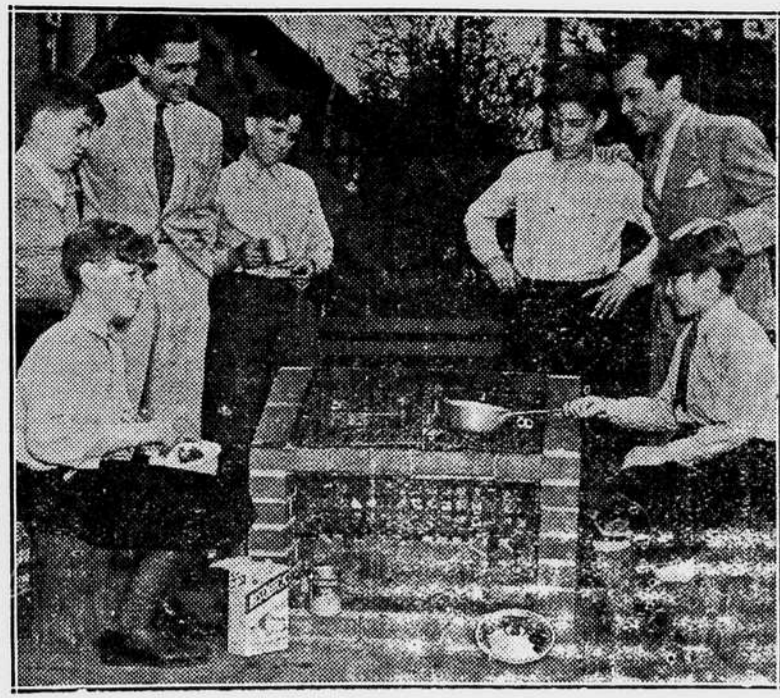
A crimson tide again flowed across Ellen's face. "Thank you," she said stiffly. "I'm not afraid."

Benham nodded and turned away. Going back to the crew he snapped a few terse orders. The Cree lean-shouldered muscular bodies against the sweeps and under Benham's directions drove the scow up to the bank and tethered it there.

Ellen's uneasiness grew. Was he going to send her back after all? Was her triumph to be so short lived? Then she breathed more easily. Benham, axe in hand, had leaped ashore and was swinging the gleaming blade in swift, powerful strokes among the slender boles of a dwarf birch thicket. In ten minutes' time he had felled and trimmed a full dozen of the tapering poles and had passed them aboard. A moment later the scow was again out in the river, scudding northward.

Continued next week

## U. S. BOYS SHOW ARGENTINIAN ADVENTURERS A CAMPING TRICK



Members of the Madison Square Boys Club in New York City Demonstrate That Food Is the Universal Language When They Play Host To Victor Scaraffia and Vicente Espasa.

A GROUP of young hikers, all members of the famous Madison Square Boys Club, which holds a remarkable record for success in saving boys of the slums from the streets and preparing them for constructive citizenship, recently entertained Victor Scaraffia and Vicente Espasa, good-will exploring adventurers, with a typical American outing on the roof of the Club at 312 East 30th Street, New York City.

Scaraffia and Espasa, whose 25,000-mile inter-continental trek on a tandem bicycle was climaxed by a dramatic entry into New York via the Holland Tunnel, expect to remain some time in the United States as good-will ambassadors from their native Argentine.

Neither of the South Americans speaks English, but an interpreter pinch-hit for them as they described their extraordinary adventures to the wide-eyed boys. Attacks by a giant eagle, struggles with a 20-foot python, three days in the dense tropical forest without food or water, when their condition was so weak that they were forced to take turns, one mounting the bicycle while the other pushed it—these are but a sample of experiences that made their friendly camp on a 30-foot-high roof seem

better to the boys than the prospect of a jungle adventure.

When it came their turn to brag, as all explorers will, the boys talked everybody's language—food. In less than fifteen minutes they prepared a good old-fashioned American vegetable-beef stew complete with dumplings, made from soup-and-biscuit mix. This example of speed-cooking on an outdoor fireplace proved to the South Americans that American boys know at least one camping trick that will be worth remembering when they mount their tandem bicycle for another cross-continent hike. Scaraffia, left, and Espasa, right, were much impressed with the roof-camp, which is equipped with two fire-places and two tents. With rare examples of North American Indian totem poles, the gift of Archibald Roosevelt.

## Guard Child's Eyes During "Eyestrain" Season

By Jean Prentice



Three-fourths of all a young child learns, say scientists, comes through the eyes. Prevention of eyestrain is particularly important during these early years.

STUDENTS, six or sixty years of age, need good lighting for better sight, better grades . . . and for less of that "tired feeling."

And just as children need the proper size of chair and table for the comfort of their bodies when they study, so they need proper lighting for the comfort and protection of their eyes.

These facts are pointed out at this "eyestrain" season of the year by lighting scientists who have carefully studied light in its relation to sight.

No longer does the alert mother or father take it for granted that any kind of light is safe for home work. Research in the country's lighting laboratories has shown us differently.

**Poor Light Causes Eye Defects**  
 Impaired eyesight is found in one out of five school children, two out of five college students, and three out of five persons over forty. And we know that poor lighting has been a contributing cause to this regrettable condition.

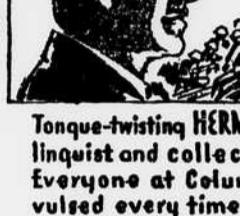
By actual test it has been proved that home work is easier for children when studied under improved lighting, and that better grades result.

"All right," says mother, "I'll improve the lighting. But how?"  
 First, have your lighting measured. It's being done these days as matter of fact as you call upon the thermometer for your child when she gets sick. Light is measured

## UNUSUAL FACTS REVEALED

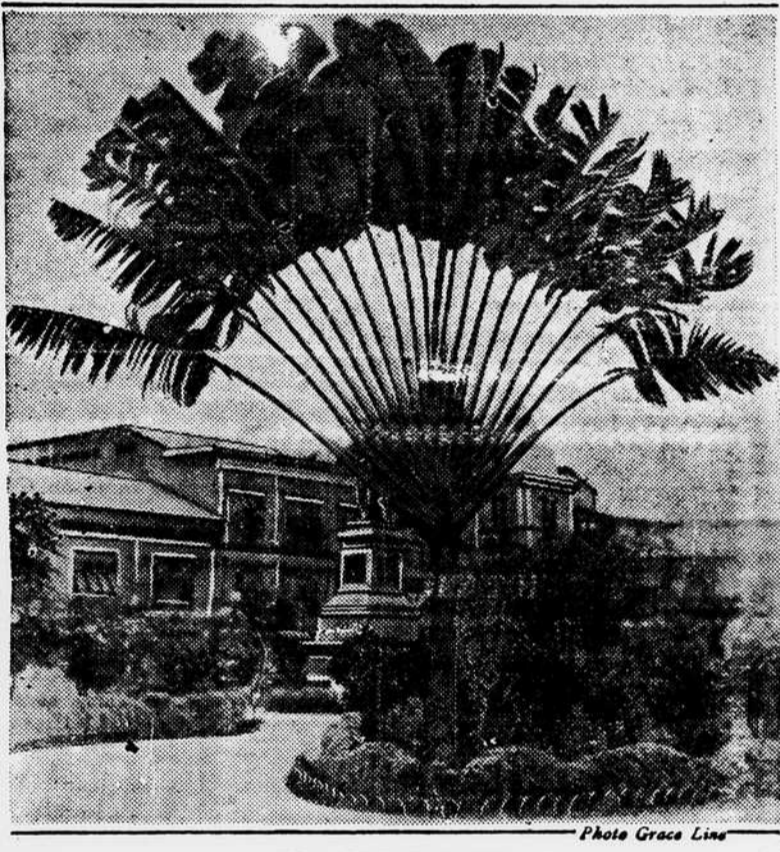


Scallions of love! JEAN ARTHUR merits a place in the Hall of Fame. During the filming of ADVENTURE IN MANHATTAN, she played a love scene with JOEL McCREA, who had been unconscious. Time out had to be taken in "takes" so that Jean could be revived.



REGINALD OWEN served three years in France as Lieutenant of the Royal Garrison Artillery . . .

Tongue-twisting HERMAN BING is an accomplished linguist and collects foreign dictionaries. Everyone at Columbia Studios was convulsed every time Herman rolled his 'r's'.



TRAVELER'S TREE

HERE'S a tree which acts like a pitcher and looks like a fan and is called a traveler's tree. It collects water between the spokes of its fan-like branches holding as much as two pitchers full at a time—a supply which, back in pioneer days, it is said, furnished refreshment to tired and thirsty travelers. This palm is only one of dozens of strange looking trees which travelers visiting Panama on the weekly cruises to Chile find around the Canal and in South America.

For instance, there are the cannon ball trees which bear fruit resembling cannon balls, each containing four slices of meat which resembles somewhat that of the avocado pear but is not known to be worth eating.

Then there's the monkey-puzzle tree with its hard, rough bark so ridged that it is totally unlike other tree barks and completely puzzles ambitious monkeys trying to climb it. The white lily tree is also common to Panama—in blossom it has lovely white lilies, and produces a gum which bird vendors melt and stick on the branches to entrap birds. The banyon tree is another strange species—having limbs which turn back and grow into the ground. The may-palm is another native tree, with fruit the meat of which resembles a melon and is an all-occasion affair which finds its way into everything from salads to cocktails, and from cake to ice cream; and if the need arises, can, through its pepsin content, make a tough steak tender.

## UNUSUAL FACTS REVEALED



GENE MORGAN'S HOBBY IS DESIGNING, MAKING AND SELLING OOD STEERING WHEELS FOR YACHTS.

WILLIAM GARGAN WAS A BASKETBALL PLAYER, DETECTIVE, SOUL-JERKER, STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR, AND SALESMAN, BEFORE FINDING HIS TRUE CALLING IN THE MOVIES. HIS LATEST FILM IS 'ALIBI FOR MURDER.'

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL, COLUMBIA PLAYER, BREEDS HORSES AND HAS EXHIBITED MANY FIVE-GAITED ONES IN VARIOUS SHOWS.



Spray drenched her and the wind of their speed clutched at her face.

drifted down from among the massed stars. The geese were winging the cadence of the song the deep-north. All things were heading north, even she! Ellen found herself thrilling with a strange, wild ecstasy.

There was a big Peterborough canoe pulled up on the shore, and in the bow of this Pierre placed the great girl. Then he shoved off, balancing himself deftly in the stern, while he lifted and dipped a gleaming paddle. The buoyant craft trembled before the grip of the river, but headed against the current and stole gently upstream.

Ahead a jutting point loomed. Still as a wind-blown shadow they rounded the point and drifted bankwards again. Uncouth shapes took form in the night. Ellen recognized the loaded scows of John Benham's brigade. The canoe drifted in and gently nosed the nearest scow. Silently Pierre Buschard stepped to the scow and held the Peterborough firm.

"Come, mam'selle," he whispered. Ellen stepped out beside him. Pierre indicated the massed cargo of freight upon the scow. He lifted up one edge of the tarpaulin which covered the pile. "Under here," he breathed. "You must hide. For a day and a night you must hide, mam'selle. Den we will shoot dat Cascade Rapid. M'sieu Benham, she's not send you back after dat. I have put fat food and water and blankets, mam'selle. And Pierre, he's watch out for you."

Ellen gripped Pierre's huge paw with both her slim hands. "You are kind, Pierre," she murmured. "I will

## Strength During MIDDLE LIFE

Strength is extra-important for women going through the change of life. Then the body needs the very best nourishment to fortify it against the changes that are taking place. In such cases, Cardul has proved helpful to many women. It increases the appetite and aids digestion, favoring more complete transformation of food into living tissue, resulting in improved nutrition and building up and strengthening of the whole system.

## GUARD YOUR BABY with this OIL RUB

Mother—heed the urgent advice of doctors and hospitals; do as they do: give your baby a daily body-rub with the antiseptic oil that chases away germs, and keeps the skin SAFE. That means Mennen Antiseptic Oil. It's used by nearly all maternity hospitals. It gets down into skin-folds—and prevents infection, chafing, chapping and roughness. Get a bottle today. At any druggist.

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