

Ellen gets Her Man



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.

Angry and puzzled, Ellen tells Pat McCatchney, a kindly old storekeeper of her difficulty, and Pat with the help of one of Benham's crew, succeeds in getting Ellen on board as a stowaway.

When the vessel is well under way Ellen emerges from her hiding place and faces John Benham, who now cannot help taking her with him.

During the voyage Ellen begins to be strongly attracted by John. But when she reaches Fort Edson she finds her father broken, ill and disgraced, and learns that his troubles are due to one man—John Benham.

Instantly Ellen resolves that she will fight for her father. She will reinstate him with the Hudson Bay Company, his employers, and will show up John Benham for what he really is.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT
A tremendous, smoldering rage grew in her heart against the man responsible for all this. Gone were all her earlier memories, submerged completely in the tawdry horror of what she had seen. Over and over to herself did she vow implacable vengeance. And by this time she had virtually forgotten her own dilemma. Her thoughts were only for those helpless, pathetic children, bewildered, dumbly protesting, doomed to slow, terrible death in the winter. And then, at noon one day, she came upon a camp of Crees on the border of Mink Lake.

Even as the prow of her canoe slithered upon the shingle beach before the camp she sensed the under-current of excitement with which the camp was being swayed. There was a jumble of movement about the tepees, the shrill yammering of squaws, the wailing of children, and the hoarse, guttural exclamations of the men. Not far from where Ellen landed there was a York boat, piled high with cargo, pulled upon a shore.

As she stirred with a strange trepidation, Ellen made straight for the center of the camp. In an opening among the tepees she came upon a strange scene. A knot of Indians were swaying back and forth in fierce struggle, and in the center of which loomed the tall figure of—John Benham!

For a moment things seemed to whirl about Ellen. Then she steadied, calmed by a cold, triumphant satisfaction. At last she had run the despoiler to earth. She pushed closer to the center of the conflict. She saw John Benham lash out with one fist and drive a short, powerfully built back to the ground. Others closed in, but Benham beat them back with short, driving blows, knocking many of the maddened bucks senseless to the ground. Finally the ring about him broke. He leaned over and swept something from the earth before him. When he straightened up again Ellen could see what he held. It was a full, unopened bottle of whiskey!

innocent babies and children, doomed to die of famine this coming winter, will haunt you to your grave. You—you—oh, you greedy, treacherous dog!"

Ellen was white-faced and trembling when she ceased her tirade of accusation, yet her eyes flamed with the fervor and light of a Crusader. Benham was silent, his face white, the muscles of his jaws bulging like coils of iron. Ellen spoke again, with biting scorn.

"You—you half-breed! And you brutalize and starve your own blood-brothers."

"Stop!" The word burst from Benham in a tortured cry. The muscles of his face seemed to writhe, and into his eyes flamed something which caused Ellen to unconsciously give back a pace. For a fractional moment she thought he was going to strike her. Then, suddenly, he grew quiet. His face hardened, his eyes grew cold. A curt, harsh laugh broke from his white lips. He turned away, and with a drive of his arm sent the whiskey bottle hurtling against the bole of a nearby spruce where it crashed to a thousand pieces, its contents running down the rough bark of the tree in an amber flood.

Without a backward look he strode off, and Ellen followed, carried away by her own scorn and anger. For he had his innings. He had brought her father to the verge of ruin, and she was determined that he should know what her method of retribution would be. He should know in advance that before the season was over the redcoats from Regina would be on his trail.

She followed him beyond a tepee, then halted in surprise. An old squaw had stopped Benham and was facing him. The squaw was gnarled and bent, a wrinkled, shrunken old creature.

"Thank you," the old crone was saying. "The Great Spirit will bless you, my son."

Benham patted the squaw upon one bowed, shrunken shoulder. "It is nothing mother," he said slowly. "And the dog responsible for this shall answer to me."

When she came to the door of the cabin she heard voices within. That of her father and another, a brisk, authoritative voice.

In the slight gloom of the interior Ellen did not at first see the stranger. She saw only her father.

"You—you found the proof you sought, lass?" her father asked. Ellen nodded. "I found it."

"You see," Angus Mackay turned to his visitor triumphantly. Then he remembered. "Ellen lass, this is Trooper Whitlow, of his Majesty's Mounted Police. I have been trying to convince him that John Benham is trading whiskey to the Indians. Rumors of such trading had leaked to the outside and Trooper Whitlow has been detailed to run these rumors down. He—he seems a bit hard-headed, but perhaps you can now convince him where I have failed."

Ellen looked at the red-coat quietly. She saw a sturdy man of middle age, already greying slightly about the temples. Whitlow's eyes were keen and blue, his jaw wide and stubborn.

"I am glad to know you," said Ellen. "And I believe I can prove John Benham's guilt."

Whitlow bowed. "I'm sorry to hear that, Miss Mackay," he said crisply. "I have known Benham for a long time and such activity as your father accuses him of does not coincide very well with my previous knowledge of the man. However, that is beside the point. If he is guilty, he shall answer to the law. I see that you are tired, but if you can spare me a few minutes and tell me what you have found out, I shall be obliged."

Ellen nodded and sank into a chair. For an hour she talked. She told of all the Indian camps she had visited and what she saw there. She told of brutalized elders and starving children. It was not a pretty story and before she had finished her father was muttering in anger and Whitlow's eyes had grown dim.

When she finally ended, Whitlow stared at the floor in thought. Then he nodded in quick decision. "There appears to be little doubt, Miss Mackay," he stated. "You have piled up some very damning evidence, which upsets all my previous knowledge of John Benham. You see as I said before, I have known Benham for a long time. And I don't mind saying that I am disappointed. For even a relentless cog in the machinery of the law is susceptible to very human emotions. I admired John Benham. But human nature is not infallible. And greed functions in queer and powerful ways. The final straw is that Benham would use such tactics in a tribe of which he is an adopted member."

The finest tribute in proof of the affection by which they were held by the Indians is the fact that this certain Cree tribe adopted the boy and raised him."

Ellen and Angus Mackay sat in stunned silence. Ellen's thoughts were so kaleidoscopic she was utterly at a loss for expression. Yet, enough it seemed, a black shadow had been lifted from her world. There was no reason for this emotion, no ground for it whatever, but it persisted and filled her with a growing thrill before her listless weariness immediately dissipated.

It was the old factor who found his voice first. "But—but—Bernard Deteroux, of our company, claims to have proof that Benham is a half-breed."

Then Deteroux is a liar!" stated Whitlow coldly. Angus Mackay was a scrupulously honest man. Even what few enemies he may have had, had to admit this. That honesty came to light now.

"In that case," he muttered. "In that case I have done John Benham a grievous wrong."

"Spoken like a man, factor," nodded Whitlow. He rose to his feet. "I must leave immediately. Benham's trail should be easy to pick up, seeing that he was at the Cree camp on Mink Lake when you left. Miss Mackay." He smiled slightly. "For official reasons I wish you might be a man for the next week or two. I would like you to be with me when I face Benham. Your evidence at such a time would be invaluable in wringing a confession from him. Given too much time after his capture for scheming, and he may think of a way out."

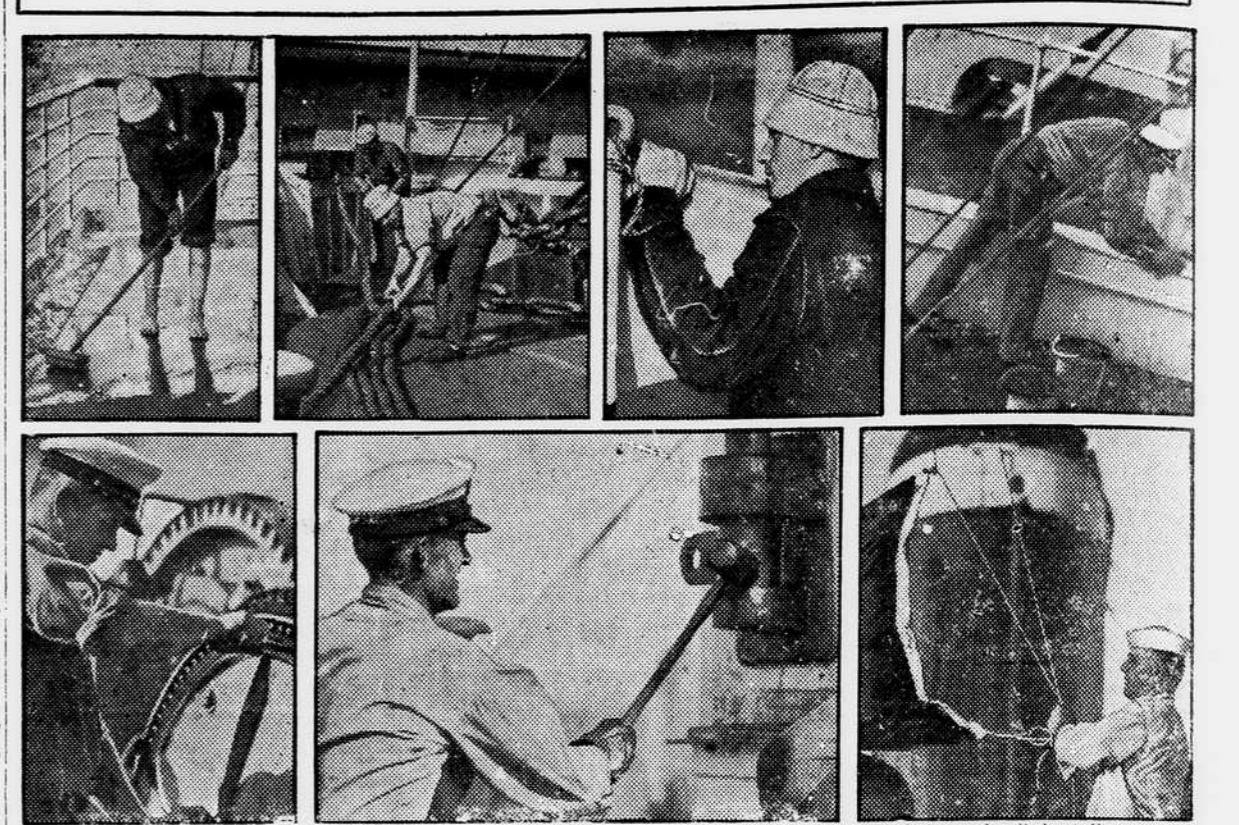
The Family Doctor
GENUINE HEART DISEASE
If ever a fellow needs skilled medical advice it is when the heart becomes really diseased. My object in this talk is to try to make the layman understand his heart better so he may seek competent counsel at once if he suspects trouble with this vital organ.

Remember, it is not the blood in the big caverns of the heart that sustains the heart-muscle itself. The heart-muscle has its separate arteries and veins just the same as your leg has. The coronary arteries of the heart-muscle supply it with blood, and these are probably the most responsible vessels within the human being.

If the coronary artery becomes plugged up, the heart-wall beyond the obstruction begins to weaken, because it is deprived of food. It may occur in a rheumatic subject, or in cases of influenza, or a chronic infected heart—hence the rush to remove tonsils, teeth, etc.

Probably obstruction in the coronary arteries is next to valvular disease in frequency; but diseased valves make loud heart murmurs—easily diagnosed. I have had many patients who knew they had "leaky hearts." But there is not much, if any, noise about a plugged artery in the heart, and there is much more danger—much more.

A Sailor's Day at Sea Aboard a Grace Liner



THESE candid camera shots were taken at sea aboard the S.S. Santa Lucia of the Grace Line, while the seamen went about their duties, unaware the pictures were being made, and portray the average day in the life of a sailor aboard one of these liners. The pictures show from left to right: A sailor swabbing down the deck; Seamen docking the Santa Lucia; A seaman standing lookout in the forepeak; A seaman washing down the superstructure; Ship's carpenter greasing a winch; A bosun repairing the gooseneck of a boom, and a seaman hoisting an international code flag. Note how trim these men look either in their blues for cold weather, or their khakis for tropical climates. The seaman on Grace liners stand two four watches daily, with 16 hours of leisure.

Lily Pons Again to Sing "Lucia" In Metropolitan Opera Broadcast

By LILY PONS
Every coloratura soprano loves "Lucia di Lammermoor." Here is one opera, at least, that she completely dominates with her runs and trills and arpeggios—everything that musicians call "fireworks." And I, in particular, have a warm feeling for the Donizetti opera, because it was as Lucia that I, fresh from the provincial operas of my native France, made my Metropolitan Opera debut six years ago. It was my chance to make a name in opera and, of course, I was trembling in both fear and hope.

Before the curtain rose I crept out and cut a tiny piece from the gold brocade on the Metropolitan curtain—just for good luck. Suddenly I felt that somebody was standing behind me. It was Gatti-Casazza, the beloved but greatly feared general director of the Metropolitan. "What are you doing?" he demanded. I confessed. "Well, you had better not cut a piece from our curtain every time you make a success here," he replied with a twinkle in his eyes. "Otherwise, I am afraid we shall have no curtain left." But that little piece of brocade must have helped because, in all modesty, I may say that my debut really was a success.

Next Saturday afternoon I shall sing "Lucia" again at the Metropolitan, in the performance to be heard over the National Broadcasting Company by courtesy of the Radio Corporation of America. Since my debut I have worked hard to improve my interpretation of the tragic Lucia and now I feel certain that I can give my audience, both at the opera and over the air, a finer and more complete understanding of the music and story of this Italian opera based on the English novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor," by Sir Walter Scott.

When the opera opens a group of guards are searching for a mysterious stranger observed on several occasions, lurking about the grounds of Lammermoor castle Normanno—all the Scots in the opera have had their names Italianized—suggests to Lord Enrico Ashton that the intruder may be Edgardo of Ravenswood, traditional enemy of the Ashtons. He further hints that perhaps

rush at him, but he holds them at bay with his sword. Then the marriage contract is produced and Lucia must acknowledge her signature. The enraged Edgardo demands his ring and then tramples it under foot. He throws away his sword and offers himself to his enemies' thrusts, but is finally forced from the hall.

The third act brings affairs to a climax. In the castle the wedding guests are still feasting and making merry when the horror-stricken chaplain cries out that Lucia has suddenly gone mad and slain her husband. Lucia herself, deathly pale and obviously bereft of reason, enters shortly. She believes herself to be with Edgardo and about to be married to him. "Oh Edgardo, I am restored to thee," she sings, "and all thy enemies have vanished!" At the end of this prolonged "mad scene" she collapses in the arms of her faithful companion.

Meanwhile Edgardo, horribly depressed, passes the night among the tombs of his ancestors, awaiting his duel at dawn with Ashton. Tortured by thoughts of Lucia, he bitterly reproves her. "Joy is thy portion—death alone I embrace!" His sour musings are broken by the entry of a group who tell him of the tragedy at the castle. Even then the bells of Lammermoor toll the death of Lucia. In despair, Edgardo stabs himself to death.

Now a word about two famous songs of Lucia—the Sextette of the second act, and "Ardo'n gl' incens!" of the third. The first, sung when Edgardo rushes into the hall of Lammermoor, is the best known of all operatic airs. And it reflects with remarkable fidelity the confused emotions of all the principals—anger, despair and sympathy. The other, from the mad scene, is the greatest of all coloratura arias the supreme test, you might say, of her technical and artistic abilities.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

HERE'S THE PIE -AND HERE'S THE CORNER

OOH! LOOK!! ARTISTIC ARTIE HAS DRAWN SOMEONE! MAKE A LINE FROM 1 TO 27

W Has A

READ THIS RIDDLE AND GIVE THE ANSWER...

CAN YOU SEE TEN OR MORE OBJECTS?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT Estate On Decline

Mass. Man Leaves 101 Survivors

THEODORE ROOSEVELT Estate On Decline
Mineola, N. Y.—The value of the estate of President Theodore Roosevelt has declined during the past six years from \$997,901 to \$908,056, according to an accounting filed in Surrogate's Court here. During that period, the estate has produced income of \$196,148, of which \$166,159 has been paid to Mrs. Edith Roosevelt of Oyster Bay, N. Y., widow of the former President and sole beneficiary.

Mass. Man Leaves 101 Survivors
Fitchburg, Mass.—Jude J. LeBlanc, ninety, is dead, leaving 101 survivors, including five sons, two daughters, two brothers, a sister, 44 grandchildren and 47 great-grandchildren.