

Ellen gets Her Man

[PAS]



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 McClatchey, 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.

From Bernard Deteroux, an employee of the company, who professes friendship for her father, Ellen hears that Benham supplies whiskey to the Indians. She sets out on a long and tedious journey to obtain proof of this, returns thinking she has got it, and gives information to the authorities.

Trooper Whitlow, of the Mounted police, asks her to go with him to find Benham and confronts him with the proof of his villainy. It develops that Benham is innocent and the liquor is being supplied by Deteroux.

Eighth Installment

"It—it is wonderful" breathed Ellen ecstatically knowing what it would mean to Angus Mackay to have this big shipment of high-grade furs come into his post. "And I pledge myself to see that the tribes are cared for. But how are you going to get the cargoes to the fort?"

"You'll see," chuckled Whitlow. He turned to the 'breed now. "Where is Deteroux now?"

The 'breed waved an arm upstream. "M'sieu Deteroux, she's at dat Cree Camp on Mink Lake."

Whitlow shot a swift glance at Ellen, who distinctly paled at this information. "Was John Benham there also?" demanded Whitlow.

The 'breed shrugged and shook his head. "I no see 'um."

"Very well," nodded Whitlow curtly. He unearched a notebook and pencil from his pack and wrote a swift message to Angus Mackay. This he tore out and folded. Then, starting with the 'breed he went slowly over the entire crew of the boats. Each man he stopped in front of he stared at closely and scribbled swiftly in the notebook.

The men were uncomfortable, nervous and they would not meet his eyes. When he had made a complete round Whitlow came back to the 'breed and handed to him the note he had written Angus Mackay.

"You will now head directly to Fort Edson," he ordered. "These furs you will turn over to Factor Mackay there, and also deliver this message I have given you. Then you will remain at the fort until I return. If one fur is missing or if any man in your crew is not there to report to me—let him beware." And Whitlow tapped his notebook.

The 'breed nodded vehemently. "She's been as you say, M'sieu."

"Good. Now start immediately."

The York boats were soon on the way, the oars flashing in the sun. Ellen watched them until they were around the bend and out of sight. Then she looked at Whitlow.

"Do you think they will really deliver the furs?" she asked doubtfully. "What's to keep them from going straight on and never showing up again?"

Whitlow laughed.

"This. I've worked long among the tribes and with the ignorant rivermen. Miss Mac-

kay. If there is anything they fear it is to see you apparently writing down something about them.

"Perhaps some of the more superstitious ones feel you are casting some spell over them. At any rate, they do not understand and what they do not understand they fear. So they'll be there—every man jack of them, and the furs will be delivered quite safely. You can depend on that."

"But there still remains . . ."

Ellen left the sentence unfinished.

"Deteroux," snapped Whitlow. "I'll tend to him now. Come Moosac, we must hurry."

Again the canoe shot upstream. Whitlow and Moosac driving it onward with smooth, powerful sweeping strokes. The stout maple paddle blades creaked and hissed, and the crystal water of the river surged about the canoe in foaming whirls.

Ellen, crouching tensely in her place, thrilled with a subdued but powerful excitement. She exulted hugely in the knowledge that John Benham was now exonerated from all stigma, and she knew abysmal shame that she should ever have believed him capable of criminal operations. But she was eager to see Deteroux in the custody of the law.

Two miles above where the York boats had been met, the canoe shot through the last tugging stretch of the river and glided out upon the emerald, flawless surface of Mink Lake. A mile away to the northeast a sloping, tree-clad point jutted. In the still air just beyond the point hovered a pale cloud of smoke.

Ellen pointed. "There is the camp," she stated.

The candence of the paddle quickened. Ellen glanced over her shoulder at Moosac. The old Chippewayan had not noticed her survey. His eyes were fixed

on that column of smoke, and a change had come over him.

Expression showed into his wrinkled, brown face. No longer did it seem flat and stupid. Instead, by some strange force of inner excitement, each feature seemed to have sharpened. There was a new cast to his head. Something of the cruel, rapacious look of an eagle was there.

The old man's lips were moving. He seemed to be chanting silently. Despite herself, Ellen shivered.

It seemed to Ellen that in no time at all their canoe was rounding the point. The hoarse, unrecognized murmur of many voices reached her ears. Through the intervals of the tepees she caught sight of a surging group.

No one noticed them as they landed. All eyes were on two crouching men who padded about one another on moccasined feet. These men were stripped to the waist, their faces were bloody, their gleaming torsos spotted and carmined, and they were driving out terrific blows at one another with knotted fists.

One was John Benham—the other Bernard Deteroux!

Ellen Mackay never knew how she reached the inner edge of that crowded circle about the two fighters. But she was there, and then it seemed that utter physical paralysis gripped her.

Only her eyes were free, and

she stared unwinking. She saw Benham whip in a slashing punch which made a gory wreath of Deteroux's lips, and when Benham leaped in to follow up his advantage she saw Deteroux drive him reeling back with a wicked blow over the heart.

For a moment they seemed to rest, circling each other constantly, their eyes blazing with utter hatred; their smashed lips peeled back in animal snarls.

Then they closed again with a tattoo of smashing fists. Body to body they stood locked, motionless except for the knotting and crawling muscles of their shoulders, and their short, deep panting for hard-won breath.

They were magnificent brutes. Like his face Deteroux's torso was bronzed and coppery. Against it Benham's skin was startlingly white, gleaming like marble. Something caught in Ellen's throat, and her eyes misted as she saw the great livid bruises Deteroux's iron fists had wrought on that white skin.

If anything, Deteroux held the advantage of height and bulk. The dimensions of his shoulders were terrifying, and the knotted muscles across the back of them made him seem almost hunched.

On the other hand, Benham's muscles were long and smooth, and even to Ellen's tutored eye there was a lithe speed in his movements that his opponent lacked.

The fighters ripped apart as though by mutual consent, then stood toe to toe, slugging with a wild, ferocious abandon. The spate of fists on hard flesh seemed as sharp and clear as the blows of an axe.

The flurry slackened, and it was John Benham who gave back. Deteroux, his feet wide apart and leaning slightly forward, seemed as immovable as a

giant rock. As his opponent slipped away from him, Deteroux gave vent to a rasping snarl and leaped forward. Benham, poised and ready, drove him back with another crushing blow.

Again they seemed to rest a moment, then both sprang anew to the conflict, and again they stood with locked arms and writhing muscles.

Time edged on. The fighters seemed tireless. Their blows were still terrible, club-like. Ellen managed to tear her eyes away for a moment, and her swift, searching glance saw Whitlow standing at her side, his eyes cold and gleaming with intent on the fighters. At last Ellen managed to shake off the paralysis which had frozen her body. She gripped Whitlow's arm.

"Stop them!" she cried. "Oh—stop them!"

Whitlow did not even hear her.

With a little cry of despair Ellen shrank away, and her eyes went back to the conflict like steel drawn to a magnet. She was just in time to see Deteroux explode into a mad cataclysm of ferocious movement. His arms whirled, and he flung Benham from him like a child.

Then he charged in with plailing fists. They crashed into Benham's face and jaw with crushing force. Benham toppled back

not all get into the auditorium,

his head rolling.

A sigh went through the watching circle, a circle of savage faces gleaming with the stark madness of combat. It seemed as though Benham could not elude or recover from that beserk charge. He was bent back helplessly, and his knees were sagging.

Abruptly he caught himself, ducked into a crouch and side-stepped. Deteroux, unable to halt his charge, lunged past. And Benham smashed him under the ear with a blow which whirled the bigger man half off his feet.

Now it was Benham's turn to charge, and this time Deteroux gave way, lunging blindly from side to side in a futile attempt to avoid the rapier blows that were cutting his face into a bloody mask.

Revolutions gripped Ellen. She felt nauseated—sick. The stark brutishness of it all cast a dreadful spell over her. The hoarse, gasping, snarling breathing of the fighters, their bloody swollen features, their grim, hate-filled, blood-rimmed eyes—it was a nightmare picture to the sensitive girl.

"Stop them," she cried again. Her voice shrill and hysterical. "Oh—won't somebody stop them?"

One person in all the group heard her. And that person was John Benham. In the midst of his advantage he stiffened, and his hands dropped at his sides. His head swung on his shoulders and his bloodshot eyes rested full on Ellen's white face.

For just a moment the madness of conflict seemed to fall from him. He relaxed. And in that moment Deteroux was upon him like a pouncing panther.

Dimly Ellen heard Whitlow's sharp cry of warning. Then she saw Deteroux's great paws wrap about John Benham's head, and saw Deteroux's steely thumbs dig into his opponent's eyes.

A gasp of sheer agony broke from Benham's lips. A shudder rippled through his body, and he gave way slowly, tearing frantically at Deteroux's wrists. Someone was shouting in Ellen's ear. It was Whitlow, and his face was white and accusing.

"You little fool!" he raged. "Now Deteroux will blind the boy—he'll blind him! And it's your fault!"

Ellen's world reeled. John Benham's eyes, those clear, flawless eyes, helpless now before Deteroux's ferocious gouging. And her cry had made Benham drop his guard. She began to sob, little breathless sobs. "God," she whispered. "Please—God!"

Continued next week



Deteroux's steely thumbs dug into Benham's eyes.

Jack Oakie's College • Gets "No Study" Plan



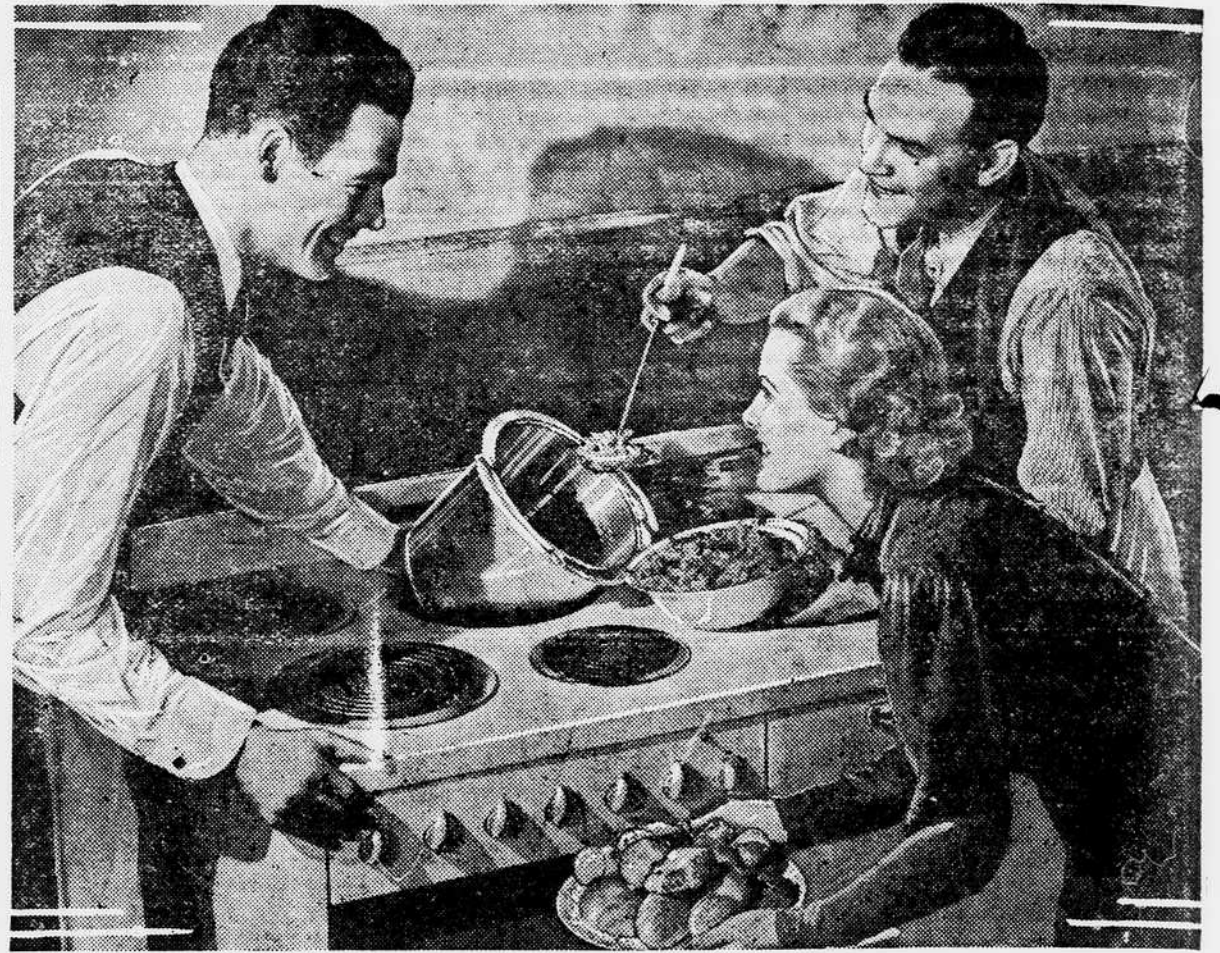
YOU can tell from the picture that Jack Oakie, radio and screen comedian, has just thought of a new way to increase enrollment at his mythical Oakie College.

"What we need is a new 'no study' plan," he says. And Miss Penny, his secretary, thinks that's just too, too wonderful.

Oakie and his college are featured on Tuesday evening broadcasts over Columbia's coast-to-coast network. Benny Goodman's swing band, guest stars and best of real undergraduate musical talent selected from colleges and universities throughout the country are also contributing to the success of this sensational air show.

It was necessary to use amplifiers at the Cleveland County courthouse recently when farmers gathered to hear the 1937 far mprogrm explained could not all get into the auditorium,

Mexican Chili For Informal Kitchen Party



For real informality and lively good fellowship, try a kitchen party with everyone a "cook." Mexican Chili, made in the Thrift Cooker of the new Hotpoint electric range, is easy to make, economical and certain to warm the cockles of the hearts of "those present." Serve with hot crusty rolls (heated in the range's warmer drawer) and a crispy orange and grapefruit salad and you'll win new laurels as a perfect hostess.

Gladys Swarthout to Sing Lead In Metropolitan Opera's "Mignon"

By GLADYS SWARTHOUT

For years it seemed to me that the destiny that shapes the fate of opera singers had forgotten to get me out of boys' parts. I seldom had a chance to wear the ruffles, rustling skirts and all the silken finery that every woman adores. It was boots, boots, doublet and hose, cloak and sword, almost every time I emerged from the Metropolitan wings. If there was an opera with a boy's part, the directors apparently said to themselves, "Well, there's Gladys Swarthout—she cuts a fine figure as a lad." So I curtsied as page, wore Nicklausse's satin breeches and the royal habiliments of the Tsarevitch. Not to mention the tights of Frederick in "Mignon."

But now I am through with Frederick. Next Saturday afternoon I shall be Mignon herself for the first time in my Metropolitan career, in the presentation to be broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company and the Radio Corporation of America. And even if Mignon is quite a tomboy, there is still plenty of compensation in portraying her struggles to be recognized as a woman, with a woman's right to love.

At the opening of the opera the good burghers of a small German town are gathered at the tavern enjoying their pipes and beer, and wondering who Lothario, an aged minstrel of blurred memory whose life is spent in search of his abducted daughter, really is. Their attention quickly shifts to the arrival of a band of gypsies, Mignon among them.

It comes time for her to do "the dance of the eggs" but, resentful of ill treatment, she refuses. The gypsy leader raises a stick. Lothario, attempting to intervene, is shoved aside; but not so Wilhelm, a student traveling in search of adventure.

After he has calmed the gypsy with a pistol, Mignon shyly divides her bouquet of wildflowers between him and Lothario.

Now, Philine, an actress, misses nothing of all this. Wilhelm is immediately taken in by her coquetry and eagerly accepts an invitation to follow her to a nearby castle where her troupe is to play "My flowers!"

And Wilhelm, returning, is amazed at the transformation from boy to woman. He tells her that it is best for her reputation that they part. To make things worse, Philine comes in and humiliates her. Poor Mignon tears the lace off the dress and the actress cattily remarks that one might say the girl was jealous.

Again in gypsy costume, Mignon rushes out into the night, intending to drown herself. There she encounters Lothario, on his way to Italy, and she runs to him for sympathy. The sound of Philine's triumphant song rings through the night and Mignon bitterly calls down vengeance upon the castle and its occupants. The idea begins working in Lothario's mind and he sets fire to the castle.

Philine comes into the park with her admirers and orders Mignon to run back for a bouquet she has mislaid. Desperate and forlorn, Mignon hurries away. Then everyone discovers the fire and Wilhelm dashes into the flaming structure and, against her will, rescues Mignon, still clutching the handful of withered flowers.

In the last act we meet Wilhelm, Mignon and Lothario at the Castle Cypriani in Italy. Mignon is finally recovering from the shock and Wilhelm has finally come to his senses. He declares his love and the willing Mignon is soon convinced of his sincerity. Lothario, his memory jogged by familiar surroundings, discovers that it is really he, the Marquis Cypriani, who owns the castle and that Mignon is his long-lost daughter. The curtain falls on this "happily ever after" scene.

Wilfred Pelletier will be our conductor in Saturday's Mignon and the roles of Wilhelm and Lothario will be sung by Charles Hackett and Ezio Pinza.

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Signs of Spring — by A. B. CHAPIN

