NORTH TO DANGER by TOM GILL

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

He moved her clothes back, for the stove was glowing cherry red. On the bed, Irina's pup began moaning, turning at the folds of the blanket, and the water on the stove was boiling.

"Coffee soon," he announced.

Still resting on her knees, her eyes followed Colin as he passed about the room.

"I hate to think this is our last tryst," he heard her say. He made no answer. His eyes kept meeting hers, with a growing sense of something unusual, of some new, troubling presence that had not been there before . . .

Colin began playing with the dog. Then softly her hand touched his hair. "Your hair is as wet as mine was."

Irina's fingers passed across his neck, lifting the wet hair back from his forehead, while he raised his face to look at her; for a moment her warm hands rested on his shoulders.

They were not smiling now; crystalline, unreal in the cabin's gloom, her face stooped closer until the red lips and the long, green eyes became his only reality in a shifting world. He saw her lips part, saw her arms reach out to him as she swayed forward . . .

A wilder blast from the north buffeted the cabin, rattling the windows, bringing a deeper roar of defiance from the fire, but her hands were moving down over his shoulders, her hair was brushing his neck. Then, in the same instant, they heard a shout from the direction of the lake.

With a sense of the world tumbling about his ears, Colin opened the door and peered out through the sleet.

It was Dove. Muffled in a heavy fur coat, the little man came up the path, and at sight of Colin he called, "I saw the smoke and couldn't resist the chance of hot coffee." Then he saw Irina's clothes drying, and his head jerked toward the bed.

For a second his eyes held the girl's eyes. "You capsized."

"I was fool enough to try the rapids."

"Swift water is dangerous," Dove murmured, "especially when it's beyond one's depth."

Heart still pounding, Colin turned from that probing scrutiny and began filling the coffee pot. As if out of some fantastic dream he watched his own hand trembling; it was all unreal. Nothing was changed, except—mechanically he realized that the water in the kettle had boiled dry, and, slipping on his windbreaker, he picked up a bucket.

"I'll be back in a minute." He hurried out the door.

Humming a quiet air, Dove drew off his mittens and sat down opposite Irina.

"You don't look chilled." He was still smiling.

"Not now."

"That's youth. An adventure like this will leave no bad effect on you."

"Yes. But to a person, say, as old as Jesse Colvin—"

He let the sentence die in silhouette; his eyes, curious, rested on the dog on the edge of the bed, and he held it aloft in one of his great hands. Baring its small white milk teeth, the pup growled viciously, and Dove laughed. "I'm afraid you do not like me." He tapped the dog lightly. "But you should show better manners to one who works in the same cause as your mistress."

With fixed gaze Irina watched him, while a vein on her temple began pulsing. Dove laid the dog beside her, and his hand touched her wrist.

"*Die zeit ist aus, Irina.*"

The soft sibilance of German died away, and in English, Dove stressed, "We are ready now for you."

Irina smiled. In thoughtful approval Dove looked down at her.

"Our New York agents told me you were intelligent." He lapsed again into German. "I agree. You also have unusual charm. Intelligence and charm—you will need them both, my dear."

"For what?"

"For a little lesson to that dear United States."

"But they are not at war."

"In December Japan will take care of that."

"Why did you wait so long to tell me this?" she asked.

"To make sure. I am a very cautious person, Irina. Besides, you must have guessed who I was."

"I thought at first it was Dr. Benedict."

Dove gave a short laugh. "Big men make poor spies." Walking across the cabin, he glanced out the window. "We have not much time," he warned.

"Tell me what to do." The girl's voice showed no sign of emotion—only a kind of impassive submission.

Dove seated himself comfortably on the edge of the bed. "Have you let yourself become involved with Colin Rae?"

"I am involved only with the Party." This time her voice sharpened. Then he smiled. "I think we shall get along."

Again she said, "Tell me what to do."

"Two things—both of them urgent, and both you will find out from Schlenk: First, I want to know exactly where his trappers are working between here and Hudson Bay. Second, I want to know when the company plane makes its rounds of the northern trading posts."

"You are almost ready, then?"

His eyes flickered. "We have not been idle. Except for two patrols, there is not a mountie between here and the south shore of the bay. They are down in Learmonth, waiting for trouble between the Crees and the trappers, and we will give them just enough to keep them there. Then, after the ice comes, we strike."

In deep earnestness Dove raised his hand. "The echo of that blow will be heard around the world."

The guttural syllables ceased, and for a time he watched her, wrapped in the blanket, knees under her chin.

"I am wondering," he said at last, "if I should talk to you of loyalty. They told me you were not entirely willing to come here until they reminded you that your father is still in Austria. And perhaps I should remind you that—unfortunately for you—here or in the States—if you prove unfaithful, unscrupulous you will go far. Men find you desirable. Even I am not insensible to your attraction. Use it. Use it on Colin Rae, or"—the shadowy smile came and went—"or is that advice unnecessary?"

Quickly she asked, "What of him?"

"He may be in our way. He—" Dove broke off. "But wait his confidence." He glanced again through the window.

"You think that will be difficult?" she asked.

"Nothing will be difficult if you keep your head."

"Why should I lose it?"

He began polishing his glasses. "For the one reason that makes women the best and worst spies in the world—they possess what is popularly described as a 'heart.' A heart, *mein Liebe*, is a dangerous luxury for those who follow our path. You are permitted one loyalty alone—the Party. And here, I am the Party." He made a quick gesture toward the window. "We will talk again."

When Colin pushed open the door, he saw only a small bald mannered man, adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses, and a girl watched in blankets, watching him with long, green eyes.

Mechanically Colin poured fresh water into the boiling kettle. Nothing seemed real, neither the people about him nor what he himself was doing.

He heard Dove say, "It's a shame for coffee," and Irina's murmured reply. It was as if all this were happening to someone else—as had happened long ago. Wildly impossible that he should be standing here dropping coffee into a battered pot while through his mind swirled the memory of those nights tight about his neck and warm lips on his lips.

Through sheer will power he pulled himself back to the task, and soon the fragrance of fresh coffee filled the cabin. He carried a cup to Irina, and saw with nearly wonder that even yet his hand was not quite steady.

They drank while Dove talked of trapping and of coming trouble with Tennant. Then at last he rose.

"Time to be getting back to Cross Lake." He drew on his fur-lined mittens. "These days before freeze-up get busier and busier." He looked up at Rae. "So this winter you're really going to try it?"

"I may not," Colin answered quietly. "I may go out."

There was no disguising the surprise in Dove's eyes—surprise and perhaps relief. "But I thought you had decided to spend the winter here."

"In my life nothing ever seems to be decided."

The finality in Colin's tone left nothing more to be said, and with a nod and a "Thanks for the coffee," Dove closed the cabin door.

(To be continued)

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War Bonds and the Farmer

by J. L. Tennant
Head, Dept. of Agricultural Economics
Rhode Island State College

SOUND farm management suggests that funds should be reserved now to provide for depreciation, for insurance against risks, and for expected future outlays. The purchase of War Bonds is one of the best ways to conserve such savings.

Every experienced farmer knows he must keep buildings in repair, and that machinery wears out or becomes obsolete. In our present crisis, many of the outlays needed to maintain the farm plant must be deferred. The farmer, materials and chemicals are conserved and our skilled and unskilled labor must be used to produce foods and fibre, build ships, make airplanes, and provide the other goods and services essential to the prosecution of the war.

As our farm machinery gets older, as buildings go without painting, and with minimum attention to other repairs, these needs grow. When the war is over, our industries again will make civilian goods. Saving money and building a reserve through the purchase of War Bonds now, will enable a farmer to buy the equipment and the other goods and services which then will be available.

Saving Are Beneficial

The savings from current income should include funds to replace household equipment and furnishings, to buy new equipment, and to install a water system, a central heating plant, electricity, or some other service which will add to the convenience and comfort of farm living.

A holding in War Bonds will help to carry the farm business through a year in which expenses exceed the returns. Farming is subject to many hazards. A few of the risks are price changes, unfavorable weather, the outbreak of disease, the attack of an destructive insect, and the sudden illness of the operator. Growers of each crops know that prices vary from year to year. Savings put aside during years when prices are relatively high, will help to carry the business through a year when prices are small. A farmer operator who put up $[illegible] a month from the 1942 and 1943 crops into War Bonds will find [illegible] a year or two [illegible] of [illegible] dent [illegible] War Bonds [illegible] very [illegible] of a [illegible]

In planning [illegible] family on the farm [illegible] operator will find reserves for a specific purpose, and definite. With [illegible] for the [illegible] another form for [illegible] may be important. With [illegible] eventually work in [illegible] will furnish the first money for the purchase of a farm [illegible] who was the food [illegible] such a [illegible] opportunity to purchase additional land [illegible]

Saving Time Varies

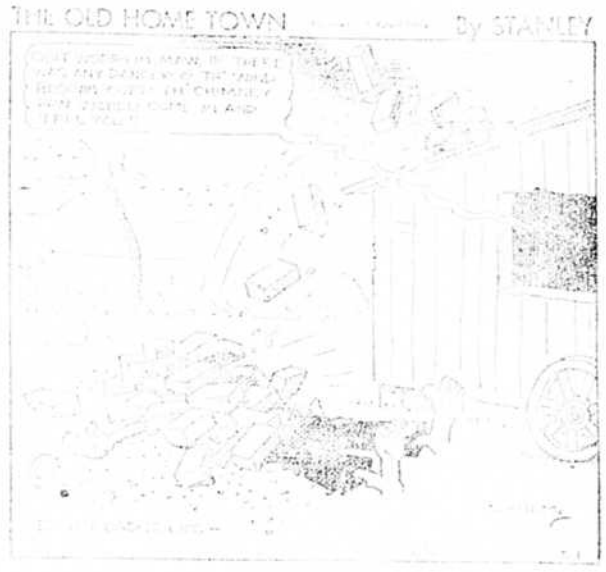
The time of the year when money is to buy War Bonds is available varies with the type of farming. On dairy farms, the money is usually received monthly [illegible] The expenses of the dairy farmer are heavy during the month that [illegible] Produce [illegible] large outlays [illegible] and grain [illegible]

But in practically [illegible] Therefore, the farmer [illegible] of farming [illegible] should be [illegible] in War Bonds [illegible] part of the [illegible] sales of [illegible] stock [illegible]

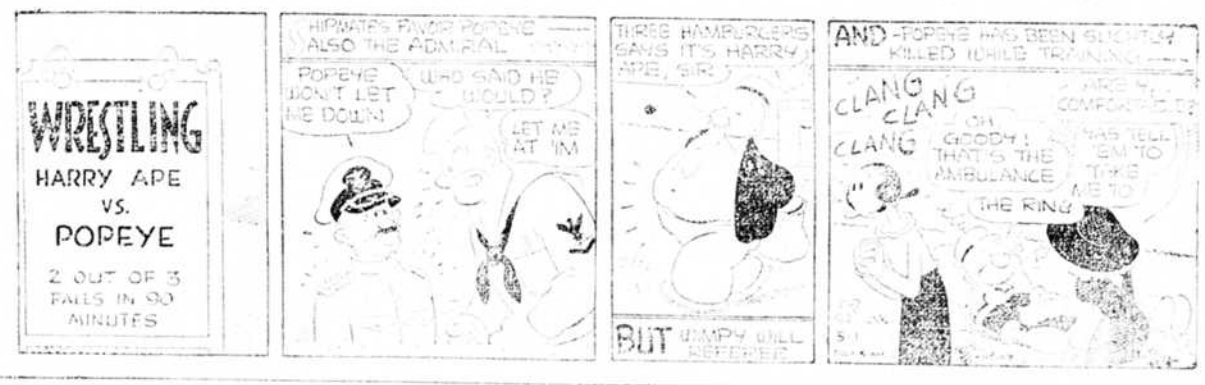
During [illegible] War Bonds [illegible] by [illegible] are [illegible] children, and to do the [illegible] to make [illegible] [illegible] War Bonds [illegible] [illegible] effected the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK — By R. J. SCOTT

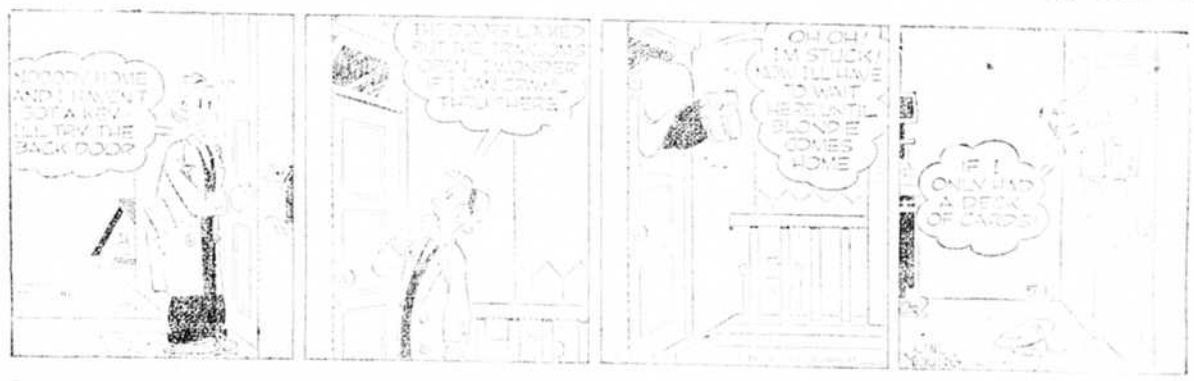
THE OLD HOME TOWN — By STANLEY



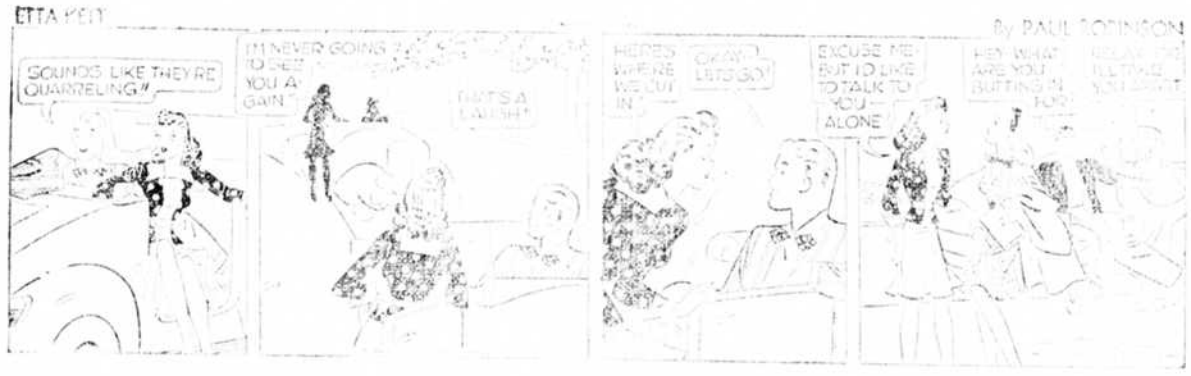
THIMBLE THEATRE — Starring Popeye — A Slight Fatality!



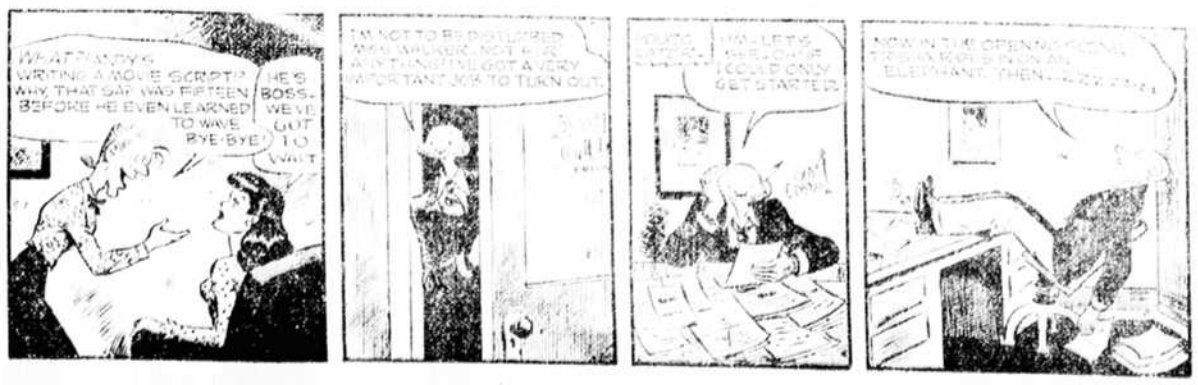
BLONDIE — (Registered U. S. Patent Office) — In Suspense! — By Chic Young



ETTA KETT — By PAUL ROBINSON



THE GUMPS — DREAM UP A GOOD ONE, ANDY



Local Treatments Relieve Lumbago

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

THAT VERY successful practitioner and long time friend of mine, Dr. Isaac Ritz, whom I meet nearly every noon at Grogan's, is a little miffed at me on account of

Dr. Clendening will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

what I said a week or so ago about lumbago. He said I spoke of it as if it were a minor ailment. He says the fact that lumbago allows you to get up and about your business and that it doesn't kill you outright are its greatest disadvantages. If death would end the agony it would be bearable. I think I forget to mention he is in the throes of an attack himself in his own person.

Dr. Ritz is of the opinion that lumbago is an epidemic infectious disease, probably caused by a virus. And there is a great deal to support this view. It certainly sweeps over communities in epidemic form, usually in the spring. It is evidenced in its early stages by a fever, or a little headache, loss of appetite and all the prodromal symptoms of an infectious state.

May Be Contagious

To show its contagiousness, Dr. Ritz had an instance in his own practice of a married couple. The wife went to the Red Cross and associated with two of her sister workers who had lumbago. She came down with it 24 hours later and 24 hours after that her husband, who had been in perfect health, came down with an attack of pain in the back which put him to bed. Not only in my own home town where I know of 17 cases in the last few weeks, but my spy system has unearthed semblances of an epidemic in St. Louis, Chicago and Dallas this spring.

There is no reason why a virus should not get into the body through the digestive or respiratory systems and because it has an affinity for the lumbar muscles light there and cause trouble any more than there is why a virus, such as infantile paralysis, should enter by the same portals and light only in the nerve cells of the anterior horn of the spinal cord: it argues some kind of an affinity, chemical or biological, and there could be some such between the lumbar muscles and some other virus.

A similar analogy would apply to shingles: here it is now assumed in the best medical circles a virus is the cause: it enters the body and circulating in the blood picks out only the ganglia of one or more sensory nerves.

Lumbago is so named because it lights in the lumbar muscles. These are the very heavy and strong groups of muscles in the back, which attach to the spine and are involved in nearly every movement made by the body. That's why it hurts so much. You can't even roll over in bed without having the sore muscles creak and cry out.

Non-medical Remedies

As to treatment, every patient learns sooner or later, usually later, that time is the surest relieve. To the fellow who has just had lumbago a few days this seems very cynical, but to the graduate of six weeks standing it has at least the advantages of truth. There are innumerable drugs which are used for relief—the salicylates—such as aspirin—have always been used for rheumatics.

Dr. Ritz says the latest is to give a solution of calcium gluconate in the vein. The directions say to take it every other day, but the doctor took one dose and it heated him up so he stopped at that: he preferred the disease to the remedy. He said he had hot flashes for 24 hours. But he's sort of cranky and others might not react that way.

To my mind this is the ideal condition for non-medical remedies. Grease the back every night with an ointment with a little camphor in it, and lie down on your face and have Mama put a flannel on top of it, and run an iron—just as hot as you can stand—over the sore places. And massage—here is the ideal spot for massage. If you can get a graduate of the Kellberg Institute of Stockholm he or she will take the kinks out of you.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

C. R.:—What causes curvature of the spine? Can it be the result of infantile paralysis? Are there any exercises to cure it or ways to effect a cure?

Answer: Curvature of the spine comes from bad posture, sitting in wrong positions at school desks, etc. If infantile paralysis affects the spinal muscles the result may be a curvature of the spine and this is not uncommon. It can be corrected by exercises and orthopedic apparatus.

With New Pet

LITTLE Dick Tremaine, 11, is proud in New York City as he poses with a red-headed rooster crowing from his chin. Just the other day, the young fowl dog was only [illegible] by a hit and run driver. After newspapers published a picture showing Dick [illegible] dead [illegible] effected the boy [illegible] [illegible]