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CHAPTER I
THE FLYING CLOUD

A sprawling, howling, turbulent settlement of tents and rude shacks; its main streets lined with gambling dives and dance halls, deep in slimy mud and deeper yet in sin and crime—that was Barbary Coast—San Francisco, in the early days of the Gold-Bush—before the Vigilantes rose in protest, defying the law in order to establish the law.

Later a noble and great city was to rise along the sand dunes lining the peninsula. It was to rise on the basis of commerce and industry. But in the early days, gold—gold from the nearby hills—was the basis for San Francisco's sudden notoriety. It existed to serve the primitive needs of the prospectors, and also to serve their equally primitive passions.

The prospectors would come stumbling in from the adjoining hills, their packages filled with precious gold. Starved for human society, craving excitement after the long, weary months of solitary labor, possessing small fortunes in gold dust, they were easy prey for the parasites who infested the town. They were quickly robbed of chests of their fortunes. Victims who protested were found dead in the streets, a knife or a bullet in their backs. Their murderers went about boasting and unmolested. The administration of law and order, under the notorious Judge Harper, was a pure farce. Gamblers controlled the town and the town officials.

To this crude, lawless sea-port town on a New Year's Eve came the clipper ship "Flying Cloud," poking through the fog into the Golden Gate, after 211 days out of New York, and 14 days of blind beating along the coast. Anxiously it blew for the pilot. At long last an answer came from out of the void. Eagerly passengers and crew lined the rails, to exchange conversation with the pilot, to learn in advance all about the gold country.

said, looking curiously at the nervous faces around her. "Mr. Morgan wrote me if he wasn't here some one would be here to take me to the Homestead Gully. Does anyone know where it is?"

A prospector gulped and finally answered:

"Well, you see, Miss Homestead Gully has been taken off the map."

"Then," Miss Rutledge inquired, "can you tell me where I can find Mr. Morgan?"

"Miss, I hate to be the one to break the news—but Dan Morgan has been taken off the map likewise."

And from the sympathetic miner Miss Rutledge learned that her fiancé, whom she had traveled thousands of miles to meet, was dead—a suicide.

"The red showed up thirteen times," the miner explained soberly, "and his gold mine changed hands. Following which unfortunate incident Mr. Morgan showed a most complete lack of interest in living further."

For a moment Miss Rutledge threatened to collapse. With a gasp, she turned away and walked to the edge of the wharf. Cobb followed.

"My poor child!" he exclaimed.

"It seems my first claim hasn't panned out so well."

"You don't fool me, Miss Rutledge. You're hurt. Please let me help you."

"You don't understand, Colonel. I never loved Dan Morgan!"

Cobb was horrified.

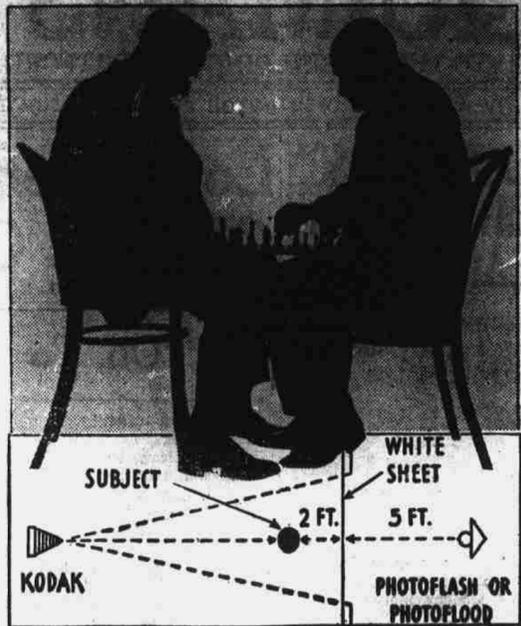
"But—you were going to marry him! He must have meant something to you."

"He meant," said Miss Rutledge harshly, "a million dollars."

Cobb turned away, shocked. But Miss Rutledge regained her cold self-possession. She turned to the miners, still smiling her tight, inscrutable smile.

"Gentlemen," she asked, "who got Dan Morgan's money?"

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
MAKE A SILHOUETTE



Silhouettes make excellent greeting cards, book plates, and place cards.

WITH the arrival of cooler days and nights that do not offer much encouragement for outdoor activities, there is a very noticeable increase in interest by amateurs in snapshots in the house at night.

Once you start this fascinating hobby you will undoubtedly agree that it is a real pleasure and an ideal way to occupy your time profitably during the long evenings of fall and winter.

All of us are familiar with the ordinary type of snapshots but few have made silhouette pictures. With this type of picture, even more than with ordinary snaps, it is important that the pictures tell their own story—unless, of course, you want simply a profile head and shoulders study—for you have only outlines to work with, unsupported by perspective or detail.

The first essential of silhouette pictures is a perfectly flat background, devoid of detail. And the easiest way to obtain such a background is to stretch a bed sheet across a broad doorway between two rooms. It's important that the sheet be tacked up so that all creases and wrinkles are eliminated.

To light up this background, a strong light must be put in back of it, about five feet away, either centered or placed directly back of the major feature of the picture. You have a wide choice of lamps for your lighting. You can use a couple of

ordinary 60-watt bulbs such as you use in your house lamps, or a Photoflood or Photoflash bulb. The latter are available at most electrical or photo supply shops at very low prices. The Photoflood bulb, which gives an "exceptionally brilliant white light, is probably your best bet. Its life is about two hours of constant burning, thus it can be used for many pictures. Pose your subject about two feet in front of the sheet (on the side away from the light). See diagram. Place your camera on a tripod or table so that it is directly opposite your subject. When the picture is taken, the light that illuminates the sheet should be the only light in either of the rooms.

Now about the exposures. If you use the two 60-watt lamps, you will need an exposure of about 10 seconds, with the lens well opened; with a Photoflood, a couple of seconds will suffice. Using the Photoflash (which gives an instantaneous, vivid flash of light) set the shutter at "time," turn out all room lights, open the shutter, flash the bulb, close the shutter—and there you are—you've got your picture.

A little practice with silhouettes is worth volumes of instruction. Good silhouettes make excellent material for greeting cards, book plates, place cards and so on.

In making them, you can call all your ingenuity and inventiveness into play. Try it tonight.

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"Behind the fog lies a new empire"

Two passengers stood apart from the excited crowd. One, a beautiful girl, Miss Mary Rutledge, of New York City. The other, Mr. Marcus Aurelius Cobb, a broken-down journalist, who dreamt of re-establishing himself in this new country.

"Listen to them!" Miss Rutledge exclaimed. "Men like to yell, don't they? They think they're millionaires already."

"More than that," Cobb answered gently. "They've all of them left lives behind them they didn't like. They dream now of being reborn—in the new land. Behind this fog lies not only sand filled with gold but a new empire for men of vision."

Miss Rutledge laughed harshly.

"Men of vision. I love the fine names men give each other—to hide their greeds and lust for adventure. I am amazed at your idealism, Colonel Cobb."

But the old man's gentle idealism was soon to be of service to her. The steward entered to demand pay for her clearance papers—forty-five dollars, more than Miss Rutledge possessed. Cobb came to her rescue, and dug again into his wallet when an old skink of a boatsman demanded fifty dollars to row them ashore.

"It's in the hands of the most human fiend in San Francisco," one of the miners replied.

Miss Rutledge persisted.

"What's his name?"

"The name is Louis Chamalis. He runs the biggest gambling parlor in California—the Bella Donna."

Miss Rutledge's smile became positively angelic.

"Chamalis," she said, "I am hungry. I should like to have supper at the Bella Donna."

Happy New Year

Halfway to shore, the boatsman rested his oars, and demanded more money, threatening otherwise to tip the boat over.

"You wouldn't dare," said Cobb.

"Wouldn't dare! You don't suppose they call me Old Atrocity for nothing. If I were to tell ye half the atrocities I've committed in my time, ye'd keel over right where you're sitting."

And the old rascal began to rock the boat violently.

"Wait!" Miss Rutledge exclaimed. "Does it mean anything to you that I came here to marry Dan Morgan?"

Old Atrocity was startled.

"Dan Morgan! The man who made the Homestead Gully strike?"

"Yes."

"Moses in the Mountain!" Old Atrocity yelled, and began rowing desperately for shore.

Their arrival at the wharf created a tremendous sensation. The wharf was crowded with boisterous prospectors, in high New Year's Eve spirit.

"Yippe! Yippe!" they yelled. "A white woman! How careful, Atrocity! Don't take no chances. Look out—you'll get her wet!"

And in the crowding and excitement several of the loungers were pushed overboard.

But the rough crowd were not without rude gallantry. Their excitement over seeing Miss Rutledge was genuine. White women were few in San Francisco. A hush fell over them all when she asked for Dan Morgan.

"She's Dan Morgan's s-s-w-a-c-e!" Old Atrocity yelled.

The silence became more oppressive.

"There seems to be some sort of mystery, gentlemen," Miss Rutledge

With Cobb still hovering anxiously by her side, and accompanied by a veritable parade of prospectors and wharf loungers, Miss Rutledge made her way through the muddy streets that led to the Bella Donna. On either side, the nature of the settlement unfolded itself—gambling dives, dance halls, with blowsy Indian, Mexican and Chinese women drinking, staring out of doors and windows.

Word of their coming had preceded them at the Bella Donna. Men leaped up from the gambling tables as they approached. Chairs were overturned. Cries arose.

"There she is! There she is! A new white woman!"

Within three minutes Miss Rutledge had received five offers of marriage. The whole crowd moved away, however, when Chamalis approached and introduced himself. A dangerous man.

"How do you like San Francisco?" he asked.

"I think I'm going to like it very much," Miss Rutledge answered, smiling oddly.

"That's fine," Chamalis said. "I own it."

"Miss Rutledge is leaving soon," Cobb interrupted nervously.

"Is that true?" Chamalis demanded.

"That depends," Miss Rutledge declared, still smiling, "on how well I like your town."

Cobb rose in his chair.

"Miss Rutledge, I beg you to reconsider."

Chamalis dismissed him coldly.

"Good night, sir. Hope we see you around here often."

Cobb bowed stiffly, and turned to go. Miss Rutledge called after him softly:

"Good night, Colonel Cobb—and thank you."

Chamalis and Miss Rutledge were left alone at the table. The waiter approached and filled their cups with wine. Suddenly shots rang out. The piano player stopped his fumbling taps. There was a moment of dead silence. Then a voice cried out:

"Happy New Year! . . . Yippe!"

and the place rang out with boisterous cries. The piano player struck up "Auld Lang Syne." A drunk wept sadly.

Miss Rutledge raised her glass, and looked straight at Chamalis.

"Happy New Year!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Cattle Men Are Aroused
as Rustling Increases

Des Moines.—Iowa cattle men, faced with the loss of valuable stock from increasing night raids by modern cattle rustlers, are contemplating formation of bands of vigilantes to combat the thieves.

Rustling—on a larger scale than Iowa has experienced since the turn of the century—has broken out recently and appears to be on the increase. Records at the state bureau of investigation disclosed that 138 head of cattle have been purloined from Iowa farms during the first eight months of the year.

In the pioneer days of the state, the cattle rustler was a daring figure who operated on horseback in large bands.

The modern rustler uses a light, fast truck and takes a minimum of chance. His booty, aided by processing taxes and scarcity of beef, daily grows more valuable.

Operating with a "finger man," the modern rustling crew spots herds which graze in pastures far away from the farm house.

In the night stillness the crew, usually composed of only two or three men, slip an opening in barbed wire fences and drive their truck through. Then they herd the cattle into their truck and speed away.

As yet no offender has been lynched and it is not believed such an extreme would be resorted to if a vigilante organization were formed. But if the menace continues, Glen Schmidt, chief of the investigation bureau, said, there is a "distinct possibility farmers will take the law into their own hands and mete out some kind of punishment."

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About 300 farm boys and girls of Hertford County have joined the 4-H clubs organized in that county recently.

The Davidson County Farmers Exchange did \$37,169.97 worth of business between January 1 and September 30, 1935.