

CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

-14-Wills had drawn a dozen maps of this region, he had plotted it from aerial photographs, and every line of these was engraved on his mind. There were the tremendous summits to the north and west, there was this ridge, sloping southward and eastward, where Hazel Fork went splashing down to meet the river. It all had form, it fitted in with the thought that had entered his mind when he studied the little map in Virgie Morgan's desk. So many of the surveys had been haphazard, so much had been done

that had to be done again. "Stop here a minute," he said, "just here. I'll walk a little way." He unfolded the map again. He had drawn it, sitting up most of the night, drawn it from sketchy bits in the note-book that remained in his pocket. All his material had gone on to Washington, but he felt that he had enough.

Slowly he walked, studying the terrain below. Above, on the narrow road, where first Virgie Morgan had seen the two men in the black car, Marian sat now, behind the wheel, looking small and lonely. For an hour, he scouted the crest, and the sun climbed higher. Icicles melted on the southern slopes and the faces of the crags began to drip. Down the gullies little streams ran clear, finding their way through a lacy network of ice. On a muddy bank, where he leaped across, was a deer track, lately made, clean-printed and plain.

motor going again. "Now where?"

"Can we get down under-down there where the big trees are?"

"We'll have to go far around. Some of it will be rough. But I know the way. I used to come in here with Tom.'

the rough woods track, thinking of Tom. Just down there he must have hidden, those two days-and below, through the cathedral trees, ran the abandoned road where Cragg and the others had come in. A heavy pain bothered her when she thought that Tom probably would never see his beloved trees again. Never see the hills again, perhaps—or the shabby old mill that he had loved never hear again the crow's shrill defiance or the answering insolence of the mountain raven.

any place near where we can get

think of it myself.'

The coffee was not hot. stewpan mind if we blacken the

"Lossie can scour it." would be! If only he were not so arnot detest him. Wills built a small fire, expertly, between two up-ended

is temporarily suspended while the combatants are fed."

-what do we do?" "Pour your half back into the bottle. Then you drink from the cup

and I imbibe from the stewpan." "It's hot." "In camps where I've dined we

used empty bean cans. Gives a rich pork-and-catsup flavor to the brew." A winter sparrow came and teetered on a sumae bough, making small inquiry as to whether any crumbs would remain. The sun lay ardently on the face of the rock l and Marian held her palms to it, catching the warmth in cupped, pink fingers.

Her head was cocked like the bird's, her eyes were cool and remote. Wills looked at her and his heart gave a savage, hurting clutch. His spine straightened and a grim line hardened around his mouth. He was not defeated. Now she was as far from him as the moon-but when a man had caught a precious dream in his heart it was not easy to let it go. Today she was the daughter of the Morgan mills-and he was an employee in corduroy pants. Tomorrow-he clamped his teeth and flung a challenge to tomorrow. And suddenly he cleared his throat

roughly. Intolerable-to sit here in a forest silence with her disdain, with magnate, so the story ran, had been her eyes on him in cool indiffer-

He flung the crust to the waiting sparrow, stood up.

'You needn't speak," he said, hoarsely. "I know how you feel- don't suppose anybody ever called how you despise me. But I'm go- him Thomas in his life." ing to tell you this-if I never say first time I ever saw you. I-haven't your mother rescued from a moun-tein thicket! I know what you've "I'll have to go up there, I'sup-

Hawkin the Wind

-I'm not giving up." She stood up, slowly, let her eyes

come up slowly. There was an odd little beating at the base of her throat, and for an instant her eyelids trembled mistily. Then she gave a choky little

sound. "I'm going home," she said and

turned and ran without looking back. The car door slammed. The motor roared and she tore down the rutty track, jolting and bouncing for

a hundred yards. Wills sat still on the rock, turning a cigarette slowly round and round in his fingers. Then as suddenly as she had

started, Marian stopped the car, backed it slowly.

"Get in," she ordered.

He gathered up the stewpan and the thermos bottle. "Get in-and don't talk to me,"

she repeated, huskily keeping her eyes straight ahead. Her profile was as unvielding as

She could manage numble men

She was David Morgan's daughter

All the way back to the mill she

twisted the corner of his mouth.

Virgie went to the mill that Sat-

spect her.

surrender.

joyfully!

and make important ones re-

the line of the distant mountains.

He returned to the car and Marian sighed patiently, as she set the

She fell silent, as they followed

It was noon when they reached the lower slope of the ridge, and the sun had warmed and gilded the rocks with a false promise of spring. "Look here, you must be starved." Wills exclaimed suddenly. "Is there

some sandwiches, or something?" "Lossie made sandwiches. They're back here and there's some coffee." "Saved! I was a chump not to

'Would the lady who owns the

like the face on a monument. bottom of it?" Wills asked. "I can make a fire." If only things were different, Marthrown into a tense panic by Wal- that speech?" ian thought wistfully, what fun this lace Withers? She could mill pulp and she could sell it; she had proved rogant and so cold-if only she did that. She could borrow money and

pay it back. She could manage humble men and make important racks. Then he thrust a stick into ones respect her. Even if Wallace a crevice and hung a white handbought up her notes, she could pay. kerchief on it. She had kept her credit good. The "Truce!" he announced. "The war mill would run on. David would have laughed at Wal-"Only one cup," said Marian. "So

lace Withers-or smiled his dry, onesided smile, for David had seldom laughed. He had been intent and ing. grave and fiery, like Marian But he fought an army of enemies and come through. His mill should run

Very high-headed. Virgie climbed the steps of her office. And there Lucy Fields looked at her with a tragic face.

"The West Virginia people have canceled," she said.

"The West Virginia order-they canceled by wire this morning." "But - their stuff is already milled! It's practically ready to go. What reason did they give?"

"None at all. It was a very short message. They canceled." Lucy was wan-faced. Her fingers were uncertain as she opened a tradepaper and indicated a paragraph. "I just saw this. Do you think it could have had anything to do with it?"

Virgie scanned the column. The paragraph Lucy pointed out, was headed. TROUBLE." The Morgan mills, so the type stated, were experiencing serious labor trouble, the outgrowth of a shooting affair on the property of the company. Mr. Gordon Cragg, prominent financier and timber shot and dangerously wounded by Thomas Pruitt, superintendent of

the Morgan plant. "Somebody ought to show this to Tom," Virgie commented, flatly. "I

"But we depended on that West another word to you as long as we Virginia order," Lucy worried. patience, "is yourself!" live. I fell in love with you-the "They've never canceled before-I just looked through the files. They've | Lucy. changed. I realize who you are- been buying from us for eighteen and who I am-just a tramp that years. We depend on that order

played in the Little Theatre!"

been thinking. It doesn't change. | pose-and argue with them," Vir-Nothing will change me-ever. And gie said patiently. "Payne and Hooper and Withers, et al., are getting in some fancy underground work.

> "How can you go-with Tom's trial starting Monday?" "Young Daniels will have to go. Virgie sat erect again. At least gree-telephoning Mrs. Gill."

here was something that could be done. Something definite and on the offensive. "Go get him, Lucy." While Lucy was gone across the yard. Virgie thumbed the mail over swiftly, scarcely seeing the type

Tom would go on trial before a jury. "And any sentence will kill himso it would be kinder to hang him and be done with it," she had answered that.

What troubled her most was her own ineffectiveness. She had been fiercely boastful, she had defied the world, as the Irish are so prone to do: she had talked widely and magnificently about saving Tom-of saving the mill and being undismayed by Wallace Withers, and now every recurring blow left her more helpless, more inarticulate, futile, pa-

It was a sickening spectacle for a proud woman to contemplate. It I think about it." was worse for an honest woman who alibis. Up to now, she had been Payne and Hooper and Wallace Withers were behind this newest catastrophe. She gave Wallace credit he was overlooking nothing.

Lucy came back, followed by

Virgie regarded her chemist, her mouth drawn severely straight. "For a working man," she said. 'you're very elegant, this morn-

ing! Daniels wore his good clothes, a trifle pale, but he faced her coolly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Morgan," he

am resigning my position with you-today!" Virgie let the old octagonal clock tick off a measured minute, while she looked him up and down. Lucy

motionless, hardly breathing. "So-they got you, too, did they?" Virgie said, presently.

Daniels flushed, then the blood drained out of his face. "My-decision has not been influ--and she was finding it hard to enced by anyone," he said, stiffly. "I have felt-for some time-that I did not have your confidence, Mrs. kept her eyes grimly on the road. Morgan. Chemistry is a responsi- can't run without sulphides and Wills sat silent, but his heart was bility—a serious responsibility I leaping wildly, and a little smile feel that I don't wish to assume that You're not going-because I'm goresponsibility any longer in a plant She was built, fine and gallant and where I'm not-trusted."

"Who distrusts you?" Virgie counloyal, as a silver sword. She was cut from a golden width of the fab- tered, her eyes as frigid as his. ric of dream. For a dream like He was manifestly uncomfortable. that a man could wait a lifetimeher hands at her throat

"You - were very plainly susurday morning, with her face set picious of me, Mrs. Morgan-when was she being such a fool, being Wallace Withers pay you to make

Daniels glared, affrontedly "I have not been paid-certainly

not by Mr. Withers!" Virgie reached for the telephone "Call Julia Gill for me. Mildred." she said into it evenly. "Julia? This is Virgie Morgan. Was Wallace Withers in town last night? Oh, he came there to see Mr. Daniels, did he? Much obliged. No-that's all." She hung up.

Stanley Daniels' eyes were blaz "I-think I have a right to-my own affairs," he said, "on my own time-without being spied on-or

"All the right in the world." Virgie's tone was wooden. "The right to cheat and do sabotage-and destroy the people who have depended on you! The right to disappoint people who look for something decent and square in this younger genera-

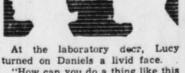
"I haven't cheated! I didn't touch that pulp-oh. what's the use? You wouldn't believe me anyway!"

"No," Virgie was patient, "proba bly I wouldn't. I'm just a stupid old woman. I believe what I see-and what I hear. I see you deserting me -and I hear that you've been in communication with the man who brags that he's going to ruin me. I add up two and two in my naive, outmoded way-and I get a plain answer. Now-I'll tell you something. Daniels. I did suspect you-at first. "MORGAN PEOPLE IN I overcame it-because I want to suit for damages for Mr. Cragg believe in young people. I called against your-superintendent, I beyou in here just now to send you off on an errand of importance to mebecause I hoped you'd do it wellbecause I thought you'd be glad of the chance to prove yourself to me.

> him out. "You'd better check carefully," stealing from you, too!"

"The person you've been stealing "Oh, please - I can't!" faltered

"I said-go over and check him out," repeated Virgie, evenly, "and Pruitt." remember-all the tragedies aren't



"How can you do a thing like this -to her?" He flushed angrily. "What chance

did I have? I could have explained -but she wouldn't have listened. You heard her give me the third de-"You could have explained what?

What was there to explain?' "I could have explained why Withers was there. He-framed me. He would have ruined me. He led me on to talk-he got information out that her eye ran over. On Monday of me-formulas-"

"You told him what to put in a digester to ruin a batch of pulp!" Lucy was all white scorn. "You were just talking-to be interesting -because he made you think you were important. And then when he took the information he got from you-and hired those low-down Spain boys to do the work, probably-' "How do you know?"

"I don't know. But-it adds up, doesn't it? And then he threatened you-I think you're cheap!" she blazed at him. "I think you'reyellow! And-I was in love with you! I-suffered because you didn't care! It-makes me sick now when

He flung the door back. The flat, could not bring herself to stoop to acrid chemical smell rushed at them. This had been his worldable to do nothing to stem this tide the place where he had ruled men of disaster. Somehow, of course, and processes, by the power of his moving thumbs over a test-tube, by the might of figures written on ruled sheets, by his word. For years he had been supreme, a person of importance, knowing things other men did not know. But now he was only a lost young man stumbling into a reeking cubicle-a young man out of

work "Hadn't you better get at that inventory?" he said, flatly, racking up test-tubes. "I'm leaving town. I clean shirt, a jaunty tie. He was a don't intend sticking around here forever.

said. "But-I'm not working today with the flat book under her arm, I was checking over the laboratory. her eyes purple-black and thunder-'You're not going!" she slashed.

But Lucy did not stir. She stood,

You're not going through with this. You're going to stick here-and besomething—a man!" stood like a statue, white as death, "Sorry-I'm going."

She held the latch of the door. She was vibrant all over, like a small gray hornet.

"You're not going! There's the mill! I-despise you! When I think what a fool I've been-crying-over you-I never want to see you again. But-there's the mill. It has to go on. It has to go on. And we magnesium and the right formulas. of Jenkins.

ing to lock you in!" Daniels jumped too late. She had swung with the heavy door, crashed it shut, and he heard the heavy padlock he had himself Lucy drew a little strangling breath. put on, clack fast on the outside. "You're not going. Stanley Dan-

iels." she shrilled at him through the panels. "You can sit in there and make up your mind to that! ike the face on a monument.

She had argued with herself through long hours of darkness. Why hough long hours of darkness. -till I get good and ready to let you out!'

He dragged at the door, beat unavailingly on the heavy panels. He swore at her

"You crazy little fool!" he shout-"You crazy devil!" But she was gone. He kicked the panels in wrath, but the effort was

wasted and he knew it. Heavily he sank on the greasy stool, watched an upset bottle of acid trickle slowly to the floor.

Who would have thought that quiet, mousy little thing had so much fire in her? His anger relaxed a little. He had been sick, shaken and miserable with a mixture of shame and dread all night. Toward dawn he had decided that the only thing to do was to leave town.

But now his neck stiffened a little. his jaw set. So-she thought he was yellow, did she-the spunky little devil? He'd show her-he went to the door and gave it a resounding kick.

CHAPTER XVII

The lawyer who came at noon, with Wallace Withers, was a suave stranger. He was, so he stated, from Balti-

more. He represented the Messrs. Payne, Cragg, and Hooper. "And Withers," added Virgie "I do not represent Mr. Withers. am not connected with the local enterprises of my clients, Mrs. Mor-

gan. I am retained to prosecute a

lieve-Mr. Thomas Pruitt." "You didn't overlook anything, did you?" drawled Virgie.

"It is the function of an efficient attorney to overlook nothing. Very But-all that's ended. Talk is no wisely, we think, Mr. Pruitt acceptuse. You can check out. Take the ed our advice-which was to settle inventory over, Lucy-and check out of court. With more serious action pending it would be unfortunate for him to be involved also in Daniels flared "Probably I've been civil matters, to which he could not give his attention. So he decided to make suitable settlement with my from," said Virgie, with a heavy client, Mr. Cragg, and I have here' -he unfolded a paper-"an order upon you, Mrs. Morgan, to deliver to me fifty shares of stock in the Morgan mills-the property of Mr

> Virgie sprang up. TO BE CONTINUED)



OS ANGELES. - What happens to our star football pros after the last kick-off? How do they manage to kill time between December and next August when they put on the old harness again? You might be surprised. On my way to Texas for the Cot-

ton Bowl game I spent two days

with a pair of fair country football players from Texas. They were Sammy Baugh and Dick Todd of the Washington Redskins, who had just left the all-star battle against the devastating Chicago Bears.

"Well," I said to Baugh, one of the Grantland Rice great forward passers and also one of the great kickers of all time, "nothing to do now until next August."

"No," he said, with the old Texas half-drawl, "nothing to do but handle my 800-acre cattle ranch and see those cattle get plenty to eat. I know an 800-acre ranch isn't so much in Texas, but I hope to add another 800-acre patch this winter and give my cattle plenty to eat. That'll keep me busier than chucking a few passes, even against those

"What was your college weight?" I asked Baugh, who is 6 feet 2. "One-eighty-two pounds," Sammy said.

"What was your reporting weight in August and what did you finish with?" I asked.

Silent Sam

"One-eighty-two pounds," Sam answered. Sam is strictly on the laconic side. He says what he has to say in the fewest possible words, which is one of the greatest of all human virtues.

"Where are you headed for, Dick?" I asked 168-pound Dick Todd, one of the best of the running backs.

"Just a little ranch outside of Sweetwater and a few head of cattle. Gee, I'm glad to get back. That home on the range looks good to

About Sweetwater

Both Baugh and Todd got off at Sweetwater. This, also, is where Lew Jenkins lives. There must be something in the Sweetwater air that breeds athletes.

I asked Dick Todd what he thought

"Lew's a much better fighter than he looks to be," Todd said. "You see he came up the hard way and I guess that's the best way, if you are trying to get somewhere. I don't want any part of the fight game myself, but this pro game is no easy way either.

"Early in the season I took a pass from Sammy here (meaning Baugh) and just as I straightened out of a half-spin Falaschi hit me. All he to drive part of my intestines back against my spine and I had to live on milk for two weeks till I got straightened out. Don't let anybody tell you they don't hit you in this pro game. Both Sammy and I ought to know."

I asked Baugh about better protection for the passer, after he has

gotten the ball away.
"That's where the damage comes," Sam said. "I've had to take plenty. I think the officials might keep an eye on what happens after the pass is thrown. I don't mind being knocked down so much, but I don't like fists in my face."

Who does? I can't remember ever seeing an official watch the passer after the ball was thrown down the field. They all watch the ball. I've seen plenty myself that should have been called double-roughness-which never was called. Or was even seen.

About Danny Fortman

Sitting on the bench you look at Danny Fortman, the star guard of

the Chicago Bears. Danny in his harness is a burly looking individual who doesn't seem to be headed anywhere in particular-off the football field. But Danny graduated at the head of his school at the age of 16. He graduated from Colgate at the age of 20 summa cum

laude. He was a brilliant student. He is using pro football to get his medical degree and there is certainly no student in the Ivy league who has more ability or greater am-He is one of the great football

guards of his era-smart, keen, ag-

gressive, alert, and physically powerful. He is an exceptional medical student who is almost certain to go a long way in his profession. Pro football has done a great job for these college graduates who otherwise might have been left out in the blizzard of the depression. It has given them the chance to make

enough money to carry out their

earlier freams. I don't mean all

of them. I mean a great many of

It gave Sammy Baugh and Dick Todd and many others the chance to carry out their hope for a "home on the range." It has given many of them chances which our present economic system couldn't offer them



I OU NOVA, the big blond heavyweight from Alameda, Calif., never will be known for his shyness, reticence or lack of ability to advertise himself.

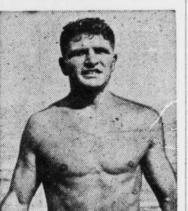
For Lou, who has just recuperated from a brutal beating administered by Tony Galento, has announced to the world in no uncertain terms that he is the contender who will brush Joe Louis off the championship throne as easily as you or I would shoo a fly from our coffee and cakes in the Greasy Spoon Lunch Shoppe. In the face of this grim determi-

nation it seems a shame to bring up past history. However, the record book shows that Tony Galento, Newark's former pride and joy, disposed of Lou in 14 rounds in Philadelphia little more than a year ago. The book doesn't tell that Nova was whipped in one of the bloodiest battles in ring history. The thoroughness with which Nova

was beaten may or may not be indicative of his ability. Galento was a freak-a fat, loud-mouthed clown who wouldn't hesitate to use any means possible to annihilate an opponent. Nova-like most good fighters - wasn't particularly well equipped to handle such competi-

Curtain of Gloom

Shortly after his fight with Galento, Nova was stricken with a strange illness, believed to be an infection in the blood stream. In the hospital for a long time, he was figured by



LOU NOVA

the experts to be all washed up. In fact, Nova entertained the same idea as did the experts.

"When you lay on a cot in a little cubicle in a hospital, you get plenty of time-too much time-to think, Nova said recently. "I'd lift up on my side and see crutches-my crutches - standing in a corner against the wall.

"Those sticks seemed to portend

that I honestly thought of sneaking out of the hospital some night and jumping off the Golden Gate bridge." But that thought didn't linger for long. As soon as he had disposed of the crutches, Nova knew he could whip anything on two feet. Already

thought that he might not be the world's greatest heavyweight. Last July, quite well on his way toward recovery from the Galento fiasco, Lou went to prison-of his own volition. He started to train in the Nevada State penitentiary at Carson City, under the determined hand of Warden Bill Lewis. Nova's novel training site was picked for him by his manager, Ray Carlin.

Back in Shape When he quit training in Carson City, Lou was in better shape than he had been for many years. He now claims that his illness was of long standing, and that it had handicapped him in several previous fights. But that, he says, is a thing of the past. He has recovered-both

his health and his self-confidence. The California Adonis has often declared his longing to fight Billy

Conn and Joe Louis.
"I don't think," he said, "that Conn has licked any good heavyweight. That fellow-Lee Savoldwhom he defeated in the Garden a few weeks ago never was anything more than a good preliminary fighter. The other heavies on Conn's list of victories were not much better.'

By and large, Lou holds present heavyweights in rather low esteem. He veers sharply away from the Galento tack, refusing to speak of his contemporaries as "dose bums." He reduces their pugilistic stature in a more grammatical fashion.

Regardless of his defeat by Galento, don't sell Nova too short. He has a determination amounting to stubbornness but he has always a definite goal in mind and unlimited faith in his ability to reach that goal.

Sport Shorts

Bill Komenich, Marquette's highscoring basketball guard, formerly attended the University of Belgrade. Henry Clason, Northwestern university basketball forward, scored more than 600 points during his high school career in Goshen, Ind.

Manager Leo Durocher of the Dodgers will bet that Kirby Higbe, Whitlow Wyatt and Luke Hamlin will win more games this season than Cincinnati's Paul Derringer, Bucky Walters and Junior Thomp-



THE DIFFERENCE

Economical Wife-What's the difference if I make your shirts or you buy them at a store? Hubby-The fit.

THE FORGER



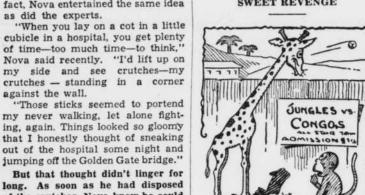
"You say he's a forger?"

"Yep." "Then why isn't he working in the "Because he works in the foun-



Mother-You say John has been rrested for shooting craps? Dad-Yes-the young rascal! Mother-But how did he ever get hold of a gun?

SWEET REVENGE



Giranehome run, and by the way, aren't you the fellow who made fun of my long neck?

OH!

"How do you know you're going to stand at the head of the class? "Me big brudder's engaged to de



First Man-My wife was successful with the exercises, and was reduced to a hundred and twenty pounds Second Man-Mine failed and was

reduced to tears.



From his manner that man must hold a very important position." "Well, no-that's only the way he feels about it."

Bloomin' Parrot Was Passing Its Lesson On

Bert had spent hours trying to teach his parrot to say "Hello, Uncle," ready for the visit of his wealthy relative.

Uncle came-the parrot was dumb. Bert seized the bird by the throat. "Say 'Hello, Uncle,' I'll wring your bloomin' neck," he roared.

And when silence continued he twisted the bird's neck and threw it into the fowl pen.

Queer squawks drew him to the fowl pen next morning. On the ground were three dead hens. The parrot had a fourth by the neck, shaking him and shouting: "Say, 'Hello, Uncle,' or I'll wring your bloomin' neck."

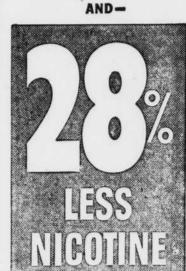


Plans Regulated

Men's plans should be regulated by the circumstances, not circumstances by the plans .- Livy.



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