

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Elliott had her wide open, now, and the loads, on that grade, ran easily despite the blinding cold in their journals. The rock and pitch of the engine were beyond belief. It seemed as though its weight must carry the light steel from its spikes as the careening three tons of strain first one way and then the other.

The curve at the trestle's approach rushed up the valley toward him and through Elliott's mind swam all manner of misgivings. It seemed at the moment that if by any freak chance the wheels should stay on the rails, then those rails must surely give before the strain that the train's flight would exert as it took that curve. He threw one quick glance backward to see Tim Jeffers crouched on his high perch as a circus rider might stand on his boldly galloping steed. The old man chewed briskly and, as he caught a flash of Ben's face, spat and made one impressive gesture with a mittened hand, bidding the younger man get outside.

Ben had done all that he could do in the cab. Nothing within his power would be of avail if they left the track and, inside, he would have no chance at all should the wild run come to its end in the smoking waters of the river.

And so he backed into the gangway between tank and engine and slid down to the step, clinging to the hand rails, staring ahead, ready to let go if the worst, and the highly probable, happened.

The curve was there, a train's length beyond.

It was there, the length of their locomotive ahead. . . . The trucks took it with a screech and a bounce and a grind. She turned sharply and Ben thought he felt her tipping, tilting, the stop beneath his feet rising as the force that strove them off at a tangent asserted itself. . . . He swung far out, to give her that much more balance, and they were straightening out with the loads thundering and clanking and leaping behind and he breathed deeply, realizing that for the interval his lungs had not functioned.

Elliott looked back again. Tim's knees were bent still lower. He was leaning far to the right and he nodded sharply as if in triumph.

And now they charged at the bridge, at that rough, new crossing of Hoot Owl. The engine bounced and quivered and seemed to stumble as she took the newly laid track. But she slammed back to balance and her tires chewed the frost, and they were over and charging the rise beyond!

Ben clambered back into the cab and tugged at the throttle, cursing because it would not open wider. He strained as though by his very posture to help the machinery meet that demand upon it. Nobly, the little locomotive breast the rise; bravely she lunged into that hill with the exhaust roaring fit to beat the rusted, burned stack from her. She spat cinders and smoke high into the air and the steam clouds from leaking gaskets enveloped Elliott, curling about him, shutting off his view. They were slowing, now. The roaring drum of the exhaust had dropped now to a sharp panting.

They were half-way up before he touched the reserve lever. He let it down slowly, a notch at a time, using every last inch of the momentum he had gained. Up, now, three-quarters of the way. Ben could see the rails on the bit of level going at the top. Up another train's length, slowing with each foot gained. A far off, across the snow-blanketed country, a plume of white vapor trailed a break in the forests. That was the local, crossing the river, swinging in toward his siding.

"Go it, girl! Go it, girl!" he yelled at the engine, swinging one fist.

She showed her nose over the crest, seeming to weave it from side as in distress. Her drivers slipped and spun a half turn; caught on sand, held. She began a stuttering, dying puff. The sound wavered. She seemed to stop. . . and cleared her cylinders with a short belch. . . .

She was on top. Her last breath had turned the trick.

"Hold to it, old timer! Hold to it!" Ben croaked.

The first car gained the crest. The locomotive was on the down grade, now; the second car coming across the peak. The third car rumbled over the top and Tim Jeffers, dropping his peavey, wormed along the logs and flopped down to the brake wheel as Ben shut her off, set the brakes and with a boyish swing of one arm yanked on the whistle cord to set her voice screaming.

Back on the last car Tim clubbed brake wheels. Out on the first, Ben Elliott drove the shoe home. The ancient locomotive dug her heels in and settled back. Down and down they went on the frost slick steel, gathering speed that was as alarming as the slowing of their pace had been a moment before. But with every train length traveled Tim Jeffers was getting more brakes against the humming wheels.

She sld, she slipped, she squealed and complained and clattered her way down that final mile. They had her under control at last and slowly they

edged around the curve at the mill-pond, out onto the siding and to a full stop.

Ben, dropping down, ran across to the main line and held up his hand. Half a mile down the track the local puffed in toward him. The whistle sent up its cloud of steam at his signal, he heard the engineer shutting off and in minutes the train slid in, brakes grinding.

"That stuff go?" the conductor called, swinging down from the way car.

"That stuff goes!" Ben said almost reverently and turned to face Tim who was filling his pipe with unsteady hands.

"It was a moment for the right word. But Tim Jeffers was not a man of words; not of many words."

"Well, you done it," he said simply.

"Yeah. With your help."

"Still needin' a camp boss?"

"Raddy!"

"S'pose I'd do?"

"Do! Lord, Tim, if—"

"All right. I'm hired to get out logs again. Guess I'll hit Mr. Buller for a cuppa carfee. I've rode trains now 'nd again, Ben, but of all the rides I've ever took that was what you might call th' dangdest!"

In a Minnesota lumber town a bearded man sat near the stove in a small hotel and heard the story of what was happening in distant Tincup.

"Know him?" another listener asked the narrator.

"Not the kid. I know Brandon, 'nd I know Tim Jeffers. Top loaded for him three winters. If Tim's back there's a hot scrap on and . . . gosh! but I like scraps."

"Mean you're pulling for Tincup?"

"I'll say I am!"

The bearded man cleared his throat.

"You think, then, that the lad's got a chance of making it against Brandon?" he asked.

"It sure looks as if he had a chance. With old Tincup shanty boys hitting back for their stamping grounds his chances are getting better. Ever been in Tincup, Martin?"

The other closed the blade of his pocket knife and pulled at the lobe of his left ear with his right hand.

"I've heard of the place," he said quietly.

"Better hoist your turkey and come along with me. Likely he could find a place for a good bookkeeper."

Martin smiled oddly but made no other response.

In far flung camps and mill towns the story was being repeated, just such men were leaving jobs and turning their faces toward Tincup, known through the Lake states for the tyranny that Nicholas Brandon had exercised there so many years.

Ben, sitting with his feet on Able's desk in the Justice's office, grinned broadly as he told of the latest developments on the job.

"Sixty-four men in camp this morn-

ing," he said. "Over thirty of 'em new was home again she was the girl's closest friend and only confidant."

"There are so many people here now who are not . . . No, I'll put it the other way: I'm not congenial company for many people in this country. It isn't their fault. It's wholly mine. Her manner, which had been easy, began to stiffen a bit. Ben thought, as though she steeled herself for an ordeal.

"People have a right to their opinions, of course. Evidence was strong against my father. But he was no killer. He never harmed anyone. I'm sure of that. When people think of him as alive and a fugitive or dead and disgraced it stirs my temper! You've heard about my father."

"Of course."

"Naturally, you would."

They talked, after that, of personal tastes, of the glories of big country, of the limited recreations offered by little towns.

"Just the movie! Now and then there's a dance," the girl said, "but none of the boys seem to want to take me. . . . It is my fault, likely. She was staring moodily into the fire. "I frighten them away. Mr. Brandon asks me to go to the movie now and then but . . . I don't know . . ."

"So Brandon wants to amuse you, does he?"

"Yes. He's been awfully kind to me, always. Of course, I know that Able and a lot of people think he's after the Hoot Owl and is quite ruthless about it but they can prove nothing. He was so good to me when I was little and

"You say nice things, Ben Elliott!"

"How can anyone help saying nice things to nice people?"

She made a playful mouth at him and Ben, watching her as she advanced to Able's desk, thought again that he never had supposed women grew to such loveliness.

Her errand with the old Justice was brief. She and Ben went out together, Dawn on her way home, Ben to finish his errands in town.

At the corner where their ways parted they stopped and Dawn hesitated in what she had been saying. Then, looking into his face, she asked.

"Does Mr. Ben Elliott ever take tea with a young woman? You know, I am beginning to think that I like to talk to you!"

"Then the risk of having it reported that I'm a lounge lizard is as nothing."

The house where Dawn lived was the house in which she had been born, a sprawling white frame structure bedecked with whispering hemlocks. She led Ben into a long, low room, with wide, low windows, where a fire burned on an open hearth.

The fine odor of baking bread permeated the place and as they entered Dawn lifted her voice in a light hail:

"Oh-ho, Aunt Em!"

Sounds came from the rear; a door opened and closed, and then another door opened which gave into the room where they stood, and an ample woman in a checked apron, her face flushed as by stove heat, entered hastily.

"Yes, dearie— Well!"—stopping in surprise.

"Aunt Em, this is Mr. Elliott."

"How d'y do?" Her voice was full and deep, like a man's. "I've seen you, young man, and if I was a hand to say what most folks say I'd tell you that I feel like we're old friends." She shook hands vigorously. "You're a big young feller, Ben Elliott!"—eyeing him up and down.

Dawn laughed again as she drew off her coat.

"Don't you tell a soul, Aunt Em, but we are going to have tea! If his shanty boys ever heard about it they might think he was too much civilized for them."

"Ishaw! As if what other folks think counts!" She looked narrowly at Dawn and Ben saw the girl's face change. "It's what I've told Dawn ever since she was little, Ben, that it's what you think about your own self that matters; not what anybody else thinks. Well! You two set and I'll get tea."

She hurried out and Ben drew up a comfortable chair before the fire.

In the half hour that elapsed before the older woman returned Ben learned much about Dawn McManus. This was her house, her home. Aunt Em, then a young woman, had been house-keeper there after Dawn's mother died. She had stayed on, keeping the place up through the years that Dawn was away at school, making a living for

white cheeks and he opened his lips as in a light gasp of surprise or else preparatory to sharp speech.

But he gathered himself on the instant, moved directly to Dawn and with an even, kindly tone greeted her.

The girl turned as Brandon still held her hand and Ben thought she was moving it gently for release.

"Mr. Elliott, I think you must know Mr. Brandon." Ben bowed, a bit stiffly.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I met him once."

Then Nicholas Brandon did an amazing thing, which went far in explaining Dawn's skepticism of the town's attitude toward him to Elliott. He laughed. He laughed easily, naturally, and in the laughter was an admission of embarrassment which rang true.

"Indeed we have! Under different circumstances! How are you today, Elliott?" He advanced and extended his hand still smiling and Ben was so amazed that mechanically he accepted it. "Yes, we've met before,"—turning to Dawn and Aunt Em—"under quite distressing circumstances. We met on an unfriendly ground and both lost our heads a little. I hope Mr. Elliott doesn't harbor any resentment. As far as I'm concerned I've only regret for the affair!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Friendly Potato Is Not Appreciated, Expert Says

One of the very best foods, the potato, is not fully appreciated, asserts an agricultural expert. For the human body to function properly, starches and sugars are required to produce energy or fuel; proteins to develop tissue; minerals and other dietary essentials, such as vitamins. Potatoes meet the ideal requirements for the body by producing a large amount of energy, some protein, a fair amount of minerals and an adequate assortment of essential vitamins, as well as supplying bulk. The potato is probably our best staple food and one which should fill a much larger place in our diet.

Many persons avoid potatoes because of their supposed fattening properties. This popular prejudice has little foundation in scientific fact. The potato, like any other food stuff is fattening only when eaten in a quantity more than sufficient to meet the body needs. The potato is no more fattening than the same amount of bread or any other cereal. History as well as geography shows that those people whose diet contains a large proportion of potatoes enjoy good health. In Ireland and Germany, where potatoes are widely and largely used, the health and stamina of the people is good and the death rate low.

The term panther is used to refer either to the spotted leopard of the Old World or to the mountain lion or puma of the New World. These cats are about the same size and adult specimens weigh between 200 and 300 pounds.

talks so reasonably to me now that I can't believe their suspicions are well founded. Still . . . Things do seem to happen at Hoot Owl. Mr. Brandon's explanation of the fire and dynamiting is that you made an enemy of Bull Duval and his friends and that they are striking back for spite. That sounds reasonable, doesn't it?"

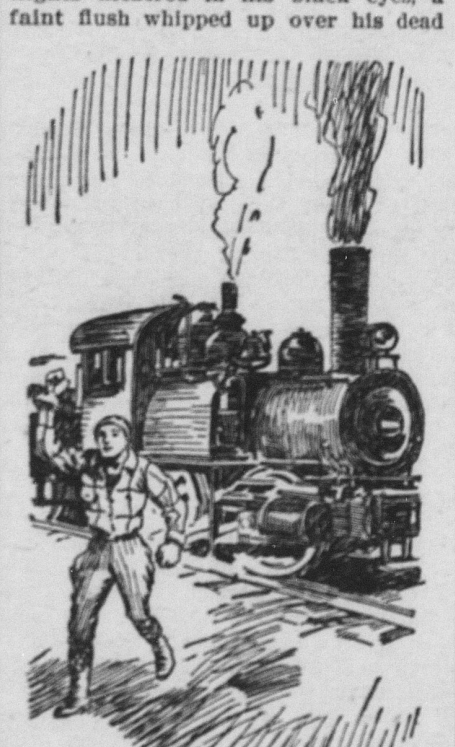
"Yes," said Ben, unwilling to argue any such point with her.

At this juncture Aunt Em came in with food that was surpassingly fine and for an hour they sat and talked while darkness fell.

Ben was rising to go when the door-bell rang. Aunt Em went to answer the summons and as a man's voice sounded in the hallway Dawn broke short what she had started to say. A moment later Nicholas Brandon entered the room.

The man's face, as he crossed the threshold and saw Ben, was a study. Lights flickered in his black eyes, a faint flush whipped up over his head

Half a Mile Down the Track the Local Puffed In Toward Him.



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Shoppers Seek Personality Styles

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A "PLUMP, fair and forty" lady who is "all dressed up" in a kittenish, flapperish way—youth clad in fashions sophisticated beyond its years—colors that make blonds look anemic and ashen or tones and tints that cause brunettes to lose glamour—hats with impossible head sizes, too little for the unbobbed, too big for shorn locks—well, what of it, why paint so crude, so unkind a picture?

Merely by way of contrast, dear reader, for the new spring and summer fashions are a direct denial to everything we have said in the foregoing paragraph. What is actually happening is that our fashion experts have sensed the need of gently, firmly and subtly leading women in the direction they should go in the fine art of dress. Which is why we are hearing so much these days in regard to the outstanding importance of personality fashions.

Among our modern fashion educators personality in dress ranks as a theme of major importance. Have you not noticed the signs of the times yourself? The courtesy and class-you-at-glance manner with which you are ushered to this or that specialized department the moment you step foot in a fashion emporium?

This is, indeed, a happy era which is dawning for shoppers in that dress-designers and coat and suit makers have become that personality-conscious they are making it their goal to create fashions that will tune perfectly to each and everybody's particular type. The modes here pictured are an outgrowth of this noble endeavor. They silence the lament of the middle-aged and matron who for years have been voicing complaint that they are not having a "fair deal" when it comes to clothes they "can wear," and that all the attention is concen-

trated on ingenue type. Here they are right before your very eyes, fashions that couldn't possibly be more perfectly tuned to the needs and demands of gentlemen who have graduated into the alumnae of fashion's smart set.

These stunning models for the up-to-the-moment-in-style matron were selected for our illustration from among a galaxy of fascinating styles as shown during a "personality fashions" revue which the Chicago wholesale market council presented at a midwest conference gala dinner. The fashion themes included clothes for the youthful matron, for matrons more advanced, for slender girlish ingenue types, for the larger young woman, for the outdoor and sports girl, for tall blond types and for medium-tall brunettes. The moral to this story on personality fashions is, if while en tour in the shops fashion-seeking you do not see what you want, ask for it. It's there tuned to your individuality, simply awaiting your call.

Describing the trio of fashionable costumes for the matron as here pictured, the model to the left is a travel and street outfit especially designed for the youthful matron. It is tailored of a brown and white "broken-check" tweed in standard English cut. It may be worn equally well with dark or light accessories.

The street ensemble to the right of navy and white print silk with check sheer redingote coat is designed along simple slendering lines. The sailor hat adds charm.

Centered in the group is an ultra chic ensemble for the mature woman to wear to afternoon club functions or smart country club affairs. It is fashioned of a white sheer material with white and black stripe trimming.

Western Newspaper Union.

BEAUTY HINTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The vanity bag has been revived and is one of the most important affairs that has been seen in a good many moons.

The new ones know a new practicability. In the first place they have been made to a great extent by people who understand vanity—the cosmeticians. They have known what to include. Not only have they done a good job at making them practical, but they have seen that they have that other important requisite, which is beauty.

They are fashioned of velvet, of lame, of fine kidskin, of lovely silks, and even of metals. Their colors are almost unlimited, but women are usually careful, or should be, that they choose a color that will go with all party frocks. They may have a one or two sided opening, and usually hold purse, change purse, cigarette case, comb, lipstick, rouge and powder.

Jacket Lengths Will Vary; Suits Are to Fit Easily

There is a softness in the air that prepares one for the spectacle of spring clothes. Necklines are bowed, frilled, or softened, and even with classic tailleur, which is always chosen by certain types, a jabot or some other softening touch is suggested for the blouse. It is also advisable to have the blouse contrast. Even in the case of linen this idea is carried out.

With the usual exceptions, loose fitting lines prevail in the suit collections for spring, 1935. Jacket lengths vary to some degree, and so do their types.

Coat Dresses Smart

Coat dresses of black, navy blue or pepper-and-salt wools, cut on slender lines and finished with white pique collars in the form of petals or stylized flowers, are an outstanding spring fashion.

The smartest women in this country as well as abroad are wearing vivid nail polish with lipstick to match. Reports from Paris and St. Moritz say that the really chic women there are matching theirs in red and yellowish red shades. Trick effects such as metallic combinations and odd color schemes have disappeared. The most fashionable colors are coral, cardinal, ruby and the "natural" which is the lightest of the yellow reds. Most Parisian beauticians prefer to cover the entire nail with polish instead of outlining the moon and tip. Some fashionable New Yorkers follow this mode, while others prefer the trim look which white moons and tips achieve. The young woman pictured has that look of distinction which perfect grooming always gives. She appreciates the enhancement which artfully colored lips and fingertips add to a chic ensemble. Notice the costume jewelry set which she is wearing. It includes a clip on her stitched crepe hat with a duplicate clip at her throat and a bracelet to match.

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