Our Weekly Serial Story Installment

STRAIT GATE

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

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SYNOPSIS

Sarah Lynn Dana, youngest of the Dana women of Danavale, Calif., choice of the self-confident life approved by her mother, Adelaide, who is trying to marry her to Duncan Van Doren, Detroit society youth. Great-Granny Dana, somewhat-vague pioneer, and community matriarch, recognizes in the girl the return adventurousness of the "Dana Danae," a trait shared by her and Cousin Sally Ann Dana, traveler and author, and clashes with Sally Ann in view the girl abroad. Uncle Lynn, unobtrusive invalid, sides the idea in Sally Ann in view Sarah Lynn, as does the girl's young brother Bill. Another plea comes from Miss Pennington, "Penny," adoring governess of the girl, saying she is unhappy and misunderstood. At a family dinner party, Sally Ann first hears of Kenton Gwear's ultra-modern wife, Arline, who runs a roadhouse called the Stewed Prune, and is trying to wangle a flight with Gunnar Thorwald, Norwegian ace, famous for the ordeal he (?) women through their mutual friend, Jim Allison. Gunnar Thorwald arrives with Jim Allison, and Sarah Lynn is attracted to him. Dinner parties her to the Stewed Prune. Sarah Lynn refuses to drink anything but ginger ale. Cousin Mary Dana Webster tells Sarah the suspects Arline and her friends of framing on Gunnar and Sarah Lynn, in an increasing stupor. Decides to warn him. When Gunnar arrives, angry at Jim Allison for missing connections, he hears Sarah Lynn cry, "Go away! Don't come in! Ladybug, fly away home," and sees her carried out to the ladies' room, unconscious. Gunnar arrives at the airport. Sarah Lynn, partly out of her stupor, imagines the sensations of flying, with Gunnar at the controls. Gunnar, flying to Los Angeles, senses someone standing behind him. When he realizes it is Sarah Lynn, he shouts: "Keep away from me, drunken fool," will listen to no explanation, and detours to Fresno. Throws out at Fresno "like a sack of mail." Sarah Lynn is greeted by a group headed by a bride and groom, who recognize Gunnar. While the "bride" drives Sarah Lynn to the hotel to await her father, one of the party shows the story to the newspapers, identifying the two flyers and the "bride" as Kitty Medill, wild flight flier.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Sarah Lynn felt that Mrs. Pond understood even more perfectly. She was equally hospitable, but her steady, bright eyes were evaluating the frowzy hair, the bedraggled dress, the blanket. "I'll make you a cup of chocolate, and you must have a good hot tub."

"And a sound sleep," her husband added. "Your father can't make it under four hours, so you must just relax and be comfortable."

Danavale rang and rocked with Sarah Lynn's exploit. Mary Dana Webster went at once to the parents and stated her firm conviction that the child had been drugged, but Arline slid out of their questionings like quicksilver.

The nonagenarian summoned Sarah Lynn. "Your Great-gramper wants you should come over, quick's ever you can get here," the flat tones of Emma Waters, the maid, stated over the telephone.

The girl set out at once, the greyhound flashing on ahead. Lightning was a solace in the first very vocal days of Danavale's disapproval.

The matriarch was chirping and cackling with excitement and approval. "Well, I declare, Sairy Lynn, if you didn't up'n put out same's I did! Crawled into the flyin' machine and hid just like I did in the covered wagon! Don't surprise me a mite! Proud of you. And I'd admire to meet your beau sometime. You fetch him over to see me, Sarah Lynn."

Her great-granddaughter crimsoned. "Great-granny, he isn't at all! He despises me. You don't understand. He is furious because—"

"Oh, well, now, don't you fret!" the ancestress comforted her. "Your Great-gramper was kind of like that, first off. Some are. Thought they'd ought of sent me back and was real harsh in his talk, but land—he come round in no time. You'll see!"

Sarah Lynn went upstairs where her Cousin Sally Ann was having tea with her Uncle Lynn. They were the most satisfactory of all her adherents.

"After all, it was a gorgeous adventure," the traveling clanswoman said. "At your age I'd have adored it."

"I did," Sarah Lynn said quickly. "I do. Only—the way it happened—"

Lynn Dana said, "I've just remembered a thing I know rather well, an aleman, Conrad Jordan. He's undoubtedly met this Gunnar lad, or he will, and I intend to see, Sarah Lynn, that he gets the truth."

She flushed hotly. "Oh, that's good of you, Uncle Lynn, but you mustn't bother. It wouldn't make a bit of difference to him. I mean—he has such contempt for—for everybody mixed up with it—"

"When you come abroad with me we'll do a lot of flying, Sarah Lynn," the older woman said. "I like it enormously. The glamour never goes out of it for me."

They were casual, comfortable: Sarah Lynn stayed on and on, listening while they talked to each other. She walked home in the dusk with her greyhound pacing demurely beside her.

She found the old governess reading intently, with four library books opened about her.

"I'm just refreshing my mind a bit on Norse history and legend, my dear," she greeted her charge, lifting pale, protuberant eyes. "I was rather rusty, so to speak. Quite marvelous people, the Norsemen. The Vikings, voyaging all about Europe, conquering, learning, amazing. Women and children went along to the wars, you know. Valiant, but hard, they were. Listen to this bit"—she lifted a worn volume of history—" 'The early Norseman had a keen mind, but his heart was as much steel as his sword; he loved battle and stormy seas; he admired the brave, the clever, the strong; for the old and feeble he had no interest, for the suffering no sympathy; the weak he despised.' "

"Yes," said Sarah Lynn. "I know."

Sarah Lynn liked Europe—Sally Ann's Europe, and Sally Ann's Europe liked Sarah Lynn. She sat in silence for the most part, looking and listening ardently, and presently people began to notice her, glad to type for the first time in her life, and to speak pleasantly to her, and after a while she was answering with confidence.

One day in Paris Sally Ann hooded her typewriter and said, "Let's fly somewhere, shall we?"

She let Sarah Lynn savor the timetables first — "Imperial Airways"—"Suddeutsche Lufthansa"—She read avidly — "Baggage—Refreshments—Noise — Air-sickness" —enchanted to learn that a four-course lunch would be served on the Silver Wing . . . glamorous name! she pored over the pictures—the Koln cathedral from the air—Regensberg beside the Danube—

"We'll buzz over to Munich and hear some music, first. I need it. Music motivates me," the writer said.

Sarah Lynn reveled in every stage of it, the motor to the field, the brisk and business-like comings and goings of planes. She vibrated to every bump as they taxied down the field and took off with the sudden sense of lifting wings.

"Yes," Sally Ann nodded, watching her understandingly. "I adore this instant always. Elan!"

Germany from the air was an orderly universe; every tree in the toy forests seemed to have been set in with perfect precision; the tidy towns looked as if a careful child had placed its play villages in neat patterns on a great, green rug.

"You liked it?" her cousin wanted to know when they came down. "No reason why you shouldn't do a lot of it over here."

She wrote that night to Lynn Dana:

"I wish you might have seen the flush and shine of her! I think she's found her element. After all, isn't the air the last frontier for the queer, dark Danas of the day? Why don't we make an aviatrix of her? I'm sure Great-granny would finance her."

His answer came in something under four weeks.

"I liked hearing of her first flight, and I like your idea enormously. Great-granny kindled to it at once, but we must be wise as serpents. Cousin Adelaide may have lost a battle, but the war is not over. Young Van Doren is back from Detroit.

"I wrote my flying friend, Conrad Jordan, and he made it his business to meet young Thorwald and tell him the truth about Sarah Lynn's stowaway. He said the lad took it very decently.

"Jordan's very keen about him." Lynn's letter went on. "That's a break for Thorwald; Jordan will be a far better guide for him over here than poor Jim Allison.

"You'll want to tell Sarah Lynn that the blot is off the escutcheon. I imagine it still matters."

Sally Ann gave it just enough importance. "Oh, Sarah Lynn—wait a minute! Letter from Lynn, and you'll be glad to know that his aviator friend has told Gunnar Thorwald all about Ardine's low-comedy prank." She was painstakingly fitting purple carbon between her crisp pages and kept her eyes on her work. "Nice to have it cleared up, isn't it?"

"Yes," her young cousin said.

Sarah Lynn went out of doors and looked up at the sky. She would never see Gunnar Thorwald again, but when she came into his mind—not of her own importance, but because she was the symbol of his rage — he would not say, "Keep away from me, drunken fool!" He would say, "Poor thing!" But would he? She remembered every word of the old governess' historical excerpts: "His heart was so much steel as his sword; for the suffering he had no sympathy; the weak he despised." But at least it would be a somewhat different quality of contempt.

Sally Ann took her gaily to Salzburg where a friend was singing in the "Rosenkavalier" and left her there for a blissful week, and told her she might fly back to Paris by herself. Sarah Lynn would always remember that long day's flight as her actual initiation to the air. The through plane was booked solid, and she was elated to have to change three times and to do it alone.

Sarah Lynn talked excitedly to Sally Ann about her long day's thrills all the way into Paris from the airport, but her traveling cousin was quiet and unusually affectionate. She must have been worried! She made her drink a cup of hot broth and drew a steaming tub for her, and when she was in the bath a mood of high happiness came over Sarah Lynn. After her bath she threw on a yellow robe and when Sally Ann's voice sounded at the door she faced her, glowing, sparkling.

"I'm frightfully sorry, my dear, but I'm afraid you must sail tomorrow. Your mother. There's a cable. They're afraid of pneumonia."

CHAPTER VII

"Of course it might well have been going to be pneumonia," Mary Dana Webster conceded reasonably.

"And Adelaide being what the English amiably call 'a bit on the plump side,' it might well have been going to go hard with her," Lynn Dana contributed.

Sarah Lynn had been home for a fortnight, and her mother, large and languid in expensive negligees, was ruling her realm from a mid-Victorian sofa.

The plain cousin sighed. "Well, at any rate, she's got Sarah Lynn back again."

"Ah, but has she? Geographically, yes; psychologically, no! Something's happened to the child, Mary. A sea change—no, sir! Mary, I'm telling you! The last of the queer, dark Dana girls has found her element."

"You mean she'll actually be a flier? Have her own plane?" She shook her head. "Cousin Adelaide won't listen to the idea, and can you imagine Ed Dana going against her?"

"Ah, but reinforcements are rapidly galloping to the rescue, headed by Great-granny, tailed by the dashing and heroic figure now before you."

"Lynn! You're going to finance her?"

He nodded. "Yes. But not a word to anyone."

Gunnar Thorwald came to meet Sarah Lynn. He spoke at once, without greeting or prelude. "I ask you to pardon."

Sarah Lynn stood still, staring at him.

He took off his helmet and absurdly she recalled Kitty Medill's high, sweet voice in the dim-lit lobby of the Hotel Californian at Fresno—"You tell your big Swede I don't like his fireman's hat!" His hair was the guileless yellow of unsalted butter, and he had a lean, stern, young face and ice-blue eyes. Their grave gaze was steady upon her. He said again, "I ask you to pardon. I know now the truth. I have shame of my rough words."

She bent her head. "Thank you," she said unevenly.

He put his quaint head-gear on again and continued to regard her seriously. "You like to fly?"

Color came flooding back into her face. "Oh, better than anything else in the world!"

"Now? You will come?"

He was asking her to fly with him. Gunnar Thorwald. Norwegian ace, who never flew women, who had scorned and despised her, was asking her to go up in his plane. She heard herself making a vague sound and she saw that it must have seemed like acceptance because the tall youth nodded.

"So! We go to tell them." He turned into the little dooryard with its cinnamon pinks and candytuft and China asters and stood aside for her to precede him through the narrow door, up the precipitous stair. Gunnar Thorwald in the first little old Dana house with the matriarch and the man in the wheelchair, and a stranger, and Jens serving tea with heavy care, his huge shoes creaking as always.

She sat silent in her dress and cloak and beret the color of ancient brick and Lynn Dana's eyes were warm upon her.

The Norseman put down his cup and rose. "We fly," he stated briefly.

The stranger, who was Conrad Jordan, stood up, too. "I'll drive you out to the field," he said.

"I'll telephone your mother, Sarah Lynn," her uncle said.

"Oh, but not until after I've gone!" she cried out in panic.

The nonagenarian gave her shrill cackle. "You just up'n put out, Sairy Lynn, quick's ever you can," she chuckled. "If there's any to-do about it, you tell 'em your gre'-grammer said you could!"

Sarah Lynn sat beside Conrad Jordan in the small, swift car, and the Norwegian ace doubled up his length in the rumble-seat. They had telephoned from Danavale and the Hermod was being warmed up when they arrived, and she saw Gunnar Thorwald walk round it once, twice, and again, in eagle-eyed inspection, before he took his place.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"We fly," he stated briefly.

Many Chemical Elements Now Used in Mills; Gold, Silver, Platinum Important

At least 57 of the 92 chemical elements found in and above the earth, or three-fifths of the total, may be found in steel mills, says the American Iron and Steel Institute. Even gold, silver and platinum have their uses, while some of the rarer gases may also be present, although unintentionally.

Plain carbon steel, the most common product of the industry, may contain sixteen elements other than iron, although it is commonly described by its percentage content of carbon, manganese, phosphorus, sulphur and silicon. However, on careful analysis it will probably be found to contain also traces of oxygen, copper, nickel, arsenic, tin, cobalt, nitrogen, chromium, molybdenum, aluminum and antimony.

In the case of carbon steel, this latter group of elements is not consciously introduced by the manufacturer and the amount of each is so small that little effect is produced on the steel's physical properties. Many elements, however, are intentionally added in specified amounts to produce steels of superior physical properties. Among such elements are chromium, cobalt, columbium, copper, manganese, molybdenum, nickel, silicon, titanium, tungsten, uranium, vanadium and zirconium.

Some of the elements unintentionally present in steel are introduced because they are present in iron ore, which often contains, in addition to iron and oxygen, minute quantities of aluminum, arsenic, calcium, copper, hydrogen, magnesium, manganese, phosphorus, potassium, sodium, sulphur and tin.

Air contains, besides oxygen and nitrogen, minute quantities of the gases argon, krypton, neon, and xenon. Thus these elements enter into steel-making as great quantities of air are blown into blast furnaces. As much as 440,000 cubic feet of air, weighing nearly four tons, are used for every ton of pig iron produced.

Florida Highways Military Roads

Many of Florida's highways are descendants of military roads built to aid in protection of settlers from raiding Seminoles.