

In New Role



Pictured above is Capt. Herbert W. Underwood, 55-year-old expert on naval experience and techniques, who has been appointed to head the women's naval auxiliary school, "Waves." The school will be opened at Smith college, Northampton, Mass.

Lost and found columns of Tokio newspapers are crowded these days. Every time an American buys a War Bond, the Japs lose face. Buy your 10% every pay day.

FASHION for today BY PATRICIA DOW



School Frock Pattern No. 8162—Right up in the top rank as a favorite school fashion is this tailored button front shirtwaist frock. It is a style the teen-agers love for its brisk simplicity and it is just as becoming for chubby figures as it is for slim ones! Convertible collar, shoulder yokes, patch pocket and neat cuffs for the sleeves are attractive details and the buttons and belt buckle can furnish smart decoration. For chambray, gingham broadcloth, pique and other washable cottons. Pattern No. 8162 is in sizes 6 to 14 years Size 8, short sleeves, requires 2 1/2 yards 35-inch material.

Name..... Address..... Name of paper..... Pattern No..... Size..... Send 15 cents in coin, (for each pattern desired) to— Patricia Dow Patterns 206 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

Not everybody with a dollar to spare can shoot a gun straight—but everybody can shoot straight to the bank and buy War Bonds. Buy your 10% every pay day.

ABOVE the HULLABALOO



KEEP SCRAP HEAP GROWING

We have the Scrap Iron drives and Rubber drives and Aluminum drives—and each one has, uncovered great masses of desperately needed materials. We may have drives to salvage everything from corn husks to old shoes—and each drive will produce more great quantities of material. The only trouble with drives is—that as soon as one is officially over we relax and wait for another.

There is one outstanding item which our factories must have in large and continuing quantities. It is scrap iron. They can't depend on the stock piles which the drives produce—they must have a steady, unending stream of this material.

We think we cleaned up about all the rubber and scrap around our place during the recent big "pushes." But it is long odds that we didn't. This writer made another search around the farm which he operates and was shocked at the amount of rubber, and particularly of scrap iron which he had missed. All sorts of little pieces turned up, and he changed his mind on a good many heavier pieces which he thought might be too useful around the place at some time or other.

Now as a matter of cold calculation that "some time or other" might not arrive unless we civilians get as hard boiled as the military does. Wars are won back of the fighting lines just as much as on them. Each day makes us realize what a long hard road we

have ahead of us and each day should make us dig a little deeper into the rubbish heap in our ceaseless search for more and ever more scrap. A little bit more will turn up each time we make a search. Sometimes it will be too small an amount to send in or to sell; but if we start our own personal scrap piles it won't be long before they will grow to saleable or giveable dimensions.

There are six million farms in the United States. If only half of these collected and turned in regularly all their accumulated and accumulating scrap iron, it would very materially hasten the construction of the ships and other armaments which are needed for victory.

It is always possible to find out where to deliver old rubber, scrap iron and other useful salvage. Ask the town banker, or the preacher, or the chamber of commerce, or the women's club, or the Red Cross or the Boy Scouts or corner grocer or the garage man. Someone will know.

At this very moment one of our troubles is a shortage of steel with which to build ships—and ships mean victory. Every pound of scrap iron which every one of us can sell or give is needed right now. We have got to win this war and this is one way in which almost every farmer has helped and can steadily continue to help. "Keep the Scrap Heap Growing" might well be another useful slogan.

Your BRAIN BUDGET

- 1—To win the war the United States is spending (1) 90 million, (2) 110 million, (3) 160 million, (4) 275 million dollars a day?
2—You've heard of the QATTARA DEPRESSION? Where is it, or what is it? (1) in North African desert, (2) illness from eating too many soybeans, (3) panic following a bank collapse, (4) hollow space behind left ear?
3—The silver eagle on an officer's shoulder means he is a (1) major, (2) colonel, (3) lieutenant general, (4) major general?
4—Rostov, recently taken by the Nazis, is very important for it is the terminus for (1) transcontinental Russian railroad, (2) deep sea shipping, (3) oil lines, (4) air lines?
5—When it is completed, how long will the Florida canal, across the northern section of Florida, be? (1) 47 miles, (2) 150 miles, (3) 85 miles, (4) 196 miles?

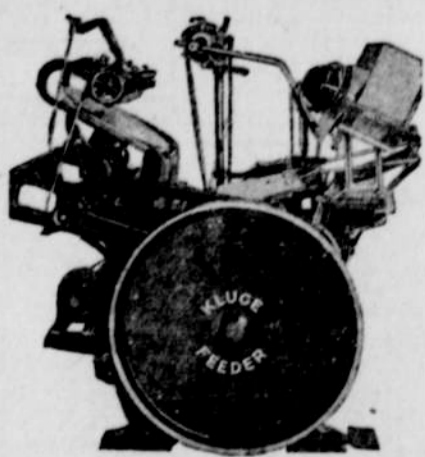
ANSWERS: 1—160 million. 2—(1). 3—Colonel. 4—(3). 5—196 miles.

Expert Urges Undersea Cargo Carriers



Simon Lake, one of the inventors of the submarine, who advocates the building of undersea cargo carriers capable of carrying 7,500-ton loads of supplies, oil, tanks, etc., to the fighting zones, shows the senate military affairs sub-committee a model of a new freight-carrying submarine which he designed. Lake is in foreground. Left to right, Senator Edwin C. Johnson and Senator Josh Lee.

The MINER For



Book, Label Printing

BLACK DAWN by Victor Roussec

CHAPTER VI SYNOPSIS

Dave Bruce, out of a job, arrives at Wilbur Ferris' Cross-Bar ranch. Curran, the foreman, promises him a job if he can break a horse called Black Dawn. When he succeeds, he discovers Curran expected the horse to kill him. A girl named Lois rides up, angry with Dave for breaking "her" horse. She refuses to speak to Dave even when he uses his savings to pay off the mortgage on the small ranch she shares with her foster father, a man named Hooker. When Hooker is killed by a shot fired through the window, Lois has him arrested for murder. Faced with almost certain hanging, Dave is awaiting his trial when Curran goes to call on Lois.



"You try that trick again, Mr. Curran, and I'll set the herd on you."

"Well, Miss Lois, this shore is bad news," Curran said, and Lois could see that his face was blackened and his lip badly swollen from the beating that Dave had given him the day before.

"It doesn't make any difference now," said Lois gravely. "Hooker's dead. I guess you fellows are going to hang Dave Bruce."

"You betcha we are!" shouted Curran. "We don't aim to have no dirty murderers livin' and fattenin' in jail at the expense of the town, and saddlin' us with the cost of a jury trial at Hampton. We always acted on that principle and we're always goin' to do so. There's goin' to be some fun tonight, Miss Lois."

"I'll be there," said Lois. "Meanin' yuh want to see the feller dead?"

Lois nodded. Curran looked at her curiously at first; then, as his eyes took in the lines of her slender body, his face flushed. He took another step toward her and stood looking down at her. She hardly reached to his shoulder.

"What yuh aimin' to do now yore dad's dead?" he asked as the sheriff had done.

"I haven't made my plans," Lois answered. "I reckon I know how to mind my business, Mr. Curran."

Curran flushed. "Why the Mister?" he asked. "And how come you call yore dad Hooker?"

"Maybe you can tell as well as I can," answered Lois.

That was Curran's first intimation that she knew Hooker had not been her father. He had sense enough not to pursue the subject, but it acted like the fuse-cap on a stick of dynamite, clinching his resolution.

"You never acted very warm toward me, did yuh?" he asked.

"I don't know why I should," said Lois. "You were never a special friend of mine, as far as I remember."

"Maybe I could be," said the foreman. "Maybe I've tried to be. Listen, I guess you know I stand in purty well with Mr. Ferris. Fact is, he couldn't git rid of me even if he wanted to. It ain't no secret to you that Lonergan's got the mortgage on the Cross-Bar and put me in to run it?"

Lois was silent and Curran continued, "I shouldn't be s'prised if I was to be the owner of the Cross-Bar one of these days. Half-owner, anyways. And that time ain't far away. I been watchin' you for a good while, Miss Lois. You're growed up to be a woman now. It ain't fair to yoreself livin' up here in the hills and runnin' wild as a scrub pony. And now Hooker's gone, yuh can't go on livin' here alone."

"What d'you want me to do about it?"

"I'll tell you what I been thinkin'," answered the foreman, supremely confident. "How about you and me gittin' hitched? You'll find yoreself livin' like a queen, compared to this."

"That's sure some picture you're drawin', Mr. Curran," answered Lois. "Only it don't seem to register somehow. I'd rather have my broncs."

Curran glared at her, a self-possessed little figure, standing erect in her chaps and stained overalls. With one hand he could have swung her into the air. Desire and thwarted will united in the resolve to overcome her here, to break her as Dave Bruce had broken Black Dawn.

He seized her in his arms and tried to press his lips to hers.

A resounding slap reddened the foreman's cheek. Lois broke away, confronting him with fists clenched and heaving breast.

"You try that trick again, Mr. Curran, and I'll set the herd on you," she said.

Curran's glare had something of fear in it. He had seen enough of Lois' strange power over the wild broncs.

He turned away, went slowly back to where he had left his horse, climbed into the saddle.

"You think over what I said," he called. "You'd be crazy to turn down a proposition like that. Think you'll be gettin' a better one, huh? I'll see yuh at the hangin', and I'll be comin' back here for my answer soon."

Lois watched him ride away. She felt perfectly secure. A whistle from her would have brought the herd running headlong with Black Dawn leading, a fighting, tearing, kicking, crunching fury.

"I hate him," she said to herself. "You're bad medicine, Mr. Curran. I'm glad that you got beaten up yesterday."

Suddenly, to her astonishment, she felt tears upon her cheeks. It was years since she had shed tears. She had learned to take everything philosophically. Life wasn't meant for happiness. At least, Lois had had no happiness in hers, save for rare talks with Hooker when he was sober. She tried to search her mind to find out what she was crying about. The discovery came to her as a shock.

"Suppose he didn't do it," she whispered to herself. "Suppose Dave Bruce is innocent. Suppose it was—Lonergan!"

She was thinking of Dave against her will. She was remembering there had been something different about the way he had looked at her and spoken to her, different from the ways of all the other men she had known, except Hooker and Sheriff Cogswell.

"I wouldn't like him to be hung if he didn't do it," Lois whispered. As the afternoon wore on, the knots of men in the main street of Mescal became thicker. Once Dave was recognized as he stood tiptoe at the window. He heard shouts raised, and saw fists shaken in his direction.

It was a little before sundown when Sheriff Cogswell brought him another meal and a package of cigarettes that he himself had bought for him. "Well, how yuh feelin' Bruce?" the sheriff asked gruffly.

"Might be worse, I suppose," answered Dave. When the coroner's jury going to sit?"

"Tomorrow morning. Yuh'll be wanted there to give yore story—if yore lucky. I may as well tell yuh, Bruce, the Cross-Bar bunch is sort of worked up over Hooker's killin'."

"Friends of his, was they?" asked Dave. "You mean Curran's worked up over that beatin' I gave him yesterday. Well, he sure got what he had comin' to him, after tryin' to get me trampled by that outlaw stallion."

Cogswell fingered his clipped mustache. "I ain't got nothin' to do with Curran's motives," he replied. "I'm thinkin' of my reputation. I been sheriff here for two years now, since Mr. Brown died, and there's been nary inchin' bee since I took hold. I don't aim to have my record spoiled."

"Well, I ain't going to try to spoil that record of yours, sheriff," answered Dave, lighting a cigarette. So what's the idea?"

"Yep, I'm goin' to do my best to put yuh, Bruce. Meanwhile I'm tellin' yuh straight, the Cross-Bar is a tough bunch to handle. So, if yuh got anything to leave, yuh might as well make out yore will, and I'll have Sims and my self sign it. And if yuh got any money yuh want to send anybody, I'll take care of it. That's how serious it looks to me."

Dave opened his wallet and drew out the partnership agreement he had made with Hooker. He handed it to Cogswell.

"You tear that up, sheriff," he said, "that'll give Miss Lois the ownership of that valuable property I bought a half interest in yesterday. And you can see that the duplicate that Hooker had is torn up too. That's all I got to leave, except a dollar or two, which'll buy drinks for the lynchin' party."

Sheriff Cogswell stared at the document in his hand. "I'll hold it," he announced. "Dang it, it's hard for to believe a feller, like you would shoot an old man asleep, Bruce. But that ain't here nor there. If they git you, they'll have to git me first."

He left the cell room, slamming the door hard behind him.

"That fellas white," Dave said to himself. "I sure would like to have a gun in my hand, though, if it comes to a showdown."

The sunlight faded abruptly out of the cell. Dave finished his meal and resumed his station at the window. Lights sprang up on the street. And now the dull murmur of voices that had come to his ears all the afternoon through the barred, closed window began to change to a hoarse, menacing undertone.

The crowds in the street were growing denser. The silhouettes surged backward and forward about the front of the jail. Then of a sudden there sounded the

hoofbeats of horses, and a body of men rode yipping down the middle of the street, scattering the crowd.

Curran and his Cross-Bar outfit had arrived upon the scene, well primed with whiskey for the job that they had set themselves.

The sudden outburst of yelling that ensued left no doubt as to their intentions. Squeezing his head against one of the window bars, Dave was able to see what was taking place.

In front of the jail Sheriff Cogswell and Sims, his deputy, were standing at the head of three stone steps. Cogswell seemed to be addressing the crowd, but his words were inaudible, drowned in the yells of the crowd.

Suddenly there came a rush forward. Dave saw the sheriff's hand go up and a gun was in it. Before he had time even to level it a piece of fence-rail, welded by someone in the crowd, struck the sheriff upon the head. He staggered, reeled, and the next moment he and Sims were both down and being trampled upon by the infuriated mob.

Cogswell, unconscious, had been tossed to one side, and men were searching in his pockets for the keys. But the mob was already battering against the door, two men each wielding two heavy logs that thudded with a force that shook the building. The door cracked, splintered went down, and the crowd came streaming through the ante-room and into the cell room. At the sight of Dave savage shouts of triumph broke from their throats.

They spat upon him through the bars, and some were already leveling guns when Curran forced his way to the front, the keys in his hand.

"Hold yore fire!" he shouted. "We ain't aimin' to give this murderer an easy death. He's goin' to dance."

He inserted the key in the lock and the door of the cage clicked open. With roars of execration the mob laid hands on Dave and hustled him out.

Mauled, manhandled, beaten and kicked unmercifully, Dave instinctively put up what resistance he was capable of. He drove his fists right and left into the savage faces of the mob, but it was only for a few seconds, that he was able to baffle their efforts to drag him from the room.

He felt a revolver butt descend upon the back of his head, and his knees began to buckle under him. The room became a dark void, lit by the pin-point flame of the dancing lamp.

"He's out," he heard Curran say. "Handle him gentle, boys. When he comes to be touched off, we want him to know about it."

Incapable of further resistance, Dave was dragged through the ante-room and down the steps of the jail, into the street, where his arrival was greeted with another outburst of savage execration from the assembled crowd.

A little distance beyond the Wayside Rest stood a tall cottonwood, with a limb projecting some twelve feet above the ground. About this more members of the mob were gathered, some on foot, others on horseback. And then Dave's heart thumped, and his wits came back to him with a rush. For almost immediately beneath the tree, seated bareback on black Dawn, he saw Lois.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

