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## The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., sees to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, giving Larson his sea jacket. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's. Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Dorothy and Ishmin go to Alaska, to return Peter's body. They do not recognize Peter in their head guide. A storm strands them at the grave. Ishmin goes for supplies. Peter falls in a gully on a hunting trip. Dorothy finds her greatest happiness in rescuing him. Ishmin returns, urging immediate marriage.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)  
"I'd be willing to wait, for your sake, Dorothy—except for the fact we'd be running the risk of never having each other at all. No one knows what lies on the other side of death. The only happiness we can be sure of is that which we take now. Dorothy, I want you to marry me—tonight."

His voice trembled with earnestness. He had put his case very well. Even in the beginning Dorothy was not a conventional type, and lately, on this rugged shore, she had come face to face with realities. Many things which she had regarded as essentials had been shown as froth, and she knew that vows plighted under this white sky could be just as holy as those taken before the altar in her own church. The marriage would be legal; nothing else really mattered. The ceremony was at most but a symbol; and where and by whom it was performed she found she absolutely did not care. And all the time he had pleaded with her, she had been biased in his behalf.

He had shown her a swift way out from his own doubts and fears. Once in her arms, bound to him by vows, she could shut away the misgivings that haunted her.  
She was pale, too, now, from the violence of her mingled emotions; but already he could see the nearing glory of his victory. He was winning; he read the truth in the clear, willing light in her eyes, in her trembling lips, in the hands that grew limp in his.

"Yes—yes," she breathed at last.  
"Tonight?" he asked. "Or right now?"  
"This evening—just after dinner. Just as night falls. We'll make it as respectable as we can—preserve at least some of the conventionalities. We'll be glad later that we did."  
He sought her lips, already with an air of unquestioned ownership. His eyes were no longer vivid; they were strange and dark and inscrutable, and his voice was moving and deep. "Then you are mine—only mine. I've won you at last, Dorothy—it is part of the knowledge of our eastern women that the greatest happiness they ever know is in yielding utterly to the man they love. Tell me—aren't you catching an echo of that happiness now?"  
She smiled soberly—a wan, mirth-



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After Every Meal

the cold. Pavlov served his fine meal with a flourish in Dorothy's tent; he and Fortune Joe ate in the dugout as ever. Pete himself complained that he was still ill from his accident, and the loaded pans passed him by.

To Dorothy it was impossible to believe that the appointed hour was almost at hand. The bleak day was dying; she had promised to go to Ivan in the dusk. Already the outline of the hills had softened, the alder thickets were becoming a gray blur in the lowering gloom, the myriad tones and hues of the sea were darkened and subdued. Only the white cross that marked the grave was still plain and bright. The twilight grew upon her like a sorrow.

Ivan smiled at her. "Is it time?" he asked.  
"Any time now," she told him simply.  
He walked over to the dugout and summoned Pete and the two natives. It was all very expeditious and simple. He placed Pavlov, his Russian pocket Bible that he could not read in his hand, directly in front of the white cross of the grave, just above where the highest waves rolled on the shore. The other two men, acting as witnesses, stood at one side. Then Ivan join-



"There's going to be a wedding," Ivan announced.

ed Dorothy at the door of the tent. "I'm going to play our own wedding music," he told her softly. "You'll enjoy the memory of it. What would you like?"

"Something not too profound. 'Oh, Promise Me,' if you like."  
This did not represent the kind of music that Ivan personally preferred, and he secretly scorned this particular selection because of the many times he had heard it badly rendered; yet because Dorothy had asked for it, he would give it all he had. He took his violin from its case; then, standing in the twilight, the glow of the fire on his twinkling white hands and his rapt, almost beautiful face, he began to play.

The sweetness of that old song brought tears at once to her eyes, but she did not let the melody transport her out of the grim living present. She did not let her thoughts and dreams soar with her again, only to shatter her to earth. She was true to her promise to herself. It was a strange, weird picture: the fire that glowed and leaped in the dusk, the restless sea, the silent, watching witnesses standing beside the white cross that marked the grave. The song died away and the brisk wind scattered the last, fine golden threads of melody; and then, urged by some impulse of his artist's soul, Ivan began to play again.

He had played "Oh, Promise Me" solely for Dorothy, but now he was playing for himself, and partly perhaps for the man of his own blood who waited with open Bible at the edge of the sea. Something in the scene and the wind's wail had inspired him, and he chose a selection from the Peer Gynt suite, by Grieg. It was a wild, haunting thing, and in it he put his own passion, the mood of his own heart.

It was not a wise choice, if he cared for Dorothy's peace of mind. The song moved her and bewitched her, but also it frightened her beyond any power of hers to understand. The wild music became, through the magic of his genius, some way part of the night, the very voice of this wild, eerie savage land into which he was cast. The wind beat at her face, chilling and appalling her, and his threat was that of a great, white winter that was even now closing down upon her. No wonder Ivan made response to this land so far west that it was almost east. He was of it, and it of him, and its mood was echoed in his heart.  
(To be continued.)

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### The Pipe Organ Pumpers' Official Anthem

(As written by Arthur Pound and unveiled at the first annual dinner of the guild.)  
Tune—"Oh, Lady Mary."  
Movement—Andante Con Moto or something like that.

1.  
Oh, the pipe organ pumper climbed up to his loft  
His reefer, his ear muffs, his rubbers he doffed,  
And he bent o'er the handle for tunes loud and soft  
In those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
Oh, Doppelgedickel, Gerohrgedeck, Gerohrgedeck, Gerohrgedeck,  
Oh, Doppelgenickel, Gerohrgedeck, Gerohrgedeck-ge-doo.

2.  
No wedding or service or funeral hymn  
Could click unless he slaved away with a vim,  
The life of the churches revolved around him  
In those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
Oh, Doppelgedickel, &c.  
(Caution—Hold Doppel—Stress Stress Gedickel.)

3.  
The choir and organist flew in a rage  
When the bellows went flat on a tremulous gauge,  
But the best of his Hicks brought no increase in wage  
In those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
Oh, Doppelgedickel, &c.  
(Note—Easy on the Gedickel here.)

4.  
So now we are gathered to render him praise  
For the labors he wrought in his juvenile days,  
To dust off his memory our voices we raise,  
And those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
(Cease Dopping—Also Gedickling!)

### Spring Fashion Hints

"Crystal ornaments are enjoying an immense vogue, both the genuine cut from rock crystal and imitations made of pressed glass," says "Delineator" reporting the latest developments of the spring mode.  
"Agnes's chenille caps are not new, but their popularity grows continually," continues the fashion monthly. "Women have them in many different colors to match different costumes. Reptile skins are smarter now used as trimming than as entire shoes. The new note in evening sandals is the combination of several materials. Big chiffon handkerchiefs are revived for evening, sometimes they match the gown, sometimes the slippers."

In the matter of spring clothing, "Delineator" experts report: "Velveteen, a success of several seasons ago, will be worn again this spring. Black and white stand together at the head of the evening mode. With each chie in its own right, they form a notable combination."

**15¢**

### A New Slip

Did you know that a fifteen-cent envelope of Diamond Dyes will duplicate any delicate tint that may be the vogue in dainty underwear? Keep your oldest lingerie, stockings too, in the shade of the hour. It's easy if you only use a *true dye*. Don't streak your nice things with synthetic tints.

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### International Road Urged

The construction of an international highway, linking the United States with Central and South America, is provided for under the terms of a bill just introduced in the Senate by Senator Tasher L. Odde, of Nevada. The purpose of the highway, which is sponsored by the American Motorists Association and other organizations, would not only be for better highway facilities and communication between the countries, but would be conducive of good will, Senator Odde declared in introducing the bill.

Washington views the outlook as favorable for agriculture as a whole. No reference is made to agriculturalists in the hole.—Weston (Ore.) Leader.

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