

# The White Desert

by Courtney  
Ryker Cooper

Little Brown  
and Company

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

The whistles screamed. Up the grade, four engines to a plow, the jets of steam shrilling upward, coughing columns of smoke leaping blackly up the mountainside.

A jarring crash that all but threw the men of the first crew from their feet, and the Death Trail had been torn. Then, churning, snarling, roaring, the snow flying in cloud-like masses past them, the first plow bit its way deep into the tremendous mass, while sweating men, Barry Houston, among them, crammed coal into the open, angry fireboxes, the sand streamed on greasy tracks—and the cavalcade went on.

A hundred yards—the beams knocking down the snow above and all but covering the engines which forced their way through.

A shout. A pull at the whistle, screaming forth its note of victory. Then, the blast of the whistles, the roar in a greater sound, a roar that reverberated through the hills like the bellow of a thousand thunders, the cracking and crashing of trees, the splintering of great rocks as the snows of the granite spires above the Death Trail loosed at last and crashed downward in an all-consuming rush of destruction. Trees gave way before the constantly gathering mass of white, and joined in the downfall. Great boulders, abutting rocks, slides of shale! On it went, thundering toward the valley and gleaming lake, at last to crash there; to send the ten-foot thicknesses of ice splintering like broken glass; to pyramid, to spray the whole nether world with ice and snow and scattering ruin; then to settle, a jumbled conglomerate mass of destructiveness, robbed of its prey.

And the men shouted, and screamed and beat at one another in their frenzy of happiness in spite of the fact that the track had been torn away from behind them as though it never had existed, and that they now were cut off entirely from the rest of the world. Only one

snowshoed remained, with but a feeble bulwark of drifts before it. Night faded. Dawn came and then—the sun! Clear and brilliant with the promise of spring again and of melting snows. The fight was over. Morning of the second day—and again the sunshine.

Tabernacle was in the distance, while men and women waded through the soggy snows to be the first to reach the train. Eagerly Barry searched the thronging crowd, at last to catch sight of a gigantic figure, his wolf-dog beside him.

"Batiste!" he called. "Batiste!" Great arms opened wide. A sob came from the throat of a giant.

"Mon Barre! Mon Barre!" It was all he could say for a moment.

"We've won, Batiste! The line's open—they'll be running trains through before night. And if she keeps her promise—"

"She?" Batiste stared down at him. They had drawn away from the rest of the excited, noisy throng.

"She? You mean—"

"Agnes. You've been taking care of her, haven't you? I found her—she promised that she would tell the truth for me when I got back, that she would explain the lease and contract and tell Medaine that it was all a lie. She—"

But Batiste Renaud shook his head.

"No, Barre. Eet is the too late. I have jus' come—from there. I have close her eyes."

CHAPTER XX.  
DEAD! Houston saw Medaine. Robine's nose in the distance, and his eyes followed her until she had rounded the curve by the dead aspens—the eyes of lost hope.

"Without a word," it spelled blackness for Houston. "I—suppose you've taken charge of everything."

"Oul! But I have look at nothing."

"I just had something here," Houston fumbled in his pockets. "She

## Colors and Fabrics Combined



ONE color doesn't make a summer costume. No, and one fabric doesn't either. "In union there is strength" is the fashionable slogan for summer.

One delightful and typical costume seen in a Bond street shop was made of grey ratine striped with black and canary yellow. Its long cape was lined with canary-colored voile, and the same material was used for the blouse that accompanied the sleeveless slip-on. The sketches show you other ways in which two fabrics have but a single thought.

Two colors of the same fabric may also be combined with excellent results. Paisley patterned silks are shown with plain colors and so are striped and checked ratines and gingham. Where plain colors are used together the popular combinations are black and red, beige and red, tan and brown, sand and navy and two shades of grey.

their greatest speed.

At last came the little clearing—and the cabin. Batiste already was within.

Houston entered and dropped beside the older man already dragging forth the drawers of the bureau and pawing excitedly among the trinkets there. A watch, a ring, and a locket with a curly strand of baby hair. The giant sobbed.

"My Pierre—et was my Pierre!"

"What's that?" Houston asked suddenly, was staring in the direction of an old commode in the corner. At the door the wolf-dog sniffed and snarled. Batiste, bending among the lost trinkets that once had been his wife's, did not hear.

Houston grasped him by the shoulder and shook him excitedly.

"Batiste! Batiste! There's someone hiding—over there in the corner. I heard sounds—look at Golemar!"

"Hiding? No. There is no one here—no one but Batiste and his memories. No one—"

"I let you hear someone. The commode moved. I know!"

He rose, only to suddenly veer and flatten himself against the wall. The yellow blaze of aimless revolver fire had spurted from the corner; then the plunging form of a gnarled, gauntling, limping man, who rushed past Houston to the door, swerved there, and once more raised the revolver. But he did not fire.

A furry, snarling thing had leaped at him, knocking the revolver from his hand in its plunging ascent. Then a cry—a gurgling growl—feet had clung to the floor of the man; together they rolled through the door to the snow without. Golemar, his hold broken by the fall, striving again for the death clutch, the man screaming in sudden frantic fear.

"Take him off!" The voice of the thin-visaged Fred Thayer was shrill now. "Take him off—I'll tell you about it—she did it! Take him off!"

"Golemar!" Batiste had appeared in the doorway. Below the dog whirled in obedience to his command and crouched back, teeth still bared, eyes vigilant, waiting for the first movement of the man on the ground.

Houston went forward and stood peering down at the frightened, huddled form of Thayer, wiping the blood from the fang wound in his neck.

"You'll tell about what?" came with sudden incisiveness.

The man stared, suddenly aware that he had spoken of a thing that had been mentioned by neither Batiste nor Houston. His lips worked crookedly. He tried to smile, but it ended only in a misshapen snarl.

"I thought you fellows were looking for something. I—I wanted to get the dog off."

"We were. We've found it. Batiste, and Houston forced back the tigerish form of the big French-Canadian. "You walk in front of us. I'm afraid to trust you right now. And don't turn back. Do you promise?"

The big hands worked convulsively. The eyes took on a newer, fiercer glare.

With an effort the Canadian obeyed, the wolf-dog trotting behind him, Houston following, one hand hooked about the buckle of the thinner man's belt, the other half supporting him as he limped and reeled through the snow.

"It's my hip—" The man's mind had gone to trivial things. "I sprained it—about ten days ago. I'd been living over here with her up till the storm. Then I had to be at camp. I—"

"That was your child, then?" Fred Thayer was silent. Barry Houston repeated the question commandingly.

"Those would you think it was?" They reached the sled, and Batiste pointed to the seat.

"In there," he ordered. "Batiste will walk. Batiste afraid—too close." And then, in silence, the trip to town was made, at last to draw up in front of the boarding-house.

Houston called to a bystander. "Phone the sheriff we want him. It has to do with the Renaud murder."

The loafer sprang to the street and veered across, shouting the news as he went, while Batiste made hurried arrangements regarding the silent form of the lonely cabin.

A later, the makeshift boarding-house lobby was crowded, while Barry Houston, reverting to the bitter lessons he had learned during the days of his own cross-examinations, took his place in front of the accused man.

"In the first place, Thayer," he commanded. "You might as well know one thing. You're caught. The goods are on you."

"I don't know anything about it. She told me she did it—that those were Mrs. Renaud's things."

"Ah! Then you have new seen that ring, which my lieutenant, she wore on her finger. Ah, no?"

Thus the battle progressed, Batiste storming, the frowning, sullen captive in the chair replying in monosyllables, or refusing to answer at all.

The afternoon grew old. The sheriff arrived—arrested the contest went on. Then with a sudden break of reserve, Thayer leaned forward and rubbed his gnarled hands, one against the other.

"All right!" he snapped. "Have it your way. No use in trying to lay it on the woman—you could prove an alibi for her. You're right. I killed them."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

## THE DOVE CALLS

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"Oh, here you are!" he said kindly, fluttering his white wings.

NANCY and Nick had such a good time in Whirligig Valley that, as usual, the time flew and they had no more thought of their errand than I have of the North Star, and, indeed, I'm not thinking of it at all.

They might be there to this very minute if their goloshes hadn't suddenly dropped off while they were riding on the merry-go-round. Nancy was on a wooden camel and Nick was on a dragon, riding round to the merriest music—when pop! Off dropped the whole four goloshes at once.

"What's that?" Houston asked suddenly, "We'll have to get off right away, Nickie. What will the dove think of us? He's waiting on the other side of this valley to take us to King Verdo of the Korseknotts."

Nick looked guilty. "We're dreadful for forgetting, aren't we?" he declared, scrambling off his dragon as fast as he could. "This is the seventh valley so our journey must be nearly over."

Just then a bell rang, the merry-go-round slowed down and the Twins jumped to the ground. They looked

for the goloshes, but they had disappeared completely. Their little Green Shoes glowed like bright new plants in the spring.

"Listen!" said Nancy, holding up a finger.

"Coo-coo-coo!" came mournfully across the valley.

"Hurry!" said Nick, taking Nancy's hand and starting to run. "I was ought to be ashamed of ourselves so we ought for keeping the dove waiting."

They were soon out of the valley, and greeting their patient little friend, who had found shelter in a rose tree.

"Ah, here you are!" he said kindly, fluttering his white wings. "I was beginning to fear that old Twelve Toes, the Sorcerer, had worked some extra strong magic and that I would never see you again. At last you are over the seven mountains and the seven valleys. Now for King Verdo's palace. Follow me, my dears."

And away he flew.

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

## MEAT LOAVES



MEAT loaves may be served hot or cold. If served hot they should be accompanied by a sauce of some sort, preferably tomato. If served cold, mustard sauce or horseradish sauce adds piquancy.

Both beef and veal are used for a meat loaf, but beef and pork are sometimes combined.

**Beef and Veal Loaf.**  
Three-quarters pound lean pork, 1 pound lean veal, 1 1/2 pounds lean beef, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 2 eggs, 3 slices fat salt pork.

Have meat ground very fine by the butcher. Season with salt and pepper and mix well. It will be necessary to use the hands to mix the meat thoroughly. Add bread crumbs, milk and eggs slightly beaten. Mix well and shape in loaf. Put in a long pan and lay the slices of salt pork over the top of loaf.

Pour three-quarters cup boiling water in the pan and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. Reduce the heat and cover with buttered paper. Bake one hour and 15 minutes longer. Serve hot with tomato or brown sauce. Or let cool and serve cold.

**Veal Loaf.**  
Two pounds lean veal, 1/4 pound pork, 2 eggs, 4 large soda crackers, 1/2 cup cream, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 4 thin slices bacon.

Have veal and pork ground very fine. Mix well. Beat eggs and add to meat. Crumb crackers. Add alternately with cream to first mixture. Add seasonings and mix well. Form into a loaf and put in a deep

pan. Cover with bacon and bake an hour in a moderate oven. Baste every 15 minutes.

**Beef Loaf.**  
Two pounds round steak, 1/2 pound lean pork, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1/4 cup sweet milk, 6 soda crackers, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced celery, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper.

Have meat ground very fine and mix well. Beat eggs and add to meat. Add remaining ingredients, alternating the finely rolled crackers with the milk. Shape in a loaf, put in a deep pan and cover with buttered paper. Bake every 10 minutes with boiling water and melted butter. To make the liquid for basting add two tablespoons butter to one cup boiling water. Use about two tablespoons each time.

(Copyright, 1922.)

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Radio Editor: What direction should an aerial take for best results?

Radio Editor: Would an audion detector give better results than a crystal detector?

Radio Editor: What is the range of a regenerative set using a two-stage amplifier?

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## Radio Radiations

Amateurs are requested to make their queries as brief as possible to facilitate the publication and answering of the questions. Address your communications to the Radio Editor, The London Advertiser.

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

For use across the secondary of a tuner, such as the honeycomb coils, use a condenser of twenty-three plates or less. The less capacity used in the secondary circuit, the better will the set work.

In making a regenerative set employing two variometers and a variable capacitor be careful not to get the instruments too close together. If they are the set will howl. A set of this type should be mounted in a box not less than sixteen inches long.

When using more than 100 volts or so on the plates of amplifier tubes a small grid battery will often help signal strength greatly. Get an Ever-ready battery No. 704 and connect the long spring directly to the grid terminal of the amplifier socket. The other end was connected to the grid is connected to the short spring of the battery.

Despite all advice to the contrary, people still insist on using dry cells for the filament supply of vacuum tubes. The batteries will hold up for about five minutes and then they will slowly die down, until nothing at all can be heard.

If, after wiring up a set, you hear nothing but a steady hum in the receivers, you may be very sure that there is an open circuit somewhere. Trace out the wiring carefully and some little fault will present itself.

The so-called "spaghetti" tubing, if placed over bare wire used in wiring a set, will improve the appearance 100 per cent and reduce the danger of short-circuits.

**RADIO PRIMER**

ION—An atom of matter whose definite amount of electrons has been increased or decreased so as to give it an electrical charge. When the electrons are decreased, the atom becomes a positive ion. When electrons are added, the atom is converted to a negative ion.

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When Leaving Your Bath or when tired—a generous sprinkling of MAVIS talc with its irresistible fragrance is wonderfully refreshing. Make this test yourself—Blow a dusting of MAVIS talc from the palm of your hand. It is so light—such pure imported talc that it will completely disappear.

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## HALIFAX EXPLOSION WRECKED HER NERVES

The reader will, no doubt, remember when a few years ago there was a collision in the Halifax, N. S., harbor, and one of the munition ships was blown up, causing great loss of life and laying waste a great deal of suffering and distress among the inhabitants.

Mrs. Winfield Dill, now of Windsor, N. S., was living in Halifax at that time and went through this trying experience and the shock wrecked her nerves.

She writes as follows: "I was living in Halifax at the time of the explosion, and it wrecked my nerves, so that I could not do my household work. I would take such nervous spells I would be under the doctor's care."

I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, so I took two boxes, and they helped me so much I took six more, and now I am completely recovered. I can recommend them to anyone suffering from heart and nerve trouble."

To all those who suffer from nervous shock we would recommend our

MILBURN'S  
HEART AND NERVE PILLS

As the best remedy to tone up the entire nervous system and strengthen the weakened organs, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the original heart and nerve food, having been on the market for the past 27 years. Price, 50c a box, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.

TO DARKEN HAIR  
APPLY SAGE TEA

Look Young! Bring Back Its Natural Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractive, fresh, by darkening your hair with "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." No one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with the tea and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.—Adv.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

## LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," etc.



Chooses Hollywood's Movie "Fast Set" as a Background for His Newest Mystery Novel.

Here's What Vance Himself Says About His Latest Romance.

"Linda Lee, Inc."

WHILE the first purpose of the book is to entertain, I have endeavored to record certain aspects of life in the Hollywood film colony in a phase which will come to be recognized as a parallel in motion picture history to that feverish era of "The Days of '49."

Within limitations of its single volume, "Linda Lee, Inc." paints a true picture, colored only by the author's vision. It pretends neither to expose nor to palliate. It is merely a plain presentation of conditions with which I became conversant in the course of nine years of dabbling in picture making.