The MAN *from* YONDER

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Ben Elliott—fgom "Yonder"—gradualgee his entry into the lumbering town of Tincup by defeating Bull Durgal, "king of the river," and town bully, in a fog-birling contest. Elliott has brought along an old man, Don Stuart, who had been eager to reach Tincup, but Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence. He tries to force him to leave town and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrested.

CHAPTER II.—Elliott finds a friend in Able Armitage, to whom he confides that he has come to town because he had heard it was a tough nut to crack. Able hires him to run the one remaining camp, the Hoot Owl, that Brandon has not been able to grab. This belongs to Irene McManus, daughter of Brandon's old partner, who has disappeared with a murder charge hanging over his head.

CHAPTER III.—Brandon sends his bully, Duke, to beat up Ben, and Ben wrests him in a fist fight and throws him out of camp. Old Don Stuart dies, leaving a letter for Elliott. "In he need, when the going becomes too tough," Ben refuses to open the letter at this time, believing he can win the fight by his own efforts.

CHAPTER IV.—Fire breaks out in the mill. Ben, leading the victorious fight against the flames that threatened to win the fight for Brandon, discovers that the fire was started with gasoline, but the incendiary has got safely away.

9TH. INSTALLMENT

Down below Ben Elliott had the heart of the burning litter a writhing mass of saffron smoke. He started out, fell and crawled to the entry, got his knees beneath him and retched again and again. His eyes smarted madly and streamed tears; he coughed as he vomited and it seemed as though he never would find strength to rise. But, he did after a moment and renewed his attack.

"Here, you! Three men. . . . Two buckets each!" Ben croaked as he ran out to the foot of the slide.

"Throw it high, and hard. So!" he cried hoarsely and flung the first water himself with a wide, sweeping, overhead swing. It knocked fire off the nigger, blotted out an opposite panel on a heavy sill. "Now, you!" he cried to the next man.

They filled theiswan buckets and that duty took them into the fresh air, cleared their lungs, kept the nausea down, steadied both legs and heads. With hissing splashes the water from their pails went sloshing against the overhead woodwork and gradually the glare through the thick smoke subsided.

"Getting her!" Ben panted as Able tried to say something to him.

"Getting Her!"

"Getting her." He coughed and his words had come in a half strangle but, even so, the exultation in his tone was unmistakable.

Living flame no longer leaped and roared through the hole in the floor. Thick smoke swept upward but that was all and as Ben ran up the icy slide for the first time and saw this he cried out:

"Good work, Buller! Over there though: look."

Fire had taken fresh hold in a greasy timber and was worming its way up beneath the trimmer saw. Buller dashed a half dozen pails of water on the spot and it went black.

"Keep going, Buller!" Ben cried. "I'll take half your men."

He went slipping down the slide and at the bottom called men from the bucket line.

"Stretch out, the rest of you!" he called. "Now, this way, you lads: in here and mop her up, and make it fast!"

Stubborn flames ate into the litter on the ground floor. Again and again they broke out, but the driving heat was gone, roaring gases no longer impelled to the spread of destruction as the first need for speed became less imperative.

Not until the final curl of smoke had been subdued completely did Ben Elliott relax. Then, with lantern lighted, he entered the saw floor, completely ice glazed, charred in places, and, surveyed the damage. As he swung his lantern and looked about, peering at timbers eaten half away, at burned belting, at other vital damage, he moved slowly, said little, as a man will who is thinking soberly. .

He stopped beside Able Armitage finally.

"Well, the insurance'll cover it," the old justice said, as if trying to make the best of things.

Ben laughed shortly.

"But she's two weeks idle at the inside. And belting gone and a good many other things. If—

"Say, chum!"

It was the night watchman, sheathed in flakes of ice from his waist down, whom Ben hailed.

"Where were you?"

"Eating, when it broke out," Ben only nodded. The watchman, by long custom, went to the boarding house kitchen for his midnight meal where food was kept warm for him. "I went through the yard and the mill, just like you told me to do. I looked in at the boiler the last thing. I hadn't been out of here ten minutes before I just happened to glance through the window and see it."

"Yeah. Gasoline starts in a hurry."

"Gasoline" the watchman croaked.

"Sure." Ben laughed drily. "The ground floor was drenched with it. They'd scraped rubbish into piles and soaked them, too. They almost did a good job. Almost five minutes' start, or if I hadn't happened to see a garage fire put out with salt once where nothing else was handy to smother it, and it'd have been all day with us."

He rubbed his chin, thoughtfully.

"Didn't see anybody? Or hear anybody?"

"Not a soul or a sound."

Elliott looked up. No snow was falling.

"Buller!" he called. The foreman, face blackened, eyebrows gone, came up at his hail. "Herd this crew in close. It snowed early in the evening. Maybe I'll want to do a job of trailing and I don't want tracks all over the country."

He did his job of trailing. The fresh tracks of a single man led away from the trampled snow about the unscathed decks of logs. The tracks went out along the sliding toward town but Ben did not follow far. He stopped when he found a three-gallon demijohn badly concealed beneath the end of a log. He sniffed its neck and nodded grimly. The fuel of an incendiary had been carried to the mill in that container.

"And now," Able said, after he also had sniffed the bottle in Buller's house, "what's to be done?" He tried to smile but deep trouble was in his old eyes.

For the first time since he had come to Hoot Owl Ben Elliott shook his head dubiously as he dropped into a chair. He was both grave and troubled.

"They're getting the least bit rough," he observed.

"Rather rough, I'd say!" Able's face flared suddenly in righteous wrath. "D—n Nick Brandon! I'd give a good deal to hang this night's work on him!

"It'll take no less than a miracle now to pull us through. Two weeks to get the mill running? Benny, in that time we'll be busted wide open! They'll have a case against me, I'll be walked as administrator and the timber will be at Brandon's mercy."

"Yeah. . . . Wide open . . . and at his mercy."

Able rose and paced the small room, hands in his hip pockets. He came to a halt before Elliott and eyed him narrowly. He stood so a moment as if in debate with himself.

"We had a fire," he said. "Not the kind you fight with fire, exactly. . . . But old Don told Bird-Eye that you'd have to use fire to fight another kind with, didn't he?"

Ben smiled slowly.

"You're thinking of the old timer's letter, eh? . . . Well, maybe . . . But we're not licked yet. Something may turn up. No, I guess I won't use whatever it was Stuart gave me just yet?"

The old man shook his head and resumed his pacing.

"What can turn up to give us a fighting chance, now?" he muttered.

CHAPTER V

STILL, something did turn up.

Just at breakfast time, while Ben was prowling the mill, admitting to himself that perhaps it was time to look at his hole card—the letter that the old cruiser had sent to him with its intriguing inscription—a stranger behind a light driving team swung into the mill-yard, stopped and tied his horses.

"Well, you had a fire!" he said as Ben approached. "See you've still got a mill standing, though?"

"Standing, yes. But that's all you can say for it."

"That's tough!" The man eyed him in genuine concern. "Are you by any chance Ben Elliott?"

"I am."

"Elliott, my name's Blackmore. Glad to see you! I was in here and talked with Harrington week before last and he was saving out some veneer logs for me. I'm with the Veneer Exporting corporation and we're in the market for quite a few cars of stuff. Wonder if I could interest you in a deal. Market's right good and we're in need of some more stuff to fill out a shipment. Maybe with your mill shut down you might be interested."

"That's a close guess. Shoot!"

"I'll pay you a hundred and twenty dollars a thousand for bird's eye maple and ninety dollars for veneer birch; standard specifications and delivery inside of two weeks on, say, thirty thousand. I know you're busy, so I name the top and pass any dickering."

A hundred and twenty. . . . And ninety for birch! Ben's heart leaped but he gave no outward indication of the great relief that surged through him.

"Two weeks?" he asked.

"Yes, and less. Let's see. . . . I'll have to have thirty thousand delivered in just eleven days to be safe in getting 'em to Montreal on time. I'll take fifty thousand at the price but the thirty will have to be loaded on track first."

"That'll be fast proper delivery."

"All of that! But if I can't get the stuff from you I can from Brandon by going up a few dollars a thousand. My cards are on the table, Elliott. Can we deal?"

Ben considered, rubbing his chin with a knuckle. He looked up the road which led toward camp to see a man approaching with that quick, space devouring stride of the woodsman.

"Had breakfast?" he asked.

"No."

"Blanket your team and go eat. I'll have an answer for you by the time you're through."

As the newcomer entered the boarding house Bird-Eye Blaine—the traveler from camp—had reached the mill-yard.

"For the love ar—" he began, turning his amazed stare from the mill to Elliott.

"Yes, a fire, Bird-Eye. Never mind that now. Where'd you get your name? I mean 'Bird-Eye.' Why do they call you that?"

"Oh, that! Why, I looked veneer stuff from Brandon for years until I got sick with disgust fer th' man."

"I see. And you've been on the Hoot Owl for three years, haven't you? Know the timber pretty well?"

"I know every quarter stake by its first name!"

"How much bird's-eye and veneer birch is there within draying distance of the steel? Let's get down to cases. Do you think there's ten thousand? Or fifty?"

"Fifty? Naw! Tin?"—twisting his head. "Twict that, annyhow. 'Nd on twinty-three the's another bunch av it. Scattered all through, too, but bunched. Misther Elliott, lookye don't see it frequent. That makes it easy to git out."

"What I'm getting at is this: With the crew I've got could we get thirty thousand out in ten days?"

Bird-Eye shrugged.

"Domn, b'y, but that's a chore! With this crew av hay tossers?" He shook his head. "Mebby you could . . . you 'nd Paul Bunyan. Most men couldn't even so much as start."

"Wait here. I'll see you in a few minutes."

He entered Buller's house where Able Armitage sipped coffee gloomily, neglecting the food on his plate.

"This is the nineteenth," Ben said. "With what bank balance we have, how much must we get together to meet the payroll, that one note that you think can't be renewed and interest on others that'll be due? My figures are all up at camp."

Able considered at length.

"Three thousand might let us out. Why?"

He put that question dryly.

"I just wondered." Ben turned to Buller. "How many men will you need to get the mill in shape? I mean, how many can you use and not have them falling over each other?"

"Oh, four or five besides myself."

Ben nodded. "That'll give me fifteen of the mill rats to throw into the woods." His eyes snapped as he looked back at Able. "A half hour ago I was feeling about half licked. I'll make the three thousand by the first or break my neck!"

"What are you getting at, Benny?" Able demanded.

"This." Ben hitched his chair close to the table and with a relish which indicated the love of battle, sketched his plan.

By noon that plan was in partial operation. Bird-Eye Blaine, his duties as barn boss temporarily delegated to another, and Ben Elliott cruised through the timber north of camp, belt axes in their hands. And in the morning the camp crew, augmented by fifteen men from the mill, left off the work of felling timber in strips, scattered through the woods and dropped marked trees. Swampers were with them, clearing the way for teams that followed close on the sawyers' heels and drayed these high quality logs out to the railroad.

"But it's a man's sized job to keep your eye on such an operation!" Able declared to Able. "I've got to watch Buller and the mill, too. I've got to think about markets so we'll be all set when we commence to saw again. And the devil of it is I'm only one hand and there are only twenty-four hours in a day!" He grinned. "Where's this good man you told me about? Jeffers? Is that his name?"

"Tim Jeffers? Over in the next town! But I doubt he'll even listen. He hasn't wanted a job in three years."

"Doubting isn't knowing." Ben said grimly and the next afternoon drove hard for Jeffers' little farm clearing.

The old logger met Elliott with an eye that seemed at first to be hostile but which on closer observation proved to be only one of severe appraisal.

"So you've come after a camp foreman," he said. "No, I've quit the timber for good, Elliott, I'm through. A man has trouble enough without hunting it. I'm not a young man, son. I've no years nor strength any more to put into another man's losing fight."

"We won't lose. Brandon's tried everything up to and including fire and he hasn't got me licked yet. Come along with me, Tim Jeffers, and we'll run him into his hole!"

But the man was obdurate and Ben left him, charmed and a bit angered at his failure.

"Brandon's got a crimp in the whole country," he muttered as he drove on toward camp. "And here I am, trying to do four men's work. Tough nut? I'll tell the world!"

In Tincup he drove to the express office to inquire for the new piston head for the locomotive which was due. He wanted to start loading his veneer logs and getting them out to the siding as rapidly as they came from the woods. He had signed a contract with the time for delivery specified and wanted to run no chance of delay.

But the repair part was not there.

"Got the bill of it," the station agent said. "But it hasn't shown up. Ought to be along tomorrow."

However, the next day did not bring the repairs and the driver of Ben's supply team reported the fact to him.

"And the agent, he wants to see you," the man added enigmatically

"Didn't that piston head come yet?" Ben demanded angrily of the supply teamster after the man's next trip to town.

"I told you the agent wanted to see you."

The other's manner was doggedly mysterious and Elliott, without further questioning, harnessed and drove to Tincup.

The agent shook hands cordially and drew him inside the tiny Lekes office. He spoke in a cautious tone, although they were alone.

"The messenger on the train says he put that engine part off for me the night the bill came through. It ain't here and I'm takin' a chance of losing my job just telling you even that much."

Ben frowned.

"What are you driving it? It's not here and you'll lose— You mean, the express company'll hold you responsible for an article lost out of the depot?"

"That don't worry me. The shipment came in and I never saw it

Continued on page 5

Lake Zurich Community Woman's Club

The Lake Zurich Community Woman's club was entertained Friday, Jan. 20 by a program of readings and music by Miss Esther Schwerman of Chicago who is studying under Professor Davis Edwards of the school of speech of the University of Chicago.

For her first number Miss Schwerman chose several arresting portraits from the "Book of Americans," by Steven and Rosemary Benet including George Washington, Nancy Hanks and the pioneer of the covered wagon and the far West. "The Bed," a humorous selection, followed after which Miss Schwerman played three musical selections, "A Minor Prelude," by deBussy; "A Nocturne," by Resthivi; and "The Little White Donkey" by Ibert.

The final number of the program was a reading of the last scene from the play "Mary of Scotland" as arranged by Maxwell Anderson. It depicts the stirring meeting between Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth.

Miss Schwerman's proficiency in both dramatics and music made this program one of unusual merit.

Hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. George Umbdenstock and Mrs. A. J. Crawford.

Announcement was made by Mrs. J. D. Fink of the work of the Handicraft class which meets the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. The class has completed twelve layettes and they are being sent, together with one dozen blankets and one dozen vests, to the Lake county hospital. Work of the class is now concentrated on the making of quilts and small articles for the spring bazaar.

The Reading circle will meet at the home of Mrs. A. J. Leonard Friday, Jan. 25. Mrs. O. I. Rockenbach will give the book review.

Lake Zurich

Mrs. Maud Sulten has returned to her home in Dundee after being with her daughter Mrs. Lee Landwer for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Meyer and family and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Buhr visited Mr. and Mrs. William Wickersheim Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Pepper and daughter of Glenview called on Mrs. Emma Pepper Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Golz and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rudsinski over the week-end.

Bob Harkness has accepted a position in Woodstock.

Mesdames Weaver, Hans, Tonne, Luersaen, Glese and Grimm attended the O.E.S. card party Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robert Muir of Barrington.

The church basketball boys' teams will play the Crystal Lake Lutherans in Crystal Lake Friday evening. The Huntley girls' and boys' teams will meet the local teams on the home floor Tuesday.

Miss Verna Rudsinski and Herbert Lohman visited Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rudsinski in Wauconda Sunday afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith attended the funeral of an old neighbor in Kingston Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Tonne and son visited in Palatine Tuesday.

Mrs. William Pretzel and Mrs. John Fink attended a woman's club board meeting in Wauconda Wednesday afternoon.

The milk producers of the Quentins corner district were shocked to learn of the sudden death of their Chicago dealer, J. Kouba, Tuesday morning.

Ela high school teams lost two games Monday evening in the local gym to Grant. The score of the heavyweights was 25-14 and the lightweights 19-17.

Misses Lilly and Gladys Kropp and Howard Fish of Lake Villa visited Mr. and Mrs. E. Barnes in Batavia Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rudolph of Highland Park called on Mrs. R. Simons Tuesday afternoon.

The Golden Rule

"Therefore, all things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even to them, for this is the law and the prophets." These are the words of what is popularly known as "the Golden Rule," says G. R. Turner in the Kansas City Times. They are St. Matthew's quotation from Jesus' Sermon on the Mount and are the essence around which Christianity is woven. But they express a philosophy not original with Christ. Five hundred years earlier Confucius gave to the world this message: "Be always kind, and act toward others as you would want them to act toward you."

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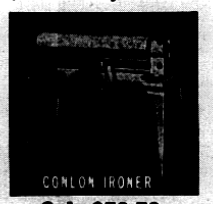

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'Kentucky Kernels' Here in Week-end Feature Showing

"Caravan," Musical Romance, Appears Wednesday and Thursday

Maurice Chavalier and Jeanette McDonald in "The Merry Widow" are finishing up a three-day run at the Catlow theatre Friday night to make way for the RKO-Radio romantic comedy "Be Your Leave," featuring Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin Saturday night. They leads are featured as a husband and wife who meet with surprising experiences during a marital holiday. Excellent support is accorded by Neil Hamilton, Marion Nixon, Glenn Anders, Gene Lockhart, Margaret Hamilton, Betty Grable and Charles Ray. Comedy and news, together with the gifts of Oven dinnerware to women patrons are added features of Saturday night's bill.

Beautiful belles and frenzied feud are mixed together in a mint julep of movement labeled "Kentucky Kernels," in the new comedy attraction Saturday and Sunday. As a pair of vaudeville musicians impersonating two gentlemen native to the South, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey offer a bagful of new tricks which evoke a continuous stream of guffaws. Concerning an age-old feud between two Kentucky clans, the plot abounds in exciting action and hilarious situations. The picture stars Mary Carlisle, Noah Beery and "Spanky" McFarland. There will be special cartoon in color with comedy and news.

The bargain night offering Tuesday is a return engagement of "The Gay Divorcee," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in brilliant singing and dancing romance. Alice Brady and Edward Everett Horton as comedy accomplices, and one hundred adagio dancers in evening dress. The plot itself is one of super-entertaining farce comedy situations, a hilarious sort of romance boasting a ceaseless flow of complications as Astaire madly pursues the lovely Miss Rogers across many dancing floors and through the mazes of a swank futuristic hotel. The showing will include cartoon and news.

Bringing camera and story-telling technic of a type new to American picture-goers, "Caravan," spectacular musical romance, will play at the Catlow Wednesday and Thursday. With its scenes laid in the famous Tokay district of Europe, and all the action taking place during the annual three-day grape harvest, many of the backgrounds in the village, the vineyards, and in the huge "Chateau Tokay" are said to be among the largest and most impressive created since the screen turned vocal. Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, idol of the continental stage and screen, and Jean Parker are the stars around whom the story revolves.

"The First World War," the thrilling Lawrence Stallings-Fox film production will appear on the screen Friday, Feb. 1. The sensational book of the same name by Lawrence Stalling is the basis of this picture. Films carefully guarded for years in the secret archives of Europe have been secured for use in this production.

Fox River Grove

Helen Marie Jelinek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jelinek of Fox River Grove and Raymond Ferrel were married Thursday, Jan. 17. Gladys Jelinek attended her sister and Earl Fuetet of Chicago served as best man. Mrs. Ferrel was a graduate of the Community high school class of 1931. The couple will reside here as Mr. Ferrel operates a barbecue stand near Oak Glen school.

The P.-T.A. held a meeting Tuesday afternoon at the Grove school.

Raymond Haakonson is on the sick list.

The Garden club met at the home of Mrs. Ed Opatrny Wednesday for their January meeting.

Officers were installed for 1935 in the Ceska Besseda as follows: President, Joseph Subrt; vice president, J. Wolfe; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Sylvia Ontl; treasurer, John Hajek; librarian, Mrs. Swartz.

The officers of the Algonquin chapter O.E.S. attended a school of instruction Thursday afternoon and enjoyed a pot luck supper in the evening.

Stone Age Notebooks

The most numerous public monuments to be found in China are stones on which the Chinese have engraved their important records and chief historical facts during the past 1,800 years.