

STARDUST THEATRE

THE TIMBER

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AUTHOR OF "NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE"

Stella passed on. She wanted to bear, but it went against her grain to say so. Her pause had been purely involuntary. When she became conscious that she was eagerly drinking in each word, she hurried by.

Her mind was the urgent question mark while she laid the sleeping youngster in his bed and removed her heavy clothes. What sort of hostilities did Monohan threaten? Had he let a hopeless love turn to the acid of hate for the man who nominally possessed her? Stella could scarcely credit that. It was too much at variance with her idealistic conception of the man. He would never have recourse to such littleness. Still, the biting contempt in Fyfe's voice when he said to Benton: "You underestimate Monohan. He'll play safe . . . he's foxy." That stung her to the quick. That was not said for her benefit; it was Fyfe's profound conviction. Based on what? He did not form judgments on momentary impulses. She recalled that only in the most indirect way had he ever passed criticism on Monohan, and then it lay mostly in a tone, suggested more than spoken. Yet he knew Monohan, had known him for years. They had clashed long before she was a factor in their lives.

When she went into the big room, Benton and Fyfe were gone outdoors. She glanced into Fyfe's den. It was empty, but a big blue-print unrolled on the table where the two had been seated caught her eye. She bent over it, drawn by the interest squares along the wavy shore line and the marked waters of creeks she knew. She had never before possessed a comprehensive idea of the various timber holdings along the west shore of Roaring Lake, since it had not been a matter of particular interest to her. She was not sure why it now became a matter of interest to her, unless it was an impression that over these squares and oblongs which stood for thousands upon thousands of merchantable logs, there was already shaping a struggle, a clash of iron wills and determined purposes directly involving, perhaps arising because of her.

She studied the blue-print closely. Its five feet of length embraced all the west shore of the lake, from the outflowing of Roaring River to the incoming Tye at the head. Each camp was lettered in with pencil. But her attention focused chiefly on the timber limits ranging north and south from her home, and she noted two details: that while the limits marked A-M Co. were impartially distributed from Cottonwood north, the squares marked J. H. Fyfe lay in a solid block about Cougar Bay—leaving that long tongue of a limit where she had that day noted the new camp. That thrust like the haft of a spear into the heart of Fyfe's timberland.

There was the Abbey-Monohan cottage, the three limits of the controlled lying up against Fyfe's southern boundary. Up around the mouth of Tye spread the vast checkerboard of Abbey-Monohan limits, and beyond that, on the eastern bank of the river, a single block—Fyfe's cedar limit—the camp he thought he would close down.

Why? Immediately the query shaped in her mind. Monohan was concentrating his men and machinery at the lake head. Fyfe proposed to shut down a camp but well-established, established because cedar was climbing in price, an empty market clamoring for cedar logs. Why? Was there aught of significance in that new camp of Monohan's so near by; that sudden activity on ground that bisected her husband's property? A freak limit of timber so poor that Lefty Howe said it could only be logged at a loss.

She sighed and went out to give dinner orders to Sam Foo. If she could only go to her husband and talk as they had been able to talk things over at first. But there had grown up between them a deep restraint. She supposed that was inevitable. Both chafed under conditions they could not change or would not for stubbornness and pride.

It made a deep impression on her, all these successive, disassociated finger posts, pointing one and all to things under the surface, to motives and potentialities she had not glimpsed before, and could only guess at now.

Fyfe and Benton came to dinner more or less preoccupied, an odd mood for Charlie Benton. Afterwards they went into session behind the closed door of Fyfe's den. An hour or so later Benton went home. While she listened to the soft chuff-chuff-a-chuff of the Chickamin dying away in the distance, Fyfe came in and slumped down in a chair before the fire where a big fire stick crackled. He sat there silent, a half-smoked cigar clamped in one corner of his mouth, the lines of his square jaw in profile, determined, rigid. Stella eyed him covertly. There were times, those moods of concentration, when she almost believed she seemed his most salient characteristic. Each bulging curve of his thick upper arm, his neck rising like a pillar from massive shoulders, indicated his power. Yet so well-proportioned man he that the size and strength of him was masked by the symmetry of his body, just as the deliberate immobility of his face screened the play of his feelings. Often Stella found herself staring at him, fruitlessly wondering what manner of thought and feeling that repression overtook. Sometimes a trick, a half-provoked desire to break thru the barricade of his stoicism tempted her. She told herself that she ought to be thankful for his aloofness, his acquiescence in things as they stood. Yet there were times when she would almost have welcomed an outbreak, a storm, anything rather than that deadly chill, enduring day after day. He seldom spoke to her now except of most matter-of-fact things. He played his part like a gentleman before others, but alone with her he withdrew into his shell.

Stella was sitting back in the shadow, still studying him, measuring him in spite of herself by the Monohan yardstick. There wasn't much basis for comparison. It wasn't a question of comparison; the two men stood apart, distinctive in every attribute. The qualities in Fyfe that she understood and appreciated, she beheld glorified in Monohan. Yet it was not, after all,

a question of qualities. It was something more subtle, something of the heart which defied logical analysis.

Fyfe had never been able to set her pulse dancing. She had never craved physical nearness to him, so that she ached with the poignancy of that craving. She had been passively contented with him, that was all. And Monohan had swept across her horizon like a flame. Why couldn't Jack Fyfe have inspired in her that headlong sort of passion? She smiled hopelessly. The tears were very close to her eyes. She loved Monohan; Monohan loved her. Fyfe loved her in his deliberate, repressed fashion and possessed her, according to the matrimonial design. And altho now his possession was a hollow mockery, he would never give her up—not to Walter Monohan. She had that fatalistic conviction.

How would it end in the long run? She leaned forward to speak. Words quivered on her lips. But as she struggled to shape them to utterance, the light of a boat while came screaming up from the water, near and shrill and imperative. Fyfe came out of his chair like a shot. He landed poised on his feet, lips drawn apart, hands clenched. He held that pose for an instant, then he breathed a breath coming with a quick sigh.

Stella stared at him. Nerves! She knew the symptoms too well. Nerves at terrible tension in that big, splendid body. A slight quiver seemed to run over him. Then he was back to his listening attitude, standing with a listening attitude.

"That's the Panther," he said. "Pulling into the Waterbug's landing. Did I startle you when I bounced up like a cougar, Stella?" he asked, with a wry smile. "I guess I was half asleep. That whistle jolted me."

Stella glanced out the shaded window. "Some one's coming up from the float with a lantern," she said. "Is there—is there likely to be anything wrong, Jack?"

"Anything wrong?" He shot a quick glance at her. Then casually: "Not that I know of."

The bobbing lantern came up the path thru the lawn. Footsteps crunched on the gravel.

"I'll go see what he wants," Fyfe remarked. "Called boots won't be good for the porch floor."

She followed him. "Stay in. It's cold." He stopped in the doorway. "No. I'm coming," she perished. They met the lantern bearer at the foot of the steps.

"Well, Thorsen!" Fyfe shot at him. There was an unusual note of sharpness in his voice, an irritated expectation.

Stella saw that it was the skipper of the Panther, a big and burly Dane. He raised the lantern a little. The thin light on his face showed it bruised and swollen. Fyfe grunted.

"Our boom is hung up," he said plaintively. "They've blocked the river. I got locked for arguin' the point."

"How's it blocked?" Fyfe asked.

"Two switters, uh logs, strung across the channel. They're drivin' piles in front. An' three donkeys buntin' logs in behind."

"Swift work. There wasn't a sign of a move when I left this morning," Fyfe commented drily. "Well, take

the Panther around to the inner landing. I'll be there."

"What's struck that feller Monohan?" the Dane sputtered angrily. "Has he got any license to close the Tye? He says he has—uh! backs his argument strong, believe me. Maybe you can handle him. I couldn't. Next time I'll have a cant-hook handy. By jingo, you gimme my pick uh Fyfe's crew, Jack an' I'll bring that cedar out."

"Take the Panther round," Fyfe replied. "We'll see."

Thorsen turned back down the slope. In a minute the thrum of the boat's exhaust arose as she got under way.

"Come on in. You'll get cold standing here," Fyfe said to Stella.

She followed him back to the living room. He sat on the arm of a big leather chair, rolling the dead cigar thoughtfully between his lips, little creases gathering between his eyes.

"I'm going up the lake," he said at last, getting up abruptly.

"What's the lack?" she asked. "Why, has trouble started up there?"

"Part of the logging game," he answered indifferently. "Don't amount to much."

"But Thorsen has been fighting. His face was terrible. And I heard you say he was one of the most peaceable men alive. Is it—Monohan?"

"We won't discuss Monohan," Fyfe said curtly. "Anyway, there's no danger of him getting hurt."

He went into his den and came out with hat and coat on. At the door he paused a moment.

"Don't worry," he said kindly. "Nothing's going to happen."

But she stood looking out the window after he left, uneasy with a premonition of trouble. She watched with a feverish interest the air that presently arose about the bunk-houses. That summer a wide space had been cleared between bungalow and camp. She could see moving lanterns, and even now and then hear the voices of men calling to each other. Once the Panther's dazzling eye of a searchlight swung across the landing, and its beam picked out a file of men carrying their blankets toward the boat. Shortly after that the tender rounded the point. Close behind her went the Waterbug, and both boats swarmed with men.

Stella looked and listened until there was but a faint thrum far up the lake. Then she went to bed, but not to sleep. What ugly passions were loosed at the lake head she did not know. But on the face of it she could not avoid wondering if Monohan had deliberately set out to cross and harass Jack Fyfe. Because of her? That was the question which had hovered on her lips that evening, one she had not brought herself to ask. Because of her, or because of some enmity that far preceded her? She had thought him big enough to do as she had done, and Fyfe was tacitly doing—make the best of a grievous matter.

But if he allowed his passions to dictate reprisals, she trembled for the outcome. Fyfe was not a man to sit quiet under either affront or injury. He would fight with double rancor if Monohan were his adversary.

"If anything happens up there, I'll hate myself," she whispered, under the ceaseless turning of her mind had become almost unendurable. "I

was a silly, weak fool to ever let Walter Monohan know I cared. And I'll hate him, too, if he makes me a bone of contention. I wanted to play the game the only decent way there is to play it. So did he. Why can't he abide by that?"

Noon of the next day saw the Waterbug heave to a quarter mile abeam of Cougar Point to let off a lone figure in her dinghy, and then bore on driving straight and fast for Roaring Springs. Stella flew to the landing. Mother Howe came puffing at her heels.

"Land's sake, I been worried to death," the older woman breathed. "When men get to quarrellin' about timber, you never can tell where they'll stop. Mrs. Jack, I've knowed some wild times in the woods in the past."

The man in the dinghy was Lefty Howe. He pulled in beside the float. When he stepped upon the planks, he limped perceptibly.

"Land alive, what happened yuh, Lefty?" his wife cried.

"Got a rap on the leg with a peevy," he said. "Nothin' much."

"Why did the Waterbug go down the lake?" Stella asked breathlessly. The man's face was serious. "What happened up there?"

"There was a fuss," he answered quietly. "Three or four of the boys got beat up so they need patchin'. Jack's takin' 'em down to the hospital. Damn that yeller-headed Monohan! his voice lifted suddenly in uncontrollable anger. "Billy Dale was killed this mornin', mother."

Stella felt herself grow sick. Death is a small matter when it strikes afar, among strangers. When it comes to one's door! Billy Dale had piloted the Waterbug for a year, a chubby, round-faced boy of twenty, a foster-son of Mother Howe's before she had children of her own. Stella had asked Jack to put him on the Waterbug because he was such a loyal, cheery sort of soul, and Billy had been a part of every expedition they had taken around the lake. She could not think of him as a rigid, lifeless lump of clay. Why, only the day before he had been laughing and chattering aboard the cruiser, going up and down the cabin floor on his hands and knees, Jack Junior perched triumphantly astride his back.

"What happened?" she cried wildly. "Tell me quick."

"It's quick told," Howe said grimly. "We were ready at daylight. Monohan's got a hard crew, and they jumped us as soon as we started to clear the channel. So we cleared them, first. It didn't take so long. Three of our men was used bad, and there's plenty of sore heads on both sides. But we did the job. After we got them on the run, we blowed up their switters an' piles with giant. Then we begun to pour the cedar thru. Billy was on the bank when somebody shot him from across the river. One mercy, he never knew what hit him. An' you'll never come so close to bein' a widow again, Mrs. Fyfe, an' not be. That bullet was meant for Jack, I figure. He was sittin' down. Billy was standin' right behind him watchin' the logs go thru. Whoever he was, he shot high, that's all. There, mother, don't cry. That don't help none. What's done's done."

Stella turned and walked up to the house, stunned. She could not credit bloodshed, death. And as the real significance of Lefty Howe's story grew on her, she shuddered. It lay at her door, equally with her and Monohan's even if neither of their hands had sped the bullet—an indirect responsibility but gruesomely real to her.

(Continued in Monday's Star)

CHIEF TAHAN Makes His Bow and Arrow



BY CHIEF TAHAN
Of the Klowa Indian Tribe
Why, hello, boys! Going out into the woods? Show you how to make a bow and arrows, you say? Why, of course I will, and just like we Indian boys used to make them. Sit right down here and I'll show you so that you can have them right away—and that reminds me. Big Bow was my adopted father's name—Ziephoetean, in the Indian language. He got his name because he used a very large bow. He was so strong that he could shoot an arrow more than 300 steps of a man; and many times he was known to ride up to the side of a buffalo and shoot an arrow clear thru it, so that the point would stick out on the other side. But, as I was saying, for your bow most any kind of wood will do. Cherry, osage orange, but second-growth hickory will make the best, I think. Cut a sapling about the size of your wrist, cut off a piece of it about two-thirds as long as you are, and split it in the middle. Now, on the flat side, commence at the center as the handle. Do the edges the

PETER Hears of Wild Dogs

BY THE STORY LADY
The rain still pattered comfortably on the roof, Peter snuggled against his grandfather's knee.
"Did anything else ever happen to you?" he asked.
"Oh, yes," said grandpa. "I was that kind of a boy. Something was always happening to me."
"I guess that's the way with red-headed folks," said Peter. "Tell me some more."
"Well, one time I went with my father to help him make hay. He owned hay land about ten miles from home, and every year we went and stayed till the hay was put up. There was a little shack on the place, and we did our own cooking, and I always had a good time.
"One night, when we were eating our supper, we heard some hounds off on the prairie.
"The wild dogs are out again," said my father.
"The wild dogs were two huge black hounds that belonged to no one but lived by the game they caught. They were very wary and no one ever got very close to them. They seemed like spooks.
"It was very warm that night, and I moved my cot under the window. I even put my pillow on the sill and put my head almost out of the window in hopes of getting a breeze.
"I was soon sound asleep. But some time in the night I awakened with a scream. Two huge paws were on top of my head. When I yelled the big dog jumped down and disappeared in the darkness. My father came running to see what was the matter. I spent the rest of the night in my father's bed, and he explained that the dog probably was chasing a rabbit and it ran under the house onto my pillow. Then the dog had jumped on the window to see if it could find it.
"Sure enough, a cottontail ran out from under the house. And after I got over my fright I was never scared of wild dogs again. For they were real dogs that chased real rabbits, and there was nothing spooky about them."
—HELEN CARPENTER MOORE

FIREMAN IS IN JAIL AND BOOZE IN VAULT

F. Cartolin, 28, Spanish, and a marine fireman, is in duress in view of the city council in lieu of \$1,000 bail, while 28 pints of whiskey that were seized Friday by dry squad officers repose in the dry squad vaults. Cartolin was arrested at Pier B with the liquor in a gunny sack.

NOW HERE—
The smart society drama of Palm Beach, with gowns and settings to make you gasp, and a story based on the sensational novel of a noted author—



Irene Castle in 'The Firing Line'

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

The charm that made Irene Castle a figure long to be remembered by those who saw her dance is apparent in "The Firing Line." She dresses beautifully and effectively; she swims, dives, dances, rides and acts with sincerity and real appeal.

TO WOMEN PATRONS!
The July issue of the Ladies' Home Journal has three full pages of description of Irene Castle's gowns worn in "The Firing Line." Nothing more beautiful ever has been shown here.

Little Stories for Bedtime

A Home in a Bunch of Moss

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS
(Copyright, 1919, by T. W. Burgess)
MOST of the Warbler family help thinking that there wasn't a daintier member of the whole Warbler family. Sprite's coat was of a soft, bluish color, with a yellowish patch in the very center of his back. Across each wing were two bars of white. His throat was yellow.
"I'm sure as I live, there's a little round hole in that bunch of moss," muttered Peter, and blinked and looked very hard, indeed, to make sure. A minute later there was no doubt at all, for a little feathered head was poked out, and then a dainty mite of a bird flew down and alighted close to Peter. It was one of the smaller members of the Warbler family.
"Sprite," cried Peter, joyously, and as he looked at Sprite he couldn't

Sprite, trying to look innocent. At that very instant Peter looked up just in time to see a little tail dit told him all he wanted to know.
"You've got a nest in there!" Peter exclaimed. "You needn't deny it. Sprite, you've got a nest in there. What a perfectly lovely place!"
Sprite saw at once that it would be useless to try to deceive Peter. "Yes," said he; "Mrs. Sprite and I have a nest in there. We've just finished it. We always build in moss like this. I wouldn't trade nests with anybody I know of."

Use Coconut Oil for Washing Hair
If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with. Most shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Multifid coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair. Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

Next story: Peter Gets a Lane Neck.
With the race suicide clause left out, marriage is apt to be a howling success.

Get Well Keep Well

Radio-Active Pad Restores Health—or Money Back
A safe, sane and scientific method of overcoming disease by increasing the circulation of the blood and stimulating the waste products of the body. It is a well established fact that nearly every known ailment is caused by poor circulation (stagnation). The Radio-Active Solar Pad imparts energy, restores vitality and overcomes disease by increasing metabolism and causing a healthy circulation of the blood. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, neuralgia, nervous prostration, high blood pressure and diseases of the stomach, heart, lungs, liver, kidneys and other ailments quickly and permanently relieved. Many complicated and chronic cases that have failed to yield to other forms of treatment have been quickly and permanently benefited by the use of the Radio-Active Solar Pad. To prove the remarkable restorative and vitalizing effects of this wonderful appliance, we will send it on 10 days' trial, with an absolute "money back" guarantee if it fails to give entire satisfaction, with no sole judge of its merits. No matter what your ailment.
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