



## Men Marooned by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE  
HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

"You know de strait ees froze?" Achilles, who spoke English, gravely nodded. "You cum to de island. Eet mus' be so."

"Oou, mon ami. We are here. Eet ees enough. Why, Achilles Laguerre," he went on, probing the small, half-shut eyes of the half-breed, "do M'sieu' Guthrie and I, Etienne Savanne cross de ice to mak' talk wid you?" Etienne paused and blew a cloud of smoke along the stem of his pipe, which his teeth gripped.

Achille grinned widely. "You cum to mak' fight for de fox" he chuckled. "You are mos' smart man, ma fr'en, but you mak' beeg meestake. We cum to tak' de fox back to Elkwan wid de peopl' for beeg tam at la bonne annee, New Year."

"Ah-hah!"  
"You go to Kapiskau, Achille?"  
The Indian slowly shook his head. "I go to de beeg boat. He pay beeg price for pelt."

Garth leaned eagerly forward to hear the counter stroke which Etienne was waiting to launch.

"Ah-hah!" For a space, the crackling of a spruce knot was the only sound in the tipi. Then Savanne began: "You not yet smart man, Achille. You leesen to dat 'Jibwa Wabeno, Mokoman. Ah-hah, you not so smart man. . . . We tak' heem to dis island wid old Souci. You know why?" Etienne paused dramatically to relight his pipe. "So McDonald put de devil into heem."

Nervously twisting her hands, the squaw of Achille stared at the speaker from awe-filled eyes. The stolid features of the half-breed reflected curiosity, doubt—but no fear.

"I put dat Mokoman undair de ice up de Elkwan—he mak' troubl' for us; but we weesh to have devil put een heem by McDonald! Ha! Ha!"

"Mokoman was here," dryly countered Achille.

"Was Souci wid heem?" snapped Etienne, as a dog at a bone, and Garth's pulse quickened as he waited for the reply.

"No, Souci ees ovair de hill, nord." "W'en you say Saul was at de schooner?"

Again Guthrie leaned to catch Achille's return.

The half-breed waited, spat into the fire, then said: "You hear dat?"

Etienne nodded. Now he would learn the truth from a friend who, in the old days of their comradeship, had never lied; but, in his extremity, he himself launched brazenly into outrageous fabrication. "We sen' old Saul to de schooner to talk wid de devil of McDonald."

The self-possession of Achille fell

from him like a leaf from a tree. "You sen' heem dere?" he demanded excitedly.

Etienne was relieved. He had pierced the armor of his friend—was at last making progress.

Amazed and delighted at the resource of his head man and wondering where his astounding imagination would further lead him, Garth watched the changing expression on the dark features of Achille.

"Ah-hah!" casually assented Etienne. "We know dis McDonald! Ha! Ha! mak' bad medicine an' de pore Injun who go to hees boat nevaire love dere familiee any more but travel far away and leave dem to starve—"

"Ahuah! ahuah!" wailed the terrified squaw, and launched in Cree a delicious outburst of entreaty and appeal.

Achille's attempts to sooth her hysterics succeeded only in increasing the lamentations of the superstitious woman. At length she calmed to a low moaning, which was joined by the wailing of the awakened children.

Under cover of the dusk of the tipi, sinewy fingers gripped Guthrie's stockinged foot. With the still of a sorcerer, Etienne had planted the seeds of superstitious terror in the tipi of his friend. The work of Saul and Mokoman was rapidly being undone by the shrewd Savanne. Then voices outside announced the coming of the hunters from the neighboring tipis. Crowding through the doorflap of the snow-banked tent, three Indians from the Kapiskau river entered and sat down.

The fire was freshened and briefly Achille explained the situation which had aroused the fears of his wife. With the faces of stoics the men smoked, while the story of Etienne was repeated, but when they heard that Mokoman, had been brought to the island with Saul because of the witchcraft of McDonald, they, too, lost their gravity and their calm. For that this mutilated stranger should be the intimate and crony of the spirits of darkness was not beyond the credulity of the impressionable Cree. And did not Achille vouch for this Savanne, his old comrade, from Elkwan? It was true, they argued, the big man with the unspeakable face offered high prices for fox pelts, but if he were in league with devils—as he might be with that Isar, which never died—of what use would be the trade goods he bartered to those who left the ship mad with the medicine. And now that the women knew, there would be no peace. Still, Souci would know, and tell them. They would go to Souci the shaman, who camped with his sons over big

## ALL AUTHORS DO NOT DWELL IN THE GARRETS NOWADAYS; SOME LIVE IN LAP OF LUXURY

(New York Sun)

"This is certainly the day of the author," said the publisher. "The time has gone by when authors dwell in garrets and have to patch the seats of their trousers. Nowadays they roll around in European cars live in Park avenue towers and turn out their product in Fifth avenue offices where the carpet is two inches deep and there is a secretary in every corner."

"Moreover if we tired business men go abroad we are just as apt as not to meet our friend the author on the steps of the Casino at Monte, or on the veranda of Shepherd's Hotel at Carlo, or in the Corso in Rome, or anywhere at all. Why not? The authors have the money these days."

"Of course, if am talking about the authors that have made good with the public; established a vogue, apparently permanent. They not only command high prices and royalties from us publishers for their literary product, but they think nothing of demanding \$50,000 or \$60,000 additional from the movie people."

"There are about twenty-five, maybe thirty, authors of this general category who can always command the money. Some of them can get from \$5,000 to \$10,000 advance royalty on a book before they ever put a finger to typewriter or dictate a word. The publishers know them, of course; know they are reliable workmen and therefore take a chance."

Safe to Advance Cash

"In the case of an established author we publishers are quite safe in making such big advances. Most of them have written a book or two a year for several years and we know that it is a hundred to one that they will keep right on doing it for ten years or so, provided they live that long. We know too that the probabilities are that the next book will sell profitably because the preceding one did and there has been no sign of a letdown in popularity. We keep sales records which are intensive studies of the vogue of any particular author in any particular part of this country or the world. It is surprising how the popularity varies in different parts of the country."

"Authors' contracts usually provide for royalties on a sliding scale. They get, ordinarily 10 per cent of the retail price usually \$2.50, for the first 10,000 books sold; 12½ per cent of the next 5,000 sold and 15 per cent on all copies sold above 15,000. Now 15,000 isn't a bad sale of a high priced book no matter what some people may say and when a book sells up to 60,000 and 100,000 that's a whale of a sale and a mighty nice profit all around."

"Suppose the book has a sale of 20,000. The author would get out of that just \$5,937.50; not bad, considering that the publisher takes all the risks and does all the work, outside of writing the book, which may have taken anywhere from three to six months, seldom longer. And the author usually has had a lot of other toms in the fire. Of course the two-notchers usually sell more than 20,000. Fifty thousand to a hundred thousand is about the way they run, and you can see that that runs into money for the author as well as the publisher."

Just Suppose

"Sometimes we publishers advance sizable royalties just on an idea that seems workable, but only to recognized authors. There are certain ideas that are always salable. Any good idea on the late resident Roosevelt that is good for a book is worth tying up with real money, for we know that there are thousands of people in the United States that will today buy any book that is written about Roosevelt. Lindbergh, could get an enormous advance royalty from any publisher if he would submit some idea, no matter what, upon which he was willing to write a book. It wouldn't matter much what the book was about just so it was about America's hero. It would be certain to sell anywhere from 100,000 to 300,000 copies."

"There are certain individuals that could go to the publishers at any time and make sure of walking off with a

barrens to the north. So it was left; and two gratified men from Elkwan rolled into their blankets in the tipi of Achille Laguerre.

(to be continued)

fortune in advance royalties. Suppose President Coolidge were to step into the office of any one of our major publishing concerns to tell them that he was going to write the inside story of his Presidency. How much do you think he could get in advance to bind the bargain?

"Competition among publishing houses for the product of the most popular authors has become very keen in recent years. It used to be frowned upon as unetisical, this competition. Publishers said it was an exhibition of bad taste to try to tempt a best seller from a competitor. But in this up and doing, go-getting age that point of view is pushed to one side. We take our genius where we find it—and if we can bid a bit higher than the other fellow. Landing a sure fire manuscript almost certain to sell up to the magic hundred thousand, is pretty apt to be a matter of competitive bidding in which the fortunate author certainly thrives however the publisher usually doesn't do so badly."

STATIC.

We were getting good reception  
In the Nixons' cozy flat,  
When their darling angel piped out:  
"Papa dear, what station's that?"

"Sh!" said Mamma Nixon, "hush, child!"

But the saucy little brat  
Waited only half a minute,  
Then continued, "What was that?"

"Daddy spank," said Papa Nixon,  
While I went to find my hat;  
For I knew the next ten numbers  
Would be punctured with, "What's that?"

Oh, there's sorrow in each blessing,  
And in almost every flat  
Where there's radio there's some one  
Loudly crying, "What is that?"

MARY DALE

## THE U. S. ISSUES A CATALOGUE OF INSECTS OF IMPORTANCE IN REGARD TO PUBLIC HEALTH

The United States Public Health Service has just issued Bulletin 150, Hygienic Laboratory, entitled "Key Catalogue of Insects of Importance in Public Health". This represents the fourth catalogue in this series of key catalogues on medical zoology issued by the Service.

Ordinarily, insects in their relation to health and disease are viewed chiefly from the standpoint of being either external parasites, such as lice and fleas, or transmitters of disease, such as mosquitoes in the case of malaria and fleas in the case of bubonic plague. The present publication carries the subject much more into detail. In the body of the bulletin numerous insects are arranged systematically according to their more or less generally adopted classification with notation as to their public health importance and their geographic distribution. In the introduction, the different genera of insects are cross-referenced to the following subjects:

A, biting insects; B, on cadavers or in graves; C, control of public health pests; D, dermatology (lesions, dermatitis, eruptions, exanthema, parasites, urticaria); E, edible (food, drink); F, excreta; G, food and drink; H, jurisprudence; I, laity (fear, superstition); J, parasites and pseudoparasites (abdomen, ear, external, eye, head, intestine, miscellaneous, mouth, nose, stomach, subcutaneous, throat, urinary system); K, pests (clothing, clothes, drugs, records, miscellaneous); L, pinching insects; M, poisons (arrows, defensive, food, spines, miscellaneous); N, pollution (air water); O, stinging insects; P, therapeutics (lay, professional); Q, vectors (Aspergillus, bacteria, filth, Protozoa, Trematoda, Cestoda, Nematoda, Acanthocephala, Insecta).

The publication is of special interest to public health officers, physicians, zoologists, lawyers, and students of medicine and zoology, and forms a condensed summary of the

entire field of public health entomology.

For instance, if a public health officer wishes to know what particular insects are known or suspected of transmitting a given infectious disease, he refers to the name of this disease in the introduction and then follows the subject as cross-referenced to the body of the work. If a dermatologist wishes to locate the various caterpillars which cause the condition known as urticaria, he looks up the word "urticaria" in the introduction under Dermatology, and finds cross references to forty different genera of moths and butterflies, the larval stages of which cause urticaria in man. If a lawyer desire to find a list of the insects of importance in zoological jurisprudence, as for instance, in connection with the Law of Nuisances, or in connection with the French theory of determining how long a human body has been dead, he looks for the word "jurisprudence" in the introduction and finds the subject cross-referenced to the body of the work. In connection with the application of entomology to legal cases involving possible homicide, the authors of this bulletin take a very conservative position towards the French theory, in fact they state that it is of very limited if any practical application.

The work has been prepared by Prof. C. W. Stiles, of the U. S. Public Health Service, and Dr. Albert Hassall of the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry, on basis of their personal observations combined with thousands of references to the literature indexed in the government card catalogue.

Host—You look as if you are enjoying the dancing.

Lad—No, I just fell down the stairs.

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