

THE supply boat Northern Star was sailing away; already it was only a smudge on the slate-gray waters of Hudson's Bay. Hesitantly, the ravages of fear still quickening his glance, a huge man moved from a fringe of gnarled timber, where he had been in hiding ever since dawn, when the boat's whistle had signaled danger. But now the Northern Star was sailing away, after a harmless visit. Still, he did not feel safe. One could never feel safe with the Provincial Police after one. They wanted Joe badly, particularly Sergeant Healy, from whom he had escaped when his every slow-witted attempt to prove his innocence had failed.

At last, at the door of his ramshackle cabin, Joe Brossert paused, looking timorously down over the muskeg and granite to where the broad waters of the Churchill River joined the turbulent waves of Hudson's Bay. Freeze-up was in the air; the smoke hung low about the few low-built cabins down at the river. This was north of 57; winter came early and stayed late. There was consolation in that. There would be no more supply boats until June.

Joe did not worry about the twenty or more members of the engineering crew down there in the cabins. They were all from the East, Montreal—even to Jimmy Davis, their chief—with little knowledge or interest in what happened in the Prairie Provinces. But he must not take chances. Joe Brossert knew that the Provincials often made use of such boats to send descriptions and photographs into far-away places.

"I ought to have gone on when they first showed up here!" Joe Brossert mused.

There was a queer reluctance about his conclusion, as though this were a place beloved, this weirdly cruel country. The reason lay in that row of cabins and what they stood for. Here, some day, if plans came true, a city would rise. Those cabins represented the advance guard of hordes of men, an army which next spring would begin the erection of a sub-arctic metropolis. Two hundred miles to the south, through fair weather and foul, a railroad was building across the wilderness, with this place as its objective. Here great elevators would rise, and business houses; this was to be the port by which the agricultural provinces of Canada might find a new and shorter outlet to the sea, and thence to the markets of Liverpool.

That fascinated Joe Brossert. Pioneering had always fascinated him. His forbears had fought the frontiers of Quebec and the tangled bush of northern Ontario; he had been reared to a faith in far horizons. So, in his time, he too had set forth, out Brandon way, in Manitoba.

That had been when he was known as René Thibault. He'd had great dreams then. They'd all ended quickly



A West Wind

*Joe Brossert chooses
aster—a drama of a
heroism has*

enough when Ed and Harry Boyce, his neighbors, had turned him in to Sergeant Healy as the man who'd killed Old Man Marshal.

JOE BROSSERT brushed a big hand over his eyes, and rounded the cabin to a lean-to where he fed the six husky dogs which bounded and whined at his approach. Then at last, hobnails scratching, he started slowly down over the granite mound toward the engineers' camp.

No suspicion met him there. Nor welcome, for that matter; everyone seemed gloomy and taciturn. Brossert went on to Jimmy Davis' office; he was always welcome there, he knew. But this time the chief was little better than the others.

"Lo, Cheerful," he grunted from his desk, and went back to his blueprints. Joe Brossert stood clumsily hesitant; a slow-thinking man at best, he could not understand this change of attitude. Davis usually joked with him; it was Davis who had named him Cheerful because of his enthusiasm over the new post. Davis was young, alert, usually laughing. But now he scowled and, with a sweeping motion, crumpled a sheet of scratch paper upon which he had been working.

"Well, they handed us a fine deal!" he snapped at last. "Here we are, twenty men who've never spent a winter in the bush before—men out of

drafting offices, railroad terminals, main-line construction, all of us up here in a hell-hole for eight months of freeze-up. So the Know-It-Alls down in Montreal scratch off every requisition I made for the winter!"

"I thought all those things were coming on the Northern Star," said Brossert.

"Try to find 'em!" Davis rose from his desk, and began to pace. "You don't see any wireless set, do you? Or a phonograph? There's what they sent!" He jerked the wrapping from a bundle of newspapers. "That and an armful of old magazines!"

Cheerful said nothing. Suddenly intent, he had moved forward and allowed a big hand to paw at the papers. Some of them were from Winnipeg and Brandon and Saskatoon; evidently the supply depot had selected a variety. Davis walked to his cupboard and poured a drink, gulping the rum straight.

"Want to take one or two of 'em?" he asked. "Bring 'em back when you're through. The gang will be howling for 'em all soon enough."

That night, when the northern lights were streaking the sky, and the bay was thundering with a freshening gale, Joe Brossert stepped outside his cabin. The dogs were howling in the lean-to, wolf-like cries, always more lonely, more eerie, as freeze-up approached. Below, a few lights gleamed from the engineering camp. Joe Bros-

sert raised his hands to his hot face. "I've got to get out of here!" he groaned. "The minute freeze-up hits—go some place where Healy can't follow!"

Those western newspapers had carried two grueling bits of news. One was a paragraph stating that Sergeant John Healy of the Manitoba Provincial Police had been transferred from his old post, down Brandon way, to the job of keeping law and order up at the end of steel on the new railway building into Hudson's Bay. If he were that close, he might come closer.

"I've got to go on!" the man moaned. "Some place where they'll never find me!"

BUT when his hands had dropped to his sides and he stood facing the biting wind, there came again that strange, indefinable emotion which had held him here, against his better judgment, ever since the arrival of this crew had invaded the loneliness of his hideaway. The lights suddenly had grown brighter, creating strange imageries; their brilliance seemed to transform the land before him. Street arcs twinkled along broad thoroughfares, forms moved, great ships lay in the harbor, tremendous buildings rose where now there were only slime and swamp and rock and muskeg.

A queer throb came into Joe Bros-



**By
Courtney
Ryley
Cooper**

*between duty and dis-
grim land where
no press agent*

sert's heart; this was the sort of thing he had always dreamed of; a vague, jumbled ambition which some way included him in the birth of great achievements. But gradually it all passed. The lights changed to evanescent figurations; the vision faded with them. Joe Brossert stumbled back to his cabin with its flickering oil lamp, its newspapers and its smoky stove.

Joe had a queer hatred for that stove. He seemed born to smoky stoves; his stove on the farm near Brandon had been that way too. It was smoking terribly the night Old Man Marshal was killed. As if that had helped: Sergeant Healy had paid no attention to him when he'd said that he'd been in the house all night trying to get it to draw.

At last Brossert clumped onward to the table where lay the Brandon Monitor and jerked the sheet closer to the uneven light of the oil lamp, his eyes centering again upon an item in the Bensonville notes:

"Ed and Walter Boyce were the purchasers last week of a new combination harvester and thresher. The Boyce brothers are certainly making some fine additions to their farm. Good luck, boys."

Brossert reread the item.

"How can they buy a combination?" he asked himself. "I never could buy a

combination. And they didn't raise as good crops as I did."

Then he folded the paper quickly. All this awoke memories. That and the stove yonder, gusting wisps of smoke. It made this cabin seem like the other one, down in the Brandon country. He'd just opened the door, he remembered, to let the smoke get out, after the stove had been drawing well for a half hour or so. There stood Sergeant Healy, to put him under arrest for killing and robbing Old Man Marshal, who lived a half mile or so toward town.

THE Boyce boys had heard some shots, they said, from their cabin, a mile past Joe's place in the other direction. They'd telephoned Sergeant Healy, and told him about seeing Joe that night with his gun, going toward the Marshal place. Nor had it aided Joe to protest that he had only been looking for a deer, and had not fired, even once. He could have cleaned the gun, Healy said.

"Wish I'd never had that squabble with Old Man Marshal," the man groaned, "or called him an old miser. That made everybody think I did it." Suddenly he straightened. "I can't stand around like this. I've got to be ready to get out of here when freeze-up comes!"

The next day he went to his work, as usual, an extra laborer in the ax crews. But when night came and he was all

Then, while the northern lights still flickered, Brossert halted, and stared into the darkness

alone, he made the first of his preparations. Where he was going he did not know; he must drive on, deeper into the wilderness. He'd live somehow—or die. After all, it didn't make much difference. He'd die by a rope if Healy got him.

A week went by in glowering days, or faintly sun-spotted. The fun of labor was gone now; Cheerful became secretive, silent at his work. It was not noticed. The other men were silent also, and grim. Eight arctic months lay before them, without even the comfort of a portable wireless set for communication with the forces of the railroad, across the intervening universe of the Barrens. The sharp commands of Jimmy Davis revealed an evidence of strain. The work of the men had lessened; no one spoke now of the future. No one cared. There was only one thought in twenty minds: of how they would weather the winter.

Then, after a hard day, a new whine came into the wind, rising steadily to a blasting roar, with the white enemy of freeze-up driving straight before it. Careening, storm-tossed men hurried to the shelter of the combined cache-house and mess hall. That night, Joe Brossert piled the rusty stove tight with wood,

and prepared for his get-away. But as he worked, he again found himself glaring at the glowing bit of metal, with its acrid smoke darting between the cracks.

But suddenly he halted his thoughts, and swung about, arms extended as if to hide the evidences of packing about him. Someone was kicking the snow from his boots at the door. The latch raised. It was Davis.

"Hello," he said in a tone of surprise. "What's all the packing for?"

Joe Brossert swallowed jerkily.

"I—was just coming down to tell you," he said at last. "I guess I'd better be moving on. You see, everybody's running through the bush here; I can't get anything in my traps."

Davis stood for a moment in quizzical survey. Then he moved impulsively forward and grasped Joe Brossert's huge arms.

"Look here, Cheerful!" he commanded. "Don't you know that it's up to you whether any of us live through this winter or not?"

"ME?" the man stared. "Up to me?" He laughed. "I ain't no use to anybody."

"You're just this much use, that if you should go away, we'd all have a hard time pulling through." He broke away then, into nervous pacing. "Maybe it doesn't hit you that way. You're accustomed to it; you're an old-timer up here."

"Yeh, I've been up here a long time," Joe said. It was his most frequent lie.

"That's why we need you," Davis said. "I came up to talk about it. Everybody's getting a little sourer every day—they'll be at one another's throats in another month if we can't get their minds off it. They'll listen to you. You know—you're an example. You've wintered it a dozen times up here."

A queer pride began to course Joe Brossert's veins.

"Oh, I guess I could keep 'em cheered up all right," he said.

"Sure you could. You could shame them into being game, if nothing else. We've got to have something to lean on. I've felt it myself lately," he said nervously, "wanting to get out, wondering what's going to happen. Haven't let the men know anything about it, of course."

Joe Brossert rubbed nervously at his stubbled chin.

"I ought to get on into new territory," he fenced.

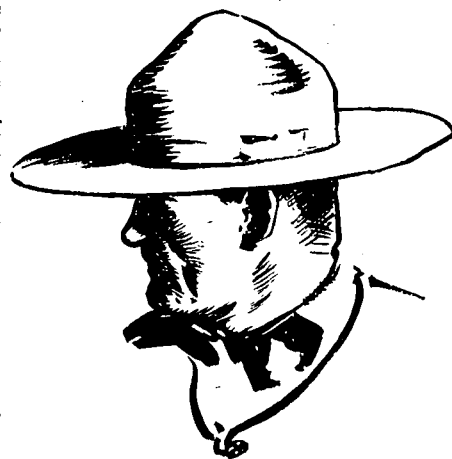
Davis faced him.

"I thought this project looked pretty big to you. Do you want to see it fail, just for some new trapping territory? What if we're not ready for them when the railhead shows up in the spring?"

It made Brossert think suddenly of Healy, moving forward with the rails.

"Maybe some of them'll come through this winter."

"How'll they get through? For
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In the Swim

The beaches this summer will be dressed for action. No bathing suit is now content just to go paddling. All are getting into shape to dive in with the honest-to-goodness swimming suits. Aileen Riggan, famous swimmer, applauds the whole colorful scene and describes it for you

By Aileen Riggan

THREE or four years ago I worked in a motion picture called *The Evolution of a Bathing Suit*. In one scene I had to wear a voluminous skirt, a blouse with sleeves in it, heavy cotton stockings, shoes that laced halfway up my legs, and an enormous hat. It was exactly the sort of costume that smart bathing America was wearing before Annette Kellerman shocked the public by appearing in tights.

The director insisted that I swim in that modest and enveloping outfit. I tried. The skirts belled up over my head, the shoes weighed me down, the hat got wet and flopped over my eyes. I had to fight to keep my balance. I came as near drowning as I ever have.

When I finally managed to fight my way back to shore, I refused to go in again. I was frightened. The director insisted that I was being temperamental. Women used to swim in those things, and there was no reason why I couldn't. And then, while we were arguing, my skirt fell off.

There was a delighted shout from all the spectators. I snatched off my hat, pulled off my shoes, threw the blouse down beside the skirt, and dove into the water in my usual swimming suit. Bathing suits had evolved a little more rapidly than the continuity writer planned, but not into the 1931 model. That is a story all by itself.

As a professional swimmer, my idea of the perfect swimming suit is one that fits well without hampering, that is becoming and not too revealing. And now we are lucky enough to have such suits, born in America, popping up in shops and waters all over the world. They loll on beaches, too, for they have been cut with as much style as the less hardy bathing suits, so that many people wear them for all beach occasions.

These suits are cut to the length I like best—about halfway between the knee and the waist. Trunks that are too short cut the leg and are always uncomfortable. If they are too long they hamper freedom of motion.

As for materials, I think there is nothing to equal wool jersey. It is warm. It is comfortable, and it conceals the figure sufficiently. It dries quickly. And it wears long and well, especially if you will take ordinary care of your suit—rinsing it in fresh water, wringing it without twisting and drying it thoroughly.

Color is just as important in a swimming or bathing suit as it is in any other costume. If you are young enough, and slim enough, you can carry off, or carry on, with any color. You can even wear white jersey, though it is wise not to put on the white suit until you have achieved a coat of tan, for there is nothing quite

so woebegone as a pale face above a paler suit.

I usually wear black. The A. A. U. insists upon it for contests, and so it has become a habit with me. But, contests aside, it has distinct advantages. It photographs well, and no season at the beach is a proper holiday without photographs. It is becoming, wet or dry, and it makes me look thinner than I am. Dark blue has the same advantages as black and is very popular this year.

Until the last few seasons, with the exception of the swimming suit, it has been difficult to find anything that was practical for swimming. Bathing suits might be exotic, interesting or alarming, but they were rarely practical. In Europe this was even more true than in America.

When we went over to the Olympic games in 1920, they provided us with suits—and such suits! Funny little tight sleeves, necks high and tight as a mid-Victorian nightgown, skirts down to our knees. We promptly decided that we couldn't swim in such things, and the team managed to lose them before the diving contest—which was not quite so drastic as it sounds, because we had our sturdy American suits with us.

Last summer, when I was abroad, I discovered that styles had gone to the other extreme. Bathing suits at Le Touquet, Cannes and Deauville were not bathing suits. They were squares of cloth and a pair of shoulder straps.

I tried to buy a bathing suit in Paris and I might as well have been shopping for a new dinner gown. The French designer threw up his hands in horror with a great deal of volubility when I suggested that he take my measurements and have the suit ready when I got back from Spain somewhat later. "Mademoiselle," he cried, "but the try-ons! What will you do for them?"

As it turned out, I had to put off my trip to Spain for a week for those "try-ons," and then the suit was not satisfactory. I decided then and there that I was all for the American method of going in and demanding a thirty-six or a thirty-eight—or being weighed and buying a suit to cover the number of pounds shown by the scales.

When I got back to America recently, I found that a great change in bathing suits had been taking place. They may have been decorative before, but they were not very useful.

The designers had a complex problem. There was need for a better bathing suit, but what would it be? There had been no previous satisfactory mode, and Paris was no help at all. Then a certain manufacturer of sports clothes had a brilliant idea.

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1. One of the new beach pajamas. 2. A beach set, hat, bag and shoes, in white linen striped in colors. 3. "The evening-back" suit. 4. The popular high-heeled rubber beach pumps. 5. A practical beach robe in contrasting colors. 6. A molded rubber turban, with sandals to match. 7. One of the new "dress-maker" suits. 8. Jersey trousers to be worn over the jersey suit

