

# CAUGHT in the WILD

## CHAPTER I

The Chechacos.

—1—

Garth knelt upon the planks of the small floating wharf to fasten a pitch-smearred patch on the bottom of his upturned birchbark canoe. In the midst of his work he paused to listen. A faraway drone was just audible above the ting and hum of insects. He turned to peer at the southerly sky above the vast flood of the Mackenzie. The drone became more distinct.

A plane was coming downriver towards the emergency refueling station at the old abandoned trading post. Yet the regular schedule of the line did not call for the northbound Belanca for several days. In all probability, the Commercial Airways had sent out its emergency plane from Fort McMurray, Alberta.

Though his thoughts lingered on the approaching plane, his eyes and hands returned to the patching of the canoe. The craft must be made ready for the weeks of upriver paddling. There would be none too much time for the thousand-mile trip out before the winter freeze-up.

As he finished the patch the loud drone of the motor swelled into a staccato roar. He turned to watch the white monoplane swoop down and take the water like a squatting duck.

The pilot started to taxi shoreward. Garth again set about patching the small leak. A sudden silence told that the motor had been stilled. Across the hush came a curt order:

"Ho, Jack, fend off and snub her."

Garth leisurely twisted around to eye the incoming craft. She was a beautiful medium-sized plane with a

swung around and lay nosing the current. Neither the man or the woman made a movement until Garth drove his canoe ashore and lifted it atop the stony bank.

As he climbed to the front of the old post store, above the base of the wharf, he saw the pilot at last swing down to haul on the line. Inside the big log cabin he crossed to one of the rear rooms and put a light hand on the forehead of the snoring man in the nearest bunk.

"Turn out, Tobin. Visitors."

The grizzled-bearded station tender roused to blink and peer.

"Visitors? You're not stringin' me, Mr. Garth?"

"No. Rover plane."

Tobin slipped on his moccasins and hobbled out into the storeroom. The pilot had moored his plane head and tail to the lower side of the landing stage. He was handing his woman companion down from the cockpit. Both had replaced their leather flying helmets with hats and mosquito nets.

They went in under the overhanging wing to the screened door of the cabin. It opened to the outburst of a portly man in city clothes. Assisted by the pilot, he managed to get down upon the wharf by means of steps lowered from inside the cabin. After hurriedly putting on a headnet and gloves, he started inshore with his two companions. He limped as if slightly crippled. But the lameness might have been due to cramp from long sitting.

Garth spoke to the supply tender:

"I'm only a stray prospector, Tobin. Understand?"

"Aye, sir," grunted Tobin. Without a word of greeting, he hobbled back a few steps as the pilot and his passengers stepped in over the rough threshold.

The portly man opened a gold-mounted cigar case. The young woman produced a long amber-stemmed cigarette holder. This was promptly filled by the pilot, who paused only to slap a mosquito on his clean-shaven cheek before striking a match.

Out went Garth's hand in a swift clutch that caught the flaming match in his calloused palm. The pilot, who was as tall as Garth and heavier built, turned to stare down at him with cold anger.

"You insolent roughneck! Clear out of here."

Garth smiled. Tobin did the answering: "Huh, crazy loon—lighting matches in here. Can't you read the sign? 'No smoking.' Bounce him, lad."

The pilot thrust a hand inside his leather jacket. "Try it. I'll drill both of you."

"How frightful," said Garth. "You must imagine this is a Wild West show. Please don't shoot until the lady can get outside. Shots are even more apt than matches to explode all this gasoline."

The portly man snapped shut his cigar case.

"That's so! You have no cause to be ruffled, Vivian. The fellow seems to have acted on a well-intended impulse."

The pilot's hand came out empty from inside the jacket. "Why couldn't the fool have spoken a warning?"

Garth had sized up the man. He expected neither an apology for the abuse nor thanks for saving the visitors from possible annihilation. With an indifferent smile, he shifted the gaze of his gray eyes to examine the woman of the party.

A first glance had led him to think her older than the pilot. Under her rouge and powder her face was thin and drawn. Its lines might have belonged to a woman in the mid-thirties. Her blue eyes looked more than bored and cynical. Their tiredness matched the lined face. Her body was thin almost to bonyness.

In the North able-bodied men are supposed to wait upon themselves. More, the pilot's tone had been that of a master commanding an inferior. Garth stayed motionless, waiting for the crackup with cool curiosity.

At that the smaller person cried out in a sharp, almost shrill voice:

"Quick, you gawping dummy!"

The fact that one of the pair was a woman made a vast difference. Garth caught the end of the mooring line flung by the pilot, and snatched up a long pipe. Its outthrust point met the tip of the nearer pontoon.

Yet neither of the two helmeted persons in the cockpit made a move to climb down in readiness to ward off the shock. Nor did either work the controls to veer the craft clear. Both were hastily putting on headnets and gloves to protect themselves from the outbuzziing swarms of mosquitoes and bulldog flies. They seemed to take for granted that the worker on the wharf would rush to give them service.

In the North able-bodied men are supposed to wait upon themselves.

More, the pilot's tone had been that of a master commanding an inferior.

Garth stayed motionless, waiting for the crackup with cool curiosity.

At that the smaller person cried out in a sharp, almost shrill voice:

"Quick, you gawping dummy!"

The fact that one of the pair was a woman made a vast difference.

Garth caught the end of the mooring line flung by the pilot, and snatched up a long pipe.

Its outthrust point met the tip of the nearer pontoon.

Bent low, Garth put all of his weight and strength into his angling shove with the pole. The momentum of the inglorious plane forced him back one step after another. Then his moccasins found a holding grip against the upturned edge of a plank.

Instead of driving in against the wharf at the blunt angle with which it had approached, the head of the plane began to swing off. With another outburst of strength, Garth swung it parallel with the upstream side of the wharf.

Aided by a slight swerve in the current, he was able to walk the plane to the outer end of the wharf before the nearer pontoon could hit the float logs. As the aircraft glided clear, he made the line fast to a ringbolt and returned to his canoe.

"What the devil!" snapped the pilot.

"Come back, you fool. Take in the slack—moor us."

Garth swung his canoe into the water and stepped aboard to test the last patch. The airplane, having drifted downstream to the end of the line,

**By ROBERT AMES BENNET**

WNU Service  
Copyright by Robert Ames Bennet

## BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Wilson for Earlier War?

Prayer Plus Planes

New Disease Danger?

Ethiopian Victory?

Prof. A. M. Arnett of North Carolina university says it was not Wilson that kept this country out of war for a while, but the country that kept Wilson out of war longer than he would have stayed out.

Professor Arnett says he will prove, in a book, that Wilson wanted war in 1916, and was kept out of it by three men—Champ Clark, Congressman Flood and Claude Kitchin, Democratic floor leader of the house.

How deep should we have sunk in our depression if Woodrow Wilson had carried out his alleged plan and started the war one year ahead of time, in 1916?

How many millions of Americans would have been killed (they were always honored with front row places)? How many tens of billions would have been added to the public debt and the repudiated debts of Europe?

The archbishop of Canterbury, head of the official Church of England, has invited all European Christian communities to join in prayer for peace, with resolutions outlawing all war.

While the archbishop takes that desirable step the British government works rapidly on 8,000 airplanes of the fighting kind. Nothing like airplanes to back up eloquent prayer for peace.

Uncle Sam has on his hands the job of preventing the spread of disease throughout the country and its importation from abroad.

Doctor Curran, in charge of insects for the American Museum of Natural History, warns New York it may be invaded by malaria brought into northern New Jersey by a CCC camp worker from the South. The anopheline mosquito, always present, has been spreading the germs. He cannot do that unless he first bites a malaria carrier.

Hailu Selassie's fighting Gen. Dejazmatch Hailu Kebede sends cheerful news to his royal master:

"We fought and beat the Italians from dawn to dusk; 200 Italian white soldiers, twenty Italian officers, killed. Cannon, bombs and innumerable batteries of machine guns made murderous concert against us, but God protected your humble Christian soldiers, and the Lion of Judah was victorious."

Ethiopians persist in their theory that they are the only Christians involved. They say the Italians are Catholics, therefore not Christians, which would amuse the Italians, if they had time for amusement.

Rome calls the General Dejazmatch dispatch "customary Ethiopian inaccuracy."

Former Governor Alfred E. Smith, booked for a big political talk in Washington, D. C., and invited by Mrs. Roosevelt to stop at the White House during his stay in Washington, declines the invitation, explaining that he will have too big a crowd with him.

Politicians do not think that the only reason. They expect Governor Smith to "cut loose" and say things about the administration that would not come gracefully from a White House guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Triplett of Jenkins, Ky., who have just received from heaven their third set of triplets, say: "We are just tickled to death, but imagine our surprise." Besides nine triplets, the happy couple have one set of twins, all eleven living and all fortunate. The baby born in a family that wants babies is the fortunate child.

For the woman or man who does not want children, the wise thing is not to have them—for the children's sake.

Hitler knows what he wants, tells the rest of the world, and thus far the world has let him help himself.

He wanted an end of the Versailles treaty and got it. He wanted the right to build a strong battle fleet and England consented.

Now he says he must have an air force as strong as that of France and will proceed to build it. He demands also the return of all colonies taken from Germany, and intimates that he will fight for them if he can't get them peacefully.

Austria will pay Uncle Sam on account of debt thirty million schillings, payment in American paper dollars. At the current rate of exchange Uncle Sam will get \$5,634,000. Our paper dollars are convenient for Europeans, for they know, although we do not, that our dollar is worth 50 cents.

Thomas W. Lamont, a J. Pierpont Morgan & company partner, gives five hundred thousand dollars to establish a "chair of political economy" at Harvard. The money will stay and the interest will be used. Well invested, it should pay the chosen professor a fair salary.

© King Features Syndicate, Inc.  
WNU Service

## PRETTY STENCILED POT HOLDER SET

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



These two little Sunbonnet Girls seem to be having some important secrets. They both work in the kitchen and are talking over their day's experience. They are the little pot holder girls, a cute and novel holder to have in your kitchen. The two dresses are the pot holders and when hanging up snap into place under the bonnet. Finished size 14 inches.

This stamped and tinted piece of material, No. 1002, will be mailed for 15 cents. This is to be made up and worked in simple outline stitch.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

## Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you are not afraid to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

## Sound Mind

The sounder the mind the more likely it is to direct the actions of the body with efficiency.

## Nervous, Weak Woman Soon All Right

"I had regular shaking spells from nervousness," writes Mrs. Cora Sanders, of Paragould, Ark. "I was all run-down and cramped at my time until I would have to go to bed. After my first bottle of Cardui, I was better. I kept taking Cardui and soon I was all right. The shaking quit and I did not cramp. I felt worlds better. I gave Cardui to my daughter who was also in the same condition and she was soon all right."

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefits them. If it does not benefit you, consult a physician.

## Rheumacide

Indicated as an Alternative in the Treatment of

**RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains**

At All Druggists  
Jan. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors  
Baltimore, Md.

## No Need to Suffer Morning Sickness

"Morning sickness"—is caused by acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesia.

Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48; at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative waters today. Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

35c & 60c bottles

20c tins



The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafer

The supreme thrill-story of the year!

# CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By Robert Ames Bennet

• Never before has even this favorite author come forth with a novel that has action like this. Imagine the plight of a plane lost in the cold wastes of the North—a prospector fighting for his life and those of three ten-

derfeet, one a spoiled daughter of wealth, and all three of whom were plotting his death!

• Here's the first installment of this great serial. You'll want to start now—today—and follow it to the whirlwind finish.

**BEGIN IT RIGHT HERE!**

Read every chapter as it appears serially in this paper