

CAUGHT in the WILD

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

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CHAPTER I

The Chechacos.

Garth knelt upon the planks of the small floating wharf to fasten a pitch-smear 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 squawking 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



The Girl Drew Her Hand Away as if He Had Smirched It.

cabin behind the semi-enclosed cockpit. Between her headway and the river current, she was driving towards the upstream side of the wharf at a speed that promised to smash the pontoons.

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 headsets and gloves to protect themselves from the outbursts 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 abledomed 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 gaping 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 pikepole. 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 ingliding 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 output 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,

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 grizzle-bearded station tender roused up 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 outthrust 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 between 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 passenger 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-intentioned 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 member 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 boniness.

Yet, upon examination, Garth saw she could not be even in the mid-twenties. Traces of girlish freshness still lingered in her painted face, under the blemishes of dissipation and disillusionment.

As she faced away from him, the pilot spoke to Tobin:

"Get busy. Truck down sixty gallons of gas and five of oil—and be quick about it. While your helper is refueling the plane, you'll cook us the best meal you can throw together."

Down came Tobin's shaggy eyebrows. "Who d'you think you're bossin'? Shove along to a tradin' post for yer grub an' gas. This here cache is the company's emergency deeko."

The portly visitor took a billfold from his coat and drew out a paper. "Take a look at this order, my man. It authorizes me to requisition any of the Airways' stations for whatever supplies I wish."

Tobin read the order, and thrust it back, with no lessening of his dourness. "So you're Burton Ramill, are you? Looks like a straight order. All the same, you'll sign the book before you'll get a drop."

He turned about to open an oily account book on one of the stacks of gasoline cases. Mr. Ramill drew a fountain pen from his vest pocket with plump white fingers, and limped forward to write.

"There's your receipt," said the pilot. "Now have this dumb helper of yours rush out our gas, and get your pans on the fire. We want service."

"Yuh? Well, you're welcome to wait it till doomsday. That company order calls for supplies. Don't say nothin' about cookin' nor service."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "All right, man. I see you're stiff from rheumatism. I will pay this young fellow to refuel the plane."

Garth turned his cool gaze upon the pilot. "Why not give this bird of yours the chance to earn a little more pay?"

"Because Mr. Huxby has flown my plane all the way from Chicago, with only short stop-overs. Also, he is my partner, not a mechanic."

"Well, he's not the only party present who's not a kiwl." Garth pulled a small poke from inside his buckskin shirt, hefted it as if considering, and put it back. "Nor do I need your pay."

Huxby's supercilious eyes glistened with sudden keen interest. "What's that? You're from the new gold fields?"

"No."

"But your gold sack?"

"Gold?" Garth muttered.

He drew out his poke again and opened it to shake a few small nodules of metal into his palm. Both Huxby and Mr. Ramill stepped close to peer at the grayish sliver bits. The older man looked puzzled. The younger took a nodule into his own palm, eyed it a moment, and handed it back in an indifferent manner.

"Galena. I'm a mining engineer. You're out of luck, not making a gold strike. Never before in history has silver been so low."

Garth looked disappointed. "Too bad, isn't it?"

He picked up a nodule that had been rubbed to a rather bright polish. The girl was leaning with her left hand on one of the lower piles of gasoline cases. A ring with a large blue diamond banded the "engagement" finger. Garth thrust the nodule up close beside the ring.

"Yes," he said, "I always did think gold looked prettier than galena—even white gold."

The girl drew her hand away as if he had smirched it. "My ring is not gold. You pretend to be a prospector, yet do you know platinum from gold?"

"Platinum?" Garth questioned. "But your friend here calls it galena."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "Permit me, Lilith—Young man, I am largely interested in metalliferous mines. If you have located a lode of galena, the lead might pay for development of the prospect."

"That depends," put in Huxby. "Where's the place?"

"Three weeks—paddle and portage," Garth answered.

"Slow travel. But by airplane?"

"The bird distance can't interest you. Neither lead nor silver would

pay for airplane freighting. Nor would packing. I lost ten pounds of this—galena. Canoe upset, running one of the rapids."

As Garth spoke he put up a hand to cover a yawn. "If you don't mind, Tobin, I'll roll in. It's a long travel to Great Slave."

The portly investor in mines caught the eye of his engineer partner. He spoke to Garth: "You are going outside?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, a day or so should make no difference to you. Is there a lake or pond near your prospect?"

"One about four miles long; half as wide."

Huxby repeated his question: "It could be reached how soon by air?"

The fish were no longer nibbling; they were hooked. Garth had only to haul in on his line. But he took his time about it. He paused to consider. Not all fish prove to be desirable catches.

Neither Mr. Ramill nor Huxby looked like a crook. They had the appearance of reputable business men. On the other hand, neither looked easy. Huxby broke in on Garth's weighing of the chances: "Well, Jack, let's have it."

"Two to three hours," Garth replied. "I don't know the speed of your plane."

"Fastest type of cabin cruiser. Call it six hours to go and return, and the same to inspect your prospect. It's possible there may be a trace of gold in your ore. I'll test it while you get your sleep."

The girl spoke to Mr. Ramill: "I shall take a nap myself. Dad, ten hours of flying, with no chance to dance off the Scotch, is enough to kill a horse."

In the act of handing a nodule to Huxby, Garth paused to stare at the girl. So that was the answer—liquor, tobacco, paint, and all the rest of the flapper-jazz rot.

She stiffened and stared back at him haughtily. He dropped the nodule into Huxby's cupped palm and crossed into the rear room to stretch out on one of the bunks.

A tug at his shoulder roused Garth from his six-hour sleep. Tobin's hoarse voice croaked in his ear:

"Roll out, sir. Sun's up. The pair of 'em are keen to be a-wing. Looks like their test of your nugget livened 'em up. Grub's on."

Garth pulled on his buckskins and moccasins and stepped into the storeroom. Miss Ramill was coming in at the front door. She paused to remove her headnet. Huxby and Mr. Ramill were already putting down a heavy breakfast of bacon, sourdough bread and oatmeal porridge. Garth crowded past them and Tobin to the end of the little shelf table.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jefferson's Rules

Rules compiled by Thomas Jefferson included: Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. Never spend your money before you have it. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold. We never repent of having eaten too little. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. How much pain is suffered in evils which have never happened. Take things always by the smooth handle. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

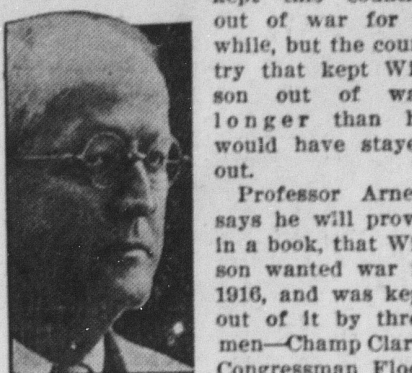
Amazing Juggling Trick

The most amazing juggling performance ever presented on a stage was the billiard-ball-and-cue act of the famous German juggler, Paul Cinquevalli. This feat, which required eight years to perfect, consisted of balancing two balls on the top of a cue, which in turn was balanced on another movable ball in a drinking glass that he held in his mouth.—Collier's Weekly.

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.



Arthur Brisbane 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 1917?

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 communions 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 anopheles mosquito, always present, has been spreading the germs. He cannot do that unless he first bites a malaria carrier.

Haile Selassie's fighting Gen. Dejazmach 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 our 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 Dejazmach 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 30 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.

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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 11 by 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. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creosolium. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creosolium, 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 Creosolium and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creosolium 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 in about the same condition and she was soon all right."

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Removes Dandruff, Itches, Itching, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. For sale at all drug stores.
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Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 50, 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 wafers today. Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Product, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

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CAUGHT IN THE WILD
By Robert Ames Bennet

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

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