

Inebriate Youth Should

Have Been Tossed Anchor He is what, for lack of a better name, is sometimes called a young man about town. On the morning after he is clinging for support to a lamp post.

An individual connected with the street cleaning department walks up to a hydrant, dragging a length of hose behind him, and, fitting a wrench to the cap, proceeds to unscrew it.

"Don't—please don't!" cries the youth anchored to the lamp post. "Don't do what?" asked the functionary, halting in astonishment. "Don't wind up this street any tighter. She's splinnin' round too fast as it is!"—Bystander.

Glaciers in United States

Are Rapidly Melting Away The largest glacial system in the continental United States, exclusive of Alaska, is rapidly melting away. It is the Mount Rainier system, comprising 28 glaciers with an area of nearly 50 square miles.

C. Frank Brockman recently pointed out in American Forests that Nisqually, third largest and most accessible of the group, is receding at an average rate of 72 feet a year.—Literary Digest.

Lightning Decided

A special committee met in Proville to discuss preservation of the city's landmark, the largest tree in France. A 201-year-old cedar, it towered 100 feet and measured 30 feet in circumference. While the committee argued, a storm split the tree asunder.

The Man Who Knows

Whether the Remedy You are taking for Headaches, Neuralgia or Rheumatism Pains is SAFE is Your Doctor. Ask Him

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

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You can get real Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone, but always saying BAYER ASPIRIN when you buy.

Havana Old City Havana was founded by Diego Velasquez in 1515.

For Bad Feeling Due to Constipation Get rid of constipation by taking Black-Draught as soon as you notice that bowel activity has slowed up or you begin to feel sluggish. Thousands prefer Black-Draught for the refreshing relief it has brought them.

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CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

WNU Service

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SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as nearly "worthless." Lilith Ramill, product of the jazz age, plainly shows her contempt for Garth.

CHAPTER I—Continued

The girl stopped in the entrance to peer around the cubbyhole kitchen, her scarlet-smeared lips curled with disgust. Though soap-clean, everything in the place looked crude. The air was choky from the smell of cheap bacon.

Huxby sprang up to place the chair at the near end of the table. He lifted the boiling teapot from the stove and started to fill a tin cup with the black brew.

"Pardon our not waiting, Lilith," he apologized. "I did not wish to wake you with the refueling. Planned to do it while you breakfasted."

"Quite thoughtful of you, darling. But you need not think I'll drink this lye or eat any of these beastly messes. Not for me. You can have your steerage garbage. I'll keep to cabin fare."

She faced about and went back through the passage. Huxby stood hesitating. Mr. Ramill motioned him to sit down.

"You stocked the cabin with enough wines and delicatessen to last several days. Finish your meal."

The mining engineer shot a glance at Garth. "I've had enough oats to founder a Scotch cow. May as well see to the refueling."

Tobin rose stiffly and followed Huxby into the storeroom. Mr. Ramill took a last sip of the boiled tea, favored Garth with a patronizing smile, and opened his gold-mounted cigar case to offer one of the choice Havanas.

Garth declined. "I never smoke. It deadens the nose."

"Deadens—What's that?" "Though man has the sense of smell, compared with dogs he lacks the ability to scent. Yet even a trace of it may be of use in the bush."

The investor's portly body quivered to his chuckle. "I've heard of nosing out prospects! First time, though, it's been done by my knowledge." He caught himself up. "At least, Mr. Huxby considers it possible your discovery may be worth an examination. That leaves only the question of terms, in case we find the mine promising enough for me to make an offer."

Garth spared an inquiring glance. The portly gentleman gave him a bland smile.

"I believe in encouraging prospectors. They find new districts. With that in view, I buy numbers of undeveloped prospects, taking the risk of heavy losses. Though I drop thousands on some mines, I have made a fortune from others. But the average prospector, like yourself, stakes his all. Ninety-nine times in a hundred, he is cleaned out by total failure. If your lode looks at all possible, I'll pay you up to a thousand dollars cash for it."

"I'm not selling," Garth said. "I like to play a game through to the end, win or lose."

The investor's eyes hardened. "What's your idea?"

"One year's lease, and sixty per cent of the gross returns to me."

Mr. Ramill blinked. "Sixty per cent of gross! You're crazy!"

"Like a fox. Same kind of nose." It was Garth's turn to smile. "Not so keen, though, for galena. Better for scenting out alloys of gold, iridium and platinum."

The last word knocked the benevolent encouragement of prospectors speechless. Yet, after a moment of blank staring, he managed a half-pitying look.

"Daff!" he muttered. "That must be it. These prospectors, alone in the wilds for months at a time! He raised his voice. "Too bad, young man. If you'd make it gold and silver, I might have been able to swallow the bait. But platinum! That's a bit too thick. Platinum is found in quantity only in Russia. Very little anywhere else. Only a minute quantity in North America."

He rose as if to go. Garth gave him a regretful look.

"Yes—too bad, sir. Now I'll have to wait until the ice goes out next year before I can dupe a gull into taking that lease."

Mr. Ramill left the kitchen without seeming to heed this plaint. When Garth followed him into the storeroom, he was quieting some dispute between Huxby and Tobin. The visitors put on their headnets and walked down to the wharf.

Garth went into the bunkroom. Before long Tobin came to open the door a handbreadth. He chuckled.

"Uh—lad, you got your hook in their gills. Pilot's tinkering with the motor. Changed the oil, but no move to refuel. Ain't rushin' to flop off."

Garth kept on lathering his beard.

When he came out, his cartridge belt was buckled about his waist. It held his sheath-knife and belt-ax. In one hand he carried his rifle, in the other the rest of his small outfit, strapped on his pack board.

Down on the wharf Mr. Ramill puffed cigar smoke through his headset while he watched Huxby's examination of the motor and propeller. Miss Ramill was not in sight.

"Right-o, Tobin," said Garth. "Shaming it is. When that bus came down, you never heard a sweeter motor—every cylinder hitting true. Wish I felt as sure of that southbound Belanca."

"Don't fash yourself, Mr. Garth. She'll make Fort Smith on schedule." "Then here goes for my next lay."

He went down the slope to lay his pack and rifle a little way out from the base of the wharf. After that he fetched his canoe from the bank. He swung it down into the shallow water within close reach of the pack.

Mr. Ramill came shoreward rather hurriedly for so dignified a gentleman. "One moment, Garth. I've consulted with my engineer partner. He still thinks it may be worth our while to investigate your prospect."

"What! In view of my terms?" "They're outrageous! Still, it is just possible the—er—mine might jus-

He lifted his pack up again on the wharf, and swung the canoe over his head.



He Lifted His Pack Up Again on the Wharf, and Swung the Canoe Over His Head.

tify them. The least we can do is to inspect the lode. I make no deals sight unseen."

Garth spoke as if to himself: "An air ride, free, and only a few hours' delay. Time enough to make the trip out before the freeze-up."

He lifted his pack up again on the wharf, and swung the canoe over his head to take it back to its previous position, bottom up, on the bank. When he returned he carried his pack and rifle out to the airplane. From the cabin came the rhythmic dissonance of a jazz-dance tune. The plane evidently was equipped with a long-distance radio receiver.

Through the wire gauze of the big rear window he saw Miss Ramill reclining on the heaped pillows of an unmade berth. The shelf at her elbow held tinned and package foods and a wine bottle. Garth laid down his rifle and pack on the wharf near the doorsteps.

Ashore, at the storeroom, he found Huxby trying to boss Tobin into helping tote the gasoline. Annoyed by the old man's refusal, and still more by the indignity of mechanic's labor, the pilot engineer took up a case of twin five-gallon gasoline tins in his arms and started cautiously down the slope to the wharf.

Had Garth taken the same load, either he or Huxby would have had to return for the other two cases. He roped three cases together and tipped the thirty-gallon load upon his back. As if the pack had been a featherweight, he went down the stony slope with the smooth gliding step of a moccasin wearer.

Out at the end of the wharf, a deft stoop and twist lowered his heavy pack upon the planks without a jar. As he straightened up he saw Miss Ramill step down from the cabin. She had donned her leather pilot trousers and jacket but held the helmet in her hand.

Through the mesh of her headnet he saw that her eyes were lidstrons from wine. They gazed out at him with a look of reluctant admiration. No man of her acquaintance had ever toted such a back-breaking pack, either lightly or at all. But her forced respect gave place to a show of disdain when he ventured a friendly smile.

"How gallant!" she jeered. "He has sacrificed his whiskers. Can it be he hopes to enliven the fair sex?"

"Was that why I shaved?" Garth inquired. "Feminine intuition is wonderful. I thought I did it to make dooping easier."

"Oh, you mean what they call fly dope. But I see none of the sticky or-

smelly mess they tell about. Your face looks clean."

"Thanks for the compliment. But I'll soon have to take to the usual grease and spruce pitch. Just used the last of my frogite."

The girl flushed with resentment. "Frogite! Don't lie to me. I know how you westerners tell fantastic falsehoods to tenderfeet."

"You do? By the way, in the North we say cheebacos, not tenderfeet. As for the frogite, it's no fancy. Years ago, Seton remarked the fact that mosquitoes never sting frogs. I—er—I know a man who experimented and who finally obtained chemically the substance exuded by the skin of frogs. Too bad I've run out of the dope. There are plenty of pests where we are going. You'll have to keep behind your nets—or take to grease and pitch."

Before the girl could reply, Huxby called down for more gasoline. He had managed to get one tin of his case up to the cockpit and had emptied it into a wing tank.

Garth swung up to him with a whole case balanced on his shoulder. It was far easier than totting a deer over broken country. After hoisting aboard the other cases and Huxby's second tin, he ducked under the front strut of the wing. His rifle and pack lay where he had left them.

The radio had been tuned in on what probably was the Edmonton relay of the London metal market report. The announcer started to give the last quoted price on platinum: "Refined platinum, per troy ounce, twelve pounds, seven shillings and—"

A whine and shriek like static cut across the voice. The loud-speaker blared into jazz.

Splashes told that Huxby was tossing the empty cans and cases into the river, instead of down on the wharf. That small yet wanton waste proved that the mining engineer was a stranger in the North.

Garth stooped forward under the wing strut with his rifle. Miss Ramill stood with her very artificially waved semi-bobbed hair bared to the breeze. Upon taking off her mosquito net to put on the leather flying helmet, a swarm of insects had at once attacked her. She was trying to flir them off in order to replace the protecting gauze.

"D—n your North country!" she exploded.

"Wait till you reach one of our muskewampis, Miss Ramill. You'll call this heaven. But why the flying suit? Going to pilot the bus?"

"Is that any of your business?" "None whatever. Pardon my impertinent curiosity. Only, as there are not three seats in the cockpit, I was moved to wonder if you, instead of your fiance, are to be my riding mate."

"Yours!" "How else? Or does the gentleman imagine he can find my prospect without a guide?"

"Dad will make you give Vivian your route map. I'll not let you have my seat."

This time Garth did not smile. The girl was due for a lesson. "Suit yourself—and tell Huxby he can head for the North pole."

"Indeed!" "Quite so. He and your father can go there, or to the other place—and you with them. You're not only a selfish snob. You're a brainless fool to fancy a southern pilot can back-trail a canoe-route through unmapped forest and muskewampis."

The girl's blue eyes flared with outraged pride and vanity. Garth smiled. He had paid her back in full for her arrogance. It was worth waiting over until another season for his fortune, up in that hidden valley of the Rockies.

But before he could stoop under the strut to recover his pack from the cabin, the girl called out to him: "Wait. I did not understand. If it's really necessary for you to act as Vivian's guide—but you had no call to be so rude."

Though he turned back, it was with no intention of humbling himself. He was not duped by her seeming change to amiability. It had been too sudden for sincerity.

"A woman has no more right to be rude than has a man," he replied. "When I hear you apologize, I'll consider whether an apology is due from me."

The smile left her rouge-smeared lips. He had never before seen so disagreeable a look on any woman's face. But before she could find words to vent her feelings, Huxby peered down over the side of the cockpit, flushed from exertion and annoyance.

"Don't be all day, Garth. Cast off the lines—Sorry, Lilith, that I'm not to have your company."

"Don't worry, old dear," she said. "This woody pest will soon be a thing of the past. Only a few hours of the affliction, and we'll be rid of him."

CHAPTER II

Treachery.

Garth followed Miss Ramill in under the monoplane's wing. He did not offer to hand the girl up into the cabin or help ship the steps. Women's rights did not include courtesies in return for insults.

He cast off the tall mooring line and swung aboard, with the coiled rope and his rifle. As the plane drifted clear, the breeze swerved it head off from shore. Huxby paused a moment to jerk out a question: "Route?"

For answer, Garth pointed westerly. Huxby set the propeller whirling with the self-starter. With rapidly increasing headway, the plane skimmed out on the smooth river.

Rifle between knees, Garth settled down upon the cockpit seat at the pilot's elbow. Huxby was first to speak. When the plane soared above the west bank of the great river, he leaned close to shout a repetition of his question: "Route?"

Garth looked overside before pointing. The plane had climbed nearly a thousand feet.

Even to a man who had spent years in the North, this view of the sub-arctic landscape was a puzzling maze. On the ground, Garth would have had slight trouble retracing the course he had followed in and out of the wilderness. From the air, everything looked different. For all his flying experience, Garth could not, as he had expected, strike a bee-line. Though he knew the general direction of his find, he was unable to guide the plane as the crow flies.

At his sign to bank, Huxby frowned but brought the plane around in a wide curve. Very soon, upriver from the refueling station, Garth sighted the small swamp stream on which he had begun and ended his trip into the unknown. This was a familiar point of departure. From it he again directed the pilot to the westward.

Somewhat under an hour later, the swamps and low ridges ended at the upheave of an eastward thrust mountain range. A near view of the barren peaks caused Garth to twist the course about on a sharp angle to the southwest. Those mountains had not appeared any too familiar. The difficulty of finding landmarks recognizable from the air had not lessened. For days on his trip in and out, he had traveled through dense forests of spruce that shut off almost all wide views, even of the mountains.

The westward rise of the country had by now forced the plane up another thousand feet. Higher slopes ahead called for still more altitude. The jagged skyline reared a thousand feet or more higher than the plane. Huxby started to climb. Until within a mile of the savage cliffs he ignored Garth's advice to lessen the angle. Then, as the plane swept past an out-jutting peak on the right, Garth signified towards the gap between it and the main mass.

The highest point of the pass was more than half a thousand feet lower than the plane. Huxby pushed the stick forward and shot down for the gap on a long slant. The monoplane soon dove in between the towering precipices and steeply pitched side slopes of the immense cleft. A little more, and the cleft crooked to the north. The plane banked around the turn. Below the bend the cleft widened in the nerve of a glacier. Farther down the expanse of snow-ice pinched into a narrow gulch. The gulch ran down into a deep mountain-rimmed valley. Down the rough bed tumbled a stream of milky glacier water.

Garth noted moving dots on the tundra and white specks on the rocky slopes above them. But Huxby saw neither the caribou nor the mountain sheep. He had at once spotted the lake in the valley bottom. He angled on down as if to plunge into the silvery sparkling ripples of the lake. The monoplane swooped above the upper shore and drove on towards the foot of the lake at full speed. Garth pointed to the isthmus from the glacier stream, and signified for a descent.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Snail, a Mollusk, Belongs to Land, Water Variety

A snail is a mollusk and properly belongs only to mollusks living on land or in fresh water, which, says a writer in the Montreal Herald, are classified as Pulmonates because they have lungs (Latin, pulmo) and breathe air instead of extracting oxygen from water by means of gills as do the sea-mollusks. These pulmonates are of three kinds: 1, those living on land; 2, those living in fresh water; 3, slugs. Both of the first two are protected by shells to which they are permanently attached, yet may extend the body to some distance outside of them. The third kind (slugs) have no visible shell, only a small plate beneath the skin, and are wholly terrestrial. All these are virtually alike in internal structure, subsist mainly on vegetable food, are of two sexes, and reproduce by means of eggs.

As a snail, carrying its shell upright on its back, crawls slowly along all we see of it is the squarish head at the forward end of a soft but muscular, tapering body called the "foot," the under surface of which is a tough, elastic sole by slight movement of which the animal hitches itself forward.

"Clermont," Fulton's Steamboat The steamboat built by Robert Fulton was called the "Clermont."

Skeletons in Armor Suits

Are Found on Battle Site

Skeletons fully arrayed in medieval armor have been found in excavations in the vicinity of Venice, all in a perfect state of preservation. Workers engaged on excavations for the new great canal which is under construction in the picturesque district surrounding Stra, came across what undoubtedly must have been the scene of a great battle in the days of the ancient Venetian republic.

One of the many skeletons in armor was found to have a sword still between the ribs. Presumably the man fell in battle and has lain undisturbed all these centuries. Quantities of ancient weapons and armor also were found, together with beautifully modeled vases which, when the centuries old dirt had been washed away, were found to be painted by hand with designs and figures, the colors being perfectly preserved.

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