

# CAUGHT in the WILD

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

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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 airway 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 II—Continued**

The plane nosed down so steeply that the pontoons went under. Fortunately the craft was almost fool-proof. She bobbed up without plunging to the bottom. Huxby taxied shoreward against the current from the stream and the thrust of the down-gulch breeze.

Garth stood up to pilot the plane. A clump of spruces stood a few yards in from the water-smoothed ledge on the right bank of the stream mouth. Huxby obeyed the signal to shut off the motor. As the propeller ceased to spin the plane glided in between the banks of the outrushing stream.

Uncoupling the line as he went, Garth ran out on the right wing. From the overhang he leaped down on the shelf ledge and bounded along it to the nearest spruce. The plane had already lost its headway and was starting to drift backwards in the swift outswirl of the stream.

The line tautened as Garth whipped it around the tree trunk. To make doubly safe, he used the last foot for a pair of half hitches. He knew what would happen if the plane should drift free with no pilot aboard.

Snubbed fast, the monoplane swung to the near bank and lay with the right-hand float snug against the polished waterline of the ledge. Huxby came out on the wing and jumped off to peer down the glassy slope of rock at the pontoon.

"Not so bad," he admitted. "I had the plane picked out," Garth replied. "The rock is very slick. There'll be no need of fenders during our few hours' stay."

The engineer pilot shoved his goggles up on the front of his helmet. "How's that? 'Picked out,' you say. Been around airplanes, have you?"

"I know how rough stone will chafe a boat," Garth replied. "Your floats are a kind of canoe. Can you get Mr. Ramill and his daughter ashore by way of the wing?"

Miss Ramill called from the cabin: "Why didn't you pick a decent landing place, Vivian? We never can get ashore up this smooth sloping rock. The steps are no use. You'll have to make a gangway for Dad and me."

Garth vaulted upon the wing and walked in along it to the fuselage. The girl leaned from the big rear window of the cabin. "Give me your hand," Garth said. "I'll swing you up on the wing."

He knelt above her on the cabin roof and reached down. Her lips curled in a contemptuous smile. "If that's the best you can do, I'll stay right here. I've no wish to go bawling."

"In that case, get out of the way. Your father wishes to see my prospect. I'll not waste time building a needless gangway."

She was the heiress to millions and had been reared in prodigal luxury. Never had she been treated so cavalierly as by this buckskin-clad prospector. She turned to her fiancé.

"Vivian, you heard the insolent fellow!" Huxby grasped the wing tip to pull himself up. The girl's father spoke over her shoulder: "Stay where you are, Vivian. We're here to look at Garth's mine. He has agreed to help Lilith and me ashore. If she prefers to remain aboard, she may do so."

The girl looked both surprised and angered. She drew back into the cabin. Her father thrust out his head from the window to look up at Garth. "Won't it be more than you can manage? I weigh over two hundred."

For reply, Garth reached down. The portly millionaire hung in Garth's grasp almost like a dead weight. Yet Garth swung him bodily up and around on the wing.

He led the limping gentleman out to the far end, near the tip, and lowered him down upon the top of the ledge. Before he could follow, Miss Ramill called out to him: "Come back for me. It should be safe enough. You did not drop Dad."

Garth looked up the gulch, smiled, and went to swing the girl out of the window. Up on the wing she clutched his shoulder as if to steady herself. Her scarlet-smared lips curved in a patronizing smile.

"You're wonderfully strong!" "More knuck than muscle." "Both! It was simply marvelous how you lifted Dad without losing your balance."

Out near the wing tip Garth drew his arm free from her clasp, caught her by the elbows, and lowered her into Huxby's upthrust hands. She looked up and smiled. "So nice of you, old dear. Now, if you'll fetch

a cup, I'm dying to try a drink of this delightful-looking milky water."

"The dying would be more apt to follow your drink," Garth replied. He sprang down beside her father. "Your milk is rock-flour ground off by the glacier. It's apt to be a dangerous drink. There's clear water where we're going."

He caught up his rifle, and set off aslant the easy upslope from the lake shore. The others followed after him, picking their way between the scraggy branches of the spruce trees. Before long the trees dwarfed down into timberline scrub.

"What an odd-colored stone!" The girl turned to stare resentfully at the desolate grandeur of the mountains across the valley. "Did you ever see such a horrible place? It's almost as bad as those ash-heaps mountains in the Mohave desert. Come along, Dad. Don't keep us here forever. This raw hole makes me sick."

Her father spoke irritably: "You wouldn't listen when I advised you to remain at Edmonton. Why didn't you stay in the cabin, instead of following me ashore?"

"Oh, tune off," she complained. "It's quite enough to've dragged myself out on this God-for-saken dirt pile. Even the berries are sour. I'm going back. There ought to be a dance program on somewhere. Only thing, can Vivian get me up into the cabin?"

He looked expectantly at Garth. The smile she gave him jerked the attention of her fiancé away from the purpose that had brought them ashore.

"I'll swing you aboard easy enough, Lilith," he said. Garth spoke to him without a trace of amusement: "If you ask me, I think this little walk to the mine would be good exercise for Miss Ramill. When I left here, last month, there was a she-grizzly with two cubs back along the lake shore. They may have gone off; maybe not. That pistol of yours wouldn't be of much use if you happened to blunder between the old lady and her young ones."

"You saw the beast, yet did not kill her," scoffed Huxby. "Pretty thin!" "Not at all; she was quite fat. It happened, though, I had no need of meat or bear skins. Also, she was as willing as I was to live and let live, just so I kept away from her cubs."

Mr. Ramill started to overtake him. "Lead ahead, Garth. I came here to see your prospect, not to talk about shooting."

Garth went on, up aslant the tundra. When he came to where the smooth slope dropped into a shallow trough, a barkward glance showed the girl and Huxby loitering along behind her father. The portly millionaire came panting up beside Garth.

"Well?" he asked. "There's my claim," Garth answered. "My lower stake is down at that cross dyke of gneiss, a thousand feet or so from the lake shore. The upper one stands about three hundred feet below those slide ledges. You could stake a claim above mine, but I doubt if you'd find pay dirt. There is none at all between the lower stake and the lake. The dyke stopped the downdrift of the alloy. I sampled several acres. Beginning at the grass roots and going down to frost, the dirt ran from five to ten dollars a pan. This trough is a placer pocket—a cache filled by the age-long downdrift from those disintegrated veins up the mountain. My claim covers all or nearly all the deposit, and it is worth several hundred thousand dollars, if not a million."

The cool certainty of Garth's statement compelled belief. Mr. Ramill's ruddy face went blank. His daughter looked at Garth with a sudden change from boredom and disdain to an interest that verged on respect. Here was sensation—something new. The despised woody vagabond of the wilds was not a pauper, after all! It was like a play, the wandering beggar boy disclosing himself to be the true prince. He had said, "a million!"

Like the older man, Huxby had put on his poker face. He was not so successful, however, in keeping the glint out of his eyes. He had yet to make his fortune.

"So it's a million?" he scoffed. "No wonder you prospectors go crazy. Find a little placer you guess has some gold in it, and you think you've located a mint. Five to ten dollars a pan! Why, Jack, your metal wouldn't give you half a dollar a pan, even if your small percentage of gold was alloyed with silver, instead of lead."

Garth smiled. "My mistake bothering you to test that sample. Just chew on this, my friend: A good many sordoughs might not be able to identify that gray-white metal. But only a chechahco would be unable to recognize that it is not galena or silver."

This silenced the engineer for the moment. Mr. Ramill favored Garth with his blandest smile. "Technicians like Huxby are too apt to imagine that the rest of us know nothing. Now, admitting for the sake of the argument that your guess regarding the alloy is correct, suppose we sample your prospect?"

For reply, Garth led down into the trough to where a moss-bedded spring

trickled down from pool to pool. He stopped beside a shallow dugout, roofed with spruce branches, moss and dirt. Under it lay a small shovel and pickax, a worn gold pan, and a little aluminum cooking pot.

Garth turned to Huxby. "There's the pan. Get your samples and go to it." "How do I know your holes aren't salted?"

"You don't know anything. Why not scratch down to gravel yourself? Or perhaps I salted all the trough, before I laid on this blanket of grass and moss."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "Mining engineers have to guard against fraud as well as error, Garth. I was salted once myself, in my callow days. Just to ease his professional conscience, suppose you clear gravel for us midway between here and the staked hole down there."

"That's my discovery stake," Garth replied. "Wasn't looking for gold in this trough. Just happened to notice the gray metal where the spring gush of the rill had torn the moss from the gravel. About my digging, I must be to be excused. What if I should happen to drop a handful of that galena into the hole, when your expert was not looking?"

Ignoring the irony, Huxby pulled the shovel from the dugout shelter and gouged into a bed of moss. Mr. Ramill stooped his portly body to pick up the gold pan.

Huxby shoveled clear the moss and black humus from a space two feet or more square. He tossed aside a few stones the size of his fist, and took the gold pan from Mr. Ramill to load it with gravel. They went a few steps downslope to the edge of a lower pool.

None too deftly, Huxby dipped water into the pan and began to rotate the contents. After more than twice the time an old prospector would have needed for the operation, the mining engineer worked the pan clear of all except a spoonful of small dull nodules.

Miss Ramill had stretched out to bask in the summer warmth. With the upslant of the sun towards the noon of the nineteen-hour day, the

breeze had died down. The calm brought a swarm of mosquitoes upslope from the lake shore. The girl put on her headnet, covered the unbooted part of her legs with caribou moss, and resumed her sun bath.

Out of the tail of his eye Garth watched Huxby and Mr. Ramill. When he saw the two get their net-draped heads together over the gold pan, he rose and went towards them. The tread of his moccasins was noiseless. Before the two noticed his approach, he stood looking down over their shoulders.

"Not half bad for a starter," he said. "At least five dollars in your first pan."

"Hardly that value," replied Mr. Ramill. "Admitting there is some platinum in this alloy, I am afraid you're a far too sanguine young man. Call it five per cent platinum and five of gold. That leaves ninety per cent of silver and lead, with of course traces of iridium and osmium."

"Yes, move the decimal point of your million three places to the left, Jack," said Huxby. "It brings your wonderful fortune down to a few thousands. To sluice this placer, freight out the alloy, and pay for separating the metals will leave slim profits. There may be none at all."

"Too bad you've had all your trouble for nothing," Garth replied. "I counted on your finding it a real strike—the first big platinum deposit located in North America."

Mr. Ramill rose to lay a consoling hand on his shoulder. "Never mind, my boy. You'll recall what I told you about my encouraging worthy prospectors. I stand by that now. I will give you two thousand dollars for this prospect, and take the chance of getting back my money by large-scale placering."

"You're too generous," Garth protested. "I couldn't think of taking your money. In fact, I'll have to own up I had a little testing acid with me when I happened upon this gray alloy. So, as I do not believe in cheating, suppose we head back for the Mackenzie."

The millionaire mine buyer chuckled and clapped him on the back. "Boy, you're a whole lot less a fool than you look."

Huxby stared hard. Then, pocketing the alloy, he went for the shovel. "Good idea," Garth said. "A pan from above Discovery, one below, and the same from three or four hundred feet out each side—they'll tell you whether or not it's merely a small pocket."

Without replying, Huxby set off up the trough. Mr. Ramill limped slowly after him. Miss Ramill appeared to have fallen asleep. She lay still, protected by her net from the mosquitoes that tinged about her head.

Relieved from the company of his unpleasant travel mates, Garth stretched out like the girl. He thought of the vast length of time that had been required to erode the side of the mountain above him. Nature had spent ages in collecting these hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of precious alloy upon which he now lay basking. And he had chanced to stumble upon the treasure near the end of a trip of which exploration and adventure had been the prime motive and prospecting only a side issue. Now, by law, he was sole owner of all this wealth.

He thought of the two men upslope whom he had brought to share in his good fortune. They had thanked him by seeking to lie and cheat him out of it all. But that was the nature of far too many men. There was no reason to be surprised or angered. They had failed to outplay him with their stacked cards. He looked at a clump of alpine blossoms close beside his elbow, and smiled.

Upslope he heard the swirl of gravel in the gold pan. After a time the sound died. His keen ear caught the dull tread of heavy feet on the turf. Mr. Ramill turned toward Garth. "We will go back to the plane for lunch while considering the matter."

"Only for a short time," Huxby qualified. "I intend to return here for more sampling. No need of your troubling to join us."

Garth saw that his company was not wanted. "Thanks. I'm not hungry. Come to think, I'll go down to the lake and make sure my old lady grizzly isn't lurking in the bush."

"Your phantom bear," mocked Miss Ramill. "Watch out she doesn't make a ghost of you."

Under cover of his smile at the gibe, Garth caught the glance that passed between her father and Huxby. The girl had said it. "Watch out" was the word.

He swung down the trough with no sign of hurry. The length of his gliding stride made his movements appear leisurely. Without looking back, he slanted in among the scrubby spruces. A mass of the dense evergreens put him out of sight of the three chechahcos up on the open tundra. He turned sharp to the right. Midway down the brush-fringed lake shore, the tall spruces stood well spaced. He broke into a run.

A vista between the trees offered him a view upslope. He halted behind a screen of young aspens to look. The three had already reached the side of the trough. They started to hurry on aslant the mountainside. Lilith Ramill and Huxby had the girl's heavy-bodied father between them. They were helping him along twice as fast as he could have made it without their aid.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Alcohol in Body Cannot Ignite, Chemists Assert**

According to popular belief, the body of a person soaked with alcohol is combustible. Cases of the spontaneous combustion of the body have been reported, especially in France, when the first instance of this kind is said to have happened in 1725.

The spontaneous burning of an alcohol-soaked body is a popular belief in Rumania, according to a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Prof. A. Eifer of Cluj, in a lecture before the Hygienic society, is reported by the Bucharest correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association as saying that "in past centuries it was earnestly deemed possible that the alcohol laden breath of a tippler may catch fire from the glow of an oven or even from his own pipe."

In 1847, the Countess Gorlitz was said to have become ignited spontaneously in Darmstadt, Germany, and burned to death. A commission whose members included the greatest chemical experts of the age, Leibig and Bischoff, studied this case and completely refuted the theory of spontaneous combustion.

Where Joan Hid  
The catacombs at St. Aignan, France, where Joan of Arc once hid her army, are now used for wine storage.

## BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Not Spoiled by Money  
Freedom of the Air  
500 Air Miles for \$6  
Jones Still Will Lend

Another airplane record. Howard Hughes, flying 18,000 feet up much of the way, came from Los Angeles to Newark in 9 hours 27 minutes 10 seconds. High up, where air resistance is less, using a super-charging engine and helping his own lungs with oxygen from a tank, Mr. Hughes beat the existing record held by Col. Roscoe Turner of 10 hours 2 minutes 51 seconds.



Arthur Brisbane

Mr. Hughes proves that being rich does not always spoil young Americans. He flew from ocean to ocean without a stop, 2,450 miles, at an average speed of 200 miles an hour.

Big broadcasting companies refuse to allow the Republican party to broadcast "laughable skits" on the "New Deal."

Now, or after some worth-while upheaval, "freedom of the air" will have to be dealt with as was "freedom of the press" when the Constitution was written.

For radio companies to say to the party in power, "Because we fear you we shall take you to every home in the country and let you say what you please, and shall refuse to give the same publicity to your opponents," might not suit the American idea.

It is good news that Henry Ford has gone back to airplane building. His last trimotor plane was produced in 1931.

His new two-passenger plane, with V-8 engine turning the propeller 4,000 times a minute, carries 30 gallons of gasoline, with a flying range above 500 miles. Five hundred miles of air travel for \$6 worth of gasoline for two passengers would be cheap transportation.

Henry Ford will begin manufacturing planes seriously, "if and when conditions demand volume production worth while."

Jess Jones, chairman of Reconstruction Finance corporation, tells the banks that he will go on lending government money until they make credit and loans easier.

Mr. Jones says: "The big fellow, with unquestionable credit, borrows on his own terms, at low rates. Credit for the average business is too sparingly given, at much higher rates."

There is rioting in Porto Rico, numbers killed and wounded in various places. It is said a Porto Rico "Young Men's party" has decided to separate Porto Rico from the United States, inspired perhaps by the departure of the Philippines.

It is supposed that this government will tell the "Young Porto Rico" gentlemen that they will not be allowed to separate, and might as well forget about it.

This country, in the way of protection, resources, education and civilization, is necessary to Porto Rico, and strategically Porto Rico is useful to the United States.

What would England say if Jamaica should announce "We wish to leave the British Empire?"

The beginning of the new year in Germany sees the death of 1,000 newspapers, "suspended" by official order because they opposed Nazi rule. Chancellor Hitler perhaps remembers Napoleon's statement: "If I granted liberty of the press, my government could not last three weeks."

He might also remember that some governments that refused liberty of the press have also failed to last. The government of the czars was of that kind. Sitting on the safety valve is one way, but not the safest.

Mr. S. L. Rothafel, known to theatergoers as "Roxy," is dead at fifty-three. While he slept his heart stopped, like a watch not wound. Men die too young in America, and weakened hearts kill many. Life spent without exercise or an adequate supply of oxygen explains the deaths. Man is physically a machine; his heart is the engine, and heart disease kills more useful men than any other disease in modern times.

Signs of recovery, most important, are increased sales of automobiles, increased use of telephones. Mr. Gifford of the big telephone company shows that in December, 1933, the number of telephones increased 47,848, against a 21,146 increase in December, 1934.

"Little rains," which we should call hard rains in this country, interfere with Mussolini's operations in Ethiopia. Soon will come the "big rains," torrential downpours, making roads impassable, except concrete roads. The Italians have built some highways. There are, however, other roads, unknown to ancient Ethiopia—the roads of the air.

Mussolini's men may continue on those roads, with disastrous results for Ethiopia, in spite of rains, "little" and "big."

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## Pension Plan for Employees Announced by Wrigley Co.

Recognizing the advantage and fairness of social security to workers and being in favor of an old age pension plan, the Wm. Wrigley Jr. company, has announced a pension plan, for its employees, effective at once. More than 1,300 employees are affected by the move. Under the Wrigley plan the company and employees contribute for future service pension on a fifty-fifty basis. The plan provides for employees to be retired at the age of sixty-five.

## Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

## Law of Progress

Progress invented the great loom, banished the spinning wheel, and the same law of progress has made the woman of today a different woman from her grandmother—both the best of their time.



**JACK SPRATT**  
NOW EATS FAT  
AND ANYTHING ELSE IN SIGHT,  
NO STOMACH SOUR  
CAN KNOCK HIM FLAT...  
FOR TUMS HAVE SOLVED HIS PROBLEMS!

## WHO ELSE WANTS TO FORGET SOUR STOMACH?

THE way to eat favorite foods and avoid heartburn, sour stomach, gas and other symptoms of acid indigestion is no secret now. Millions carry Tums. Nothing to mix up. No drenching your stomach with harsh liquids, which doctors say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Just enough of the antacid in Tums is released to neutralize the stomach. The rest passes on inert. Cannot over-acidize the stomach or blood. You never know when, so carry a roll always. 10c at all druggists.

**TUMS FOR THE TUMMY**  
TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

**FOUND!**  
My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE!  
"Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best. It is quick and gentle. Quickest because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuritic aches—periodic pains."

## Lady Took Cardui When Weak, Nervous

"I can't say enough for Cardui if I talked all day," enthusiastically writes Mrs. L. H. Caldwell, of Statesville, N. C. "I have used Cardui at intervals for twenty-five years," she adds. "My trouble in the beginning was weakness and nervousness. I read of Cardui in a newspaper and decided right then to try it. It seemed before I had taken half a bottle of Cardui I was stronger and was soon up and around."  
Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

## Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?  
Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.  
Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

## DOAN'S PILLS

**Rheumacide**  
Indicated as an Alternative in the Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains  
At All Druggists  
Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors  
Baltimore, Md.

## CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND

For Coughs due to Colds, Minor Bronchial and Throat Irritations  
JAS. BAILEY & SON, Baltimore, Md.