

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 airways emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lillith; 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." Lillith Ramill, product of the jazz age, plainly shows her contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount.

CHAPTER II—Continued

No more was needed to confirm Garth's suspicions. He glided across the glade and ran on through the woods like a startled caribou. The thick growth of spruces screened him from the view of anyone up on the open tundra.

He vaulted upon the wing of the monoplane and ran along it to jump into the cockpit. In a moment he had hold of Huxby's tool-kit. He went at the engine like a skilled airplane mechanic.

When, after a few moments of quick work, he replaced the tool-kit and ran back on the wing, there was a small metal object inside his buckskin shirt. He jumped off and slipped away to an alder thicket, a short distance along the lake bank.

Less than three minutes later, he heard a heavy puffing and wheezing and the snap of dry branches. Then the three staggered into sight. Mr. Ramill was purple from exertion. His mouth gaped wide with his gasps for breath. Neither his daughter nor Huxby was winded. But both were flushed from the exertion of supporting the portly millionaire.

The girl's expression was one of disgust and anger. She stopped several feet short of the plane.

"Oh, d—n! Why the rush? We're out of sight now. I'm going to take a rest."

Her father was beyond words. As she let go of his arm he slumped down with a suddenness that almost pulled Huxby over on top of him. The mining engineer peered back through the spruces, and around at the thicket where Garth lay in wait.

"Just one more go, darling," he appealed. "The fellow must know how to handle his rifle. If he comes in sight of the plane before we get out of range—Please, sweetheart! Remember it means millions to us—millions! I'll give you that emerald necklace we saw at Tiffany's."

"You certainly will! And Dad will do more. I'm to have a third in this mine that you say is worth so much. Is that clear?"

"Yes, darling; take hold," Huxby urged. "We both agree."

She waved him towards the plane. "Fetch a flask. We'll never get him aboard without a bracer."

Huxby ran to vault up on the wing. The girl had pointed out the obvious fact. Her father was in a state of collapse from overexertion. He could not move until revived, and he was too heavy for them to lift bodily.

The engineer swung into the cabin and hastened back ashore with a flask of whisky. During his short absence Mr. Ramill had ceased to gasp. He could draw deeper breaths. Two or three swallows of whisky tanned his flabby muscles. Helped by his daughter and Huxby, he struggled to his feet and staggered out along the rock shelf to the plane.

The wing end stood neck-high above the ledge. While Mr. Ramill took another bracer of whisky, Huxby boosted the girl up on the front edge. She grasped hold of her father's collar. Huxby gripped his thick legs below the knees and heaved. Mr. Ramill's hands were on the wing edge. He pulled with all his whisky-borrowed strength. His corpulent midbody rose above the edge of the wing.

Huxby gave a last upward heave. It enabled the girl to drag her father over on the convex surface. Huxby vaulted after to help her lift the prone millionaire to his feet. They started to lead him along the wing top to the fuselage of the plane.

Behind the backs of the three, Garth stepped clear from the alders and came forward, silent as a stalking lynx. Midway between the head of the plane and the spruce to which it was tied, he stopped and lowered his rifle, butt down, to lean on the muzzle. "Hallo," he sang out. "What's happened? Mr. Ramill III?"

At the first word, Huxby tensed and glanced over his shoulder. He let go of Ramill. After a moment, he jerked around and thrust out his automatic pistol towards Garth.

"Swing up that rifle, butt end forward," he ordered.

"Why, what d'you mean?" Garth questioned, his mouth half agape.

"I mean business," Huxby answered. "Hold up the butt—up above your head; then come forward and lay the rifle on the wing."

"My word, man, you must be stark mad. I've no thought of shooting you."

"I'm taking no chances. Put that rifle on the wing, or I'll fill you full of lead."

"Mad—mad as a March hare," muttered Garth. "Don't shoot."

He lifted the rifle overhead, butt forward, as ordered, and advanced, still gaping. He came within a step of the wing edge and paused. The girl was gazing at him with open contempt. He had been such an easy dupe. Her father looked grave, yet made no move to interpose when Huxby leveled the pistol and took deliberate aim.

CHAPTER III

Outbluffed.

A man of iron nerve might have risked death from the leveled automatic of the mining engineer by taking a sudden dive under the wing of the monoplane. Once in cover, anyone quick with a rifle would have had an even chance against the holder of the pistol.

Garth made no such daring break. He obeyed the order to lay his rifle on the wing top.

"There you are," he said. "That should clear your head of your crazy notion I'm dangerous."

Huxby met this with a cold smile. "You're right in part, you poor fish. It would be crazy to fancy you're at all dangerous. I'm the one who has the gun, and I'm ready to use it. For the lake bank."

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engineer pilot made a hasty examination of the magneto. He sprang out on the wing, in a cold fury.

"The d—d sneak has crippled the motor. Give me the pistol."

Mr. Ramill held up a restraining hand. "One moment, Vivian.—Now, Garth, what have you done?"

Garth smiled. "Merely removed one of the breaker points, Mr. Ramill. It's platinum, you know, and that's what we're bargaining over. The point is quite safe here, inside my shirt."

"Shoot him," said Huxby. "We're not going to be done by a fool trick like this. Shoot the idiot. Go on, chief. He's only a lousy woods bum. It's a matter of a million at the least."

The older man leveled the pistol. "Garth, you heard him. You've played a silly trick. We have the drop on you. If you value your life, bring that stolen breaker point here, and be quick about it."

"How about the line, sir?" Garth inquired. "If I let go, the plane will be swept out into the lake."

"Tie it again."

"What if I'd rather not?"

For the second time Miss Ramill chimed in on the talk: "It would be just too bad for you, woody boy. Dad is a better shot even than Vivian."

"A better shot and a no less cool thinker," Garth replied. "How can I hold this rope if I'm shot? Those falls and the rapids below—Hold on there, Huxby! Not so fast. You can come ashore; but Miss Ramill and her father will come with you. There'll be no rush to catch the line until all three of you are off the wing."

Mr. Ramill started with Huxby out along the wing. His daughter did not move.

"If you fancy I'll leave the plane, you can guess again."

Her father spoke in her ear. None too graciously, she took the offered arm of her fiancé. Side by side, the three came out to the end of the wing. Mr. Ramill handed the pistol to Huxby, and knelt, ready to slide over the front edge. The girl jumped down lightly, without waiting for assistance. Huxby handed her the rifle, laid the pistol on the wing edge, and grasped Mr. Ramill's hands.

As the portly millionaire slid over, off the wing, Garth let go of the rope end and sprang forward. The loop whipped around the spruce trunk. He grasped the slackened line and flipped it out into the swift rush of the milky stream.

The head of the released plane at once started to swing offshore. Huxby grabbed his pistol and leaped down to grasp the wing edge. He shouted for the others to catch hold. But the unexpected bump of the edge against their heads had made both father and daughter crouch down.

Huxby stepped back to brace himself for a shove against the rotary out-thrust of the wing. His rear foot went over the round of the water-polished ledge. The wing thrust him on outwards. Before he could let go, both of his feet were off the ledge top. He slid down with a splash into the swirling water.

The engineer plunged upstream three of four steps to a split in the glassy-faced ledge. He clawed up the crevice and sprang to his feet on the rock shelf, drenched to the armpits by the milky water. But his right hand still grasped his automatic pistol.

Once more Garth seemed to have acted the part of a fool. For a few moments Miss Ramill and her father had crouched motionless, dumfounded by the letting loose of the monoplane and its shove of Huxby off the ledge.

Garth stood like an unconcerned on-looker. While the engineer was still struggling up out of the stream bed, Mr. Ramill took the rifle from his daughter and aimed it at Garth.

"Take your time, Vivian," he called. "I have him covered."

"Hu-wait," panted Huxby. "Leave him—to me."

He stood dripping till he caught his breath. A flirt of the pistol barrel made sure it was free from water. He took a step closer to Garth, his eyes cold, his lips tightened in a bitter smile.

"Another clever trick, Jack—and your last. I'll be generous and give you half a minute for your prayers."

Garth eyed him gravely. "That is indeed generous. Shall I reciprocate by praying that you and Miss Ramill do not suffer too long from the tortures of flies and starvation? Mr. Ramill may possibly be able to get over the pass, though I doubt it. In any event, the first musket will stop him. You and Miss Ramill probably will last for two or three weeks longer."

Huxby glared. "You tricky devil! Clever, aren't you? Here is where you last less than a minute."

"Yes!" Garth smiled. "I might suggest to Mr. Ramill that he reflect upon the inadvisability of murder in Canada. The Northwest Police always get their man. If he is unaware of the fact, I might appeal to the womanly gentleness of Miss Ramill."

"Go ahead," Huxby sneered. "You're welcome to try."

"Why bother them needlessly?" Garth came back at him. "My dear

man, you are no rash fool. Had you been other than what you are, do you suppose I would have walked up so innocently and let you get the drop on me?"

The coolness of tone and look that went with the question compelled Huxby's consideration. His eyes narrowed. "Out with it."

"You see I have you sized up right," Garth replied. "You're neither a hot-head nor a fool. All your moves are based upon cold-blooded calculation. In this case, you'll calculate these factors: If you kill me, you will most certainly starve to death, unless you first sink in the slime of muskeg bog. The only other alternative is for you to stay here and freeze at the first onset of winter. Platinum is of no more use to a dead man than is gold."

The mining engineer stood silent. Garth went on:

"We are speaking of what concerns you most. So I'll not mention the no less certain death of your partner and the lady to whom you are engaged. The other side of my argument is that, if I am not murdered, I can guide you back to the Mackenzie. What if you then had another chance to steal my claim? Wouldn't that be a big inducement?"

"Lower your pistol, Vivian," Ramill ordered. "Garth has us outplayed. He holds the ace. Look at the plane. It's heading straight down the lake towards the falls. There's no chance for it, unless the wind veers."

Garth nodded. "This breeze will keep on blowing down off the glacier until the first autumn blizzard. It's a shame, sir, to crack up so fine a plane. But you would have it."

"I!"

"You and Huxby. You may be a financial pirate. Mr. Ramill; that's not saying you're a hypocrite. You'll not lie that I'm responsible for this mess. I gave you a chance to share my claim. In return, you've done your best to bludge me out of it all. This is the result."

The big "pirate" looked him in the eye.

"I offered you cash down. You refused. Said you wanted to play out the game. So far, you've taken most of the tricks. That monoplane cost me forty thousand dollars. You see it heading for a total loss. Let it go. The question now is the next play—Vivian, what do you suggest?"

Huxby regretfully eyed his pistol. "It's a damnable fact we can't kill the slick devil. We'll tie his hands, and start him guiding us out of this hell-hole at once."

Garth smiled. "What! still up in the air? Better come down to earth and face the other facts also. For the same reason you can't kill me, you can't make me guide you. I know exactly what I was doing when I turned the plane adrift. I knew I was putting you all in a hole out of which none of you can hope to escape without my help. If I die, every one of you will die. I've faced death many times. I am not afraid to meet it. None of you dare chance starvation or freezing. I do not need you, but you must have my help, or perish. Though you now have the guns, I am master of the situation. All three of you will do whatever I consider necessary to get you out alive."

"When do we start?" Huxby demanded to know.

Garth looked at Mr. Ramill. "It's a guess. May be two weeks. More probably three."

Miss Ramill flared, outraged. "What! Hang around this disgusting hole a single day? We'll start this instant." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Duns by Post Forbidden by the U. S. Government

Despite all that has been said on the subject of dunning by postal card, says Pathfinder Magazine, there still exists some confusion on this matter. Section 471 of the United States postal laws and regulations says in part: "Any postal card upon which any delineations, epithets, terms, or language of an indecent, lewd, lascivious, obscene, libelous, scurrilous, defamatory, or threatening character, or calculated by the terms or manner of style of display and obviously intended to reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of another, is unmailable."

Mammoth and Dixon Caves

Mammoth and Dixon caves in Kentucky are mentioned in public documents of record in 1790. It has been proved that Dixon cave is a continuation of Mammoth.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Long Live the King!
Edward Makes Promises
Real Spending Ahead
Tribute to T. R.

King Edward the Eighth, now solemnly proclaimed king, will be remembered as the first king of England that ever flew through the air toward the throne.

He took a separate oath "to respect the Church of Scotland." There is hard fighting back of that.

Edward the Eighth will mount the throne for the first time at a joint session of the lords and commons, and solemnly promise to "maintain the true intent of your enactments to the best of my powers."

After his coronation, the king must formally declare his adherence to the Protestant church, and his obligation "never to marry a Roman Catholic." That dates back to the Stuarts.

King Edward, who is not supposed to contemplate marriage, is the official head of the churches of England and Scotland, and "defender of the faith."

From all the world, "subjects" of the new king and emperor send greetings. Representatives of divine power, churches of every religion, Mohammedan, Hindu, Buddhist, Chinese, Christian and Jewish, speed the dead king on his journey and welcome the new ruler.

If the soldiers get their bonus money there will be some quick spending, enough to quicken the pulse of business while it lasts.

Merchants will get more than \$600,000,000 owing on past accounts, and the observer will notice many new overcoats, dresses and automobiles.

At the opening of New York's \$3,500,000 memorial erected to honor the late Theodore Roosevelt, one speaker praised President Theodore Roosevelt as one who "saw the necessity for keeping both the legislatures and the courts in their proper places."

That perception showed a high spirit, but if some future Theodore Roosevelt should go too far in that direction it might become necessary for the legislatures and the courts to keep that president in his proper place.

Gen. Robert Lee Bullard says this country expects to escape the next war, but Europe plans to drag us in. Besides air bombing and poison gas, General Bullard expects in the next war attacks with disease germs to spread deadly epidemics in the enemy's country. Bubonic plague, scattered from airplanes, infected rats scattered plentifully, might be helpful.

Sometimes literature pays. Kipling left several millions. In America alone his official publishers have sold 3,500,000 copies of his books. At the time of his death "The Jungle Books" alone paid him ten thousand pounds a year.

When you hear foolish talk about "revolution" and getting rid of the Constitution, a remark made by Washington as he signed the Constitution may be recalled:

"Should the states reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again offer to cancel another in peace—the next will be drawn in blood."

Mrs. Abinda French of St. Louis, one hundred and four years old, attributes her long life to "hard work in her youth and a dutiful son in her old age." She gets along without spectacles, is "not interested" in pensions for the aged, and not at all interested in politics. "People get over that," says she, "after they reach one hundred."

Mrs. French sleeps 12 hours a night. That explains some of the 104 years.

The human race gets used to everything. Once our ancestors shivered, fell flat on their faces, when lightning flashed and thunder growled. They thought some demon was after them. Now men put up lightning rods, properly grounded.

Once the comet was considered an avenging messenger aimed straight at sinful man. Today its coming and going are understood and predicted, its path marked out.

Something unpleasant is bound to start somewhere on the earth, with all the new theories, new hatreds, new armaments, new deadly weapons. It might start on the border between Russia and Japan's Manchukuo. When you read, "Russia uses force to halt Japanese," you know the explosion might come at any time.

All would regret bloodshed, but it would be historically interesting to see the ancient autoeracy of the Mikado at war with the modern autoeracy of Stalin. It would be a long fight, probably.

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Turkish Peace
Of all the nations allied with Germany in the World War Turkey was the last to make peace, the first to recover from defeat and the only nation on the losing side with whom terms were negotiated rather than imposed.



Arthur Brisbane

Studio Has 10,500 Props; Range From Armor to Gems

Each movie studio has a property department in which it stores a miscellaneous collection of nearly everything under the sun, says Popular Mechanics. In one collection there are 3,000 heavy pieces ranging from suits of armor to rugs and period bedsteads. Aside from these the studio has 7,500 "hand props" like jewelry and dishes. One room is piled high with different kinds of saddles, a third with paintings. Stands hold various types of umbrellas and walking canes. Wrist watches, necklaces and silverware are laid in cases. On the lot are different kinds of automobile bodies, replicas of ancient carts, and even a collection of small boats.

If a studio needs something that it doesn't own, the chances are the item can be rented from one of the property houses, huge warehouses stocked with equipment.

I FEEL FINE

Mothers read this!



A CONSTIPATED child is so easily straightened out, it's a pity more mothers don't know the remedy.

A liquid laxative is the answer, mothers. The answer to all your worries over constipation. A liquid can be measured. The dose can be exactly suited to any age or need. Just reduce the dose each time, until the bowels are moving of their own accord and need no help.

This treatment will succeed with any child and with any adult. Doctors use liquid laxatives. Hospitals use the liquid form. If it is best for their use, it is best for home use. And today, there are fully a million families that will have no other kind in the house.

The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a doctor's prescription, now so widely known that you can get it all ready for use at any drugstore.

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