THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the air-ways emergency station. In it are Bur-ton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith: and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Belleving bim to be only an important promettor. 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 con-tempt 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. Sensing treachery ahead, Garth secretly removes a part from the motor of the plane. Huxby and Lilith taunt Garth, but their tone soon changes when they try to start the plane. Re-turning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Garth manages to set the monoplane adrift and the current carries it over the falls. He points out that he is their only hope in guiding them out of the wilderness.

CHAPTER III-Continued

"Bon voyage!" said Garth. "You may reach the top of the glacier with the soles still on your golf-course boots. Your father, I fancy, will prefer to wait here a while. For one thing, he knows that in his present condition, he never could climb the pass. In the second place, he has no desire to go down the other side on his uppers."

Huxby looked from Mr. Ramill's flimsy oxfords to the girl's fashionable sport boots, and then at Garth's worn moccasins.

"Well, Jack, what's the answer?" "That it's not well," Garth replied. "In the first place, you'll drop that name and tone in speaking to me. Am I understood?"

Huxby stood silent, his eyes cold and lips tight drawn. But Mr. Ramill spoke for him, with decisiveness: "That is understood, Garth. We are all now in the same boat, and you are skipper. How about the shoe problem?"

"Moosehide. We'll first shift alongshore to the mouth of the placer rill. It's the best place to camp. I'll then go on around to the muskeg and collect some hides."

started to back-trail through the lower growth of spruce trees. Where the spring rill came burbling. knife. over ledges down to the rocky shore,

he halted in a small clearing. Here had been his camp on his previous visit to the valley. Ten feet up the branch-trimmed trunks of four closely grouped birch trees, a tattered moosehide hung over the edge of a pole platform.

Garth glanced up at the platform. "Wolverines have robbed the food cache. But there's plenty more meat legs. on the hoof. While I go for some, you

two will start gathering wood." Miss Ramill's nerves were on edge. She snapped at him hysterically: "You insolent bully! Don't you dare to try to give me orders."

Her father had squatted down on the warm rock, tired out by his day's exertions. Garth spoke to him:

"Too much is enough. The condition was that all three of you would do as I thought best. Huxby promptly tried again to bluff me. Now your daughter balks."

Mr. Ramill raised his down-sagged head. "You'll not be able to say that of me, young man. I stand by your

terms. I always play to win. But no one can truthfully claim I ever welch or revoke. I will take your orders, and so will Vivian, now that he has had time to realize the situation." one.'

"How about your daughter?"

"I'll leave that to you. If you can control her, you'll be doing more than I have ever been able to do."

Garth met the disdainful gaze of the girl with a smile. "So your father turns you over to me, my lady. Let me hasten to assure you, I beg to decline the honor."

"Ah, indeed !" "Yes. I'll let old Mother Nature spank you till you come to your senses.

Her blue eyes flared with scorn. "Oh, you-you! D-n!"

"Better save your energy," he advised, "You'll need it all, unless your pride stoops to the squaw work of camp-fire tending. Smoke drives off insects. For another thing, no wolf, wolverine or lynx, or even a grizzly, will venture close to a fire. Think that over. Mr. Ramill, you have your patent lighter."

He swung away between the spruces without waiting for any reply. Left

a down-beaten mat of willow stems. He winced. Garth ignored her. Garth at once set to work with his "Better lie down and rest, You've done enough for a while. I'm

ing, Garth.'

own feet."

the shade of a birch.

fairly ravenous,

going to get you into hard training as To dress out a thousand-pound anisoon as possible. But we must not mal is no light task, even under the overdo it at the start. Might mean a best of conditions. Garth thought nothbreakdown." ing of it. All the hide within reach "I am tired, boy-and hungry as a slid free to the quick draw of his shark. Could eat all the rest of that curved knife blade. With belt-ax and liver." knife he cut off the antiered head, then "Not now. You'll rest, do some the upper foreleg and hindquarter. Afwork, and then get another slice. Call ter that he was able to heave the car-

this valley one of those physical culcass over by the leverage of the other ture sanitariums where the tired business man is worked and dieted back When he had finished with the bull, into fit condition."

he went to the cow. She weighed perhaps 200 pounds less, and was therefore easier to dress out.

With the two skins and all the meat ashore, he took a dip in a clear pool and washed his buckskins. As he sloshed out of the willows in the wet garments, he saw Miss Ramill staring through her headnet at the eight big He had hooked them on the legs. stubs of spruce limbs. Her gaze lowered from the other raw moose products that were piled on one of the hides. She turned from them loath-

ingly. "Faugh! What a sickening mess Have you started a packing plant?"

and selzed his knife. She slashed at "The packing is just about to start," the liver. The blade was razor-sharp. he replied. "Are you too feeble to Her angry stroke not only cut through carry this rolled skin? It's the lighter the liver, it slit the moosehide as well. Garth said nothing. Enough for him

"That filthy thing? You may be sure I'm not so feeble-minded as to touch any of your butcher mess."

"Very well. Only remember, it's your own choice, sister."

He bagged the contents of the bull hide, slung it on his back, picked up his rifle, and headed for camp. The girl looked from him to the folded moose cow skin, hesitated, flushed angrily, and followed, empty-handed.

While still some distance from the rill, he whiffed a tang of wood smoke. He quickened his step. It gave him a



BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The Crown Remains Veterans Reach the Top The Useful Red Cross **Oxygen Is Life**

Behind the gray walls of Windsor castle, on the hill above the Eton school, where young

England learns discipline and cricket, King George's coffin was lowered into the vault to lie beside his father, King Edward VII, and his grandmother, Queen Victoria. The magnificent crown of England was taken from the coffin before it disappeared and placed before the altar. Kings go; the



sir.

"I have yet to agree to such train-

"Very well. Put me on them."

Obedient to directions, the big man

stretched out flat upon the sunwarmed

rock. Garth turned about to pull the

moosehide and what was upon it into

Miss Ramill thrust in front of him

that hunger had humbled the girl's

pride. She had learned her first les-

son. Long hours had passed since her

finicky breakfasting on wine and deli-

catessen in the cabin of the monoplane,

far over on the Mackenzie. She was

Her rouged lips twitched with an-

ticipation as she held the spitted slice

of liver close upon the coals of the

low-burnt fire. Well satisfied, Garth

hung the remaining liver, the tongues

and muffles under the cache platform.

A smudge-fire on the ground below

Miss Ramill's only thought had been

for her food. She did not think to

put fresh fuel on the cook-fire. When

it died down to embers, she jerked the

partly burnt, inwardly rare slice of

the meat drove off the files.

The services were broadcast, new "Take your choice. If you refuse, feature of a royal funeral. The simple Church of England burial service, I give you my word you'll never reach the Mackenzie. I might back-pack you read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was heard far over the earth, wherin some places; you don't weigh much over two hundred. Happens, though, ever Britain's 400,000,000 subjects live. I'm not a donkey. You'll go on your

> Veterans having successfully climbed the long, long road, the government began the biggest "pay-off" job in history, the printing of two billion four hundred million dollars' worth of bonds, to be distributed among 3,518,-191 World war veterans. The mere distributing cost alone will be \$7,000,-000

Now government wonders what new taxes can be invented to pay the two and one-half billions.

Interesting news from Ethiopia sent by an American corespondent says the residence of Haile Selassie's son has on the roof a large red cross, although it has nothing to do with the Red Cross. Associated Press sends news of a Swedish "field hospital," captured by Italians in the South, carrying ammunition on five trucks adorned with Red Cross flags and insignia. The "field hospital" automobiles contained, in addition, 27 cases of munitions. In modern war, the safe plan seems 'to be bomb everything. The war drums of the Ethiopian hero, Ras Desta Demtu, were captured. He will miss them.

"The Blood Is the Life," according to an old Hebrew saying, and oxygen liver from the charred willow spit. is the life of the blood. No oxygen There was now no finicky fastidious- means death. in three minutes or less; ness about her eating. She thrust off too little oxygen means premature her headnet and sank her teeth into death, inferior health meanwhile.

the piece of liver with the gusto of a The Dionne quintuplets are marvelous in their health. The marve

Find 800-Year-Old "Bowl" Where Games Were Played

Discovery of a large oval "bowl" where prehistoric America's exciting games were played 800 years ago is announced at Flagstaff, Ariz., by Dr. Harold S. Colton of the Museum of Northern Arizona.

The discovery, pronounced amazing, was made in northern Arizona near Flagstaff, by a joint expedition of the Museum and Arizona State Teachers College of Flagstaff, led by J. C. McGregor.

The find surprises archeologists, because never before has it been realized that ball games-national sport of Mayas, Aztecs, and other Indians of Mexico-were popular over so wide an area of ancient America.

The game court now excavated is an oval bowl about 100 feet long and 45 feet wide, with slightly pointed ends. The sloping sides, Doctor Colton said, must have been seven or eight feet high, and the floor was level. A goal was made of four rocks in the floor .- Science Service.

Land 9-Ton Shark

The largest shark ever caught in the North sea was landed recently by German fishermen, who spent nine hours in capturing the 14-foot 9-ton monster.

Cardui Helped Three Times

"I used Cardui, when a girl, for cramps, and it helped then," writes Mrs. Ike Wright, of Sealy, Texas. Next, after marriage, she reports having taken Cardui when she felt weak, nervous and restless before her children were born. And during

her children were born. And during middle life, it helped her again. "I was miserable," she explains. "I did not have an appetite. I was very blue and upset. I remembered Cardui had helped me, so took it again and soon began to pick up. I ate and had more strength. I kept up the Cardui and did not have any more trouble. Is it any wonder that I recommend Cardui to all my friends?" Thousands of women testify Cardui bene-fited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

Blind to the Present

Why do most people speak of happiness in retrospect?



"Don't be too sure of that," Huxby differed. "Keep hold of the rifle, chief. He'd streak out and leave us to hold the sack."

"Haven't you realized yet that the joke is on you?" Garth inquired. "It's a question of trusting me absolutely, or not at all. Take your choice."

Mr. Ramill handed over the rifle. Huxby's hand tightened on the butt of his lowered pistol. Garth gazed past him down the lake.

"The plane seems to be edging over towards the east shore. There's a ford up here, Huxby. You're welcome to try for the plane. If you save her, I'll call it a break of the game in your favor, and we'll all ride out on the air."

"Lay off, Vivian," Mr. Ramill interposed. "The plane has veered out again. He has us nipped fast."

Without any reply, Huxby thrust his pistol inside his leather jacket and started up the stream bank. Garth came aslant to his pack. He slung it on his back.

"Come on. Let's head for camp." "Why not follow Vivian?" Mr. Ramill inquired. "It is still possible the plane may drift ashore."

"A hundred to one chance it will not, sir. We'll go out on moosehide, if at all. I've decided not to make it alone. A trip through the muskegs may lead you to realize that even lone woodsy prospectors should be entitled to the fruits of their discoveries."

The girl's smoldering rage flared out at him: "You scoundrel! Decoy us into this beastly hole, and then turn our plane adrift. You cowardly sneak! Everything drifting away in it-and all the food and wine. Oh, d-n! What am I going to do? I'll starve !"

Her father looked at Garth with the first sign of concern that he had shown. "Yes, that's it. You might have thought of her. A girl so dellcately reared! I say nothing as to myself; it's all in the game. But a lady-to drag her down into the raw like this! Marooning her to starve in dozen yards apart. They started to the bogs!"

Garth looked from father to daughter. "A lady, did you say? Oh, yes, to be sure-a dainty, refined lady, who curses and drinks and joins in schemes to bilk a supposedly simple bush vagabond out of his fortune."

"Pahl" she scoffed. "Whining because we would not let you foist yourself on us as a gentleman. As for your twaddle about that claim, mines are treasure trove. They belong to whoever is clever enough to get hold of them."

"Right-o, my lady," Garth approved. "Which leaves only the small matter of food and drink to be considered. You'll be able to chew moose meat, I fancy, after you've fasted off some of your fastidiousness."

alone with her exhausted father, the girl might come to realize how utterly she had crashed out of her soft and luxurious civilized environment.

A girl whom even her father had been unable to control! That had been evident from the first. She was a badly spoiled product of the jazz-age -willful, arrogant, utterly selfish. Fortunately she had shown herself no less hard physically than mentally. Otherwise he would have played the game in a different way. No weak-muscled woman could make that travois to the Mackenzie.

As for her father, he had only himself to thank. A pirate should expect to take his chances. He might be gotten out to the river, and he might not. That depended upon his heart. Soft muscles could be hardened. Not so a weak heart.

No question as to the girl and Huxby, if they obeyed orders. They could make it.

A crash in the alders broke in upon Garth's thoughts. The splash that followed told him a moose had caught his scent and taken to the lake. To have run to the bank and shot the swimming beast would have been easy. Only, he had no canoe or raft, and the water here was rather deep offshore. He stalked down through the timber. For the first hundred feet or so out from the shore thickets, willows grew along both sides of the low ledge. A peer through the follage showed the immense palmate antlers of an old bull

moose. Garth flattened down on the mosscovered dyke and crawled away from the bank. Shoreward, on the other side, he caught sight of a slight movement among the willows. He rose on his knees and swung up his rifle. Though he was still screened by the

brush alongside the ledge, his quick movements sent a strong whiff of manscent downwind. With loud snorts of alarm, two cow

moose, a calf, and a young bull heaved up among the willows less than a plunge forward out of the thicket. Garth's first shot dropped the calfless cow with a bullet through the head. His second bullet glanced off the base of the bull's left antler. Partly stunned by the shock, the bull swerved sideways, only to drop in his tracks, shot

through the heart. Silently as he had stalked out the ledge, Garth returned to solid ground. He knew that the snorting, bawling moose in the pools would soon quiet down and return to their lily-pond feed-

ing. The only requirement was for him to keep out of sight and either across or down wind from the stupid beasts. They had not learned to fear human hunters.

A few steps along the bank brought him to a game trail through the thick- at him, her eyes wide, Indifferent whether or not the girl ets. He laid down his rifle and waded

and her father followed him, Garth out to the dead bull. The body lay on Vivian comes back !"

The Splash That Followed Told Him a Moose Had Caught His Scent.

pleasant surprise. After all, the girl seemed to have given in, at least partly. He turned to her with a friendly look. She met it with a scornful smile.

They came to the opening where Garth trimmed a pair of green willow spits, opened the moosehide, and cut two slices of liver. He put a slice on each spit, and started to broll them over the coals. With a look of disgust, Miss Ramill turned her back and sat down on the rill bank.

Before long the broiling liver began to send out an appetizing odor. The girl's nose went up for an involuntary sniff. Garth met the intent look of her father, and allowed his left eyelid to flutter slightly. Another turn of the spits completed the broiling. He handed one of them to Mr. Ramill.

The millionaire lifted his headnet to take a gingerly nibble at his ho: meat. His heavy face brightened with a surprised smile. He smacked his lips and bit off a large mouthful. At the sound, his daughter jerked around. Garth was biting into the other piece of liver.

The girl cried out her indignation: "You greedy pigs! Where's my piece?" Garth pointed to the moosehide. "Help yourself."

He met her furious look with cool indifference, and went on eating. Unable to blast him, she turned to her father.

"I'll take yours, Dad. You've had two bites. It will not take you long to cook another plece. Make it three." At that, Garth swung around between father and daughter.

"Mr. Ramill, we'll settle this right now. You said you'd leave her to me. I cooked that meat for you. She will cook her own meat, or go without."

The older man sat for several moments considering the matter. He then raised his piece of meat and resumed his meal. Lilith Ramill stared

"My own father! But wait till

Bite followed bite in ungry boy. rapid succession. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Indians' Ark Legend Is zero.

Still Related in Quebec The remnants of the Indians in the country surroundings Capes Trinity and Eternity, the high points on the Saguenay river, still cling to the ancient belief that the ark or, as they term it, "the big canoe," rested on the top of Cape Trinity, 2,000 feet above the level of the river which skirts its base, and was placed there by a flood which inundated the rest of the earth. destroying all life thereon, only the families of worthy Indians, as well as pairs of the various animals and birds being preserved by the Great Manitou, whose guiding hand landed "the big cance" on the last bit of earth left un-

covered by water. The Indians also have a legend, says a Tadoussac (Quebec) correspondent in the Washington Star., which bears considerable resemblance to the casting of Satan and his rebellious followers out of paradise. According to the Indian tradition, the Great Manitou cast the "fallen angels" over the precipice of Cape Trinity. All met death in the river below with the exception of the leader, who was so strong that the fall of 2,000 feet only crippled him.

As this "angel" gathered strength he became the demon of the river, wrecking canoes, drowning peaceful Indians and wreaking havoc in general.

decided to seek and vanquish him in a hand-to-hand encounter. The battle between the two was terrific, Mayo swinging the demon around his head and against the rock of Trinity with such force that the three great gashes in the mountain resulted from the contacts, so the tradition continues. Finally Mayo was victorious, crushing out the life of the demon and thus restoring peace and quiet to the beautiful waters of the Saguenay.

Mourning Dove Like Pigeon

The female mourning dove looks very much like a pigeon. Her dress is dull grayish brown or fawn colored, and she lacks the coloring around the neck which distinguishes the male. When in repose the female is a flabby, supine, shiftless-looking creature, but she inspires one of the most famous of all bird love calls. Perhaps the male mourning dove is inspired to his plaintive call in appreciation of the refinement of his mate, for she is among the gentlest of birds.

Fish Hosts to Clams

Clams and mussels begin their lives on the skin, gills, or fins of fish, where they live as parasites for two months. During this time, they develop a foot, and then drop off to begin an independent existence.

bables sleep outdoors every morning and afternoon; on one occasion the temperature was 30 degrees below

All five walk, all have gained weight during the past month, and have new teeth. Annette has three new ones. twelve in all. All have beautiful big eyes, high foreheads, pretty faces and look as French as the Marseillaise; get plenty of oxygen, but wrap up well.

Lloyd George says the new king. Edward VIII, has the magnetism of his grandfather. Edward VII; that he comes to the throne with such great troubles ahead as few kings have ever encountered, but "his courage and his sure instinct will not fail him."

O. K. Allen, Huey Long's governor of Louisiana, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He remained in succession to Senator Long, leader of the Long party, a short time only. Perhaps they are together now, both aware that nothing happening on this little earth is important; Huey Long wondering why he made such a fuss about it.

The unnecessary air disaster in Hawall, two United States bombing planes destroyed in collision while flying "in formation" and six men killed, causes aviators to say that they object to night formation flying. They may well object; nothing more densely stupid could be imagined than sending up planes to fly at high speed, almost wing to wing, inviting disaster and death. Even in these busy times there ought to be somebody sufficiently intelligent to stop that nonsense, at night, and in daytime also,

Mr. John Horan of Milwaukee, called by his fellow workers "Soda Ash Johnny," first used soda ash to clean locomotive boilers, a discovery that should have made him rich, but did not.

"Soda Ash Johnny," a proud man, refused to let his son accept a pension, told the authorities: "I am still able to work, and no boy of mine is going 'on the county.' "

It will surprise you to hear that the son, aged sixty-six, had applied for on old age pension.

The statement that imagination is worse than reality applies to everything-death included, let us hope,

When a colony of nudists move on San Diego, Calif., the strongest protest comes from San Diego's Braille club. an organization of blind people. They could not actually know whether the colonists were dressed or not, but they do not like the idea.

'Consider how men have persecuted, tortured and burned each other for religious differences, in matters that they could neither see nor know. C King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU service.

"Morning Sickness"

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

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"I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment after seeing an advertisement. I am now entirely free from the con-dition and my hair looks fine." (Signed) Miss E. Kennedy, 267 Grand St., Pasadena, Calif.

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Mayo, the father of the Indian race,