

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 East, plainly shows 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 worthless, 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. Returning 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. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill and his daughter must be hardened for the hardships ahead in their trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie.

CHAPTER IV

The Whip Hand.

The girl licked her fingers and turned to stare curiously at the pieces of moose dangling in the smudge-fire smoke. She spoke to Garth almost civilly:

"I've no need to rest like Dad. Do I have to wait for another piece?"

"Certainly not. But you've let the cook-fire go out. Keep this one going, and you can use it. Better cut another split. Mind the knife edge, if you don't want to lose a finger."

She showed she could be deft enough when she chose. One stroke of the knife hacked off a willow twig, two cuts sharpened the end. Grasping the bottom of the uncut second liver, she sliced up lengthwise, all the way to the rawhide thong. She poked the green wood from the near edge of the fire, piled on dry sticks, and crouched down to hold her spit over the blaze.

Garth had at once begun to make catgut. It would be needed to sew the moccasins. He was intently at work, and the girl was still more intently eyeing her meat, when Huxby came striding between the spruces.

The once elegant engineer was smeared with mud from his midbody down to where the rock-milk water of the ford had drenched the bog slime from his shoes and leather aviator trousers. Snags had scratched his flying jacket and even torn through one sleeve.

Worst of all, his bare face and neck was a swollen mass of mosquito-bite welts and the bleeding wounds of deer-fly stings. The skin had already begun to puff and discolor.

At sight of the man's condition, Garth picked up his rifle. Even the most cold-blooded, calculating schemer can be tortured into crazed violence.

Miss Ramill glanced up from her cooking, and uttered a startled cry. It awakened her father from his doze. He sat erect to start at Huxby.

"My G—d, Vivian, what's happened? You look like something the cat brought home."

"Those d—d pests," Huxby cursed. "Left my headnet. Hey, you airplane thief, fetch me a drink. Jump lively."

Garth lifted his rifle. "Put up your hands. No, don't reach for your pistol. Up with them, or I'll wing you—That's it. Now hold them there while Mr. Ramill takes your pistol. I've had enough of your threatening."

The millionaire looked at Garth's cool gray eyes, and heaved himself upon his feet to shuffle around behind Huxby's shoulder. He pulled open the leather jacket and drew the automatic pistol from its high-slung sheath. Holding the butt forward, he brought the weapon to Garth.

"Keep it yourself," Garth told him. "You can give it back to him soon as he gets over this fly madness. There's your headnet, Huxby. Better stand in the smoke till you get it on."

The tormented man first ran to lie down on the rill bank. Between deep drinks, he doused his bitten face in a pool and dashed the gratefully cool water over the back of his neck. The moment he stopped, the pests buzzed at him again. He ran to the smoky side of the fire without stopping for his headnet.

For the first time since Garth had met Lilith Ramill, she showed consideration for someone else than herself. Her second piece of liver had been cooked enough to be eatable. She tore it in two and gave half to her fiancé.

"It's good, Vivian. Try it. You must be famished."

Her unexpected graciousness calmed his half-crazed mind.

"Why, Lilith—you roasted this yourself! It will taste doubly delicious." He forced a laugh. "But I couldn't take the food out of your mouth."

"I'll soon cook more. There's plenty."

Garth caught Mr. Ramill's hungry look, and shook his head. "Not yet for us, sir. We'll pack in some more of the meat before the wolverines get it."

He laid a mat of willow foliage, sliced up what was left of the second liver, and started off with Ramill.

Though at first stiff, the millionaire did not get out of breath so quickly as before. This was an encouraging sign. That easy climb to the claim and the fast return had been violent exercise for the mine investor. He could not have recovered so soon if his heart had been bad.

But when he opened his cigar case, Garth interposed.

"You have only four left, sir. Better hold them back to taper off gradually. This change of diet is going to jolt you hard enough. No wine or whisky, either."

Mr. Ramill walked along quite a distance with the cigar case open, his face impassive inside the mosquito gauze of the headnet. When at last he looked up, he closed the cigar case and handed it to Garth. "You're the doctor."

Garth put the case in his shirt pocket.

"All right, sir. You'll get them when they'll do you the most good—and you'll get them all."

Again Mr. Ramill walked along with his gaze on the ground. They were near the muskeg swamp before he looked up. He turned his shrewd gaze upon Garth, and spoke with blunt directness: "What's your game?"

"My game?"

"Yes. We may as well settle this now as later. Don't tell me you haven't some big scheme in mind. You guessed we meant to cast off and leave you holding the sack. Otherwise you wouldn't have taken that key part from the plane motor."

Garth chuckled. "Did you ever outwit a fox, corner a pack of wolves, or trap a crafty old bear?"

The ruddy face of the millionaire purpled. "What is the connection?"

"Nothing invidious," Garth assured him. "I had in mind only the fun of the game."

"So? Well, young man, it has already been admitted that you've so far taken all the tricks. I gave you credit for more sense, however, than you showed when you cast loose the plane."

Garth gave him a pitying look. "That's the fly venom talking. No cool, calculating schemer in his right senses would ask for trouble when his hands were tied. I might point out, however, that the venom was due to your haste in trying to—uh—appropriate my discovery claim."

"That's a lie. You cast the plane adrift. I was stung while trying to save it. Curse the luck! I came within an ace of reaching the snagged line. Almost had it, when the plane dragged it loose and went down over those hellish falls!"

"I might remind you that you ordered me to cast off the line—at the point of your pistol."

The thrust proved too much for Huxby. He sat silent. Garth went on with his quiet argument:

"All that is now past history. We're more concerned with the present and future. Mr. Ramill has shown his common sense by facing the facts of the situation. He has fallen into line. The question is, do you and Miss Ramill throw in with us, or do you go on your own? If with us, I'm to be chief. How about it?"

Huxby had cooled down enough to see the point. "You win. I join up."

Miss Ramill looked puzzled and a bit alarmed. "What's the great idea, Vivian?"

"Very simple, my dear. He has the whip hand. He is boss. We must obey his orders, or we'll never get back to civilization."

"Oh! The despicable, cowardly—!" She met Garth's cool gaze and fell silent.

He nodded. "You'll begin by rebuilding that fire. After that you'll cook the other liver for your father and yourself. You will then start graining the hair off the moosehides while Huxby and your father go back for more meat."

"I will do no such thing!"

"Very well. That means you get no moccasins to replace your boots when those flimsy soles wear through on the rocks."

She fared: "Gallant Sir Galahad!"

"Leave her be, Garth," her father interposed. "I'll tend the fire and scrape the skins."

"No, Lie down. Whenever you work, it's to be on your feet. We must build up both your wind and your muscle. Huxby, I'll ask you to fetch that pot and the gold pan."

The mining engineer rose and started up towards the trough without a word of inquiry or protest. Miss Ramill's eyes widened. She gazed wonderingly from him to her father. Mr. Ramill had no less obediently lain down as ordered.

Garth ignored the girl. He chopped deep notches in the trunks of the food-cache birch trees, about seven feet high. He then cut saplings to span across from tree to tree, with ends wedged in the notches. The next move was to fetch a number of alder poles.

squall shrielled into a shriek that nipped off into silence.

When Mr. Ramill rather hesitatingly followed Garth to the hanging legs of moose, he saw a three-foot, stub-tailed wildcat with black-tufted ears lying under a torn shoulder of moose meat. A second cat, slightly larger, had leaped several yards away before dropping.

Garth drew his knife. "Only a pair of lynx. Not much for two shots. We haven't any cartridges to throw away. But we can use the skins, and the meat will make a change from moose."

He flayed the bodies, bagged the best cuts of meat in the skins, and hung them high. The next move was to see if Mr. Ramill could pack the hide of the cow moose. He made a game attempt to walk off under it, but at once began to stagger. Garth relieved him of the load, and in place of it gave him one of the bagged lynx skins. He himself bagged one of the bull moose quarters in the cowhide and heaved it upon his back.

They came back to the camp with Mr. Ramill panting and sweating. Garth swung lightly ahead of him. He slipped off his heavy pack and stood looking at the idle couple on the rill bank. They had eaten their fill of liver, and stretched out to rest. No smoke was rising from the embers of the smudge-fire. Flies were beginning to cluster on the moose tongues and other meat.

The girl met his look with contemptuous indifference. Huxby stared with bloodshot hostility from between his swollen eyelids.

Instead of speaking to the couple, Garth addressed the girl's father as he relieved him of the lynx pack:

"As I remember, sir, I told Miss Ramill she could cook on the smudge-fire if she kept it going. I will say now that I do not intend to shoot any more meat until use is made of what we have. There are none too many rifle cartridges. If the three of you prefer rotten, maggoty meat, I'll go you to the last mouthful. I've lived for weeks at a time on spoiled fish and rotten walrus."

Huxby's face and neck were as swollen and sore as if covered with boils. His temper was no less sore. "You're the one who put us in this fix, you wood louse!"

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When he returned, smoke was billowing up to drive the flies from the moose tongues and muffs. Miss Ramill had rebuilt the smudge-fire and taken down the liver, ready for slicing. She gazed up at him, stormy-eyed, ready to flare if he had shown the slightest flicker of amusement or gloating.

Instead, he gave her a curt nod of acknowledgment, laid his knife beside the liver, and turned to space the poles across the sapling framework to make a grill above the smudge. Upon this he laid the moose leg and the pieces of lynx meat.

Huxby came back from the discovery stake with the gold pan and little aluminum pot. He stared in surprise at sight of Miss Ramill cooking the liver. She shrugged her slim shoulders, and drew back from the fire to give one split to her father. After that she silently offered the other to Garth.

"Thank you," he said. "Let me suggest that you now fill the gold pan with water and slice into it one of the muffs. They don't look promising. But if simmered for a day or two, a single moose muffle will give us several delicious meals of what might be called aspic jelly."

This won no sign of interest from the girl. She was no longer hungry. Garth ignored her silence.

"After starting that dish, you may cook as much more of the liver as your father can eat. He will keep on resting while Huxby and I go for another load of moose meat. The sooner we pack all to camp, the surer we will be that other mouths do not get away with it."

He unbuckled his pack, slung the pack-board on his back, and picked up his rifle and belt-ax. Huxby trailed after him out of camp. They walked in Indian file all the way around to the muskeg swamp. Huxby with his gaze fixed coldly upon the back of his leader.

At the swamp Garth cut a tote-pole and passed it through the tendons of two hindquarters of moose. The remaining quarter he strapped to his pack-board. He folded the second lynx skin for Huxby to use as a shoulder pad. Upon it the mining engineer rested his end of the tote-pole.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Giraffe, Tallest Among Quadrupeds of the World

Tallest among the quadrupeds of the world, the giraffe is constructed along a variety of levels, its front legs longer than its long hind legs and its neck longer than the longest of its other members, with a tongue of length and flexibility entirely suited to the architectural whole.

In fact, notes a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, there are evidences in support of one belief that nature must have started to make something else when it got around to fashioning the timid creature. Original plans probably called for a quadruped of conventional dimensions and the barrel and rear running gear must have been completed before amendments were decided on. Very likely the many quadrupeds of comparative size looked too much alike. So it was probably decided this new animal should have a much longer neck, and to make its neck longer than the facts justified it must have longer front legs. So we have an animal started in regularity and finished in singularity, with its body sloping up from rear to front legs and a neck so long that it distorts the distortion.

Nature in all truth must have been in a sportive mood when it made the giraffe. If it sought to give the jungle a laugh it succeeded admirably, giving the laughing hyena something about which it could laugh without restraint.

The beast has to straddle itself all out of shape to get a drink of water from the level of its own feet! So by habit it has taught itself to drink very little water, or at least to drink it with great infrequency. The long neck, the long front legs and the up-titled body could hardly have been anything but afterthoughts.

River Flows Uphill

It has been figured out by the United States geological survey that a point at sea level on the equator is about 13 miles farther away from the center of the earth than a sea level point at either of the earth's poles. Their calculations show the mouth of the Mississippi river to be four miles farther from the earth's center than its source. Thus, it may be said the "Father of Waters" runs uphill. This phenomenon results from the water in the river obeying the laws of gravity which cause it to run from the higher surface level at its source to the lesser one at its mouth.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Old Maids' Home an Arsenal

Residents of the peaceful Paris suburb of Montrouge were perturbed over rumors that a house in the district occupied by two aged spinsters was a veritable arsenal. Finally the police were prevailed on to investigate. In the house they found 17 military rifles, dating back to 1870, modern rifles, revolvers, rounds of ammunition and even hand grenades.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Divide and Rule
Big Men, Light Eyes
Why Go Naked?
Borrowing a Blimp

Mr. Green, American Federation of Labor head, warns the miners' union not to split up the federation. Mr. Lewis, leader of the miners, tells Mr. Green, in substance, "You mind your own business." A labor split seems near.



Arthur Brisbane

Union labor should consider the fable of the dying peasant who summoned his sons and showed them how they could break small sticks separately, but could not break them when all were tied together.

Louis XI's motto, Divide et Impera ("Divide and rule"), in dealing with powerful nobles, is not unknown to the enemies of union labor, or Goethe's "Divide and rule! Powerful word. Unite and lead! Better word."

A lonely English soldier living on an island in the Indian ocean wrote that he wanted a wife, saying, "I have hazel eyes," nothing else about himself. Already 250 English girls have offered to marry him. The 249 disappointed may find comfort in a better marriage, picking out somebody with blue eyes. It annoys many, but it must be said that practically all the great men in history had blue or gray eyes, even men from dark-eyed races, like Napoleon from Corsica, Caesar from Rome.

To save answering questions, here is a short list: Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Edison, Henry Ford. Look up the others.

Near Tampa, Fla., a schooner loaded with men, women, children, on the way to establish a nudist colony in the Virgin Islands, ran aground. Navigators were unwilling to sign for a nudist enterprise, afraid, perhaps, of catching cold, so the ship ran ashore. Nudism is a queer atavistic craving. The human race began that way in the Garden of Eden, and each of us starts out as a nudist at birth. The struggle is to keep clothed thereafter.

It is a strange demoralization that makes some long to run about undressed; the more strange because they look so hideously ugly.

Discouraged by incompetence that wrecked two dirigibles, this country decided that lighter than air machines are not necessary. It was necessary to borrow a small privately owned blimp to take food to 3,000 Tanager Islanders, cut off from relief by ice. No heavier than air plane could land there before the blimp, which landed easily.

Mussolini threatens to leave the league if it includes a ban on oil in its sanctions. In modern war, no oil, no war. Mussolini may buy old American ships to use as floating gasoline storage tanks. Had he come a little sooner he could have had plenty of them at a bargain, about one thousand million dollars' worth of expensive steel floating "junk" built when this country's foolish entrance into the World war found it unprepared.

England and Russia were getting along nicely, and now the Russian envoy, Litvinoff, attending the late King's funeral, commits the British unparadiseable sin.

After talking with the new king, Litvinoff, instead of expressing admiration for the overwhelming royal intellect, remarked that the new king, Edward VIII, was "just a mediocre young Englishman" and repeated what the young king had said to him, something "not done."

Mr. Norman Thomas of the Socialist left wing runs for President sometimes and says the "New Deal" is leading to Fascism, a dictator.

In Italy Socialism, and doctrines even more radical, led to the rise of Mussolini, aided by castor oil and other methods. If our dictatorship comes, some radicals will look back sadly to the good old days when you could speak your mind without being shot or put to work.

One man's frostbite is another man's good news. New Jersey fruit growers say the extreme cold, freezing the ground two feet deep, will destroy orchard pests, including the gypsy and codling moths. The cold, which has not injured trees, is expected to discourage larvae of the Japanese beetle.

Some day scientists will show fruit farmers, including this writer, how to penetrate the earth by radioactivity, or otherwise, to the necessary depth and kill the hibernating pests. A remedy for borers would be welcome. Radio power should solve the insect problem.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh spent his thirty-fourth birthday in Wales, his wife and one son with him. He must have felt as though he had already lived 100 years, and have wished, almost, that he had been content to remain in the normal service, apart from the limelight.

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All Around the House

Cacti plants grown in the house should be given air and light. To water set pots in a pan of water and do not remove until soil has become moist.

Apply paint remover with a brush. When paint begins to curl remove with a putty knife. Remover takes time and cannot be hurried.

When poaching eggs let water come to a full rolling boil, drop eggs into it, turn out gas and eggs will finish poaching in the boiling water.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Push It Aside
When you meet trouble, just go ahead. Often, it skeddaddles.

IT WORKED FOR ME

Women should take only liquid laxatives



MORE people could feel fine, be fit and regular, if they would only follow the rule of doctors and hospitals in relieving constipation. Never take any laxative that is harsh in action. Or one, the dose of which can't be exactly measured. Doctors know the danger if this rule is violated. They use liquid laxatives, and keep reducing the dose until the bowels need no help at all.

Reduced dosage is the secret of aiding Nature in restoring regularity. You must use a little less laxative each time, and that's why it should be a liquid like Syrup Pepsin.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and if it doesn't give you absolute relief, if it isn't a joy and comfort in the way it overcomes biliousness due to constipation, your money back.

Yawn Explained

A yawn is only a gap in the conversation.

VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE DID TRICK

They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (N.R. Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenolphthalein derivatives. Only 25c—all druggists.

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