

# CAUGHT IN THE WILD

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WNU Service

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SYNOPSIS

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

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Though Garth had no pad, he stood up with the moose quarter on his back and lifted his end of the pole to his shoulder. But he was accustomed to packing. He bore the meat on his pack-board and his half of the two quarters on the pole with as little difficulty as Huxby toted the other end of the pole.

When they reached the camp Miss Ramill and her father were out gathering wood. At one end of the fire, thick smoke was rising from green sticks and leaves; at the other end, the pan of sliced muffle was boiling hard. After he and Huxby had lifted the moose quarters upon the rack, Garth brought water in the aluminum pot and cooled down the stew to simmering heat. Miss Ramill had much to learn about the culinary art.

After the meal Garth glanced at the red after-glow of sunset. "Mr. Ramill, the leanto and blanket are for you and your daughter. Huxby can take the lee side of the fire. I'll keep it going. Turn in whenever you please."

A yawn surprised Lilith Ramill into a mocking laugh. She turned to her swollen-faced fiance.

"What a howling farce, Vivian! Can you imagine me going to roost at sunset instead of sunrise?"

Huxby forced a smile and felt at a particular sore cluster of bites on the back of his neck. Mr. Ramill cast a wistful glance towards the leanto.

"I presume, Lilith, you will prefer not to share the hut with me. Perhaps I can manage out here beside the fire, like Vivian."

"No," Garth differed. "You'll sleep under that blanket until you have hardened into shape, and you'll turn in now. It's been a big day for you." The girl bridled. "How about my wishes—and the proprietries?"

"We'll leave that to you," Garth replied. "If you consider it improper to share the blanket with your father, you're welcome to sit up and help me grain these moosehides."

Huxby stiffened. "None of your insolence! You'll treat Miss Ramill with utmost respect."

"The lady shall receive from me all the respect to which she shows herself entitled," Garth said. "Why not make it mutual, all around?"

Lilith Ramill was no less completely outmaneuvered than the engineer. She spoke to her father: "Well, I must say, Dad, if you're letting him order you around, I refuse to stay up and slave all night. Come on."

He crept after her into the brush leanto. Garth at once set to making more catgut. Huxby had gathered a thin padding of spruce tips and moss at the far side of the fire and lay down. Like the girl and her father, he soon fell asleep.

After finishing his first task, Garth tended the fire and added water to the simmering muffle stew. He next began graining the hair from the moose bull hide. He could have stretched out and gone to sleep no less readily than had the cheechacos. On the other hand, he was able to keep awake as long as he wished. He scraped steadily at the coarse moose hair, the while his ears drank in the voices of the wild.

By the time the sun glared over the jagged crests on the northeast wall of the valley, Garth had the hair grained from both the moose hides. As he started to cut into the larger skin, Miss Ramill crawled from the leanto.

She blinked and yawned, straightened her rumpled sports skirt, and sat down to lace her boots. He gave her a friendly good morning.

"Good? Pah!" she scoffed. "I feel like the morning after. Here I am flat. Not a drop of anything for a bracer; no bath; no clothes or face cream or lotions; no make-up! Not

even a cigarette! Yet you have the face to gibe me about it!"

At that, he could not resist giving her the old quip: "Cheer up; the worst is yet to come."

She ignored it to point at the simmering muffle in the gold pan. "Look at that filthy mess; half full of ashes. If you had a spark of decency, you'd throw it out and warm me a pan of water for my face and hands."

He finished the cutting of a moccasin piece before he replied: "In the first place, I'm too busy performing needed work to act as lady's maid. In the second place, that muffle is not filthy. You'll say it's the most delicious aspice you ever tasted. About the rest, douse your head in the rill. That will give you a combined wash and bracer. If you wish a smoke, there's the fire. For cosmetics, I'll soon be making up a batch of grease and pitch mosquito dope. My final dose of froggie went on too thin to last long."

She looked her disgust. "Grease and pitch! When I have a headnet?" "Soon as we start traveling through brush it's a question which will go first, your net or your stockings. Dope doesn't snag on branches, and you'll find it a better cosmetic than rouge and powder."

"Ugh! If I use your nasty dope at all, it will be on my legs."

"No go. You'll be scraping against rocks and running upon snags. Won't have any knees left if you try the Highland style. How about those lynx skins for leggings, along with moose moccasins?"

For the first time since they had met, the girl gave him a genuinely friendly smile. "That's decent of you, Alan. How soon can you make them?" "Cut me a steak off that nearest leg of moose. While you're cooking it, I'll see what can be done."

When she returned the knife and started to broil the great slab of meat she had sliced off, he laid out the pair of lynx skins. A few knife strokes cut off the great hair-padded paws and slit the legs into thighs. When the girl brought him his broiled moose steak, he showed her how to wrap a skin around each leg like a high-topped legging, trying it with the crossed thighs.

"There you are, Miss Ramill. It's a pair of leggings such as our ancestors wore when they pirated the high seas in viking ships and sailed up the Thames with Hengist and Horsa."

Huxby sat up, blinking. The thin shake-down of moss and spruce tips had done little to soften the stony ground. He rubbed his stiffened back and hips. "Outfitted those rocks!"

The engineer looked at the partly eaten steak in Garth's hand. "How about breakfast?"

"Help yourself to all you want. Along with your own, you might broil steaks for Miss Ramill and her father. Miss Ramill is about to take a lesson in sewing. She will soon need a pair of moccasins."

The last remark checked the girl's intended refusal. While Huxby sullenly cut the three steaks and started to cook them, she carried out Garth's suggestion to grease her lynx skins with a chunk of fat.

When Garth finished his meal, he threaded a needle with smoked catgut and showed the girl how to sew the thick moosehide. Holes punched with the awl made the work fairly easy. Within a few minutes she caught the knack of handling the awl and needle. Though her stitches were irregular, they promised to hold. He cut out the mate of the first moccasin, and another pair smaller in size.

Mr. Ramill crawled from the leanto, stiff, hungry and irritable. But sleep and the open air had whetted all appetites. As with the broiled liver, the three cheechacos—millionaire, mining engineer and fastidious heiress—went at the hot meat with fingers and teeth. They were down to bedrock—to the fundamentals of living. All the elegancies of civilized eating were absent, even the supposed necessities—forks, plates, seasonings. Yet the essentials remained. They were hungry, and here was food. It was neither as tender nor as savory as had been the liver. None the less, it was food.

At the end of the meal, Garth said that the first need was to fetch in the forelegs of moose. Miss Ramill rose with her father and Huxby.

"Sorry," Garth told her. "Your father needs all the walking he can get. Someone must stay to mind the fire. I might mention there's a shallow rock pool a little way along the bank, beyond those alders. You'd find the water pleasantly warm for a dip."

"Really? That's not so bad."

"Yes. Only be sure to keep the fire going. It will hold off the wolves and wolverines."

Huxby took Ramill's arm and started off with him after Garth. They kept in the rear all the way to the muskew swamp.

This time, instead of lynx mates, a family of wolves were feasting on the moose meat. As sight of the men, the whole family bristled and growled but started a slow retreat.

"Shoot, Garth!" urged Mr. Ramill. "They're making off."

"Quite all right," Garth replied. "Good thing they're gorged. I might have had to waste cartridges to get rid of them. What I'd like to know is why they chose this solid meat, instead of the offal."

As if in answer to the question, a snarling growl far deeper than that of the wolves came from the border of the muskew where Garth had killed the bull moose. Up out of the thicket reared a huge gray head. Massive forelegs stroked apart the willow stems with chisel-like claws eight inches or more long.

It was a grizzly—a full-grown ursus horribilis. Garth believed the beast to be as large as those monsters of the same breed that ruled over the southern Rockies and the Sierras in the early days when Indians still were armed only with bows, and the few white hunters carried only muzzle-loading flintlocks.

The ears of the great she-bear were flattened back. Her little pig eyes glared red. The monstrous jaws gaped to let out a roar of defiance that shook the solid ground.

"Good G—d!" Mr. Ramill gasped. "A—bear!"

Huxby gripped Garth's shoulder. "Shoot, d—n you! Shoot, or give me that rifle!"

"Shut up," Garth ordered him. "That roar is only a warning. She'll not charge if we mind our own affairs. You and Mr. Ramill take hold of that nearest upton leg and start off quietly. Don't hurry and don't run."

The cool certainty of Garth's tone compelled belief and obedience even from Huxby. Mr. Ramill was already reaching up for one of the two moose legs that had not been pulled down by the wolves. The engineer hastily



"That Roar is Only a Warning."

turned to help him. As they started off, Garth took the other unmangled leg on his shoulder and sauntered after them.

The grizzly mother had not repeated her roar. Had they run or given any sign of hostility, she would have charged. As it was, she stood, an enormous quivering mass of curiosity, watching their quiet retreat. Her jaws had closed their ferocious yaw, and her ears were no longer flattened back.

Garth's gray eyes twinkled as he glanced back over his shoulder at the huge beast. He could not have asked for a better bugaboo to make his companions behave. Safe out of her sight, he told the two to halt and get the moose leg on a tote-pole. Huxby at once started to curse him for not shooting.

"Go try it yourself," Garth replied, and when Huxby drew away from the offered rifle, he nodded approval. "You are wise not to attack a she-grizzly with cubs."

Spurred on no doubt by the knowledge of that gray monster behind him, Mr. Ramill managed to hold up his end of the tote-pole all the way to camp. There he sank down, purple-faced, wheezing that the exertion had killed him.

His daughter sat by the fire brooding. Though refreshed by her bath in the warm pool, she had begun to feel the craving for drink and tobacco. She had done little stitching on the moccasins. But she lived to horrify alertness when Huxby told about the grizzly.

Garth forestalled an outburst of hysterics. "Keep cool. The old lady will let us alone of we keep clear of her cubs. Keep up the fire, and she will shy clear of you. She doesn't fancy fire. Burnt her paws trying to rob me of a roasting porcupine."

A look at the gold pan showed Garth that the moose muffle had begun to dissolve. He cooled some of the gelatinous broth in the small pot. Mr. Ramill not only gulped down the drink. He smacked his lips and asked for more. At that, both Huxby and the girl were stirred to try the rich drink.

Garth was glad to have all three take their fill of the savory, highly nourishing dish. He knew what was

coming. He asked only that the pan be refilled to dissolve more of the muffle.

The three were accustomed to the free drinking of their kind. They had already begun to feel the lack of the usual cocktails, mealtime wines and between-meals whisky. This was aggravated by the lack of tobacco. To ease them as much as possible, he broiled lynx meat on a grating of willow stems, basting it with moose fat. The tender meat kept them occupied until the muffle broth soothed their jangled nerves.

There was a limit, however, to eating, and once its effect began to pass, their craving returned more intense than before. First Miss Ramill, then Huxby, and last of all Mr. Ramill began to make ironical remarks aimed at Garth. He ignored them for some time. The remarks become more offensively witty and sarcastic. He dropped the moccasin upon which he had been sewing, and picked up his rifle.

"I've had enough bitters and sour berries, thank you all. Feed them to yourselves for a while. I'll go get the sleep I missed last night while acting as guardian angel of your sweet slumbers."

CHAPTER V

Mate Woman.

Far up the tundra slope, above the trough of his platinum placer, Garth found a dry moss-bedded nook on the sunny side of a boulder. He lay down, pulled his hat over his eyes, and let himself fall asleep.

A full eight hours later the sun swung around its wide circle until the shadow of the rock fell upon Garth. Roused by the passing of the warm rays, he pushed back his hat and sat up. He came down to the camp, Mr. Ramill sat beside the fire between his daughter and Huxby. Two of three pouches that Garth had hidden under the moss in the leanto lay open before the men.

Miss Ramill was emptying the last contents of the sugar pouch into a pot of thick tea. She was first to see Garth's noiseless approach.

"Hall to the chief," she mocked. "My dear Mr. Garth, you are most fashionably late to dinner. Will you not join us in a cup of tea?"

Her father turned to eye the uninvited guest with a shade of uneasiness. "You see we found what you were holding out on us, Garth. It's the only trick you failed to put over." Huxby said nothing. He tensed, ready to spring up and fight.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Finland's National Bath

Is Worth Talking About

In some country districts of Finland, both sexes frequently share the same vapor bath, for preparing the "sauna," as it is called, is an arduous task and the steam for one is enough for several people, according to a correspondent in the Detroit News.

All afternoon the housewife is kept busy heating great stones in the bath house oven. Then when the bathers or bathers, as the case may be—is ready, she throws water over the rocks, so causing the room to fill with clouds of hot steam.

Wishing to make the most of opportunity, Finnish bathers stay on a platform near the roof, where the hottest steam collects. Once perspiration sets in, someone rubs the bather's back with a branch of birch leaves. The aroma from these is quite pleasant and fills the bath house.

After they have steamed well, the bathers like to cool off by taking a dip in one of Finland's many lakes. If there is none nearby, they must be satisfied with a cold shower, or in winter a hurried roll in a snow bank.

The Finns are so fond of their steam baths that farmers often build their bath houses before constructing their home, and all the large cities have public bath houses.

Drowning Persons

It is a common belief that drowning persons rise three times, but according to the United States public health service, it has no scientific basis. Many drowning persons do not come to the surface at all after their first submergence. When a person finds himself drowning he naturally makes a frantic struggle to save his life. In doing so he draws water into his windpipe, which causes him to cough and expel air from his lungs. He then sinks. If all the air is expelled from his lungs he will not rise to the surface at all, especially if he is fully clothed. On the other hand, a drowning person who has some control over himself may sink and rise more than three times before his strength fails completely.

Pheasants Poor Mothers

While the incubator is a satisfactory method of hatching pheasants, the hen has many advantages in caring for the little ones. As mothers, pheasants in captivity leave much to be desired. Instead of worrying with a home and family, the real mothers spend their summer roosting in a large field and "looking pretty."

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Newspapers Are Useful  
A Leisure Class, Also  
A Real American  
Offense and Defense

The Supreme court says: "The free



Arthur Brisbane

press stands as one of the great interpreters between the government and the people. To let it be fettered is to fetter ourselves."

Certainly; the newspaper is to a nation what speech is to an individual, and it is to the crowd what a looking glass is to the individual. History will judge a people by its newspapers, its laws, its theaters, and it will have reason to criticize us.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, repeating

what Aristotle said before him, said civilization needs a leisure class, and defined as the "leisure class" those that keep a hired girl. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, thoughtful and wise, improves that definition; a leisure class for her is made up of individuals that "have sufficient economic security and sufficient leisure to find opportunity for a variety of satisfactions in life."

Charles Fourier, French philosopher, said it long ago, and elaborately. Henry Ford said it well, advocating a short work week, with two days off, that men might have time to spend pleasantly the earnings of five days.

All that will come, and more. In the past men worked too hard, while paid and fed too little, and never dreamed of Mrs. Roosevelt's "varied satisfactions," while the prosperous, as a rule, concentrated too much on foolish satisfactions.

All that knew him learn with sorrow of the sudden death of Charles Curtis, former Vice President of the United States. He was an American, a real one, proud of the red Indian blood in his veins. As a boy he rode horse races well and honestly; as a man, he rode the political race fairly. As Vice President he was content with the position that the American people and Constitution gave him. He would have made a good and loyal President had destiny so willed it.

The newspaper heading, "Britain is redoubling her defense plans to offset Germany," should interest somebody in America. This country is not planning to "offset Germany," but it has all Europe, including Russia and all Asia, to think about in these flying days. We should perfect our "defense plans" and particularly our attack plans. Then we should ask the world to look over our equipment and realize that it would be foolish to attack.

Senator Pittman of Nevada sees Japan shutting us out of China, "even at the risk of war"; says our business men "have been run out of Manchuria already." Japan might reply that her workmen have been run out of the United States.

The map will comfort Senator Pittman. Gigantic Manchukuo, bigger than all of old Japan, leans up against Outer Mongolia and Soviet Russia. Japan will not invite trouble with those countries, and war with the United States would invite it.

If you wonder "where all the tax money goes," read this:

"In six months the state of New York paid \$801,612 for official automobile expense."

And that does not include automobiles for the department of mental hygiene. One official discharged his chauffeur, paid by taxpayers, accusing him of cheating the state out of \$2,000 in one year through dishonest gasoline and repair vouchers. That is almost "a business."

"Charlie" Schwab may be seventy years old, but he still "knows his way around." The government tried to get \$19,554,856 from Schwab's Bethlehem Steel company, alleging profiteering. Instead of giving the government \$19,000,000, the "special master," hearing evidence, says the government must pay \$5,936,154 to Schwab and Bethlehem Steel. No wonder Carnegie, who was Scotch, thought a good deal of Schwab.

Dr. G. A. Stevenson, "fellow" in the University college of Oxford, suggests to the London Times that the pax Romana ("Roman peace") of ancient times, when Rome ruled the world and would allow no fighting, should be followed now by a pax Britannica ("British peace"), England ruling the world, telling everybody what to do.

American Olympic athletes appearing on the field in Germany met with gloomy silence, contrasting with applause for European and Oriental Olympic squads. The Americans, who defeated Germany at hockey, score 1 to 0, will survive the silence. Had they been wiser, they would have stayed at home. A German-Jewish player, Rudi Ball, by the way, was the star hockey player for the Germans.

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YET WE GO TO WAR

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—Cicero.

NO UPSETS

The proper treatment for a bilious child



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

ANY mother knows the reason why her child stops playing, eats little, is hard to manage, Constipation. But what a pity so few know the sensible way to set things right!

The ordinary laxatives, of even ordinary strength, must be carefully regulated as to dosage.

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.

The doctors use liquid laxatives. Hospitals use the liquid form. If it is best for their use, it is best for home use. The liquid laxative most families use is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist has it.

There We Differ Men are "created equal" in rights; not in ability or opportunity.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE

"Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best. It is quick and gentle." Quicker because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgia, sciatic, rheumatic pains.

CAPUDINE

ROUGH SKIN

Don't be discouraged! Make up your mind to try and have the clear, fresh skin you admire in others! Thousands have found the secret in Cuticura treatment. So simple, too! The Soap softens and cleanses—the Ointment relieves and helps to heal. You'll marvel at the difference Cuticura makes. Buy Cuticura at your druggist's, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c. FREE sample of each on request. Write "Cuticura," Dept. 9, Malden, Mass.

CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND

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

PAIN in BACK and HEAD

Mrs. F. W. Johnson of 1207 W. Cary St., Richmond, Va., said: "Some years ago I was not feeling well at all. I was thin and had scarcely any strength. I hardly slept a wink at night and everything seemed to upset me. I suffered badly from headaches and pains across my back. I added to my misery. After using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription my appetite was good. I gained weight and strength and felt fine. New size, tabs. 50c. Liquid \$1.00 & \$1.25.

Break up that COLD

Perhaps the surest way to prevent a cold from "catching hold" and getting worse is at once to cleanse internally. Do it the pleasant-est way. Flush the system with a hot cup of GARFIELD TEA—The mild, easy-to-take liquid laxative. At drug stores.

GARFIELD TEA

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Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, sandy or too frequent urinations, backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness around 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