

# CUGHT 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 airway emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as nearly "worthless." Lilith Ramill, product of the jazz age, plainly shows 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 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. Garth experiences difficulties in getting his companions into line. An experience with a bear helps. Returning from a long sleep in the woods, Garth finds the party has stolen the tea and sugar he has been saving for emergencies. He makes no objection, simply pointing out that he is accustomed to a strict meat diet, and that they are hunting only themselves. The work of getting ready for the trip continues. Huxby refuses to help, and works on the mining claim.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

No man of the engineer's coldly calculating character would stop at anything, when the stakes of the game meant a placer worth a million or more. Mother Nature could now be counted on to keep the spoiled heiress in line. But the Wild would only sharpen and intensify the engineer's craft and avarice.

After eating his fill, Garth took to Huxby's bed, beside the smudge-fire. He wakened to find that the sun had taken its northern dip and was just slanting up again above the mountain crests. It had been under much longer than in June. The summer was getting well along.

Huxby had stayed on watch to keep the fire going. He met Garth's off-hand good morning with a show of civility. His cool reasoning had brought him to the realization that nothing was to be gained by upstaging Garth.

When Miss Ramill left the leanto, Garth stooped in under the low roof and began to rub her father's knees and hips. The millionaire groaned that he had been stricken with a terrible attack of lumbago and rheumatism. It was impossible for him to move.

Headless of the plains, Garth rolled the complainer out beside the cold baked leg of moose. The "sick" man ate more than either his daughter or Garth. Afterwards, insistent urging and the promise of an easy work-out persuaded him to get on his feet. They wandered around through the woods, with frequent pauses in the glades.

When, several hours later, they returned to camp Miss Ramill had completed one moccasin and was doggedly stitching at its mate. Huxby came down from the trough with the gold pan. Garth melted the last of the moose fat in it and fried a heaping mess of mushrooms. For salad, he shook a quantity of pleasantly acid sorrel from the bottom of his pail. With berries for dessert, the meal became a banquet. While it lasted there was a general glow of good feeling. Even Huxby spoke pleasantly to Garth.

As before, Garth turned in at the same time as Mr. Ramill. He wakened to find the first pair of moccasins finished. The girl had met his terms.

He gave Huxby the moss bed, and started to collect flatfish stones as heavy as he could toss. When he had pitched a dozen or so upon the cache platform, he strung the smoked slices of meat on rawhide thongs. Haking aside the smudge-fire, he stood on the rack and tied all the meat close up under the cache platform.

He then climbed upon the platform and piled the stones on the tie-things where they came around the poles. That would keep wolverines or other pilferers from gnawing the rawhide to let the meat fall. No fourfooted creature could now get at the meat on the under side of the platform, and even ravens would have difficulty stealing much of it. To complete the job, Garth pulled off the cross poles of the smoke rack.

For breakfast, the party finished the baked leg of moose. As Garth had foreseen, his three city camp mates had developed camp appetites. Better still, they were less irritable. Their craving for drink and tobacco had begun to lessen.

At timberline Huxby went up the trough with the gold pan. Garth headed again for the glacier. This time Mr. Ramill did not pant and gasp

so hard, nor did he have to stop so often to rest. The first climb had done more than strengthen his wind and flabby muscles. It had burned up the autotoxins in his system as well as sweat off many pounds of fat.

He managed to climb all the way to the lower end of the glacier. It took him less time than his part-way climb and he was far less exhausted. While he rested in a sunny nook on the rocky side of the lateral moraine, his daughter went down in front of the glacier with Garth. They came to the channel where the milky stream gushed out of a tunnel cave in the blue-white ice.

Garth pointed to a shelf of rock on the near side of the stream. He walked into the cave along the smoothly polished ledge. Lilith Ramill shuddered and glanced up fearfully at the steep over-hanging ice face that seemed about to crash down. Yet after a moment's hesitation, she followed Garth into the chilly blue shadow of the cave.

Several yards from the entrance Garth stopped before a narrow side hole that opened above a waist-high uprise in the bedrock. He reached in and picked up a bundled white skin. Out in the sun he opened the skin and showed a piece of frozen meat.

"How's that for cold storage?" he said. "Killed a young mountain sheep on my way out, last month. Thought I'd test the glacier. Looks as if it's a safe meat house. No chance of spoiling, and not even a wolf has ventured inside."

Miss Ramill said nothing. She saw no reason to consider the cave of the slightest interest. There was, however, the meat. She suggested that if it was not spoiled, it would make a change from the moose meat. This proved true. Down at camp the young mutton was first thawed in cold water, then stewed in the gold pan.

The descent had been made by Ramill without aid. There was no need to support, much less back-pack him. He had really begun to get a start in training. To Garth this was all the more reason for pushing the millionaire so much the harder.

In the week that followed, he alternated more climbs with trips around into the muskeg swamps. He led his sweating, swearing charge over niggerhead grass, where the heavy-bodied city man had to jump nimbly from one big tussock to another or take a tumble.

Miss Ramill tagged along on these grueling hikes. She also made another climb up the gulch. Garth cached in the cave the hundred pounds of smoked moose meat he had brought up on his pack-board. He then led on up the glacier, halfway from his foot to the top of the pass. That gave the three climbers some real ice work. Coming back, Garth knocked three brace of fool hens from spruce limbs with a stick.

The half dozen grouse made a pleasant change. But even with a pail of salmon berries for dessert they proved a scant meal for the four meat-eaters. The last leg of moose had already been baked and eaten, the tongues broiled, and the second muffin stewed. The remainder of the smoked meat would not last long. So far, Garth had not interfered with Huxby's all-day panning out of the platinum alloy. He had not even asked to look at the take of precious metal. Food was a different matter. Instead of shooting another moose, he called upon Huxby to join in a caribou hunt.

A band of the big animals had drifted along the tundra terrace over towards the glacier. Garth counted fifteen. He waited until the band came within seventy-five yards. He then let drive, shooting rapidly yet with careful aim. One after another dropped, each with a bullet through the head. The stupid beasts stared in the direction of the sharp reports. But they could see nothing. The sixth went down before the nine survivors wheeled and clattered off in panic-stricken flight.

The flaying was well under way when Huxby and Miss Ramill came hastening aslant the tundra ahead of Mr. Ramill. The girl eyed the clean delicious-looking white fat on the first flayed body. "That looks good, Alan! Vivian, you can go back to your mining. Dad and I will help here."

Her father called out a panting suggestion for Huxby to wait and carry down a load of meat.

"No need," Garth said. "Don't stop, Huxby. Most of this venison is going on ice. None will be allowed to spoil."

The engineer did not linger. He had looked none too well pleased over the girl's familiar use of Garth's first name. Along with his displeasure about this, there could be no doubt of his eagerness to get back to the platinum panning. Each successive day he had shown himself still keener to continue the sampling of the placer.

When Garth finished the flaying of the caribou, he started to dress out the bodies. Greatly to his astonishment, at the cutting up of the second caribou, she took the belt-ax and pleased to help. Mother Nature had cracked the polished shell of artificiality in which the pampered heiress had been en-

cased. The girl's few days in the Wild had awakened primitive instincts ground deep into the nature of woman during the remote past of mankind. Down through countless ages her prehistoric ancestresses had learned the bitter lesson that, in the Wild, days of plenty are certain to be followed by days of famine. The cave man hunted the meat; the cave woman hoarded what she could of it against the time of want. Otherwise her children starved.

So, upon reflection, Garth's amazement passed. He had managed to cover it, even at the first, when Lilith Ramill took the belt-ax in her slender hand and severed the neck bone of the caribou with a single blow.

Her father was the one who stared. He sat watching the girl's quick, eager wielding of the hand-ax, his mouth slack, almost agape. Garth could only surmise how she had always been coddled and pampered. Her father knew it. He knew how, since her childhood, she had been wrapped about with silken luxury, waited upon by attentive servants, petted and spoiled.

The millionaire had been born on a farm. He could recall seeing his mother help butcher sheep and hogs. But she was a farmer's wife. Lilith would not have known how to prepare a spring chicken for the pan. And now she was cutting up caribou.

Aside from an occasional word of direction, Garth said nothing. When he finished dressing out the fifth carcass, he handed his knife to his eager helper, packed a load of meat, and carried it to the ice cave.

Down in the gulch bottom he chose a pothole stone that would hold perhaps three quarts. In the bowl he coiled a wick of twisted dry caribou



She Followed Garth Into the Chilly Blue Shadow of the Cave.

meat, piled in caribou fat, and lighted the wick. When the fat melted, the wick burned with a strong steaty flame. Caribou ribs furnished a grating on which to broil steaks. The fat meat was deliciously tender, its flavor between venison and beef.

When even Mr. Ramill could eat no more, Garth carried the stone lamp into the ice cave. Upon his return, he had Mr. Ramill and Lilith look close at the caribou skins.

"You see they are hair, not fur. But every hair is hollow. Nothing is warmer than a caribou parka. In fact, the winter coat is too warm to be worn. That is why I killed six now, instead of one. You have never wintered in the North."

"Mr. Ramill tensed as if prodded. "Wintered? You can't mean to infer you expect to stay on here. We have your promise to take us out."

Garth turned to meet the intent gaze of the girl's blue eyes. They looked as cold as the blue ice of the glacier tunnel. None the less, they had greatly changed since he had first seen them, over on the Mackenzie. They no longer showed a trace of their former cynical tiredness. The girl might be as hard as ever, but she was no longer bored or ennuied. For another thing, she had begun to lose her excessive thinness.

He answered her father: "You have my promise—more's the pity. A winter in the Eskimo would be a wonderful experience for Miss Ramill. However, she will of course prefer to go back to jazz and cocktails, to paint, powder and lipstick."

She flared: "And rid of you!"

"To be sure. That above all else," he agreed. "So how could I deprive you of that pleasure, or fail to give your father and your fiancé another chance to blink me out of my placer claim? I agreed to get you back to the Mackenzie. When we reach the old post, we part company. You and Huxby will then be free to go as far as you can."

"But in that case—No, you can't make me swallow it. I know you're not such a fool as to risk losing that placer."

Garth laughed outright.

"What d'you take me for? Your brand of gold-digger? Gad, that's the nubbin of it all. It's the reason why men like you and Huxby lose out. You worship the golden calf. Yet what value is there to riches other than what you get from them? Can you think of a more enjoyable game than playing draw poker, with our lives in the jackpot, and Fortune dealing us the cards of chance?"

"What's the catch?" inquired Miss Ramill, with a sudden unpwelling of her sophisticated cynicism. "Lives in the jackpot—that means nothing. It's your placer that's in the pot. What stakes do you consider we have in to balance it?"

"That would be telling," he teased. "You'll know if I win. If I lose, it will not matter to any of you what you've risked. The showdown may come sooner than I expected. Your father is already in fairly good shape. We'll start the trip out as soon as these caribou skins have been tanned."

## CHAPTER VI

### Hell in the Muskegs.

Garth sat beside the camp fire, sewing new moccasins for himself. Nearby, the millionaire dealer in mines and his fastidious daughter scraped the raw sides of the six caribou skins and rubbed them with the tanning mixture of fat, liver and brains. Garth had told them they could either tan the skins, or wait for him to do it. Until the tanning had been finished, the trip out would not begin.

Mr. Ramill was so keen to start back for civilization that he went at the disagreeable task with energy and determination. Lilith not only worked as vigorously as her father, she showed a real interest in the tanning.

Huxby took no part in this preparation of the skins. When he came down to the camp from the platinum placer, the sight of his fiancée's doing such square work struck him speechless. He stared in blank amazement. When at last he found his voice, he started to threaten Garth:

"You've gone a bit too far, you roughneck. Stand up, or I'll kick you up. I am going to—"

The girl broke in, with cool scorn: "Tune off, old dear. You're set on static. It's no interference we want. Dad and I are giving this performance under our own direction. You see, it's a bargain. Alan agrees to start our trip out just as soon as these skins are all tanned."

The mining engineer drew back. "So soon as that? My dear girl, if he's going to rush us off, I don't see how I can spare any time here in camp. I haven't yet sampled all the area of the placer."

## (TO BE CONTINUED)

## Manure Most Important in Aiding Plant Growth

The chemist's analysis of a short ton—2,000 pounds—of well rotted barnyard manure reveals that it is made up of 1,500 pounds of water and 500 pounds of dry matter. This 500 pounds of dry matter contains approximately ten pounds of nitrogen, five of phosphoric acid, 13 of potash, eight of lime and five of sulphur—a total of 41 pounds of chemicals—plus 450 pounds of organic matter, or "humus." In addition, asserts an authority in the New York Times, it contains a supply of certain bacteria and other microscopic organisms which are essential in effecting changes in the soil—the "breaking down" of chemical compounds existing in the soil into simpler and more soluble forms.

In other words, manure is so valuable in gardening because it provides, combined in this one substance, three distinct soil aids: first, small amounts of the main plant food elements (nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash) and also of lime (not a food element but a "digestion accelerator" in the plant's diet); second, a supply of humus or organic matter which helps to change any uncongenial, unresponsive soil into moisture-holding, friable, productive loam; and, thirdly, an active, thriving population of bacteria beneficial to plant feeding and plant growth.

## Pressed Wood

Pressed wood, especially the tempered grade, has almost unlimited uses in home improvement and decoration. One woman used it effectively to replace the bottom of a piano bench that had fallen out long ago; and now the music is no longer scattered in window sills and on chairs. This same material was used to cover the unsightly top of a general utility table. Made entirely of wood and being warp-proof and moisture-resistant, pressed wood is sturdy; it yields easily to the saw and does not chip or crack under pressure of nails or screws.

## U. S. Public Health Service

The United States public health service official seal bears the date of its origin, 1878, when it was known as the Marine Hospital Service. The present name was authorized by congress in 1912.

## BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

If Five Dictators Unite  
England Is Feverish  
Wealth for a Good Girl  
Gen. Mitchell Finds Rest

Rome hints that Mussolini and Hitler have arranged a protective treaty with Austria, Poland and Hungary. Five countries under dictators, united against England and France, still experimenting with the old "democracy," would be interesting.



Arthur Brisbane

Also, Hitler will remember that in 1914 Germany thought she had Italy in a "triple alliance"—Italy-Austria-Germany, but Italy did not stay. Had she stayed, the war might have ended otherwise. That increases Mussolini's bitterness, with England trying to cause Italy's defeat by barbarous Ethiopia.

Mr. Eden, young foreign secretary, tells England modern conditions are "dreadfully" like conditions before 1914. England must arm herself to the teeth and have, for final objective, "a world-wide system of collective security which embraces all nations in an authority which is unchallenged and unchallengeable."

That might be done by two or three countries closely united, although the airplane makes everything in war uncertain. It might destroy a capital city and an alliance in one morning, as a pistol destroys the strongest man.

Countess Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow has a new baby boy weighing seven and a half pounds, and twenty million dollars; that in gold at the present price would weigh more than thirty thousand pounds. Ask Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow, as she holds that small baby, its eyes not focused, one small hand holding her finger, whether she would rather have the baby or the \$20,000,000, and she will think your question silly. She would not take a million millions for the baby.

This proves that any good young woman who marries a kind young man may be richer than any "five and ten" heiress.

Gen. William E. Mitchell was buried in the family burial plot in Milwaukee, not in Arlington cemetery.

Having fought all his life against the enemies of his country and the stupidity of his superiors, he wanted peace at the last.

He lies beside his father, a United States senator from Wisconsin.

General Mitchell has gone wherever patriotic, brave men go; some that opposed him will not follow him there.

At Greenwood Lake, N. Y., a mall-carrying rocket went 2,000 feet from New York to New Jersey over Greenwood lake, while spectators smiled in derision.

Other spectators smiled when Fulton tried his first steamboat.

In Madison, Wis., death masks of Indians, more than 3,000 years old, found in burial grounds, lead back to savages of the Eskimo type that hunted mammoths near the beautiful Wisconsin lakes 15,000 years ago. Those ancient savages, instead of burying the dead, cleaned the skeletons neatly, covered the skulls with lifelike masks of clay, kept their relatives with them for years.

The human race has done queer things always. Russia has Lenin, embalmed, exhibited in the great Red square of Moscow.

The world becomes gradually democratic. In King George's funeral procession everybody walked. At his father's funeral, the great all went on horseback, including King George's cousin, the former kaiser, on a prancing white horse.

Now King Edward VIII orders simpler uniforms, less fancy dressing in Buckingham palace.

President Lewis, fifty, head of the miners' union, plenty of cash on hand, offers William Green, American Federation of Labor head, \$500,000 for a campaign to organize 500,000 men in the steel industry. Mr. Green, a long-time union man, has not accepted the offer. He knows how easy it is for one man to become a tall for the other man's kite.

Dr. Alfred Adler, competent psychologist, says the Dionne quintuplets "should be separated, for their own good."

Mothers will wonder how any psychologist could suggest separating the five small angels, Yvonne, Annette, Helie, Emille and Marie.

Mrs. Watson Davis, for Science Service, says the world needs just now: A remedy for the two greatest "killers of men," cancer and organic heart disease; a substitute for power, developed in primitive fashion from oil, coal, etc. That means harnessing the sun to one end of the scale, the atom at the other.

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## Adorable Pantie Frock That Is Easy to Make

PATTERN 2556



Here's an adorable frock for a two-to-ten-year-old, and one very easy for mother to make, too. It wears a young round-collared neckline, puffed sleeves for irresistible little girl charm, and roomy pleats for agile youngsters who want "free action." Printed percale would be ever so appealing and practical.

Pattern 2556 is available in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 takes 2 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. Be sure to state size.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Fortysthird St., New York, N. Y.

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## Forward and Upward

Anywhere, if it be forward . . . and if I should never return, perhaps my life will be as profitably spent as a forerunner as in any other way.—David Livingstone.

## Week's Supply of Postum Free

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

## Failings of Others

If we had no failings ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.—Rochefoucauld.

## Find Out

From Your Doctor  
if the "Pain" Remedy  
You Take Is Safe.

Don't Entrust Your  
Own or Your Family's  
Well-Being to Unknown  
Preparations

**BEFORE** you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

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