

CAUGHT in the WILD

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

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SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, 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 hurting only themselves. The work of getting ready for the trip continues. Huxby refuses to help, and works on the mining claim. Garth stores food in an ice cave.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"You'll have two more days for it," Garth told him. "Only don't forget that an alloy of platinum and gold weighs more than lead. You'll be totting my 60 per cent, along with the 40 for yourself and Mr. Ramill. If you hide the loot in your pockets, you'll go down like a shot, first time you slip into a muskeg pool or quagmire. Think of the all-around calamity that would mean. You'd lose your life, Mr. Ramill would lose his Man Friday, Miss Lilith her fiancé, and I—I'd lose my 60 per cent."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "It's no joke, Vivian. I've seen a strong swimmer sunk by the gold in his money-belt. A bag can be thrown off the shoulders. Another thing, Garth is to receive his three-fifths of whatever you have panned out. That is understood."

"It was his bargain," Huxby replied. He went to gorge on the leg of caribou that Garth had roasted over the fire on a twist-thing of rawhide. When he could eat no more, he hastened back to the placer trough to resume his panning.

The others had already feasted upon the tender venison, that was self-basted in its delicious fat. Lilith and her father had helped Garth pack it, with more meat and the skins, down the long slope from the glacier.

Before sundown, Garth set several rawhide snares, each attached to a pair of downbeat saplings. For bait, he used raw pieces of caribou flesh. The beasts of the valley had never been trapped. When, at sunrise, he went the rounds of his snares, he collected a lynx, two red foxes, a wolverine, and a wolf.

Garth did not reset the snares. He had more skins than he needed. From the wolf-hide he made a knapsack for Huxby. The fox skins furnished smaller bags for Mr. Ramill and Lilith.

At the second sunrise, Garth bundled the lynx and wolverine pelts and a quantity of catgut with the caribou skins.

Huxby eyed the bundle ironically. "Mr. Ramill told me about your caribou parka talk. I take it, you aim to go back and live among the Eskimos."

"I might do worse," Garth replied. "Here's your wolf parka. Load our metal, and slant up from the placer. We'll meet you at the glacier."

At Mr. Ramill's nod, the engineer took the knapsack and started off. Garth put the small aluminum pot and the tin cup in the millionaire's bag. He drew his blanket from the leanto to strap it on his pack-board with the bundle of skins.

Lilith Ramill crept into the leanto for the last time. She came out with the pouches of salt and tea. Neither had been opened since Garth put them in her care, after the wasteful eating up of all the sugar.

Her worn boots lay at the foot of the leanto. She had on her moose-hide moccasins and lynx-skin leggings. As she backed from under the low roof she picked up the boots and eyed them with amused contempt. They had been fit only for show, not for use. But when she flung them down, Garth added them to his pack, along with the last small pieces of the moose hides.

"We might sew on rawhide soles," he said. "Now—all set. How about you, mates? Ready to hit the trail?"

The girl showed the whisky flask that he had left in her father's care. It was full of fly dope—spruce pitch mixed with caribou tallow. She put the flask into her foxskin bag, along with the pouches of tea and salt.

Mr. Ramill was already walking off.

Garth had made a tump-line for his pack. As he fitted the band across his forehead and stood up, rifle in hand, he glanced over his shoulder at the girl.

She turned and met his glance. Her lips curled in their old scornful smile. "What are you waiting for? Aren't we ever to get out of this beastly valley?"

He started off without any reply but with a glow of exultance under his outward show of indifference. Lilith Ramill thought she was about to escape from the Wild.

He had promised to guide them all to the Mackenzie. The probabilities were now in favor of even her father making it. The girl would go back to what she called civilization—to luxury and self-indulgence, to jazz and night-clubs—the rapid pursuit of sensation.

Yet a part of her would linger behind in this last valley of the desolate subarctic Rockies. She had eaten of wild meat; she had smelled the tang of smoke from man's first friend, the camp fire. She had come face to face with the Primitive—and had lived it.

The real woman of her had awakened—had thrust aside the superficial self whose world was made up of artificiality and dissipation. She had been compelled to face the raw realities of Life. And there were weeks more of it to come.

Fortunately, she had already been hard. Now she was fit. Under the smear of mosquito dope, the lines had smoothed from her face. The drawn look had disappeared. Instead of the scarlet of rouge, her lips were cherry red with healthy natural color. She had gained weight. Her body now looked lean rather than emaciated.

As Garth overtook the girl's father, he eyed him with a smaller yet no less genuine satisfaction. For every pound gained by the daughter, the father had been rid of three or more. Though still far from hard, the millionaire had worked and sweated into vastly better condition than at the start of his training.

Huxby did not come into sight, out of the placer trough, until the others were well up the tundra slope, halfway to the glacier. That gave Garth an excuse to tell Lilith to ease her father along while Huxby was closing up with them.

Garth himself swung briskly ahead. So far, nothing had been said to Huxby about the cache cave in the ice tunnel of the glacier stream. He knew only that the caribou carcasses had been put on ice.

The one thing of which Garth felt most certain regarding the engineer was that he would never give over trying to get the platinum placer until every possible scheme had been balked. Mr. Ramill might quit. He already possessed a fortune.

But Huxby was still a relatively poor man, and he had now made certain that the placer was worth at least a million dollars. Behind his polished front, he was no less unscrupulous than his millionaire partner, and he was absolutely cold-blooded.

Among the cards that the future was to deal in the game, the ice cave might prove to be anything from a two-spot to an ace. If the play should shift back to the valley, a cache full of what would most benefit the player who knew about it. No less so, the caribou skins. In any event, it would do no harm and might prove of advantage to leave Huxby in doubt regarding the location of the cache.

Lilith made the last climb to Garth without effort. But Huxby plodded up almost as winded as Mr. Ramill. He lowered from his shoulders the small but heavy load in his wolfskin knapsack. The chunks of frozen caribou meat beside the bulky blanket-wrapped bundle on Garth's packboard drew his displeased attention.

"You can't expect me to carry any of that venison. I'm no pack jack of the woods. Forty pounds is quite enough to suit me."

Garth hefted the wolfskin sack.

"My guess is forty-five. Figuring roughly, that makes forty-one troy pounds, or four, ninety-two troy ounces. Call it five hundred even. Platinum is around sixty dollars an ounce troy. The values of the alloy will average at least thirty. That gives us a total of say, fifteen thousand dollars. Not so bad for a few days' panning."

Huxby's face showed that this was no news to him. For all his cool self-control, his fingers clutched tight hold of the wolfskin as he drew it out of Garth's careless grasp.

Ever since coming into the valley he had spent the greater part of every long day scratching spots all over the great placer claim and panning samples of the gravel. Fifteen thousand dollars was no fortune. But if a few score panfuls of grassroot dirt could yield that amount, there could be no doubt of the vast treasure beneath. Even if bedrock lay at a shallow depth, the platinum placer was worth at least a million dollars.

Though Garth smiled at the engineer's betrayal of cupidry, he took note of it as an additional warning. He had said that Huxby was a commonplace wolf. But any wolf is apt to be deadly when ravenous.

Garth's sideward glance caught an amused twinkle in Mr. Ramill's shrewd eyes. The hard training had put the millionaire in better health than he probably had enjoyed for many years. Also, his mind was bigger and better poised than that of his prospective son-in-law. He could smile with Garth over Huxby's obsession—smile and put aside all thought of the placer until in a position to take it from its discoverer.

Lilith saw the situation from a still different angle. She opened the wolfskin sack to peer inside. At sight of the nodules, she dropped the flap, with a look of disgust. Mere value meant nothing to her. The alloy looked dull and uninteresting.

"Worth only fifteen thousand dollars," she bantered her fiancé. "You've dug dirt all this time for a trifle like that, and Iugged it all the way up here. Don't tell me you're so dumb that you plan to pack it for the weeks Alan says we'll need to get back to the Mackenzie. Forty-five pounds of that stuff—how silly! From what Alan told us, we may have all we can do to carry ourselves on this cross-country hike."

"With my blanket and the meat that's in it, I'm starting off with something like two hundred pounds," Garth said. "Game was scarce on the other side of the pass when I went out the other time. The weight of our metal in meat may be worth more than the fifteen thousand dollars. Let Huxby choose which he prefers to pack."

The engineer compromised by shoving one of the twenty-pound chunks of caribou meat into the sack, on top of the metal. This left a second chunk of equal weight. Lilith bent over to put it in her own sack.

"Lay off," said Garth. "It is his choice. Besides, frozen meat soon



"Alan Garth, You're a Man."

spoils when it thaws. Fall into Indian file. Here goes."

He backed up to his boulder-perched pack, slipped the tump-line over his forehead, and started up the great cleft as if his 200-pound pack weighed no more than Huxby's 65 pounds of meat and metal.

He halted only when the other men were compelled to stop for breath. Huxby, though carrying a load only a third the weight of Garth's, had soon begun to strain and puff as hard as Mr. Ramill. He was larger than Garth and seemingly stronger-muscled. But he lacked Garth's wind and endurance and the knack of back-packing. At every halt he sank down on the ice or a moraine stone, panting.

Garth merely eased his back-breaking pack upon a boulder, slipped the tump-line from his forehead, and waited for the other men to recover. Lilith Ramill's pack was too light to hamper her. She climbed with the agility of a goat.

In places the pitch of the glacier became too steep for ordinary climbing. Garth had to draw his belt-ax and chop foot holds. The last of these steep rises was far up towards the head of the pass.

The remaining distance to the summit was not so steep, and there were no dangerous crevasses. Garth made the climb at a swinging pace. He was halfway down before he met Huxby plodding slowly upwards with Mr. Ramill. The engineer looked at him with cold-eyed rancor.

Mr. Ramill panted a wistful question: "Wh-when—do we—eat?"

"At the top. Take your time."

Lilith had chosen to wait for Garth down where he had left them all. His pack lay on the snow below the boulder upon which he had set it. She pointed her slender finger at the fallen bundle.

"I tried to find out if you were lying about the weight. I couldn't even lift one end. But you see how the top of the stone slopes. The beastly thing slid off."

"That's all right, Miss Ramill. Easy enough to up-end it again."

"Easy!" Her blue eyes glowed with an odd light. "You carried Dad back

to camp that day. But it was downhill. Now—to pack this frightful load all the way up here! Alan Garth, you're a man!"

"Well, it's a bit of a stiff pull-up," he admitted. "But we'll soon make the downslope. I left the knife on the knapsack. Go up and slice that caribou meat."

The girl whom her own father could not command met the order with a cheerful nod. She started briskly off up the gap. Garth's steady climbing brought him to the top of the pass a few paces behind Huxby and Mr. Ramill. Lilith was sprinkling salt on slices of the raw meat.

The pass was barren even of caribou moss. The meat had to be eaten cold or uncooked, or not at all. Six hours had passed since the party left the camp in the valley bottom. After the long, hard climb, even the girl was hungry enough to have eaten rawhide. The caribou meat was tender, and the first taste of salt since the party had come to the valley turned the meal into a feast.

Less than half of the 20-pound chunk of caribou remained by the time even Mr. Ramill found he could eat no more.

All were so refreshed by the food and rest that no one objected when Garth gave the word to start on. There would be no more slogging up-hill, with lungs bellowsing for air. One would only have to hold back.

But that was the rub—the holding back. The south side of the pass was far steeper than the north, and there was no glacier to offer stretches of smooth footing. The bed of the sharply tilted cleft frequently dropped over small cliffs. Between these high ledges were slides of frost-shattered rocks. Patches of ice here and there made the footing doubly treacherous.

In places Garth had to drop his pack down before him. Not infrequently, even Lilith had to be given a hand down slippery chutes, or caught in Garth's upraised arms when Huxby lowered her off the edge of a sharp drop. Still oftener, her father had to be helped by both Garth and Huxby.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shovel-Tusked Elephants Used Big Jaws as Dredge

Nature never made any real mechanical steamshovels except indirectly through her agent, man, but 20,000,000 years ago, before the Gobi desert had reached its present barrenness and before man had put in his appearance on earth, she had a creation far more remarkable. It was an animated dredge—a great elephant whose tusks had taken the form of shovels extending from a scoop-like lower jaw. These mastodons dredged the muddy bottoms of prehistoric swamps for water lilies and other swamp growths which formed their food. It has been several years since their fossils were first discovered in the Gobi desert, but interest has reverted to them through the discovery and identification of plant fossils which prove that swamps existed in the Gobi during their time—a fact previously doubted and which doubt raised a question as to these animals' food and the purpose of their shovel tusks. This doubt, however, is now cleared. Other discoveries have shown that these long-extinct elephants also lived in America and dredged the swamps of California, Nebraska, and Kansas.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Spiders and Stars

Spiders webs have many uses. Without them astronomers would find it harder to make accurate observations. The eye pieces of their telescopes are marked into sections by very fine lines, which are really pieces of web held in place by spots of varnish. Webs are used because it is impossible to have finer as well as equally distinct lines by any other method. There are other uses, too, for webs. An instrument maker in York employs a man specially to collect spiders and webs. Only a special kind of spider is caught, the "eperia drametata," which is usually found on gorse bushes and has a cross on its back. The spiders are made to wind their webs on special forks, each insect winding about 40 feet before the supply gives out. These webs are used in the manufacture of the most delicate types of scientific instruments.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Animal Prophets

A pit-horse at Markham colliery proved wiser than the man who drove it, says Tit-Bits Magazine. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the horse, which had worked underground for seven years, bolted and refused to return. When its driver returned alone, the roof fell on him almost immediately. Animals often sense danger and the authorities in England know, for instance, that pit-horses are aware of danger long before the miners. Not long ago, a New Forest dog pulled its master from under the radius of an old oak, which crashed a few seconds after he reached safety. In Burma, where elephants carry logs, one of these beasts refused to cross a certain bridge with its load. Eventually the logs were loaded on carts and dragged by bullocks, but the bridge collapsed when they were halfway across.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

THERE seems to be an epidemic of quarrels around Hollywood at the moment, our male stars being the ones to suffer most. James Cagney started it, and George Raft has come in for his share, with Paramount keeping the upper hand.

According to reports, it all started with a camera man. Mr. Raft felt that the beautiful Carole Lombard was favored by the gentleman in question, and that her best angles, rather than his, would be all-important in the shooting of the picture first called "Concertina" and more recently, "A Princess Comes Across."

So Mr. Raft was told that he could face the camera with Carole's favorite camera man in charge, or step out. He stepped out. Fred MacMurray, who has advanced so rapidly since he appeared as one of the boys in the band in "Roberta," was given the role. And now MacMurray has added to the difficulties by refusing to play the part unless he is given a new contract with a raise in salary. The only thing that's sure seems to be that Carole Lombard will make the picture, with her favorite camera man shooting it.



MacMurray

Carmel Myers (surely some of you old-timers remember her as a movie star!) announced recently that radio was a perfect field for a husband and wife. She knows whereof she speaks; her years in Hollywood have shown her what a motion picture career is likely to do to a marriage, and she's been broadcasting long enough to see how much more happily married people can co-operate on the air. And see how many radio teams support her contention. Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, (and in the days when they were on the stage, Portland just appeared in minor roles in her husband's productions), May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crummit, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard—the list goes on and on.

Incidentally, Harriet Hilliard isn't going to have much time for broad-casting. She has made a hit in Hollywood, and is going to make another picture very soon.

It looks as if Donald Duck, the Disney character, would ruin the speech of a lot of Americans. If you've seen the grand new polo game picture that Mr. Disney recently turned out, and heard Donald's furious and not wholly incoherent squawks, you've also heard about half the audience imitating him as they left the theater. Whole conversations can be carried on by means of those squawks, without a real word's being said—and more than one exasperated mother is going to have to tell Junior and Sister that they'll leave the table without any dinner if they can't stop imitating that fascinating duck and his strange language.

Here's a brave man! One radio headliner after another has refused to take the broadcasting time opposite Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, but Vincent Lopez says he wouldn't mind it with a first-class orchestra.

Now Hollywood is going to have a red and white ball, and a lot of girls are wondering what to wear—whether to stick to the rules or go in whatever they want to. It's all a result of that White Ball that was held a while ago, when some of them sent to New York for white dresses, and others had new frocks made in Hollywood—and then Norma Shearer wore blue, and Jeanette Mac-



Donald wore red, and both stood out against all the white frocks like sore thumbs! People who don't like Miss Shearer have called her calculating, and after that party the rather unkind designation was once again brought into use.

Lily Pons didn't like her first picture, "I Dream Too Much," as well as everybody else did, which is hard to understand; it's one of the most delightful and amusing pictures made in a long time. She'll be back on the RKO lot this spring, making another.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . George Brent has sold his plane—and bought a faster one . . . "Timothy's Quest" is one of those sweet, old-fashioned pictures that we all like . . . Ann Sothern has a new RKO contract, for seven years . . . And Ida Lupino has a new trailer for her automobile that's a whole cabin . . . While Warren William has bought land for a private landing field adjoining his ranch . . . Which reminds me that the reason Major Bowes doesn't join more of his units in the field is because the Major doesn't like to fly.

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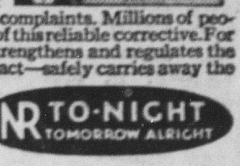
Period of Youth Is Crisis or Seedtime of One's Life

Let this thought, then, be lodged deeply in every youthful mind, that now is the crisis of life—that every hour of time, every habit of thought, feeling, or action, the book or paper you read, the words you hear, the companions you associate with, the purposes you cherish, each makes its indelible mark, and all combine and work together in forming you for future honor, usefulness and happiness, or for shame, misery, and death.—Collyer.

LIFE LONG "FRIEND" Keeps Them Fit at 70

THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS

This safe, vegetable laxative—NR—has been as dependable as a family doctor during their 70 years. NR keeps them regular—year after year, faithfully—with never any need to increase the dose. Now, wonder their "evening of life" is so free from complaints. Millions of people welcome the aid of this reliable corrective. For Nature's remedy strengthens and regulates the entire eliminative tract—safely carries away the poisons that bring on headaches, colds, biliousness. Get a 25c box. All druggists.



Resist the Magnet Don't listen to two others argue if you can't keep out of it.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for PAIN

"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 headaches, neuralgia, or muscle aches.



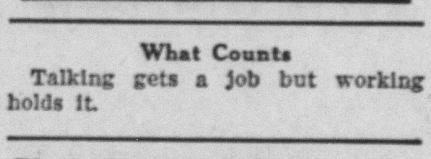
CAPUDINE

SOUR STOMACH—GAS?

Russell Charles Stalaker of 46 Kelly Addition, Charleston, W. Va., says: "Indigestion and sour stomach made me mighty uncomfortable. After eating I belched gas. I had lost many pounds in weight and never wanted to eat. I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and don't begrudge the money I spent on it. I was able to return to my work. I slept like a top at night and had a fine appetite." Buy now!

It's All in HOW You Fight BALDNESS!

You need a medicine that helps your hair to save itself by nourishing starved hair roots and stopping dandruff—Glover's! But you must faithfully keep up the good work. Start today with Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. At all druggists. Or have your Barber give you Glover's.



Black-Draught Relief Prompt and Refreshing

It's a good idea that so many people have—to keep Black-Draught handy so they can take a dose for prompt relief at the first sign of constipation. Mr. Sherman Sneed, of Evansville, Tenn., writes: "I take Black-Draught for constipation which causes headache, a bad, tired feeling and for biliousness, bad taste in the mouth and sluggish feeling. Black-Draught, taken about two nights, clears up this trouble and I get all right." Men and women like Black-Draught so well because of the refreshing relief it brings in constipation troubles.

BEFORE BABY COMES

Elimination of Body Waste Is Doubly Important

In the crucial months before baby arrives it is vitally important that the body be rid of waste matter. Your intestines must function—regularly, completely without gripping.

Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—much pleasanter to take than liquid. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system, and insure regular, complete elimination without pain or effort. Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them. Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



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