

FLASH

The Lead Dog

By George Marsh

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CHAPTER I

What the Goose Hunters Saw

"What's that, Gaspard, off shore there?"

The black eyes of Gaspard Lacroix shifted from the incoming flock of snowy geese out to the gray water of James bay, beyond the marshes where the boys lay in a "hide."

"Schooner, I tink," muttered the half-breed, watching the distant object for a space through eyes narrowed to slits.

"What in thunder's a schooner doing on 'is coast in September?" demanded Brock McCain. "Something queer here!"

"Ah-hah. Eet ees queer." "Must be free traders! They can't get through Hudson's straits now; they've got to winter on the bay. I wis' my father knew about this," regretted the white boy, "but 't's too late to turn back now."

"Eet we going to trap de Yellow-Leg head, after dis long snow we got no tam to lose."

"Right you are, old partner! But I'd like to know what these people are doing on this coast. You don't suppose we'll run into them on the Yellow-Leg?"

The swart face of Gaspard Lacroix went darker. The small eyes glittered as he said: "My fader die on de Yellow-Leg! I dese peop' hunt dat countree, last spring, dey—"

"But that was two hundred miles inland," Gaspard, objected Brock. "These people would not leave the coast."

"Ah-hah, mebbe not," sighed the half-breed, saddened by the thought of the father he had lost.

Over the marsh which reached from the black spruce guarding the muskrat inland, to the wet flats where myriad shore birds fed behind the ebbing tide, the flock of "snowies" which the boys were watching, drifted lazily in from the sea.

Then, in quick succession two shots roared beneath them and before the beating pinions of the bewildered geese lifted and swept them out of range, again two guns exploded in the "hide." Falling vertically, two birds struck the grass flats stone dead; two angled down from the retreating "snowies," wings moving mechanically, to hit the marsh with a thud a hundred yards from the alders.

"Four more," said Brock, rising to stretch his stiff legs. "That makes twenty this morning, Gaspard."

"We eat all we can carry. I wish we had bigger boat."

"Oh, we'll find caribou on the Yellow-Leg, and if we make the lakes in time, we'll net plenty of whitefish and trout. I don't see why you worry about grub," demurred Brock.

Gaspard shook his head good-naturedly at the optimism of his friend. "De caribou ees here today; tomorrow gone. We must get feesh or we have hard tam to feed de dog in de winter," he replied. "We got no month to freeze-up, Brock. We must hurry."

Then, each with a back load of birds suspended by a leather tump-line passing over the head, the boys started for their camp a mile across the marsh.

At the camp, a chorus of husky yelps hailed them.

"Hello, Flash for old pup!" called Brock, tossing his geese to the platform cache high above the reach of the dogs. As his master went to the stake where he was tied, the big Eskimo puppy wriggled in ecstasy, alternately growling and yelping his delight.

At neighboring stakes three grown dogs fretted and yelped, jealously demanding recognition. Brock left his puppy, and with a pat on the head and pull at the ears, spoke to each.

"Well Kona, old girl!" he said to a snow-white female who greeted him no less eagerly than the slate-gray and white Flash. Hello Silt-Ear, you rascal!" he cried to a black and white dog with an ear which had been ripped by the razor-like claws of a lynx. The fourth, a hulking yellow and white husky, the red lower lids of whose oblique, amber colored eyes marked a near strain of the wolf, crouched at his stake.

"Yellow-Eye! You've been chewing at that wire again!" And the youth seized the gaping lower jaw of the dog and looked into the fawny eyes raised to his. "You're king-dog of this team, now, old boy, but some day that pup Flash'll make your old bones crack."

By the time they had finished their dinner of boiled goose, corn bread and wild cranberries, the returning tide had backed up the water in the stream to a depth sufficient to float the loaded canoe out through the channel. They with their freight of geese, flour and provisions; traps and camp outfit, on top of which was lashed a toboggan sled, they started for the mouth of the unknown and

mysterious Yellow-Leg, forty miles up the coast. Following along shore, tails up, and in full cry, as they revolved in their freedom after days of tethered idleness, the dogs drove frightened flocks of shore-birds, duck and geese into the air, as they traveled.

"You're a big, able lad, Brock, for your age," Angus McCain, factor of Hungry House, on the Starving river, had replied in July to the pleading of his son to be allowed to winter on the Yellow-Leg with Gaspard; "but you're too young to trap strange country."

Somewhere far to the north, in the unexplored lake country of the interior, from which flowed the great Wintask and the Carleton, the Yellow-Leg was thought to have its source. But no Indian trading at Hungry House had ever ascended the river, from the bay, and of the hunters who wintered in the Starving river country but one had the hardihood to cross the divide and enter the unknown and, therefore, mysterious land to the north—and he had not returned. That man was Pierre Lacroix, father of Gaspard.

With his dog team he had started on the March crust to explore the nameless valleys beyond the last blue hills for signs of fur; and until the trails went soft in the April thaws, Gaspard and his brother had followed

his father's trap-lines, confident of his safe return. But when the days of sled travel had passed, they knew that somewhere beyond the grim hills to the north, tragedy had overtaken the best bushman and hunter on the Starving—that a fate, unimagined, mysterious, had stricken the veteran who would not starve where caribou roamed the muskies.

"But Pierre was alone," objected Brock. "That was the trouble, I believe. He got sick or hurt, and couldn't hunt."

"But don't forget, lad, that one winter, twenty years ago, the rabbit plague and the disappearance of the caribou gave this river its name. Many of the C-ees starved out, so the Company men sent to build this post the last summer called it Hungry House. You might get caught in a northern-aloa, on your trap-lines—"

"And get lost, you think?" broke in Brock, the blood showing in his brown face, as his frank eyes met his father's doubtful look.

"Yes, and get lost—snowed up in a big blow, far from your camp, without grub," answered Angus McCain, dryly. "Many a good man, older, stronger and wiser than you, my lad, has starved out after a big snow—lost."

For a space Brock frowned down at his mecessins, then his pride spurred him to answer. "Of course, I've got plenty to learn from Gaspard. He's part Cree and it's uncanny all he knows about the bush. He'd be boss on this trip, and we're like brothers. It's time, too, I made something for myself, father."

Slowly the grey eyes of the elder McCain softened, his son begged for the chance to risk his life in the hinterlands of the Yellow-Leg. At last he said, reluctantly: "If you'll promise to take the dogs and make for the coast and home when your grub gets low instead of trying to stick it out I'll consent."

"Good old dad!" Brock impulsively wrung his father's hand.

So it was that early September found the two boys on their way to the wilderness of the Yellow-Leg.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fine Art of Living

Is Greatest of All

A Texas woman, Mrs. Nellie Miller, says some interesting things about the finest art of all—the art of living. "To live finely," she says, "is to choose between things of passing interest and those of lasting value; to be glad to work because it is making a life rather than a living. . . . We have it within us to make life rich, if while facing our difficulties we can see the beauty there is in the world. The Texas woman expresses this idea when she says, 'Whatever of beauty the heart is feeling, whatever of beauty the mind is thinking, whatever of beauty the hand is doing—this is art—and to live in conscious co-operation with the music of a living and joyous universe is to make life itself the finest of all fine arts.'—Capper's Weekly.

Hair brushes should be washed in cold water to which a little ammonia has been added.

LIVE STOCK NEWS

FEED POTATOES TO LIVE STOCK

Potatoes have been successfully used in fattening rations for both cattle and lambs and may also be fed in limited quantities to hogs and horses. Farmers who have a surplus of potatoes this year may find it profitable to feed them to live stock.

In the tests that were conducted at the Colorado agricultural experiment station, potatoes proved to be particularly valuable feed with grain and alfalfa to fattening lambs. A ration consisting of grain, alfalfa and two pounds daily of chopped raw potatoes showed a feed replacement value of \$8.54 per ton for the potatoes used. Fed to fattening beef calves at the rate of nine pounds per head daily, the raw potatoes had a feed replacement value of \$5 per ton. Potato silage made by cutting the potatoes into a silo with a 2 per cent addition of cornmeal gave practically the same net results. The only advantage gained in feeding the potatoes was the ability to store the ensilage for an indefinite period.

Starch is the chief constituent of the dry matter of potatoes and there is very little crude protein present, consequently a good protein feed is necessary to properly balance any ration where potatoes are used.

Raw potatoes may be safely fed to live stock if the daily ration is not too large and the feeding period not too extensive, according to E. J. Maynard of the Colorado experiment station. They are best not fed, however, to pregnant stock on account of their acid taste and tendency to increase the flow of digestive juices in the stomach and intestine.

Raw potatoes should be gradually introduced into the ration and if taken away, this should be done by degrees.

Foods, such as beet molasses and beet tops which tend to irritate the digestive tract, should not be fed at the same time. Although potatoes should be chopped up, they may also be fed whole. If fed whole, it has been found worth while to feed them to cattle in low bunk under a pole or beam. This method tends to prevent choking.

A low-priced root cutter, either hand or motor driven, is available, which has given good success at the experiment station.

Cattle are least sensitive to raw potatoes. Large quantities have been fed in fattening rations with no bad effects. It is safest, however, not to feed too great an amount.

Sheep also do well on raw potatoes. It is best to feed lambs not over two pounds per head daily.

Horses are more easily affected by raw potatoes but small quantities, three to five pounds per head per day, may be used.

It is usually better to cook or steam potatoes for pigs. Experiments show that about 420 pounds of cooked potatoes equal 100 pounds of corn in feeding value if fed in a properly balanced ration. Raw potatoes proved to be only two-thirds as valuable when fed to pigs. If cooked the potatoes should be salted and the water in which they are cooked should be thrown away.

Blood Separators for Cholera Serum Useful

Production of clear anti-hog cholera serum for use in preventing the disease which has cost American farmers \$30,000,000 annually for the past 40 years has recently been materially cheapened by the use of centrifugal blood separators. Not only do these separators reduce the cost of the product, but they also increase the percentage of recovery of serum and eliminate waste.

After the hyper-immunized pig has been bled, one separator removes the heavy corpuscles from the blood and another takes out the light, fatty substances. It is necessary to remove both the heavy and light material to produce a clear, colorless serum.

The blood separators used are similar to the ordinary centrifugal cream separator. Similar separators are also used to clean and reclaim used oil from automobile and tractor crank-cases.

Lambs Neglected

Lambs are often considered the main source of income from the farm flock, but they are frequently undervalued and little attention given from the time of birth until they are sold. If they have done well and made fair gains the seller is satisfied. When lambs are thus thought of as the main income from the flock it is evident that extra care and thought must be given to them if greater returns are to be received.

Good Beef Calves

Mating an Aberdeen-Angus bull with Holstein cows would result in a very good grade of beef calves. The Wisconsin experiment station has conducted two trials in which they have used groups of steers representing high-grade Aberdeen-Angus and cross-bred Aberdeen-Angus-Holstein. The results have shown quite favorably for the cross-bred steers. Prof. J. G. Fuller at Madison, Wis., would be happy to send you a copy of these reports.

BOBBED HAIRD BANDIT GREEN NABBED IN N. Y.

Gang Holds Up Crap Game and Takes Shield of Policeman Player.

New York.—A tiny bobbed-hair bandit, 5 feet tall and weighing 85 pounds, and her two masculine accomplices, one of them her husband, who on the early morning of September 17 held up a crap game at Coney Island and escaped with \$1,000 in loot and the shield of a policeman player, have confessed the crime.

The woman is Mrs. Sarah Green, alias Sallie Green, alias Sallie Bernstein, a cabaret singer. Her husband is Robert Green, a featherweight pugilist, who fights under the name of "Bobby" Green, and also has the aliases of Louis Green, Able Block and Isidore Horowitz. The third member of the gang is Herman Rosen, who said he received only \$20 as his share of the loot.

The trailing of the three and the dramatic arrest of Green and his wife in their apartment have all the elements of a detective thriller.

Remembered at Bout.

The police got on the trail of the gang when one of the twenty men in the crap game said he was certain he had seen one of the men in a bout

in Madison Square garden. This player was taken to the rogues' gallery and picked out a photograph of Green, who has a record of four convictions and faces life imprisonment if convicted for the holdup. The bobbed-hair bandit also dropped a handkerchief in the holdup. On it was the name "Sarah."

Allowing their faces to become covered with a stubble of beard, Detectives Thomas Reilly, Anthony Grieco and Thomas Kenny posed as rough characters. They finally found the Green apartment and kept it under surveillance.

Their plans perfected, the detectives crashed through the apartment door. Mrs. Green was in bed. Warning her to stay still, the detectives hid and awaited the return of the husband. As Green stepped into the room the detectives seized him. Green put up a stubborn fight, trying to get to a closet in which the detectives found a pistol.

Accomplice Arrested.

Meanwhile Detective Charles Higgins was waiting at Broadway and Seventy-third street for the appearance of Rosen, who had been connected with the holdup. Rosen drove up shortly before midnight and was arrested as he alighted from an automobile. In the door pocket of the car a pistol was found.

Before Rosen was taken to the Coney Island station, Mrs. Green and her husband had confessed.

"Why did you take part in the holdup?" Mrs. Green was asked.

"I wanted a thrill," she replied. "I'm sorry I did it, and I probably wouldn't have done it if I were rich."

Then she laughed.

"They were just as gentle as little lambs. It was like taking candy from a baby."

Chief of Police Loses Whiskers as Home Burns

Lynn, Mass.—The chief of police of Lynn Field has lost most of his whiskers. The flowing white beard of eighty-three-year-old Alfred Tedford, which for years has been one of the town's sights for visitors to admire, won't flow any more. A thief sneaked explosives in the chief's kitchen stove and tried to blow him up.

The explosion wrecked the front of the kitchen stove, stunned the housekeeper, and set the home on fire. Chief Tedford, who was in a tree picking apples, rushed into the kitchen and carried out his housekeeper, Mary Hunter, and then returned to extinguish the flames. His beard was badly singed, but otherwise he was uninjured.

Saves Ammunition by Trapping Ducks in Garage

Milwaukee.—S. J. Hagie, member of the Milwaukee police force, bagged three big Mallard ducks without firing a shot. Hagie left his garage door open in the wee hours when he came off his beat. Shortly afterward he returned and found three ducks flapping about in the rafters of the building.

College Men Under Obligation to Preserve and Disseminate the Truth

By DOCTOR ANGELL, President Yale University.

THE college man who fails to dedicate himself first to the preservation and dissemination of knowledge and truth and the discovery of new truth wherever it may be found is false to the trust reposed in him by his forebears who founded the institution, to the contemporary society which maintains it, and to the company of scholars who conduct it. To abstain from such dedication argues lamentable ignorance of what is involved, sheer moral perversity, or hopeless incapacity to appreciate and take advantage of great opportunity.

There are few pleasures so disinterested, few so stimulating, so intrinsically delightful and refreshing, few so permanently rewarding as those which come from the intellectual entry upon wholly new, appealing and significant fields of knowledge or upon unfamiliar and moving beauties in literature or in art. To miss this kind of experience, by failure to improve the opportunities college offers, is altogether tragic, and especially if it means that one has not made effective contact with the great teachers who can kindle the flames of intellectual enthusiasm and appreciation.

To sit at the feet of great scholars is one of the privileges of which the college man should be most jealous, following him who can lead revealingly into the mysteries of history and literature, of science and art, of philosophy and religion. To forego such opportunities, because one is absorbed in some trivial, extraneous activity, is simply to sell one's birthright for a mess of pottage. Here lies the great and unequalled treasure of the college. To miss it is to sin against the enlightenment of one's own spirit, to be in the presence of wisdom only to pass it by. Folly is too mild a term for such ineptitude.

Great Need of Farmer Is Provision for Stable Weekly or Monthly Income

By S. J. HIGH, Tupelo (Miss.) Banker.

Nearly all of the industries have adjusted themselves to the many changes of the last ten years except agriculture. Most of the farmers are still farming as their grandfathers did.

The old-style farmer buys on long credits and long profits, in contrast with modern forms of credit buying.

The farmer has seen his expenses increase year by year on account of giving his family the luxuries and comforts that others have, and he has staked his whole future on what is called the money crop. He mortgages his land, his crop and his live stock for farm and family expenses not knowing what the harvest or price will be.

Such farming is hazardous and harassing for the farmer and unsafe from a credit standpoint for the banker and merchant. The farmer needs something that will give him a weekly or monthly income.

Large crops are not the solution of the farmer's problem, because large crops usually lower the price. Diversified crops and live stock are his need.

One of the greatest needs of profitable farming is farm efficiency. As it is with business, so it will be with farming in the future—efficiency and low cost of production. The farmer can get his low cost of production by following a safe and sane plan of farming. In most, if not practically all sections of the United States, the following will be a safe plan:

Pigs, poultry and dairy cows on every farm; raising food and feed; selling milk or cream, chickens and eggs, and raising more and better (cash) crops on less acres.

Laws Should Set Maximum Profits to Be Retained by Merchants

By DONALD E. MONTGOMERY, Madison, Wis.

To alleviate unemployment businesses should stabilize competition by trade associations. I would have laws set the maximum profits to be retained by business men, amounts exceeding the legal maximum to revert to the state to reduce tax bills.

Although stabilization of competition by agreements among competing business organizations would not reduce competition, the trade associations would eliminate waste, mitigate the hazards and uncertainty of business collapse and unemployment. These trade associations must be able to show the courts that their restraints merely regulate and thereby promote competition rather than suppress or even destroy it.

If business delays too long in taking the initiative, persuasive legislation may be necessary. Such legislation should go directly to the source of the trouble and penalize the business men who insist upon treating the market as a circus in which they can acrobat themselves to a sudden fortune, to the detriment of those business men who plan for years ahead and are trying to make a profit every year and to offer full employment every year.

As long as unemployment is among the leading products of our national system, there is something wrong. When clothing workers go threadbare because they have produced too many suits of clothes; when families of miners are cold in winter because they have mined too much coal; when the unskilled worker in the city goes hungry while the farmer—perhaps only 20 miles away—is losing money because he produced too much food, something is wrong.

More Human Understanding Called For in the Dispensing of Justice

By JUSTICE SELAH B. STRONG, New York Supreme Court.

The abolition of ironclad legal procedure and the introduction of a greater degree of human understanding in the dispensing of justice are prime requisites of legal procedure. Justice should not be bound by hoary rules. The law of evidence often becomes a joke, for example. A judge feels like saying to the jurors, "Now, listen, pals. Here's the case in a nutshell. Let's settle it in such a way that the greatest good will fall to the greatest number."

One of the silliest things in law is the charge of conspiracy. Why should a man receive a greater penalty for conspiring to commit a crime than for its actual perpetration? Or why should a man be punished on both counts of conspiring to and committing a crime?

I have in mind an example of a case I heard recently concerning the right of a builder to construct a garage next to a church, which made me hope for greater judicial freedom.

The law prohibits the construction of a garage next to a school, but it has failed to provide for churches. I felt like telling the jury that a garage should not be built beside a church any more than beside a school, but the law forbids me to do so.



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Acquaintance with one or two super-generous persons never fails to emphasize the blessedness of giving over the blessedness of receiving.—Exchange.

Mrs. Margaret Washington Tells

How to Get Rid of a Severe Cold

"Last August I took a very severe cold and it seemed that I couldn't break it up. I got so bad that I was confined to my bed for five weeks, doctoring all the time without getting any relief. I had no appetite, naturally lost flesh. In fact, I had given up all hopes of ever getting any better."

"A friend recommended Milk Emulsion and I commenced its use. When able to leave my bed I weighed 111 pounds. Now, after taking Milk Emulsion five weeks, I weigh 125 pounds, feel better than I have felt in two years, can eat anything, have no effects of the cold and work every day. I thank God and Milk Emulsion for restoring my health."

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Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milk Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

When Cyclones Come

Expect a storm when you steal a man's thunder.—Farm and Fireside.

WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write the "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Robust Health depends upon proper food assimilation. Keep the digestive processes active with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills

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