

FLASH

THE LEAD DOG

By GEORGE MARSH

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lacroix, his French-Cree comrade, with "Flash," Brock's puppy and their dog team. Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth.

CHAPTER III—Continued

After long days of slavery with pole, paddle and line, they had reached their goal. Brock's freckled face beamed with a smile of satisfaction at the thought that, never before, so far as anyone knew, had a white man dipped a paddle in these waters. To what risks—what perils, lay before them when the "freezing moon" of the Cree swung above the ridges and the northers from the bay drove south, locking lakes and streams with ice, and the "long snows" blanketed forest and musk, he gave no thought. They were well provisioned, but of course would need much fish and game to carry the dogs and themselves through to the break-up of the river ice in May. But caribou surely roamed the muskies of the back country and such a lake contained fish. They would make out all right.

And then with what a fur pack this untrapped country should send them home to Hungry House and the envy of the Cree, the trade! And the "long snows" would trade it for! Dogs! Gaspard, a Peterbor canoe of his own for Brock, new rifles and outfit for the next winter's hunt.

From daylight to dusk of the days following, the trappers raced against the winter which one day without warning would close in on the valley of the Yellow-Leg, sheathing the coves of the lakes and the dead-waters of the rivers with a film of ice, smothering the sun while powdery snow whitened ridges and barrens. In the wind-bent of a heavy stand of spruce creant to the river, they pitched their tent. This, banked high with snow and heated by the folding tent-stove of sheet iron, which Brock's father had given them, would be snug in the bitterest weather. Near by, they trimmed and peeled standing spruce saplings and built a platform cache as a storehouse for food, high above the reach of the dogs, and stray animals which might find it in their absence. And to check prowling wolverines from climbing the slippery up-rights, they circled each spruce with a necklace of inverted fishhooks. Then, setting the net which was visited each morning, the boys began to store like trout and whitefish. Along the water courses, in the swamps and on the ridges, east, south and west, they searched for game signs, blazing trails on which they would run traplines when the snow came.

Swiftly the mellow days of the northern Indian summer passed. Then, one day, when they had cut firewood on the ridge behind the camp until their backs were stiff, Brock suggested: "We've just got time enough to look at that little river across the lake before it gets dark. It ought to be good mink and otter country, and I'm sick of this ax."

So they paddled across the two miles of restless lake, gray under the lead-colored sky. At the mouth of the stream which was on the north shore, a mud beach offered a good landing for a canoe. Drawing up the boat, Gaspard started up the shore ahead of Brock, when, suddenly, he quickened his pace.

"What's up?" demanded the other, searching the lake shore ahead for the cause of his friend's action. Gaspard stopped, pointing to the mud at his feet.

"By the great horned owl, a canoe!" cried the excited Brock. "We've never landed here!"

"No, dere ees no keel—et ees a hick-bark." The frowning eyes of the speaker traversed the beach near the water, then, with a significant "Ah-hah!" Gaspard walked a few steps and pointed to something at his feet. "Moccasin track—Injun!"

Leaving Brock, he walked a few yards, his eyes searching the beach, then suddenly stopped and bent over, busy with the problem before him. Shortly, with a nod of finality, he turned to Brock.

"White man, here!" he said soberly. "Injun track turn in; white man walk straight!"

"Yes, I see it now," admitted Brock, "but what could bring a white man here—where would he come from?" Then across Brock's brain flashed the memory of the strange schooner at the mouth of the Yellow-Leg. His jaw dropped as his eyes opened with the surmise. "That schooner!" he gasped. "Free traders! So we may have to share this country, after all. I thought we were the first to see it," he added ruefully.

"They will not like to find us here—these people. We have trouble yet." At the words of his friend, the fighting blood of generations of pioneer ancestors beated in Brock's veins. "Try to drive us out, eh?" he rasped, his blue eyes flaming. "Look here,

you and I can shoot all around most Indians, can't we? We know that! Are we going to be run out of this country, where we've got as much right as they have?" Gaspard thrust out a sneaky hand which his friend impulsively gripped.

"We stay!" said the half-breed, quietly, his swart face set like stone. That night, as Brock lashed with rawhide to cross pieces, two long, six inch strips of birch, planned to a quarter inch in thickness and curled at one end by steaming, from time to time he glanced curiously at his companion busied with the foot lashings of a pair of snowshoes.

"What's on your mind, Gaspard?" he said, at length. "You've been bustling over something for the last hour."

Gaspard lifted a face so bitter that Brock abruptly stopped work on his trapping sled. "Out with it, my lad; no secrets between partners!"

The face of the half-breed softened as he met his friend's curious eyes, but he did not answer.

"You don't suppose they were here last year?" Brock burst out, in excitement, as the thought of the elder Lacroix flashed across his mind.

The dark face of Gaspard was knotted with pain as he turned to his friend. The glitter of hate, so implacable, so ruthless, in the small eyes of Lacroix, filled the one who watched with awe. Never before had Brock seen that look in the eyes of his friend.

"I tink dese men know—wat become—of my fader," replied Gaspard, deliberately, his brooding eyes again seeking the fire. "He was ver' good man een de bush; he nevaire starve out."

"And his dogs—some would come back if the wolves didn't get them."

"Ah-hah, dey would come home."

"Well," said Brock, after an interval of hard thinking, "if they did away with your father for coming into this country, they'll try to do the same with us—shoot us from ambush or steal our grub and burn the tent when we're away on the lines."

Gaspard nodded in agreement. "We'll have to move our camp, at once."

"On de first snow I go back into dat countree nord de lae an' look for dose peopl'."

In the silence, from a distant ridge, drifted a faint call.

"The wolf, he hunt tonight," said Gaspard, as the muffled huskies, pointing noses at the frosted stars, howled back their challenge to the ancient enemy across the soundless forest.

Like an omen of evil, the wail of the wolf struck upon the ears of Brock McCain. Into these bleak hills Pierre Lacroix and his dogs had gone, never to return. When the spring came to Hungry House would they wait in vain for the coming of the canoe which had left in August for the headwaters of the Yellow-Leg? Who knew?

CHAPTER IV

The Battle in the Muskogee

Then, one day, a stinging north-wester drove down across Kiwiedin, Ojibwa for "The Birthplace of the North Wind," bringing the snow to white hills, barrens, and forest floor and betray the journeyings of their restless hooved and furred nomads. With the coming of the snow, the boys began hauling their frozen fish and goose and their outfit into the back country, to a new camp they had located in the valley of another stream, tributary to the lake, where the "tick" of timber provided both a wind-break and concealment.

And with the coming of the snow, started the education of the hulking Flash, who, the previous winter, had been too young to break to harness. Gradually, under the patient tutorage of Brock, the pup learned the meaning of Gee! and Haw! Soon, at the command, Marche! the twelve-month-old husky would leap into his collar and take his master scurrying over the young snow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Open Mind Requisite of Proper Judgment

Your judgment is no better than your information, is a good statement to memorize. It is certain that to acquire judgment, one must investigate a subject from different angles. The first information may only tell part of the truth. One may discover that he has been misinformed or so slightly informed that it is a poor foundation on which to form an opinion.

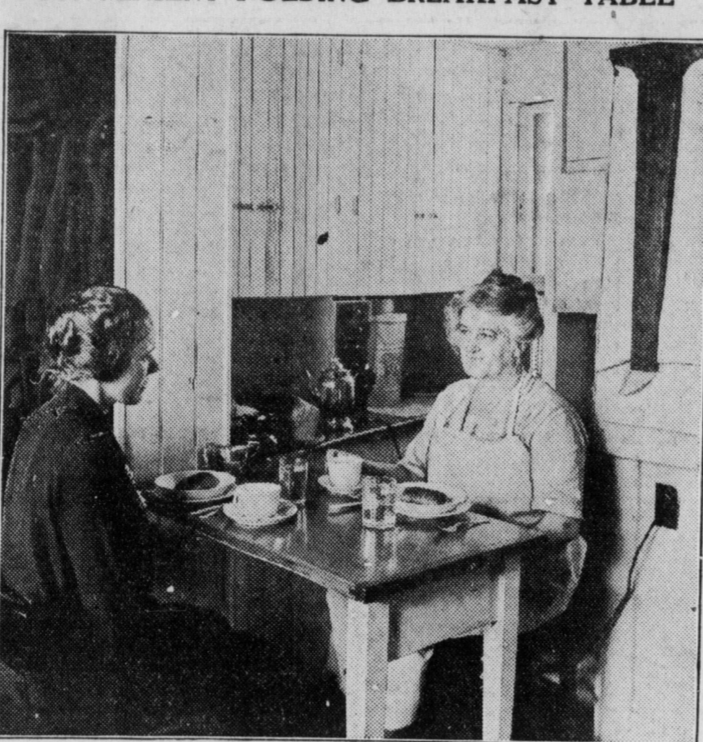
If you only read what you already know, you learn nothing. Some do not want to read something new or read the other side of a question on which they have narrow but profound convictions. They stop the paper that dares discuss views with which they cannot agree or understand. They condemn the preacher or the teacher who condemns their minds with new ideas.

The way to acquire knowledge is to keep an open mind so that different angles of thought may present themselves for your information. That is the basis of sound judgment.—Successful Farming.

Bread From Peanuts

"If the general public were educated to the great value of peanuts as a food for human beings, the farmer in the South could grow more with profit," an expert of the Department of Agriculture declares. "A bread made of a mixture of 25 parts peanut flour and 75 parts wheat flour is a very nutritious and palatable food. In experimental feeding of rats, the bureau found that the rate of growth of animals fed on peanut bread was much greater than that of animals on a diet of whole wheat bread."

CONVENIENT FOLDING BREAKFAST TABLE



Using Drop Shelf as Breakfast Table in Remodeled Kitchen.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
The home demonstration agent, who is pre-fasting with this farm woman in Massachusetts, is trying out one of her own suggestions—the use of hinged conveniences in a very small kitchen, to save space. This dropped table can be folded up and hooked to the wall when it is not needed, but when a hasty meal is being served or an extra surface is wanted for preparing food or serving a number of individual dishes it can be very useful. When there are only two for breakfast, and perhaps the housewife is alone for lunch, even a dining alcove is hardly necessary, and this little folding device answers every purpose. The ironing board, similarly hinged to the wall, is let down only when necessary.

MAKE ALL SCHOOL DRESSES SIMPLE

Fussy or Fragile Frocks Prevent Childish Play.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Possibly no task gives a mother more real enjoyment than selecting or making the dresses worn by her small daughter when she is between three or four and ten. Sometimes the mother herself feels once more like a little girl with a doll to dress, and she takes so much pleasure in planning her "doll's" wardrobe that she allows her imagination to run riot. The little girl, too, has ideas about frills and ruffles and fancy decorations she has seen on other children's clothes. The result is often an elaborate, over-trimmed, impractical set of dresses which not only give much work in the making but also in "doing up."

Dresses that are too fussy or too fragile for everyday wear prevent a child from indulging in normal active play, and make her too conscious of herself and her appearance; or else they are soon dirty and dragged and much less pleasant to look at than plain, sturdy play suits. Another unfortunate point, too, is that the frocks that make a little girl look like a dressed-up doll are not really in good taste except for "dressup" occasions. If worn to school the child is likely to be criticized rather than admired.

The bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture, has been interested in designing dresses for the little girl that can be easily made and laundered, that are comfortable to wear, pleasing to look at, and easy to put on and take off. Even a three-year-old can learn to dress herself if the fastenings are few in number, with large, findable buttons, placed in front. It is not necessary to choose dull, uninteresting colors, for there are many gay, fast-colored cotton prints available that appeal to any little girl. In winter time they may be replaced by warm washable challies in similar designs. Plain colors, too, are good in such materials as broadcloth or poplin.

Mexican Bean Salad Is Sufficient for Lunch

Kidney beans may be served in a salad after they have been cooked in the usual way, the bureau of home economics suggest. The combination of ingredients below makes a fairly hearty dish, sufficient for lunch.

- 1 pint dried kidney beans, ¼ tsp. salt.
- 1 pint chopped celery, ¼ tsp. paprika or chili powder.
- 1 tbs. minced onion, 2 tbs. lemon juice.
- ½ cup chopped nuts.

Wash the beans and soak them in two quarts of cold water overnight. Add one-half teaspoonful salt and cook them in the water in which they were soaked until they are tender but not broken. Drain and cool the beans, then mix with the celery, onion and nuts. Blend the oil, lemon juice and salt and pour over the mixture. Chill thoroughly and serve on crisp lettuce.

Salt Absorbs Water.

In a crowded dining car the other day a luckless little four-year-old boy spilled a glass of water. While his embarrassed young mother with a baby girl in her arms tried to remedy the damage, the kind waiter said "neva mind mam" and began to shake salt all over the damp linen. "What salt that do?" asked the mother. He explained that the salt will absorb most of the water and then be brushed off, scarcely leaving a trace of the accident.

Wasted Food.

"With only 5 per cent of the 28,750,000 American homes having refrigerators, and with only 20 per cent of these using refrigeration all the year, housewives in the United States waste \$700,000,000 in food annually through spoilage," according to an engineering official who figures spoilage at 10 cents per day for most families. Were it possible to check the needless waste it would be found that values would be sufficient to feed one of the major nations of western Europe.

DIP, 74, FACING LIFE TERM FOR A 7-CENT THEFT

Convicted 22 Times and Has Served Four Prison Sentences.

New York.—A slight figure, a little stooped by age, came out of the subway at city hall one afternoon recently. He was dressed in a neat brown suit and wore a blue bow tie and a new fedora hat. His iron gray mustache was smartly clipped, his complexion ruddy, his hands long and narrow and very white. He was always very careful of his hands; by them he had made a precarious living for many, many years.

He strolled through the group gathered in front of the hall, apparently intent only on looking around. Several times he stopped for a moment, then went on again, aimlessly. Once he put his hand into the inside pocket of his coat and smiled a little sadly as it came out empty. He resumed his walk, finally pausing just behind several men standing in a circle talking.

See Familiar Face.
A moment later he felt himself tapped on the shoulder, and from the corner of his eye saw a familiar face. He said nothing, but slowly opened his right hand, displaying three coins. His captor looked down and picked



He Said Nothing, but Slowly Opened His Right Hand.

them up one by one—a nickel and two pennies. Then "Deafy" Dowd, who had just been arrested for the twenty-seventh time, permitted himself the luxury of a smile.

He made only one remark while being searched and questioned in the pickpocket squad's room at police headquarters. When detectives suggested that he must be losing his ability, "Deafy" just smiled; when they told him that if he were convicted he would spend the rest of his life in prison, he smiled. But when it was said that he was the last "of the old bunch," he shook his head forlornly.

No Relatives, No Friends.

"Yes, I guess I am. The others have all gone."

"Deafy's" real name is John; his age is seventy-four. He has no particular home, but for the last few months has been living as John Murphy at 100 Bovey. He has no relatives; no friends. On his 27 arrests he has been convicted 22 times, serving four terms in Sing Sing for attempted grand larceny. His police record began in December, 1887, when he was sentenced to a year in the reformatory for petit larceny.

Man Claims Dog Gets Steak, He Gets Gray

Atlantic City, N. J.—His wife was more fond of her collie than of her husband, Albert Gildersleeve, sixty, told County Judge William H. Smathers here recently. Mrs. Gildersleeve complained that her husband left her ten days before and asked the court to compel him to support her. They have been married 20 years.

"Every time I come home," Gildersleeve told the judge, "the dog is in her lap or arms. She has the dog in her arms when she is cooking, and when she fries a nice steak the dog gets the steak and I get the gray."

Will of Man Died 45 Years Filed for Probate

Fort Collins, Colo.—A will made by a man who died 45 years ago has just been presented for probate in County court here. Charles F. Hanby, who died in Loveland, Colo., in 1883, made the will three years before his death, and it was filed jointly with that of his son, Charles M. Hanby, who died October 1.

Jumps to Death

Gallipolis, Ohio.—While riding to a nearby town, where she was to have been married, Miss Drussie Bates of this city was killed when she jumped from an automobile which she thought was going to collide with another car.

Again The Bells Ring Out

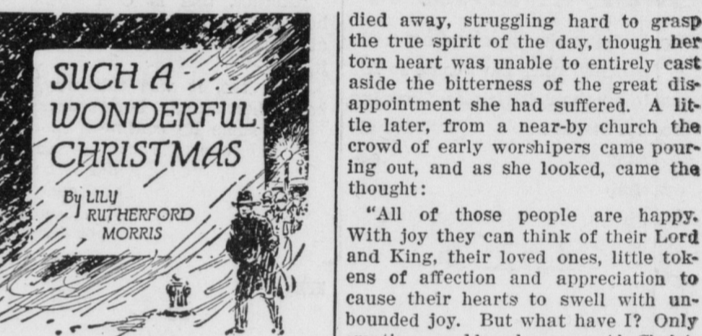
By Katherine Gdelman

AGAIN the bells ring out to tell
The story angels told.
The blessed tidings of His birth,
That never can grow old.

Again the world is thrilled and stirred,
With gladness men rejoice,
And happy thoughts and wishes true
In every heart find voice.

With smiling face friend calls to friend
A greeting most sincere,
And friendship ties and ties of kin
Have grown more strong and dear.

Once more the joy of Christmas fills
The hearts and souls of men,
Once more in Bethlehem's little town
A Child is born again.
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SUCH A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS

By Lily Rutherford Morris

AGNES LOWDEN looked from her second-story bedroom window in the downtown district upon a typical Christmas eve scene.

The street was aglow with its myriad lights. Snowflakes were hurrying past as the sharp, crisp December wind blew it fiercely into the faces of hurrying last-minute shoppers whose arms were laden with mysterious packages.

"How lovely!" she murmured, and then added, "but what a mockery! So much happiness mingled with dire unhappiness. Oh, God, help me not to lose faith!"

Turning to her bed she threw herself upon it face downward and burst into violent weeping. So this was the disappointing close of the day for which she had so long waited—the day Rob Roy was to come to claim her as his wife—his Christmas gift. Six months before Agnes had sent him away that both might learn through long separation if each meant to the other all that was needed to insure their future happiness. And she had told him to come; that at last she knew her heart's desire; that on Christmas eve she would welcome him and go with him to the very end of the earth.

In vain had she listened through the long hours of the day for a telephone call, a telegram, or his ring at the door of her boarding house. Nothing came, and all this merry-making about her but mocked her in her misery.

When Agnes awoke with the dawn of a clear Christmas morning she looked out upon a far different scene than that which the glowing lights of the night before had presented. The streets seemed deserted, and but for smoke curling out of chimneys, one might suppose that no one cared enough for the day's celebration to quit comfortable beds to spread the glad tidings.

But hark! There broke upon the air clarion notes of cathedral chimes proclaiming to the world the birth of the Christ. The grand old hymn with its martial strain brought to the mind of every listener the glorious words:

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her king."
Agnes stood with bowed head until the last note of the last stanza had

died away, struggling hard to grasp the true spirit of the day, though her torn heart was unable to entirely cast aside the bitterness of the great disappointment she had suffered. A little later, from a near-by church the crowd of early worshippers came pouring out, and as she looked, came the thought:

"All of these people are happy. With joy they can think of their Lord and King, their loved ones, little tokens of affection and appreciation to cause their hearts to swell with unbounded joy. But what have I? Only emptiness and hopelessness. Ah, Christmas but mocks me with its revelry."

Determining to fly at once to some unknown address where Rob would never find her, Agnes arrayed herself hurriedly for the street. But every minute or two, between garments slipped on, she would draw aside the curtain again for one more searching glance into the street below. At last she pulled her nooby, close-fitting little hat becomingly into place, drew on her gloves, and turned for her coat when the screech of colliding cars directly under her window called her back once more.

"Oh, some one is hurt!" she almost screamed, and her nurse's instinct to offer first aid sent her rushing pell-mell down the stairs and out into the street where a crowd had already gathered about a wrecked car.

Agnes forged ahead to the side of the machine just as a taxi arrived to receive the injured person.

"Oh, Agnes, is it really you?" "Rob!"

Without a word of explanation to anyone the frightened but happy girl climbed into the taxi by the side of Rob, forgetful now of everything except getting him to the hospital as quickly as possible for the dressing of wounds which he declared could not be serious.

"Didn't quite make it on time, dear," he said with his head on her shoulder, "but I was doing my level best. And to think this should have happened right in front of your house."

"And to think I was about to run away from you when that truck struck you. No, I didn't know it was you, but something just made me fly to the scene and—"

"You were watching, Agnes?" "Yes, dear, I was watching, but had given up hope. I thought you didn't care; that I had called to you in vain. I was crushed."

"So none of my messages reached you. Too bad! I had to trust them to others. But now that we are together, dear, you will not leave me for a single moment, will you, until we are man and wife?"

"Never! It is going to be such a wonderful Christmas after all, Rob, and I had thought it so desolate."

"Yes, dear, a wonderful Christmas!" (© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

