

# FLASH

By GEORGE MARSH

## The Lead Dog

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, 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. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious.

CHAPTER V

The Patrol of the Gray Owl.

Brock opened dazed and puzzled eyes to find himself lying on the snow where he had been knocked unconscious by the knife handle of the Cree. With throbbing head, and brain still dull from the blows of the knife handle, he drew himself to a sitting position.

"He's up now!" said the "white man, in Cree, then turned to the boy. "You're lucky, my young fightin' cock, to come to us you did! Louis, here, wanted to put a knife into you. You sure slugged him for fair. Now shake yourself together! We got 'make camp."

Slowly Brock's confused head cleared. Yes, he recalled, he was tightening a heel strap, when they jumped him. He got the first, then the others piled on, hit him from behind on the head. The boy got to his feet and raised his hand to his swollen head. The fingers were without feeling!

Like the shock of ice water the realization of what that meant spurred Brock's fumbling brain. His fingers were freezing! Gropping in the snow where he had fought, he found his mittens.

"Come on now, you!" rasped the white man as the Indian started. "You behave, or I'll bore you! Walk off lively now; it's late."

Brock was too dejected—too luff-ferent—to answer.

Rubbing his hands vigorously with snow, then slowly bringing back the blood by putting them inside his shirt beneath his armpits, Brock followed the Cree, one of whom carried his rifle, while the white man brought up the rear.

As the exertion of snowshoeing in the keen air started the circulation in his numbed limbs, the clearing brain of the boy began to busy itself with his situation. Poor Gaspard! He would never know why his partner had not met him at the far side of the barren. He would wait there, faithful old Gaspard, anxious, wondering.

As usual, Gaspard had been right. It was smoke, not haze, they had seen—smoke from the fire of these people. There was one consolation in it all; they wanted to take him alive. It would have been easy to shoot him from ambush—or knife him. And now, who were they, and what would they do with him? When they made camp, the white leader would show his hand—question him; and, as he had not spoken to the Indians, Brock decided that he would pretend complete ignorance of Cree. He might learn something.

Then, at the exclamation "Kekway!" from the leading Indian, Brock looked up to see the light of a campfire in the distance. A third Cree was waiting for their return with a steaming carbon stew and hot tea.

As he ate his supper beside the fire, Brock listened intently to the conversation. From his looks and manner of speaking, Brock decided that the bearded chief of the party was an English Canadian, and after they had eaten, and lit their pipes, the white man began his examination of the prisoner.

"So you and your partner thought you'd hunt the Yellow-Leg this winter?"

"Yes," replied Brock, looking the older man squarely in the eye. "It's free country; and I ask you what you mean by jumping me this way, and what you think you're going to do with me?"

The bearded man laughed as he exhaled a cloud of smoke. "My boy," he said, "this ain't free country. It belongs to me and my partners—we were here first. And you Hudson's Bay people have got to keep out—or take the consequences."

"Who are you and your partners?" fiercely demanded Brock. "And when did you become the law in this country?"

The other smiled good-naturedly at the spirit of his prisoner. He seemed to bear no ill will toward Brock. But the boy remembered Pierre Lecroix. "That's tellin'. Who are you and yours?"

Here the imagination and Scotch shrewdness Brock gave him an inspiration. "I'm not afraid to tell you," he said sardonically, "that one

of my partners is Etienne Lecroix of Fort Albany. Ever hear of him?"

At the name of the famous Etienne Lecroix, the white man gave an involuntary start, his eyes widened in surprise, as he repeated this news in Cree to his men.

"Another is Black Jack Desaulles—ever heard of him?" The faces of his auditors, for the curious Cree had joined their chief at the fire, filled Brock with inward delight. They had indeed heard of the chief of the Albany River patrol of the provincial police—dead shot and known from God's lake to Rupert House as a man without fear. Brock had certainly thrown a bomb into the camp of his captors from the grave looks they exchanged.

The older man puffed for a space on his pipe, evidently digesting the startling information that two of the ablest and most feared men in the Hudson's Bay country were wintering on the Yellow-Leg—Etienne Lecroix, uncle of Gaspard, and head man at Fort Albany, and the famous "Black Jack" Desaulles; and that being so, were there for but one purpose—the solution of the mysterious disappearance of Pierre Lecroix. As Brock secretly reviled in the discomfiture of his captors, he wondered if he had helped rather than injured his own chances.

He was silent as the camp prepared for the night. He had his own blanket in his pack, and when they had tied him up with rawhide, so he could not move easily without disturbing the Indians who lay on either side on the spruce boughs near the fire, he was wrapped in the robe.

With his arms and legs fettered, escape was impossible, so his thoughts ran the gamut of the events of the day which had placed him here, a prisoner—a prisoner, who, like Pierre Lecroix, might never again be heard from. What a jolt the names of Gaspard's uncle and "Black Jack" Desaulles had given them! If only it were true, and these men were back there with Gaspard, to come to his aid. Like wolves they'd take the trail. If he woves they'd fall on these people. But his partner was alone. What could he do single-handed against four?

At last Brock tried to sleep, for he would need his strength, whatever happened. After a time, his tired body brought him to the frontiers of unconsciousness, only to be waked by the call of a gray owl.

He opened his drowsy eyes to watch the glow of the fire on the black screen of surrounding spruce, then closed them with a sigh. Once more he drew near to sleep.

Then again, the cutting call of the gray owl boomed through the soundless forest, "Who, hoo-hoo-hoo, whooooo-who!" but this time to be followed by a faint squawk.

The signal! The signal of their boyhood! Gaspard! He had trailed them, Gaspard had gone in search of the partner who failed to meet him at the rendezvous, found the trail and followed. He lay there now out in the snow, waiting Brock of his coming. Staunch old Gaspard!

Shortly Brock heard a faint sound behind the snow hole, and he turned his eyes to see a dark head and shoulders, and the glint of steel where the light from the fire touched a knife blade. Cautiously Gaspard "worked his way through the hole in the snow he had dug beyond the sleepers' heads, under the roof of boughs.

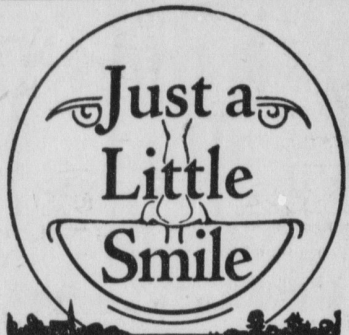
Let Gaspard did not dare remove because of the nearness of the sleepers. A last, in desperation, Lecroix seized Brock's shoulders and slowly drew him from between his neighbors, and back through the hole in the snow. A slash at his elbow and knees, and Brock was free, with his recovered rifle jammed into his hands.

For a space, the two stood in the snow, guns cocked, ears straining for a sound from the sleep hole. Then, slipping his feet into the thongs of his snowshoes, Brock whispered, as an arm gripped the shoulders of his partner: "Come on—they're dead asleep!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**No Changes**  
Why is it men resent changes in the arrangement of furniture in a room? Perhaps if the economical side were pointed out to them in regard to the wear on rugs and furniture they would comprehend more quickly than the fact that a change seems good to the housewife who is home so much.

**Reflecting by Moonlight**  
Moonlight is peculiarly favorable to reflection. It is a cold and dewy light in which the vapors of the day are condensed and, though the air is obscured by darkness, it is more clear. Lunacy must be a cold excitement, not such insanity as a torrid sun on the brain would produce.—Thoreau.



MODERN INTERPRETATION

"What is wrong with this picture?" was the title of a sketch showing a man and woman walking down the street. Junior had read the funny section and the title of this picture intrigued him. He tried to figure it out, and bent his head puzzling over it for some time. At last he looked up. "Dad, I bet I know what's wrong with this picture."

"What?"

"I bet it ain't his wife."

**A Serious Disability.**  
The Surgeon—That was quite a bad accident. You have a sprained ankle and a dislocated shoulder. But we'll soon fix you up all right.

Mille, Chimay of the "Foolishness" Company—I don't care about the ankle if it doesn't look bad. But I can't dance with a lame shoulder.

THEN THE FUN BEGAN



Is your husband a buyer for a jewelry concern?"

"No, he isn't; why do you ask?"

"I just saw him with an engagement ring and a wedding ring in his pocket."

**Sour Grapes**  
We cannot change our nature. It is quite beyond our reach; If a girl is born a lemon, She cannot be a peach.

**Heard at the Book Emporium.**  
Woman Customer—Have you the book, "The Art of Being Happy Through Married?"

Clerk—No, madam; we don't carry that any more, but perhaps I might suggest this little treatise on "The Art of Jiu Jitsu"; it might be of value to you.

**And That's Worse**  
Her—You deceived me when I married you.

His—I did more than that. I deceived myself.

LITERALLY RIPPING



He (warmly)—Gosh, girlie, but you're just ripping!

She—Yes—don't squeeze so hard.

**In the Drowsy Court**  
Why did the lawyer speak so loud. His argument to make? He felt it was his mission proud To keep the court awake.

**Business First**  
Business Man (telephoning)—Hello, is this William's wholesale house? I have one of your salesmen here and he has just insulted me. What shall I do?

Voice on Other End—First give him a big order and then throw him out!

**Nice Judge**  
Clerk—Do you swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and—Miss Chatterbox—Oh, how lovely! Judge, shall I be allowed to talk all the afternoon if I want to?

**Old News**  
The friend of a distinguished musician said to the latter's five-year-old daughter: "Tell your daddy he is one of the greatest players living."

The small girl said, serenely: "I need not tell him that. He knows it." —Stray Stories.

**The Last Word**  
Nina—Dad had the last word in an argument with mother, as usual, last night.

BANDIT BOWS TO WOMAN IN ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHT

Lands Knockout Blow After Hour's Struggle With Corsican Brigand.

Ajaccio, Corsica.—Ability to use her fists and the courage to battle with an Amazonian fury against a ruthless and armed desperado saved Mieke Janssen, Dutch poet, from the clutches of Batestti, notorious Corsican bandit, when the woman writer was taken prisoner by the brigand after he had held up a motor coach in which she was touring on the island of Corsica.

The bandit, after forcing Miss Janssen, two women accompanying her, a French tourist, and the driver of the coach to deliver up to him all their money and jewelry, compelled the poet to accompany him into the brush at the point of a rifle, having announced his intention of holding Miss Janssen as a hostage.

**Fear Drove Her to Fight.**  
After she had walked in the brush for an hour or more, Miss Janssen, realizing that she was putting herself completely in the power of the bandit, suddenly jumped at him and tried to disarm him. She succeeded in knocking the rifle from his grasp and struggled for a long time like a wrestler.

Both the writer and the highwayman were bleeding from scratches all over their arms and faces, for Miss Janssen employed scratching and bit-

ing as well as punching. She found herself stronger than her opponent and lashed out with both hands in a furious onslaught.

"I think we must have fought for an hour without any intermission," Miss Janssen said in describing her experiences. "We both became so weak we could hardly stand on our feet. I was a mass of bruises. He was so groggy he could hardly see. When it seemed I must have to give up and permit him to kill me, for he was armed with a pistol and a knife, a fresh wave of strength seemed to pass through me.

**Landed Knockout Punch.**  
"I made a final lunge at him. I caught him under the heart, and he went down like a felled steer. He was unable to get up."

Beaten and discouraged, Batestti called Miss Janssen a fiend, telling her he did not want a woman like her as a prisoner and for her to leave him.

His experience with this Amazon must have broken Batestti's nerve, for the police arrested him a few days later. He is now awaiting trial on enough charges to send him to the gallows.

**Jail Authorities Can't Get Rid of Prisoner**  
Chatham, Ont.—Cyrille Ticheak insisted on staying in Chatham jail. All efforts to induce him to leave the institution have failed. Faced by a problem without precedent, Gov. Milton Shaw admits he is perplexed. Several times the prisoner has been escorted to the door and told to leave. Ticheak doesn't understand English very well and he insisted on staying.

Lately more drastic measures were taken. He was driven downtown in a motor car and, after much persuasion, was induced to get out. But the man was back at the jail before the car returned, waiting to be let in.

Ticheak has no friends, no money.

**Charged Clothes Line Kills Mother and Child**  
New Orleans.—A three-year-old child lost his life here when he ran to his mother who had been electrocuted while hanging out laundry on a clothes line which had become charged with electricity.

Mrs. Paul Thibodaux, forty-two, cried out when the current passed through her body and the next instant was dead.

Her child, Paul, who had been playing nearby, heard the cry and rushed to his mother. The current killed him.

**Wrecked by Cow**  
Fremont, Neb.—Observing a cow, phased by a dog, racing down the road toward him, Lloyd R. Ballard stopped his driver. The cow ran head on into Ballard's car, smashing the windshield and badly cutting the driver on the hands and face.

Employment for Men Displaced by Mechanization Must Be Assured

By DANIEL WILLARD, President Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

SOCIETY must assume the duty of providing steady employment. The burden of providing employment for men displaced by the mechanization of industry is upon industry in general. It is for the benefit of society that we have mass production and reduced costs. Then society must assume responsibility to these men, and the Baltimore & Ohio, as a unit of society, has its responsibility.

At the present time the turnover in employees is less than 10 per cent, while five years ago it was 20 to 25 per cent. We have the problem of having to handle large freight movements when freight shipments are offered, and hence to have a great number of men. Engineers go back to firemen, and some accept employment in the shops during dull periods.

In the maintenance-of-way department employment has kept much more uniform than in 1923. I admit that before the war, and I apologize for it, we did not have a consciousness of the righteousness of trying to stabilize our employment.

The philosophy which has been impressed upon me is that if society is going to take advantage of mass production and reduced costs, society must assume the responsibility for finding employment for men.

We must all accept the responsibility. It is not only unjust, but it is dangerous to have men idle. Men will steal, for example. I would before I would starve, and I think most men, if they are honest, will admit the same thing.

I agree with Senator Couzens, chairman of the senate committee on education and labor, that construction work should be postponed in prosperous times. My company is following that plan.

Economic and Industrial Situation for 1929 Promises Record of Prosperity

By ALFRED P. SLOAN, Jr., President General Motors.

My business viewpoint, so far as 1929 is concerned, is necessarily based upon what I believe to be a fact—namely, that there is nothing except soundness in the general economic and industrial situation. I see no reason, therefore, why we should not continue to progress and enjoy excellent business and a general measure of prosperity.

Next year should see a new high record in automobile production. I reach this conclusion because I believe that the statistical position of the automotive industry indicates that sales during 1928 were limited by lack of production in the low-priced field, which means that we shall carry forward a certain amount of business in 1929, which will, of course, be in addition to the normal trend.

The normal trend will call for increased production due to the increased replacement demand over previous years plus increased demand for overseas markets, which are expanding very rapidly, plus a reasonable amount of natural growth, all of which should swell the total to a point where I believe a new record for production will be established.

Soul Not a Myth, but the Deepest and Most Thorough Aspect of Man's Life

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, New York Pastor.

Man is not a dualism, but is essentially a unity, made of a single piece, and body and soul are purely artificial distinctions. It has been asked, "Is the Soul a Myth?"

If we mean has man a soul as the body has a heart or a stomach or a brain? then I say yes, the soul is a myth; but if we mean, is man a soul, as fire is flame, or as mind is thought? then the soul is not a myth. On the contrary, it is the deepest and most thorough aspect of a man's life.

Who have thought of soul as something entirely apart from body, poured into the body at birth like medicine and out of the body like smoke from the chimney at the moment of death.

In every stage of evolution there appear new qualities of character and life which have never existed before. The new quality and character of man is his spiritual nature, not apart from him, but his own essence of being. I am myself an ego, a personality, a living entity, a soul. This great word is what we use to describe man's unity.

Willingness of Americans to Do Things in a Big Way Secret of Prosperity

By P. W. WILSON, Member of British Parliament.

I am asked why America is rich. To the best of my ability and observation, I give the real reason. It is not merely the size, the resources, and the geographical detachment of this vast area. It is a readiness to spend \$55,000,000 a year on Y. M. C. A.'s alone; to hold dinners where the larger issues involved in industry are freely discussed; to admit employers and employed to one partnership in ideas; and to promote ability wherever it can be discovered. It is the inclusion of industry in the curriculum of universities and the purview of the churches. It is the belief that, properly conducted, industry is the true antidote to crime and discontent; that whatsoever a man findeth to do, he should do it with his might; that there is a divinity that shapes not only our ends but also our commodities, which are to be elaborated and consumed as a kind of economic sacrament.

Let three score British employers and employed come here (America) next year and spend a fortnight with an industrial conference, and they will have the surprise of their lives.

Workers' Rights to Share in Profits Due to Use of Labor-Saving Machinery

By ELLIS SEARLES, Editor United Mine Workers Journal.

The United Mine Workers of America favor anything and everything that is of benefit to the coal mining industry. We believe in the constant development of new ideas along that line. Any new thing that is worth anything to the industry will be a benefit to the mine worker. If it does not help to improve the condition of the mine worker it is worthless to the industry and should not be adopted.

We are not opposed to the introduction of machinery in the mines, but we do contend that when a machine is installed that effects a savings in costs, a fair and just portion of that saving should go to the mine workers themselves. There is no good reason why all should go into the pocket of the operator.

It May Be Urgent



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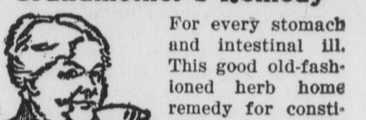


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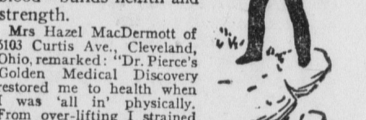
For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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IT'S DANGEROUS GROUND



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