

FLASH

The Lead Dog

By
George Marsh

Copyright by
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
W. N. U. SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Leonis, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and his dog team. 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. 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. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep. Gaspard believes these men killed his father and is prevented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be-slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. Gaspard finds him and the two start out on Brock's trap line.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

In the uncertain half-light, something moved across the snow—a dim gray shape, and was gone.
"Fox!" said Gaspard.
Slowly from eastern ridges, groping fingers of light flickered out over the ash-gray floor of snow. The shadows died. It was daylight.
"There they are!" said Brock, between his chattering teeth, slipping his right hand from the mitten suspended from his shoulder by a thong. "Three—six—ten of 'em!"
Before them ten caribou, in their blue winter coats were feeding, their frosted breath rising like jets of steam.
"You tak' de bull wid wed horn!" Gaspard whispered to his friend. Then the frozen silence was split by the explosion of two rifles. A large bull leaped into the air, plunged forward, stopped, then made a short circle, to lunge into the snow. A cow reared on her hind legs, beat the air with forefeet, and fell dead. The others, mad with fright, leaped and circled aimlessly, sniffing the air for the direction of the danger which threatened. Again and again the rifles cracked. Then, from the stricken band, three fear-frenzied survivors fled across the barren, their flexible hoofs clicking sharply on the still air as they ran.
"Seven!" cried Brock, when two wounded deer had been put out of their misery. "That's a good start, Gaspard! We'll build a cache at the little camp and shoot enough more to take us through to the spring break-up."
"Yes, they may not be here in the moon w'en de Cree starve; we mak' de beg cash for us and de dog."
The remainder of the day the boys spent in cutting up the caribou and hauling the meat with the dogs to the platform cache seven feet high which they built in thick timber near the camp. Then trimming the spruce uprights smooth with their axes, they circled them with inverted fishhooks to baite thieving wolverines who might attempt to climb. At the carcasses of the deer, they set traps, for night would bring every prowler within miles down wind, to the feast on the white barren.
The following morning, putting their copper kettle of deer stew and the tea pail on the freshened fire, Gaspard and Brock hurried to the barren.
"We've got something in those fox traps!" said Brock, as they approached the carcasses.
"De fox have fine meal last night, for sure," answered the other.
Near the bodies of the deer the snow was networked with fox tracks, and two of the traps were occupied.
"A red and a cross!" announced Brock, with satisfaction.
Two remaining traps Brock found sprung, and he was returning when with an exclamation of surprise he stopped dead in his tracks.
"Hey, Gaspard! Come here!" he called. "Look at that wolf track!"
In the snow trampled by the caribou, near the bows of Brock's shoes, was the clearly defined print of the left hind foot of a wolf—minus one toe.
For a space Gaspard knelt and studied the track, then with a nod, raised his hooded face to his friend.
"It is Tete-Noir, my father's dog," he said huskily. "She has turn wolf. It sees the same track I saw in the freezing moon."
For a space the son of Pierre Leonis and his friend gazed at the imprint of the mutilated foot in silence. Brock said: "Well, Gaspard, we'll lie low for the next six weeks and pile up a big catch of fur, then we'll strike north and do a little ambushing on our own hook. We'll get one

of these Cree on his trap-line and make him talk."
Gaspard nodded. "I nevaire strike back for Starving Riviere before I find out how my fader die."
"I'm with you, partner!"
With the meat safely cached and the dogs wired to separate trees, where they gnawed to their hearts' content on caribou ribs, the partners followed the barren into the west. It was a clear day when the frozen plain shimmered like a sea of fire—a day when the caribou bands, having fed, like to lie in the sun in open spaces, on lake and barren, when the wind is dead.
The hunters had not traveled an hour in the scrub on the rim of the barren when they saw many deer sunning themselves not two hundred yards from the cover of the scrub. Working back out of sight Brock and Gaspard stole silently through the small spruce and tamarack, then crept out to the lip of the barren.
The two rifles cracked. Two deer leaped, started to circle up-wind and fell. The others reeled back to their haunches in surprise, then wheeled in terror and fled toward the main body, their snowshoe-like hoofs clicking in the still air.
Again two rifles exploded, again, and again.
In mad panic, for a space the main band circled aimlessly, leaping high



A Large Bull Leaped Into the Air, Plunged Forward.

from the snow, then, with white falls up, fled out across the barren, led by a cow.
"Good shot, Gaspard!" cried Brock, the last shell in his gun, brought down a galloping caribou at three hundred yards. "Well, we won't starve until April, if the wolverines don't get this meat," continued the excited Brock, counting the deer on the snow. "Eight, we got every one! That's better shooting than any red Cree in this country could show!"
So with enough meat on their platform cache to tide them over the lean days of the spring breakup, when the melting snow balls hard between the toes of the tortured dogs, compelling the use of moccasins; and travel by snowshoe and sled in prolonged agony for husky and man, the boys turned back to inspect their traps and move the main camp to a place of greater safety.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Flowers Used as Food in Oriental Countries

Flowers for food are virtually unknown in America, but in several parts of this wide world they play an important part as table delicacies. The Chinese, Japanese, Egyptians and various people of India eat blossoms prepared in several ways, says the Farm Journal.
In China, lilies are served as vegetables, boiled with pepper and salt, either in milk or water. Banana blossoms, dipped in vinegar, are almost a staple of diet during their season.
In northern India a cake is made from the aromatic flowers of a local shrub. They are mixed with butter and a coarse sugar before baking. Many other such recipes, starting in the forefinger, are to be found in northern Africa and that vast stretch of the world lying between the Mediterranean and the Pacific.
Brushing Ship Hulls
An Australian company has introduced in England an ingenious method of cleaning the outside of the hull of a ship. The invention has been in successful operation for a number of years in Australia, and has been tried at Southampton and Plymouth.
The apparatus is mounted upon a suitable frame, which can be suspended from the side of a boat. It consists of a cylindrical brush about 5 or 6 feet in length, held in a framework which also supports an electric motor and a propeller. The purpose of the propeller is to keep the brush pressed against the side of the ship. The case carrying the apparatus contains also a four-cylinder motor directly coupled to a dynamo. The current produced serves to raise and lower the carrying frame as well as to drive the propeller and brush.
Land Surface of Earth
If the land surface of the earth were divided between the inhabitants, each person would receive about twenty acres.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By
JOHN CLARENCE FUNK

OVERWORKING THE SUN

A MAN and his wife recently returned from their vacation. No one could have doubted the fact for one moment, for they were both victims of the "sunburn complex." Complex is used advisedly, for they were repeaters. It happened every summer to them. People, you understand, must in this fashion be told that they had been away!
It seems strange that so many of us will studiously avoid the direct rays of the sun for three hundred and fifty days and then just as studiously stick our heads, shoulders and legs into it for the other fifteen. But that is exactly what happens.
Some are even so foolish as to sit hatless on the hotel porch deliberately growing a "tan." To these misguided individuals there appears to be something almost sacramental in permitting the sun to do its worst to them. Or are they merely looking for the undeniable proof of their solourism? Sun is almost synonymous with life. But it must be respected and properly used if the best results are to be obtained. While wonderful cures have been effected by utilizing the sun's direct power on the human body, it has taken the scientific watchfulness and care of expert physicians to achieve these results. And it will continue to do so. The sun handled by experts is one thing, and mishandled by seashore excursionists quite another one.
Sunburn is no joke. It is painful as most of us know; and can most effectively take the joy out of one's vacation if, indeed, it does not actually make one ill.
Under the excitement and lure of the sad sea waves, many are prone to forget that the sun is shining until they are scorched. But by that time the harm is done.
Fifteen minutes is long enough for the first dip if the sun is out. Indeed, a quarter of an hour out of the water and the same time in it, is all the bathing anyone should have until the skin is pigmented or tanned.
Why come home all "done up" and miserable because of this sun business? Permit people to assume that you are honest about your trip to the shore even though you cannot exhibit a peeling or blistered epidermis as proof of the fact.
A vacation primarily should mean a change in environment, recreation and health. Any outing that does not fulfill these requirements is not giving you your money's worth or doing you much good.
Fresh air? Indeed, yes. Exercise? Plenty of that too. Amusements of one kind or another? That's what you go for. But sunburn? Well, the next time you go to the mountain, lake or shore, join the sensible minority and take your sun in moderate doses. Thus you will display unusual wisdom and in addition have the best vacation of your life. Don't become too friendly with Old King Sol—the stingere!

USE THE BRUSH

IT'S coming back, they say. But even if it were not, there is still plenty of it left on women's heads and on the pates of many men, to justify a bit of information on the subject.
If one were to believe the bald-headed barbers, one has but to dash on a bit of this and that and behold one's hair will remain forever. And more than that, dandruff will be gone!
One does not blame the fonsorial artist or his trade sister, the beauty specialist, for their suggestions. Business is business. As a matter of fact, a dandruff remover once in a while is a good thing. The alcohol in it thoroughly cleanses the head. It is excellent sanitation.
However, while barber and beauty-shop lotions destroy and remove dandruff, they only remove a particular crop. For, like the bad penny, it is sure to turn up again.
Many are prone to coddle their hair. They wash it with soap and water frequently and between times pour on tonics. When it comes to the head even the good old standby, soapnuts, can be overdone.
Dandruff always develops in a more or less degree upon a healthy head that possesses hair. It is not a sign of disease. True, there are some unusual conditions causing dandruff that need the attention and care of a physician; but these are easily recognized. For the general run, however, the practice of gently rubbing the scalp with a stiff brush is a most effective, quick and inexpensive way of massaging the head and keeping it free from the ever-active process of dandruff development.
Therefore, buy all the hair beauty you want to buy. Use barber-shop lotions and soap and water in moderation. Then when you have done all this, don't forget the brush!

Famous Old Italian City

The city of Pisa, Italy, was probably of Etruscan origin. It became subject to Rome in 180 B. C. At the height of its greatness, in the Twelfth century, it is thought to have had a population of 150,000. In the Sixteenth century its population had dwindled to about 8,500. It is now in a thriving condition, with a population in the commune of about 70,000.

PLAN TASTY MENU AND SERVE IT NEATLY



Cooking Club Girls Learn to Set Dinner Table.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
One of the outward and visible signs of progress in the field of home making, as 4-H club girls learn its various phases, is the ability to plan a good menu, from the health standpoint, cook it palatably, and serve it gracefully. Part of this last aspect of meal preparation is learning to set a table in the accepted way. These club girls in Albemarle county, Va., are all at the age when they help their mothers constantly with the different household tasks. They usually have ideas on what is attractive or up-to-date in the appearance of their homes, and are especially interested in the details that are concerned with hospitality of entertaining the friends of the family. The home demonstration agent is showing this group how a dinner table ought to be set for six persons. She has demonstrated the use of a low flower centerpiece on a round embroidered dolly of white linen, and has begun to place the "covers" or individual sets of flat silver in the proper positions—forks to the left, knives and spoons to the right, napkin neatly folded at the left. Next, at the tip of the knives, the wa-

CONFECTIONS FOR JOYOUS OCCASION

Unusual Comfits Are Made From Grapefruit Peel.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Try these two unusual confections the next time you need something to mark a festive occasion. Both can be made at home from materials readily obtainable. The bureau of home economics gives the directions for making them. Be sure to get the kind of chocolate especially intended for dipping, and take care that it does not become hot when melting it in the double boiler, as that will cause the candy to be streaked when cold.
Jellied Grapefruit Peel Dipped in Chocolate.
Prepare the grapefruit peel several hours before you dip it, so that it will dry off somewhat.
10 ounces grape- 1½ cups water
fruit peel for sirup, or
2 cups (14 ounces) enough to cover
sugar Chocolate for
½ tsp. salt dipping

Thick, soft, unblemished peel from smooth grapefruit should be selected. Strip the peel from the fruit in quarter sections, including all the white part possible, and cut into strips one half inch wide. Do not trim off either the outer rind or white pit; use the entire peel. Parboil the peel three times. Add 2 quarts of cold water each time, bring to the boil, cook for half an hour, and discard the water after each cooking. The strips should then be tender and must be handled gently to prevent breaking. Place the water, salt and sugar in a saucepan about 8 inches in diameter and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then add



Making Dipped Grapefruit Peel Before Dipping in Chocolate.

the strip of peel arranging them carefully, skin side up, so that they lie parallel to each other to prevent their being broken when turned. Cook rapidly for about 40 minutes, then reduce the heat and continue to boil gently for about 30 to 40 minutes longer, or until all the sirup is absorbed. Great care must be taken at this point that the sirup does not scorch, and the strips of peel must be lifted or turned frequently with a fork so that all are equally penetrated by the

GIRL'S PURSE IS ONLY CLUE IN MURDER OF MAN

Found Near Scene of Mysterious Killing at Hoboken, N. J.

New York.—A girl's shabby yellow purse found a block and a half away from the pool of blood in which a murdered man lay sprawled is a clue on which Hoboken police are working in an effort to solve the mysterious death of James Paul Sheridan, West New Brighton, S. I.
The body of Sheridan, dumped, according to the police, at the foot of the Fallsades on Marshall street, Hoboken, by the occupants of an automobile, the tracks of which indicated it had been driven from Jersey City, was found by Patrolman Arthur Ulrich. A few minutes later a dog owned by the night watchman picked up the yellow purse under a trolley trestle.
Photos on Body.
On Sheridan's body, torn by a .45 caliber bullet through the right breast, were found photographs of himself, a group of Eskimos and a ship named Canadian Raider. John Patrick Sheridan identified his brother's body, and in telling the story of his brother's life to the Hoboken police he increased the mystery.
Whether James Sheridan was "taken for a ride" by gangsters or some one



The Body of Sheridan Was Found.

who held a grudge against him Inspector Daniel Kieley of the Hoboken police said he could not yet say.
Sheridan, according to his mother, Mrs. Catherine Sheridan, was "home-loving" usually went out once a week only to go to the movies with his brother, never went out with women, and as far as his family knew, had no interest in bootlegging.
He was by trade an automobile mechanic and had been employed by the Tompkins Bus company. He had been out of a job for four weeks and when he left home for the last time he told her he was going to Hoboken to look up some relatives and take a position there.
Good Reputation.
He had made some money going up to the Hudson bay region with the Merritt, Chapman & Scott Salvaging corporation two years ago. At that time he had helped in the raising of the Canadian Raider, she said, and the snapshot found on his body had been taken then.
The mystery to the police has been heightened by the good reputation that Sheridan had with the companies he worked with. He was studying engineering by reading every book on the subject he could find, Mrs. Sheridan said.
"I never knew him to have a sweetheart," she added. "In fact, I never remember him going out with a woman."

Botat Wrecks Shop That Keeps Union Hours

Salt Lake City.—Utah's milk wagon horses fear the arm of the law and her bobcats know where to go for a bob.
A horse started to run away here recently. At the first street intersection he found a green traffic light and continued on his wild course. The next one showed a red light. He stopped and was promptly captured by a policeman.
A bobcat from the mountains near Provo went to town recently and headed for a barber shop. Finding no one there, he proceeded to wreck the place. His arrest was not so easy, but was accomplished by police after a 20-minute chase, with the cat a dead prisoner.

Released From Prison, Celebrates, Put in Jail

Washington.—Celebration of his release from a Virginia prison landed Lloyd West, colored, in the District jail.
Patrolman Quentin Heyne of the First precinct testified he saw West walking with unsteady step and exchanging pleasantries with passersby along Seventh street northwest, carrying no whether he had been formally introduced to those he addressed.
When arrested for intoxication, the patrolman declared, West told him that he had served five years for theft of some cantaloupes, beans and a few bottles of ginger ale.

Something Reminded Her of Her Duty

"Today I am reminded of a duty that I have neglected, and that is to let you know how wonderful have been the results I obtained from the use of Milks Emulsion. Nothing could have been more beneficial to me than your Emulsion."
"In the winter of 1917 and 1918 I had a severe case of pneumonia, and in the spring of 1919 I took a cough. I was doing some summer work to prepare myself for a college, but by the time school opened I was too ill to attend. I finally went to bed for the rest cure. I gained a little in strength and got up by Christmas, but my cough never left me, and I caught cold very easily and it would take a month to get over it."
"Finally, in September, 1920, I got a bottle of Milks Emulsion and wrote you for instructions, to which you replied promptly and for which I thank you. I followed the instructions carefully and soon my cough began to disappear. I was able to sleep better than ever before and my appetite was fierce. I could not eat enough. I gained in weight slowly but surely, but continued the use of Milks Emulsion, until I am a well girl today."
"I went through the entire season without a cold or a cough, and I came back into the society circle and played all the big affairs without any ill effects. About a month ago I neglected myself and took a dreadful summer cold and, being at a house party, I could not care for myself properly. But as soon as I reached home I flew in on my old standby, Milks Emulsion, and within a week I was well."
"I have recommended it to many and if at any time I can be of any help to your company by telling what it did for me, let me know. Sincerely, MISS KATY WALLER, 401 Argyle Ave., San Antonio, Tex."
Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Husbands Made Butt of Flippant Jokers

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, champion of companionate marriage, eugenics and such-like advanced movements, said at a luncheon in Denver:
"There's a flippant class of people who try to make the role of husband a ridiculous and impossible one."
"Even Hudson, the great nature writer, takes a whack at husbands in his 'Purple Land.' Hudson says, you know, 'She did not love the youth, for she was married, and how can a married woman ever love any one but her husband?'"
"People will sometimes say of a man, 'He? Oh, he is a born husband.' It's the most insulting thing they can think up."
"Vaagner was once rehearsing an orchestra in the love music of 'Christina and Isolde.' The lack of passion and fire in the performance displeased him, and he rapped with his baton for silence. Then he said:
"Come, come, gentlemen, this won't do. You're all playing like husbands instead of lovers!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Very Best Time

to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is now. This herbal alternative extract makes the blood richer—improves and repairs your system, rouses organs into healthy action and builds up needed flesh and strength. Read this:
"G. B. Muselman, of 265 Johnson Ave., Springfield, Ohio, writes: 'My honest belief is that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, for it restored me to health when I was given up by several eminent physicians after several months of medical aid. I discarded all other medicines and began to take the "Discovery." It took a little time but it restored me to health.'"
Ask your nearest druggist for Dr. Pierce's Discovery, in tablets or liquid or send 10c for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.
Write for free medical advice.

SAVE YOUR BABY FROM WORMS

The most dangerous ill of childhood is—worms! You may not know your child has them. Disordered stomach, gritting the teeth, picking the nostrils are signs of worms.
"Take no chances. Give your child Frey's Vermifuge today. It is the safe, vegetable worm medicine which has been used for 75 years. Buy Frey's Vermifuge at your druggist's."
Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms

FOR INFLAMED JOINTS

Absorbine will reduce inflammation, swollen joints, sprains, bruises, corns, bunions, quickly heal boils, poll evil, quins, fistula and infected sores. Will nullify or remove hair. You can work horse while using it. \$2.50 at druggists, or postpaid. Send for look T-S free.
From the flag! Absorbine ready to burn. Never saw anything so good in my life. Will not be brought to court. Will not be without Absorbine.
ABSORBINE
MADE BY F. YOUNG, INC., 510 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

FINNE
THESE ARE PULLMAN SEEN VAN
THE FE
They're remember
By PERCY