

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Father and I are to stay here?"
"What else can you do?" He went back to his traces and drew the sled 100 yards farther. He didn't seem to see the gaunt wolf that backed off into the shadows as he approached. He refused to notice that the pack seemed to be steadily growing bolder. Human hunters usually had guns that could blast and destroy from a distance; but even an animal intelligence could perceive that these three seemed to be without this means of inflicting death.

A wolf is ever so much more intelligent than a crow—yet a crow shows little fear of an unarmed man and is wholly unapproachable by a boy with a gun. The ugly truth was simply that in their increasing madness and excitement and hunger, they were becoming less and less fearful of these three strange humans with the sled.

It was not a good place for a camp. They worked a long time before they cleared a little patch of ground of its snow mantle. Dan cut a number of saplings—laboriously with his ax—and built a fire with the comparatively dry core of a dead tree. True, it was feeble and flickering, but as good as could be hoped for, considering the difficulties under which he worked.

The dead logs under the snow were soaked with water from the rains and thaws. The green wood that he cut smoked without blazing.
"No more time to be lost," Dan told Snowbird. "It lies in your hands to keep the fire burning. And don't leave the circle of the fire light without that pistol in your hand."

"You don't mean," she asked, unbelieving, "that you are going to go out there to fight Cranston—unarmed?"
"Of course, Snowbird. You must keep the pistol."

"But it means death; that's all it means. What chance would you have against a man with a rifle? And as soon as you get away from this fire, the wolves will tear you to pieces."
"And what would you and your father do, if I took it? You can't get him into a tree. You can't build a big enough fire to frighten them. Please don't even talk about this matter, Snowbird. My mind's made up. I think the pack will stay here. They usually—God knows how—know who is helpless and who isn't. Maybe with the gun, you will be able to save your lives."

"What's the chance of that?"
"You might—with one cartridge—kill one of the devils; and the others—but you know how they devour their own dead. That might break their famine enough so that they'd hold off until I can get back. That's the prize I'm playing for."

"And what if you don't get back?"
He took her hand in one of his, and with the other he caressed, for a single moment, the lovely flesh of her throat. The love he had for her spoke from his eyes—such speech as no human vision could possibly mistake. Both of them were tingling and breathless with a great, sweet wonder.

"Never let those fangs tear that softness, while you live," he told her gently. "Never let that brave old man on the sled go to his death with the pack tearing at him. Cheat 'em, Snowbird! Beat 'em the last minute, if no other way remains! Show 'em who's boss, after all—of all this forest."

"You mean—?" Her eyes widened.
"I mean that you must only spend one of those three shells in fighting off the wolves. Save that till the moment you need it most. The other two must be saved—for something else."

She nodded, shuddering an instant at a menacing shadow that moved within 60 feet of the fire.
"Then goodbye, Dan!" she told him. And she stretched up her arms. "The thing I said—that day on the hillside—doesn't hold any more."

His own arms encircled her, but he made no effort to claim her lips. Lennox watched them quietly; in this moment of crisis not even pretending to look away. Dan shook his head to her entreating eyes. "It isn't just a kiss, darling," he told her soberly. "It goes deeper than that. It's a symbol. It was your word, too, and mine; and words can't be broken, things being as they are. Can't I make you understand?"

She nodded. His eyes burned. Perhaps she didn't understand, as far as actual functioning of the brain was concerned. But she reached up to him, as women—knowing life in the concrete rather than the abstract—have always reached up to men; and she dimly caught the gleam of some eternal principle and right behind his words. "This strong man of the mountains had given his word, had been witness to her own promise to him and to herself, and a law that goes down to the roots of life prevented him from claiming the kiss."

Many times, since the world was new, comfort—happiness—life itself have been contingent on the breaking of a law. Yet in spite of what seemed common sense, even though no punishment would forthcome if it were

broken, the law has been kept. It was this way now. It wouldn't have been just a kiss such as boys and girls have always had in the moonlight. It meant the symbolic renunciation of the debt that Dan owed Cranston—a debt that in his mind might possibly go unpaid, which no weight of circumstance could make him renounce.

His longing for her lips pulled at the roots of him. But by the laws of his being he couldn't claim them until the debt incurred on the hillside, months ago, had been paid; to take them now meant to dull the fine edge of his resolve to carry the issue through to the end, to dim the star that led him, to weaken him, by bending now, for the test to come. He didn't know why. It had its fount in the deep wells of the spirit. Common sense can't reveal how the holy man keeps strong the spirit by denying the flesh. It goes too deep for that. Dan kept to his consecration.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

CHAPTER III.

Dan Failing was never more thankful for his unerring sense of direction. He struck off at a forty-five-degree angle between their late course and a direct road to the river, and he kept it as if by a surveyor's line. All the old devices of the wilderness—the ridge on ridge that looked just alike, inclines that to the casual eye looked like downward slopes, streams that vanished beneath the snow, and the snow-mist blowing across the face of the landmarks—could not avail against him.

A half dozen of the wolves followed him at first. But perhaps their fierce eyes marked his long stride and his powerful body, and decided that their better chance was with the helpless man and the girl beside the flickering fire. They turned back, one by one. Dan kept straight on and in two hours



"Keep the Fire Burning."

crossed Cranston's trail. He didn't doubt but that he would find Cranston in his camp, if he found the camp at all. The man had certainly returned to it immediately after setting fire to the buildings, if for no other reason than for food. It isn't well to be abroad on the wintry mountains without a supply of food; and Cranston would certainly know this fact. Dan didn't know when a rifle bullet from some camp in the thickets would put an abrupt end to his advance. The brush grew high by the river, the elevation was considerably lower, and there might be one hundred camps out of the sight of the casual wayfarer. If Cranston should see him, musing across the moonlit snow, it would give him the most savage joy to open fire upon him with his rifle.

Dan's keen eyes searched the thickets, and particularly they watched the sky line for a faint glare that might mean a camp fire. He tried to walk silently. It wasn't an easy thing to do with awkward snowshoes; but the river drowned the little noise that he made. He tried to take advantage of the shelter of the thickets and the trees. Then, at the base of a little ridge, he came to a sudden halt. He had estimated just right. Not two hundred yards distant, a camp fire flickered and glowed in the shelter of a great log. He saw it, by the most astounding good fortune, through a little rift in the trees. Ten feet on either side, and it was obscured.

He lost no time. He did not know when the wolves about Snowbird's camp would lose the last of their

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cowardice. Yet he knew he must keep a tight grip on his self-control and not let the necessity of haste cost him his victory. He crept forward, step by step, placing his snowshoes with consummate care. When he was one hundred yards distant he saw that Cranston's camp was situated beside a little stream that flowed into the river and that—like the mountaineer he was—he had built a large lean-to reinforced with snowbanks. The fire burned at its opening. Cranston was not in sight; either he was absent from camp or asleep in his lean-to. The latter seemed the more likely.

Dan made a wide detour, coming in about thirty yards behind the construction. Still he moved with incredible caution. Never in his life had he possessed a greater mastery over his own nerves. His heart leaped somewhat fast in his own breast; but this was the only wasted motion. It isn't easy to advance through such thickets without over a misstep, without the rustle of a branch or the crack of a twig.

Certain of the wild creatures find it easy; but men have forgotten how in too many centuries of cities and farms. It is hardly a human quality, and a spectator would have found a rather ghastly fascination in watching the little motions, the passionless face, the hands that didn't shake at all. But there were no spectators—unless the little band of wolves, stragglers from the pack that had gathered on the hills behind—watched with lighted eyes.

Dan went down at full length upon the snow and softly removed his snow shoes. They would be only an impediment in the close work that was sure to follow. He slid along the snow crust, clear to the mouth of the lean-to.

The moonlight poured through and showed the interior with rather remarkable plainness. Cranston was sprawled, half-sitting, half-lying on a tree-bough pallet near the rear wall. There was not the slightest doubt of the man's wakefulness. Dan heard him stir, and once—as if at the memory of his deed of the day before—he cursed in a savage whisper. Although he was facing the opening of the lean-to, he was wholly unaware of Dan's presence. The latter had thrust his head at the side of the opening, and it was in shadow. Cranston seemed to be watching the great, white snow fields that lay in front, and for a moment Dan was at loss to explain this seeming vigil. Then he understood. The white field before him was part of the long ridge that the three of them would pass on their way to the valleys. Cranston had evidently anticipated that the girl and the man would attempt to march out—even if he hadn't guessed they would try to take the helpless Lennox with them—and he wished to be prepared for emergencies. There might be sport to have with Dan, unarmed as he was. And his eyes were full of strange conjectures in regard to Snowbird. Both would be exhausted now and helpless—

Dan's eyes encompassed the room: the piles of provisions heaped against the wall, the snow shoes beside the pallet, but most of all he wished to locate Cranston's rifle. Success or failure hung on that. He couldn't find it at first. Then he saw the glitter of its barrel in the moonlight—leaning against a grub box possibly six feet from Cranston and 10 from himself.

His heart leaped. The best he had hoped for—for the sake of Snowbird, not himself—was that he would be nearer to the gun than Cranston and would be able to seize it first. But conditions could be greatly worse than they were. If Cranston had actually had the weapon in his hands, the odds of battle would have been frightfully against Dan. It takes a certain length of time to seize, swing, and aim a rifle; and Dan felt that while he would be unable to reach it himself, Cranston could not procure it either, without giving Dan an opportunity to leap upon him. In all his dreams, through the months of preparation, he had pictured it thus. It was the test at last.

The gun might be loaded, and still—in these days of safety devices—unready to fire; and the loss of a fraction of a second might enable Cranston to reach his knife. Thus Dan felt justified in ignoring the gun altogether and trusting—as he had most desired—to a battle of hands. And he wanted both hands free when he made his attack.

If Dan had been erect upon his feet, his course would have been an immediate leap on the shoulders of his adversary, running the risk of Cranston reaching his hunting knife in time. But the second that he would require to get to his feet would entirely offset this advantage. Cranston could spring up, too. So he did the next most disarming thing.

He sprang up and strode into the lean-to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Falls Excavate 30-Mile Chasm. The waters of the grand falls of Labrador have excavated a chasm 30 miles long.

When Satan needs a good man in the business he picks out a loafer.

Anita Stewart



It's a big jump from a career as an artist's model to the top-notch place held by one of screenland's most popular stars, but charming Anita Stewart made it. She was born in Brooklyn in 1896. At the age of fourteen she was attracted to the motion picture studios. Finishing school, her rise to stardom was rapid. This is one of her latest pictures.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WITH THE KNIFE

Since trifles make the sum of human things.—Hannah More.

DON'T hold your knife at table as if you contemplated cutting your way through a barbed-wire entanglement with it. Take it no further down toward the blade than is necessary to hold it securely. In fact it is a mistake to let your fingers rest anywhere but on the handle, save that the index finger may be placed on the edge of the dull side.

When you have finished with a course in which a knife is used place the knife across the side of the plate with the sharp side of the blade toward the center. If you are dining with your family and send your plate to the carver for a second helping the knife and fork should be placed in this way, not removed and laid on the butter plate, much less held in mid-air.

Never hold the knife in the hand save when using it. Some persons you know forget that they have it in their hand and raise it in an awkward fashion with the point of the blade ceilingward. We have all seen humorous pictures of the uncouth man who sits waiting for his plate with his knife in his right hand and his fork in his left, points upward. See that you don't let yourself look as ridiculous.

Never use a knife in eating salad. Do not use a steel knife in eating fish. Some persons would say, never use any knife at all with fish, but it is quite all right to use a silver knife and small silver knives are especially designed for the fish course. In the ordinary household where fish is served as a substitute for the meat course it is served with the usual knife and fork, but this knife should not be of steel.

Do not use a knife when eating deserts, although in some provincial hotels the waiter will give you a knife and fork with pie. A small knife may be served and used with cheese. When this is done cut off a bit of cheese and place it by means of the knife on the wafer with which it is served and then convey the wafer to your mouth by means of the left hand.

Never, never use your knife as an implement with which to assist food on your fork or to scout about your plate for last morsels. In fact the knife should not be used at all for potatoes or other vegetables these being broken entirely by means of the fork.

If no butter knives are used it is quite all right to use the dinner knife for buttering bread. Remember, however, never to spread more than a small morsel at a time, and never wipe off gravy or other food on a slice of bread by way of polishing your knife before using it on the butter.

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THE SANDMAN STORY

MR. MOUSE'S GOOD LUCK

IT HAD been cold and Mr. Mouse had almost starved, for in the house where he made his home in the wall there was little to eat, the family having gone away for the winter.

At first Mr. Mouse did not care. He was the only mouse in the house, and there were plenty of crumbs and bits of food left by the careless cook. Then when those were gone he found shoes and many other things that he could eat, even though he would not have chosen to eat them if there had been plenty of other things.

But at last there came a day when there was not one thing he could eat in that whole house. He was sure, for he looked before he started out in the cold world. The ground was cov-

er with ice, of course, but it was his lucky day, you see, so right across the pond he ran, with Madam Puss after him. Mr. Mouse was very light and Madam Puss was plump, for she had been well fed.

When they came to the thin ice, over went Mr. Mouse safely. But, alas! poor Madam Puss! It was hard enough anyway trying to chase a mouse over the ice, but when she came to the thin place it cracked and in went her front paws, and for a minute it looked very bad for poor Madam Puss.

Mr. Mouse found it hard to run over the ice, but he did not stop when he heard the cracking. He kept right on and reached the bank on the other side and up he went.

He was pretty cold, as well as scared, and when he came to a place where he could run in he did not wait to look it over, and as it was his lucky day he found he was in a house where there was plenty of food.

Mr. Mouse was soon nibbling away in the pantry and thinking himself very fortunate to have found such a nice place for his new home when a great disturbance in the kitchen made him stop and peek through a crack in the door.

There was the very Madam Puss who had chased him and the cook making a great fuss over her because she was so cold and wet.

"Poor Puss," cook was saying. "How did you get so wet and cold? You shall have some nice, warm milk and I will fix a place for you under the stove." "All that fuss over a Puss," said Mr. Mouse, "and she will scratch and drink up the cream, while I never harm anyone and only eat the crumbs I find lying about."

"But I guess I will stay here until my family comes back. A well-fed cat is not dangerous, and if I am careful not to eat anything but crumbs I am sure they will never know I am here and not set a trap for me."

So there he lived, and when the sun was shining one day away he ran to his old home, where he found plenty to eat and his hole in the wall still vacant.

It was a long trip around the pond, for the ice had melted, but Mr. Mouse on the way said he did not mind that, for the longest way round is the shortest way home sometimes.

"If I had tried to cross that pond now," said he, "I might have drowned or some animal might have caught me, and though crossing the pond was the shortest in distance, if I had never reached my old home, it would have been the longest way for me, and I think I am a very wise mouse to reason it out."

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name, its history, meaning, whence it was derived, significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel.

JANE

THE quaint old-fashioned name of Jane has two equivalents—Joan and Jenny. It is one of the numerous names, both masculine and feminine, that come from John and its derivatives, and signifies "grace of the Lord." John was originally Johannes or Joanna.

The first feminine form to be used many years after all derivatives of John had come into favor was Joanna, the name of a holy woman of the Gospel, who was never canonized, but received her title of sanctity in honor of one of the St. Johns. In the Twelfth century, the feminine form sprang to real prominence in the south of France and north of Spain. Jehanne and Jeanne were the popular French forms and Juana was the favorite in Spain. Many Jeanne and Juana married into royal families and gave virtue to their names. A daughter of Edward II was so called, and Joan Beaufort, beloved of James I, was another famous woman of that name.

It was not until the Tudor period that Jane came into vogue, but straightway it was made famous by Jane Seymour and became a courtly title. On the other hand, Jane was accorded such popular usage that it is said to have named Jean as an article of dress.

Jenny seems to have appeared as a diminutive, or perhaps an endearment, of Jane. It suggests something much gentler and more alluringly feminine than uncompromising Jane. Jane today summons up a vision of a well-tailored, efficient young person with feminine tendencies, but Jenny represents the unmistakably domestic type. It is she who named the spinning-jenny and Jenny Wren of nursery tales. The most famous woman to bear the name was the golden-voiced Jenny Lind.

Jane's talismanic gem is the turquoise. If set in gold it promises her good fortune and long life, wisdom, freedom from dangers and anxieties. Wednesday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

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Tempted.

Artist (in desperation)—That, sir, I consider the finest in my collection. You can have it for half the catalogue price.

The Visitor—Bless my soul! You don't say so. By the way, what is the price of the catalogue?—Punch (London).



TWO, tree mont ago everybody maka pienta keek bouta hot weather. Nobody feela good and only way can keepa cool ees go een da swim or taka da clothes off. For longa time I losa da ambish every day.

But now da weather changa da deesposish and I gotta more trouble as een da summertime. Somaday ees too cold now and I no feela good yet.

Two, tree mont ago I buy da summer suit and he no costa mooch. When I no wear vir moocha clothes he no costa moocha expense. Een da summer you no feela so good from da heat, but da purse he gotta more health as righta now.

One day lasa week da weend was pretty cold and da rain feel lika da shower bath. Dat weend he blow da clothes and maka me sheever lika da sheemmie dance. One time ees too cold, other time ees too hot and alla time ees expense.

When da snow he blew and a weend he come down for spend da weenter only ting can do ees geeva da summer clothes a vacash. But when I go een da store for buy da weenter clothes I getta seek.

When I go buy da underclothes een da store da man aska me eef I wanta two piece or da union suit. I dunno wot's deefrence and he tella me both kind costa same ting. He say da union suit ees made one piece and da other ees two piece.

Well, I no care for more dan one peace eef ees gooda one. But I maka da mind up no buy da union suit. Eef he only gotta one peace mebbe somaday da union go on da strike and I losa my clothes. I tink ees better have two peace as letta da union maka trouble and losa da clothes and da reputash and getta cold sama time.

Wot you tink?

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Explains Progress.

Let us remember that just because improvement is always and ever with in the grasp of human effort at all points, progress is the greatest reality in the world.—J. L. Garvin.