

# The Voice of the Pack

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Love story, adventure story, nature story—all three qualities combine in the "Voice of the Pack," a tale of modern man and woman arrayed against the forces of age-old savagery.

## Prologue.

If one can just be close enough to the breast of the wilderness, he can't help but be imbued with some of the life that pulses therein.—From a Frontiersman's Diary.

Long ago, when the great city of Gitcheapolis was a rather small, untidy hamlet in the middle of a plain, it used to be that a pool of water, possibly two hundred feet square, gathered every spring immediately back of the courthouse. The snow falls thick and heavy in Gitcheapolis in winter; and the pond was nothing more than snow water that the inefficient drainage system of the city did not quite absorb. Besides being the despair of the plumbers and the city engineer, it was a severe strain on the beauty-loving instincts of every inhabitant in the town who had any such instincts. It was muddy and murky and generally distasteful.

A little boy played at the edge of the water, this spring day of long ago. Except for his interest in the pond, it would have been scarcely worth while to go to the trouble of explaining that it contained no fish. He, however, bitterly regretted the fact. In truth, he sometimes liked to believe that it did contain fish, very sleepy fish that never made a ripple, and as he had an uncommon imagination he was sometimes able to convince himself that this was so. But he never took hook and line and played at fishing. He was too much afraid of the laughter of his boy friends. His mother probably wouldn't object if he fished here, he thought, particularly if he were careful not to get his shoes covered with mud. But she wouldn't let him go down to Gitcheapolis creek to fish with the other boys for mud cat. He was not very strong, she thought, and it was a rough sport anyway, and besides—she didn't think he wanted to go very badly. As mothers are usually particularly understanding, this was a curious thing.

The truth was that little Dan Failing wanted to fish almost as much as he wanted to live. He would dream about it of nights. His blood would glow with the thought of it in the springtime. Women the world over will have a hard time believing what an intense, heart-devouring passion the love of the chase can be, whether it is for fishing or hunting or merely knocking golf balls into a little hole upon a green. Sometimes they don't remember that this instinct is just as much a part of most men, and thus most boys, as their hands or their lips. It was acquired by just as laborious a process—the lives of uncounted thousands of ancestors who fished and hunted for a living.

It was true that little Dan didn't look the part. Even then he showed signs of physical frailty. His eyes looked rather large, and his cheeks were not the color of fresh sirlolin, as they should have been. In fact, one would have had to look very hard to see any color in them at all. These facts are interesting from the light they throw upon the next glimpse of Dan, fully twenty years later.

Except for the fact that it was the background for the earliest picture of little Dan, the pool back of the courthouse has very little importance in his story. It did, however, afford an illustration to him of one of the really astonishing truths of life. He saw a shadow in the water that he pretended he thought might be a fish. He threw a stone at it.

The only thing that happened was a splash, and then a slowly widening ripple. The circumference of the ripple grew ever larger, extended and widened, and finally died at the edge of the shore. It set little Dan to thinking. He wondered if, had the pool been larger, the ripple still would have spread; and if the pool had been eternity, whether the ripple would have gone on forever. At the time he did not know the laws of cause and effect. Later, when Gitcheapolis was great and prosperous and no longer untidy, he was going to find out that

a cause is nothing but a rock thrown into a pond of infinity, and the ripple that is its effect keeps growing and growing forever.

The little incident that is the real beginning of this story was of no more importance than a pebble thrown into the snow-water pond; but its effect was to remove the life of Dan Failing, since grown up, far out of the realms of the ordinary.

And that brings all matters down to 1919, in the last days of a particularly sleepy summer. You would hardly know Gitcheapolis now. The business district has increased tenfold. And the place where used to be the pool and the playground of Dan Failing is now laid off in as green and pretty a city park as one could wish to see.

Some day, when the city becomes more prosperous, a pair of swans and a herd of deer are going to be introduced, to restore some of the natural wild life of the park. But in the summer of 1919, a few small birds and possibly half a dozen pairs of squirrels were the extent and limit of the wild creatures. And at the moment this story opens, one of these squirrels was perched on a wide-spreading limb overhanging a gravel path that slanted through the sunlit park. The squirrel was hungry. He wished that some one would come along with a nut.

There was a bench beneath the tree. If there had not been, the life of Dan Failing would have been entirely different. If the squirrel had been on any other tree, if he hadn't been hungry, if any one of a dozen other things hadn't been as they were, Dan Failing would have never gone back to the land of his people. The little bushy-tailed fellow on the tree limb was the squirrel of Destiny!

## BOOK ONE

### Repatriation.

#### CHAPTER I.

Dan Failing stepped out of the elevator and was at once absorbed in the crowd that ever surged up and down Broad street. He was just one of the ordinary drops of water, not an interesting, elaborate, physical and chemical combination to be studied on the slide of a microscope. He wore fairly passable clothes, neither



"Why, You Little Devil!" Dan Said in a Whisper.

rich nor shabby. He was a tall man, but gave no impression of strength because of the exceeding sparseness of his frame. As long as he remained in the crowd, he wasn't important enough to be studied. But soon he turned off, through the park, and straightway found himself alone.

The noise and bustle of the crowd—never loud or startling, but so continuous that the senses are scarcely more aware of them than of the beating of one's own heart—suddenly and utterly died almost at the very border of the park. The noise from the street seemed wholly unable to penetrate the thick branches of the trees. He could even hear the leaves whispering and flicking together, and when a man can discern this, he can hear the cushions of a mountain lion on a trail at night. Of course Dan Failing had never heard a mountain lion. Except on the railroad tracks between, he had never really been away from cities in his life.

At once his thought went back to the doctor's words. They were still repeating themselves over and over in his ears, and the doctor's face was still before his eyes. It had been a kind face; the lips had even curled in a little smile of encouragement. But the doctor had been perfectly frank, entirely straightforward. There had been no evasion in his verdict.

"I've made every test," he said.

"They're pretty well shot. Of course, you can go to some sanitarium, if you've got the money. If you haven't—enjoy yourself all you can for about six months."

Dan's voice had been perfectly cool and sure when he replied. He had smiled a little, too. He was still rather proud of that smile. "Six months? Isn't that rather short?"

"Maybe a whole lot shorter. I think that's the limit."

There was the situation: Dan Failing had but six months to live. He began to wonder whether his mother had been entirely wise in her effort to keep him from the "rough games" of the boys of his own age. He realized now that he had been an underweight all his life—that the frailty that had thrust him to the edge of the grave had begun in his earliest boyhood. But it wasn't that he was born with physical handicaps. He had weighed a full ten pounds; and the doctor had told his father that a sturdier little chap was not to be found in any maternity bed in the whole city. But his mother was convinced that the child was delicate and must be sheltered. Never in all the history of his family, so far as Dan knew, had there been a death from the malady that afflicted him. Yet his sentence was signed and sealed.

But he harbored no resentment against his mother. It was all in the game. She had done what she thought was best. And he began to wonder in what way he could get the greatest pleasure from his last six months of life.

"Good Lord!" he suddenly breathed. "I may not be here to see the snows come!" Dan had always been partial to the winter season. When the snow lay all over the farm lands and bowed down the limbs of the trees, it had always awakened a curious flood of feelings in the wasted man. It seemed to him that he could remember other winters, wherein the snow lay for endless miles over an endless wilderness, and here and there were strange, many-toed tracks that could be followed in the icy dawns. But of course it was just a fancy. He wasn't in the least misled about it. He knew that he had never, in his lifetime, seen the wilderness. Of course his grandfather had been a frontiersman of the first order, and all his ancestors before him—a rangy, hardy breed whose wings would crumple in civilization—but he himself had always lived in cities. Yet the falling snows, soft and gentle but with a wind of remorselessness he could sense but could not understand, had always stirred him. He'd often imagined that he would like to see the forests in winter.

In him you could see a reflection of the boy that played beside the pond of snow water, twenty years before. His dark gray eyes were still rather large and perhaps the wasted flesh around them made them seem larger than they were. But it was a little hard to see them, as he wore large glasses. His mother had been sure, years before, that he needed glasses; and she had easily found an oculist that agreed with her.

Now that he was alone on the path, the utter absence of color in his cheeks was startling. That meant the absence of red—that warm glow of the blood engendered and alive in his veins. Perhaps an observer would have noticed lean hands, with big-knuckled fingers, a rather firm mouth, and closely cropped dark hair. He was twenty-nine years of age, but he looked somewhat older. He knew now that he was never going to be any older. A doctor as sure of himself as the one he had just consulted couldn't possibly be mistaken.

He sat down on a park bench, just beneath the spreading limb of a great tree. He would sit here, he thought, until he finally decided what he would do with his remaining six months.

He hadn't been able to go to war. The recruiting officer had been very kind but most determined. The boys had brought him great tales of France.

## FIRST VENTURE OF LIPTON

Friend Tells How He Took Chance With Patrons of a Rundown Grocery.

Dr. J. H. Ostrander, a personal friend of Sir Thomas Lipton, told recently for the first time the story of Lipton's initial business venture, an exchange states.

Lipton's first business venture was an event in one little corner of Glasgow. He bought for a few pounds a sorry old rundown provision shop that had changed hands a score of times; everybody had failed. It was in a neighborhood where profits were meager and housewives close traders, and where sharp practice and indifferent ethics precluded credit. So when Lipton announced that he would trust any decent neighbor once all foresaw his doom.

Lipton, however, did not mean that he would carry accounts 30 days, for at this period five such accounts would have swamped him. As he himself put it: "In misfortune I will carry any decent chap till Saturday night. I will be a friend to you in spite of prevailing business rules; but if you break faith with me you will lose a friend

It might be nice to go to France and live in some country inn until he died. But he didn't have very long to think upon this vein. For at that instant the squirrel came down to see if he had a nut.

It was the squirrel of Destiny. But Dan didn't know it then.

Bushy-tail was not particularly afraid of the human beings that passed up and down the park, because he had learned by experience that they usually attempted no harm to him. But, nevertheless, he had his instincts. He didn't entirely trust them. After several generations, probably the squirrels of this park would climb all over its visitors and sniff in their ears and investigate the back of their necks. But this wasn't the way of Bushy-tail. He had come too recently from the wild places. And he wondered, most intensely, whether this tall, forked creature had a pocket full of nuts. He swung down on the grass to see.

"Why, you little devil!" Dan said in a whisper. His eyes suddenly sparkled with delight. And he forgot all about the doctor's words and his own prospects in his bitter regrets that he had not brought a pocketful of nuts.

And then Dan did a curious thing. Even later, he didn't know why he did it, or what gave him the idea that he could decoy the squirrel up to him by doing it. That was his only purpose—just to see how close the squirrel would come to him. He thought he would like to look into the bright eyes at close range. All he did was suddenly to freeze into one position—in an instant rendered as motionless as the rather questionable-looking stone stork that was perched on the fountain.

Where Dan Failing decides to spend his last six months and who he really is, are interesting features of the next installment of "The Voice of the Pack."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Preserving Spiders' Webs.

Amateur entomologists will be interested in a suggestion made by Doctor Lutz for the preservation of all kinds of spiders' webs, says the Independent. The webs should be sprayed from an atomizer with artists' shellac, and then, if they are of the ordinary geometric form, pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands being at the same time severed. After the shellac is dried, the plates carrying the webs can be stored away in a cabinet. Even dome-shaped webs may be preserved in their original form by spraying them with shellac and then allowing them to dry before removal from their supports. Many spiders' webs are very beautiful, and all have interesting characteristics of the species to which they belong.

## The Problem of Food.

The man or woman who lives on well-cooked food has more ambition and more strength to do the worthwhile things in life than the one who eats irregularly and amid unpleasant surroundings, says Good Housekeeping. It isn't necessary that large amounts of money should be spent for food, but it is essential that thought and care should be mixed with every menu. Some day those who now look upon the preparation of meals as irksome may get the new vision—the big idea that food and progress are linked together, and that without vision of the true place of good food in our daily lives from childhood to old age, the people perish!

## Ideas Confused.

"How are the women here as conversationalists?"

"The light one over there is rather heavy, but the dark girl beside her is very light."

and I will lose my business." Thus he put them on their honor. And it won; won because sympathy and fellowship dominated the boy and excited like attributes in others.

## Spread of Bathing in Europe.

Bathing came to Europe as one of the good results of the Crusades. The Knights of the Cross found baths in general use among the Saracens, and seeing what good things they were, on returning from those wars took the initiative for their introduction. In this they were highly successful first in England and from that to other countries. So popular did the bath become that it became customary to have one before ceremonies such as marriage or knighthood, and the people have been ever since learning the value of keeping their skins clean.

## The Power in a Tree.

A young man wished to measure the force that drives the sap upward in trees and shrubs. So he cut a vine and tied a bladder over its end. In two hours the bladder was greatly distended, and inside of three hours it burst with a pop, so great is the force that drives sap upward.—Popular Science Monthly.



## GOOD ROADS SAVE MUCH GAS

Trucks Use Twice as Much Fuel on Dirt Highways as on One Built of Concrete.

That good roads cut the cost of gasoline more than 50 per cent is stated by "Freight Transportation Digest." A loaded two-ton truck was used in a test and in running 100 miles on an earth road consumed 17.3 gallons of gasoline, making an average of 5.78 miles a gallon. The cost figured at 25 cents a gallon was \$4.33. The same truck was used on a concrete road and traveled the same distance on 8.49 gallons of gasoline, making 11.78 miles per gallon. The cost in this case, figured on the same basis, was \$2.12. The net savings in cost of gasoline on the improved highway was therefore \$2.21, or more than 100 per cent.

Statisticians could step in here and conjure a colossal sum to represent the savings in gasoline cost if all the highways of the United States were paved, remarks the Columbus (O.) Dispatch. They could, for instance, assume that all of the one-half million motortrucks in the country were two-ton trucks, and on this basis figure out a saving in gasoline costs equal to a couple of Liberty loan issues.

This enormous reduction in gasoline costs, coupled with the ability to handle loads with less tractional effort, has become one of the strongest arguments for good roads. The two tests cited in this instance show conclusively that poor roads are expensive to the farmer and merchant alike. The farmer who hauls with a motor-truck is getting only one-eighth of the profit he could get and the merchant and inter-city freight truck operator are paying out twice what they should for gasoline and are getting only one-eighth of the profit they could get.

## GOOD GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

Arrows on Signs Mark Detours on Iowa's Highways and Point Out Proper Direction.

All detours around roads closed to traffic in Iowa are carefully marked for the guidance and protection of travelers. Signs are erected at intervals so that the proper direction can be taken with the slightest deviation from the regular route. The signs, as furnished by the state to the counties at cost, have a yellow arrow printed against a black ground, with the word "detour" above and below the arrow.



The blank sign furnished to the counties is shown in the upper corner, and as used, in the lower. The larger illustration shows how the signs are disposed to guide traffic around a closed road.

When the sign has been placed with the arrow pointing in the proper direction, the "detour" below is deleted with black paint. The name of the place the arrow is pointing to, and other information, is stenciled inside the arrow.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## MATHEMATICS OF BAD ROADS

Farmer Solves Problem of Hours Lost in Making Trip Over Road That Is Deep in Mud.

If it takes a farmer, making a trip through the mud one hour and a half longer than when the roads are firm, how many hours are lost in a year if 1,000 farmers make an average of 12 trips a month? What would be the monetary loss if each 1 1/2 hours lost be estimated at 75 cents per hour for each man and his team? This "two-in-one" proposition gave our old cat considerable trouble, but he finally worked it out thus: One farmer multiplied by 1 1/2 hours multiplied by 12 trips, multiplied by 1,000 farmers, multiplied by 12 months equals 216,000 hours lost; going a step further, and multiplying 216,000 by 75 cents, you have \$162,000 per annum lost to the farmers. Our old cat is now pondering how many road bonds this annual loss would float at 5 per cent interest.—Union Times.