Liechtenstein FLASH



A Young Liechtensteiner.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THEN Prince Johan II of the little principality of Liechtenstein died a few weeks ago in his eighty-ninth year, there came to an end the longest reign in the West since the days of Louis XIV of France, seventy-one years. But more than the reign of Johan ended. Under provisions which this fatherly march had made, his little moun tain-rimmed domain ceases to have a princely ruler and becomes virtually a part of Switzerland.

If you are a map traveler, Liech tenstein-bound, follow the castled Rhine, skirt the Black Forest to Basel, swing east past the Falls to the shed at Friedrichshafen, and you are on the Lake of Constance, or Redensee, shared by Switzerland, Austria, and Germany, Turn south for 20 miles up the broad valley between Switzerland and Austria and you reach the northern tip of the principality of Liechtenstein, which for the next 15 miles looks west across the

To reach Liechtenstein in person requires self-discipline. One must leave Paris and Switzerland behind and stop short of Vienna and Budapest, Forego an evening in Paris, be abourd the Budapest sleeper just before 9, and before lunch time you will arrive at Buchs, Switzerland. A few miles to the east you will be set down at Schaan-Vaduz, the division line station between Schellenberg and Vaduz, once separate units and fiefs of the Roman Empire.

To the right the narrow plain be tween mile-high mountains and the Rhine stretches away toward Sarg-ans, off the south tip of the Lilliputian land, To the left is the "low coun

One who thinks of the principality as a part of the Swiss customs unfor expects this small mountain-side state to be west of the Rhine, leaning against St. Gallen instead of hangpolitical changes hurdle a river easier than mountain-high mountains do Until 1919, free Liechtenstein was economically allied to Austria. The "K, K.," denoting katser and kingon the Schnan post office, though partly obliterated, is still visible.

Agriculture and Industry.

Here the Rhine is no comunity river for deep-water sallors, with a prima dottna mermaid parading her tresses before bobbed-baired tourists, it is a shallow stony torrent bed, now dry spots, now foaming with the force of Alpine glaciors. Man has taken the river in hand, evercome its meander. ing babits, and confined it between pressle, though curving banks.

Between the Rhine and the sway back ridge of Liechtenstein is a nar row plain devoted to hay, seen and grain, with orchards here and there stately poplars marking some reads and vineyards on the gentler slayes At the place where it curls up to clift and mountain meadow, a road, sells Into a Y by the Schellenberg, unites the valley towns from Ruggell and Schannwald to Klein Mels.

Schuan, with Live inhabitions, for at the focus of the three branches and the short intermitional cond to Buchs. Its chief inndmick is a sharp spired church whose architect bor rowed inspirution from the needles of

To the right the mowing-machine blade of a saw-touth factory roof cuts the green of pine and beech. Farther south is the capital, with the old chatesu, founded on Roman ruins, banging over it like no engle perched above its best and looking at the eggs between its feet.

To the right of the castle the bottle green forest, veiling the faces of half demes upon whose toos are pleasant pletenus, merges the broken put tern of the rolling Triesenberg, whose chalet groups dot a park-like region between barron terminal mountains. Below is Triesen, from whose one factory chimney Rhur coal smokes when winter ties up the otherwise inex haustible water power.

The mowing-machine blade between Schnan and Vadus edges a spinulug mill roof. The Triesen smokestack into that short syllable!

rises above the looms of an attied weaving mill equipped with the intest apparatus for humidifying the atmosphere. The raw cotton comes from America. The cloth is sold in Buda pest. The 300 weavers come from the valley towns and down from the Triesenberg.

Views of Mountain and Valley.

South of Triesen there is little evidence of man's works. At Balmars a large memorial church and a rock mass surmounted by Burg Gutenberg. never captured, but now used as a hotel, are dwarfed by the Mittagspitze and the Faiknis, and are almost lost in the broadened plan whence a valley road mounts Luzenstieg. At the foot of the Swiss Flascherberg, which balances the Schellenberg, is Kieln Mels The small cluster of homes is merged into a green plain cut by a white road leading to the Klein-Mels Trubbach bridge, one of the four-covered wood en structures which furnish communi cation with Switzerland across the man-timed Rhine.

To north, the arms of the Y confine a wide triangle of level, marshy land, with three small groups of houses spaced across its farther edge. Above them rises the Schellenberg, a lowrolling bill dwarfed by flanking moun-

Above Schnan towers a wild rock face, scared and torn by time's shrapped. Closing in the southern end of the landscape is the Falknis group. almost as rugged. Between the 7,000-Kuhgratspitze and 8,420-foot Falkuls the country's backbone dips to a scant 5,000 feet, so that one can look across this saddle to the Nantkopf, whose 8.441 feet, shared with Austria and Switzerland, marks the highest of a dozen or so more-thanmile-high peaks in this pigmy prin-

At the sng in the ridge the cross ountry road saves a few feet of height by means of a short tunnel joining the populous Triesenberg with the deserted slopes of the Samthrough this dripping tube from the hush of hayfields to the sound of grazing entite awaying melodious

The Samha valley, narrow, thickly wooded for the most part, and light ened at its bottom by a silver-green. mnetuous river, cannot be seen from the Swiss singe, but as the observer Includes in his view the heights be youd it, he can safely be said to com mand the entire country in one glace.

Travelers Can See It All. Probably no other state except Monney has been seen in its entirety by so many people. Neither Andorra nor San Marino le so advantageously placed. Every visitor in the Swiss meclety resorts of Dayos and St. Morits sould look the length of the principal its from Sirgons before his trafa torns south away from Liechtenstein The traveler to the Lake of Constance and Germany passes the whole land in review. The passenger train to Innsbruck and the Tyrol or the tri-weekly Orient express rides the rolls that separate Liechtonstein into the highlands and low

Schoon, express stop and metrop olis, has plate glass windows in which ready-made gowns in late styles are displayed though the women usually spend their money for dutable ging hams. The shopkeeper has femiled fore by keeping modern millinery,

The homely inn at Vadux might no please fastidious travelers. The outr running water is in a stone frough outside one's bedroom window. Yet one looks back up it with longing What if the lower hall was a thoraughfare for half the town! Even as humble a capital must have its Pewcock alley. The bed was clean and comfortable. The food, too rich and pleasiful for all but nesive folk, was designed to satisfy one who had reav-

eled along mountain trails. From the first day, one bosom eltinen. Man, mald, and child, all fook over one with keen but friendly approisal. And what a delight it is to pass this informal inspection and be greeted with the password, "Truss usually shortened to "Sgott." with neighborliness compressed even

: The Lead Dog:

SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's aunt, journey Brock McCain and Caspard Leeroix, 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 hoys 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 men killed his father and is pre-vented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an in-dian and kills his would-be slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his food gives out.

CHAPTER VIII

-13-The Hate of the Long Snow

Dawn of the following morning over took the two still heading north. The rabbit had put new life into the husky. Although thinner, as yet bis thick cost shone with vitality, and he still carried his bushy tail jauntily curved above his back. But the days of starvation and grueling snowshoe ing had stripped the flesh from the square frame of Brock McCain. His hollow eyes glowed with the light that comes from toll without food That morning, as he traveled, his eyes began to play him tricks. He found it difficult to focus on objects. Distant hills danced upon the borizon Black spots and pinpoints of light blurred his vision. Suddenly, like the chill of cold steel, the thought that he could not sight his gun on game stopped him dead in his trucks. Ralsing his ritle, he tried to line the sights on a jack-pine, but the bead on the muzzle wavered in and sat of the rear sight slot which appeared, then faded, hen appeared, as if mocking

"I guess I'm done for," he groaned. For a space black despair lived in the heart of the boy caught in the pitiless grip of the long snows. Then, as he stood brooding, a moist nose touched the bare hand holding the rifle. The caress of a warm tongue roused him. He glanced down at the eager blown eyes which spoke worship of the loyal heart which beat in that shaggy chest.

"What you think, Flash, is the river over those bills? Can we make it,

For answer the dog whined, rubbing against Brock's legs, as the boy's

hand rested on the massive skuit. "You're strong, boy, yet. Maybe, if we hit the river soon, you can pull me up to the lake. My legs won't last chance, last much longer. I can't feel 'em any more."

Then at the thought of his father's words the boy pulled himself together. 'Finsh, we've got the nerve, you and L if we are young, and shy on bush craft. Tomorrow, we're going through to the river-over that ridge!"

So Brock plodded on, hoping against hope for the sight of game. But the strange ill tuck which often pursues those whose need is greatest, followed the footsteps of the starving trupper. Trails of fox and lynx, rabbit tracks, and the network paths of grouse and ptarmigan be crossed, but for hours his peering eyes saw no game-met no floundering trail of caribou. They had left the country

Again dusk fell. Again there were no rabbit runways in which to set snares. Again boy and dog sat in silence by a fire. Over the fire bung a pall in which water boiled. In the water were strips of the pelts of two rabbits and small places of rawhide thongs. The eyes of the boy, bright with starvation, hungrily watched the nauseous stew.

"It won't help much, Flash," mut tered the boy. "But It'll warm us up -warm us up. My feet are cold-are gours? I can't feel my toes-the fire's

With shaking hand the boy stirred the piriful supper in the pail.

"We're lost-and starved out, Flash. My legs are good for one day morethen I guess I'm through,"

The sturving pair finished the stew. then side by side by before the fire. "Of course, Flush," wandered the semidelirious Brock, "I could shoot my pup-and get back. Lots of meat on your old sones-yet Right through the ears, eh? You'd never know what Brock old to sug-and thea he'd see home again-the family. What d'yuh 8337

With a low whimper, the husky bestde film numbed into the box's face, burled in his bond under the robes. "Don't want Brock to do It, do you?"

As if sensing the ghastly meaning of the words, the dog again thrust his nose into the bood. For an instant his hairy muzzle touched the lean cheek of his master. Then with a throaty rumble it was withdrawn.

"You old fool!" cried the aroused youth, sitting up in his blankets, stung by the dog's caress. "You think Brock was serious? Crawl out by shootin' his pup-like a dirty Indian?" Impulsively the boy drew the massive head of the husky to his breast, "You fool dog! Brock shoot his Finsh to save his own hide?" And the boy crooned incoherently into a bairy ear. As the great plume of a tail waved to and fro, the deep throat of Flash rumbled in eestney.

Dawn-and a dazed voyager, seeking the valley of the frozen Yellow-Leg, shuffled on unsteady legs through the spruce into the north-at his heels a bony husky drawing a small toboggan. Through the morning went the pair, stopping frequently to rest. Lean from lack of food though he was, the husky, owing to his marvelous vitality, still retained much of his strength. For the Ungava, like a wolf, starves slowly. But the master who recied over the white floor of forest and barren, neared the end of his stamina. Two-three miles more, and the numbed legs would crumple under him-the snow-shoes which slide mechanically, driven by the dogged will, cense to move.

Then, of a sudden, as the uncertain eyes of the boy, whom hope had deserted, peered ahead for the wind-



The Eyes of the Boy, Bright With Starvation, Hungrily Watched the Nauseous Stew.

break which would shelter his last camp, his heart gave a great throb, then checked, to pound again furlously as he swayed on his feet at what he

"Deer trali!" he gasped. "Deer trail, Flash! Made this morning! He can't truvel far in this! We'll hang to him. Finsh-hang to him?"

Then the boy shivered as stark fear gripped him. Could be aim his gun!

Could be blt the game? But there was no place for doubt here. He had to hit him. It was his

Lending Flash on a rawhide thong. to prevent him boiting with the sled when they saw their game, Brock followed the trull. Hope now drove his stiffened legs-hope of red ment, food -life. And here, at last, the careful training of months proved liself. On a leash Flash had been trained to stlence.

The trail led through a stand of scrub spruce and out over the packed snow of ley shell of an brook. Here Brock suddenly stopped, his law dropping in amazement.

"Moose!" he gasped. "Moose, up nere on the Yellow-Leg!"

Instead of the familiar, round-toed trucks of a caribou, stamped into the pard footing, like the thrust of a die in wax, were the long, pointed, cowlike trucks of a moose.

Following the trail which led in the direction of a heavy stand of black spruce and cedar, under a ridge, Brock led his plunging deg.

"Shut up, Flash! Steady boy!" he ordered in low topes, "He's there, in that bash."

The animal had traveled up windhe would not smell them; so it was sufe to hold to the trail. Slipping off the dog's harness, leaving the sled. Brock led him by the thong. As they entered the cover of the timber, ears and eyes tense, the heart of the boy shook him as an engine shakes a launch. Somewhere ahend in the spruce was food-life. If only he did not mise!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Modern Japan

Not much longer will Japan be the land of quaint medieval scenes and customs for the occidental traveler. The Osaga municipality has completed nil the geological investigations and other necessary arrangements for the construction of a high speed tramcar service. The system will consist of underground and overhead lines, to be completed at an estimated cost of \$\$0,000,000,

First to Be Cremated

The body of the first person to be cremated in the United States was that of Baron de Palin at Washing ton, Pa., in 1874.

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Famous Violin Maker

A violin maker of Milan has every reason to believe that he has the secret of Stradivarius, the master violin maker of Cremons, whose instruments have long been regarded as the best ever made. The Milanese is in possession of several papers which seem to be the work of Stradivarius giving details of the preparation of wood and varnish for the manufacture of violins. The papers were subjected to the scrutiny of a handwriting expert, and by making comparison with authentic writing of Stradivarius he has declared the writing to be that of the old Cremona violin maker. The Milanese maker has made an instrument following these directions, and it is said to have an the qualities of a genuine "Strad." The papers were discovered by a Roman antiquary to whom an old desk had been sent for restoration. They had been reposing for years in a secret

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Burros Out of Business

The burro was once one of the institutions of the West, but now in many sections, particularly in the Southwest, the animal has been thrown into the discard. Once they were valued burden bearers, but now they have been abandoned, as their work is done by the automobile. They have been set at large in many instances by their one-time owners, and roaming in small bands they have become a nulsance. They enter the smaller towns at night and, besides anneying the residents with their noise, they do considerable damage to crops and other property in their search for food. The town of Santa Fe in New Mexico for a while employed a man to kill wandering burros.

World's Dark Ages

Bistorians differ as to the exact period known as the Dark ages. It is generally believed to comprise the earlier centuries of the Middle ages, a period of probably about 700 years. Hallam regards the Dark ages as beginning with the Sixth century and ending with the Fifteenth

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