

FLASH

By GEORGE MARSH
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The Lead Dog

SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lacroix, 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.

CHAPTER II

On the Yellow-Leg Trail

Through the early afternoon the deeply loaded canoe followed the flat coast. From the stern Gaspard, the better canoe man, driving his narrow blade with the straight-armed lunge of the Cree, watched with frowning eyes the increasing blackness of the northern horizon.

The sun was hanging over the muskeg behind the spruce beyond the marshes when Gaspard glanced into the north and shook his head.

"We better find camp ground before the tide leave us," he warned. "We run up some creek."

"You're right," Brock replied. "We can't run the chance of getting the four wet."

For an hour the paddles of the canoe men churned the gray bay water as they reconnoitered the flats ahead for a hospitable creek mouth into which they could run for shelter from the blow which threatened them at the turn of the tide.

As the muskeg smothered the sun, Gaspard stood in the stern, searching the beaches to the north. Somewhere ahead a friendly little river must cross the marshes to the sea, or a hospitable sand-spl: thrust out to meet the tide.

"Look's as if we had a night in the boat ahead of us," said Brock, as the stern-man sat down and silently took up his paddling again.

"If she blow hard when de tide come in, de boat will fill," was the gloomy comment of the other.

On they traveled, searching for a way in to a dry camp ground on the marshes, but in vain. Then, as the tide turned, the wind rose, and the bronzed faces of the canoe men set grim with the knowledge that the filling of their boat on the flats meant the abandonment of their winter on the Yellow-Leg. For without flour they dared not enter the unknown country.

Kneeling in the bow, teeth clamped, the stubbornness of his Scotch ancestry battling all thought of failure, Brock drove his paddle with all the splendid power of his muscular arms and back. From the stern the sneaky Gaspard—taking them on the quarter—eased the nose of the able boat through the short seas. But loomed as they were, the stern-man realized that the rising wind would soon kick up a sea in which the heavily loaded canoe could not live. It was a matter of minutes. His decision was quickly made.

"Look out!" he cried. "We turn inshore!" And burying his paddle, with the prompt aid of Brock he swung the bow.

Blindly they drove the boat in through the thickening dusk. As they shot into the white shoals they dropped paddles, seized their setting poles and pushed desperately on through the low-breaking flood tide. Suddenly the canoe stopped with a jolt, throwing the poles forward to their knees. A following wave lifted and swung the stern inshore. The next would wash over the boat, grounded broadside on, filling her. The flour!

Leaping into the water, desperate with the fear of the loss of the precious car, with a great heave Brock eased the bow off the hummock beneath it, and with Gaspard pushing at the stern, headed the lightened boat in over the flats where she grounded beyond the break of the waves.

"They're dry as a bone!" shouted Brock, reaching under the heavy canvas to the flour bags. "Whew! That was a close call!"

"Good 'fing de beach is flat here," cried Gaspard. "I tho' she fill for sure."

"The tide's not half full yet, is it?" "No, we got to float de canoe" in, as de tide rises. You look out for de boat and I go back to high ground and build a fire."

So, with the stern lashed to a pole to keep the boat from swinging, Brock curled up in the canoe to wait for the tide to float her, while Gaspard went inland with kettle and frying pan, for the hours of toll since noon had left them desperately hungry.

It was not long before Brock saw a light flicker, back on the marsh. His empty stomach clamored for the tea and fried goods that Gaspard was cooking. Then for a space, his tired body conquered him and he dozed, to be awakened by the swinging of the canoe, afloat, again, in the tide.

Tumbling out in his water-tight seal-skin boots Brock guided the craft through the shallows until she again grounded, and, lashing the boat to a setting pole, he started for the fire where he awaited him. As he crossed the marsh to the alder thicket which served as a partial windbreak for the fire, a chorus of yelps challenged his approach.

"Say, I'm half starved, cook!" cried the hungry youth as he fought off the

carcasses of the welcoming dogs. "How about a little bite?"

Gaspard smiled as he turned the sputtering goose in the pan with his skinning knife. "You lucky you not half drown. You stake de boat when you leave her?"

"You bet. But she's far in now where there's no wash. I'll go back when I've filled this hollow, and bring her in as the tide rises."

So dogs and men ate their supper by the little fire of driftwood while the wind rocked the alders above them. After midnight, when the tide had turned, they brought their tent and blankets in from the canoe and rolled up for needed rest after the hard day.

By daylight, a kettle of goose was already bubbling over the fire, for the wind had cleared the weather and a long paddle up the coast lay before them. Again, with the dogs following the shore, the canoe headed up the coast.

"Tonight we camp at de Big Owl—tomorrow de Yellow-Leg," said Gaspard, settling into a vicious stroke. "Right! Tomorrow the Yellow-Leg!"

And the paddles churned the gray bay water as the boat sped up the low coast.

Late in the afternoon, the lean face of Gaspard widened in a grin as he searched the coast to the north.

"Dere she is, de Big Owl," he announced with satisfaction. "We mak' good tam today, eh, Brock?"

The following noon the voyagers reached the mouth of the Yellow-Leg, which, like all west coast rivers, debouches into the bay through a delta.

"The Yellow-Leg, at last!" cried Brock, standing in the canoe, hands shielding eyes.

"Big river!" replied Gaspard, "she got 'tree mouth."

"By golly, dere's that schooner again!" Brock pointed into the north. Gaspard's black eyes studied the dark object on the water, far up the coast. "Wat she hang off dis river for?" he muttered.

"I'd sure like to run on up the coast and have a look at them," said Brock.

"No, we got big job ahead before de freeze-up, Brock." Then with a sweep of his paddle, Gaspard swung the bow inshore. "Here we go for de big hunt on de Yellow-Leg."

Dut by day through the following week the canoe bound for the unmapped headwaters of the Yellow-Leg bucked the strong current. Often they were compelled to get out the tracking line, and, walking the shore, to pole the boat up through water too strong for poles to push her. And nowhere on the shores of the wild river did they meet with signs of a portage or old camp ground.

As he watched the wilderness panorama unfold before him, the realization that it was free country—untracked, theirs, by the law of the north—thrilled Brock to the marrow.

Then one day the river forked. "Which way?" asked Brock.

"We tak' sout' branch," replied the stern-man. "Once, to de nord of Starving Riviere divide, my fader saw beeg lak'. It might be headwater of dis branch."

"He was headed for that lake country when he left your camp last winter, wasn't he?"

Gaspard nodded. "He went to look oavir de country for game sign."

"He couldn't have starved, Gaspard. He was too good a hunter; he must have met with an accident."

"No, he had plenty grub w'en he left an' he was best hunter een dis countree." Gaspard's voice roughened to huskiness as he spoke of the father he had loved. "Somet'ing happen—he neavair starve so long as he can travel."

"Queer thing not a dog ever worked his way back—wolves, I suppose."

"Not a dog!"

For a space they sat in silence while the canoe drifted, the dark face of Gaspard Lacroix bitter with the memory of his lost father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Code Employed for Telegrams in China

The transmission and receipt of telegrams in China is not so easy as in western countries, because the Chinese language lacks an alphabet and expresses itself by characters and signs that represent words. In consequence, for purposes of telegraphing, an exact list has been made of signs in quantity sufficient for ordinary correspondence, and to each of the signs a different number is given which is transmitted by the Morse telegraphic system.

The code consists of 3,800 ciphers, the whole forming a pamphlet of 49 pages, each one of which contains ten series of 20 characters with its corresponding number. On receipt of a telegram the operator looks up in his book the characters represented by the numbers transmitted by the apparatus and transcribes them into legible Chinese. —Washington Sunday Star.

The Better Part

"We cannot choose good friends," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "but must hope to live so worthily that good friends may choose us." —Washington Star.

Ray up treasures in heaven. No one on earth will try to rob you of them.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MOTHER HEN

"Come on up the tree," said Mrs. Turkey to the little chicken as night time came.

One of Mrs. Turkey's children had been taken away and so she thought she would adopt the little chicken instead.

"But I can't get up there," said the chicken.

"Try," said Mrs. Turkey, who had reached the topmost branch. "I am ready to go to sleep and all of the turkeys are ready."

"We want to put our heads under our wings. We are very sleepy."

"But I can't get up there," said the chicken.

"Try," said Mrs. Turkey again. The turkey children began to laugh at the poor little chicken who couldn't fly to a branch of the tree.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," they said. "Can't you fly?"

And the little chicken stayed on the ground below looking very unhappy.

"We can't keep awake any longer," said the turkey children.

"Go to sleep my loves," said their mother.

"You are good children and know how to roost in a tree and have a good night's rest."

"I could roost and have a sleep too," moaned the chicken. "If only

"Yes," said the chicken.

"And didn't I let you play with my splendid children?"

"Yes," said the chicken again.

"And didn't you want to come?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, can't you be grateful and come to bed like a good chicken?"

"Show you're fine enough to be long to a turkey family."

"But I don't want to belong to a turkey family. I am a chicken, and I am used to the ways of chickens."

"I wish I were back home."

"Well, go back home then, you fit the silly," said Mrs. Turkey. "It's the last time I pay a compliment to a chicken by asking to bring him up as one of my own."

"You're not able to fly up to this branch."

"Shame!"

"But I am not ashamed," said the chicken, going off. "Oh dear, I want my Mother Hen. My own Mother Hen."

At the thought of his mother he at once wept.

Never, never again would he run away, or let anyone ask him to join their family.

When he got back Mother Hen was waiting for him. He climbed up on the chicken roost which was just the height he could reach.

And Mother Hen seemed so dear and lovely.

He had never half realized how lovely Mother Hen was!

Everybody Wants It

My first is in rifle and also in fire, My second's in iron and also in wire.

My third is in writing and also in pen, My fourth is in soldiers and also in men.

My fifth is in whimper and also in mew, My sixth is in novel and also new.

My seventh is in antler and also in stag, My eighth is in shoe-string and also in tag.

My ninth is in heather and also in Perth, My tenth is in famine and also in dearth.

My eleventh is in landlord and also in rent, My whole you desire when on holiday bent.

Answer—Fine weather.

An Impatient Sparrow

In a Lancashire manufacturing town a certain sparrow has for a long time been accustomed to make his presence known by loud calls outside a kitchen, as a signal that food is wanted. Now he has gone a step farther and several times daily rattles the latch of the door till he is attended to.

Took His Temperature

Little Joey was in bed with a cold when his aunt called to see him at noon, she asked him if he had a fever.

"My mamma took my temperature," he replied promptly, "but it said 'No.'"

POULTRY

FEED FOR WINTER EGG PRODUCTION

Maturity and Health Make for Strong Bodied Fowls.

One of the paramount problems at this time is the matter of feeding for maximum egg production through the winter, when egg prices are highest. Some mighty good hints on this question are supplied by R. L. Watkins, extension poultry specialist, Ames, in his bulletin for record flock keepers. His suggestions follow:

"Winter eggs are laid by well-matured pullets and healthy old hens which are comfortably housed and properly fed. Maturity and health make for a strong-bodied egg machine. Pullets, to lay large eggs steadily throughout the winter, must have proper body size and weight. Leg-horns or other light breeds may be considered ready for a regular laying ration, when three to three and one-fourth pounds in weight. Heavier breeds, such as Reds, Rocks and Wyandottes should weigh four and one-half to five pounds. Immature pullets must not be forced into egg production by feeding them on a regular laying ration.

"Comfort enables the bird to utilize feed in manufacturing eggs instead of using the energy thereby obtained to maintain body warmth. Feeds are the raw materials out of which hens build eggs.

"A well-balanced egg mash containing ground grains or grain by-products, protein concentrates in the form of meat and milk products; minerals in the form of bonemeal, salt and some grit; and often green food in the form of ground alfalfa must be kept available to hens and pullets if they are to lay any number of eggs during the winter months.

"Whole or cracked grains such as corn, oats, wheat and barley should be used in combination with a mash to maintain body weight and comfort. Body weight cannot be maintained during heavy egg production unless sufficient grain feeds are included in the ration. In a ration made up of mash and grain the mash feed contains most of the fat and heat-building material. Good poultry management requires that the birds consume sufficient mash to maintain their egg production, also that they eat sufficient grains to maintain body weight. Hens losing weight soon stop laying."

"The work of the bureau of dairy industry is designed to add information through research and investigation to help with a program of this kind. The bureau's efforts, together with results of research carried on by all other organizations of the industry will do much to help solve these problems, but this alone is not sufficient to guarantee success in this work. If the entire industry is to reach the highest level of stability and prosperity every branch must cooperate with every other branch in carrying out a program that will meet all needs.

"And no part of the industry," concluded the new chief, "should forget that we need to continue to keep the public informed as to the value of dairy products, the progress being made in the improvement of them and the methods of production. The more we spread information regarding dairying the faster we will improve and the better the market will be."

Cod Liver Oil Is Most Easily Given in Feed

The value of cod liver oil for poultry is summed up by one hen professor as follows: Stronger and healthier birds, prevention of leg weakness from heavy laying in late winter and spring, better looking egg shells, more and stronger chicks from the eggs hatched, and fewer blood spots in eggs.

Cod liver oil is most easily fed, this professor writes, in semi-solid buttermilk or cottage cheese. Or, he says, you can feed it with the scratch grain—a quart to 100 hens every week.

For a flock that size, his method is to mix about a teaspoonful of the oil with the scratch grain every other day. Keep this up until spring takes the flock outdoors again.

Guard Against Disease in Feeding Green Bone

Some butcher shops have installed bone grinders and sell ground green bone. This is an excellent feed when fed fresh, but poultry often must be ground in because of the danger of transmitting disease to the flock. This is especially true of tuberculosis. Whenever a supply of green bone is purchased it should be spread out thin in a cold room. If left in a paper sack even in a room below freezing the center of the mass will heat and spoil. Green bone cannot be successfully kept in large quantities unless thinly spread.

Dairy Notes

Several kinds of lice may be on the same calf but it is the big blue ones that do the damage.

The numbers of bacteria in milk have little meaning unless the sanitary history of the milk is known.

The taste of clean milk is sweet and aromatic. The sweetness is due to the milk sugar, while the aromatic taste comes from the fat. Onions, bit-ter-sweet, etc., give bad flavors to milk.

Some calves seem to be free of lice while others in the same pen may be covered. The oily-skinned calves have a natural protection and because of this they fare better than dry-skinned ones.

One of the most common mistakes made in winter feeding of dairy cows is failure to provide enough feed. The cow may be looked upon as a milk factory, and as in any other manufacturing plant, the cheapest production is possible only when the plant is run nearly to full capacity.

DAIRY

DAIRY INDUSTRY NEEDS OUTLINED

Three Most Important Factors Are Pointed Out.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The important factors that need attention in the dairy industry today are: (1) Greater efficiency in production; (2) production of the highest quality in dairy products; and (3) increasing the consumption of dairy products. This is the statement of O. E. Reed, who recently took up his duties as chief of the bureau of dairy industry, United States Department of Agriculture.

"Scientific facts available today in regard to these factors," continued Professor Reed, "are sufficient proof that a program of this kind entered into by the entire dairy industry will stabilize and insure prosperity for those engaged in it.

"The need of more economic and efficient production is quite apparent on every hand," he said. "The dairy farmer must cull out the low producing cows from his herd and build for a greater production for each cow through keeping records of production, by using better sires, and by following the best methods in feeding, breeding and management. The same problems must be considered by the manufacturer and distributor of dairy products.

"The quality of dairy products must be given more consideration. The farmer is responsible for the quality of the product as it comes from the farm. The manufacturer and distributor are responsible from that point on until it reaches the consumer. Dairy products are perishable and the demand for them will depend upon quality.

"The consumption of dairy products has increased to a marked extent during the past few years but in the light of recent investigations, both from the standpoint of the need of milk in the diet and the underconsumption of dairy products in many sections of the country, a considerable increase can yet be made.

"The work of the bureau of dairy industry is designed to add information through research and investigation to help with a program of this kind. The bureau's efforts, together with results of research carried on by all other organizations of the industry will do much to help solve these problems, but this alone is not sufficient to guarantee success in this work. If the entire industry is to reach the highest level of stability and prosperity every branch must cooperate with every other branch in carrying out a program that will meet all needs.

Turning Past Into Profit

For years we have heard of the enormous damage rabbits do in Australia. Women have, however, transformed this pest into a national asset.

Five years ago there was not a machine in Australia to convert rabbit skin into what is known as "coney." Today a hundred concerns employ about fifteen hundred persons and \$2,500,000 capital in the production of fur goods, creating a new local industry that is worth millions.

The fur garment in Australia has now been made a popular article instead of a costly luxury.

Film Laboratory in Air

To expedite the delivery of news pictures, motion picture films and photographs are now developed and printed in a flying laboratory while en route to various cities. The plane carries all laboratory equipment necessary for developing, printing, cutting, splicing and titling movie film and finishing many still photographs. Besides the pilot, the plane carries a staff of three.

Be a Good Stenographer

"Unless a girl has some unusual natural talent for a definite business pursuit, the best way to make a beginning in business, in my opinion, is as a stenographer," says Helen Woodward, noted advertising expert, in Smart Set Magazine. "But be a good one. In my twenty years of business life I have met only six good stenographers."

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Tobacco "Puff" Made Barrie Pipe Smoker

Two inveterate pipe smokers are James M. Barrie and Stanley Baldwin, British prime minister. At a recent public dinner Baldwin revealed that Barrie—who was also a guest—never smoked prior to the publication of his novel, "My Lady Nicotine," in which he referred to a certain brand of tobacco.

It seems that an enterprising reader of the book wrote to Barrie and asked what was the particular tobacco mixture he had in mind. Barrie did not know the name of a single brand of tobacco, so he answered at random, naming one he saw advertised.

Its fame was made, and out of curiosity Barrie one day tried a pipeful. "He liked it so well," chuckled Mr. Baldwin, "that he has kept it to ever since."—Kansas City Star.

Russia's Use of Peat

Peat is assuming increasing importance in the Soviet union, the output during the season of 1927 being 4,311,300 metric tons, a gain of approximately 40 per cent over the preceding year, says the New York Times. Hydropeat, which is produced by special hydraulic machines, accounted for 500,000 tons of this total.

The chief consumer of peat is the textile industry, although a number of important power plants use it as a fuel. More than 100,000 workmen are employed during the peat-producing season and there are about 2,000 machines in operation.

The Soviet union has approximately three-quarters of the world's peat resources.

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