

FLASH

: The Lead Dog :

By
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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. 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 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.

CHAPTER VII

Drum-Beat of the Blizzard

The following night, Brock and Flash returned from the traps to find Gaspard with supper waiting.

"Kekway!" he shouted in the manner of the Cree as he thrust his head through the tent flaps. Then seeing the broken skin of Gaspard's cheek, asked in excitement, "Where did yuh get that?"

Gaspard smiled a one-sided grimace. "Oh, I got dat from a fr'en' ov you."

"You ran into 'em? Got shot at?" demanded the aroused youth. "What're yuh holding back on me? Hurry up!"

Gaspard related the details of the ambush and his stratagem in luring the would-be assassin to his deserved doom.

"Old pard!" cried the white boy, seizing his friend with the hug of a bear. "I'm sure proud of you!" Won't their eyes stick out when I tell them at Hungry House?"

Gaspard's dark features set like stone. "We not too sure to see Hon-gree House, Brock. Dese people are on de hunt for us. Dat Cree follow my trail, for sure, and den cut ahead to shoot me."

"Well, if it snows every few days, they may not find the camp for weeks, and remember, they think Black Jack and Etienne are hunting them. That keeps 'em worried, and will keep 'em north of the lake, too."

The following morning Brock and Flash started for the end of Brock's trap-lines. On his last trip he had made a discovery. From a barren hill beyond the last of his fisher and marten cubane traps, which ran along a timbered ridge, Brock had studied the country to the southwest through the small field-glasses loaned him by his father. For miles, the white barren was dotted with blue-gray shapes of feeding caribou. Evidently a winter migration, of which he had often heard, was on. He would bring Gaspard and the team, and they would store a supply of frozen meat against the lean days of the spring when their supplies would run low.

But Gaspard's traps needed attention, and Brock had decided to return and hunt alone for two days, then go back to his partner.

It had not snowed for a week, and over the trail, packed hard by much use, in the timber, wind-brushed and pounded, on the ice of stream and lake, the powerful Flash romped with the light sled.

Dawn found Brock waiting in the scrub on the edge of the barren for light enough to begin his stalk of the nearest deer, for caribou are restless and often feed early and move back into the timber with the sun.

Constantly walking back and forth to keep the blood circulating, for the morning was a bitter one, Brock swung his arms and stamped his snowshoes, while the eastern sky lightened. As the dusk lifted and the white floor of the barren was vaguely revealed to his peering eyes, he saw moving shapes, like shadows, drift from the scrub, to be swallowed up in the gray murk of the distance.

"Wolves!" he muttered. "And they'll run the deer out of the country! Well, I'll pay them for spoiling my hunting this morning—I'll hunt them."

The light strengthened and shortly the first rays of the sun filtered like fingers of fire across the white plain reaching endlessly before him. But the wolves had done their work. Nor a caribou was in sight. Focusing his glasses, Brock made out, miles away, some gray objects moving rapidly on the barren.

"There they are!" he muttered. "Scattered the deer to the four winds. Well, I'm going to get Flash, and see what the country looks like over west. I'll probably strike some caribou, too, and I'm hungry for fresh meat."

Returning to his camp, Brock pitched Flash to the sled, on which he loaded his blankets, a shed tent and what provisions he had, and started south-west on his wolf and caribou hunt.

Throughout the morning, although they crossed the trails left by the played, round-toed hoofs of hundreds of traveling caribou, not an animal did

Brock see feeding on the barren. Where had they gone?

Then, as the low December sun sank, muffled by a lenden sky, warning the hunter that the swift night was hovering, he saw them. Far off, to the west, his glasses picked out groups of deer, digging the snow from the moss of the barren. But it was too late.

Turning back into the timber, Brock found a sheltered stand of spruce under a ridge, and cutting firewood, started his kettle, dug a sleep-hole, lined it with brush, and across one end anchored the canvas with brush.

With Flash between his knees, he waited for the pall to fall.

"You know, old socks," Brock said to the dog whose narrow, oblique eyes looked with worship into the wind-burned face of his master, "We're two days' travel from home, and if we don't get a shot at the deer early tomorrow, Flash has got to eat fish."

At midnight, when the boy turned out of his robes to freshen the fire, the stars had been wiped from the sky as a sponge wipes clean a slate.

"Snow!" he muttered.

Later when he waked in stygian darkness to consult his watch, he found that it was six o'clock. As his breakfast kettle heated, the snow began to fall, and the wind rose.

"No hunt today, Flash; home for us!" announced the boy to the dog who sprang from his hole in the snow to shake himself and stretch.

Then, heads down, into the rising wind, Brock led the way to the end of the trap-line trail. Gradually, as they traveled, Brock breaking trail for his dog and the sled, the wind gathered velocity, and the pin-pointed crystals bit their faces with increasing sting.

"A norther, for sure!" muttered the boy, between his teeth, as he doubled into the drive of the toothed wind, followed by the great husky, nose at the heels of Brock's shoes, coat already crusted, slant eyes shut against the torment of the peeling, sand-like crystals.

As they toiled on into the pounding wind, sheathed with snow like two white wraiths, the thoughts of Brock flashed back to the warning of his father: "Many a good man, stronger, older and wiser than you, my lad, has starved out after a big snow—lost!"

"But I'm not lost," he muttered in his teeth, "and once I strike the line, I'll get into camp in a day."

But Brock knew he was not traveling two miles an hour and would have to stop and make camp while there was light. That meant, if the wind held, he would take another day to reach his lines.

Finding a windbreak of thick growing spruce, the exhausted Brock rubbed the numbness from his hands, and dug a sleep-hole where, after many attempts, he kindled a fire of dried spruce sticks, then across it felled whole trees to feed it.

At last, rested, and warmed by the fire and hot tea, Brock gave the ravenous Flash half the frozen fish he had brought, and made a stew for himself of half the dried caribou. For dog and boy who had floundered all day through drift into the beat of the wind, the half ration of food left stomachs aching in protest. But before them lay many a white mile, shoulder deep with drift, so Brock saved his food.

As massed artillery pounds enemy trenches, through the night the northern pounded the Kiwedin wastes. Hour by hour the drifts rose in height or the trail back to the trap-line.

In the blackness preceding the late dawn, Brock waked cold to find his fire-hole half buried in drift, for the wind had shifted. With numb fingers he shoveled out the hole and gathering dead twigs from the under side of spruce, finally, peeling bark from a birch, got a fire going while the gray drift swept steadily overhead.

"Three-day blow, Flash!" he greeted the dog, returning from an inspection of the drifts surrounding the thicket. "If we don't want to starve we've got to make tracks today."

Finally the water boiled and Brock, allowing himself a small piece of cold bannock, filled his aching stomach with tea.

"Queer the wind should shift!" he mused. "Must be in the northeast now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Solving Bird Secrets

A pintail duck which has just been caught in California, with a band around its leg, proving that it was sent out by the United States Department of Agriculture's scientific staff at Bear River, Utah, 12 years ago, has given rise to a discussion as to how long a bird can live. Twelve years is officially believed to be a record.

Some time ago a stork was found whose "band" showed by the date inscribed upon it that the bird in the course of 11 years had migrated from the Rosten bird observatory in Germany to the United States.

Fast Work

It has been only one generation, from horse-shed to seven-story garage. —Boston Herald.

A wife's duty when her husband is showing off in public, is to help him.

VIEWING THE NEW SILK PRINTS; FUR USED IN FLATTERING WAYS

REMEMBER when teacher used to say, "Children, for your composition to day I want you to write down what you saw on your way to school—a word picture, if you please?" Which reminds us of the fascinating silk prints such as are adding a note of thrilling interest to the season's advance fabric showings. Their patterns are just that—pictures of the familiar objects textile designers see about them at home or in their travels.

In these new and strikingly modernistic prints the basic motifs include everything from old mills and automobiles to county fair scenes, dancing

prints so featured this season carry the message of a new-school art in the field of decorative textile design.

The most pleasing part is that these silks have succeeded in translating beauty into their design so artfully that in no way do they seem bizarre and extreme, but are eminently attractive and wearable.

Time to abandon fur coats—and now what? Two very satisfactory answers are given in the picture. These modish midseason coats are posed by two winsome screen lassies, Myrna Loy wearing a candy-striped sports coat and Doris Kenyon smiling



TWO GORGEOUS
PRINT SILK
GOWNS

groups, too, Dutch, Spanish, Russian and native colorings. Then there's the series done after woodprints of natural wood grainings, which are truly beautiful—no more so, however, than the patternings worked out in architectural design in cathedral window colorings—and oh! yes, have you seen the new postmark silks which are included in the list?

There's a "true story" going the rounds in connection with this postmark design. It seems that a well-known textile designer while abroad observed in a German city a window display staged by a mail-order house which was made up of hundreds of letters or, rather, envelopes received from all parts of the world. Collectively their postmarks were very designful. The artist-observer immediately sensed in them possibilities for silk design, which accounts for one of the most interesting among the new silk prints brought out this season.

The patternings, however, which reflect most of all the movement, the color, the very spirit of modernism emphasize a series of prints which accomplish the rare feat of pic-

ing her prettiest in a fur-cuffed kasha coat.

Sports cloakings are a joy to the eye this season. For spring the new weaves are going the limit in coloring and modernistic design, which makes them all the more fascinating. Border effects, ombre blendings, startling geometric patternings, flashing vivid patches of color carry the gay spirit of outdoors.

Fabric manipulation adds yet another glory to these lively weaves. One of the clever "new stunts" is to make the selvedge edge serve as a finish and at the same time in a decorative way. Still another is the featuring of self-fringed edges, which is as smart a touch as a sports coat can carry this season. Many of the novelty weaves are that loosely woven they lend themselves admirably to self-fringing treatments.

On these coats of unusual weaves fur collars are developed in mostly fox or wolf for the long-haired type, and among flat pelts the very smartest is eggshell caracul. This off-white thin curly fur is especially effective in the new spring tweeds. When unfurled



MIDSEASON CLOTH COATS

turing the speed and action so characteristic of the age in which we live. Motor cars furnish the inspiration for these designs. An especially smart print uses Ford cars for its motif, depicting models from the first awkward vehicle to the "last word" conveyance. In the accompanying illustration a pen and ink sketch to the left above shows this patterning in detail. The young woman seated to the left is wearing a dress made of this silk.

The other figure is gowned in a frock fashioned of a speed-age silk in which print a good sleuth, like a finger-print specialist, can detect half a dozen or so trends of well known vices. Verily the new "picture" silk

the neckline is emphasized with cleverest of scarf and kerchief effects which reveal, often, in a very blaze of color.

The idea of fur for the wrists and self-fabric scarf for the neckline still maintains. The effect is most pleasing, as the coat to the right in the illustration confirms.

Long coat ensembles are definitely established on the program for spring. That is, women are going to be encouraged when they buy their new coats to purchase a matching skirt or a two-piece frock fashioned to complete the ensemble.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By
JOHN CLARENCE FUNK

THE SEDUCTIVE LADY

A VERY romantic lady indeed is Queen Nicotine. And a very powerful one, too. The amazing number of her devoted subjects is a world-wide phenomenon. And no living ruler reigns with such despotic sway as does she. From her humble start among the American Indians she now has attained a dominating social power wonderful to behold.

Of the advantages attributed to tobacco no one needs to be told. It is an ever-present and continuously repeated story. But there is another side of the picture to which more attention needs to be given; this refers to the harm a too great affection for it can accomplish.

Of course, it would be folly to state that tobacco is harmful to everyone. Pipe and cigar smoking in moderation—and moderation is a personal equation with different individuals—is apparently harmless to thousands, many of whom are old people!

However, it is the cigarette especially that demands attention at this time. Its general popularity among men and women, boys, and even girls, justifies a discussion of its proper and improper use. True, if smoked casually and uninhaled, it is the mildest form in which tobacco can be consumed. But those who employ it in this fashion are in the very great minority. On the other hand, when inhaled consistently and constantly it is capable of harm and oftentimes of much harm.

While definite statistics are yet lacking there seems to be a very close connection between the excessive use of tobacco and the heart and circulatory diseases; which diseases, by the way, are so markedly on the upgrade these days in America. A very significant fact perhaps, when considered in connection with the cigarette.

To damage irreparably or even temporarily any portion of one's physical economy for the sake of a transitory gratification of the smoke taste displays a lack of applied intelligence quite unflattering.

To injure one's heart, to enervate one's nerves, to poison one's blood stream, to pour smoke into tissues which were manufactured for air only—and that of the best obtainable—is to pay too big a price for over-devotion to the cigarette.

Health in its highest perfection cannot be realized if inhaled smoke in any quantity is a part of one's daily program. This is the simplest of facts.

Speaking generally, there is a very definite point where health and tobacco must part. Frequently that point will be self-discovered through admonitory pains, headaches and other untoward symptoms. But not always. It may require the assistance of a physician. In any event if you are bent on enjoying long life, discover the parting point. And abide by the discovery. Neglecting to heed this advice may cause failure for you in your long life program. Give it some thought.

LIFE IS SWEET, BUT IT'S NOT ALL SUGAR

SUGAR is exceedingly popular these days. Tons of it are to be found displayed in alluring forms in countless stores throughout the nation. Packages of infinite variety and appealing artistry add to the lure. And the sweet-tooth already developed to the nth degree adds yearly to its gigantic size.

A close competitor to candy is the soft drink habit. Here again, the purveyors of sweetened fluids have set the stage most appealingly. Consequently at nearly every street corner, by the omnipresent suggestion of attractive advertising, one is urged to quench thirst by the soft drink route.

Now, there is nothing whatsoever wrong with pure candy or with pure drinks. Even the synthetic potatoes measure up in most instances to the pure food laws and are themselves harmless. The trouble lies in the improper use of these luxuries.

As appetite wreckers with both children and grownups, candy and soda water play too large a part. And to use them consciously or unconsciously as a substitute for potatoes and meat is carrying the thing a bit too far. Yet people by the thousands are daily doing that very thing.

A good rule to follow is to be as careful in using these commodities for yourself as you are regarding your children. And if you are not now sparing with them, then get that way very quickly.

In their proper place, candy and soft drinks are perfectly all right. Out of their place, they are perfectly all wrong. Guide yourself accordingly.

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Republican Nickname
The term "Grand Old Man" was applied to Mr. Gladstone in 1882, and is accredited to John Bright, who used it in a speech made in that year in Northampton, England. In America the phrase was appropriated and changed by members of the Republican party, who affectionately called it the "Grand Old Party." This at once became a newspaper slogan, and in the headlines alluding to the party was shortened into "G. O. P."

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Easy to use Perfect results
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On the Boys

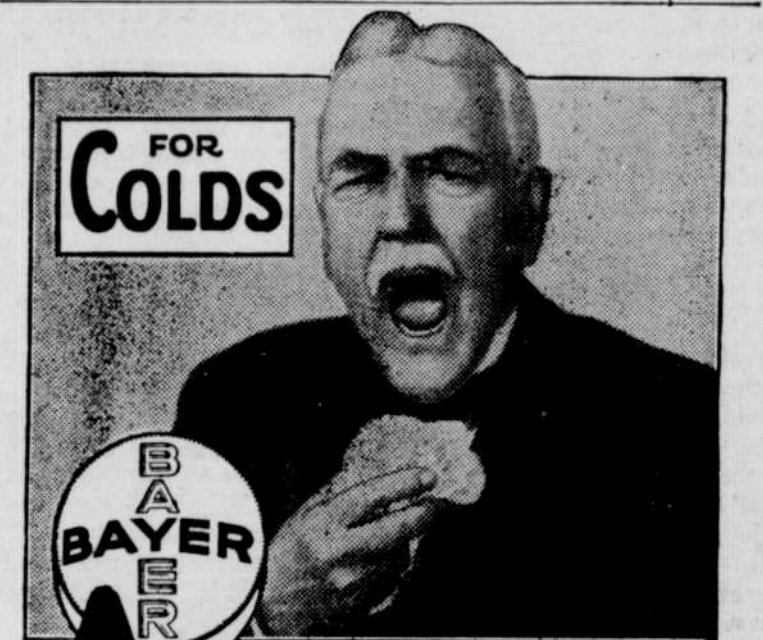
"There seems to be more girls here than boys." "Yeah. The petting is two to one."—Life.

Nothing "educates the public" like observation. Precepts don't.

Covetousness is a sort of mental gluttony.—Chamfort.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

If money talks it is probably a paying teller.



ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

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