

FLASH

The Lead Dog

By
George Marsh

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, 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 kill the wolf 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. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his food gives out. His hopes are raised when he discovers a moose trail. He kills a moose and finds Gaspard's trail.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

In the morning, because of the better footing it gave the toiling husky, Brock took Gaspard's trail back to camp. At the head of the lake Brock's eyes widened in surprise as he stared at the tracks in front of him. Then, he moved swiftly into a clump of young spruce and waited, ears alert. A chickadee called, then the silence remained unbroken. Cautiously Brock walked down the trail to what had stopped him.

The story the snow told was easy to read. Some one had followed Gaspard's trail up to this point, where he had left it to travel a hundred yards to the right.

"What shall I do, Flash?" queried the puzzled youth. The trails were not fresh, that was evident. If Gaspard had been ambushed, it had been two days before. He was beyond help. If they had captured him, it was too late to overtake them now. Finally Brock decided to take the trail to the cache, and return on Gaspard's trail with Flash loose. He would never again travel without his dog.

About five miles from the boys' camp, the tracks which overlay Gaspard's trail had joined it, leading from the lake. Worried for his partner's safety, Brock reached the camp to find it undisturbed, and to meet a loud greeting from three ravenous dogs wired to trees.

Entering the tent now nearly buried in snow, Brock found a roll of the inner bark of a birch on which had been burned with a stick characters of the syllable writing used by the Crees.

Taught the phonetic symbols as a boy by an old Cree at the post, Brock had often made use of this Indian shorthand and easily read the message:

"Twice I hunted far for your trail. Now I go to look for these people. I will come back in a few days, but if you are not here, then Gaspard Lecroix will go into the north to join his father."

"Good old Gaspard!" exclaimed the youth, his eyes blurred by moisture. He looked for me after the snow buried my trail, and has given me up. He's not going back to Hungry House; he's going north to hunt them down."

Starting a fire in the tent stove to cook his supper, Brock lost no time in deciding on his next move. Gaspard had been gone at least two days. In the morning he would take Flash and all the grub he could easily carry in his pack and follow the trail. If they had captured his friend, the snow would tell the story—then what? He would wave a good-by toward the south and those he held dear, at Hungry House, and follow Gaspard as the half-breed had followed Brock and his captors. And at the end, the boy promised himself, Flash and Brock McCain would show these renegades how a white boy and his dog could fight for his partner.

CHAPTER IX

The Return of the Lost

Thinking that Brock had decided to weather it out in his camp on the flank of the great barren, Gaspard waited for his return at the end of the northern—but Brock did not come. Puzzled, the half-breed went to the outlying camp of his friend, where, to his amazement, he found that Brock had not spent the two days of the wind and snow. Where had he gone? Worried, Lecroix returned to camp. His partner had been caught, somewhere, while hunting. If he had meat,

he would work his way home. But three days passed and Brock did not return. Gaspard circled far to the south and west, but found no fresh trail of the boy and dog he sought. Brock was a good hunter; he would not starve, and he wouldn't stay lost, he'd work north and home. Then the thought of how his father had vanished into these pitiless white hills chilled Gaspard's heart. Was he to lose Brock, his friend, also? Brock, whom he loved as a brother?

Sorrowfully, the half-breed returned to camp. The days went by and Brock did not return. At length, hope died, and Gaspard wrote the message which he felt the eyes of Brock would never read, and started on his man hunt.

To the rich catch of fur which they had hidden in their cache in the swamp, he gave no consideration. At Hungry House this fur would buy him much that he needed. But Hungry House had seen the last of Gaspard Lecroix. Brock was gone, and he had promised them he would bring him safely home in the spring. The spirit of his father called him—the father whose bones had lain unburied, the sport of bird and beast—whose death was as yet unavenged.

So, with food for a few days in his pack, for he would return once more, then load his sled and take the team into the north, Gaspard started on a circle beyond the head of the lake.

He had passed the inlet—ten miles from camp, when, in a thick stand of young spruce, he turned sharply to the right and from the cover of a clump of seedlings, watched his back-track. What sixth sense had given him the uneasy feeling that he was being followed, he could not explain. The morning was still, without wind, but he had heard no click of the bows, no creak of shoes on the snow, dry as powder. But the stalker would have seen to that—he would have muffled the sound. No, if there was some one on his trail, he was far back.

Shivering with the intense cold which cut through his caribou-skin capote, the half-breed was fast becoming convinced that his premonition was false, when he suddenly stiffened where he lay. The barrel of his rifle slowly lifted as his right eye lined the sights. A hundred yards distant a hooded figure carrying a rifle, moved over the trail.

So they were hunting him again, were they—these people who had hunted his father? Well, before the snows fell in April he would give them their bellies full of this little game. The small eyes that followed the Indian trailer over the rifle sights glittered with hate. Slowly one closed. Again the right eye covered the approaching shape with the bead sight of the muzzle. A finger moved—and the soundless forest echoed with a splitting roar.

With a scream, the crouching shape on the trail lunged into the snow. From the thicket above which drifted a wisp of gray smoke, clicked the action of a rifle as the lever tossed aside an empty shell and pumped a cartridge into the barrel. Again, silence settled on the spruce. Slowly the snow beneath a sprawled leg of the crumpled figure reddened.

Then, circling cautiously until he saw the gun of the would-be assassin lying where it had fallen, out of reach, Gaspard walked boldly to the unconscious Indian.

"Ah-hah!" he muttered. Then, first drawing the knife slung to the Cree's sash and tossing it away, Gaspard examined the wound. His shot had gone home. He had struck the thigh as he had intended, and the Cree had fainted from shock and pain.

Quickly the half-breed fashioned a tourniquet of the Cree's sash and bound the leg. Then, shortly, he had a fire going. Carrying the groaning man to the fire he laid him on a bed of boughs. But in spite of the tight bandage above the wound, to Gaspard's surprise the hemorrhage continued.

As the Cree became conscious of his surroundings, Gaspard forced hot tea down his throat. The stimulant did its work.

"You wish to live," rasped the youth, in the Cree language, "you talk with a single tongue."

Fear-shot eyes in the seamed features of the stricken Indian searched the cold face of the man who had outwitted him. Again Gaspard held the black tea to the gray lips.

"What you track me for—to kill or take me?" began the inquisitor.

The Cree shut his eyes, but gave no answer.

"Where is your camp?" The menacing face of Lecroix approached the other's.

"Far from here, in the north."

"How many Crees and white men?"

"Many—eight, ten."

"Who is the chief—the boss?"

"A white man who came in a ship. He has a red beard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Ex-Soldier Tells

An ex-soldier tells that during the war he was billeted in a certain village which had a charming river meandering by its outskirts. Here, in the bed of the stream, a stern-faced man cultivated a splendid crop of watercress.

The soldier, in anticipation of afternoon tea, sent his batman on Sunday to buy some watercress. He found the cultivator hard at work in the middle of the stream.

"I want sixpennyworth of watercress," said the batman.

"No," said the cultivator, "I ain't open on Sundays."

Sentenced

"So your father knows the exact moment he will die, does he—the exact year, month and day?"

"Yessuh, he ought to. The judge told him."

GEORGE AKERSON



A recent portrait of George Akerson, who has been closely associated with Herbert Hoover and now is the new President's secretary. He is a graduate of Harvard and was formerly a newspaper man.

FREEDOM FOR ITALIAN RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

Rome.—Premier Benito Mussolini assured the Italian people that, while the government recognized through the Vatican settlement that the Catholic religion is the state religion of Italy, other creeds will have complete freedom in their beliefs and complete equality with all other citizens before the law.

The premier made public a report to be presented to the chamber of deputies, an important document giving explanations and clarification of the settlement with the church.

Regarding the church itself, Mussolini emphasized its complete temporal neutrality and inviolability from interference of earthly powers.

"It is important above all to note," the report said, "that there never has been a question of foreign intervention. It is also superfluous to set forth the importance of the article whereby the Vatican city is recognized as neutral, therefore inviolable as regards the outside temporal conflicts of states."

Mussolini also explained at length the position of other religions, the status of marriage under the new authority given to the church, and the restrictions placed on the church in its powers over the teaching of religion in the schools.

SHORT NEWS NUGGETS

The North Dublin city by-election to the dail was won by the Free State party.

The Swedish riksdag, without reservation, has ratified the government's adherence to the Kellogg-Briand pact renouncing war.

Three Chinese provinces—Shensi, Kansu and Honan, have a total of 16,250,000 people suffering from famine conditions, according to a report.

Exchange Telegraph company dispatches from Tokyo said there were 200 casualties when the Tokyo express on the Sanyo railway line from Shimoneseki was derailed.

William D. Terrell, chief of the radio division of the department of commerce, has been designated by President Hoover to represent the United States at the convention of European radio broadcasters to meet at Prague.

Preliminary work in connection with revision of the statutes of the world court have been completed at Geneva and Elihu Root and Sir Cecil Hurst was named to submit a final report on the question of accession of the United States to the court.

Child King to Speak

Bucharest, Rumania.—King Mihai, the world's youngest sovereign, will formally enter upon his royal duties May 10 when, from the historic throne of Rumania's first king, he will reply to addresses of loyalty from the regency council and cabinet on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the foundation of greater Rumania. To signify the real democratic spirit pervading the new peasant government however, the little king, who is just 7 years old, instead of wearing the traditional golden crown and holding the jeweled sceptre, will be attired in the Rumanian national costume.

Novice Driver Dies in Speed Attempt

Daytona Beach, Fla.—Lee Bible, 42-year-old Daytona Beach garage mechanic, rode to a spectacular death in the 36-cylinder racing car with which he was attempting to break the world's automobile speed record of 213 miles an hour. Speeding at more than three miles a minute, the machine got beyond his control and ran into the sand dunes, striking and killing also Charles Traub, a news reel camera man.

MEXICAN REBELS IN RETREAT REPORTED

Battle at San Pedro Results in Federal Victory; 200 Reported Dead.

Juarez, Chih.—Rebel headquarters at Torreon announced they had learned that the editor of El Porvenir and several members of the staff of Sol Monterey, newspaper, had been executed by federals because of expressed sympathy with rebels.

Laredo, Tex.—Ramon de la Colina, Mexican federal consul here, has announced he had received word from Colonel Garcia de Alba at Monterey that the rebel army entrenched in Torreon was retreating northward to Chihuahua City.

Coahuila, Mexico.—Rebel chieftains announced that 200 men had been killed in a battle between federal troops and rebels at San Pedro, east of here. Rebel losses were reported as six dead and five wounded. Three hundred federal troops were captured. Troops of General Jose Gonzalo Escobar returned to headquarters at Torreon with their prisoners from the scene of the conflict, which occurred Saturday. General Escobar's troops engaged those of General Juan Almanzan, federalists, at San Pedro, and the battle was described as spirited.

The revolutionary forces, said the rebel leaders, displayed such fighting determination that their officers had a difficult time to keep their men from charging the federals after they had been ordered to withdraw.

PRESIDENT SELECTS CRIME COMMISSION

Washington, D. C.—President Hoover virtually has reached a decision on six of the nine men he would like to have on his special commission for the suppression of crime. These, according to the latest check-up, are:

Charles E. Hughes, former secretary of state and former chief justice of the United States supreme court. Silas Strawn, prominent Chicago lawyer and former president of the American Bar association.

Newton D. Baker, Cleveland lawyer, crime investigator and secretary of war in the Wilson cabinet.

Robert M. Hutchins, dean of Yale law school.

Charles G. Clark, Yale law school, who recently conducted an exhaustive study into the cause and cure of crime in New England.

William Draper Lewis, president of the American Law Institute and former dean of the University of Pennsylvania.

The president has other names under consideration, but will make no announcements until he has completed the selections and has acceptances from all. To date, it was emphasized, he has only arrived at decisions as to those he would like to have serve, and has definite acceptances from none.

WILL FINISH VALE PROJECT

Appropriation of \$1,000,000 to Assure Completion of Job in a Year.

Denver, Colo.—Completion of the \$3,000,000 reclamation project known as the Vale project in Oregon, near the Idaho state line, so the farmers of the district will have water for 28,000 acres for their 1930 crop, was definitely decided upon at a conference of 13 reclamation engineers with Dr. Elwood Mead, commissioner of irrigation, recently.

The engineers, who will consider the preliminary engineering work on the Boulder dam along with other reclamation projects under their jurisdiction, received a report on the Vale project from W. H. Bosporo, engineer in charge of the work.

Sufficient money, possibly \$1,000,000, will be set aside from the appropriation this year to push the work to completion within the next 12 months, it was decided.

Endurance Record Broken by Aviatrix

Oakland, Cal.—A new endurance flight record for women was set at Oakland when Louise McPhetridge landed at the Oakland airport from a continuous flight of 22 hours and four minutes. The gasoline supply of 196 gallons was exhausted. The aviatrix took off at 3:51 P. M. Saturday and landed at 1:54 P. M. Sunday. The old record of 17 hours five minutes and 37 seconds was held by Miss Bobby Trout of Los Angeles.

King George Takes Short Walk

Bognor, Sussex, Eng.—For the first time since his illness King George was able to take a short walk of 50 yards unaided along a gravel path in the ground at Craigwell house. It was a gloriously fine day and his majesty was out in a wheel chair a full hour.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

STAYING FOR SUPPER

"Why do you guard the door?" asked the visiting cat.

"Because the family has gone away on a visit. They will be gone all day, and we are guarding the house."

"The family are so nice and kind to us that we wanted to see that no unwelcome callers got in."

"When they get home they will reward us by a good supper. Around at the back of the house we've hidden some food in case we get hungry during the day."

"You see the dog brought a bone here so he could play and chew and have a good time."

This cat and a dog and a hen were sitting on the doorsteps of a large house. They were all friendly. And now a visiting cat had come to call.

"Well," said the visiting cat, "who are you going to keep away?"

"I am going to keep away all mice," said the cat.

"Are they apt to call?" asked the visiting cat happily. "I might like to help you keep some of them away myself."

The dog laughed and the hen cackled at this, but the visiting cat went on talking.

"Tell me some more," said the visiting cat.

"The dog will keep away tramps, and then will eat up all worms."

But do mice and worms call on the family?" asked the visiting cat.

"I have never known them to do so," the cat on the doorsteps said, "but then we can never be sure when they might begin."

"It's best to be sure that they don't get in."

"I see," said the visiting cat. "So



"Well," said the Visiting Cat.

you're having a good time while looking after the house."

"Oh yes," said the cat on the doorsteps. "We are having a very good time."

"Why should we be unhappy and miserable?"

"There is no reason at all why you should be," said the visiting cat.

"And even the sun is obliging."

"Yes, the sun is most kind. He couldn't bear to see us here in the cold without his strong rays to keep us warm."

So the visiting cat sat down too, and chatted with the cat, the dog and the hen.

"I would like to know," said the dog, "why your eyes are so different at different times?"

"Whatever do you mean?" asked the visiting cat.

"Sometimes I've seen them look big and sometimes rather small."

"Oh, now I understand," said the visiting cat. "When we are in a dark close looking for mice our eyes become larger."

"It's partly the effect that the darkness has on our eyes and partly because we're looking forward to finding mice."

"Of course, grown-ups think it is simply because of the dark closet—but it's partly the reason and secret I've just told you."

Just then a shrill whistle was heard through the stillness.

Then came a cloud of smoke from the train.

The animals didn't know that it meant that their family, who had been away at a neighboring place for the day, were on their way home now.

But before long they saw them walking along the road toward the house.

"I must be going," said the visiting cat, "they might shoo me away."

"Oh no," said the cat on the doorsteps, "do stay for supper. We have an especially good one when the family have been away."

"They're afraid we have been lonely and they like to give us a special treat."

Sure enough the visiting cat stayed for supper, and the family were most polite to him.

It was fun to be invited out to supper—and they certainly all did have a feast!

Composition on Cats

A grammar school boy handed in the following composition on "cats."

"Cats that's meant for little boys to maul and tease is called Manxites cats. Some cats is reckoned by how quiet their purrs is, and these is named Persian cats. The cats what has very bad tempers is called Angorie cats, and cats with deep feelings is called Feline cats. I don't like cats."



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No Place for Middle Aged Man in Business?

Sociologists are debating ways and means for caring for the middle-aged as well as the aged, and newspapers in the large cities are printing many complaints to the effect that men past fifty are denied employment solely because of their age. The problem of the unemployed man of fifty is becoming serious.

Along with this condition it is interesting to note that the board of managers of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor reports that between 15 and 20 per cent of all persons more than sixty-five years of age receive some support from others. It is also stated that in 1850 2.8 per cent of the population was more than sixty-four years of age while in 1920, due to the generally lengthened span of life, figures were 4.6, an increase of 64 per cent in seventy years.

The percentage of old persons is expected to increase steadily for some years. With employers refusing to hire men and women past fifty what will become of these persons? Is it a kindness to increase the length of life if old age must be spent in poverty?—Miami Herald.

Precious Stones Saved

Becoming accidentally mixed with rubbish, three diamonds, valued at nearly \$1,000 were tossed into the incinerator at an Attleboro (Mass.) manufacturing plant. When the loss had become known, employees were ordered to search the ashes, and the gems, undamaged, were recovered.

Reminders of Old Rome

The Palatine hill, Rome, is now a public park; the Janiculum has been converted into walks and drives.

Indian Pedestrians

As a whole, the American Indians never had any form of transportation except afoot, there never being horses for them. Despite the great distances they walked, they never had corns, bunions, falling arches or other modern foot troubles.

Wisdom's Height

"Mother, I want to get married." "No, my dear, you are not wise enough?" "When shall I be wise enough?" "When you get over the idea that you want to get married."

The Mean Thing!

Hub—What's the difference between an evening gown and a nightgown? Wife—I don't know. Hub—Then you'd better not go to the party tonight.

Strong Stimulant

"Do motor cars make us lazy?" asks a writer. "Not if we are pedestrians."—London Opinion.

A lot of nice people living in the same neighborhood makes the rent higher. That's one money value of manners. There are others.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

When a fool parts with his money the chances are that some other fool gets part of it.

A divorce suit makes an appropriate traveling dress.

The stamp of a gentleman isn't on sale at the post office.

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