

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. 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. 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. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. Gaspard finds him and the two start out on Brock's trap line.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

In the uncertain half-light, something moved across the snow—a dim gray shape, and was gone.

"Fox!" said Gaspard.

Slowly from eastern ridges, groping fingers of light flickered out over the ash-gray floor of snow. The shadows died. It was daylight.

"There they are!" said Brock, between his chattering teeth, slipping his right hand from the mitten suspended from his shoulder by a thong. "Three—six—ten of 'em!"

Before them ten caribou, in their blue winter coats were feeding, their frosted breath rising like jets of steam.

"You tak' de bull wild beeg horn!" Gaspard whispered to his friend. Then the frozen silence was split by the explosion of two rifles. A large bull leaped into the air, plunged forward, stopped, then made a short circle, to lunge into the snow. A cow reared on her hind legs, bent the air with forefeet, and fell dead. The others, mad with fright, leaped and circled aimlessly, sniffing the air for the direction of the danger which threatened. Again and again the rifles cracked. Then, from the stricken band, three fear-frenzied survivors fled across the barren, their flexible hoofs clicking sharply on the still air as they ran.

"Seven!" cried Brock, when two wounded deer had been put out of their misery. "That's a good start, Gaspard! We'll build a cache at the little camp and shoot enough more to take us through to the spring break-up."

"Yes, they may not be here in the moon w'en de Cree starve; we mak' de beg each for us and de dog."

The remainder of the day the boys spent in cutting up the caribou and hauling the meat with the dogs to the platform cache seven feet high which they built in thick timber near the camp. Then trimming the spruce uprights smooth with their axes, they circled them with inverted fishhooks to baffle thieving wolves who might attempt to climb. At the carcasses of the deer, they set traps, for night would bring every prowler within miles down wind, to the feast on the white barren.

The following morning, putting their copper kettle of deer stew and the ten pail on the freshened fire, Gaspard and Brock hurried to the barren.

"We've got something in those fox traps!" said Brock, as they approached the carcasses.

"De fox have fine meal last night, for sure," answered the other.

Near the bodies of the deer the snow was networked with fox tracks, and two of the traps were occupied.

"A red and a cross!" announced Brock, with satisfaction.

Two remaining traps Brock found un sprung, and he was returning when with an exclamation of surprise he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Hey, Gaspard! Come here!" he called. "Look at that wolf track!"

In the snow trampled by the caribou, near the bows of Brock's shoes, was the clearly defined print of the left hind foot of a wolf—minus one toe.

For a space Gaspard knelt and studied the track, then with a nod, raised his hooded face to his friend. "It is Tete-Noir, my father's dog," he said huskily. "She has turn wolf. It sees the same track I saw in the freezing 'noon."

For a space the son of Pierre Lacroix and his friend gazed at the imprint of the muffled foot in silence, then Brock said: "Well, Gaspard, we'll lie low for the next six weeks and pile up a big catch of fur, then we'll strike north and do a little ambushing on our own hook. We'll get one

of these Crees on his trap-line and make him talk."

Gaspard nodded. "I neavre strike back for Starving Riviere before I find out how my fader die."

"I'm with you, partner!" With the meat safely cached and the dogs wired to separate trees, where they gnawed to their hearts' content on caribou ribs, the partners followed the barren into the west. It was a clear day when the frozen plain shimmered like a sea of fire—a day when the caribou bands, having fed, like to lie in the sun in open spaces, on lake and barren, when the wind is dead.

The hunters had not traveled an hour in the scrub on the rim of the barren when they saw many deer sunning themselves not two hundred yards from the cover of the scrub. Working back out of sight Brock and Gaspard stole silently through the small spruce and tamarack, then crept out to the lip of the barren.

The two rifles cracked. Two deer leaped, started to circle up-wind and fell. The others reeled back to their haunches in surprise, then wheeled in terror and fled toward the main body, their snowshoe-like hoofs clicking in the still air.

Again two rifles exploded, again, and again.

In mad panic, for a space the main band circled aimlessly, leaping high



A Large Bull Leaped into the Air, Plunged Forward.

from the snow, then, with white tails up, fled out across the barren, led by a cow.

"Good shot, Gaspard!" cried Brock, as the halfbreed knelt, and firing the last shell in his gun, brought down a galloping caribou at three hundred yards. "Well, we won't starve until April, if the wolves don't get this meat," continued the excited Brock, counting the deer on the snow. "Eight, we got every one! That's better shoot than any red Crees in this country could show!"

So with enough meat on their platform cache to tide them over the lean days of the spring breakup, when the melting snow falls hard between the toes of the tortured dogs, compelling the use of mocassins; and travel by snowshoe and sled is prolonged agony for husky and man, the boys turned back to inspect their traps and move the main camp to a place of greater safety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Flowers Used as Food in Oriental Countries

Flowers for food are virtually unknown in America, but in several parts of this wide world they play an important part as table delicacies. The Chinese, Japanese, Egyptians and various people of India eat blossoms prepared in several ways, says the Farm Journal.

In China, lilies are served as vegetables, boiled with pepper and salt, either in milk or water. Banana blossoms, dipped in vinegar, are almost a staple of diet during their season.

In northern India a cake is made from the aromatic flowers of a local shrub. They are mixed with butter and a coarse sugar before baking. Many other such recipes, startling to the foreigner, are to be found in northern Africa and that vast stretch of the world lying between the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

Brushing Ship Hulls

An Australian company has introduced an Australian ingenious method of cleaning the outside of the hull of a ship. The invention has been in successful operation for a number of years in Australia, and has been tried at Southampton and Plymouth.

The apparatus is mounted upon a suitable frame, which can be suspended from the side of a boat. It consists of a cylindrical brush about 5 or 6 feet in length, held in a framework which also supports an electric motor and a propeller. The purpose of the propeller is to keep the brush pressed against the side of the ship. The case carrying the apparatus contains also a four-cylinder motor directly coupled to a dynamo. The current produced serves to raise and lower the carrying frame as well as to drive the propeller and brush.

Land Surface of Earth

If the land surface of the earth were divided between the inhabitants, each person would receive about twenty acres.

WARRING MEXICANS CLASH ON 2 FRONTS

Fighting Near Escalon Led by
Escobar; 500 Federals
Reported Killed.

Juarez, Mexico.—In what the official rebel bulletin called the initial battle of the campaign against Mexican federal forces, rebel troops under personal command of General Jose Gonzalo Escobar, supreme revolutionary commander, defeated a large force near Escalon late Sunday. During the battle General Escobar personally manned a machine gun of the 24th battalion in the front-line fighting. Revolutionary forces participating in the battle were the 11th, 14th and 27th battalions.

Among the officers killed was General Eulogio Ortiz, federal commander. In the second line was General Armenta, who had been reported by federals as having been shot. He was an ex-federal commander who recently joined General Escobar's army with 300 ex-federal soldiers, and he and his command took active part in the battle.

General Escobar reported that only 30 per cent of the rebel troops took part in the battle.

Bulletins from the general placed the number of federals killed at 500 and the number of prisoners at 1500. During the battle, the bulletin said, four rebel airplanes dropped bombs on federal forces and swept the federal lines with machine gun fire.

Mexico City.—The federal armies continued offensive operations on two fronts as the revolution entered its fifth week. On the northern front in the state of Chihuahua the insurgents under Generals Escobar and Urbalejo had been forced out of the town of Corralitos and were reported to be retreating toward Santa Rosalia north of Jimenez.

On the Pacific coast front the insurgents put up their first determined resistance to the federals at the town of La Cruz, north of Mazatlan. With machine guns on the housetops they ward off a federal bombing attack from the air. This air raid resulted in the first fatality in the federal air corps in actual combat in the revolution.

MYRON T. HERRICK PASSES IN FRANCE

Paris—Myron T. Herrick, 75, United States ambassador, who won the heart of the French people by his refusal to leave Paris when other diplomats fled the threatened German invasion in 1914, died peacefully Sunday afternoon.

From a humble business career among the farmers of Ohio, he had become governor of that state, was offered cabinet posts, and was selected by two presidents as ambassador to France.

Mr. Herrick had not been in robust health for some time, but was not seriously ill until 24 hours before his death. A slight bronchial attack, such as he had frequently suffered, caused a heart collapse. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Parmely Herrick, was with him.

Conscious until half an hour before he died, the ambassador was cheerful, chatty and solicitous about engagements ahead. Then he suddenly collapsed.

SHOW GAIN IN FARM PRICES

General Level Advances to 140 Per Cent of Pre-War Figure.

Washington, D. C.—The department of agriculture has announced that the general level of farm prices advanced from 138 to 140 per cent of the pre-war level from February 15 to March 15.

The four-point increase was accounted for by a seasonal advance in the price of horses, mules and a sharp advance in the price of hogs.

There was a moderate advance in the price of all other meat animals and slight advances in the farm price of wheat, flaxseed, hay, milk cows, butterfat and chickens. There was a seasonal decline in egg prices and minor declines in prices of oats, barley, potatoes and wool.

B. Schlesinger Dies at San Francisco

San Francisco, Cal.—The colorful career of Bert Schlesinger, attorney, legislator, and federal official, was brought to a sudden close when he died at a hospital here. He was 64 years old. Death was caused by a paralytic stroke.

Fire Destroys Planes in New York

Curtiss Field, N. Y.—Fire destroyed two airplanes and valuable machinery in a hangar of the Siemens Halske Motor corporation. Firemen and attendants rolled ten other planes out of the hangar in time to save them from the flames.

DAVIS S. INGALLS



David S. Ingalls of Cleveland, Ohio, has been appointed assistant secretary of the navy for aeronautics by President Hoover. He succeeds Edward P. Warner of Massachusetts.

FARM BILL FOLLOWS REPUBLICAN IDEAS

Washington, D. C.—With the time at hand for the senate and house agricultural committees to begin the actual drafting of the new farm relief bill, there remains little doubt among leaders that the measure will closely follow the broad principles laid down in the republican platform and by Hoover in his campaign speeches.

Their conviction is that the bill will propose a federal farm board with powers broad enough to deal with all phases of the agricultural problem and to operate through community councils to be set up for each crop in need of attention. A revolving fund at \$300,000,000 or more would be at the disposal of the board for use as loans to stabilization corporations, which would be set up on the recommendations of commodity councils, and the purpose of which would be to regulate the surplus so as to maintain comparatively steady price levels on the domestic market.

The main work of the committees seems to be choosing among several proposals regarding the scope of the farm board's power. Some desire that the board should be authorized to initiate action to remedy situations it may foresee in any commodity without awaiting the call of the growers and marketing agencies for aid. Others would have the board act only upon appeal by the interests affected when a crop shows evidence of price decline through an excessive surplus.

SHORT NEWS NUGGETS

Air mail service to India has been inaugurated by the Imperial Airways liner, leaving London with Sir Samuel Hoare, air secretary, as passenger.

Pilot H. D. McLean and H. A. Peterson, paymaster of the Transcontinental Petroleum company, both Americans, were killed in a crash of the Mexican Aviation company plane near Tampico.

General Calles, Mexican federal commander-in-chief, reports his army is hotly pursuing rebels between Escalon and Jimenez, the federal advance guard having occupied Relano following its evacuation by insurgents.

The new Japanese lumber tariff schedule was passed by the diet and promulgated by official publication. E. L. Neville, American charge d'affaires, has protested alleged discriminatory features of the new duties.

The prairies of Manitoba were linked to northern seas when track-laying crews reached Port Churchill on Hudson's bay, approximately 1000 miles north of Winnipeg and 510 miles north of The Pas, formerly the northern terminus. The project will give Manitoba a seaport, started in 1911.

Huge Surplus Shown in British Report

London.—Winston Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer, received a pleasant little Easter egg Sunday. The national accounts for 1928-29 when balanced resulted in a surplus of \$100,000,000. The chancellor, in his budget speech last year, estimated a surplus of \$72,510,000. The main cause of the surplus is credited to improving trade conditions and increased death duty revenues, and economy in expenditures.

Noted Educator Dies in New York

New York.—Brander Matthews, 77, author and educator, died at his home here, after an illness of more than two years. The immediate cause of death was given as influenza, which he contracted a week ago.

Sousa President of Bandmasters

New York.—Organization of the American Bandmasters' association was announced by Edwin Franko Goldman, its founder. John Philip Sousa was elected honorary life president at its first meeting.



THE SECRET

"My dear little giraffe," said Mother Giraffe, "I will tell you a circus secret. Your sister and your two brothers know this secret, and your daddy knows it, too."

Daddy Giraffe bent his great, long neck down over the top bar of his home and said, in giraffe language:

"I'm not sure whether I know your secret or not, and I won't be sure of it until I have heard what you have to say to Netty."

By Mother Giraffe's side was her "little one," though no one in the wide world, or in the circus tent, or in the mountains or valleys would ever have called the young giraffe a "little one."

Her name was Netty, this little one, and she was Mother Giraffe's youngest child.

There were two other children, too, Roderick, a fine manly giraffe, Timothy, another fine young giraffe, a little younger than Roderick—and one other daughter Jane, who showed she was the eldest by trying to boss all the others.

"I am going to tell my little one a secret," continued Mother Giraffe, "a secret which your brothers Timothy and Roderick, and your sister Jane all know."

"I'm eager to hear it," said Netty. "Well, I'll tell you after luncheon," said Mother Giraffe.

"Dear me, I thought I was going to hear it right away," said Netty sadly. "So you were," said Mother Giraffe. "And why have you changed your mind?" asked Netty.

"You'll have changed your mind about wanting to hear the secret in



"I Am Listening," Said Netty.

just a second," said Mother Giraffe, "for our luncheon is on the way." "What is luncheon?" asked Netty. "It's the same as lunch," said Mother Giraffe, "but it sounds better to say luncheon, and it's the same as clover hay, too!"

Then Netty knew what it meant, for she saw the clover hay being brought to all the giraffes.

They all had a fine meal, and after it was over Mother Giraffe said: "Now I will tell you the secret."

"I am listening," said Netty. "I am famous in this circus for telling them what the weather is going to be, and I will tell you into the secret."

"When it is going to rain you must hang your head and look sad, and when the sun is going to shine, your head must be held very high."

"Do I have to hold it all the way down if it is rainy?" asked Netty.

"Partly down for a shower, all the way down for a heavy rainstorm," said Mother Giraffe.

"Of course, you don't have to be particular about it as I am, for I am the one they believe."

"They always believe what I say about the weather, and I tell them in the way I have told you."

"But how do you know when it is going to rain?" asked Netty.

"Oh," said Mother Giraffe, "you don't have to know that. You only have to copy me."

"I can't tell you that great secret, as it is because of that that I am known as the Circus Giraffe, the weather prophet giraffe, and I must always be known as that."

So it was a secret only partly shared by the others!

PUZZLES

When can you carry water in a sieve? When it is frozen.

Why did the man call his rooster Robinson? Because it Cuckooed.

What kind of a sickle is most seen in winter? An ice sickle (icicle).

Why is the cost of tea so high? Because we must pay a steep price.

When are teeth like verbs? When they are regular, irregular and defective.

Which of the feathered tribe would be supposed to lift the heaviest weight? The crane.

What is it that the more you take away from it the larger it gets? A hole in the ground.

What part of a house is the most afflicted? The window because it is full of panes (pains).

What is that which lives in the winter, dies in the summer, grows with its roots upwards? An icicle.

Husbands Made Butt of Flippant Jokers

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, champion of companionate marriage, eugenics and such-like advanced movements, said at a luncheon in Denver:

"There's a flippant class of people who try to make the role of husband a ridiculous and impossible one."

"Even Hudson, the great nature writer, takes a whack at husbands in his 'Purple Land.' Hudson says, you know, 'She did not love the youth, for she was married, and how can a married woman ever love any one but her husband?'"

"People will sometimes say of a man, 'He? Oh, he is a born husband.' It's the most insulting thing they can think up."

"Wagner was once rehearsing an orchestra in the love music of 'Tristan and Isolde.' The lack of passion and fire in the performance displeased him, and he rapped with his baton for silence. Then he said:

"Come, come, gentlemen, this won't do. You're all playing like husbands instead of lovers."—Detroit Free Press.

A Burglar's Double

Eleven years ago an Atlantic City man was arrested mistakenly for Howard H. France, a notorious burglar. Police apologized and explained to the man he was an exact double of France. Since then the same man has been arrested nine more times for the same burglar. After the third arrest the victim of this mistaken identity demanded a letter from police which he issued, stating: "This man is not Howard H. France." He now carries this letter wherever he goes.—Capper's Weekly.

WHEN IT LOOKS DARK to any

weak, nervous or ailing woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her aid. Women in every walk of life today say Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a reliable medicine. It is made from roots and herbs, sold by druggists, in both fluid and tablets.

Mrs. Helen Simpson, 571 E. 8th Ave., Eugene, Oreg., said: "When a girl growing I suffered from functional disturbances and was weak and nervous. I got so this and pale that my people thought I was going into a decline. I was too miserable and weak for anything. My mother had taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when she was a girl and it benefited her so much that she gave it to me and after taking this medicine I grew well and strong and developed into womanhood without any more trouble."

Send 10c for trial pkg. tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Keeps Fish in Channel

To keep young salmon from "de-touring" and being lost in irrigation canals and diversion ditches an engineer has devised a way of creating an electrified zone of water, which acts as an effective stop sign for the fish and turns them back to the main route.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Super Economy

A Scotchman was leaving on a business trip and he called back as he was leaving:

"Good-by, all, and dinna forget to tak' little Donald's glasses off when he isn't looking at anything."

The Ragged Edge

The Critic—Rimeflax is bringing out his works in style. Have you seen the new deckle-edged edition of his poems?

The Observer—No, but I notice he's still wearing the old edition of his deckle-edged pants.

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Triplets at University

For the first time since the founding of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, in 1837, a set of triplets is among the graduates. They are members of the Guffey family, of McKeesport, Pa. Lawrey, William and James were born April 24, 1905. They plan to enter medical school and practice together at the completion of their course. Their father is a physician.

Farmers to Use Planes

Many owners of large farms in South Africa are considering the use of airplanes for trips to the city. Farms in that country are enormous in size, as a rule, and planes could also be employed, in making trips of inspection. Yards are so large that there is ample space for landing at the owner's front door.

"It's All Greek to Me"

Teacher—What are the three important Greek orders?
Pupil—Cups, skoffey, roas biff sandwich and peas coconuts pie.

Life is short, but men never outlive their good resolutions.