

DISTINCTIVE RADIO PROGRAMS

On Your Radio
"FRIENDSHIP TOWN"
 FRIDAY, 8:00 P. M., C. S. T.
 NBC Coast to Coast Network
Vaseline
 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
 PREPARATIONS

COUNT VON LUCKNER



Count von Luckner, noted German sea raider, who spins yarns of the seven seas in the radio series "Adventuring with Count von Luckner."

Will Show How Crop Estimates Are Made

Crop Reporting Board Will Take Listeners Behind the Scenes.

Listeners will be taken behind the scenes to hear an explanation of how the government Crop Reporting Board prepares the estimates of crop and live stock production which its members announce regularly in the National Farm and Home Hour when W. F. Callander, chairman of the board, speaks in the Department period of the National Farm and Home Hour on Tuesday, January 12. Callander will describe graphically how the Board analyzes statistics collected from 300,000 farmers, and from this mass of data makes the monthly estimates which are considered the most authoritative in the world.

For stockmen, a group of three economists will explain the recent course of prices for beef cattle, hogs, and sheep, in the program of Wednesday, January 13.

The Federal Farm Board will continue its series of talks during 1932 setting forth the progress made in various lines of co-operative organization.

Future Farmers will hear their special monthly program on Monday, January 11, and on Saturday, January 16, there will be a broadcast of the monthly program by the National Grange.

Thirty-two measures of music written during the closing announcement of the National Farm and Home Hour, is the speed record of Harry Kogen, director of the Home-headers orchestra. As the announcer began, Kogen became aware of the fact that two of his violinists did not have the music for the "Homesteaders' Waltz," the closing theme number. Kogen wrote and finished it in the nick of time.

Aiming to stress the importance of forest fire prevention, the United States Forest Service will broadcast the second in a series of dramatic skits on Thursday, January 14. "With Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" features episodes in the life of an "old ranger" and its youthful cub assistant.

The Future Farmers of America will present their regular monthly broadcast in the National Farm and Home Hour on Monday, January 11, featuring news of Future Farmers activities and talks by their leaders

Heart of the North

by William Byron Mowery

(WNU Service.)
 Copyright by William Byron Mowery.

THE STORY

Six bandits hold up the steamer, Midnight Sun, on the Mackenzie, kill Jimmy Montgomery, and escape with gold dust and furs. At the Mounted Police post at Fort Endurance, Sergt. Alan Baker disputes with his incompetent superior, Inspector Haskell, regarding plans for the capture of the bandits. Baker starts out in the police launch with five men. At the MacMillan trading post, Joyce MacMillan is thrilled at the arrival of the police launch. She had expected to marry Baker, and had been stunned at news that he was to marry Elizabeth Spaulding. Stolen furs are found on the MacMillan place and evidence points to Joyce's father. Joyce defends him. Alan leads his expedition up the Big Alooska and catches sight of the bandits. Compelled by Haskell's foolish orders to divide the party, Alan is at a disadvantage.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

They splashed out of the pond and into the flags, in a frantic effort to reach the lake edge. The marsh reeds clutched at them, tripped them, wrapped around their legs. Savagely they tore their way on through to get into the clear in time to help Larry stop those bandits.

As he swung his clubbed rifle, smashing a pathway in front of him, Alan heard a lone gun crack over on the lake, and heard the snarl of half a dozen repeating weapons answering it like an echo. They drowned, they overwhelmed it. . . . The lone gun did not speak again.

It seemed hours to him that he fought and tore through the dense flags, to reach the open and help a comrade who was standing up against six rifles. Before he broke through to the clear, the uneven battle had ended. As he burst out to the lake edge, he had a glimpse of the police canoe drifting helplessly out in the middle; and across at the far side he saw two long blurred objects just entering the deep-water channel.

Numbed and dazed at those six men escaping, there was a moment when Alan could only realize that his patrol had failed. That those criminals had vanished into the twilight and were lost in this watery wilderness, with pursuit utterly hopeless now.

In the next moment he heard a sound, a sound like a groaning voice calling his name. It drew his eyes to the drifting police craft. What was it doing out there? Like a flash he understood what Larry had done. When the bandits started across the lake to escape, Larry must have seen he could never stop them in the semi-darkness except at point-blank range. In the police canoe he must have come fearlessly out at them, alone. This first deadly volley had got him. That groaning voice was Larry's.

Bill came bursting through to the clear. Alan whirled on him: "Bill! They got Larry. He's wounded. Hard hit. Here . . ." Tossing Bill his belt-gun and broken rifle, he ran out into breast-deep water and struck out powerfully for the drifting canoe.

By a provident mercy he reached it in time. With half a dozen holes spouting water into it, the craft was filling, tilting, about to overturn. Larry lay at the bottom of it, writhing in pain.

By heroic struggles, swimming, pushing a dead-weight ahead of him, Alan got the craft into shoal water, put his hand under its keel then, and kept it afloat.

He dragged it to the bank just as Bill came splashing around the lake edge to join him.

"Alan! What happened? Where'd they go?"

"They got away. They're gone—gone. Forget it. Help me, Bill—with Larry—"

Together they bent over their bleeding, stricken comrade, and together they lifted him tenderly ashore.

CHAPTER V

The Broken Sword

By the light of an electric torch Alan cut away Larry's clothing and examined his wounds. Larry had been shot twice, and both wounds were fearful. One bullet, a ricocheting slug, had struck him squarely in the knee, cruelly shattering the bones. The second had pierced his chest high up, just beneath the shoulder, and had passed entirely through his body. Stealing himself to the ordeal, Alan worked desperately with tourniquet and tiny medicine kit till he had stanchied the bleeding. Before he finished, Larry was rousing faintly from the bullet shock.

Half an hour later, when Alan had done all he could and Bill had managed to patch the canoe, they turned their faces toward home, in defeat, in sorrow, in an anguish over Larry. Alan picked him up in his arms,

gently and tenderly, trying to keep that fatal bleeding from starting afresh. With Bill following him, staggering under the weight of canoe, guns and pack, he headed back toward the Alooska branch.

For an hour they stumbled along, plowed through bog and mire, groped through the tall impending flags. It was an hour of darkness, of blind heroic struggle. But they reached the Alooska branch at last and set the canoe to water; and making Larry a soft bed of furs, they began their sorrowful journey.

With no sleep in more than fifty hours, with all that long hard chase behind them, they were on the verge of exhaustion, and could make no time. Their hands were raw with blisters from paddle work; their faces were bleeding from insect bites; their whole bodies ached intolerably. They were muddled, wet, gaunt with hunger, heart-sick from the disgraceful failure of their patrol. But they refused to stop or rest; Larry had to be taken home quickly; the hours were a matter of life or death to him. With dogged courage they drove themselves on.

With his spirits at so low an ebb, the picture of that fur pack in Dave MacMillan's shed rose before Alan's eyes, and he foresaw the inevitable consequences to flow from that discovery. In his exhaustion, with all the buoyancy of hope drained out of him, he no longer could feel that somehow he was going to get Joyce's fa-



They Refused to Stop or Rest.

ther off lightly. He must take Dave into Endurance and enter charge; and now, with these bandits escaped, Dave would bear the whole brunt of the law's retribution. He felt that all the rest of his life he would be haunted by the memory of Joyce's pale face, frightened and anguished, in the cold gray dawn of yesterday.

In this whole miserable business—Jimmy Montgomery dead, Larry in the shadow of death, that tragedy hovering over innocent Joyce MacMillan, the bandits escaped and the patrol disgraced—in all this evil-starred affair, only one thought held any comfort for Alan. It was a vengeful thought, born of a savage and vengeful mood. He held a sword now over Inspector Haskell. Haskell had ordered this patrol to be split. Out of his ignorance and jealous anger, he had issued that crazy order, and it had wrecked the patrol. His gross incompetence, which heretofore had been only a vague charge hard to prove, now stood out glaringly, in all its inescapable guilt.

Alan swore to wield this sword in his hand.

By mid-afternoon of that interminable day they came to the first straggling trees at the Thal-Azzah edge. At deep twilight they reached the Alooska Forks and the anchored launch.

Pedneault had just returned from his useless trip up the south branch. In a few words he understood all that had happened. With one glance at his spent and staggering partners, he took their heavy burden from their shoulders.

Alan flung himself down beside Bill, driven to the limit of human endurance. His last waking thought was the grim satisfaction of knowing that he held a sword over his guilty arrogant officer and could bring him to account at last.

In his cabin Inspector Haskell sat behind his desk, waiting for Alan Baker to come in and report. He was thinking, thinking hard; and for all his self-control his nerves were jumpy.

Over in a corner Whipple sat at the table, pretending to write but in reality waiting there, as Haskell had bidden him. Something cold had

gripped Haskell half an hour ago when he saw the patrol returning without the six bandits and with Constable Younge desperately wounded. He knew the details of that patrol already; Whipple had come up and privately told him. How the bandits had headed for the Thal-Azzah, as Baker had warned. How Baker had run those six to earth and cornered them. How Pedneault and the other two constables had been a hundred and forty miles away during that crucial hour.

As he knew, this crime was the most spectacular in years along the Three Rivers. The defeat administered to the police was the most stinging in a decade. This incident would have reverberations at headquarters. Superintendent Williamson would investigate. The very first question of that veteran old officer would be:

"Why in h—l did you order Baker to divide that patrol? Splitting up his detail that way—didn't you realize that neither party would be able to handle those criminals?"

Not deluding himself, Haskell knew he was caught. He knew he had made a capital mistake in a Force where a man's first mistake is usually his last. In these thirty minutes all his prospects of promotion in service, of smashing Alan Baker, of swinging Elizabeth Spaulding to himself, had come tumbling down like a house of cards, and he was thoroughly frightened.

It would spell finis to his career if the facts of the patrol became known. The blame of this shameful defeat lay squarely at his door. Baker surely realized that; Baker surely was going to use that sword against him. It was war now, open and avowed war between them.

Step by step, logic led him to the one and only recourse he had. If Williamson ever found out he had ordered that patrol split, he was sunk. Therefore Williamson must not find out. There was a way to keep him from knowing the facts.

Haskell tried to still his conscience by thinking that Baker had wanted the patrol to fail. If that was so, then this measure was exactly what the sergeant had coming to him. He ought to be smashed, and smashed hard. . . . You've got to fight fire with fire. . . .

Still in his muddled and torn uniform, Alan came down the slope toward Haskell's cabin, intending to bludgeon some hard and fast terms out of the guilty inspector or shoot a complaint over his head to Superintendent Williamson. If Haskell did not give in to his demands, he meant to send a half-breed runner to the Royal Signal corps station at Resolution and flash a message to the division commander that would start an avalanche.

Over at Mrs. Drummond's house where Joyce had gone, candles were gleaming in the windows. Across at Father Claverly's tiny hospital, Larry Younge lay fighting for his life. Up the slope at barracks Dave MacMillan was locked in the police "butter-tub," charged with being accomplice to robbery and murder.

Joyce had reported secretly: "Alan, I talked with him. He isn't guilty! He never had heard a whisper about these bandits, till I told him. He couldn't have deceived me!"

That same impression had been Alan's—"He couldn't have deceived me." There was something behind that pack of furs which hadn't come to light yet and which would explain those damning circumstances.

It was his conviction that Dave MacMillan was not guilty at all.

He meant to put up a fight for Dave. It was easy to resolve that, but the actual job was the hardest thing he had attempted in his whole life. The only way under heaven of clearing Dave was to capture the guilty men and either wring a confession out of them or hold out king's evidence as a lure and get them started talking against each other.

Which way would they try to escape? They'd go east when they left the Thal-Azzah. They'd go across the Great Barrens to Hudson's bay and try to pick up passage on a fishing smack, or go east and south toward The Pas in Manitoba. There was only one route leading east out of the Thal-Azzah, and they'd have to take it. It was an old Tinneh trade route, the Inconnu river.

Alan meant to lead a patrol to the Inconnu.

As he strode into the cabin, he saw Haskell waiting for him, coolly smoking a cigarette. It seemed to Alan that the man actually did not realize that his ignorant orders had wrecked the patrol and that the whole blame and shame of it lay at his door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New York State Led

New York state was the first state to license motor vehicles, beginning in 1901 and collecting \$934 that year.

KILL COLD GERMS
NAVAP
 NASAL VAPOR
 Clears head instantly.
 Stops cold spreading.
 Sprinkle your handkerchief during the day
 —your pillow at night.
 A MCKESSON PRODUCT **50¢** AT ALL DRUG STORES

Learned Men Poor Spellers
 A professor who misspelled ten of the 40 words submitted won a spelling bee held by Harvard faculty members. Every word was misspelled at least once by the professors. Such words as "all right," "desecrate" and "niece" were among the outstanding stickers.

A Nagging Backache

 May Warn of Kidney or Bladder Irregularities
 A persistent backache, with bladder irregularities and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.
Doan's Pills
 A DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS

Money and Disposition
 Cora—Would you marry a man for his money?
 Dora—Not exactly. But I'd want my husband to have a lovely disposition, and if he didn't have money he'd very likely be worried and ill-natured.—Kansas City Star.

Denver Mother Tells Story

Nature controls all the functions of our digestive organs except one. We have control over that, and it's the function that causes the most trouble.



See that your children form regular bowel habits, and at the first sign of bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness or constipation, give them a little California Fig Syrup. It regulates the bowels and stomach and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act as Nature intends them to. It helps build up and strengthen pale, listless, underweight children. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it's purely vegetable, so you can give it as often as your child's appetite lags or he seems feverish, cross or fretful.

Leading physicians have endorsed it for 50 years, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows how mothers depend on it. A Western mother, Mrs. R. W. Stewart, 4112 Raritan St., Denver, Colorado, says: "Raymond was terribly pulled down by constipation. He got weak, fretful and cross, had no appetite or energy and food seemed to sour in his stomach. California Fig Syrup had him romping and playing again in just a few days, and soon he was back to normal weight, looking better than he had looked in months."

Protect your child from imitations of California Fig Syrup. The mark of the genuine is the word "California" on the carton.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
 Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—6c and 15c at Druggists.
FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscoc Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.