CAUGHTim the WIII

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

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CHAPTER VI-Continued

Even after this, Garth had to bear the brunt of the heavy work. Much of the time the others were forced to stop off, to get the cramp out of their knees or rest their arms. And when they paddled, their unskillful stroke kept Garth twisting his own stroke to keep the canoe from being swerved from side to side like a ship with the

Had work been the only consideration, he would as soon have done it all. There were, however, reasons for more speed than he could make alone with the heavily loaded skin-covered craft. The summer was now far along. The days were rapidly shortening, the nights becoming colder and darker.

Delay would mean a serious chance of being caught in early autumn blizzards. Even Lilith Ramill might not be able to survive an all-day drive of sleet. Such a sform would undoubtedly kill her father and, not improbably, Huxby also. Persistent use of the paddles would continue the toughening of the three chechahcos. It would also quicken the speed of the canoe as they acquired skill from practice.

He himself kept to his stroke like the born voyager he was, dipping his paddle for hour after hour. His steady pull never varied except when, at long intervals, he shifted the paddle over to the other side. He stopped that clocklike stroke only when landings had to be made for food or sleep.

On the third day Lilith attempted to keep stroke with him. She paddled until so exhausted that she broke down and wept. After that Huxby quit less often, though he never came so near to overtiring himself.

They had twice camped on muskeg. The third afternoon brought them to broken ridges where the stream dashed through a gorge. So far as could be seen, the rapids looked easy to shoot. But Garth said it was a portage.

He slung a pack from his tump-line and took the canoe on his shoulders. The total load was a full two hundred and fifty pounds. At sight of it, the others took on all the rest of the meat and equipment. For miles Garth led them up and down rocky slopes. through brush and bogs. Twice they skirted sheer falls that showed why he had taken to land.

At last, below the lower fall, he launched the canoe in the eddy of a deep pool. The others sank down on the bank, outspent. He built a fire and boiled tea for them. They expected to camp overnight. He ordered them back into the canoe.

"Can't chance waiting here. May be too foggy to see tomorrow," he explained. "Sit flat in the bottom, and

keep your paddles inboard." They understood when a few strokes of his paddle brought the canoe to the foot of the pool. For a long two miles they crouched low in the bottom while the frail craft glanced down the foaming, swirling torrent of white water. Garth smiled at their cowering backs. He had often shot worse rapids, and he had been down these once before. Skillfully as an Athabaskan Indian, he drove the canoe clear of dangerous whirlpools and dodged past rocks with deft twists of his paddle.

At the foot of the rapids, he headed in alongside a bit of gravelly beach and helped Mr. Ramill and ashore. When he remarked that there was gold in the gravel, Huxby nearly upset the canoe in his haste to get out and look.

"Gold! Why didn't we bring the

Garth laughed and streached out on the dry grass above the gravel, "Gallant gentleman, your lady is building the fire"

"Don't mind him, Vivian," Lilith chimed in on the banter. "You can use the cup for panning. I need only the pot to boil Alan's tea."

Haxby glanced sidelong at Garth and hastened to help the girl. Her father had flattened out beside Garth. With a yawn, Garth stretched up his arms and let them fall. The left one came down across the millionaire's body. The back of the hand felt a lump under the leather coat. Huxby had not again gained possession of the

pistol. Nothing would have been easier than to have pulled out the weapon and flung it into the stream. The impulse to do so passed as quickly as it flashed into Garth's mind. He was not the kind of sportsman who shoots llons from a boma, or tigers from the backs of elephants. There is far more sport stalking a beast that has

a chance to kill the stalker. The chechahcos had now experienced the different phases of canoeing -days of paddling through muskeg, a pertage, and the running of rapids. But all proved to be no more than a mild sample of the difficulties and hardships that followed. In the next two weeks three more rapids had to be shot and two very hard portages made. Between times, the canoe was paddled Interminably through mean-

dering channels that twisted and looped and split off in blind leads. Down in the lower country, the pests of black guata mosquitoes and sting-ing flies became worse. At the same

time the flask of grease and pitch | Huxby met Garth's gaze with a stare dope began to give out. Most of the camps were on wet ground. For days the party were drenched by a steady drizzle, varied only by downpours that kept Lillith and her father bailing the

Several times fog on the water compelled Garth to put ashore. Without sight, even his training could not enable him to follow the right channel. He was not an Indian. But between the forced halts, he put in still longer hours of paddling.

Matters were coming to a plnch. After the first wetting by the rain, what remained of the meat spoiled. It became so flyblown and tainted that Lillth threw it away before Garth could prevent the wastage. He decided to give them all another lesson.

In the fast that followed, Mr. Ramill was the first to fail. Huxby came next; Lilith last of the three. By the third day they had given up all paddling. On the fourth, they lay slumped in the bottom of the canoe. Garth only tightened his belt again and dipped his paddle in his strong, steady, seemingly tireless stroke.

Whenever he found himself nearing his limit, he headed ashore, boiled tea, slept, and then put off again. The fifth day began to draw on the last reserve of his wiry endurance. Towards noon he made the boggy shore, almost outspent. He dragged out the wolfskin knapsack anchor, with its load of platinum alloy. The girl and the two men lay in a stupor of starvation. He himself was so tired that he could not have lifted even Lilith ashore.

As he rested on the west sedges he recalled the place as one of his former camp sites. A spruce-covered ridge of higher ground here thrust out into the muskeg. The first remem-brance brought another. The second gave him strength to pull his rifle from the canoe and climb asiant the ridge end. There was a berry patch on the east slope. The fruit would be better than nothing. He hoped, how; ever, for something more.

Circling to get the wind in his face. he crept through the spruce thickets until he could peer out on the open



Way From Out of This D-d

ground of the berry patch. Luck was with him. The old black bear had gone off and left her cub. He rested the rifle barrel on a spruce branch to get a sure aim.

That was the end of famine. Gorged upon the fat, tender meat of the bear cub, even Mr. Ramill rapidly regained strength. He was still rather weak, however, when they came to the last

The approach to solid ground was across a narrow belt of muskeg. Near the far side of the swamp, the millionaire failed to jump squarely upon tussock of niggerhead grass. slipped and plunged headfirst into a

Huxby was following close behind. alert for every move of his partner. He sprang to grasp the feet of the sinking man. A heave dragged him out, slimed and spluttering. Huxby worked over him, scraping off mud, until Lilith hastened back to help assist her father across the rest of the quagmire. Once on firm ground, the millionaire joked about his mishap.

"Haven't had a bath since the last rain." he said "This one is higher class-equal to the mud baths at Hot Springs. How about my pack Lillth?" She looked in his foxskin bag. "Everything there, Dad-with some

mud added." Garth had been too far ahead, with his heavy pack and canoe, to see or hear the accident. Mr. Ramill joked again about his extra bath when they took to the cance at the far side of the portage. But all the time until they reached the evening camp and he started to wash the mud from the leather coat, he did not notice that the pistol was missing.

At the announcement of the loss,

of cold hostility. Garth walked up to him, empty-handed.

"If you've done what I think you have," he said, "I call you for a showdown."

The engineer's lips tightened in an ironical smile. He put up his hands. Not to be fooled by the seeming bluff, Garth went over Huxby's tattered clothes, from cost collar to moccasins. The pistol was nowhere on the engi

"This is one time I'm due to apologize," Garth admitted. "I accept no apology from you,"

Huxby replied. Lilfth looked from one to the other

her own lips tightening. Mr. 'Ramill good-humoredly interposed, as he hung the washed leather coat before the fire: "Postpone your fight, boys. We're still in the mus kegs. I'll built a cockplt for you when

we get out." That won a chuckle from Garth. Huxby smiled with his lips-not with his eyes. As Lilith looked from Garth to him, her eyes narrowed and her lips

CHAPTER VII

The Gaffed Wolf.

Mr. Ramill's good-humor over his fall into the muskeg pool had not been forced. It was based upon his feeling of physical well-being.

Instead of having been broken down by the hard toll and exposure of the trip and that severe lesson in the meaning of famine, he had come through it all in even better shape than before the start from the lost valley. The days of starvation had completed Nature's raid upon the degenerate fats and poisons of his once obese body.

There had followed the feasts of tender bear-cub meat. He was again putting on weight, but it was hard The healthy blood flooded his brain with a comfortable glow that was not to be dampened by any amount of toll or discomforts.

He was paddling as vigorously if not as skillfully as his daughter, when, mid-morning of the twenty-fourth day from the valley, the canoe neared a wooded point that rose well above the Garth called out from the stern of the canoe:

"If you want a surprise, friends, shut your eyes while we take ten

He knew that Huxby would keep on staring ahead. But he guessed right about Lillith and her father. At the end of the tenth stroke, the girl flung up her paddle and uttered a shriel of joyous amazement:

"The river! The river!" Close upon the cry came the deep-lunged shout of her father: "By the Almighty, you've done it, Garth! We're

Huxby continued to stare fixedly shead at the mighty flood of the Mackenzie. He was last to speak: "Out of the muskegs; but a long way from out of this d-d North!"

"Long by canoe or even by steamer." Garth agreed. "Not so far, though, by air passage. We can make the emergency supply post by two or three "What of it? That fellow Tobin told

us planes never stop there, unless foul weather runs them short of gas." Garth met the suddenly anxious ooks of Lillth and her father with a

"All pilots have orders to sight non stop posts in passing. Tobin has a distress signal. There'll be a plane coming south from the Arctic coast within three days-probably tomorrow. You'll be lying in the lap of luxury at Ed monton within a week or ten days."

The millionaire felt at the grease and-pitch mat of his month-old beard. He chuckled. "A bath and a barber! Hand over that last cigar, Garth Here's where I celebrate."

He opened the gold-mounted case bit off the tip of the sole surviving Havana, and snapped his patent light er. It falled to flair. He tossed it over into the water, and turned to Garth, with an impatient command "Give me a light."

"Only two matches left, sir." "Enough to light a cigar. Pass then

Instead of taking out his water proof match case, Garth took up his paddle. "The rule is, never burn your last match until you have to. You've thrown away that little flint and steel. The fire-drill is all right in dry weather but hard to use in wet."

Huxby dipped his own paddle. Come on, Mr. Ramill. By his own account, three hours more will rid us of him and his insolence."

"Wait," said Lilith. She pointed to the bank where the pleasant green of young spruces showed among the weathered white trunks of fire-killed birch trees. "If we have so much time, we'll land there and clean up."

"But-with the post so near, my dear Lilith!" Huxby protested. "That fellow Tohin had any amount of soap."

"All the more reason. I'll not have even a common navvy see me in this condition. The rags can't be helped. But the dirt!-" Out burst ber sup-

pressed loathing for all the grease and grime that smirched herself and the men. "Mud! slime! rancid fat! spoiled meat! Alan Garth, I know that I have to go in dressed like a squaw. But this-this filth!"

He surged the canoe around shoreward with a powerful sweep of his

"Not necessary, Miss Ramill. scouring with hardwood ashes and sand will do the work of soap. We

They landed where an ice jam of ome spring break-up had gouged through the muskeg mud at the end of the ridge and left a clear beach of glacial sand and gravel. Up over the ten-foot cut bank, Garth started a fire with one of his two remaining matches.

Even Huxby joined in gathering other piles of fallen birch branches for more fires. While they were burn-Garth beached the canoe and tilted it so that the sun would dry the soggy inside. Huxby stirred the fires, and Mr. Ramill broiled the last of the partly spoiled bear-cub meat, while Lilith tried out a cupful of the ransid fat for a final mess of mosquito dope. Garth brought the girl pitch for the mix from the nearby thicket of young spruces.

No cleaning could be done until the fires burned out. When Mr. Ramill took off the spits of cooked meat, all squatted down as usual to share the meal. Garth smiled his thanks as he took the slab of hot meat handed to him by the millionaire. The smile hardened.

A sudden change had fallen upon his three companions. He could easily guess the cause. They realized that this was the last meal they were to share as fellow voyageurs with him.

The moment they stepped from the canoe onto the wharf at the emergency refueling post, their forced companionship with him in the lost valley and on all the long trip out would be at an end. Instead of a trio dependent upon their opponent for food and guldance-for life itself-they would be a trio not only independen: of, but hostile to him and his interests.

That was at least true of the two nen. And even Lilith betrayed in her look and manner a vivid consciousness of the impending change of relation-As for Huxby, the cold gloating in his stare showed how he was anticipating the robbery and ruin of the who had so far outplayed him. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Coronation of New King or Queen Is Great Event A great thing to see in London is

the crowning of a new king or queen. It does not happen often, but when it does it is an event to remember, says a writer in the Detroit News.

The actual crowning, or coronation, takes place in Westminster abbey and the archbishop of Canterbury is in charge of the ceremony. The new king sits in the famous Coronation chair, which is covered for the event with cloth-of-gold. He promises that he will govern by the laws made by the British parliament; that he will carry out a rule of justice and mercy; and that e will maintain the Protestant

The Coronation chair dates back to the time of King Edward I, who ruled six and a half centuries ago. It is made of oak, but under the seat is "the Stone of Scone," which was taken away from Scotland during the reign of Edward. Before that the stone had been used during the crowning of Scottish kings.

There is a legend that the Stone of Scope was used as a "pillow" by Jacob, the Hebrew patriarch. The legend says that the stone was moved from Palestine to Ireland, and from there to Scotland before it fell into the hands of the English. There is reason to believe, however, that it was obtained from a quarry near Scone, a town in Scotland.

Underground Schools

Unlike Britain, where schools are built so as to admit as much fresh air and sunlight as possible, the Lapps burrow under the earth. Only the thatch or tiled roofs of their schools can be seen. The rest is all cellar. Sunlight does not matter, because for at least six months of the year it is perpetually dark, while for only three months does the sun shine continuously. Fresh air in the form of cutting blasts is most unwelcome, and in winter, spring, and autumn everything is done to keep it out. The atmosphere in Lapp schools, with every crevice blocked and heating apparatus full on, is more than English lungs could bear, but the people there are used to it.

Seneca Root

Seneca root or seneca snakeroot is a plant of the milkwort family known to botanists as Polygala senega and found growing mostly in rocky woods and on ereding hillsides. It is a smooth perennial plant with a short rootstock as thick as a lead pencil and rather thick roots. The roots and rootstocks have medicinal value.

Glamour, Romance in Evening Dress

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



F THE revival of the luxurious, the more elegant, the romantic, the dramatic, the glamorous in fashion indi-cates a turning of the tide as they say it does, from a season of depression to an era of prosperity and good times, then indeed have we cause to rejoice for the present signs in the matter of opulent dress are most propitious.

The new fashions, especially formal nodes, are not only glamorous and elegant beyond anything known for years but they add to their fascination in that they seem to have recaptured the glories, the poetry, the vision and the imagination, the art, as expressed in lovely apparel created throughou the ages.

At a recent style showing given by the Chicago wholesale market council the gowns for formal wear, three of which are herewith Illustrated, confirmed the feeling that we are entering fashion era wherein a new spirit of elegance pervades.

Eloquent of classic beauty and

statuesque dignity which carries the grace of sculptural lines are the new evening gowns of Grecian inspiration. Extreme interpretations of modes a la Grecque are seen in the draped themes of Vinnet and other Paris designers Long flowing scarfs, huge wing sleeves, draped side pleatings are all shown in new soft quality-kind slik crepes and velvets. Other gowns show skirts pleated all around of floating billowy masses of chiffon, or slim dresses with draperles (often pleated) in long cascades from the shoulder, to form short train at the side or back.

Sumptuous fabrics, for which the present season is noted, bespeak the rich beauty of Italian influence, especially the magnificent velvets in warm deep purples and reds and greens, such

as have lived through the centuries in old master paintings and frescoes.

The versatility of the present mode would make it appear as if Oriental princesses had come to life, in the new harem drapes and metal cloth turbans and sari scarfs and head coverings. Persian colorings and patternings, Chinese embroideries carry the spirit of the Far East into the immediate fashion program. Then there is the Russian influence which has an all-important influence on current style trends, as manifest in the smart high cossack turbang and fur bordered tunic blouses and coats and suits.

Of course we must not neglect to make mention of the picturesque robe de style gowns which have and are bringing so much of romance into the modern fashion picture. In these you may be as bouffant and rococco as were lovely ladies in the king's court in olden days of pomp and glory when George the Fourth was king.

Speaking of the bouffant we minded to call your attention to the charming dress centered in the illustration. It demonstrated at first glance to the audience gathered at the style revue held in Chicago, the fact of high quality emphasized in a superb taf-feta glinting with metalized highlights. To the right, in the picture, is a very lovely evening ensemble fashloned of one of the new rapturous, scintillating silver lame weaves such as are so smartly in vogue this season. Its styling accents a to-be-envied slenderized figure. Front skirt fullness, high-front, halterneck bodice, extreme low-back decolletage, jeweled belt buckle are all highspots of note. To the left, a gown of pearl dot satin bespeaks Grecian inspiration via heavy golden cords and tassels,

O Western Newspaper Union.

AT FOOTBALL GAME By CHERIE NICHOLAS



For the football game, school, shopping or any daytime wear the abov outfit is always correct. The coat is French lapin over a Scotch plaid dress in brown and red. The accessories are in brown to match the coatswhich may be wors with a suit on cold days. The swagger coat with its youthful lines is one of the tailored woman's high lights this season. Its smart simplicity of line distinguishes her wherever she goes, with no fussiness, but pleasing femininity.

FABRIC KNOWLEDGE AIDS WISE BUYING

Fabric knowledge is part of your fashion education. The smart woman knows that. It isn't the initial cost of a dress, it's the upkeep that counts. When you are confident that your taffeta will stay crisp; that your satins will hold their luster; that your chiffons will retain their loveliness and never get sleazy or sloppy; when you know that your sheers will hold their shape and that your crepes won't ultimately sag under an avalanche of beading or braid, that your clokys will stay in, and that your drapes will not sagthen, and only then, are you well

Women are rapidly learning to find out all these things before they buy a dress. They are learning to buy predictable merchandise.

U. S. Designers Following Glittering Fabric Trend

The French started it, but American designers were quick to follow the new trend of glittering fabrics for afternoon and evening year. A survey just made of American textiles discloses that every important manufacturer in New York has designed and presented materials to achieve unusual brilliant effects. Cabled reports on the first fall openings of the Paris dressmakers still further indicate the advent of sparkling fabrics.

Tailor-Made Influence Is Shown in Evening Gowns

Paradoxical as It may appear, the tailor-made influence has extended to launches wool-back silk velvet in dinner tailleurs with wrap-around skirts and bloused bodices, and Patou and Schlaparelli also favor evening tallleurs in silk velvet

"QUOTES"

COMMENTS ON CURRENT TOPICS BY NATIONAL CHARACTERS

Opinions expressed in the paragraph below are not necessarily concurred in by the editor of this newspaper.

AMERICAN TRADITIONS SOUNG THE philosophy of Fascism glori-fies the nation, to which the in-

dividual is expected to sacrifice himself; therefore the gesture by Mus-solni, to impress the Italian people with the great traditions and the splendor of their country's conquests I believe that the courage which is

asked of youth in a democracy, the

courage to think things out for them-

selves rather than to depend blindly on their leaders, is a far greater courage than is asked of young people going into a war. It was the traditions of Germany, of Russia and of Italy-the tradition

of obedience to a kaiser, a czar, a king, which made it possible to set up Fascism, Communisim, Nazism.

The traditions of the American people, on the other hand, the principles of liberty, justice and equality for all of which your ancestors fought in 1776, would prevent such a happening in America. Youth, think for yourselves, even though American ideals have never been complete-

FAITH IN THE LEAGUE

THE league is not moribund or on its last legs, but only finding its feet, only beginning its career. Henceforth more and more it will stand forth as the determined foe of imperialism, of that spirit of aggressive expansion and annexation that characterized the old pre-war order and which was fondly thought to have been killed in the World war but is again showing its horrid head in world affairs.

No, the message of Armistice day isn't forgotten. Long live the League

GREAT BRITAIN'S NAVY

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE HAVE gone through the figures of the Admiralty and make this statement: In effective fighting force of battleships, battle cruisers and cruisers we have a more powerful fleet even than the United States and far more than any other nation. In addition, our guns are far bigger than those of any Continental power

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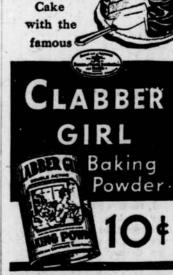
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