

25c L-V DUST CLOTH
made of especially woven fabric "Crepette"
for only 10 cents and

FREE

two weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer. Nothing like it for dusting. A few drops on your cloth remove all dust, dirt and blemishes INSTANTLY, and leaves your piano, furniture, woodwork spotlessly clean and beautifully polished. Moreover, you preserve the finish indefinitely. Piano people use it to improve their brand new instruments. Send for your FREE bottle today. You'll be delighted. Remember, we include a big 25c L-V Dust Cloth from each bottle.

LIQUID VENEER
Buffalo Specialty Company
2 Liquid Veneer Bottles, Buffalo, N. Y.

Less break in body as temperatures go up

YOUR MOTOR NEEDS
Mona Motor
Oil

Homeward From the Club

The Married One (looking at the heavens)—I have a feeling there's a storm brewing.
The Unmarried One—Thank heaven! That's a feeling we bachelors know nothing of.

One 24-cent bottle of Dr. Pepp's "Dead Shot" will save money, time, anxiety and health. One dose expels Worms or Tape-worm. 312 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

No humorist picks out his wife because she laughs at his jokes. He might never get one.

Lame, Tired, Achy?

Are you tired, lame, achy—worried with backache? Do you suffer sharp pains, headaches, dizziness and disturbing bladder irregularities? Perhaps your kidneys need attention. When the kidneys fail to properly filter the blood, body impurities accumulate and cause poisoning of the whole system. Such a condition may lead to serious sickness. Don't neglect it! If you suspect your kidneys, why not give Doan's Pills a trial? Doan's have been used successfully over thirty-five years—ask your neighbor!

A California Case
Thos. Faust, 905 Hunt St., Madera, Calif., says: "I had awful pains in my back and could hardly get up or down. My kidneys didn't function properly, especially at night, and the secretions burned in passing. I had dizzy spells. I used Doan's Pills and two boxes rid me of backache and my kidneys are normal."

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

Just So Much

"I had a tooth pulled this morning."
"Did you have an anesthetic?"
"No—a toothache."

Always the incompetent want law in their favor.

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Cuticura Soap
Is Pure and Sweet
Ideal for Children

Your shoes feel easy if you use **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

Stops the pain of Corns and Bunions and you can walk all day in ease and comfort. Nothing gives such relief to hot, tired, aching, inflamed or swollen feet, blisters or calluses. A little ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE sprinkled in each shoe in the morning will make you forget about tight shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe. Always use it for Dancing and to Break in New Shoes. For Free sample and a Foot-Pain-Relieving Doll, address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

BAREE, Son of Kazan

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(©, Doubleday, Page & Co.)
WNU Service

WARY BEAVER

Synopsis—Part wolf, part dog—when two months old Baree has his first meeting with an enemy, Papayuchisew (young owl). Fighting hard, the antagonists are suddenly plunged into a swollen creek. Badly buffeted, and half drowned, Baree is finally flung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost, lonely and hungry. For many days his life is one of fear and distress. He meets various creatures of the wild and goes through a thunderstorm. He is learning more and more. He strays into the trapping grounds of Pierrrot and Nepeese. Nepeese wounds Baree with a rifle, but he escapes.

Chapter II—Continued

The wings made a great tumult about Baree, but they did not hurt him. He buried his fangs deeper. His snarl rose more fiercely as he got the taste of Oohoomisew's blood, and through him there surged more hotly the desire to kill this monster of the night, as though in the death of this creature he had the opportunity of avenging himself for all the hurts and hardships that had befallen him since he lost his mother.

Oohoomisew had never felt a great fear until now. The lynx had snapped at him but once—and was gone, leaving him crippled. But the lynx had not snarled in that wolfish way, and it had not hung on. A thousand and one nights Oohoomisew had listened to the wolf-howl. Instinct had told him what it meant. He had seen the packs pass swiftly through the night, and always when they passed he had kept in the deepest shadows. To him, as for all other wild things, the wolf-howl stood for death. But until now, with Baree's fangs buried in his leg, he had never sensed fully the wolf-fear. It had taken it years to enter into his slow, stupid head—but now that it was there, it possessed him as no other thing had ever possessed him in all his life.

Suddenly Oohoomisew ceased his beating and launched himself upward. Like huge fans his powerful wings churned the air, and Baree felt himself lifted suddenly from the earth. Still he held on—and in a moment both bird and beast fell back with a thud.

Oohoomisew tried again. This time he was more successful, and he rose fully six feet into the air with Baree. They fell again. A third time the old outlaw fought to wing himself free of Baree's grip; and then, exhausted, he lay with his giant wings outspread, hissing and cracking his bill.

Under those wings Baree's mind worked with the swift instincts of the killer. Suddenly he changed his hold, burying his fangs into the under part of Oohoomisew's body. They sank into three inches of feathers. Swift as Baree had been, Oohoomisew was equally swift to take advantage of his opportunity. In an instant he had swooped upward. There was a jerk, a rending of feathers from flesh—and Baree was alone on the field of battle.

Baree had not killed, but he had conquered. His first great day—or night—had come. The world was filled with a new promise for him, as vast as the night itself. And after a moment he sat back on his haunches, sniffing the air for his beaten enemy; and then, as if defying the feathered monster to come back and fight to the end, he pointed his sharp little muzzle to the stars and sent forth his first babyish wolf-howl into the night.

Chapter III

Baree's fight with Oohoomisew was good medicine for him. It not only gave him great confidence in himself, but it also cleared the fever of ugliness from his blood. He no longer snapped and snarled at things as he went on through the night.

His wound was much less painful the next day, and by nightfall he scarcely had noticed it at all. Since his almost tragic end at the hands of Nepeese, he had been traveling in a general northeasterly direction, following instinctively the run of the waterways; but his progress had been slow, and when darkness came again he was not more than eight or ten miles from the hole into which he had fallen after the Willow had shot him.

All sounds now held a meaning for Baree. Swiftly he was coming into his knowledge of the wilderness. His eyes gleamed; his blood thrilled. For many minutes at a time he scarcely moved. But of all the sounds that came to him, the wolf-cry thrilled him most. Again and again he listened to it. At times it was far away, so far that it was like a whisper, dying away almost before it reached him; and then again it would come to him full-throated, hot with the breath of the chase, calling him to the red thrill of the hunt, to the wild orgy of torn flesh and running blood—calling, calling, calling. That was it, calling him to his own kin, to the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh—to the wild, fierce hunting packs of his mother's tribe! It was Gray Wolf's voice seeking him in the night—Gray Wolf's blood inviting him to the Brotherhood of the Pack.

Baree trembled as he listened. In his throat he whined softly. He edged to the sheer face of a rock. He wanted to go; nature was urging him to go. But the call of the wild was gruzzling against odds: for in him

was the dog, with its generations of subdued and sleeping instincts—and all that night the dog in him kept Baree to the top of his rock.

Next morning Baree found many crawfish along the creek, and he feasted on their succulent flesh until he felt that he would never be hungry again. Nothing had tasted quite so good since he had eaten the partridge of which he had robbed Sekoosew the ermine.

In the middle of the afternoon Baree came into a part of the forest that was very quiet and very peaceful. The creek had deepened. In places its banks swept out until they formed small ponds. Twice he made considerable detours to get around these ponds. He traveled very quietly, listening and watching. Not since the ill-fated day he had left the old windfall had he felt quite so much at home as now. It seemed to him that at last he was treading country which he knew, and where he would find friends. Perhaps this was another miracle mystery of instinct—of nature. For he was in old Beaver-tooth's domain. It was here that his father and mother had hunted in the days before he was born. It was not far from here that Kazan and Beaver-tooth had fought that mighty duel under water, from which Kazan had escaped with his life without another breath to lose.

The forest grew deeper. It was wonderful. There was no undergrowth, and traveling under the trees was like being in a vast, mystery-filled cavern through the roof of which the light of day broke softly, brightened here and there by golden splashes of the sun. For a mile Baree made his way quietly through this forest. He saw nothing



I Know How to Play.

but a few winged flittings of birds; there was almost no sound. Then he came to a still larger pond. Around this pond there was a thick growth of alders and willows; the larger trees had thinned out. He saw the glimmer of afternoon sunlight on the water—and then, all at once, he heard life.

There had been few changes in Beaver-tooth's colony since the days of his feud with Kazan and the others. Old Beaver-tooth was still older. He was fatter. He slept a great deal, and perhaps he was less cautious. He was dozing on the great mud-and-brushwood dam of which he had been engineer in chief, when Baree came out softly on a high bank thirty or forty feet away. So noiseless had Baree been that none of the beavers had seen or heard him. He squatted himself flat on his belly, hidden behind a tuft of grass, and with eager interest watched every movement. Beaver-tooth was rousing himself. He stood on his short legs for a moment; then he tilted himself up on his broad, flat tail like a soldier at attention, and with a sudden whistle dived into the pond with a great splash.

In another moment it seemed to Baree that the pond was alive with beavers. Heads and bodies appeared and disappeared, rushing this way and that through the water in a manner that amazed and puzzled him. It was the colony's evening frolic. Tails hit the water like flat boards. Odd whistlings rose above the splashing—and then as suddenly as it had begun, the play came to an end. There were probably twenty beavers, not counting the young, and as if guided by a common signal—something which Baree had not heard—they became so quiet that hardly a sound could be heard in the pond. A few of them sank under the water and disappeared entirely, but most of them Baree could watch, as they drew themselves out on shore.

The beavers lost no time in getting at their labor, and Baree watched and listened without so much as rustling a blade of the grass in which he was concealed. He was trying to understand. He was striving to place these curious and comfortable-looking creatures in his knowledge of things. And then, close under him—not more than ten feet from where he lay—he saw something that almost gave voice to the puppyish longing for companionship that was in him.

Down there, on a clean strip of the shore that rose out of the soft mud of the pond, waddled fat little Umisk and

three of his playmates. Umisk was just about Baree's age, perhaps a week or two younger. But he was fully as heavy, and almost as wide as he was long. Nature can produce no four-footed creature that is more lovable than a baby beaver, unless it is a baby bear; and Umisk would have taken first prize at any beaver baby show in the world. His three companions were a bit smaller. They came waddling from behind a low willow, making queer little chuckling noises, their little flat tails dragging like tiny sledges behind them. They were fat and furry, and mighty friendly looking to Baree, and his heart beat a sudden, swift pit-a-pat of joy.

But Baree did not move. He scarcely breathed. And then, suddenly, Umisk turned on one of his playmates and howled him over. Instantly the other two were on Umisk, and the four little beavers rolled over and over, kicking with their short feet and spitting with their tails, and all the time emitting soft little squeaking cries. Baree knew that it was not fight, but frolic. He rose up on his feet. He forgot where he was—forgot everything in the world but those playing, furry balls. For the moment all the hard training nature had been giving him was lost. He was no longer a fighter, no longer a hunter, no longer a seeker after food. He was a puppy, and in him there rose a desire that was greater than hunger. He wanted to go down there with Umisk and his little chums and roll and play. He wanted to tell them, if such a thing were possible, that he had lost his mother and his home, and that he had been having a mighty hard time of it, and that he would like to stay with them and their mothers and fathers if they didn't care.

In his throat there came the least bit of a whine. It was so low that Umisk and his playmates did not hear it. They were tremendously busy.

Softly Baree took his first step toward them, and then another—and at last he stood on the narrow strip of shore within half a dozen feet of them. His sharp little ears were pitched forward, and he was wiggling his tail as fast as he could, and every muscle in his body was trembling in anticipation.

It was then that Umisk saw him, and his fat little body became suddenly as motionless as a stone.

"Hello!" said Baree, wiggling his whole body and talking as plainly as a human tongue could talk. "Do you care if I play with you?"

Umisk made no response. His three playmates now had their eyes on Baree. They didn't make a move. They looked stunned. Four pairs of staring, wondering eyes were fixed on the stranger.

Baree made another effort. He groveled on his forelegs, while his tall and hindlegs continued to wiggle, and with a sniff he grabbed a bit of stick between his teeth.

"Come on—let me in," he urged. "I know how to play!"

He tossed the stick in the air as if to prove what he was saying, and gave a little yap.

Umisk and his brothers were like dummies.

And then, of a sudden, some one saw Baree. It was a big beaver swimming down the pond with a sapling timber for the new pond that was under way. Instantly he loosed his hold and faced the shore. And then, like the report of a rifle, there came the crack of his big flat tail on the water—the beaver's signal of danger that on a quiet night can be heard half a mile away.

"Danger," it warned. "Danger—danger—danger!"

Scarcely had the signal gone forth when tails were cracking in all directions—in the pond, in the hidden canals, in the thick willows and alders. To Umisk and his companions they said:

"Run for your lives!"

Baree stood rigid and motionless now. In amazement he watched the four little beavers plunge into the pond and disappear. He heard the sounds of other and heavier bodies striking the water. And then there followed a strange and disquieting silence. Softly Baree whined, and his whine was almost a sobbing cry. Why had Umisk and his little mates run away from him? A great loneliness swept over him—a loneliness greater even than that of his first night away from his mother. He had not found comradeship. And his heart was very sad.

Poor Baree! Even the playful little beaver are afraid of him!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plants and Animals

From the study of plants we learn how to grow them more efficiently and make the fullest use of plant products; also, because life in plants and animals is similar, if not identical, and as plants lend themselves in some ways more readily than do animals to such observations, any information we can obtain on how plants "work" will almost certainly throw some light on similar functions in animals and human beings.

Methodist Pioneer

The first Methodist preacher in America was Philip Embury, who had been in the Irish Methodist conference before coming to this country in 1768. He found a number of Irish Methodists in New York city and gathered them into a small congregation that held its meetings in his house.

A car for every purse and purpose

IN THE automobile industry several distinct price classes have developed. General Motors is represented in each.

The General Motors line of passenger cars comprises 52 different models. They include every open and closed body type and range in price-at-the-factory as follows:

CHEVROLET
6 Models—\$510 to \$765

PONTIAC
2 Models—\$825

OLDSMOBILE
9 Models—\$875 to \$1115

OAKLAND
6 Models—\$975 to \$1295

BUICK
16 Models—\$1125 to \$1995

CADILLAC
13 Models—\$2995 to \$4485

Quality is the first law of General Motors; and sweeping economies, possible to an institution with the resources of General Motors, are reflected in the prices of General Motors cars.

Select the car that suits you from the General Motors line. You may buy it out of income on General Motors' time payment plan (GMAC), which assures fair terms and low rates.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · BUICK
OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
CADILLAC · GMC TRUCKS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

Leg Bands on Birds

Hunters shooting game birds during the hunting season are requested by the United States biological survey to examine all birds carefully for leg bands at the time they are shot. It will greatly aid the investigation being made by means of banded birds if bands are returned to the survey with accurate particulars regarding the exact spot where the birds were found, and any other pertinent information.—Pathfinder Magazine.

A man is always willing to listen to words of wisdom—providing he is speaking them himself.

The Oldest Voter

Probably the only woman who has voted in every national election since Grover Cleveland was chosen President in 1892 is Mrs. Samuel Posey of Austin, Texas, whose privilege it has been since she was nine years old to cast the ballot for her blind father.

Tweet Tweet

Judge—You claim you were wide awake, but the driver of the other car says you were asleep.

Winsor—Yes, after the crash.

Water continually dropping will wear hard rocks hollow.—Plutarch.



A BRUSH A PAIL

and



Just mix Alabastine with water cold or hot and apply to any interior surface. The sure result is beautifully tinted walls in exactly the color you wish.

Alabastine comes in all standard colors and these intermix to form countless others so that your decorating taste may be accurately followed.

None genuine without the Cross and Circle printed in red.

Alabastine
Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper