



The Free Traders

By Victor Rousseau

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Short of the setting of a broken bone, there are few operations more painful than the restoration of a joint into position, and Lee prayed fervently that the girl's unconsciousness would last until he had put to her service the knowledge which he had acquired with the Canadian army medical corps upon the western front.

It was unerring, holding that white knee between his hands, so instinctive with life, so fragile, delicate, so wonderful when viewed as a piece of mechanism which he was to manipulate like some clumsy journeyman, called in to repair the work of a master.

Fortunately Lee had assisted at precisely that same operation several times in the field; and, trying to disregard the moans of pain that came from the girl's lips as he proceeded, he fumbled with the displaced bone.

But that struggle was terrible, for the body of itself knows no dignity. Unconscious, Lee knew that the girl would neither have flinched nor moaned; but unconscious she could not control the protests of the body, which had to be restrained by something almost brutal in its frank violence.

But Lee struggled on, feeling the shaft head of the bone scour the edges of the socket under the cap. A final struggle, the weight of his whole body and shoulders thrown to his task—and suddenly it was accomplished.

The joint slipped into position, the tortured body ceased its protest, and Lee rose, the perspiration streaming down his face.

Trembling in the nervous reaction from the struggle, Lee listened to the increasing noise of the motor boat again.

It rose to a roar as it passed again along the channel immediately in front of his hiding place, and gradually dwindled away.

Leaving the girl where she had fallen back into unconsciousness, Lee ascended one of the spruce trees and scanned the channel. The motor boat was moving up the shore of the island along the edge of the reeds. It contained Rathway and two other men.

Another York boat was coming from the direction of the promontory. This contained three men also.

Ris on the trail, and Lee guessed that they would leave no nook unsearched in their determination to locate himself and the girl.

The island appeared to be about a mile in length by a third wide. Lee, seeing that discovery was only a matter of time, decided that it would be better to abandon the boat and take refuge somewhere in the underbrush. If the York boat had not been found by nightfall, he could return with the girl and try to escape to the mainland. If they were discovered, their situation would be no worse.

He strapped one of the packs about his back, picked up the girl, and, thus encumbered, proceeded through the thick brush, making for the opposite shore, where he put the girl down in a small declivity where the growth was thickest. Removing the tin pannikin from the outside of the pack, he obtained water and poured some down the girl's throat. He noted that the swallowing reflex was present, a favorable sign in unconsciousness, as he had learned at the front.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the sun, which had shone brilliantly throughout the morning, went permanently behind the clouds. Another snowstorm was beating up. A few soft flakes began to fall.

Suddenly a distant hubbub broke out and continued. There was no mistaking what was meant. The York boat had been discovered.

The Free Traders began to beat across the island, calling to one another. Their voices gradually sounded nearer. Crouching beside the girl in the thick of the brush, Lee waited. At a distance he saw two of them pass through the trees and disappear. The shouting died away.

As soon as they had passed him, leaving the girl where she lay, Lee slipped softly through the undergrowth, making his way back to the sandy spit. His expectations were confirmed. The York boat had disappeared.

Reascending the spruce tree, he saw the two York boats moored to the motor boat in mid-channel, a man with a rifle seated in it on guard.

They were trapped on the island.

Lee made his way back, and waited while the afternoon wore away. The snow fell thicker. He took off his mackinaw and placed it over the girl. She was no longer in a coma, but semi-conscious, and unaware of her surroundings. She muttered and mumbled; sometimes it was Lee could do to quiet her. And the disjointed fragments of speech that fell from her lips indicated the same mental anguish that she had revealed to him during their ride through the range.

He shuddered to think of her mental agony if she had awakened to find herself a prisoner in Rathway's power at the promontory.

And even in the darkness of their desperate situation, he drew new hope from his resolution. And gradually his plans formed in his mind.

Then night began to fall, and Lee breathed a vast sigh of relief. Unless his plans miscarried, they should be safe upon the mainland well before midnight.

found it and threw it inside, together with the pack from his shoulders. He raised the heavy anchor. He threw all his weight against the boat, which recoiled in a trail of vicious mud until it was afloat. Lee leaped into the water, fired another shot in warning. All the while the wounded man was howling along the shore.

Lee pushed desperately with the oars till he was in deeper water. He pulled furiously for mid-channel. As he did so there came a sound that for one instant almost unnerved him, what with the psychological effect of that all-day listening to it—the chugging of the engine. Then, as he reached open water, he saw by the light of the pallid moon that issued for a moment through the storm-clouds, the black speck of the motor boat trailing the second York boat dimly.

But suddenly the rattling of the engine died in a splutter. The motor boat was about a hundred yards distant. The next instant the bang of a rifle confirmed Lee's hopes. The engine had either run out of gasoline or had become out of order.

Instantly Lee was pulling as he had never pulled before. Again the rifle sounded. Twice more. Now the motor boat was almost invisible in the darkness.

Then, simultaneously with another discharge, something struck Lee a violent blow in the side that knocked him on his back.

He was up in a moment, and pulling with all his might, though he knew he was wounded. But at all cost he must reach that nearing, welcome shore. He felt the wet blood trickling down him. His breath was coming in short gasps.

He bent to the oars, with all his concentration set upon the completion of that journey. At last the shore seemed to reach out to him, the forests parted, the distant shouts died away. He ran the boat aground.

Lee's brain seemed preternaturally acute. In that moment he did not forget the pack, but, snatching it from the boat, leaped ashore, and, running some fifty yards, placed it carefully in the brush at the base of a tall pine. He ran back, picked up the girl, and, carrying her in his arms, began to make his way into the thick of the forest.

(Continued next week.)



Lee Had Set Down the Rifle When He Picked Up the Girl. He Placed Her in the Boat, Ran Back and Found It and Threw it Inside. Together With the Pack From His Shoulders.

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SOUND PRINCIPLES FOR ALLIED DEBTS

Payments to America Should Be Guided by Dawes Plan, Says C. E. Mitchell.

The fundamental principles of the Dawes plan for settling the European war debt question are applicable to the problem of the Allied debts to the United States, Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, declares in an article in the American Bankers Association Journal. Mr. Mitchell says:

"Debts between nations are always a source of international trouble, and I consider it of great importance that our own economic as well as political relations with such countries as France, Belgium and Italy may be improved by an early adjustment of their debts to our own national government.

Country Endorsed Dawes Plan

"I hope that we are gradually learning that such debts, if unduly forced, may result more calamitously to the commercial interests of our own country than to those of the debtor country. This talk of forcing payment of 'every dollar to the last penny' is commercially unwise. I think we may assume that the Dawes plan has had the endorsement of the American people through their election of General Dawes to the Vice Presidency of the United States. That plan is one that establishes fundamental principles which may be applied in considering the debts of one nation to another resulting from war.

"The first principle, as I see it, is that the yoke of the war debt shall not be held as a burden upon the people beyond the generation that had to do with the war. This principle is clearly intimated in the fact that the industrial and railway debentures which form the principal security and means of payment of the debt carry 5 per cent interest with 1 per cent amortization, which means that such obligations are to be over a period of about thirty-six years.

An Invitation to Trouble

"Any attempt to force the carrying of such debt burdens to the second

Household Dept. VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

White Cake—Two cups sugar, four cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder, one cup butter, one cup milk, whites of eight eggs, and any flavoring. Cream the butter and sugar until very creamy, add milk and three cups flour, egg whites beaten stiff and, lastly, the rest of flour and the baking powder sifted together. Bake either as a loaf or layer cake, and frost as desired.

Mrs. I. W. Brown

Baked Ham—For a big crowd a twelve-pound ham is about right. This may be varied according to the size of the group to eat the ham. Wash the ham well and put it into a solution containing about two cups of vinegar to a gallon of water. Soak in this solution over night. In the morning pour the water off. Boil in clear water for about three hours. Then put it in the oven and bake it with the skin on for about an hour or so, then take it out of the oven and remove the skin. Pour about a cup of brown sugar over it and put in about two quarts of water. Baste frequently until done. Put a few bread crumbs on top and brown them. The longer you work with it and the oftener you baste it, and the closer you watch it to keep it from burning, the better success you will have in baking ham.

Mrs. J. A. Nott

My Favorite Stories

By IRVIN S. COBB

Advice to Charlie Chaplin

Last spring when General Neville, the hero of the defense of Verdun, was making his tour of America he was the guest of honor at a big public reception in one of the Los Angeles hotels. Among those invited to meet the distinguished visitor were the more prominent members of the moving-picture colony.

"At the doors of General Neville's suite Will Rogers met Charlie Chaplin, Chaplin, who in private life is a reserved and rather shy little man, was considerably fussed up over the prospect ahead of him.

"I suppose we're expected to say a few words to the general," he confided to Rogers. "But for the life of me I can't think of the best way to start the conversation."

Rogers gave to the problem a moment of earnest consideration.

"Well," he said, "you might ask him if he was in the war, and which side he was on."

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Our Ads are written to be read

Swiss Steak—Select round steak about one inch thick, and pound flour, salt, pepper and small onion real well into same. Put a tablespoon of drippings into an iron skillet and when hot sear both sides of the steak. Then add hot water and cook slowly for two or three hours, adding water as it cooks down; being careful not to burn. This makes wonderful gravy, also. Mrs. C. Jacka

Waffles—Beat two eggs until very stiff and creamy. Add one-half cup rich milk or cream; and one-half cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, salt, and one teaspoon sugar, sifting the dry ingredients together. Mix lightly. Melt butter one and one fourth inch cube and add last, stirring only enough to mix. Bake in a non-greased waffle iron until brown. Mrs. Preston Holt

Quick Cake—One and three-fourths cups flour, one cup of sugar, three teaspoons baking powder, two eggs put in cup, and cup filled up with milk, seven tablespoons melted butter. Sift flour, sugar, and baking powder four times. To this add eggs and milk. Beat well and add butter and flavor. Bake in two tins. Mrs. Paul Ringle

Cake Icing—One-half cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of white sugar, three tablespoons cold water, white of one egg (unbeaten). Beat in double boiler eight minutes. Remove and add flavor. Be sure water is boiling in lower part of the double boiler. Mrs. Paul Ringle

Say It With Printing "Flowers Die" Unexcelled Job Printing The Beaverton Review Get your printing at home.

Lemon Pie—One lemon, one cup sugar, one tablespoon of cornstarch, three eggs, two cups hot water, one tablespoon butter. Grate the yellow rind of the lemon and add juice, the yolks of three eggs, the sugar, and cornstarch, and mix together well. Add water and butter and thicken over slow fire. Make a rich pie crust and glaze the inside of the shell with the white of an egg. Put in oven for one minute. Then pour in the filling and cover with stiffly beaten egg whites. Mrs. C. Jacka

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Bright prospects mark the opening of the new year. The business horizon is aglow, for fundamental conditions never were sounder. During the next two months thousands will need materials.

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