



The Doctor

In fair weather or foul, zero nights or rainy days, I have always found that my car starts instantly and performs perfectly with Champion Spark Plugs—they're dependable.



CHAMPION Spark Plugs TOLEDO, OHIO

For your protection be sure the Champion you buy are in the original Champion cartons.

SCHOOL FOR MEN Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS

OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Portland, Oregon

Charleston in Ireland

The Charleston in Ireland has been included in the annual dancing tournament between cities of Ulster, Ireland. It is not classed as one of the regular dances, such as the fox-trot, waltz and tango, but is given in a special and separate competition.

A Bargain

He (rapturously)—You accept me? Then it's a bargain!

An Effective Retort

Husband—"You know, dear, I'm not perfect." Wife—"Oh, yes, I know it, but I didn't think you did."

A small radio set devised for aviators by the United States navy transmits signals even when the plane's motors are dead.

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep without opiates.

The genuine bears signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ASTHMA?

Young Woman—I think they ought to rename those eyes you sold me, and call them "Old Soldier Dyes."

Green's August Flower is a mild laxative, and has been in use for sixty years for the relief of constipation, indigestion and similar stomach disorders.

Deafness—Head Noises RELIEVED BY LEONARD EAR OIL

CARBUNCLES Cause DEATH Pills and carbuncles cause agony, sometimes death. Take no chances with home-made quack pills or unscientific concoctions.

For Barbed Wire Cuts Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Facing the drive of the wind, the team fought its way slowly down over the frozen tundras.

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dale whose tongue found his master's face. Food!

The sled-load was untouched. Etienne had dogs. So Garth thought—to freeze his hands and reached a grub-o-cz tea ball and kettle; then started for the camp, following blindly the dog who nosed out the tracks of the team.

The dull glow of the fire through the blur of snow led them over the last yards. There, on his knees, Etienne was working over his huskies' legs.

"Grub and a pull!" shouted Garth, as he scooped up snow for tea. "Good old Castor! You feel better now?"

The husky, sprawled near the blazing logs, lifted his tail in response. "Der moccasin save der feet," said Etienne. "Good 'ting dey cut feet on de bush so we put on de shoe."

"But how did you get them up to follow you? They were close to frozen when we left them."

Etienne grinned as he pinched and rubbed a pair of hairy paws. "Do husky es ver' smart feller. Dey were all tire out—but not start to freeze when we left dem. Een leetle tam, dey so tire and hungree, dey freeze. But Etienne tell dem dat supper start soon, and dey come to life, toute suite. Den I drag dem here."

"I'll get back for blankets," said the much relieved Guthrie, and with Shot, went to the sled and returned with robes, and the whitethair for the famished huskies.

Later, snug before their fire in the wind-break of the timber, two men and six dogs slept the sleep of exhaustion, while the norther drove across the white tundras.

Although the wind ceased and the snow ceased by noon of the following day, the crippled dogs held Guthrie to his camp. With his glasses he located the smoke of cooking fires in the scrub across the basin, and in the early afternoon Etienne slipped his moccasins into the thongs of his snowshoes and started for the camp of the hunters, while Garth, whose knowledge of Cree was limited, stayed with the dogs.

As Garth watched a boiling kettle of salt water, and haddock baking in a tilted frying pan, the dogs announced the return of Etienne through the dusk.

Much depended upon what the head man had learned, and Guthrie probed the immobile features as the half-breed thrust his shoes in a drift and stepped to the fire.

"Well, what news?" From the gravity of his expression it was clear that Savanne was struggling with a problem difficult and baffling.

"Ver' queer 'ting—ver' queer!" was the unresponsive answer as Etienne dropped his mittens on their neck thong to warm his hands at the fire.

"What is it?" "What dose Cree tell me. Dere are eight hunter wid camp egn dis valley here; some from Elkwan and some from down de coast. I talk to dem all. Wat dey say es ver' strange."

"Well, for heaven's sake shoot!" "Sound has been here two—three day back. He invite dem to the Canoe Riviere were he mak' de beeg medicine."

"Did he get them to promise to take their fur to the schooner?" "No! Mokoman, he talk to dem strong, too, but dey not know wat dey do when I say de strait freeze. Dey have moomch fox—silver, black and cross."

"They are going to Sonci's pow-wow?" "Yes, and hunter down de riviere—all weel go."

"How far is it?" "Not far—ten mille—mebbe more, ovaiv de hill."

Garth's mouth shut hard. "Well, Etienne, we haven't been invited, but we'll surely attend that party."

Etienne nodded. "But dese Sonci, w'y he tak' de troubl' to do dese 'ting?"

"He's going to tell the hunters that the spirits are the friends of McDonald and they must take their fur to the schooner."

"I feex dat for beem. I tell de Cree ovaiv dere dat you and I watch de schooner at night, an' see fire come out of her an' de devil dance on de mast. I scare dose suvva so bad, one had de fl."

"How about the men?" "Dey wait to see Sonci—but dey are scare."

"Where is this Mokoman?" "He has gone to de Canoe. He was not wid Sonci."

"Well, we head for the Canoe at daylight. Will the dogs be able to travel? If not, we go without them."

"Ah-hah, de dogs can walk to de Canoe."

"We may not persuade the hunters to cross the ice with us, but we can make a bet for scroverer Sonci when he tries his mummoo-jumbo. Will he dere make his medicine when he sees us?"

Savanne scratched his head before replying. "Someting een dis dat es queer. Dey say Sonci has not met Mokoman, an' he was here on de islan' long tam. Dere was troubl', too, wid French companee, down de Rabbit."

"What kind of trouble—fighting?" "Ah-hah! Dis Blackbeard run de French Cree ovaiv de ice—drive dem off de islan'."

"He did, did he? Well, that will cook McDonald's goose for next year. The government will have the police there waiting for that schooner on her return. Run 'em off the islan'! Good! I only wish he'd try that with us. I wouldn't mind meeting up with Monsieur Breaud of St. Johns."

Etienne drew a long skinning knife from his inside sash. "I would lak to cut dem whisker wid dis—ver' short, een de neck."

"I'll bet you would, you old knife-fighter! Like the job you did on One-eyed Louis, up at God's lake."

Etienne squinted along the edge of the knife—then ran a thumb over it. "Breaud insult ma femme," he said quietly, and returned the knife to its sheath.

In the blue dawn the dog-team pulled out of camp bound down river to the west fork, which would take them north through a gash in the barrens to the watershed of the Canoe. The norther had left much drifted snow and the stiff legs of the huskies cut the pace to a walk. Shot, exuberant after his two days of enforced idleness, ranged to the front and flanks in search of ptarmigan, rabbit and mouse. Along the river, the broken-out drift in the old trail marked the hunters on their way to the rendezvous on the Canoe. It was evident that the Cree trappers in the north of the island were bound for the medicine lodge of the old shaman. Twenty to thirty hunters with a catch of at least one hundred foxes would gather to witness the necromancy of the conjurer. In the power of the old man's magic would depend the destination of twenty thousand dollars' worth of fox pelts. Whether Elkwan or the schooner at Seal Cove was to enjoy a rich Christmas trade would be determined by the ability of Saul and his spirit conjudtors to nullify the superstitious fears aroused by the sinister rumors of the crafty Etienne. It would be a battle worth watching, thought Garth, for the meeting in the lonely valley of the Canoe between the grasping Cree who had betrayed him and the resourceful Savanne. But one condition he had imposed on the half-breed—that there should be no bloodshed. They had come to Akimlasi to save the trade of the future, as well as the present, and under no circumstances was the head man to abuse or threaten either Saul or his sons. He, Guthrie, would have something to say concerning the long arm of the company in its future dealings with the man who had deserted to the enemy; but the command was—no fighting.

"What you do with dat Mokoman?" had demanded Etienne with a grimace. "If he shows up at the pow-wow, and interferences, I'll leave him to you."

"I tak' good care of beem," grunted the other. At the fork they left the main river trail to follow the branch leading north.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By Home, Western Newspaper Union.)

A 1927 based on right principles will be simple. No ostentation of living beyond one's means; simplicity in entertainment in offering freely of what one has to friends, without apology or explanation.

DAINTY DISHES

some time for Sunday night lunch put sweet corn or popped corn through the coffee mill and serve it with top milk or thick cream.

Spiced Tomato Soup.—Take the juice from a quart can of tomatoes, one small can of pimentoes, one potato, one onion, three tablespoonfuls of butter, salt, pepper, cayenne, a whole clove and a little minced parsley. Cook the onion chopped with the parsley five minutes in the butter. Pour over the tomato, add the potato chopped fine and the seasonings. Cook for half an hour, adding water if needed.

Olives Stuffed With Anchovies.—Peel large olives from the stone, leaving the meat in a spiral form. Fill the oil from anchovy filets and press one into each olive. Set on a bed of water cross in a glass dish. Serve with bread sticks, or before soup.

Watermelon Cocktail.—Cut the ripe portions of a good watermelon into balls with a French potato cutter. Fill sherbet glasses and cover with an orange sirup made from the juice, rind and sugar cooked together. Be sure that the pulp is strained from the juice or it may be bitter. When well chilled pour over the glasses of fruit and decorate with a sprig of mint in the center of each glass.

Banana Fluff.—Peel three large ripe bananas, cover them with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and one tablespoonful of grape juice. Let stand on ice for an hour. Mash them and beat well, adding one-half cupful of powdered sugar, and the unbeaten whites of three eggs, one at a time, beating until light. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla and serve in glasses with fruit juice and minced pistachio nuts.

Cottage Cheese With Preserved Currants.—Prepare balls of cottage cheese well seasoned. Make a depression in the center of each and drop in a spoonful of thick currant preserve. Serve with crackers and coffee as dessert.

Frozen Cheese with Figs.—Mash a good sized cream cheese or two with enough whipped cream to soften. Sweeten to taste and pack in baking powder cans and put into ice and salt. When serving, cut into slices, make a depression in the center and drop in a preserved fig.

Muskmelons are delightful served in the same way with lemon sauce or with candied or preserved ginger with some of the sirup.

Seasonal Dishes. A good salad which may be used with a light main dish at luncheon is:

Green Peas and Nuts Salad.—Take a cupful of cooked green peas and one-third cupful of walnut meats. Mix with highly seasoned boiled dressing and serve on lettuce.

Combination Salad.—Drain and chill after cooking a pint of lima beans. Slice two tart apples and a green pepper, add a little onion juice or finely minced onion for flavor and mix with mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce.

Lettuce and Peanut Salad.—Take one-half cupful of freshly roasted peanuts, crush after removing the brown skins, sprinkle over head lettuce, adding a sprinkling of minced onion and French dressing.

Celery Roots With Drawn Butter.—Wash, scrape and cut into dice celery. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, cover with drawn butter sauce, cover and stand over heat five minutes, then serve.

Fruit and Nut Sandwiches.—Put through the meat chopper a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds with one-half pound of figs and a cupful of pecan meats, mixing and grinding until all are well blended. Pack the mixture into baking powder cans, the small ones, packing it in well. When wanted, remove and cut into very thin slices. Lay on circles of buttered bread.

Banana and Pineapple Salad.—Place rings of pineapple on crisp lettuce and in the center place a small cone of banana by cutting the fruit into half and trimming to fit the hole in the center of the pineapple. Sprinkle the top of the candle with paprika or place a red cherry on the tip to simulate the flame of the candle.

Buttered Potatoes.—Peel one dozen small potatoes and put them to cook in a casserole with one-half dozen medium-sized onions, all whole; add four tablespoonfuls of salt and pepper to taste. Cover and bake in a moderate oven an hour. Season with minced parsley and serve.

Chicken Sandwiches.—Prepare the chicken as for salad, using twice as much chicken as celery, chopped very fine. Mix with any good salad dressing and spread on buttered bread. Rolls may be hollowed out, butter well on the inside and fill with salad. These are fine for outings.

Mellie Maxwell Credentials Needed

Thille Clinger says that when applying for accommodations at a strange place she asked if she might entertain her company in the parlor.

"Yes," replied the landlady. "If you are sure he ain't a burglar."—Dallas News.

Mirror Part of Dress

In the Sixteenth century no lady was considered in full dress unless she had a mirror at her breast. It was oval in shape, about four inches in size.

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Effort to "Pin Down" President a Failure

Nicholas Murray Butler's attempt to "smoke out" President Coolidge on a third term did not succeed, but did evoke a story told last summer while Mr. Coolidge was at the White Pine camp in the Adirondacks.

According to the gossip the President was out on one of the lakes fishing when the sky became overcast. The boatman remarked that the dark clouds indicated rain. Mr. Coolidge made no comment. After a while the sky grew blacker and the boatman again remarked that he guessed it was going to rain. Still Mr. Coolidge was silent.

Then came the distant roar of thunder. A sharp flash of lightning was followed by another sharp peal of thunder. Rain began to fall. "Well," said the President's companion, questioningly, "I guess we're going to get that shower."

The President looked at him and demanded sharply: "What are you trying to do, pin me down?"—Los Angeles Times.

Grow Food Supplies for Denizens of Zoo

Transportation of food to the animals is quite a problem in any zoo, and at the National Zoological park at Washington an effort is being made to grow provender right on the spot.

A large garden is operated not far from the pens and it supplies kale, spinach, lettuce, Swiss chard, best tops and the like in huge quantities. Even the lawn clippings are fed to the ruminants and water fowl, and trimmings from trees—the leaves, bark and small twigs—are accepted greedily by the browsing animals.

Recently an orchard was set out and it is expected that soon all the apples that can be used will be grown right in the park.

Castaway in Mid-Ocean

About 800 miles off Boston in the North Atlantic the lookout on the steamer President Garfield saw a piece of wreckage. It was a hatch cover with a live object on it. The steamer stopped and rowing out to the wreckage sailors found a Siamese kitten, wet to the skin and half starved but still alive. Where it came from will remain a mystery of the sea. It is now a mascot of the Garfield's crew.—Capper's Weekly.

Clock's Good Service

A clock that was ticking off the seconds when George Washington was President is still keeping accurate time in the home of W. F. Arms of Malad, Wash. The clock, according to a recent check-up in its life history, has been running for more than 140 years. It was made in Switzerland, and all the wheels except one are of wood.

Looked Like Old Times

For a week a buffalo ranged over the farms of southwest Texas as did his ancestors when those farms were prairies. Startled farmers did not believe their eyes when they saw the buffalo looting across their fields. Investigation proved the animal had been shipped from Yellowstone park to a ranch near Cimarron and had escaped, to be captured after a week of freedom.

Seeking Both

"Didn't you find your penny, Tommy?" "No, sir, but my little brother did."

"Then what are you looking for now?" "My little brother."—London Tit-Bits.

Self-Chosen

She—The Blanks brag about their ancestors as though they had invented them.

He—I'm more than half inclined to think that they did.—Boston Transcript.

A Wise Tip