

This Mother Had Problem



As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, yellow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snavey, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly."

Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

PISO'S For Coughs Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Rub.

Vergil City Discovered Bathrooms, the mysterious city mentioned by Vergil, has finally been found in northern Albania by Italian scholars. Relics that date back to the bronze age have been unearthed on the site, together with statues, stoneware and other evidences of Greek and Roman times. Elaborate mosaics indicate that the citizens of Bathrotum were worshippers of Neptune.

Large, Generous Sample Old Time Remedy Sent Free to Every Reader of This Article More than forty years ago, good old Pastor Koenig began the manufacture of Pastor Koenig's Nerveine, a remedy recommended for the relief of nervousness, epilepsy, sleeplessness and kindred ailments. The remedy was made after the formula of old German doctors. The sales soon increased, and another factory was added. Today there are Koenig factories in the old world and Pastor Koenig's Nerveine is sold in every land and clime.

Try it and be convinced. It will only cost you a postal to write for the large, generous sample. Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1645 No. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

Thought for Today To drive bugs one should understand human nature.—John Andrew Holmes, in the Detroit Free Press.

You Get Strong, If You are a tired-out or "run-down" woman, by taking Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Women by the thousands write letters like this: "During one of my expectant periods I had a complete breakdown. My nerves went to pieces, I could not sleep, had no appetite, my back ached, I was weak and in such terrible distress I had to give up. I could not do my work. Finally I started taking the Favorite Prescription and after taking three bottles I was up doing my housework."—Mrs. Carl Schenk, 3259 So. 59th St., South Tacoma, Wash.

Feel Good Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Internal poisons may vitiate, undermine health and make life miserable. Tonight try NR—Pierce's Kidney and Bowel Corrective. Not just an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, lumpy, poeptic feeling. Mild, safe, purely vegetable.

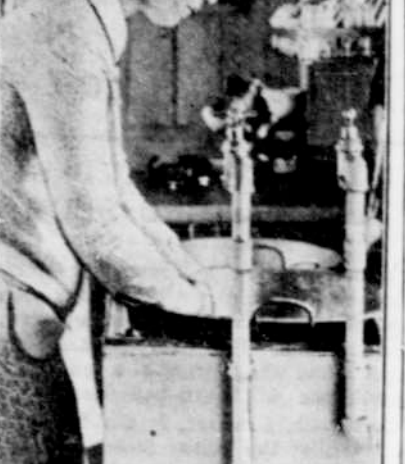
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT At Drugists—only 25c

DISHWASHING IS MADE MUCH EASIER Sinks and Other Surfaces Should Fit the Worker.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) The way one stands while washing dishes or doing any other household task has much to do with the way one feels after the job is done, and also with one's speed and efficiency in doing the work. Sinks and other working surfaces should therefore be installed at the best height for the worker so that a good posture may be maintained.

Notice how low the sink is in the first picture. The dishwasher has to bend over most uncomfortably to reach the bottom of the dishpan. Although an old-fashioned type of sink, it would not be inconvenient if it were raised. It has a counter at the left on which to place dishes, a draining rack, and good light from a window.

The very modern sink in the other picture has been carefully located with reference to the worker's position. She can wash dishes while standing normally. Undoubtedly the gleaming white porcelain finish and swinging



Sink the Right Height Enables Worker to Maintain Good Posture When Washing Dishes.

least soiled, and greasy dishes last. If menus are kept simple and cooked with as few saucy parts as possible, the most arduous part of dishwashing will be reduced accordingly. Baking dishes in which the food cooked can be sent to the table are useful because they cut down the number of articles to be washed.

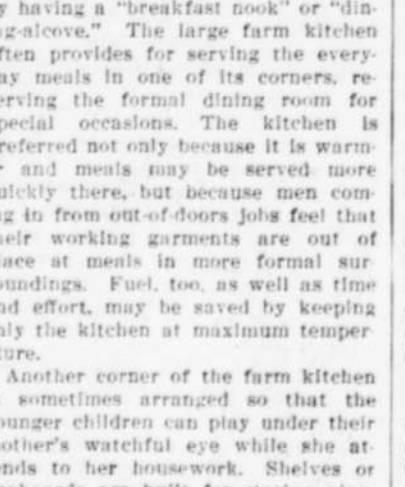
Cheese Custard Enjoyed Occasionally for Lunch

Those who like the flavor of sharp cheese will enjoy cheese custard occasionally as a luncheon dish. It is made in ordinary custard cups served on small plates on which other foods of the same course may also be put. The recipe is from the bureau of home economics:

- 3 cups milk 1/2 sp. salt
1 1/2 cups sharp cheese 2 eggs
1/2 cup butter 1/2 cup flour
Cut into thin shavings 5 drops tabasco

Beat the eggs lightly. Beat the milk in a double boiler, reserving one-half cup of the cold milk to mix with the flour. Stir this flour and milk mixture into the hot milk and add the cheese and salt. Stir until the cheese has melted. Pour this mixture into the beaten eggs and add the tabasco. Fill greased cups with the custard, place in a pan surrounded by water, and bake in a moderate oven until set in the center of the cup when tested with the point of a knife. Serve hot in the cups.

BETTER GROUPING OF KITCHEN EQUIPMENT



Rest Corner in a Large Kitchen.

The large old-fashioned kitchen had its merits in spite of the unnecessary distances often walked by the housekeeper in doing her work. Better grouping of the equipment into more compact work centers often eliminates most of this objection to the large kitchen, and its advantages as a spacious light, warm, comfortable room for several family activities remain.

Have shelves nearby—within reach of the sink without extra steps. If possible—for putting clean china away. Have a wire drain basket in which dishes and silver can be scalded. Study the hand motions used in dishwashing and eliminating unnecessary ones. If the drainboard is on the left of the sink it is more comfortable for right-handed persons than when the hands must cross to put the washed dishes in the drainer.

No experienced homemaker needs to be told that glasses should be washed first while the water is clean and very hot. Then comes silver, china that is



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The modern bungalow dispenses with an extra eating room, frequently, by having a "breakfast nook" or "dining alcove." The large farm kitchen often provides for serving the everyday meals in one of its corners, reserving the formal dining room for special occasions. The kitchen is preferred not only because it is warmer and meals may be served more quickly there, but because men coming in from out-of-doors jobs feel that their working garments are out of place at meals in more formal surroundings. Fuel, too, as well as time and effort, may be saved by keeping only the kitchen at maximum temperature.

AROUND THE HOUSE

A child's honest questions deserve honest answers. Paint the inside of bureau drawers instead of lining them with paper; it makes cleaning easier. Chopped raw carrots make good additions to salads. To grind them use the finest cutter of the food grinder. To disconnect electric appliances pull on the plugs rather than on the cords, and save the delicate wires inside. When cabbage is served to adults in a salad, the small child may have a cabbage sandwich of whole-wheat bread. If all home-canned food is boiled 15 minutes before it is eaten, any possible danger of poisoning with botulinus toxin will be removed, as the toxin is destroyed by boiling.

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

FLASH THE LEAD DOG BY GEORGE MARSH

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock Mc Cain and Gaspard Lacroix, his French-Canadian comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team. Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg River to several. Inured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Before dawn, Brock left the disappointed Flash at the camp, fastened to a tree by a leg, for his wounded neck would bear no collar, while he started to look for caribou. As the eastern sky grayed then turned to a blither blue, Brock, with his hood over his face, shivered in a clump of scrub-spruce on the edge of a muskeg that reached away into the shadows. Here, at dawn, the caribou, if there were any in the vicinity, would come to dig the snow with their round-toed hoofs from the white reindeer moss which grew on the barrens of the north.

Starting slowly from the forest at his right, Brock's eyes swept the barrens. In the dim light he could see but a few hundred yards into the snowy plain, but caribou have poor eyes and if they were there, he knew he could boldly stalk them upwind. While later, after sunrise, it would be more difficult.

Brock waited until the sun lifted to turn the expanse of snow before him into a shimmering plain of fire. It was no use; there were no deer within sight. After breakfast he would make a wide circle and follow the freshest tracks he could find, for he had resolved not to leave Flash and go back to the main camp for grub.

When he had heated and skinned out the fur which he had brought in the night before, he talked to his dog in a useless attempt to soothe him in his disappointment at being tied up in camp when Brock took the trail.

He spent another day on the trail of the caribou, but although he saw a band crossing the barren at a great distance and followed numerous fresh trails, he never came up with them. He was approaching his camp and wondering if Flash had broken loose by gnawing his wire leash, when he was surprised by a chorus of yelps.

"Hello, there! Got worried, did you?" he called to his partner. "The dogs of the team, wild to separate trees, joined Flash in a vociferous welcome.

"Hello, Kona, Yellow Eye, Silt Ear old socks! How're the pups?" Then not seeing a fire in the hole in the snow and receiving no answer from Gaspard, he knew that his partner had arrived early and was off on a hunt of his own. Brock built up the fire and started a good supper with the beans and caribou scraps which he found on Gaspard's sled. As the early dusk filled the spruce with purple shadows, the sleeping dogs waked to the creak of snow-shoes on the dry November snow.

"Well, you old villain!" cried Brock as Gaspard appeared, doubled under the tenderloin and haunches of a yearling caribou. "I hunted for two days and didn't get a shot, and you go out and get one in an hour!"

Gaspard tipped his heavy load into the snow—later to be strung up out of the reach of the dogs. "Wal," he said with a grin, "what you do to poor Flash?"

Brock described the fight with the wolf. "So that pup kill de old wolf, eh? Eet tak' good dog to do dat. Wen you got home one sleep back, I tink you hurt, mebbe."

"I knew you would show up looking for me," roared Brock, his eyes fighting with affection for his partner, "but Flash was too sore to travel, and I was afraid of wolves findin' him here or I would have come back for grub."

Eating a hearty supper, the boys sat by the hot fire of birch company and Gaspard smoked a pipe of company cigar-head. After a silence the half-breed blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth and said: "I see your strange way on sleep back. I cross trail of two wolf?"

"What was strange in that?" queried Brock. "One wolf had onlee tree toe on left hind foot."

whose trap?" Brock was interested. "That wolf was a dog," announced the other, quietly. "A dog? What makes you think so, Gaspard?"

"Because my fader had a dog who mak' a track lak dat—wid her left hind foot?"

"Your father"—Brock gazed intently into the somber features of his friend. "You say your father had a dog shy a toe? Gee, that's strange! But how could she be traveling with a wolf? The wolves would kill her, of course," he demurred.

"No, I have hear of such ting." "You mean she might have mated with a wolf?" "Ah-hah!" "And you're sure it was her track?" "I would know eet anywere."

Brock thrilled to the possibilities of the situation. A dog of the lost Pierre Lacroix—alive in the headwater country! Then your father must have been right here—last winter!" he said, excitedly.

Slowly the half-breed rose, and dropping his mitten on the thong which held it to the neck of his caribou-skin capote, drew his skinning knife from his sash. Dramatically thrusting the hand gripping the knife above his head, he spoke, as if taking an oath, while the younger youth sat wide-eyed:

"Eef dese men are een dis countree, before de snow fade een April, I weel mak dem tell me how he died."

The fixed purpose, the bitter hatred. In the face of his friend, as the firelight touched his knotted features, filled the youth who watched with awe. Brock knew that Gaspard Lacroix would never start on the trail home without easing his mind as to the fate of his father. "It certainly looked like an exciting winter if these people were north of the big lake. It might be that Gaspard and Brock Mc Cain, also, would leave their bones in the Yellow-Leg country. Involuntarily, Brock shivered at the gloomy thought.

"But how are you going to make them tell?" demanded Brock. "For a long space Gaspard's half-shut eyes stared into the fire. Then he said: "Eef I find one alone, on nook trapline, dere are way to mak' hem talk." And he again drew his skinning knife, and suggestively ran a calloused thumb along its edge.

A few days later, Gaspard and Brock, leaving their dogs wired to trees at camp to avoid their yelping, started on a two days' scout through the country to the north of the big lake. "Blessed by the discovery of the dog tracks that move, the memory of his father gave Gaspard no rest. And, moreover, for their own safety it was necessary to learn if the men who had made the tracks on the lake shores were still in the country.

Creeping the upper end of the lake two miles to the west, for they had no intention of leaving a trail across the white level which could be detected from the ridges to the north, Gaspard and Brock traveled through the back country. But that night as they dug a fire hole in the heart of a spruce stand and roasted their caribou steak they were in frank disagreement.

"I don't think there's a soul within a hundred miles to the north of us, argued the skeptical Brock. "We must have made forty miles today and haven't seen a shoe track."

"They are on the lower lak' or the river," granted the stubborn Gaspard. "We'll find dem tomorrow."

Brock looked hard at his friend. "You really believe they are in the country?" Gaspard nodded. "Why?" "From dat high ridge back dere, to-day, I see smoke."

"Oh, you mean that haze?" Brock Mc Cain's heart beat faster. What he had imagined away that afternoon as the imagination of his friend, now, as they sat walling in by the glow of the spruce, seemed more worthy of belief as something other than haze. "Of course, it could have been smoke, but it looked like haze to me," he compromised.

The small eyes of Lacroix glittered. "Let was smoke." As he wound his plaited rabbit-skin robes around him under the brush roof that had built across the sleep-hole to hold the heat of the fire, Brock wondered what the next day would bring forth. If Gaspard proved to be right and they met some of those hunters, what would happen? Would they attack them on sight or attempt to drive them from the country by threats? Or would they appear friendly, only to track them later to their camp and deal with them as they must have dealt with the missing Pierre Lacroix?



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Well Suspended. Mrs. Decollette—Have you noticed that my new party gown is longer than the other? Husband (giving her the o. o.)—Longer? You must refer to the shoulder straps.—Boston Transcript.

Too Fond. "Green"—Are animals very fond of you? "Collins"—Goodness, yes; why even now there's a wolf at my door!"

Music and women are often loved but seldom understood.

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