Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalinize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say *Phillips*. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For Galled Horses
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Echoes From Space

Light on the wandering of wireless waves through the ether is claimed by Professor Stoermer of Oslo to have been thrown by experiments undertaken in conjunction by Norwegian and Dutch wireless stations. The professor states that echoes from these waves have been clearly distinguished. He puts forward the view that the waves are thrown back to earth when they reach a point in space far beyond the moon.

Millions now use Russ Ball Blue. Makes clothes snowy white. Get the genuine.—Adv.

Undesirable Mixture

"Will you have one of our combination breakfasts?"

"No; I don't care for the combination of acute indigestion and heart failure."

Of Course

"What do they mean by this higher education?"

"Something that's over our heads, I suppose."

Generally the Case

"How did you find that cheap house you bought?"

"Very expensive."

While most English critics scorn America's talking motion pictures, the masses pour into the theaters to hear them.

Is the five-day week going to affect housework? Say?

Three Generations Endorse It

"When I was a young single girl I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because my mother did and she gave it to me. After I married I took it before my children were born and afterwards, and I have eight living children. I am now a grandmother and still take it and still recommend it when any one is tired and run-down."—*Mrs. Alfred Iverson, St. Edwards, Nebraska.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

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

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Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS
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Y. M. C. A. Bldg. Portland, Oregon

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 McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, his French-Cree 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. Brock is severely injured 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. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious.

CHAPTER V

—8—

The Patrol of the Gray Owl.

Brock opened dazed and puzzled eyes to find himself lying on the snow where he had been knocked unconscious by the knife handle of the Cree. With throbbing head, and brain still dull from the blows of the knife handle, he drew himself to a sitting position.

"He's up now!" said the white man, in Cree, then turned to the boy. "You're lucky, my young fightin' cock, to come to as you did! Louis, here, wanted to put a knife into you. You sure slugged him for fair. Now shake yourself together! We got t'make camp."

Slowly Brock's confused head cleared. Yes, he recalled, he was tightening a heel thong, when they jumped him. He got the first, then the others piled on, hit him from behind on the head. The boy got to his feet and raised his hand to his swollen head. The fingers were without feeling!

Like the shock of ice water the realization of what that meant spurred Brock's fumbling brain. His fingers were freezing! Groping in the snow where he had fought, he found his mittens.

"Come on now, you!" rasped the white man as the Indian started. "You behave or I'll bore you! Walk off lively now; it's late."

Brock was too dejected—too indifferent—to answer.

Rubbing his hands vigorously with snow, then slowly bringing back the blood by putting them inside his shirt beneath his armpits, Brock followed the Crees, one of whom carried his rifle, while the white man brought up the rear.

As the exertion of snowshoeing in the keen air started the circulation in his numbed limbs, the clearing brain of the boy began to busy itself with his situation. Poor Gaspard! He would never know why his partner had not met him at the far side of the barren. He would wait there, faithful old Gaspard, anxious, wondering.

As usual, Gaspard had been right. It was smoke, not haze, they had seen—smoke from the fire of these people. There was one consolation in it all; they wanted to take him alive. It would have been easy to shoot him from ambush—or knife him. And now, who were they, and what would they do with him? When they made camp, the white leader would show his hand—question him; and, as he had not spoken to the Indians, Brock decided that he would pretend complete ignorance of Cree. He might learn something.

Then, at the exclamation "Kekway!" from the leading Indian, Brock looked up to see the light of a campfire in the distance. A third Cree was waiting for their return with a steaming caribou stew and hot tea.

As he ate his supper beside the fire, Brock listened intently to the conversation. From his looks and manner of speaking, Brock decided that the bearded chief of the party was an English Canadian, and after they had eaten, and lit their pipes, the white man began his examination of the prisoner.

"So you and your partner thought you'd hunt the Yellow-Leg this winter?"

"Yes," replied Brock, looking the older man squarely in the eye. "It's free country; and I ask you what you mean by jumping me this way, and what you think you're going to do with me?"

The bearded man laughed as he exhaled a cloud of smoke. "My boy," he said, "this ain't free country. It belongs to me and my partners—we were here first. And you Hudson's Bay people have got to keep out—or take the consequences."

"Who are you and your partners?" fiercely demanded Brock. "And when did you become the law in this country?"

The other smiled good-naturedly at the spirit of his prisoner. He seemed to bear no ill will toward Brock, but the boy remembered Pierre Lecroix. "That's tellin'. Who are you, and yours?"

Here the imagination and Scotch shrewdness Brock gave him an inspiration. "I'm not afraid to tell you," he said sarcastically, "that one of my partners is Etienne Lecroix of Fort Albany. Ever hear of him?"

At the name of the famous Etienne Lecroix, the white man gave an involuntary start, his eyes widened in surprise, as he repeated this news in Cree to his men.

"Another is Black Jack Desaulles—ever heard of him?" The faces of his auditors, for the curious Crees had joined their chief at the fire, filled Brock with inward delight. They had indeed heard of the chief of the Albany River patrol of the provincial police—dead shot and known from God's lake to Rupert House as a man without fear. Brock had certainly thrown a bomb into the camp of his captors from the grave looks they exchanged.

The older man puffed for a space on his pipe, evidently digesting the startling information that two of the ablest and most feared men in the Hudson's Bay country were wintering on the Yellow-Leg—Etienne Lecroix, uncle of Gaspard, and head man at Fort Albany, and the famous "Black Jack" Desaulles; and that being so, were there for but one purpose—the solution of the mysterious disappearance of Pierre Lecroix. As Brock secretly reveled in the discomfiture of his captors, he wondered if he had helped rather than injured his own chances.

He was silent as the camp prepared for the night. He had his own blanket in his pack, and, when they had tied him up with rawhide, so he could not move easily without disturbing the Indians who lay on either side on the spruce boughs near the fire, he was wrapped in the robe.

With his arms and legs fettered, escape was impossible, so his thoughts ran the gamut of the events of the day which had placed him here, a prisoner—a prisoner, who, like Pierre Lecroix, might never again be heard from. What a jolt the names of Gaspard's uncle and "Black Jack" Desaulles had given them! If only it were true, and these men were back there with Gaspard to come to his aid. Like wolves they'd take the trail. Like wolves they'd fall on these people. But his partner was alone. What could he do single-handed against four?

At last Brock tried to sleep, for he would need his strength, whatever happened. After a time, his tired body brought him to the frontiers of unconsciousness, only to be waked by the call of a gray owl.

He opened his drowsy eyes to watch the glow of the fire on the black screen of surrounding spruce, then closed them with a sigh. Once more he drew near to sleep.

Then again, the hunting call of the gray owl boomed through the soundless forest, "Whoo, hoo-hoo-hoo, whooo-whooo!" but, this time to be followed by a faint squawk.

The signal! The signal of their boyhood! Gaspard He had trailed them, Gaspard had gone in search of the partner who failed to meet him at the rendezvous, found the trail and followed. He lay there now out in the snow, warning Brock of his coming. Staunch old Gaspard!

Shortly Brock heard a faint sound behind the snow hole, and he turned his eyes to see a dark head and shoulders, and the glint of steel where the light from the fire touched a knife blade. Cautiously Gaspard worked his way through the hole in the snow he had dug beyond the sleepers' heads, under the roof of boughs.

Locating his friend, Gaspard thrust his face close to Brock's lifted head, and whispered, "Where are you tied?"

"Knees and elbows," replied Brock, under his breath, desperate with impatience and taut nerves.

Gaspard's arm reached down over his body and the knife slit the cotton jacket of the plaited rabbit skins. Again the razor edge of the knife worked to free Brock from the blanket Gaspard did not dare remove because of the nearness of the sleepers. At last, in desperation, Lecroix seized Brock's shoulders and slowly drew him from between his neighbors, and back through the hole in the snow. A slash at his elbow and knees, and Brock was free, with his recovered rifle jammed into his hands.

For a space, the two stood in the snow, guns cocked, ears straining for a sound from the sleep hole. Then, slipping his feet into the thongs of his snowshoes, Brock whispered, as an arm gripped the shoulders of his partner: "Come on—they're dead asleep!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trying to stand on one's dignity often results in a hard fall.

Few Persons Really Capable of Thought

Psychologists say that only five persons out of every hundred really think. The others emote. In order to get anything across to ninety-five out of one hundred of us, says Harry Daniel in Thrift Magazine, you must sock us in the jaw, lam us over the head, jab us in the ribs, pull our hair or tickle our noses with a feather. These may seem like cruel words but no one will feel hurt over them because all of us belong to the group of five. The group of ninety-five who can't think are all the other fellows. In our opinion the correct way to divide the one hundred would be as follows: Number who think they think, one; number who think nobody else thinks, ninety-nine; grand total of those who are wrong, one hundred.

There is much false glamor about the grandeur of pure intellectualism. We doubt if many of the wonders of the present day would have come about if it had not been for people who have felt more than they have thought. All members of the group of five will now please stand up and snort at this observation. Let us continue to have plenty of feeling, laughter and thrills, tears and indignation, suspense and rewarded bravery. Without these, life would be dull as an adding machine.

Lampblack Melts Ice

Remembering that black absorbs the sun's rays and holds the heat, the captain of a ship in Alaska ordered a long strip of refuse oil and lampblack 40 feet wide, to be swabbed across a frozen lake where his boat was held. In a short time, the strip had melted or softened so that the steamer could break through the channel.

Shakespeare Stuff

"The worst is yet to be," quoted the weiner as it slid into the sausage machine.

TRANSFORM GIRLS' ROOM INTO COZY NEST

View of Ruby Bing's Room and Dressing Table.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In "Own Your Own Room" clubs, 4-H girls learn how to plan a simple attractive room, how to overcome drawbacks and eliminate undesirable furnishings, how to arrange to best advantage what they already have, how to spend money wisely for new furnishings, and how to care for their rooms. Very often it happens that when a girl has succeeded, with the help and advice of the extension agent, in making her own room attractive, the family becomes interested and soon the whole house is transformed.

Ruby Bing of Albemarle county, Virginia, wanted a pretty bedroom of her own. The only place in the house that she could have exclusively for herself was a little room over the kitchen which her two brothers had more or less wrecked with "rough-housing." There were seven shot holes in the walls where they had tried out their air rifles. The plaster was cracked in many places; the paper was streaked and faded, and none of the furniture was in usable condition. Ruby had almost no money to spend for improvement. She decided to invest what little she had in paint—white paint for the furniture and woodwork, rose water color for the walls. She filled up the cracks and shot holes with putty, and then gave the walls and ceiling two covering coats. After the frame of the window and the doors were painted she varnished the floors. In the course of her club-work she had made several articles of unbleached muslin, trimmed with a butterfly motif—a counter pane and pillow sham, runner for the dressing table, window curtains with a valance, and covers for the seats and backs of her two chairs. These accessories made a big difference in the freshened appearance of her room. She found an old mirror in the attic and painted that white, too. The result was so pretty, especially after she put a basket of flowers under the window and a braided rug, which she had made, on the floor, that her family gave her a white toilet set for her dressing table to complete the improvement.

HOUSEHOLD SOAP FOR LAUNDERING

Much Depends on Fabrics Intended to Be Washed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The kind of soap used for household laundering depends on the fabrics that have to be washed, how much they are soiled, whether the washing is done by hand or machine, and whether the water is hard or soft.

Silks and woolens are most sensitive to alkalis, and strong soaps which may contain uncombined alkalis should never be used on them, says the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. A mild, neutral soap of known purity should also be used on cotton materials that show a tendency to fade, and on all delicate fabrics. On the other hand, it is not economical to use an expensive soap on ordinary cotton fabrics where a medium-priced soap would be satisfactory, or on very heavy, dirty materials which would be more easily cleaned with a stronger soap. Many women ignore this and are either wasteful of good soaps or spoil their more delicate garments with poor ones. Chipped and flaked soaps go into solution very easily and have many uses for special fabrics. Some of these soaps are useful for the washing machine, but if heavy or much soiled articles are being washed, a solution made by dissolving a stronger soap in boiling water will do the work better. The ingredients of most washing powders are cheaper and more satisfactory when bought separately.

Water softeners are sometimes added to soaps but their price is usually greater than their value. It is cheaper to buy them separately. There are other objections to their presence in soaps. Common salt and other inert and sometimes insoluble materials are often added to increase the weight of the bar or to give scouring properties. Materials that will not dissolve and make suds, such as pumice and sand, are only valuable as scouring agents and should not be present in laundry soaps.

A good laundry soap should also be free from excessive water, which makes a moist, but wasteful bar of soap. No one wishes to pay for soap and receive a large proportion of water. Almost all yellow laundry soaps contain rosin. It will lather and make suds, therefore it has some cleansing value, but if there is too much rosin the soap will have a disagreeable odor, give a sticky feeling, and possibly yellow the clothes.

Cotton for Graduation Almost Always Chosen

Simplicity is, or should be, the keynote in graduation exercises, and consequently in many schools and colleges there is a definite effort to encourage very simple and inexpensive types of graduation frocks. For this reason, and because of the advent of warm weather in June, white cotton fabrics are almost universally chosen for the "sweet girl graduate." In many instances the girls are interested in making their own graduation dresses. They can put into practice some of the training they have received in sewing, and also save money. Sometimes a contest is started with a set limit as to how much may be spent for materials. One of the objects of these friendly contests is to level any possible differences in expenditure that might be evident when some of the students are able to pay more for their clothes than others.

For the tailored or sports type of graduation dress generally worn at morning graduation exercises, broadcloth, poplin, suiting, and pique are good materials to use, the bureau of home economics suggests. Where frills and flounces are permitted, as at an afternoon or evening graduation, soft, sheer materials are liked. Batiste, lawn, dotted net, and dotted swiss are all appropriate and sure to be popular with the girls who choose them, since dresses made of these fabrics will do for parties throughout the summer. Organdie, which is somewhat stiffer and crisper than the other white cotton suggested, is nevertheless charming for use when a scalloped hemline, a basque waist, or a pin-tucked effect is considered.

Casserole of Rabbit

Rabbit can be used in any of the many ways in which chicken is used. Those who do not like the strong gamey flavor of wild rabbit may parboil it in water containing soda.

To make a casserole of rabbit dress and cut up the rabbit, brown the pieces in bacon fat and then place them in a baking dish. Make a gravy by stirring flour into the fat, add seasoning and two cups of hot water. Stir this mixture until it thickens, pour the gravy over the meat, cover the baking dish and bake until the meat is tender.

Milkless Cake

Put one cupful water in a basin, add one cupful sugar, one tablespoonful compound, two cupfuls raisins, one teaspoonful cinnamon or nutmeg, boil three minutes, cool and add pinch of salt, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls warm water, two cupfuls flour and half teaspoonful baking powder.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

Simple window curtains in a small room make the room appear larger.

• • •

A practical schedule of work is as necessary for the efficient housekeeper as for the business man.

• • •

Boiled frosting which becomes too stiff to spread may be thinned by adding a few drops of hot water and beating well.

Small hangers on rods placed low enough in the closet for children to reach them encourage children to care for their clothes, teach them habits of neatness and independence, and relieve the busy housewife.

• • •

Use an embroidery frame to help remove stains. Stretch the part of the cloth containing the stain over the frame and place it over a bowl. Boiling water can then be poured through without wetting much of the cloth or scalding the hands.

Thought Angler for Snakes Was "Touched"

There is a man in California who angles for rattlesnakes much as a fisherman angles for trout. Willis A. Rowe of San Fernando became interested in rattlesnakes some twenty years ago. One of his favorite methods of capture is with a trout rod and wire noose. Forest and Stream tells of the effect produced by this style of "angling" upon persons unfamiliar with his work.

His critics cannot be blamed, for who wouldn't consider a man a lunatic who was seen casting with a fly rod in the middle of the Mojave desert under a burning sun? Once Mr. Rowe was casting for rattlers in the sagebrush when a group of Eastern tourists came by. They stopped a moment, then gave the car all the gas it would carry, as they tore off toward Bakersfield.

About an hour later two husky deputies came out and asked Mr. Rowe to accompany them. They spoke of excellent fishing nearer town. It was fully a half hour before the snake fisherman could convince them he was in his right mind.

Fiji Islanders Have Little Need to Work

Fiji islanders have a pretty easy time, little work and no rent to pay.

The placid life of the islanders brightens the heavy reading of the annual colonial report for 1927, which has just been issued by the British government.

"Labor conditions do not exercise any considerable influence on the Fijians as a whole," declares the report, "apart from affording additional social amenities. Every Fijian is a member of a land-owning unit and has the right to use a portion of the tribal lands for planting crops for food and profit, or for raising cattle.

"If he remains in his village, he is provided with a house of native construction, built by the community of which he is a member. Beyond performing his share of the work done for its own benefit by the community as a whole, he pays no rent either for his land or his house."

Newspaper Names Limited

There is a great sameness in the titles of newspapers in the United States. Of approximately 2,400 daily papers, only about 300 words are recorded, and only 50 of these 300 words are necessary to identify 2,000 of these dailies, according to a survey of "How Newspapers Get Their Names," made by the Inland Printer. Twelve name words are used for 1,368 newspapers, the order of numerical importance being: News, 298; Times, 191; Journal, 155; Herald, 142, Tribune, 108; Record, 80; Republican, 79; Press, 70; Star, 67; Democrat, 59; Gazette, 67, and Sun, 52.

Rebuked

Director—Now, Miss Royle, in the next scene you come on in the tout ensemble.

Movie Star—Say, Mr. Ginsbolg, doncha think it'd be sorta more patriotic to use an Amurrican car?—Life.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Correct

Johnnie—Pop, what are the Middle ages?

Pop—The Middle ages, my son, are the ones the women reach when they stop counting.

At Least That

"Should a husband keep anything from his wife?" asks a writer.

Enough for lunch and carfare, we should say.—Boston Transcript.

Cause of Divorce

"What brought about your separation?"

"Marriage."

Culture is knowing what is best in art, literature and music, and—here's the rub—liking it.

A medicine glass is surely a sanitary measure.

It is easier to make yourself tiresome than agreeable.

WHEN damp days, sudden changes in weather, or exposure to a draft makes joints ache, there is always quick relief in Bayer Aspirin. It makes short work of headaches or any little pain. Just as effective in the more serious suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago. No ache or pain is ever too deep-seated for Bayer Aspirin to relieve, and it does not affect the heart. All druggists, with proven directions for various uses which many people have found invaluable in the relief of pain.

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DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC
PORTLAND SEATTLE
MERTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 14-1929.

City Children

According to a recent survey of the population of New York's metropolitan area, there is a much larger proportion of children in factory towns than in residential sections. It was found that 37 per cent of the total population in the district surrounding Manhattan Island for 50 miles is under the age of twenty years, ranging from 30 per cent in East Orange, N. J., a residential town, to 46 per cent in Perth Amboy, a factory city. Manhattan itself contains proportionately fewer children than the more outlying parts of New York city.

Unethical

Friend—Why are you so annoyed with your son, the artist?

Newrich—Well, he goes off somewhere into the country and paints a dirty old hayrack when we have a fine new Rolls-Royce in our own garage.—Faun, Vienna.

Discovered

Customer—So you're Spanish. Are you the Sevillian barber of grand opera fame?

Barber—Oh, no, sir; I'm the barber that trims civilians close.

More Certain Way

"Did old Moneybags attain his great success in life by burning midnight oil?"

"No, by selling it."

Pathetic Request

Guest (a lifelong neighbor)—It's raining outside. Could I borrow one of my umbrellas?

A cafeteria is a great influence to teach a man not to choose more than he can eat.

NICE WORDS WON'T DYE a dress or coat...

Neither pretty pictures nor colorful adjectives will dye a dress or coat. It takes real dyes to do the work; dyes made from true anilines.

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