A NEW set of Champions every 10,000 miles restores new car performance. They cost you nothing as they quickly save their cost in gas and oil.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS
TOLEDO, OHIO

The Modern Mind

Appel—Miss Crabflake's mind is essentially modern.

Sass—In what way?

Appel—She never seems to have much on it.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

Or a Hat Pin

One of the blessings the present generation is denied is picking a walnut with a horseshoe nail.—Louisville Courier Journal.

OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Soul's Dilemma

Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires—necessity and free will.—Thomas Carlyle.

Much damage has been caused in Australia by "bush," or forest fires. Only a change of wind saved many towns.

Before and After Childbirth

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my first baby was born and I am taking it now for my weakened condition after the birth of my second boy. Although I never have put on any flesh I am feeling good now and the Vegetable Compound has helped me in every way. It is surely a wonderful medicine and I will be glad to answer letters for I recommend it highly."—*Mrs. Fred W. Davey, Madison, Kansas.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

FLASH
THE LEAD DOG
By GEORGE MARSH

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WNU Service

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. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep. Gaspard believes these men killed his father and is prevented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—12—

By nine o'clock it was light enough to distinguish objects down wind, and Brock started. Had he been well supplied with provisions, he would have weathered the blow in camp, but to wait one—two days, until the norther blew itself out, while he and Flash grew weak from hunger, was not to his liking. While he yet had his strength, he would try for his trapping camp, where there was a little flour and dried meat, and fish for Flash. It could not be far, not more than ten miles, and if the wind eased they might make it by night.

For two hours, the dogged youth, with the nose of his husky at his heels, pushed into the hammering wind. At length, weak from hunger and exhaustion, he crossed a small valley where the drifts rose shoulder-high but the wind-break of the ridge ahead eased the going. He knew he must find a camping place soon and weather it out, for his legs were stiffening. The grub at the end of the trap-line was still miles away. He must hold up for the night and wait for the norther to blow itself out. He couldn't buck this wind loaded with shot. He was beaten.

But there was no cover here. He would freeze if he stayed. They must get over the ridge and down into the thick timber. Head down, body doubled on his thighs, the desperate lad plunged into the pin-pointed barrage which beat the blood, like sandblasts, to his frost-blackened face.

At his heels crawled a dog.

Through the white maelstrom of the exposed ridge they battled; now flattened to the snow as wind flattens grass; now reeling forward until, again beaten to their knees, they sought breath for another effort. On and on went the pair, boy and dog, fighting for every white yard they wrung from the bludgeoning wind, as they sought the sanctuary of the spruce. There at last, they won their way, and, side by side, on the snow gasped for breath as the norther thundered over them.

Rested, Brock wiped the ice from his tortured face with a blue hand. By instinct and the feel of the tails of Brock's shoes, the husky had held to his master's heels. Tenderly the boy freed the inflamed eyes of his dog from the crust which blinded him. Then, where the spruce stood thick and no drift was making, Brock dug a hole, lined and covered it with boughs and cut wood for a fire.

"We'll wait it out here, Flash," he cried. "There's a little left for supper—then—we starve; but we'll wait it out here."

Ravenous with hunger after the hours of grinding toil against the force of the wind, dog and boy finished the pitiful half-ration of food which remained, and curling before the blazing logs, slept the sleep of exhaustion.

To Brock's surprise and joy, he opened his eyes at dawn to find that the blizzard had blown itself out and the snow had ceased.

"Hey, you Flash!" he cried to the dog who had dug into the snow at the side of the hole. "Wake up, you old sleepy head! Today we have a real feed."

Brock was weak from lack of food but the thought of the meal he and Flash would share at the trap-line that day, drove his hunger from his mind. Drinking the water in which he had boiled his tea bag, he tightened his belt over his empty stomach and started on legs stiff from the exertion of the day before.

On the brow of the first ridge he mounted, Brock stopped to set his course. For a long space he gazed to the north and east, then his brows contracted as a puzzled look entered his eyes.

"By the great horned owl, Flash," he announced to the dog whose eyes watched the boy with interest, "I don't see one darned landmark!"

Brock got out his glasses from the sled and slowly swept the surrounding country. Every hill and conspicuous spruce or jack-pine, every ice-locked pond, every reach of frozen muskeg, he studied for some landmark he had noted on his way southwest along the great barren. But his search was in vain. He was in a country he had never seen.

Somehow he had been tricked by the wind. It had shifted and he had followed the shift. He had probably worked far to the east, but not more than ten miles. He hadn't made much more than that against that wind. So he turned into the northwest.

Through the short hours of the subarctic December day, they traveled over the frest, blanket of snow which had buried the country. But when the sun drifted into the lead-colored haze, smearing the western horizon, and Brock made camp, the wind-burned features of the boy's face, scarred by the whip of the blizzard, were sober with doubt. That day he should have reached or seen the ridge at the end of his lines and the barren to the south. As the light faded and the spruce filled with purple shadow, Brock now realized that in the two days of blinding snow with a masked sun, he had worked far to the east or west—which he did not know.

And the last of the food was gone! How long could he travel without grub? Starving as they were, he and Flash could make the trap-lines and home camp—if he only knew in which direction they lay. But to wander—lost!

Supperless, the two friends slept, while out under the glittering stars stole the clawed patrols of the forest night, pitiless eyes scouring thickets and moonlit reaches for that which would still the ache of their hunger. Ghostly shapes, like gray shadows, drifted noiselessly through the stinging air, talons tense for the swift thrust at hapless mouse or rabbit.

"Flash, you look hungry," said Brock in the morning, with a wry grin, as he tightened his belt, and started into the north. "Today we hunt as we go. A couple of rabbits would taste prettty good, eh?"

If only they could run into caribou, thought the boy. But the presence of wolves on the flanks of the migration doubtless had scattered the deer far and wide.

At noon, Brock built a small fire and rested. While Flash as yet showed little effect from his lack of food, Brock was fast weakening. The ache of his clamoring stomach had now ceased but in its place stole a heaviness—a numbness into his limbs. He wondered how long he would be able to travel, searching for the river and lake, if he failed to strike game; two—three days, possibly another, then a starvation camp, where day by day, he would weaken, until he could no longer cut wood to keep his fire and the numbness of the white death would find him beside his dog. Poor old Flash! He would still hang on, for a husky starves slowly. And then again, before the husky was too weak, he might find rabbits, or caribou, and work back to camp and Gaspard.

Filling his stomach with hot water, with a shrug Brock turned to the dog. "Flash, like a fool, I got you into this mess. Now I'm goin' to get you out. Come on, old boy, and we'll shoot some supper."

Before dusk dropped like a blanket on the Kiwedin wastes, Brock shot two rabbits, which he shared with Flash, and that night, for a space, the fear in his heart was dulled.

Wrapped in his robes by the fire, Brock's harassed thoughts thrashed back and forth over the days just passed. Often he had heard his father say that bushcraft, backed by nerve, would, in the end, bring any lost man home. What beat them was losing nerve and head at the same time.

Well, ruminated the boy in the robes, if nerve would drive him to the Yellow-Leg, he would make it tomorrow or the next day. Then it would be a case of having the strength to reach the camp on the headwaters. But his strength was going fast. To the best of his belief he had wandered east, past his trap-lines, in the blinding snow. If only he could meet caribou! What a feast he and Flash would have on red meat!

Then, there was Gaspard! Already, in search of his missing partner, he would have visited the trap-line camp! But Brock's trail to the big barren had been wiped out by the snow. Poor Gaspard!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not a Busy Spot

The railway station in the British empire with the least traffic is probably Oodnadatta, in Australia, which has one train in two weeks.

Never Can Live Down That Fatal Faux Pas

Of course, I shall have to leave town and attempt to begin all over again where my past is unknown. I cannot remain here, where my business associates eye me pityingly, knowing that the new sales manager, Mr. Goomis, has given me to understand that my time is up at the end of the month. And what I did seemed, at the time, so venial!

My blunder occurred at a little dinner given by the sales force in honor of Mr. Goomis. All had gone pleasantly enough; Mr. Goomis, who sat at my right, seemed to take a particular interest in me. And when, in response to the general demand, he rose to "say a few words," I sank back contentedly enough, certainly with no presentiment of disaster. It is true I had drunk a good deal; but my nerves were steady, I knew what I was about, and except for a slight feeling of unusual vigor, possibly of daring, I was quite normal. Even now I cannot account for that fatal faux pas. . . .

I only know that when Goomis, after the usual apology for his lack of forensic ability, cleared his throat and began: "That reminds me of the story of the Scotchman who took his wife for an airplane ride—now stop me if you've heard this one—."

I stopped him!—Kansas City Times.

Going Somewhere

Some one has said that it is hard to meet the average mind because it isn't going anywhere. The difference between real thinking and reverie is that reverie isn't going anywhere. Just letting things run through your mind ungoverned, isn't thinking. Life is too short not to be going somewhere.—Exchange.

Confusing

There are so many smart men on both sides of everything that I confess to being greatly confused.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

SUMMER CAMPS FOR 4-H BOYS AND GIRLS

Handicraft Hour for a Girls' 4-H Club Camp in Maryland.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Do boys and girls who live in the country need a vacation of a week or so at a camp? Extension workers, especially those in charge of 4-H club work, think so, and in almost every state are doing what they can do to foster the establishment of summer club camps. They believe that any girl or boy needs a change from familiar scenes and work, the chance to meet new people, to do things in a different way, to throw off responsibility for a little while, to learn a little and play a little. Club camps provide all this, and fill a real need in the lives of the fortunate young people who take part in them. Some of these camps are temporary, others have proved so valuable and so popular that they have been made permanent institutions, with buildings and equipment that can be used over and over by each group attending the camp. There may be various county camps available for those who want this sort of change, or a large state camp. The cost of a stay at camp is borne by the members who go, although in some cases a trip to camp is an award offered by a community or group of business men for club achievements.

These camps are intended to be both educational and recreational. Intensive short courses are generally given in different phases of farm practice and homemaking. Demonstrations by trained teams of club members are a feature of many camps. They not only afford those who look on a chance to learn something and see what is being done in clubs other than their own, but they give the demonstrators excellent practice in talking before an audience and in learning to be self-confident.

Physical training is coupled with setting up exercises, group games and water sports where a lake or river makes them possible. Manual training is given in such crafts as basketry, raffia, picture framing, or wood carving. Observational hikes are taken for nature study, and even the country boy or girl may learn much that is new about birds or plant growth, and other wild life. The companionship with a large group of congenial people for both instruction and recreation, is perhaps the most important feature of these 4-H summer camps. Those who participate in them go home after a week or ten days with new points of view, fresh inspiration for their own tasks, and often with new friends.

The photographs, taken by the United States Department of Agriculture at two girls' 4-H club camps, show both sides of camp activity. In one, a group of Florida girls at a lakeside camp are going for their early morning dip; in the other, a group of Maryland girls are enjoying an out-of-doors handicraft demonstration.

Ready For the Morning Dip at a Girls' 4-H Club in Florida.

DIFFERENT WAYS TO FLAVOR SALAD

With or Without Cold Sliced Meat Dish Always Liked.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Everybody, apparently, likes potato salad, and the occasions upon which you may appropriately serve it are as varied as the ingredients you can put into it, for flavor or color. For party luncheons, church socials, out-of-doors picnics in summer, or Sunday night suppers in winter, potato salad with or without cold sliced meats is always a popular menu.

Nearly all potato salads have a little onion flavor. This may be in the form of onion juice, or the onion may be grated, finely minced, or shaved very thin. Chopped parsley, too, and pickles of some kind, may be added even when not specified in the recipe. The potatoes are usually cooked in their jackets in boiling salted water until they become tender but not soft or mealy. After they have been peeled and cooled they are cut up in small uniform cubes or sliced very thin. Mayonnaise dressing is always good in potato salad; or hot cooked dressing may be poured over the potato and the other ingredients added when the potato has had time to absorb the flavor of the dressing. Or a french dressing may be used, in the proportion of three parts of oil to one of vinegar, with salt, paprika and chopped parsley added to suit the individual taste.

The bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture suggests some good combinations of flavor to add to potato salad. The proportionate amounts of potato and other ingredients is a matter of personal preference. With the diced cooked potato any of the following may be used: Pickled beets, and onion; crisped bacon, onion or chopped pickle; dill pickle and shredded cabbage; chopped olives and green peppers; fried ham in cubes and minced onion; bacon crisped, canned peas, horseradish in french dressing; celeriac (celery root) and minced onion; celery, cabbage, minced parsley, and finely chopped pickle.

Rhubarb and Strawberry Jam Especially Favored

These two flavors combine especially well in a preserve, and many people like the slight acidity given by the rhubarb better than the unmodified sweetness of plain strawberry jam. Both fruits are obtainable early in the season in most parts of the country. The proportions and directions are from the bureau of home economics.

2 quarts rhubarb cut in 1 inch pieces
1 quart strawberries
1½ quarts sugar

Cover the rhubarb with a portion of the sugar and let it stand for an hour or so. Crush the strawberries and mix with the remaining sugar, then combine with the rhubarb. Place over a low flame until the sugar has dissolved. Increase the heat and cook quickly, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Cook for about 30 minutes, or until the mass is fairly thick. Pour into hot sterilized jars, cover with paraffin, seal, and store in a cool, dry place.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To use too much soap cuts down the efficiency of the washing machine.

• • •

Do not wring silk stockings to remove the water. Squeeze them and pat them between towels.

• • •

Egg yolk is a necessary part of the little child's daily diet and can be used at breakfast, lunch, or supper.

• • •

Food habits which may affect the child's health and happiness all his life long are formed during the earliest years.

• • •

A whisk broom is a good clothes sprinkler, because it gives a fine spray, sprinkles evenly and is quicker than hand sprinkling.

• • •

Wise parents avoid infecting their children with fear as much as they try to safeguard them against disease. Fears learned in childhood are often the cause of failures in adult life.

Periscope Colored So That It Is Invisible

One of the early drawbacks to the submarine was the inability to see what was happening on the surface, with the old-style periscope betraying the vessel.

None of them could hide its periscope except, of course, by submerging it, and then the submarine was blind, and practically helpless.

Nowadays, however, these underwater craft are fitted with periscopes that are to all intents and purposes invisible, except at quite close quarters. This is accomplished by painting them checkerboard fashion with alternate squares of green and violet.

These two colors, when viewed jointly by the eye, amalgamate, and cause the brain to receive the impression of seeing blue. A periscope so painted very obligingly merges into the color scheme of the sea and becomes invisible.

"Pan" in His Stomach Not Culinary Utensil

They had a real laugh at the receiving hospital the other day. A man had been brought in who apparently was more frightened than hurt. He kept crying over and over again that he had swallowed a pan. At first the attendants thought he had been drinking or was out of his head but as neither was the case they began to question him.

"You say you swallowed a pan? What kind of a pan?"

"A pan. Yust a pan Ay bane swallow, py yimminy!"

"But what kind of a pan? You mean a frying pan?"

"No. You bane make fun off me. Ay swallow a fountain pan w'en Ay bane busy t'inkin'."—Los Angeles Times.

Within the Reach

of every woman—health and strength. They're brought to you by Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is sold by druggists. It will build up, strengthen and invigorate the "run-down," nervous, or delicate woman.

One who has used it remarked: "When I was a young girl I worked as a stenographer for a large wholesale house where I was obliged to run up and down stairs a good many times a day, which is known to be very injurious to a woman. In a very short time I had functional disturbances. I took the Prescription and it strengthened me and regulated my system.

"My mother took the 'Prescription' during middle life and was never down in bed a day during the whole time."—Mrs. M. E. Kennedy, 423 E. Ash St., Portland, Oreg.

Save Washington's Tree

Tree surgeons have succeeded in keeping alive the last of the chestnut trees planted by George Washington at Fredericksburg, Va. There were thirteen trees, one for each of the colonies that became states in the United States. The seedlings were placed in the ground with due ceremony by the Father of Our Country on a day dedicated especially for the occasion.

Ants had burrowed through the heart of the surviving tree, but surgeons have filled the hollow with concrete and its existence has been prolonged for a few years.

Millions in Teeth

Teeth to the value of $6,494,032 were produced in the dental laboratories of this country during 1927, figures obtained by the Department of Commerce indicate. This was an increase of nearly 10 per cent over the previous census of 1925. Dental gold increased 16.6 per cent in the same period, reaching a total of $13,515,408, while the grand total of output for all dental goods was $42,695,252.

Turkey Limits "Smiths"

Turkey has provided against a surplus of "Smiths," or similar names, in that country. In drafting the proposed surname bill, which compels every Turkish family to choose a surname, a maximum number of identical appellations is given. When the bill is passed family councils will be held throughout the country to select suitable names.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Mythical Fountain

Pirene was a celebrated fountain at Corinth, which took its origin from Pirene, a daughter of Oeoalus who melted away into tears through grief over the loss of her son, Cenchries. At this fountain Bellerophon is said to have caught Pegasus. The fountain burst forth from the rock in Acrocorinthus.

Holds Endurance Record

The record for continuous flying has been bestowed upon a flying boat built in 1919. Operated for years on the mail route between Seattle and Vancouver, B. C., the ship still soars over Puget sound. She has worn out seven engines.

Coloring Up

"Did you see her change countenance when Jack spoke to her?"

"No, but I noticed her touching up her face before he came along."—Boston Transcript.

If one doesn't know what's good without being told, he won't go far.

What Will you do When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

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Growth of Air Force

Before the close of the World war, the United States navy had an air force overseas comprising 400 planes, fifty kite balloons and three dirigibles, operated by a personnel of about 1,100 officers and 18,000 enlisted men. Its pilots had flown approximately 1,000,000 miles, including 6,000 miles of war flights over areas infested by submarines. This large organization was developed from a nucleus of six officers and sixty-three enlisted men who landed at Pauillac, France, in June, 1917.

Twins Inseparable

Everywhere that James Kelly went, Robert had to go, for they were twins. James often got in trouble with the police, or maybe it was Robert—nobody could tell them apart—so both were arrested. They are serving state prison terms together in Connecticut now for robbery.—Indianapolis News.

A catalogue of earthquakes registered by seismological observatories all over the world between 1918 and 1924 has been made in England.

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