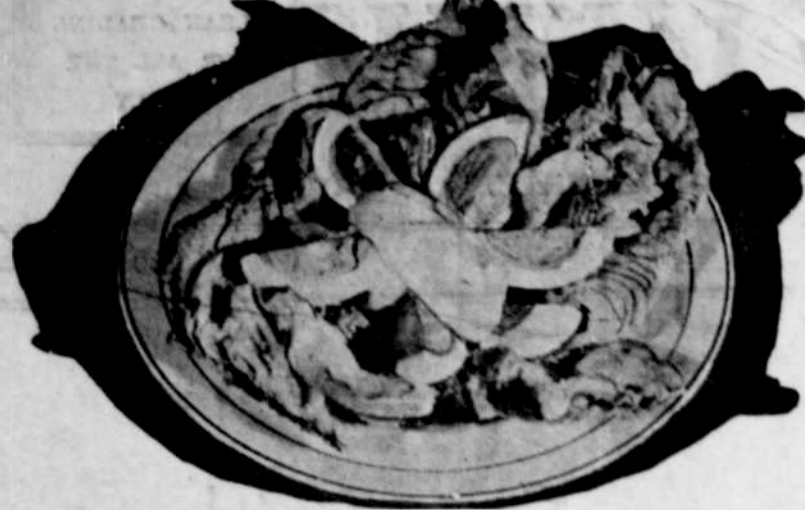


EGG SALAD WILL MEET ALL EMERGENCIES



Egg Salad Serves Many Knotty Problems.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
"What shall we have for refreshments?" After the usual debate has taken place, whether the occasion is a luncheon, a card party, or a Sunday supper, some one generally solves the knotty problem by suggesting, "Why not have egg salad?"

terrupting her preparations for leaving the house early, and if she keeps mayonnaise and lettuce on hand her salad materials are ready to assemble quickly.
The photograph from the bureau of home economics shows one of the simplest and most effective ways of arranging egg salad on individual plates. Each hard-cooked egg is cut into six lengthwise sections, which are set in a circle, giving the effect of a daisy when the yellow mayonnaise is put in the center.

COOK ASPARAGUS DIFFERENT WAYS

Cook Quickly to Avoid Destroying Delicious Flavor.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Whatever way you serve asparagus, cook it quickly so as not to destroy its delicate flavor nor injure its vitamins. If you cook the stalks whole have the pan broad and deep enough so that the entire bunch can be kept together and lifted out without the stalks being broken.

Asparagus is trimmed, washed and scraped if there are large scales. Then it is broiled until tender in lightly salted water, either whole or cut in inch pieces. It is then ready to be served with butter, a white sauce, or hollandaise sauce, or in any other way.

Asparagus Custard.
1 pint milk 3 eggs
2 cups raw aspara. 1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup cream 1/2 tsp. butter
1 cup rich milk or cream 1/2 cup fine but.
1 cup cream crumbs
1 cup asparagus 1 or 2 drops tabasco

Spaghetti and Asparagus.
2 cups cooked spaghetti 1/2 cup butter
1 cup asparagus 1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup rich milk or cream 1/2 cup fine but.
1 cup cream crumbs
1 cup asparagus 1 or 2 drops tabasco

AROUND THE HOUSE

A fork creams butter more quickly than a spoon.
The best mattress will lose its shape on uneven sagging springs.
A few chopped dates in the dish of cereal may make it twice as attractive.
The tougher cuts of meat properly prepared may be as delicious as the

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1920 Western Newspaper Union.)
We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray
And we think that we mount the air
Beyond the recall of sensual things.

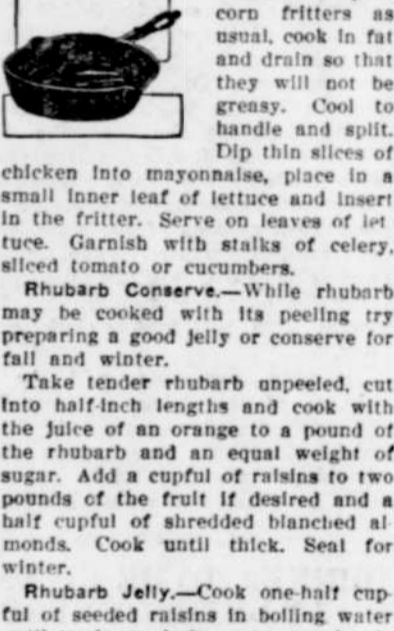
SALAD HINTS

An salad is one of the dishes which should be as common as the daily bread. It is wise to have a list of combinations at hand, so one may use available material wisely.
Here are a few combinations of fish and meat that make good salads. During the summer take the place of hot or cold meats making a much more reasonable dish.
With chicken, ripe olives, celery, salted almonds and lettuce.
Salmon, hard-cooked eggs, celery, sour pickle, a dash of onion juice and watercress.
Chicken, green peas, celery, rice, pimento, green olives and any salad green.

STRAWBERRY JAM MOST DELICIOUS

Addition of Lemon Juice Adds Flavor to Dish.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
There is no more delicious jam than that made from strawberries, whether the preserves are cooked in the usual way or managed in the special and somewhat more tedious method known as "sun preserves." Here is a recipe for everyday jam cooked over the fire until done. The addition of lemon juice not only gives a fine flavor but helps it to "jell." The recipe is from the bureau of home economics.



Making Strawberry Jam.

Wash the berries thoroughly, drain, cap-and pick out the largest. Take about one quart of the smaller fruit, crush it and add the sugar. Cook this rapidly in an enameled saucepan and

Stuffed Corn Fritter.—Prepare corn fritters as usual, cook in fat and drain so that they will not be greasy. Cool to handle and split.
Dip thin slices of chicken into mayonnaise, place in a small inner leaf of lettuce and insert in the fritter. Serve on leaves of lettuce. Garnish with stalks of celery, sliced tomato or cucumbers.
Rhubarb Conserve.—While rhubarb may be cooked with its peeling try preparing a good jelly or conserve for fall and winter.

Trust's Opportunity
An oceanographer suggests that the world's weather might be stabilized by keeping the polar ice constantly on the move. What a chance, that, for the power trusts to sign up some service contracts.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.
With a Bump
It makes no difference whether one follows the teachings of Einstein or of Newton; when the stock market breaks, a lot of people come down to earth.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

FLASH The LEAD DOG

By GEORGE MARSH
Copyright by THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
W. N. U. Service

SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow Sea, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lacroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's pup 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, while alone, Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be slayer. He is caught in his trap line Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his food gives out. His hopes are raised when he discovers a moose trail. He kills a moose and finds Gaspard's trail. Gaspard finds another Indian trailing him and wounds him.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Then the youth drew his skinning knife. His glittering eyes drew close to the ash-gray face of the man who lay by the fire under the blankets. "Were you here—last long snows—in this country?" he asked, hoarse with passion.
The pinched face nodded.
"Then there was a man—from the south—ambushed, in the month of the melting snow. Is he alive?"
In the eyes of the Indian fear gave way to a look of bewilderment, of agony, as he gasped: "I am very sick."

"You saw this hunter?" pressed the inexorable son of Pierre Lacroix.
The Indian feebly nodded.
"Is he alive?"
There was no answer. Gaspard glanced at the distorted face, bloodless, still; then fumbled under the Indian's capote for the heart beat. There was none.

Rising, the baffled son of Pierre Lacroix shook his fists at the insensate spruce. In his heart was no pity for this man at his feet, who had tracked him that day to shoot him through the back. These men had taken from him the father he loved—were ruthlessly hunting down Brock and himself. At that moment, his missing partner might lie somewhere, stiff in the snow, as this assassin lay here, at his feet.
It was war to the death, now, between Gaspard Lacroix and the men who had taken from him father and his friend. Through the winter he would hunt them as one hunts the wolverine who robs the trappers. Before the March crust they would learn that on their trails followed a trapper, merciless as the caribou, untiring as the timber wolf. The war was on! Leaving the body of the Cree to the toothed and clawed mercies of the wood-folk, who would shortly find it under the heap of snow with which Gaspard covered it, he continued on his wide circle north of the big lake. Heart sick with thoughts of his missing partner, he approached the camp. Eighteen days now, he thought. With the country full of game Brock couldn't have starved, even if lost. And if lost, in time he was bound to find the lakes or the river. No, they had taken or killed him—the friend he loved.

The dogs, ravenous with hunger, greeted him with a chorus of yelps. Then he saw, standing in the snow, Brock's trapping sled. His heart bounded. Brock was safe—had come home! Brock was alive—his partner—was alive!
"Kekway!" he shouted in his joy, running to the tent. "Ha! You Brock!" But the tent was empty. He had gone again! Where?
Circling the camp, Gaspard found his own trail of three days before, followed by the well-known tracks of Brock's wider web.
"By Gar! He go to find Gaspard!" cried the excited hunter. Then, in his emotion, he hugged each of the clamoring huskies.
With Brock alive, the situation was changed. He now had some one to live for—to take care of. His promise to Angus McCain, made at Hungry House, to bring Brock back, bound him. He could not ask his partner to go north with him and throw his

Dog's Claim as Man's Most Faithful Friend

Most boys and many girls, and 10,000 times 10,000 men and women, love dogs. We don't know when this loyal, unflinching friend of man first met him, first learned to defend his flocks, his dwelling, his person and the lives of those dear to him, but wherever we have this creature we call man, there we have found his faithful friend and companion, the dog, always willing to follow him through thick and thin, never seeming to care for an instant whether his master was rich or poor, wise or ignorant, saint or sinner, alas even when beaten, starved, cruelly treated, ready to lick the hand that has hurt him. A good man once said, "When my father and mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up." Might not one say that, when a man might feel forsaken of every earthly friend, there would still be looking up into his face the gentle, trusting eyes of his devoted dog, saying by every look and sign, "Where thou goest I will go,

life away in a mad attempt at vengeance. He would stay with Brock and trap while the fur was prime, then in March, he would journey north in search of his foes. If he failed to return, Brock could take the dogs and run the river to the sea, alone, and carry to Hungry House a fur-pack that would pull the eyes out of the factor's head.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, as Gaspard followed Silt-Ear pulling the hind-quarters of a caribou in over the ice-hard trail leading to the camp, Flash met them with an extravagant welcome.
"Hello, you man-killer! What 'yuh mean by leaving just as I totter back after starving out in the bush?"
The lean face of Gaspard shone with his joy at seeing his friend.

"You ole Brock! You geeve me some bad day, Brock!" he cried, pounding the shoulder of the stalwart white boy, as he wrung his hand. "I hunt an' hunt for your trail—"

"But tell me," Brock interrupted. "You were followed, and you waited for him. But how did you know he was on your trail?"
"I feel dat dey were after me, dat morning. And you saw heem?"
"Yes, I wanted to be sure he didn't get you and leave on your shoes, so I looked at the body. Did you learn anything?"

"No, de Cree have seen my fader—he know; but he was weak an' nevalre tell how my fader die."

"Too bad! I'm mighty sorry, partner," Brock rested a mittened hand on the shoulder of his friend, whose dark features pictured the bitterness of his disappointment.

Then over a supper of caribou steaks and tea, Brock told his story. "Nevalre travel een a border again," commented the bush-wise Gaspard. "Wait for de sun; den you don't get lost."

"By gar, dat Flash ees smart dog!" cried the half-breed, when Brock told of missing the moose. "De wolf ham string caribou; but bull-moose, in de deep snow ees ver' strong. Dat ees cross dog, dat Flash!"

"His heart's all iron, and the way he traveled on an empty stomach was a caution. He hadn't eaten for days when he tackled that moose. Gaspard, if anything happened to that pup, I'd want to see you."

The lean features of the other lighted in understanding. It was Brock McCain's way, to love his friend, his dog, with all the capacity of his big heart. There were no reservations in Brock.

Hitching the dogs to the long, hauling sled which had come on the canoe load all the way from Hungry House, with Flash in the rear, behind Silt-Ear, to separate him from the lead dog, Yellow Eye, the boys started next day over Brock's trap-line trail, hurried under the new snow. Gaspard led the team, tramping the new snow down to the ice-hard trail beneath, now frozen solid to the ground by the constant traveling of Brock and Flash with the trapping sled.

With the tangible warnings Gaspard and Brock already had had, to attempt to finish the winter on Yellow-Leg lakes meant a life of constant vigilance. Once their enemies from the north worked south of the big lake and found the trap-line trails, they might be ambushed or taken in their sleep, for the dogs could be poisoned or shot. But never, for an instant, did the two hunters consider a retreat. The heart of Gaspard Lacroix knew but one desire—desire for knowledge of how his father died and for vengeance on those responsible for his death. And little as Brock relished the idea of leaving his bones in the wilderness of the Yellow-Leg, his loyalty to his friend and his fighting spirit admitted no thought of avoiding what the long snows held in store. Already they had given the strangers good proof of what man hunters might expect in the forests of the south. Two had gone out, never to return. And later, on the March crust, when the going was good, the hunted ones would turn hunters. So ran the thoughts of the friends as they made camp on the eve of the hunt on the big barren.

Under stars still bright in a purple sky, Brock and Gaspard cooked breakfast. Leaving the whimpering dogs—begging to be taken—wired to trees, the partners snowshoed to the flank of the barren and waited for dawn. Two days before, Gaspard had counted a hundred caribou, but now, as the blue east grayed, an' the frosty stars paled and faded, they wondered whether a ghostly patrol of the phantom wanderers of the north were out there in the shadows digging with round, toothed hoofs for the reindeer moss of the barren.

At last the bitter dawn slashed through the ashen mist with rose and pearl and amber slits of light. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Baby's Tender Skin Cuticura TALCUM
The ideal powder for his daily toilet and for assuring his personal comfort. Daintily medicated and unexcelled in purity, it prevents chafing and irritation, and soothes, cools and comforts tender skins.

Hard to Set Limit to

Height of Buildings
One-hundred-story skyscrapers will be as common in the city of the future as the twenty-story building is today, according to Dr. George A. Bole of Ohio State University. His prophecy is based partly on the development of a new kind of brick, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. It weighs only one-sixth as much as the usual varieties, but is said to have greater strength and fire-resisting qualities. Ordinary brick weighs 120 pounds to the cubic foot. The improved form weighs but 20 pounds to the cubic foot. The new tile will defy a temperature of 3,250 degrees for 15 hours, according to reports. Because of its lightness and strength this material will permit higher buildings with more pyramidal, thinner walls and therefore less bulk, so that space will be saved for practical uses.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens.

Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

To Trap Bombing Planes

Captive balloons, bearing nets of piano wire that hang down as invisible barriers for night traveling airplanes, have been proposed as a means of curbing bomb attacks under darkness, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Afloat at an altitude of 1,000 feet or so, a number of these trap-bearing balloons would form a serious obstacle to the bombing planes, which must fly comparatively low and are operated chiefly on very dark nights when they are not so likely to be seen. Big fins, holding gas, keep the balloons afloat, and what appears to be a huge eye in each bag, is the valve for the gas.

Natural Gas Waste

The problem of what to do with large quantities of natural gas which are going to waste is troubling the bureau of mines. In many areas the gas cannot be transported for fuel and local conditions have prevented its being returned to the oil sands to form new oil. The result has been a tremendous waste. The bureau is seeking some means of converting it into products such as methanol, ammonia, formaldehyde and other such things which may be economically transported to markets.

Jurists All Collegians

All of the justices of the United States Supreme court are college graduates and the majority of them have advanced or honorary degrees from several universities. The colleges from which they first graduated are as follows: Taft, Yale; Holmes, Harvard; Van Devanter, De Pauw and Cincinnati; McReynolds, Vanderbilt university; Brandeis, Harvard; Sutherland, University of Michigan; Butler, Carleton college, Minnesota; Sanford, University of Tennessee and Harvard; Stone, Amherst college and Columbia.

Society's High Aims

"Toe II" was a sign on a soldier's restroom back of the trenches at Ypres. "Toe" was the British soldiers' nickname for "tea" and "II" was the abbreviation for "house." It was in this teahouse that a society known as "Toe II" originated. It is a young men's movement with the following ideals: To consecrate humanity; to conquer hate; to create harmony. It is a protest against the old evil traditions which make a world war possible.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

What the world also suffered from 100 years ago was bad jokes. Read the old almanacs.

Bilious?

Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. You'll be "fit and fine" by morning—tongue clean, headache gone, appetite back, bowels acting pleasantly, bilious attack forgotten. For constipation, too. Better than any mere laxative.
Safe, mild, purely vegetable.—
NR TO-NIGHT
10 CENTS A BOTTLE
At Drugists—only 25c

USE GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

Soft, Clear Skin
Richard's Hygienic Cotton, Etc.

Who Wants to be Bald?

Not many, and when you are getting that way and loosing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head. BARE-TO-HAIR is what you want.
For Sale at All Dealers in Toilet Articles. Write for Information.
W. H. Forst, Mgr. Scottsdale, Penna.

Look Like Small Things

When a man has come to the turritiles of Night, all the creeds in the world seem to him wonderfully alike and colorless.—Kipling.



DR. CALDWELL'S THREE RULES

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of great importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not habit forming.
The Doctor never did approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their system. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crummy stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headache, and to break up fevers and colds. Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois.

Self Defense

"If a man smashed a clock, could he be convicted of killing time?"
"Not if the clock struck first."



Weak After Operation

"About five months ago, following an operation for appendicitis I did not gain strength enough to be up and about. My mother and sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken five bottles and it has helped me to get strong so I can do my own housework now. I have recommended it to several friends who have been weak and run-down."—Mrs. Oscar Ottum, Box 474, Thrie River Falls, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Idea for Channel Tunnel

The latest idea for the English channel tunnel is that the tunnel would begin 11 miles from the sea at Monks Horton with an exit nine miles from the French coast. Trains would be pulled by electric engines, at 92 miles an hour.

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Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Makes the hair soft and shiny. 50 cents by mail or at drugists. Helicon Chemical Works, Patheogue, N. Y.

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Ideal for use in conjunction with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and shiny. 50 cents by mail or at drugists. Helicon Chemical Works, Patheogue, N. Y.

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