

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus
W. N. U. SERVICE

"Tom Belknap not fighting me? Tom Belknap not trying to ruin me?" Tears sprang to her eyes. "Black is white, east is west. . . . Oh, John Belknap, what a fraud you are!" She dropped into her chair, elbows on desk, hands over her face. "Ellen!" He tried to touch her but she shook off his hand. "Don't touch me! Don't come near me! Don't let me ever hear the sound of your voice or see your face again! To think . . . to think that only yesterday I thought . . . I hoped . . . I . . . I wanted. . . ."

"Oh, won't you get out!" She dropped her hands and turned her distressed, tear-wet eyes to him. "Won't you please go now?"—voice growing light and feeble. "Won't you please go away from me?"—one hand crumpling paper with jerky movements. "Won't you let me alone now, with what I've got left? Won't you . . . if you have any decency left in you?" Shaken, he backed away.

"I'll go," he said. "I'll go. . . . But I'll be near. I'll be helping you, I'm . . . I'm what I am. Time may show it but . . . I'm going. . . ."

He turned towards the door quickly, feet unsteady on the floor.

CHAPTER VIII

Bewildered to a point where he felt remorse almost as profound as would have been his lot had he been scheming to ruin Ellen Richards' property, John Belknap, no longer masquerading as John Steele, left the girl's office and made his way to the hotel where he had lived when in town.

He ate a perfunctory meal and went slowly up the stairs to his cubicle of a room. He dropped to the creaking bed and sat there, hands dangling between his knees for a long interval.

He was in a pinch; beaten in his lofty ambition to champion the oppressed; a growing love had been hurled back into his teeth. But he laughed! He laughed, sitting there alone in the bare little room, and the laugh had in it a defiance, a challenge to the fates which had woven this net of circumstances about him. What the next step would be he hadn't even a guess. He needed time to think that out, but of two things he was certain: Gorbel was not going to drive Ellen's company to the wall and Ellen was not to go on thinking for much longer that his father was behind the trouble which had been made for her. With those ends accomplished, this other, this cold weight about his heart, would be ready for consideration.

But he could not stay here in Shoe-string. It would avail him nothing; it would only bring him continued distress.

He paced the room, pondering, and came to a halt beside the spotted little dresser. Last week's Shoe-string Banner lay there and he stared at the smudgy lines, unseeing. . . . Unseeing until his idly roving eyes fell on the heavily typed words:

BELKNAP & GORBEL

He leaned lower and read what was above them:

MEN WANTED!
For Mills and Camps
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BELKNAP & GORBEL,
KAMPFEST.

He remained bent over a long moment and then straightened, tongue in his cheek. . . .

Why not? he asked himself. He was a man out of a job, a good man. Paul Gorbel was advertising for men. . . .

He began to pack hastily, movements a bit feverish.

He caught Bradshaw just as the sheriff was leaving the jail.

"Something new?" the sheriff asked as he turned back and read the excitement in the boy's eyes.

"A lot. . . . About something you'd never guessed!"

He plunged into his story with the pronouncement that he had been living and working and fighting under an

other name. The other's jaw dropped, and for an interval his gray eyes were hard with suspicion, but as John talked on, earnestly, leaving out nothing except his personal relationship with Ellen, that look altered and mellowed, and the big officer began to nod slowly.

When the boy had finished, Nat drew a long breath and let it out in a soft whistle.

"A pickle!" he said, wrinkling his brow. "A pickle! It's a tough break for you, son, but I'm going to string along. . . . Huh!" He narrowed his eyes and considered. "It's probably so, what you think about your father. This Gorbel, now, has got by up here about a hundred per cent. His men like him; he's got a reputation for the fairest kind of dealing. But, lookin' back, I can see some smart work."

He lighted a cigar and crossed his legs.

"Your pa, now, 's a good figure to pick on and give a bad name. Most rich men are supposed to be without any scruple. Working men'll believe that before they will any good of 'em. 'Course, he's never operated in here before, but I've always heard him spoken of well by the few old timers I've known who worked for him. By jocks, come to think back, they all like him! It sort of looks, John, like our case has a lot of angles!"

By livery team and through the night, John drove to Kampefest, all his worldly possessions in a pack-sack, a new and resolute purpose overriding the undertone of sorrow and misgiving in his heart.

John was the first to enter Paul Gorbel's office after he had seated himself at his desk for another day's work.

The man looked up, and if he experienced any reaction other than surprise he covered it well.

"Of all things!" he exclaimed. "John Belknap! Where'd you come from?"—rising, and extending his hand.

"Don't get up!" John ignored the proffered clasp.

"Well, you're about the last person I expected to see walk in here this morning!"

John looked at him with close scrutiny as he said: "Yes, That's easy to understand." He thought the man's face changed a trifle and that a flicker of dismay showed in those dark, intelligent eyes. "I didn't figure that you'd expect me."

"Up from Chicago?"

And now a decided, but still subtle, alteration was in the eyes; Gorbel seemed to be steeling himself, rallying all his quick wits to an emergency.

"No, I haven't been in Chicago for over six weeks. I've been at Shoe-string, running the Richards job."

"Shoe-string? Richards?" His countenance of amazement was splendid.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know, Gorbel?" Pause, while John scrutinized the other in open hostility. "I supposed, of course, you knew that I'd been there, using the name of John Steele and trying to pull the operation out of the hole it's in."

(Continued Next Week)

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CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Congregational Church

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Well Friends: An old Jewish proverb says, "God could not be everywhere; therefore He made mothers. They simply meant that the greatest force in our lives is our mother, and they were right, we therefore love to honor her and celebrate her virtues and have set aside a day upon which to concentrate our thoughts around her. Sunday will be that day. Go to church and perhaps you will get from it's service and message some of those things that helped make your mother the wonderful woman she was. 11 o'clock is morning worship and sermon on "Mother"; evening worship at 8 o'clock with sermon on "The most beautiful woman in the world." Bible school at 9:45; Christian Endeavor at 7 P. M. At three o'clock the Endeavors go to Pilgrim Congregational church in Portland for a rally. The mid-week meeting will be held Wednesday at 8:00 P. M. and Bethel Ladies Aid will meet at 11 o'clock Thursday with a pot luck luncheon at 12:30.

Methodist Church

George F. Gordon, Pastor

The men of the church are giving a banquet in honor of the Mothers and daughters on Friday at 7 P. M. There will be a program following the dinner.

A special Mother's Day program will be presented at 11 o'clock on Sunday. The subject of the sermon will be "Womans Contribution to Society."

Church of Christ

Rev. G. W. Springer

Tuesday, May 9th will long be remembered by the Ladies of the Sisterhood and Bible Class. Mrs. Earl Hall, president of the class for the past two terms entertained them at her home with a delicious plate luncheon and in the business meeting which followed announced her intention of leaving this locality, resigning from the post she so faithfully served since her election. She was presented with a gift from the members of the class.

There will be a lovely program presented by the Sunday school in honor of Mother's Day. Last Sunday we crowned Mother the "Queen of the May."

In the morning the topic will be "Motherhood Exemplified." In the evening Mr. Springer will speak on the topic "An Appointed Day."

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Louise Carter and daughter Genevieve were dinner guests at the W. A. Wiest home Sunday.

Mrs. Catherine Woods gave a birthday party Sunday at the Commercial Hotel in honor of her mother, Mrs. James Ireland of Portland. Mrs. Weir, the new manager of the Hotel, served a three course dinner for her six guests.

The Beaverton Grange will observe Mother's Day Saturday May 13 at the regular meeting. Rev. C. Clarke, pastor of the Bethel Congregational church will be the speaker of the lecture hour at 1:30 P. M. The program is open to the public.



Meat Loaf in six minutes. Corn Fritters in five! Even a fancy Ice Cream Bisque in ten of them. Magic that's what it is!

But it's magic you can duplicate in your own kitchen without benefit of wand or tall silk hat. The cook in the song who could "make a cherry pie while the cat winks her eye" need have nothing whatever on you. In fact, you can beat her at her own game with a Delight Pie of your own, and completely outdo her in everything else.

It's not done with mirrors, this kitchen magic. Easy recipes, quick methods, time saving ingredients these are the tools of menu magic, which can make every cook a Thurston, a Houdini or a Keating. The only difference between your magic and theirs is that there is no trick to it—no cards up the sleeve, no girls behind curtains to help you. Just assemble your ingredients from the pantry shelf—a few cans of this and that, your staples, a box of the appropriate crackers, and find out how easy it all is. The use of the crackers means that all the hard work is already done for you, and it is their contribution which turns the trick we call magic.

In the following recipes, the time necessary for preparation is given at the beginning of each recipe. In some cases, extra time is needed for the actual baking or cooking but this is the stove's time, not your valuable minutes.

FORTY WINKS CORN FRITTERS

(Preparation: 5 minutes)
18 flake soda crackers
1 1/2 canned corn
2 eggs, beaten
1/4 teasp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
Crumble the soda crackers (you should have a cup of crumbs). Mix all of the ingredients together. Drop by spoonfuls into a small amount of hot oil in a frying pan

and cook over moderate flame. When browned on one side, turn and brown the other. Serves six. Add minced pimientos to this recipe if you wish.

PREMIUM MEAT LOAF

(Preparation: 6 minutes)
1 lb. chopped beef
1 small onion
1 teasp. salt
1/4 teasp. pepper
2 eggs
12 flake soda crackers
1 cup tomatoes
Mince the onion, add it to chopped meat; add salt, pepper and eggs. Crumble the crackers fine (you should have about 1/2 cup crumbs) and add to meat mixture. Mix all together and shape into a loaf. Place in oiled baking dish. Cover with the cup of canned tomatoes. Bake in moderate oven at 375° F. for 1/2 hour, basting two or three times. Serves 6 to 8.

MAGIC BROWN BETTY

(Preparation: 6 minutes)
12 slices zwieback
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup sugar
Hot water
3 apples, peeled and sliced
Take six slices zwieback from the package and butter; arrange in buttered baking dish. Mix the apples with the sugar and arrange in layer on zwieback in hot water, place on top of apples and dot with butter. Cover and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Serves 6.

MOCK BISQUE ICE CREAM

(Preparation: 10 minutes)
1 pt. ice cream
6 graham crackers
1/2 teasp. almond flavoring
6 maraschino cherries
Few strips of angelica or Citron
Soften the ice cream (vanilla is preferable.) Crumble crackers coarsely (you need 1/2 cup crumbs)

and add flavoring. Fold into the softened ice cream. Pack in individual paper cases. Garnish each with a cherry with a strip of angelica or citron for leaves. Freeze in refrigerator tray or in an ice cream can. Serves 6.

Delight Pie

(Preparation: 8 minutes)
1/3 cup butter
18 graham crackers
1 tbsp. sugar
1 cup cream, whipped
Crumble crackers to make 1 1/2 cups fine crumbs and reserve 1/4 cup to fold into whipped cream. Mix remainder of crumbs with softened butter and sugar. Press this mixture firmly with fingers against bottom and sides of buttered pie plate and bake ten minutes in hot oven (425° F.) Cool and fill with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored) into which the 1/4 cup of craker crumbs has been folded. Serves 6.

There's nothing more delicious than the first fried chicken of the season, and here's a way to fix it that makes it live up to your mouth-watering anticipations: Cut a spring chicken into four pieces clean and dry thoroughly. Salt and flour. Cover the bottom of a deep pot with oil and cook slowly for an hour. Take the chicken out and add one cup of milk to the gravy, a little chopped parsley, and thicken with a tablespoon of cornstarch, which has been dissolved in cold water. pour over chicken.

SERVE THEM RIGHT

Smart hostesses lay a great deal of stress on serving the correct cracker with each type of salad, instead of making one kind do for everything. Whether you pine to be "smart" or not, you will enjoy the newness and variety of the flavor they impart. Let this guide you: With green salads, serve cheese or buttered wafers; with vegetable salads, soda crackers, butter flakes, or toasted whole wheat wafers; with meat or fish salads, serve saltines, butter wafers, or pretzels; with fruit or frozen salads serve ginger wafers.

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In this day and age when conservative men are constantly seeking investments where they are not only assured a permanent source of income, but a reasonable certainty of increasing in value, the real estate dealer is doing more than his share to meet the demands of such men. This locality is indeed

fortunate in having in its midst such a firm as the Robbins Realty Co.

This institution has been closely identified with the growth and expansion of the section and has made a close study of real estate conditions so that they could offer both the buying and selling public the very best service. They have on their books a large list of most desirable properties for sale, both town and country at prices that cannot fail to be attractive to the intending purchaser.

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MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



There's One in Every Town

