

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By
Harold Titus
W.N.U SERVICE

"Hold your tongue!" he cried sharply. "Hold your tongue, Marie!"

His roughness had the planned effect, shocked her out of the mounting hysteria.

"There's nothing at all for you to be afraid of," he said then, trying to make his voice sound reassuring. "I just want you to tell me what happened, Marie, and where he went."

She wiped her eyes. "I'd been buying some things and was a little late getting home," she said unsteadily. "He came up the walk behind me on a run. He scared me, the way he looked. Oh, Mr. Belknap, it was awful! What's he done?" she begged. "Have you got it on him? I never saw a man look like he looked!"

"I know! I know! But what did he say and do? Give me your story first, then I'll tell mine!"

"He said it was all off between us! Everything was off, was what he said. He couldn't talk straight. He swore awful and said I was in the jam along with him and they'd be after me and to get to h— out of town as fast as I could before they nailed me. He grabbed his skis out of the storm house where he'd left 'em yesterday and beat it off across the tracks! Oh, what's happened, Mr. Belknap?"

"He shot the sheriff. Probably killed him. Which way'd he go? Just where'd he cross the tracks? Tell me that! Haag to yourself a minute longer!"

But the girl was past giving him further aid for the moment. Slowly she sank to the steps, head falling backward. He gathered her in his arms, swung down into the living room and laid Marie gently on a couch.

He had left the front door open when he burst in. The light from the hallway streamed out into the storm house. A shovel was there, a broom. A pair of skis stood against the wall and, in a far corner, snowshoes. He grabbed them up and leaped down the steps, searching for tracks in the new snow.

Easy to find, these were, under the street light. He saw where a man had crossed towards the railroad; other tracks had followed and turned back; those were Marie's. The trail was distinct, but already filling in with the light, large flakes. He waded through the deep snow between the street and the railroad tracks, bending low to be sure he trailed this man. He saw where he had stopped, where skis had been dropped into

the deep snow; where they had been scraped about as the straps were adjusted, where they had slid off to the northward. . . .

Off to the northward in the beginning, but where after that? Already the new snow was obliterating them. It was very dark; in another twenty minutes, perhaps, traces of the fugitive's flight would be covered so thoroughly that in darkness they could not be followed.

It would avail him nothing to squan-

der even a moment in going back to leave word of what he had discovered. The important thing was to have someone on that rapidly disappearing trail. Gorbel knew the country intimately; he could head for any one of a hundred places unknown to John, hide, wait out a careful combing of the territory and, perhaps, make good his escape.

He jammed his toes into the harness then, whipping the straps about his ankles. He stood up, wriggled his feet and started, bent low, moving at a swift walk, eyes on those twin depressions in the snow before him. . . .

Straight north the man had gone, through a strip of chopping across a little lake and into timber on the other side. His skis had made deep grooves in the snow-mantled buckthorn where he left the lake, but in the timber, with the trees shutting out even what faint light the night afforded in the open, John could scarcely make out a depression inches deep.

He went as quickly as he dared, stooping now and then and with a bare hand feeling the snow before him for the betraying marks, better than half filled. Gorbel was going faster by far than he was; each fractional mile that intervened between them put an additional handicap on him.

He entered a thick growth of hemlocks where his eyes were of little aid, but of a sudden his rackets commenced to sink deeper into the soft going. A decided change it was, and he retraced his way, groped forward and found that he could detect the trail beneath him by the feel of the snow that skis had packed. He went on, shuffling along, feeling sign with his feet, and when he emerged from the gloom of the thick conifers he saw where snow had been knocked from stiff brush.

He was not through yet, not shaken off. The trail, his sense of direction told him, was swinging a bit to the westward, keeping to the open where skis would ride better, crossing a wide chopping coming up to second growth; now, where he could see those creases in the unmarked snow and the barren brush that had been disturbed.

Last month, an assured schemer, intent on ruthlessly feathering his nest; last week, a panic-stricken vessel for foreboding but clinging to the hope of material gain; tonight, a fugitive.

Paul Gorbel's self-control had cracked back there in the office where, for so long, he had planned and plotted. He had shot without meaning to kill, intent only on the horrible fear which rode him.

But he had cast his die. He was far outside the pale of decent men now. He was running away, blindly at first, with the thought only of putting distance between himself and others.

To go northward was natural, for a man seeking solitude. In other directions railroads and towns would be encountered. In this direction, though, only wastes of Lake Superior lay and somewhere along its rugged shores or in the wide swamps inland he could find safe hiding.

Why his mind should go back to his talk with the cruiser late in the afternoon was beyond accounting for. But he did think of that as he raced on, of his cruiser who had come in from the northward, with his casual story of having stopped at Wolf Richards' cabin and made his abode there in the trapper's absence.

(Continued Next Week)

To soften butter for sandwiches add a few drops of hot water and work in until soft.

Mrs. Maxine Schanapp Putnam of Pendleton was a guest at the W. L. Cady home in Oregon City this week.

The Cook's Nook

Little Red Schoolhouse Invented

Toasted and Sweet Sandwiches
Like Ho Bo, the Chinese boy who accidentally discovered roast pork by setting the house and pig on fire, a Pennsylvania schoolboy discovered the first toasted sandwich, quite by chance. The story recently unearthed by a professor, tells that the farm children, finding their lunches frozen from the long walk to the little red schoolhouse, put them on the big round stove to thaw—and returned to find their sandwiches toasted and better than before!

The sweet sandwich, some say, also owes its origin to the little red schoolhouse, being an offshoot of the proverbial after-school bread and jam. Others claim, however, that it began in the tropics, where the sweet fruits are used for every purpose.

Be that as it may, sweet sandwiches, toasted or not, have come to be very popular for summertime eating, and for a multitude of good reasons. They are just the proper companion for the summer lemonade or punch; they can accompany the light salad to form an ideal summer lunch; if sweet enough, they may take the place of dessert, or even be served with fruit dessert. They are very welcome at afternoon parties, and at picnics provide an excellent departure from the everlasting meat or egg combinations.

Tropical Sandwiches
½ cup nuts
1 pkg. dates, sliced
1 large banana
1 tsp. grated orange rind
¼ tsp. salt
Mix the sliced dates, nuts (chopped) and banana (mashed) together, add orange rind, and salt. Mix thoroughly, spread between slices of buttered bread or put between butter wafers or even chocolate wafers. Makes 12 large ones.

Tutti Frutti Sandwiches
½ cup crystallized ginger
¼ cup orange peel
¼ cup candied cherries
¼ cup almonds
1 tbsp. orange juice
Chop peel, ginger, cherries and blanched almonds fine. Mix with orange juice. Spread between slices of whole wheat bread. Makes 6.

Collegiate Sandwiches
Spread one slice of lightly buttered bread with peanut butter. Cover with a layer of chopped dates. Spread a second slice of buttered bread with currant or cranberry jelly. Put slices together in pairs. ½ cup peanut but-

ter, ½ pkg. dates and ½ cup jelly is enough for 1 doz. sandwiches.

Cream Cheese-Citron Sandwiches
1 pkg. (½ lb.) sliced citron
1 pkg. (8 oz.) cream cheese
Mash cream cheese with a fork, adding a little cream or salad dressing if too firm. Stir in a package of sliced candied citron, and spread.

Dessert Sandwiches
½ pkg. cocoanut
½ pkg. dates
¼ cup figs
¼ cup nuts
¼ cup boiling water
½ sq. chocolate
½ cup sugar
Cut figs and dates into small pieces. Add shredded fresh-keeping cocoanut (½ cup), chocolate which has been melted, sugar and water. Cook over hot water for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from fire, beat thoroughly. Add finely chopped nuts. Cool and spread.

Peanut Butter Sandwich Bread
1½ cups white flour
6 tps. baking powder
1½ tps. salt
1½ cups graham flour
½ cup sugar
½ cup nutmeats
½-1 cup orange peel
1 egg
1½ cups milk
Sift white flour, baking powder, and salt together. Add graham flour and sugar, and stir in coarsely chopped nutmeats. Separate pieces of sliced candied peel, and measure by dropping them loosely into standard measuring cup. Mix peel through flour with finger tips. Beat egg; add milk and stir li-

quid into dry ingredients. Beat the batter thoroughly. Pour mixture into a well-oiled loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) for 1 hour.

Bananas Make a Sandwich!
If you are fond of bananas, you'll like these sweet sandwiches called "tropical treats." Two bananas are crushed and mixed with a fourth-cup chopped nuts, the mixture spread between two chocolate wafers, and served with or without whipped cream.

A quick way to chop nuts is to place them in a cloth and roll with rolling pin.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION
To the Taxpayers of Washington County, Oregon:
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Equalization will meet on Monday, August 14, 1933, at the Court house in Hillsboro in Washington County, that being the second Monday in August, and the time and place provided by law to publicly examine the assessment rolls for 1933, and correct all errors in valuation, description or qualities of land, lots or other property assessed in Washington County. It shall be the duty of persons interested to appear at the time and place appointed.

All claims for reduction presented to the Board of Equalization must be filed in the office of the County Clerk, within fifteen days from the 14th day of August.

J. E. Carpenter, County Assessor.
adv c-34-37

Henry Ford
Dearborn, Mich.

IN ANSWER TO A LADY'S LETTER

A lady writes to say that she does not understand why an 8-cylinder car does not cost more to run than a car with fewer cylinders. She refers to my statement that our Ford V-8 develops more power on a gallon of gas than any car we have made.

The use of 8-cylinders does not mean the addition of two or four extra fuel consumers. It is not, for example, a 4-cylinder engine multiplied by two. Our 8-cylinder engine takes the fuel supply of an ordinary 4-cylinder engine and divides it eight ways. And why?

By reducing four larger explosions into eight smaller ones, we get engine smoothness and quietness. Eight-cylinders indicate the way the gas is used, not the amount. It is just the difference between going upstairs in four long jumps or in eight ordinary steps.

Two things use up gas—bad engine design and useless car weight. Besides having an engine that gets a high percentage of power out of the fuel, the Ford V-8 has a light, strong body and chassis so that no power is wasted in moving excess weight.

The only extravagance about the new Ford V-8 engine is in the building of it. The extravagance is ours—the economy is yours.

The whole question of car economy needs clearing up. An economical car gives economy all round. Price, operation, upkeep, all play their part. If what you save on gas you lose elsewhere, that is not economy.

As to upkeep, our dealers say that in recent years the improved quality of Ford cars has cut down their repair business 50 per cent.

As to price with quality,—judge for yourself.

As to economy, here is the record of a stock car three weeks out of shop in Oklahoma:

On a run of 10,054 miles at the rate of 1,000 miles a day—the Ford V-8 gave 18.8 miles per gallon of gas. Not a drop of water was added to the radiator. The oil was changed once in 1,000 miles.

That should answer a lot of questions.

July 24th, 1933

Henry Ford

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



What Famous Animal Does the Boss Feel Like?

