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GENERAL MOTORS has an open mind. Its program is to provide a quality car in each price field. Already this program has led to the development of cars that differ widely in type and special features, each designed to serve a special purpose.

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FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator

Lack of Hospitality

Toward "Poteen" King

Accused of manufacturing "poteen," the famous Irish moonshine, the king of the bootleggers of the Galway region was sentenced recently to pay a fine of \$50 or spend three months in the jail. On the day appointed for his choice he appeared at the gates of the prison and announced that he would serve his time, as he was unable to pay the fine.

He had not, however, complied with the rule of the prison to provide himself with a police escort and a committal warrant. Admittance to the prison was refused. The following day he again applied for admittance, with the same result. Vowing that he would pay off the fine by distributing more of his troublesome "poteen," he turned away from the inhospitable prison and went back to Connemara.

Sore eyes, blood-shot eyes, watery eyes, sticky eyes, all healed promptly with nightly applications of Roman Eye Balm. Adv.

"Two-Manual" Piano

Emanuel Moor, the English composer, has invented a piano whose upper keyboard has a register one octave higher than the lower. It can be coupled to play with the lower. This overcomes certain technical difficulties for pianists; octave runs can be played with single fingers, tenths as thirds, etc.—Scientific American.

Time to Go

Rich Old Uncle—A month ago I made my will and left everything to you.

Bright Nephew—What are you waiting for then?

Bell-Ans Really Sure Relief

Thousands of Testimonials From Doctors, Nurses and Dentists Say So.

For correcting over-acidity and quickly relieving belching, gas, sick headache, heartburn, nausea, biliousness and other digestive disorders BELL-ANS has been proved of great value for the past thirty years. No laxative but a tested Sure Relief for indigestion. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. Send for free sample to: Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.—Adv.

Divers to Use Wireless

Divers of Berlin are experimenting with the use of radio in connection with the signaling to those at the surface of the water. New diving gulf contain radio headphones and connections to a small broadcasting set carried by the tenders. In this way water workers may keep in constant touch with the outside world.

The best way not to obtain praise is to ask for it.



The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.

WNU SERVICE

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

Peter answered him with the Ironquils war-whoop, and we sprang from the sumac clump, dodging right and left through the tree trunks.

"Here they come," yelled Bolling in warning.

He fired his musket, and I felt the wind of its bullet on my cheek. Tom shot with no better results. The two surviving Cahnuagas threw away their guns and fled.

"I will take care of them, brothers," shouted Ta-wan-ne-ars, casting aside his own musket. "One Seneca against two Cahnuagas—that should be fair odds."

He put on speed as he spoke, waved his hand and was gone, running like a greyhound after the two frightened savages, who were scurrying around the swamp.

The field was left to Peter and me and the two ruffians whom the frontier called Red Death and Black Death. They seemed nothing loath to meet us.

"Ho, ho, ho," roared Bolling. "D'ye see who it is, Tom? Waah, young feller"—this to me—"was you intendin' to amuse me some?"

"I'm intending to let a little clean air into your dirty skin," I answered. He threw back his head as if much amused.

"Ho, ho, ho! Now ain't you got the smart way o' puttin' things? Young feller, I'll tell yer what: you're too good for the frontier. You—"

As quick as lightning, and without an indication in advance to warn me, he flung his tomahawk at my head. I saw it coming, and instinctively did the only thing possible to save myself—raised my own ax to guard. Bolling's hatchet struck mine and knocked it from my hand, leaving my arm sore and tingling.

"You wasn't expectin' that, was you?" he gibed. "Waah, young feller, there's a heap o' other things you ain't expectin', but they're a-goin' to happen. Yes, right now. You watch." He poised himself on the balls of his feet, and pranced around me, his big, double-edged scalping knife held ready in his right hand.

"I'm a-aimin' to carve you, my lad," he warned me. "You ain't got the chance a squirrel has ag'in an eagle. There ain't a knife-fighter in these parts can stand up to me. Boy, I'm most ready to be sorry for ye. I feel that bloody-minded I ain't got no mercy left at all."

He attacked me with a peculiar sweeping blow that was aimed at my shoulder, but fell at the level of the waist. Had it passed my guard, it would have disemboweled me. I parried his blade with mine, and struck back for the first time with such venom that he leaped away in alarm.

The suspension in his attack gave me opportunity to glance over my shoulder toward the edge of the swamp, where Peter and the negro were circling each other warily, tomahawk poised for throwing.

The sight put an idea in my mind. I remembered my duel with the Cahnuaga in the glade by the Great Trail and the discovery that he was at a disadvantage when I used the knife as I had learned to use the sword. I promptly shifted my grip on the knife-hilt and held it straight before me as if it were a rapier. At the same time I inclined my other arm behind me to balance it. Bolling viewed this maneuver with derision.

"Ye pore baby," he sneered. "Think ye can meet a knife-fighter like me with one arm? Or fight me off with the point? I'll show ye."

He charged upon me like a battering-ram, his knife a whirling point of steel, its broad blade slashing in both directions. I retired slowly, anxious to increase his self-confidence.

"Stand up to me now!" he yelled finally. "Be ye feared?"

I laughed at this, and it made him furious. He stamped around me, slashing and stabbing, and it was several minutes before he discovered that however viciously he struck I was always able to parry him with an economy of effort.

He crept forward like a huge cat, feet spread wide, shoulders crouched, knife a menacing flame.

Somewhat to his surprise I did not give ground to him this time, but met him squarely as he advanced. My arm was extended, full-length, tipped with a good ten inches of steel. He struck, and I parried the blow. He slashed, and I put it aside. He struck again, and I almost succeeded in twisting his blade from his hand by an old trick of the salle des armes. But my knife was not long enough to get the necessary purchase with it.

He charged with wonderful eelerity, dropped to his knee and slashed upward so effectively that his point cut the skirt of my leather shirt.

"I'll get ye yet," he howled with rage.

But I refused to be intimidated. Indeed, I was no longer doubtful of the issue. I knew that I could outfight him or any fighter of his caliber by my adaptation of sword-play to knife-fighting.

I leaped upon him by way of answer, and pressed the fighting. He yielded ground to me, seeking to retreat into the woods by the trail; but I rounded him up and herded him steadily toward the edge of the swamp.

I shortened our fighting-range, and gave him the point, drawing blood occasionally. He kept his head down, and parried desperately, trying to escape to one side, but I was on him so swiftly that he was afraid of a blow from the rear, and must needs stand to defend himself. At last he stood on the very brink of the morass, with no avenue of escape open.

"How will you die, my friend?" I asked. "You can smother to death if you prefer it?"

His answer was a bellow of insensate rage and his knife, thrown point-first at my chest. By sheer luck I caught its point on my hilt, turned it aside and met his rush. He wrapped his arms around me, intent on carrying me with him into the ooze and slime. But I stabbed him to the heart before his bear's hug was completed, and he fell away from me, arms spread wide, and lay in a noisome heap by the tussocks of marsh grass.

I stood over him, panting from my exertions, when a shout from Ta-wan-ne-ars attracted my attention. The Seneca was returning from his pursuit



of the two Cahnuagas. He shouted again and pointed behind me. I turned to see Peter and the negro locked to each other's arms, and as I looked, Tom heaved Peter into the air and tried to throw him. But Peter locked his legs around the negro's waist, and they rolled over and over across the ground.

I reached them just as they struggled to their feet, grips unrelaxed. Peter warned me off.

"Standt clear," he croaked. "I finish this myself."

Certainly, nobody but Peter could have finished it. The negro's strength was colossal. He fought like a wildcat, with teeth and nails and legs. But Peter met him pluckily, refusing to be angered by the vilest attempt. They had torn the clothing from each other's shoulders and flanks. They dripped blood. Their skins shone with sweat. Their chests heaved with the effort for breath.

Tom stooped and flung his arm around Peter's waist, driving his head for the Dutchman's loins. Peter retaliated by bringing up his knee against the negro's chin. Tom reeled back, and Peter swooped upon him. One arm hooked Tom's waist, the other caught him by the neck.

XX

Device Called Upon to Detect Balance

Detecting the unbalanced portion of any revolving mass, such as a flying wheel of an engine or a dynamo armature, is declared a simple matter by the inventor of a device that is called a "balance detector." The theory of the instrument is based on the principle that any revolving body or disk, perfectly balanced and loosely supported on its axis, will, when revolving, seek its own course of revolution and rotate steadily, irrespective of the course of its axis.

The device consists essentially of a case or housing. Through this runs an axle, universally supported, on which is a rotating disk. The bearing member protrudes from the casing, and when testing, is placed against the end of the shaft of the piece of machinery in question. This is allowed to rotate until it has attained

Dazen and with a mouthful of shattered teeth, Tom struggled feebly, but without avail. Peter twisted him, bore him to the ground, shifted grip rapidly, drove his knee into the quivering belly and throttled the life out of the black throat.

"So I make an end of him," panted the Dutchman as he staggered to his feet.

"Aye, we have made an end to Red Death and Black Death," I answered.

"And I slew the two who ran," added Ta-wan-ne-ars, touching two scalps whose clustered feathers protruded from his belt.

"A clean sweep," I said. "There will be none to carry the tale to La Vierge du Bois."

CHAPTER XII

Governor Burnet Is Defied

"Twas early autumn when we returned to Albany. The flag over the battlements of Fort Orange stood out straight from its staff. The citizens who thronged the street leading up to the fort gate must needs hold on to their hat-brims.

"Are the streets usually so crowded?" I asked Peter.

He shook his head, and I accosted a tavern keeper who stood in his doorway, regarding the passers-by with anticipation of the harvest he would reap later.

"Tis his excellency the governor," he explained. "The governor and Master Colden of his council have summoned certain gentry and merchants and the officers of the troops to meet them in the great hall of the fort this afternoon."

We came to the fort gate and gave our names to the sentry who stopped all save the few the governor had summoned to attend upon him. A messenger he dispatched brought back word that we were to enter, and we were escorted across the parade and into the quarters of the commandant adjoining the great hall.

Master Colden met us in the doorway.

"Zooks, but I am right glad to see you," he cried. "And his excellency is overjoyed."

He opened an inner door and ushered us into the presence of the governor. Master Burnet rose and came forward with hand outstretched.

"Master Ormerod, this could not have been better! I wished above all things to speak with you. Corlaer, I am deeply in your debt. Ta-wan-ne-ars, you have again incurred the gratitude of the province."

"Did you receive my report from Oswego, sir?" I asked.

"Certain, 'twas that—and this"—he tapped a document which lay before him on the table—"which brought me here."

He proffered it. 'Twas a report from a secret agent at Montreal, quoting the decision of the French fur dealers, acting in conjunction with their government, to raise the price of beaver from two livres, or one shilling sixpence in English currency, the pound, to the level of four livres, or three shillings, the established price then prevailing at the English trading-posts.

"That, mind you," continued the governor as I returned the paper to him, "was the first reaction in Canada to the tidings that Murray had succeeded in legitimizing his trade over the Doom Trail. But come with me. It may be I shall appeal to you for first-hand testimony."

We deposited our muskets in a corner of the room, and filed into the larger chamber adjoining, where some thirty men awaited him. Several were gentry who were members of his council. Three were officers in command of the frontier garrisons. The remainder were merchants, dealing to greater or lesser extent in the fur-trade, the great export staple of the province.

His excellency wasted no time in preliminaries or generalities. He deposited several papers on the table in front of him, and addressed himself to his task.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have summoned you to meet me here because a situation has arisen which is of the utmost gravity to the welfare of the province and the larger interests of his majesty's realm. Recently I have been in receipt of a communication in the form of a petition signed by many of the chief merchants of the province, beseeching me to abandon my opposition to the retention of the free trade with Canada which is now temporarily secured to them by the action of the lords of trade in suspending decision upon the law prohibiting the trade in Indian goods which I secured to be passed last year."

"That petition represented the sober thought of a majority of the merchants and traders, your excellency," spoke up a prosperous-looking man.

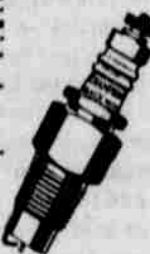
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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To Get Power From Sea

A floating factory to draw power from the sea is an idea conceived by French engineers. It is to be operated by turbine-driven generators, converting into power water driven through pipes plunged 1,000 meters into the sea. The floating plants would be hexagonal in shape and are planned so that ships may be loaded or unloaded on bridges at the edges.

His Last Cowboy "Stunt"

William Hartsock, nine, of Lewiston, Pa., is done playing cowboy. With a lasso tied about his waist he tossed the loop over a tire carrier on an automobile driven by Robert Fisher. He was dragged a quarter of a mile through the streets before a following car could attract Fisher's attention and release the boy.

Conflicting

Mandy—What did yo' husband say when you asked him how he come out in de crap game?

Jemina—He say, "Didn't you all hear me say Ah won?" an' Ah say, "Uh, huh. Yo' mouf say you won but yo' pocketbook say you lost!"

Opportune

Bix—I'm going to give up cigars.
Dix—Good! I can do with one right now.—Boston Transcript.

At the soda fountain nobody tries to tell you a long silly anecdote, anyway.

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Ants Bed Bugs Roaches

"The Yellow can with the black band"