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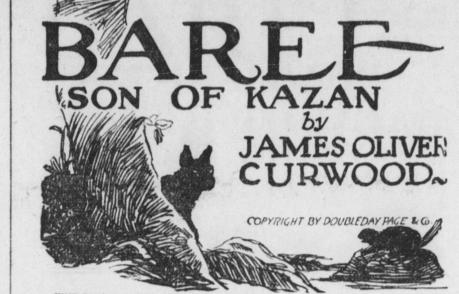
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NEPANAO

Synopsis .-- Part wolf, part dog -when two months old Baree has his first meeting with an enemy, Papayuchisew (young owl). Fighting hard, the antagonists are suddenly plunged into a swollen creek. Badly buffeted, and half drowned, Baree is finalflung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost, lonely and hungry. For many days his life is one of fear and distress. He meets various creatures of the wild and goes through a thunderstorm. He is learning more and more.

Chapter II-Continued _4__

It was quite fortunate for Baree that this instinct did not go to the limit in the beginning and make him understand that his own breed-the wolf-was most feared of all the creatures, claw, hoof, and wing, of the forests. Otherwise, like the small boy who thinks he can swim before he has man's wrist, appearing for a moment, mastered a stroke, he might somewhere have jumped in beyond his he had not existed. Thus he apdepth and had his head chewed off.

Very much alert, with the hair standing up along his spine, and a was his favorite striking distance. little growl in his throat, Baree Unerringly he launched himself at the smelled of the big footprints made by drowsy partridge's throat, and his the bear and the moose. It was the bear-scent that made him growl. He followed the tracks to the edge of the creek. After that he resumed his wandering, and also his hunt for food.

For two hours he did not find a crayfish. Then he came out of the green timber into the edge of a burned-over country. Here everything was black. The stumps of the trees stood up like huge charred canes. It was a comparatively fresh "burn" of last autumn, and the ash was still soft under Baree's feet. Straight through this black region ran the creek, and over it hung a blue sky in which the sun was shining. It was quite inviting to Baree. The fox, the wolf, the moose, and the caribou would have

anywhere between his four legs, and his little sharp-pointed head with its beady red eyes could slip easily through a hole an inch in diameter. For several centuries Sekoosew had helped to make history. It was hewhen his pelt was worth a hundred dollars in king's gold-that lured the first shipload of gentlemen adventurers over the sea, with Prince Rupert at their head; it was little Sekoosew who was responsible for the forming of the great Hudson's Bay company and the discovery of half a continent; for almost three centuries he had misfortune form the measuring-stick fought his fight for existence with the trapper. And now, though he was no longer worth his weight in yellow gold. he was the cleverest, the fiercest, and made him a tenth part as happy as he the most merciless of all the creatures that made up his world.

As Baree lay under the tree. Sekoosew was creeping on his prey. His game was a big fat spruce-hen standing under a thicket of black currant bushes. He was like a shadow-a gray dot here, a flash there, now hidden behind a stick no larger than a the next instant gone as quickly as if proached from fifty feet to within three feet of the spruce-hen. That needle-like teeth sank through feathers | try where subsistence was no longer into flesh,

Sekoosew was prepared for what lynx country, and where there are happened then. It always happened when he attacked Napanao, the woodpartridge. Her wings were powerful, and her first instinct when he struck



to kill, and with an angry squeak the ermine was gone. Napanao's wings relaxed, and the throb went out of her body. She was dead. Baree hung on until he was sure. Then he began his feast.

With murder in his heart, Sekoosew hovered near, whisking here and there but never coming nearer than half a dozen feet from Baree. His eyes were redder than ever. Now and then he emitted a sharp little squeak of rage Never had he been so angry in all his life! To have a fat partridge stolen from him like this was an imposition he had never suffered before. He wanted to dart in and fasten his teeth in Baree's jugular. But he was too good a general to make the attempt, too good a Napoleon to jump deliberately to his Waterloo. An owl he would have fought. He might even have given battle to his big brother -and his deadliest enemy-the mink. But in Baree he recognized the wolfbreed, and he vented his spite at a distance. After a time his good sense

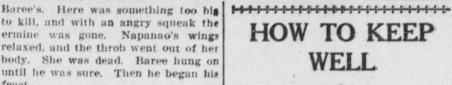
returned, and he went off on another Baree ate a third of the partridge, and the remaining two thirds he cached very carefully at the foot of the big spruce. Then he hurried down to the creek for a drink. The world looked very different to him now. After all, one's capacity for happiness depends largely on how deeply one has suffered. One's hard luck and for future good luck and fortune. Sc it was with Baree. Forty-eight hours ago a full stomach would not have was now. Then his greatest longing

was for his mother. Since then a still greater yearning had come into his life-for food. In a way it was fortunate for him that he had almost died of exhaustion and starvation, for his experience had helped to make a man of him-or a wolf-dog, just as you are of a mind to put it. He would miss his mother for a long time. But he would never miss her again as he had missed her yesterday, and the day

For another day and night Baree remained in the vicinity of his cache. When the last bone was picked, he moved on. He now entered a counperilous problem for him. It was a

lynx, there are also a great many rabbits. When the rabbits thin out, the lynx emigrate to better hunting grounds. As the snowshoe rabbit breeds all the summer through, Baree found himself in a land of plenty. It was not difficult for him to catch and kill the young rabbits. For a week he prospered and grew bigger and stronger each day. But all the time, stirred by that seeking. Wanderlust spirit-still hoping to find the old nome and his mother-he traveled into the north and east.

And this was straight into the trapng country of Pierrot, the halfbreed. Pierrot, until two years ago, had believed himself to be one of the most fortunate men in the blg wilderness That was before La Mort Rouge-the Red Death-came. He was half French, and he had married a Cree chief's daughter, and in their log cabin on the Gray Loon they had lived for many years in great prosperity and happiness. Pierrot was proud of three things in this wild world of his: he was immensely proud of Wyola, his royal-blooded wife; he was proud of his daughter; and he was proud of his reputation as a hunter. Until the Red Death came, life was guite complete for him. It was then-two years ago-that the smallpox killed his princess wife. He still lived in the little cabin on the Gray Loon, but he was a different Pierrot. The heart was sick in him. It would have died. had it not been for Nepeese, his daughter. His wife had named her Nepeese, which means the Willow. Nepeese had grown up like the willow, slender as a reed, with all her mother's wild beauty, and with a little of the French thrown in. She was sixteen, with great, dark, wonderful eyes, and hair so beautiful that an agent from Montreal passing that way had once tried to buy it. It fell in two shining braids, each as big as a man's wrist, almost to her knees. "Non, M'sleu," Pierrot had said, a cold glitter in his eyes as he saw what was in the agent's face. "It is not for barter." Two days after Baree had entered his trapping ground, Pierrot came in from the forests with a troubled look in his face.



DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN Editor of "HEALTH" ╬╍╬╍╢╍╞╍╞╍╞╍╞╍╞╍╞╍╞╍╞╼╞╼╞╼╡╍╣╍┦╍┨╍┠╍┠╍┠╍┠╍┠╍┠╍┠ Newspaper Union. TAKING CANDY FROM CHILDREN

OVE of sweet things seems to be well nigh universal, among civilized children, at least. Yet it is probably an acquired taste. Stefansson says he found a tribe of Esquimos in the Arctic who had never seen a white man until he visited them. They had never tasted salt or sugar. Given food which was salted, they refused to eat it. If a piece of candy was put in their mouths, they spat it out with a look of great disgust.

If it is an acquired taste, it must develop very early among American children. That its use among children and adults has increased enormously in the last generation is shown not only by the greatly increased importation of sugar, but also by the large number of candy stores. When I was a boy we looked forward to Christmas on account of its candy boxes quite as much as we did for its trees and presents. Today candy can be gotten all the year round.

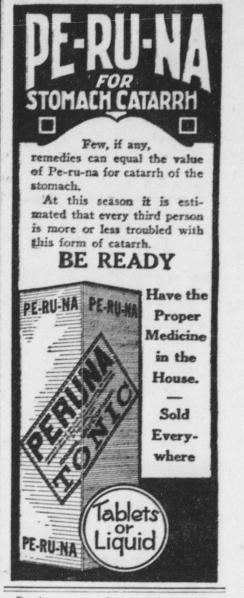
What, should the parent do about the candy problem: give the child no candy at all, give it all it wants or adopt a wise middle course?

There is no reason why an ordinarily healthy child should not have a certain amount of sugar. Sugar is good food. It is easily dissolved and absorbed. It furnishes a large amount of heat and energy. It is not only harmless but beneficial if taken in reasonable amounts and in proper proportion to other foods. But it should always be regarded as a food. The trouble with the excessive use of candy in this country is that it is regarded not as a food but as a luxury. Overweight girls and women will eat three large meals a day and then consume a big box of candy be tween meals and be surprised that they continue to gain weight.

Children used to be told that candy would make their teeth decay. That is not true, except in the sense that, if they eat large quantities of candy, they will naturally eat less of bone and teeth-building foods.

The French learned long ago that sweets should only be eaten at the end of the meal. Try eating your ice cream or pie before your soup, if you want to know why.

Give children candy only at meal time. Give it to them at the end of their dinner. Give them the smallest amount which will satisfy them. Give it to them in the form of simple sugar



Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted .--Cervantes

When people abuse you, suspect yourself; when they praise you, suspect them





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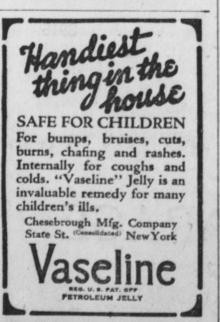
Imported Almonds

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turned back from the edge of this dead country. In another year it would be good hunting-ground, but now it was lifeless. Even the owls would have found nothing to eat out there. It was the blue sky and the sun and

the softness of the earth under his feet that lured Baree. It was pleasant to travel in after his painful experiences in the forest. He continued to follow the stream, though there was now little possibility of his finding anything to eat. The water had become sluggish and dark; the channel was choked with charred debris that had fallen into it when the forest had burned, and its shores were soft and muddy. After a time, when Baree stopped and looked about him, he could no longer see the green timber he had left. He was alone in that desolate wilderness of charred treecorpses. It was as still as death too Not the chirp of a bird broke the silence. In the soft ash he could not

hear the fall of his own feet. But he was not frightened. There was the assurance of safety here. If he could only find something to At! That was the master thought

that possessed Baree. Instinct had not yet impressed upon him that this which he saw all about him was starvation. He went on, seeking hopefully for food. But at last, as the hours passed, hope began to die out of him. The sun sank westward. The sky grew less blue; a low wind began to ride over the tops of the stubs, and now and then one of them fell with a startling crash.

Baree could go no farther. An hour before dusk he lay down in the open, weak and starved. The sun disappeared behind the forest. The moon rolled up from the east. The sky glittered with stars-and all through the night Baree lay as if dead. When morning came, he dragged himself to the stream for a drink. With his last strength he went on. It was the wolf urging him-compelling him to struggle to the last for his life. The dog

in him wanted to lie down and die. But the wolf-spark in him burned stronger. In the end it won. Half a mlle farther on he came again to the green timber.

In the forests as well as in the great cities fate plays its changing and whimsical hand. If Baree had dragged himself into the timber half an hour later he would have died. He was too far gone now to hunt for crayfish or kill the weakest bird. But he came just as Sekoosew, the ermine-the most bloodthirsty little pirate of all the wild-was making a kill.

That was fully a hundred yards Magazine. from where Baree lay stretched out under a spruce, almost ready to give up the ghost. Sekoosew was a mighty them. It was the same in England; hunter of his kind. His body was the clam had never been eaten, even about seven inches long, with a tiny in ancient times. We learned the black-tipped tail appended to it, and epicurean delights of the clam from he weighed perhaps five ounces. A the North American Indians, to whom baby's fingers could have encircled him | we are indebted for tobacco

Sekoosew Was Creeping on His Prey.

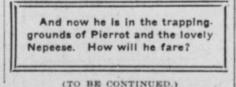
was always that of flight. She rose straight up now with a great thunder of wings. Sekoosew hung tight, his teeth buried deep in her throat, and his tiny, sharp claws clinging to her like hands. Through the air he whizzed with her, biting deeper and deeper, until a hundred yards from where that terrible death-thing had fastened to her throat, Napanao crashed again to earth.

Where she fell was not ten feet from Baree. For a few moments he looked at the struggling mass of feathers in a daze, not quite comprehending that at last food was almost within his reach. Napanao was dying, but she still struggled convulsively with her wings. Baree rose stealthily, and after a moment in which he gathered all his remaining strength, he made a rush for her. His teeth sank into her breast-and not until then did he see Sekoosew. The ermine had raised his head from the death-grip at the partridge's throat, and his savage little red eyes glared for a single instant into

Early Peoples Passed Up Delicious Clams

Dr. Edward S. Morse of Salem, who | spent 45 years sorting over the shell heaps that are found along the New England shore, found them composed largely of oysters and clams. But when he went to Europe to consult with Professor Steenstrup, the Danish expert on European shell heaps, he was amazed to learn that no clam shells were found among the oysters, says Edwin E. Slosson, director of science service, writing in Collier's

Although clams abounded in the Baltic, the prehistoric people never atc



nighted creatures had lived for 25,000

years with clams served up to them

on the shell as a free lunch at every

Signs of Progress

wiremen are electrologists and trusts

are mergers .- Detroit News.

asks, Is it right?--Punshon.

Time flies, and barbers are chiro

tide, and they wouldn't touch 'em,

candies which will last as long as possible. The soft, heavy, quickly eaten candies, often made of rich chocolate, fruits and nuts are bad for the child, largely because they satisfy his appetite and keep him from eating better foods which his body needs.

THE LONG HAUL AND THE SHORT HAUL

SOME years ago, as many readers will remember, there was much discussion in railroad circles about the long haul and the short haul. This problem, which vitally affected everybody interested in transportation, was hotly debated by railroad men before the Interstate Commerce commission. Yet it only affected the transportation of merchandise from one state to another.

There is another long haul and short haul problem, which is far more important, and which is still unsettled. It affects the way in which every baby in the country gets its food. So it really means the life of every baby, for to the infant, even more than to the adult, food is life.

In a pamphlet issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company on milk, the first statement is a startling one. It is that 90 per cent of the babies in the country get their food through a tube 60 miles long. This tube starts with the cow, then through the barn to the creamery or milk depot, then by train to the town, then by wagon to the local milk depot, then by delivery wagon to the house, by bottle to the back door step and the ice box and, finally, by the feeding bottle to the baby. This line naturally varies in length, being longest in large cities, far from the dalry farms and shortest in small towns. But even at its best, it is open in many places, where the milk is handled by many people, and where it can be and often is frequently polluted. The length of time it takes to cover this long haul also varies, from an hour or two to thirty-six to forty-eight hours.

The short haul is nature's plan. It is from the mother direct to the baby. Now we are accustomed to think of these early ancestors of ours as rather It is practically instantaneous. The milk is not exposed to light, to dirt or undiscriminating in their diet, having no prejudices against beast, bird, fish, flies or germs or dirty hands or palls or bottles. mollusk or insect. Yet these poor be-

Nature's plan is that the food of the young of all animals, human included, should be their own mother's milk. Cow's milk is good for older persons, but God never intended it for human babies. Cow's milk is for cow bables, just as mother's milk is for human bables. Mother's milk is tonsors, undertakers are morticians the best food for babies. If the mother can supply it, the baby has a right to it from the time he is born until he is eight or nine months old.

Ten bottle-fed babies die to one Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Exbreast-fed baby. So if babies could pediency asks, Is it politic? Vanity vote, they'd be unanimous in favor of asks, Is it popular? But conscience the short haul,

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