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THIS YEAR the General Motors line is an imposing Automobile Show in itself. Here is every style of body. Every type of design — four cylinder, six cylinder, eight cylinder. Every improvement. Every price, from the Chevrolet touring car at \$510 to the Cadillac with special coach work at \$9,000. *A car for every purse and purpose.*

Every one of the models now on display is different and distinguished. Yet two unifying characteristics bind them all together:

- 1 **EVERY CLOSED BODY** is by Fisher. The quality of all body workmanship is Fisher quality, and because Fisher is owned by General Motors, every resource has been utilized to make body and chassis a perfect quality unit.
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Wise is the man who speaks neither too much nor too late. We all catch ourselves acting as if we were going to be here always.

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WE are going to establish an **ELECTRIC HOME STORE** in every town of 1,800 population or over, in Western Pennsylvania. We want a man in every town to own and operate the store. Every store will be standardized, we shall teach the owner how to manage it and help him to the fullest degree in selling, servicing, advertising and developing business.

We want a man who can earn \$5,000 and up per year, a man with ambition, a willingness to work and a desire to

Own a Business

He will need some capital—from \$900 up, according to size of town—and we can show him how to finance himself beyond that.

We are distributors of **NATIONALLY KNOWN** and **NATIONALLY ADVERTISED** household appliances. The products, recognized leaders in their line, are:

- Zerozone Electric Refrigerators**
- Laundrette-Washing Machines—One Minute Perfection Ironers**
- Fedelco Vacuum Cleaners**

If you feel qualified to handle this opportunity write us and we will outline the proposition further. We shall find the right man within the next week or two and if you want the opportunity you must act quickly.

Electric Home Company
 5925 Penn Avenue
 Phone Hiland 3400 Pittsburgh, Pa.



The DOOM TRAIL by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC. WNU SERVICE COPYRIGHT BY BRENTANOS

CHAPTER X—Continued
 —20—
 Tom and Bolling rolled in barrels of rum, which were opened and consumed as rapidly as the heads were knocked off; and the raw spirits combined with the hellish chant and the suggestive throbbing of the drums to stimulate afresh the passions which Gaha-no's dancing had aroused.

As first they paid no attention to us. They were preoccupied with the extraordinary hysteria which had gripped them. They apostrophized the moon. The women flung themselves upon the False Faces, for it was deemed an honor to receive the attentions of these priests of evil. The men worked themselves into an excess of debauchery. Groups formed and dissolved with amazing rapidity. Individuals, wearying of each other, ran hither and thither, seeking partners who were more pleasing or attractive to them.

But at last a portion of the drunken mob turned upon us. An old woman with wispy gray hair and shrunken breasts beat Ta-wan-nears on the flank with a smoldering brand. Bolling, whatever of man there was in him smothered in the brutishness the rum had excited, carefully inserted a pinesplinter in the quick of my finger nail. I gritted my teeth to force back the scream of agony, and managed to laugh—how, I do not know—when he set it alight.

"The brother of Ta-wan-nears is a great warrior," proclaimed my comrade, swift to come to my help. "Red Jack and his friends cannot hurt Ormerod. We laugh at you."

Bolling ripped out his knife and staggered toward the Seneca's stake. "I'll make you laugh," he spat wickedly. "I'll carve your mouth wider so you can laugh plenty when we begin on you in earnest. Think this has been anything? We—"

A yell of mingled fear and laughter interrupted him. False Faces and warriors, women as well as men, were pointing toward the background of the pines.

"Ne-ar-go-ye, the Bear, is come to play with us," they cried. And others prostrated themselves and called—

"Qua, Ga-go-sa Ho-nun-as-tase-ta!"
 For the second time that night I twisted my neck to peer behind my stake, and sure the sight which met my eyes was weirder even than the white figure of the Moon Maiden. There within the circle of the firelight stood Gaha-no again. But 'twas a vastly different Gaha-no. On her head she wore a bear's mask, with the fur of the neck and shoulders falling around her body to the gaska-ah which draped her loins. In each hand she held a knife, and her white limbs were stretched under her in pretense of the unsteady gait of a bear walking erect.

The False Faces began their chant. The drums rumbled crazily, and she wavered forward, arms flopping like paws, head poised absurdly upon one side. The savages, keen to appreciate what they knew, applauded uproariously such faithfulness to nature.

They were equally enthusiastic when she advanced her muzzle suspiciously and smelled of my face. But they could not hear the familiar voice which whispered in my ear—

"Mr. Ormerod, when I have cut your bonds be ready to leap after me as soon as the Iroquois is free."
 I started so that my surprise must have been apparent had it not been for the restraining rawhide thong.

"What?" gasped, "You!"
 "Say nothing. Time is short. And I will—"
 She danced, with her ridiculous gait, over to Ta-wan-nears, and I watched curiously his look of affection and detestation change to one of quickly suppressed amazement. With his ready wit he shook his head at her and tried to bite one of the furry ears of her mask.

She backed away from us slowly, and her head balanced from side to side in contemplation. Then she charged upon me, knives flashing before my eyes. She slashed at me here and there, and each time she slashed she severed a thong. I pretended abject fear, and the befuddled savages shouted with glee.
 She glanced to Ta-wan-nears and performed the same operation upon him. He, too, gave evidence of fear. He cowered against the stake and lowered his head. But when she advanced her mask and nuzzled his shoulder, I saw his powerful muscles knotting themselves in preparation for the dash for freedom.

"Now!" I heard her say very low.
 Ta-wan-nears seemed to rise into the air, things flying behind him. He tugged and jumped and my own lashings parted—and I found myself running somewhat stiffly beside the Iroquois.

A second figure drew up to my side, and I felt a knife-bit pushed into my hand.

to the bank of a small stream, where a trail marked a ford.
 "Under those bushes," she said, pointing, "you will find your clothes and weapons. We hid them this evening."

I scurried into the undergrowth and started to don the tattered garments which were fastened in a bundle to the barrel of my musket—the musket that Juggins had given to me, years and years ago, it seemed, in London, and which I had expected never to see again. But she halted me.

"No, no, Mr. Ormerod!" she exclaimed. "There is not time. You must go on alone, the two of you. They will expect you to strike into the Doom Trail. 'Tis the quickest way to the settlements. Gaha-no bade me tell you to go west instead, making for Oswego at the mouth of the Onondagas river. So you may shake off the pursuit of the Keepers."

"But you?" I cried, standing up, bundle and musket in hand.
 "'Tis my part to lead them into the Doom Trail."
 Ta-wan-nears joined with me in a violent protest. But she waved us aside.

"There is no other way. I will have learned much since my coming here, Master Ormerod, and amongst other things, to think the less harshly of you."

"For that I am thankful," I replied, "but sure, you must let us take you back to Fort Orange. Governor Burnet will care for you."

"It cannot be," she insisted. "My place is here. Wicked as they be, these men here—and he who is called my father is not the cleanest of them—they work in a good cause. 'Tis for me to stay by and see they do what is expected of them for it. Now be off, sir. The False Faces will be on my moment—and I am not wishing to be caught by them, even though they would not venture to do me harm."

A burst of ferocious yelling came from the heart of the pine wood.
 "They have seen traces of us in the open space by the altar," interrupted Ta-wan-nears.

He swung musket and bundle to his shoulder, and faced the bear mask, a splendid figure in bronze.

"Sister Ne-ar-go-ye," he said gravely, "did Gaha-no give you any message for Ta-wan-nears?"
 She hesitated.

"She said that if you asked for her I was to tell you to forget Gaha-no, that she was unworthy of your memory. But you were to believe that what she did for you tonight was in reparation for her first great wrong."

He bowed his head.
 "And oh, Ta-wan-nears," she went on impulsively, "she pays a bitter price. Forgive her."

Ta-wan-nears looked up.
 "Say this to Gaha-no," he answered. "Say Ta-wan-nears thinks of her as a Lost Soul, tarrying for a while with Ata-ent-ic, and in the end he will come for her and bring her home again to his lodge. Say that Ta-wan-nears never forgets."

He raised his right arm in the gesture of farewell, and stepped into the current of the stream.

"Well, part once more, Marjory," I said, offering my hand.

"For certain words I have spoken to you, I am sorry," she said. "I know more now. You may be my enemy, but I believe you not to be a traitor."

"Thank you. And is that all you have to say to me?"
 "That is all," she replied softly, withdrawing her hand.

"I will not leave you," I cried, and made to walk with her along the trail. But she pushed me back.

"Please go, Master Ormerod," she begged. "If I am not overtaken, this mask will protect me as far as the chapel, where my own clothes are awaiting me. They dare not enter there."

I captured her hand again and carried it to my lips.
 "My name is Harry," I answered. "And I have never forgotten the song in the cabin of the New Venture."

"Thank you, Harry," she returned with a trill of elfin laughter. "And I do assure you I know other songs."

With that she was gone. Yet I had a feeling I had never known before that she was still with me, and I stepped into the water with joy in my heart.

A score of paces down the bank I found Ta-wan-nears, and we crouched under the pendant branches of a willow to see what would happen, muskets primed and ready.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Change in Popularity of Slang Continuous

The expression "Quoz" was flung frequently in the year 1826 at impatient persons who asked you questions that you preferred not to answer. The next really formidable success was, "What a shocking bad hat!" which soon blossomed into a game almost as popular as and even more strenuous than the renowned "Beaver!" Wearers of worn and torn headpieces were in constant danger of having the offending object snatched from their heads and buried into the gutter by enthusiastic athletes.

The year 1835 is agreed upon by most scholars as the time at which first convulsed a weary world. Five more years of fasting and prayer were necessary before "Do you see any green in my eye?" made its bow. The closing decades of the Nineteenth century were more prolific and they may be held responsible for "I would I were with Nancy," "Whoa, Emma, mind the paint," "Not today, baker," "Not in these trousers," "Where did

you get that hat?" and "Let 'em all come."—From T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, London.

Improving Artillery
 A vacuum tube and a high-speed camera are being utilized by the United States bureau of standards experts to measure the vibrations of a gun muzzle during its discharge. In experiments still continuing it was found that a light coating of oil in the gun barrel caused the gun to shoot high and the other things being equal, muzzle vibrations increase as the powder charge is made lighter. It is hoped to evolve a formula for bullets and barrels which will cut inaccuracy to the minimum.

Gives Himself Away
 "De habitual kicker only preclaims his own inefficiency," remarked Uncle Ezra. "He simply keeps advertising de fac' dat he ain't smart enough ter hab his own way."—Boston Transcript.

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MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

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A Real One

"Pa," said Clarence, "what is a sweeping victory?"
 "That is when ma wins the argument and daughter propels the broom instead of speaking out as she had planned," replied his dad.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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FINNEY

AN' WHAT'S THE WORD TODAY, CHAPLAIN

THE FEAR

Wiekie's Corner

EDITED BY JACKIE HANSELL
 PUZZLE

A MAN WISHES TO TAKE A WOLF A SHEEP AND A BALE OF HAY OVER A RIVER—HIS BOAT WILL CARRY ONLY ONE OF 'EM THREE AT A TIME—AND HE MUST LEAVE THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP TOGETHER, AND THE WOLF AND THE HAY.

IF YOU GET STUCK, ASK DAD!

The Clar

By PERCY
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