

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — BANG! HIS SYSTEM FOR SAVING MONEY GOES UP IN SMOKE

BY C. A. VOIGHT



THE NEW "CALL OF THE WILD"

KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

PHILIP STEELE, THE DANGER TRAIL, etc.

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BEAUTY CHATS

EDNA KENT FORGES

Manicuring One's Self

WHILE it is pleasant and restful enough to sit and be manicured by a professional, and to watch her quick, skilled motions take more time than many women can spare. Yet few enough know

as possible, and follow the curve of the finger tip.

File the nail first, using a thin, fine, steel file. Use a piece of pumice paper to dispose of the rough bits that cling to the nail itself. Then hold the finger tips for a few moments in a bowl of hot, soapy water.

By this time the nail and surrounding cuticle is soft. A small implement that comes for the purpose, or the tip of the file, will scrape away the skin that has grown over the top of the nail. And then you are ready to cut away all the ridges of skin that form hangnails and grow in a film over the nail itself. Remove all of this, keeping the curved point of your scissors outwards. Pull the fingers away from the nail, so as to get the scissors close to the side of the nail, to clip away this useless skin. Then clean the nail.

Use a polisher, if you wish, though it is not always necessary. Present day standards of taste debar the glittering nail. You will likely find that by rubbing chalk on your buffer, and polishing the nail with that, afterwards rubbing it over with the hand, will bring a lustrous shine as high as you wish.

Questions and Answers

Will you tell me a hair wash that will make the color of my hair more pronounced?—Margaret.

Reply—Rub a beaten egg into the hair before the shampoo, use a soap containing borax, and squeeze a half a lemon into the last rinsing water. If you can dry your hair in the sun, so much the better. And if you can let your hair hang in the sun for an hour or two during each week, you will gain the golden shade you want.

Can you give me something that will prevent occasional attacks of rheumatism?—Mrs. X.

Reply—If it bothers you, best see your family doctor. Otherwise drink plenty of pure water. Remember that five-sixths of the human body is water, and that it should be flushed daily to keep it in health. Drink as much pure water as you can.



Daintily tipped fingers are one of the greatest assets

how to care for their own hands, and make them look as well as a regular manicure can.

Now, if your fingers are short and plump, you will gain a suggestion of length by filing the nail to a long point—not a sharp, but a rounded point. If, though, your fingers are long and bony, clip the nail as short

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CHAPTER IX (Continued).

The moon was straight above them, and the night was almost as bright as day, when he went down again to hunt for Gray Wolf. At the foot of the rock a big white rabbit popped up ahead of him, and he gave chase. For half a mile he pursued, until the wolf instinct in him rose over the dog, and he gave up the futile race. A deer he might have overtaken, but the small game the wolf must hunt as the fox hunts it, and he began to slip through the thickets slowly and as quietly as a shadow. He was a mile from the Sun Rock when two quick leaps put Gray Wolf's supper between his jaws. He trotted back slowly, dropping the big seven pound snowshoe here and now and then to rest.

When he came to the narrow trail that led to the top of the Sun Rock he stopped. In the trail was the warm scent of strange feet. The rabbit fell from his jaws. Every hair in his body was suddenly electrified into life. What he scented was not the scent of a rabbit, a marten, or a porcupine, Fang and claw had climbed the path ahead of him. And then, coming faintly to him from the top of the rock, he heard sounds which sent him up with a terrible whining cry. When he reached the summit he saw in the white moonlight a scene that stopped him for a single moment. Close to the edge of the sheer fall to the rocks, fifty feet below, Gray Wolf was engaged in a death struggle with a huge gray lynx. She was down — an under, and from her there came a sudden sharp terrible cry of pain.

Kazan flew across the rock. His attack was the swift assault of the wolf, combined with the greater courage, the fury and the strategy of the husky. Another husky would have died in that first attack. But the lynx was not a dog or a wolf. It was "Mow-lee, the swift," as the Sarcees had named it—the quickest creature in the wilder wilderness. Kazan's inch long fangs should have sunk deep in its jugular the lynx had thrown a second the lynx had thrown a third back like a huge soft ball, and Kazan's teeth buried themselves in the flesh of its neck instead of the jugular. And Kazan was not now fighting the fangs of a wolf in the pack, or of another husky. He was fighting claws — claws that ripped like twenty razor edged knives, and which even a jagular hold could not stop.

Once he had fought a lynx in a trap, and he had not forgotten the lesson the battle had taught him. He fought to pull the lynx down, instead of forcing it on its back, as he would have done with another dog or a wolf. He knew that when on its back the fierce cat was most dangerous. One rip of its powerful hind feet could disembowel him.

Behind him he heard Gray Wolf sobbing and crying, and he knew that she was terribly hurt. He was filled with the rage and strength of two dogs, and his teeth met through the lesson the battle had taught him. He fought to pull the lynx down, instead of forcing it on its back, as he would have done with another dog or a wolf. He knew that when on its back the fierce cat was most dangerous. One rip of its powerful hind feet could disembowel him.

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fondling him with her soft hands. She bathed his wounds in warm water, and then covered them with a healing salve and Kazan was filled again with that old restful desire to remain with her always, and never to go back into the forests. For an hour she let him lie on the edge of her dress, with his nose touching her foot, while she worked on baby things. Then she rose to prepare supper, and Kazan got up — a little wearily — and went to the door. Gray Wolf and the gloom of the night were calling him, and he answered that call with a slouch of his shoulders and a drooping head. Its old thrill was gone. He watched his chance, and went out through the door. The moon had risen when he rejoined Gray Wolf. She greeted him with a low whine of joy, and muzzled him with her blind face. In her helplessness she looked happier than Kazan in all his strength.

From now on, during the days that followed it was a last great fight between blind and faithful Gray Wolf and the woman. If Joan had known of what lay in the thicket, if she could once have seen the poor creature to whom Kazan was now all life — the sun, the stars, the moon, and food — she would have helped Gray Wolf. But as it was she tried to lure Kazan more and more to the cabin, and slowly she won.

At last the great day came, eight days after the fight on the Sun Rock. Kazan had taken Gray Wolf to a wood-ed point on the river two days before, and there he had left her the preceding night when he went to the cabin. This time a stout babiche thong was tied to the collar round his neck and was fastened to a staple in the log wall. Joan and her husband were up before it was light next day. The sun was just rising when they all went out, the man carrying the baby, and Joan leading him. Joan turned and looked the cabin door, and Kazan locked a sob in her throat as they followed the man down to the river. The

away she settled back on her haunches raised her head to the sun which she could not see and gave her last long wailing cry for Kazan.

The canoe lurched. A tawny body shot through the air — and Kazan was gone.

The man reached forward for his rifle. Joan's hand stopped him. Her face was white.

"Let him go back to her! Let him go — let him go!" she cried. "It is his place — with her."

And Kazan reaching the shore, shook the water from his shaggy hair, and looked for the last time toward the woman. The canoe was drifting slowly around the first bend. A moment more and it had disappeared. Gray Wolf had won.

CHAPTER X

The Days of Fire.

From the night of the terrible fight with the big gray lynx on the top of the Sun Rock, Kazan remembered less and less vividly the old days when he had been a sledge dog, and the leader of a pack. He would never quite forget them, and always there would stand out certain memories from among the rest, like fires cutting the blackness of night. But as man dates events from his birth, his marriage, his freedom from a bondage, or some foundation-step in his career, so all things seemed to Kazan to begin with two tragedies which had followed one fast upon the other after the birth of Gray Wolf's pups.

The first was the fight on the Sun Rock when the big gray lynx had blinded his beautiful wolf mate for all time, and had torn her pups into pieces. He in turn had killed the lynx. But Gray Wolf was still blind. Vengeance had not been able to give her sight. She could no longer hunt with him, as they had hunted with the wild wolf packs out on the plain, and in the dark forests. So at thought of that night he always snarled, and his lips curled back to reveal his inch long fangs.

The other tragedy was the going of Joan, her baby and her husband. Something more infernal than reason told Kazan that they would not come back. Brightest of all the pictures that remained with him was that of the sunny morning when the woman and the baby he loved, and the man he endured because of them, had gone away in the canoe, and often he would go to the point, and gaze longingly down stream, where he had leaped from the canoe to return to his blind mate.

So Kazan's life seemed now to be made up chiefly of three things: his hatred of everything that bore the scent or mark of the lynx, his grieving for Joan and the baby, and Gray Wolf. It was natural that the strongest passion in him should be his hatred of the lynx, for not only Gray Wolf's blindness and the death of the pups, but even the loss of the woman and the baby he laid to that fatal struggle on the Sun Rock. From that hour he became the deadliest enemy of the lynx tribe. Wherever he struck the scent of the big gray cat he was turned into a snarling demon, and his hatred grew day by day, as he became more completely a part of the wild.

He found that Gray Wolf was more necessary to him now than she had ever been since the day she had left the wolf pack for him. He was three-quarters dog, and the dog part of him demanded companionship. There was only Gray Wolf to give him that now. They were alone. Civilization was four hundred miles south of them. The nearest Hudson's Bay post was sixty miles to the west. Often, in the days of the woman and the baby, Gray Wolf had spent her nights alone out in the forest, waiting and calling for Kazan. Now it was Kazan who was lonely and uneasy when he was away from her side.

(To be Continued.)

WEST POINT.

Al Burns visited Friday with his daughter, Miss Blanch who is attending school at Mt. Pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Clites returned Saturday from a visit with Mr. Clites sister, Mrs. Myrtle Shimple at Crown Point, Ill.

Lloyd Frey departed Saturday for a visit at his home at Libertyville.

A marriage license was issued last week to Nicolas Rotter and Mrs. Mattie Case.

Miss Marie Link visited over Sunday with Miss Mary Thurman at Fort Madison.

A very pleasant gathering of neighbors and friends was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Fette. It

THE FROCK FOR MATINEE OR MUSICAL

COMBINATION OF VELVET AND FAILLE, OR VELVET AND BROAD-CLOTH, FAVORED; ALSO SERGE AND BROCADED GROSGRAIN

A TOUCH OF FUR DEMANDED

New York, Oct. 23.—There are many interesting plays in town; afternoon teas are among the social demands, and the tea rooms of the Ritz, Plaza, Astor and Vanderbilt are once more gay with the laughing chatter of many voices. The charming array of gowns makes these more public places wonderfully interesting. The dark rich velvets, combined with satins, taffetas, broadcloths, and velours are most effective and wintery-looking with the touch of fur which almost invariably appears on some part of the gown.



The Popularity of the Jumper.

Perhaps the most generally favored style of gown or blouse is the jumper; there is the little jumper bodice made with narrow shoulder straps, crossing suspender fashion down the back, or continuing down each side of the back in straight lines. The sleeveless basque in various styles is popular, too, with sleeves of satin, taffeta, or crepe Georgette. Many of the blue serge gowns, and the heavier fabrics, such as duvetyne and velours de laine, are made this way, as many dislike a heavy sleeve. This is also an economical idea, as the sleeves may be varied; a pair of satin or taffeta may do service for morning, and by substituting a guimpe of crepe Georgette or chiffon cloth, the same frock becomes dressy enough for afternoon wear. A very chic dress of the new tobacco brown duvetyne, built on these lines, was made with the jumper bodice buttoning in a double-breasted line in simulation of a vest front. This frock was accompanied by a guimpe of self-tone chiffon. Another material favored for contrasting sleeves is

brocaded grosgrain; a blue serge, for instance, is made with guimpe of blue grosgrain brocaded in gold, with charming harmonious effect.

Among the dressier afternoon frocks the use of velvet combined in various ways with satin, faille, or taffeta, striped or plain, is most agreeable. One charming little frock was made with the lower section of the skirt in velvet arranged in a Wall-of-Toy design; this same effect was carried out in the lower section of the bodice, which was also of the black velvet. The upper part of skirt was of striped gros de Londres, and the upper part of the bodice of crepe Georgette. On another interesting costume a number of pieces of velvet were worked with a plaited skirt of faille, banded around the lower edge with the velvet.

The Costume Etoupe.

One or two dainty dressy blouses of chiffon cloth, crepe Georgette, a patterned crepe, or taffetas, is almost a necessity in a well-ordered wardrobe; it will be found economical, too, as often the suit may be made to do service for many of the more dressy occasions.



Another Smart Use of Velvet.

by adding one of these becoming costume blouses. The new models show interesting features. One is the high collar of the material, piped or banded with a contrasting color. The sleeve is another; they are made very ample through the elbows and, in many instances, are gathered into the arm-hole; this being a decided departure. Most of the blouses button straight down the front, from the top of the collar and as a general rule, are made with a short peplum, or are so arranged that they may be worn over the skirt.

was a surprise party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoengle, who were recently married. The evening was spent in social conversation, music and games. The guests departed at a late hour wishing Mr. and Mrs. Harnagle a long and happy life.

The marriage bans of Joseph Holt Kamp and Miss Amelia Steffenmeier both of St. Paul, have been announced. The marriage will take place Tuesday, Oct. 26.

Mr. J. H. Masters and Miss Marie

Masters of Troy, have been visiting at the O. H. Masters home.

Mrs. Wm. Younk and son Andrew Larson have been recent guests of relatives at Burlington.

Wm. Schnierbrock departed for Burlington Monday evening to visit his brother who is ill at a hospital there.

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