

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Along the Concrete

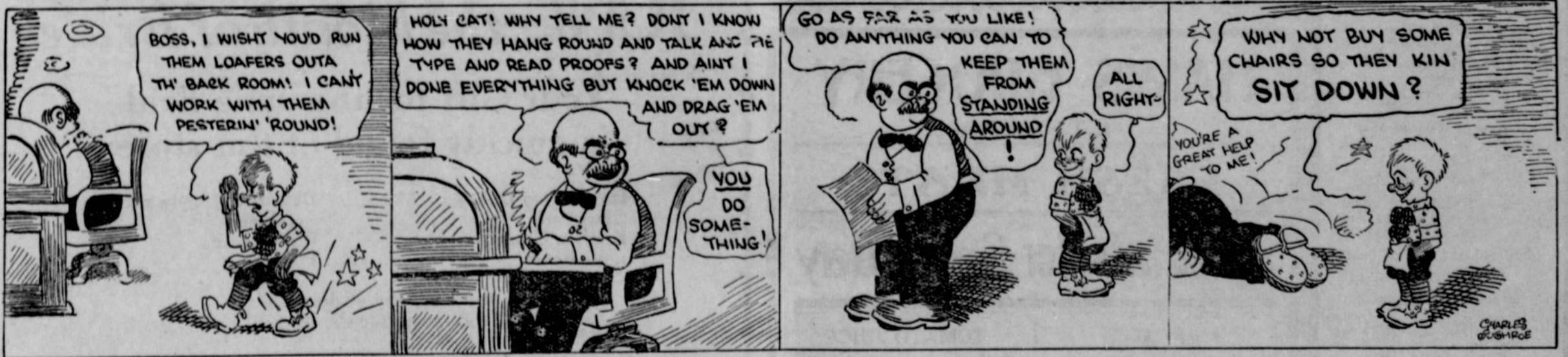
Our Pet Peeve



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

Print Shop Loafers are Hard to Discourage

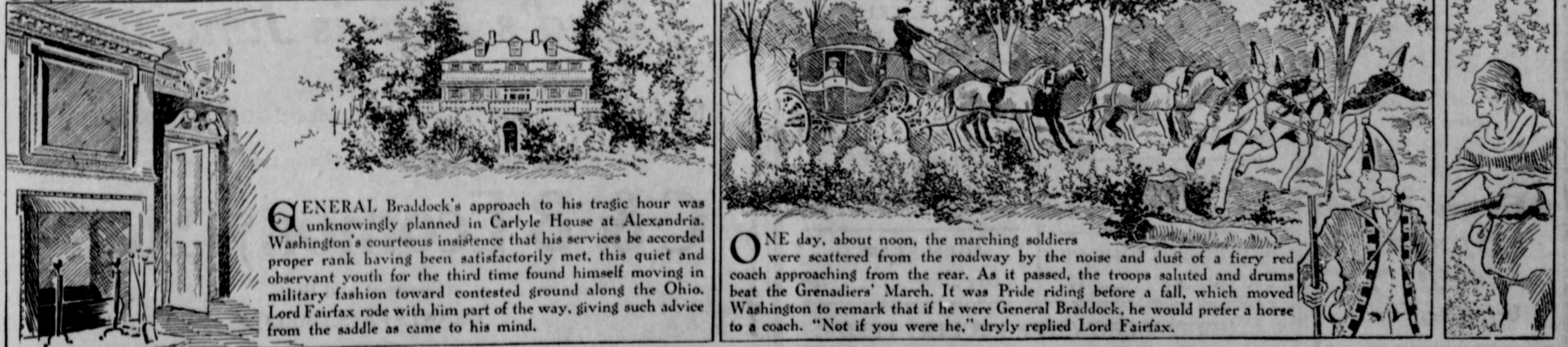


GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TRAVELS

By James W. Brooks

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Historically Correct Sketches By CALVIN FADER



GENERAL Braddock's approach to his tragic hour was unknowingly planned in Carlyle House at Alexandria. Washington's courteous insistence that his services be accorded proper rank having been satisfactorily met, this quiet and observant youth for the third time found himself moving in military fashion toward contested ground along the Ohio. Lord Fairfax rode with him part of the way, giving such advice from the saddle as came to his mind.

ONE day, about noon, the marching soldiers were scattered from the roadway by the noise and dust of a fiery red coach approaching from the rear. As it passed, the troops saluted and drums beat the Grenadiers' March. It was Pride riding before a fall, which moved Washington to remark that if he were General Braddock, he would prefer a horse to a coach. "Not if you were he," dryly replied Lord Fairfax.