

Mathematical Wonder
A five-year-old wonder in mathematics is attracting much attention at Mesice, Slovakia. Even before he went to school he revealed a remarkable knowledge of the multiplication table. When the child is given the date of a person's birth he states without hesitation the days, even the minutes, that have passed since that time, not even forgetting the leap years. The boy is otherwise normal, except for an enormous head.

Partisan Criminality
I have often wondered to see men of probity who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily in to a lie when it is become the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honor in their persons thus to become notorious liars in their party—Joseph Addison.

Texas in Lead
In his first message to the congress of the republic of Texas, in December, 1838, President Mirabeau B. Lamar strongly urged provision for public education. A quotation from his message appears upon every publication of the state system. Each year some \$5,000,000 of state money is spent on higher education, and Texas has the largest permanent school fund of any state.

Ripe for Scrap Heap
Why all the agitation about youth versus age? Youth and age are states of mind. . . . The belief of age is a relic of the Dark ages and should be relegated to the discard, along with the beliefs that the earth is flat and that women are too weak to vote.—New York Picture Play.

Violins
There is a standard size for violins which is seldom departed from, or only very slightly. Amati made smaller violins than the other great makers, but the smaller ones were only occasional. The violins of Stradivari are models for size and tone.

Early Use of Coal
Coal was known to the ancient Britons. It was an article of household consumption during the Anglo-Saxon period as early as 852 A. D. England was probably the first country in which coal was used in any considerable quantities.

Excellent Rules
There are two things which will make us happy in this life if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.—Chaffield.

Business Partnership
An active partner in a business is a partner who is responsible for the full amount for the debts of the business. A silent or special partner is usually responsible only for the amount of money he puts into the business.

Streets to Be Colored
Red, brown, yellow and green streets are just around the corner. Experiments have been completed that show just how to secure uniform shading by mixing color with cement. Some communities already have laid colored streets.

Keeping on Safe Side
You believe your children will care for you when you are old. Don't believe it so much as to neglect to lay up considerable rainy-day money. I'm not a pessimist; only an observer.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Chostly Lawnmowers
Parish paper—it would be a great help towards keeping the churchyard in good order if others would follow the example of those who clip the grass on their own graves.—Boston Transcript.

Model Soldier
"The army mule," once said a well-known general, "is the model of the soldier." Occasionally he may be in subordination, but his kicks never require a court-martial.—Boston Transcript.

Early Conventions
The first Democratic national convention was held in Baltimore May 21, 1832. The first Republican national convention met in Philadelphia June 17, 1854.

DEAN'S PILES
ASSURED TREATMENT
Write today for FREE book describing the Dr. C. J. Dean famous non-surgical method of treating Piles and other Rectal and Colon ailments, which we use exclusively. Also gives details of our WRITTEN ASSURANCE TO ELIMINATE PILES, no matter how severe. OR REFUND PATIENT'S FEE.
DEAN'S RECTAL & COLON CLINIC
2111 N. W. 22nd St., Seattle, Wash.
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By **HUGH PENDEXTER**

Illustrations by **IRWIN MYERS**

W. N. U. SERVICE
Copyright by Hugh Pendexter.

SYNOPSIS

Webster Brond is serving as a scout and spy for the army under General Braddock preparing for the advance on Fort Duquesne. He has just returned to Alexandria from a visit to the fort, where, posing as a Frenchman, he has secured valuable information. Braddock, bred to European warfare, fails to realize the importance of the news. Brond is sent back to Fort Duquesne, also bearing a message to George Croghan, English emissary among the Indians. Brond joins his friend and fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian chief, and they set out. On the way they fall in with a typical backwoodsman, Balar Cromit, who joins them. The party encounters a group of settlers threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwood, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Brond saves her from them. The girl disappears. Webster delivers his message to Croghan. Young Col. George Washington rescues Brond from bullying English soldiers. He wrests a bully in a fight, and finds Elsie Dinwood. Brond is sent on a scouting expedition to Fort Duquesne, and encounters a band of Braddock's scouts.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

For proof of this assertion he pointed to a faint impression in the moss where something solid, like the butt of a rifle, had rested. Then he showed us a faint abrasion on a limb nearly level with the top of my head, and said it had been made by the barrel of the rifle. Cromit promptly cried: "It's the critter who stole my rifle! No Cap'n Jack killed the Injun. It was the thief, and he's taking my rifle to Duquesne to trade it to the French. ding him!"

It was with difficulty that I restrained him from making an immediate search for the fellow's trail and thereby hindering the Onondaga in his work. "I'll git that rifle even if I have to go to Duquesne alone," he sullenly informed me.

The Onondaga's signal broke up our talk. We hastened to join him and were informed: "Black Hunter scalped the Huron. Look! The Onondaga with the nose of the Wolf has found where ten men passed close to the Huron. One man stepped aside and scalped him. The Huron was dead when they came up, or they would not have found him. The man with the long gun by the fire killed the Huron and ran away. The black-white man came along and took the scalp. Look!"

The story was plain enough in the trail made by a number of men traveling in single file. No Indian unless he were dead, would remain at the edge of the bushes while the way farers approached him.

Having satisfied ourselves to this extent, we proceeded to indulge Cromit by finding the trail of the man with the long rifle. The signs of his flight were very plain and suggested a panic. We followed it without difficulty toward the west side of the Little crossing, or Castleman's river, a tributary of the Youghogeny, but when within a short distance of the crossing Round Paw, who was ahead, halted and lifted his ax.

Cromit and I became more cautious and paused. Round Paw beckoned us to join him. The three of us listened. At first I thought it was thunder; then came the crack of a single rifle, only the woods were so thick and so muffled any sound it was hard to determine the direction with any degree of exactness. The Indian wet his finger and held it up to catch the trifling breeze, and then bounded away at a lope.

"One man in old trade-house. Hurons trying to get him," he called back to me.

Somewhere in the neighborhood was a deserted cabin, once used by Croghan as a trading post. Round Paw and I had spent a night there two winters before. We came out on a slope and could look over the forest crown into a small clearing. And there in the middle of the opening stood the trading post. Only instead of the shrill wind of that winter's night, and the howling of the starved wolf-pack there were now ululating war-cries and the explosion of guns being fired into the log walls.

glittered on something he wore around his neck, and I knew it to be a silver gorget, such as Captain Beujeu and other French officers wore to indicate their rank. Otherwise one would have taken the fellow for a savage.

"It's a scouting party from Duquesne in charge of one or more Frenchmen," I said. "That was the leader who pulled the Indian under cover."

A fire of musketry cracked around the clearing, two guns being discharged from the woods at the foot of the slope and directly in advance of our position. The Onondaga told us to remain quiet while he scouted nearer the besiegers. After thirty minutes Round Paw returned and tersely reported: "French Indians and two French men have cornered a Swannock."

A repeated this in English, and Cromit promptly declared: "Then we must bust through and help the feller out."

I talked with the Onondaga, and he said that with three men in the cabin and with him outside to range back and forth behind the attacking force the Hurons would soon lose heart and retreat. Once the Frenchmen lost control of them our task of capturing one man alive would be greatly simplified. His judgment had great weight with me; and there was no denying the confusion he would throw the enemy into



So Shrewdly Did He Fight I No Longer Thought of Making Him Prisoner.

once he stalked the savages from the rear. I agreed to make the cabin with Cromit if it could be done with any measure of safety.

The Onondaga took it on himself to provide us with a clear path to the cabin door. He briefly explained his plan, and we pronounced it good. When he set out to steal halfway around the unsuspecting circle until opposite our position, Cromit and I made down the slope and into the heavy growth where two or more of the savages were posted. We saw no signs of them, however, and only located them by the occasional dring of their guns.

Suddenly there rang out the fearful war-whoop of the Onondaga, accompanied by the crack of his rifle. There were a few seconds of silence and again Round Paw raised his voice, this time in triumph and sounding his scalp-cry. He had made his first kill and the enemy knew it, and the Huron howl rose from all sides of the clearing. The Onondaga shouted his defiance and dared the enemy to attempt his capture, and added a boast concerning a worthless, mangy scalp.

Yelping with rage those on the edge of the clearing began to search for him. The bushes rustled ahead of us, and we knew our path to the cabin would soon be open. Cromit was trembling violently and would have crawled forward had I not clung to his arm. One of the two warriors was well on his way, as the careless crashing through the undergrowth told us. The other was more slow to seek the Onondaga, perhaps reluctant to leave the cabin unwatched.

I was wondering how we could avoid him, or remove him, without giving the alarm to those who were in pursuit of Round Paw when he suddenly stepped into view not more than fifteen feet from our position. How he got an inkling of our presence I do not know, nor did he live to tell, for before I could restrain him Cromit had raised himself to one knee and had whipped out his long butcher knife. The savage discovered him and with a startled grunt threw up his musket to fire. The piece missed and as it snapped Cromit buried the long knife. It streaked to the red throat and pierced it, and the man went down with a gurgling attempt to sound his death cry.

"Good work and good luck," I softly cried. "Now race for it."

He halted and ripped off his gory trophy and waving it in one hand and his knife in the other came pounding after me. The rest of the Indians were still hunting the Onondaga and we had an excellent chance to get the man out of the cabin.

Bending low we passed through the remaining growth and struck into the opening. Flame spurted from a loophole and the wind of the passing leaf ruffled my hair. I yelled loudly that we were friends and English. We gained the door before a second shot could greet us only to find it barred. A gun was discharged in the woods and a heavy ball plumed into the lintel log over my head.

"In God's mercy open the door and let us in," howled Cromit.

"We're friends, fool. Unbar the door," I added, and I faced about to shoot at any enemy showing at the edge of the woods.

It seemed a very long time that a hand fumbled at the bar, but at last the door gave and I tumbled in on my back and Cromit dragged me one side. A bullet whistled through the doorway and smashed into the wall. And a startled voice was crying:

"You're the kind man of Der Hexenkopf! The man who saved me in Braddock's camp!"

I leaped to the door and closed it, and dropped the bar in place and then took time to stare at the defender of the cabin. It was the witch-girl, and she was still wearing her leggings and blouse. Cromit was glaring at her and the long rifle she was holding. I do not believe he would have moved had an Indian dropped down the chimney.

"Elsie Dinwood! What do you do out here ahead of the army?" I asked. "Ding me eternally if it ain't the brown-haired one. And she stole my rifle!" roared Cromit.

"I thought it was yours when I took it. It's heavy. It hurts my shoulder most awful. Take it," she sighed.

She collapsed on a fireplace log and threw off her hat. The brown hair tumbled down in great confusion. "What a horrible world!" she panted, clutching at her straggling hair. "First Der Hexenkopf—now this. There was an Indian—back a piece—I shot him."

"She's been hurt. Spread out her blanket," I angrily told Cromit. She was about to collapse under what she'd been through when the lead grazed her and gave the finishing touch. Get me some water."

I was rubbing her hands and wrists and awkwardly striving to bring her to her senses when I heard the cabin door open. I leaped to my feet to secure a weapon, and discovered Cromit was gone. Gaining the door I called after him to come back, and profanely demanded to know if he were a madman. But I had asked for water and I wanted it from the Dinwood girl; and he waved the bucket defiantly and ran around the corner.

Almost immediately he was back with three men at his heels. Three jumps would take him to the door, but he was forced to half-turn and swing the bucket at the foremost of the men. The upraised ax struck the bucket and smashed it. I threw my ax before the savage could attempt another blow, and it struck edge first, handle down. Then Cromit was piling through the door, swearing, insanely, with the remaining two men at his heels. I grappled with one and Cromit closed with the other!

"Big! Surrender!" cried my opponent; and for the first time I realized he was no Indian but a Frenchman. "I must have you alive!" I told him. "Diabie!—You die for the insult, monsieur!" he grunted, forcing me back.

He was a very strong man and well skilled in wrestling. In truth, he was so skillful with his feet that before I knew what he was attempting I was on my back and struggling desperately to keep his hands from his belt and my throat. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of Cromit's adversary, a most ferocious looking fellow as nature turned him out, but doubly repelling because of the water lizard tattooed in white on the upper half of his face.

Only a glimpse of him was afforded me as he and Cromit swirled across my field of vision. My man began putting up a desperate resistance and I shut all thoughts out of my head except the task of finishing him. So shrewdly did he fight I no longer thought of making him prisoner. He was a good twenty pounds lighter than I, but he fought like a devil. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

POULTRY

WELL-BRED HENS PROVE CHEAPEST

Hens with good breeding often produce two dollars worth of eggs in a year more than hens with poor breeding, aside from their increased value as breeders, according to experiments on the Cornell poultry farm at the college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y.

This means that if a poultryman can get low-bred chicks for nothing he could afford to pay one dollar a chick for high-line birds, and still make \$1 more a year on each bird than from the low-line birds.

Poultrymen at Cornell point to these facts as evidence that a baby chick costing ten cents may be dear, while a chick costing fifty cents may be a good investment, if the higher priced chick comes from consistent high-producing stock. Trap nesting, pedigree hatching, and progeny testing must be used to obtain consistent high records.

The records of the hens range from 175 to 302 eggs. Seventy-five per cent of the pedigree stock laid more than 200 eggs in one year. The males are from hens with pedigrees of 225 eggs to 302 eggs. One pen of 35 pullets on the experiment farm averaged 96 eggs a bird during the four winter months to March 1, or about 22 eggs a bird a month. These eggs were produced during the season of high prices, which is not true of birds that do not have good breeding, the department says. The number of birds that have laid 200 eggs has increased from 38 in 1921 to 179 in 1927.

Cheap but Ideal Floor Favored for Henhouse

A cheap but ideal floor can be put in a chicken house by filling in about eight inches of cinders, gravel, or crushed rock and covering it with about two inches of rich cement. The porous material under the cement will break up the soil capillarity and tend to keep the floor dry. The filling should be tamped until it forms a solid base for the concrete.

Hollow tile forms a more satisfactory base for the concrete and only one-half an inch of cement is needed to cover it. Tile is more expensive than the other filler, however, and sometimes much harder to get. It should be laid in a layer of sand so the surface of the tile can be made as smooth as possible before the cement covering is put on.

A slope of four inches in twenty feet from the back to the front of the house will tend to keep the litter evenly distributed over the floor. This slope will practically eliminate the disagreeable task of scratching the litter out from under the drooping boards of the ordinary house. There is no better time of the year to put a floor in the chicken house than just before the pullets are put into their winter quarters.

Profit on Goslings Is Made During Holidays

The best profit on market goslings (young geese) is made on those marketed at Christmas and New Years, as a general rule. Turkeys have the call at Thanksgiving. It will not do, however, to neglect the young geese and unless they are kept growing at top speed they will not be large enough to be most profitable when they are wanted for the holiday tables.

Give Clean Water

Clean and fresh water is as necessary to the success of egg production as is a correctly balanced ration. The man who goes to a lot of trouble with his feeding but is just indifferent with his watering, may expect trouble. Water is one of the chief constituents of an egg and it is required by the hen just as much as a human being requires water to drink. It should be given several times each day, especially in summer.

Must Have Feed

The Purdue university poultry department summarizes the general treatment of the farm hen as follows: "Hens won't live on hopes and prospects. They must have feed, and plenty of it. The hen does not get enough to eat in summer. The fields, barnyards and feed lots will furnish the hen little else but grains and green food. These alone and in their present insufficient quantities will not be sufficient to produce good egg production."

Culling Nonproducers

An easy and efficient method of culling the nonproducers out of the new hatch of pullets can be accomplished in the following manner, if each hatch has been housed separately: Keep the first 75 per cent of the pullets that come into production and sell the other one-fourth, or those that are last to start producing. By following this practice, few nonproducers will be carried through the winter on high-priced feed, taking up room needed for layers.

One Secret of Beauty Is Foot Comfort

Frequently you hear people say, "My feet perspire winter and summer when I put on rubbers or heavy leather shoes—when I remove my shoes my feet chill quickly and often my hose seems wet through." In every community thousands now use Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath. It is easy to use and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder. Full directions on box. Trial Free. Address: Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y. Is a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease

For Foot Rot in Sheep and Foul in Hoofs of Cattle

HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Italy Bars Bargaining

Tourists to Italy who follow the advice given in guidebooks as to bargain stores and shops may now find it very difficult, if not impossible, to get even a few cents taken off the prices asked. Following the reevaluation of the lira, a decree has been issued making fixed prices obligatory on all shopkeepers. Only in the case of high-class jewelry, valuable pictures and antique furniture, may bargaining still be resorted to legally.

Why He Missed Her

The widower had just started in to tell a story when he suddenly broke down and began sobbing like a child.

Mirror Helps Rowers

So that they may more easily correct their mistakes and learn to stroke together, boys training for the crew of an Eastern preparatory school, practice in front of a large mirror, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Locust Biscuits Served

Locust meat biscuits are being served in Johannesburg, South Africa. The new food is said to be pleasing to the palates if one can forget what he is eating. Locusts were first tried as poultry food, then as cattle repast, with success.

A Boston Lad

A little Boston boy approached a soda fountain.

Oregon & California Directory

SCHOOL FOR MEN
Training for BUSINESS, TRADES & PROFESSIONS
Enroll any time. Send for literature.
OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Y. M. C. A. Bldg. Portland, Oregon

Hotel Roosevelt

One of PORTLAND'S Newer Hotels
All rooms have shower or tub, fireproof.
221 W. Park St. Coffee Shop. Garage opposite.

HOTEL WILTSHIRE, San Francisco
840 Stockton St., near Union Square. Suite 250
Outside rooms with bath, \$1.50 single, \$2.50 double. Court rooms, \$1.00 single, \$1.50 double. Breakfast 30c, 50c, 60c; Dinners 80c; Sunday \$1.00

Start Now EARN BIG MONEY
28 to 50 per cent profit while learning. Position secured. Lectures weekly, 32 colleges. Write for catalog.
MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGE
MOLER 306 Burnside Street, Portland, Ore.

Pipe Valves, Fittings Pump Engines Farm Tools & Supplies ALASKA JUNK CO.

First and Taylor Sts., Portland, Oregon

Hotel Hoyt

Comfortable and homelike. \$1.50 and up.
PORTLAND, OREGON
Absolutely Fireproof. Elevator and garage. Corner 6th and Hoyt Sts., Near Union Station.

Portland Auto Wrecking Co.

Russel Phelan and Dwight Mizer
Any Part for Any Car Any Time for Loan.
542 Alder Street Portland, Ore.

FARMER ATTENTION

PIPE—600 tons new and used black and galvanized pipe—all sizes. Wire, wire or shute for pipes—you can positively save money.

Common Sense System

SANITARY SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Established 1909. Complete course, \$62.50. With our complete course you can work in any shop.
426-414 S.W. 5th St. 2d and Washington Portland, Ore.

MAIL your FILMS to us

"Once a customer, always a customer."
WESTERN PHOTO SUPPLY CO.
P. O. Box 782 413 E. Marion St. Portland, Ore.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL
Every room with bath or shower. \$2.00 to \$3.50.
Jones at Eddy. Garage next door.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 33-1928.