

The Easiest Way to Keep in Style

By MAE MARTIN



No woman would wear dresses, or blouses, or stockings of a color that's decidedly out of style or faded, if all of us knew how easy it is to make things fresh, crisp and stylish by the quick magic of home tinting or dyeing.

Anybody can tint or dye successfully with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. Tinting with them is as easy as bluing, and dyeing takes just a little longer.

New, stylish colors appear like magic, right over the old, faded colors. Diamond Dyes never spot, streak or run. They are real dyes, like those used when the cloth was made. Insist on them and save disappointment.

Man-Made Seas

If the Boulder dam of the Colorado river is ever completed as designed it will have a capacity of 26,000,000 acre feet of water. Some of the other great constructions of this character created storage as follows: Gatun dam, 4,410,000; Assouan dam, 1,865,000; Elephant Butte dam, 2,368,000, and Almamnor dam, 1,318,000.

Which Is Bigger?

Which is the biggest, Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger or their baby? Answer: the baby is a little bigger.—Capper's Weekly.



The Taxi Driver I use Champion Spark Plugs because they help to make my service more dependable.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive sili-manite insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine.



CHAMPION Spark Plugs

Dependable for Every Engine

Very Exclusive

"Considers herself a most exclusive person, doesn't she?" "My dear, the creature even sings duets alone."

South of the Pole

"Goin' South for the winter, Bill?" "Yep! Nome, Alaska!"

Many a man penetrates fashionable society just far enough to enable him in later years to talk confidently about it.

No man ever lives up to the reputation he wants people to think he has.

If a man finds a dollar he invariably spends two in celebrating the discovery.

Many a man's good reputation is due to the fact that his wife doesn't tell all she happens to know.

On the stage of life the leading lady is usually the cook.

Revenge is a gun that kicks harder than it shoots.

APPETITE IMPROVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which dull the desire for food.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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THE STORY

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.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Faugh!" exclaimed Falest. "Whither do you travel?"

"I have been scouting far to the east, monsieur, in company with one of our Indians. I am on my way to Duquesne, and stopped here to see if the Indian woman is holding her red children from picking up our ax."

"Monsieur, she is a daughter of the devil. I have waited two days to offer her a belt. She sulks in her cabin and will not see me. Her men are uneasy. Today they are drunk and would take our belts if not for her. She opposes France. She must die."

"Of a certainty, Monsieur Falest. Our minds run as one. But the French must not appear to be in it, eh?"

"Pardi! No. But an accident? Yes. One of her drunken warriors fires a gun. Behold! The old red shrew is dead. We will see. We will have patience for a bit. It must not happen—the accident—while any Frenchman is in the village. No, no. Now for the news. I am hungry to hear how it goes with Braddock and his army."

"The army is large and will bring much artillery. The road building goes on but slowly. How do our red children at Duquesne feel about it?" "Ah, le bon Dieu! How can they feel? They believe the forest from Duquesne to the Potomac is filling up with red-coated English. They will not fight, I fear."

"Not fight! Run away without striking a blow?"

"Oh, they may strike a blow near the fort; but they will not come very far to meet the English. Their veins are filled with milk. Since early winter they have been hearing about the huge army Braddock will bring. Captain Beaujeu, who succeeded Monsieur de Contrecoeur as commandant, has great influence over them. What man can do, Captain Beaujeu will do. But they have not the great heart."

"Our only hope is to steal the Delaware away from the English and have them annoy the army all along the line of march. If this village and others would lay ambushes and keep on the skirts of the army and pick off their scouts and sentinels, then the English spirit might weaken. If the army can be harassed from the Little crossing to the Monongahela by surprise attacks, our fort Indians might do something, at least enough to make the taking of the fort very costly and prevent Braddock from marching against Niagara, or sending aid to the army attacking Crown Point. Monsieur Beland, it grieves me to confide to you that Fort Duquesne is lost."

"Such talk is madness, monsieur. I hotly protested. 'It will be time to say that after the fort has been taken. I shall hasten to Duquesne to tell Captain Beaujeu what I have learned, monsieur.'"

"Good! I will try again to see the old red woman and offer her our belts. There is another man here, much younger than you, who wishes to get through to Duquesne. He will travel with me. He is English but has a French heart. Allaquippa makes him welcome, but she will not send a body of her savages to escort him safe to the fort. She fears they might not return to her. Accompany me, if you care, monsieur, and witness how my last attempt turns out."

We left the cabin, and what few women and children and aged warriors we met eyed us with curiosity but with no enthusiasm. Falest nervously fingered the tiny ax pendant and looped the belt over his left arm. As we slowly walked through the vil-

lage I noted his gaze was ever wandering toward the forest on the north of the town.

"Monsieur expects some one," I murmured.

"Ah, Monsieur Sharp Eyes! Sacre! But you speak true. The Huron should be here before this. Pardon, monsieur, if I appear distrustful over the failure of one of our Hurons to arrive with war belts from the lake tribes. If the Huron had arrived last night, as arranged, we would make the old woman much afraid. A big show of belts might shake her out of her cursed partiality to the English."

And after all the Onondaga's ax had done good work in dropping the carrier of belts. I felt much encouraged.

Some children came running toward us from between the huts. They were followed by a dozen sullen-faced Delaware and some women. Then Allaquippa herself appeared, and walking by her side, still dressed as a man and carrying the short rifle of the Frenchman Beauvais, was the Dinwold girl. She gave a start of surprise on beholding me, but I made no sign of recognition, and she held her tongue.

Queen Allaquippa was withered of face and sharp of features, and very keen of eye. There was displeasure in her countenance as she gazed on us. She halted, and we did likewise.



"The English Are Cruel. I Will Try the French," She Sullenly Told Me.

some ten feet apart. Falest produced a long-stemmed pipe and filled it with a mixture of willow bark and tobacco. Lighting this, he took a few puffs and handed it to a warrior who gave it to Allaquippa.

The woman sullenly hesitated, but her village was small and too close to Duquesne for any needless flouting of the French. She smoked. Falest spoke more for the benefit of the spectators than in a hope of winning over the sachem and used, in his estimation, poor diplomacy. He harshly began:

"Brethren the Delawares: Six months ago Onondaga sent you a message, asking you to return to your old home on the Allegheny, but while Onondaga has waited long and has been heavy of heart you have not come. Now Onondaga fears the road has grown rough and your feet have become soft and tender. He sends you these four strings of wampun, to clear away the sharp stones and briars."

He advanced and extended four strings of white wampun which Allaquippa received with open reluctance. Her beady eyes glittered malevolently as she met and held the Frenchman's gaze.

Falest stepped back and continued: "Brethren, I am here to tell you that your father and my master, the king of the French, is coming to visit you and take you under his care. You must not listen to any evil words that you hear, for he will not hurt you. He has something to say to the English, but you are to sit still on your mats and not mind what your father does to the English, for he will not let

them live or tread on the River Ohio. Take this hatchet and hold it with a strong hand, edge against the English, and this shall remain your country."

He paused for a moment and stared intently into the set angry face of the woman and then advanced, holding the war belt in his two hands. She folded her arms and would not accept it. He hung it over her shoulder. With a twist of her body she dislodged it and it fell to the ground. Then, snatching the short rifle from the Dinwold girl, she flipped the belt to one side, taking great care not to touch it with her hands. In a deep masculine voice, she replied:

"Brother Onondaga: I have heard from the English. The Delawares will not accept your war belt. Your hatchet lies in the dirt where you threw it. The road to the Allegheny was smooth and easy to travel. Then came the French to make it bloody and slippery. I will not take your belt. Give it to some of those warriors. They may take it and pick up your hatchet."

"The old red devil!" grated Falest, and he turned on his heel and stalked back to his cabin.

Now I had time to look at the Dinwold girl; she was frowning as if perplexed at my attitude. Allaquippa quickly demanded my attention by coming close and asking:

"What does the white man want here? Does he bring more red belts from the Ohio?"

"I came here to eat and rest before going to Duquesne."

"You talk our tongue like the French. You have a French heart." It was necessary that all her warriors should believe this even though it meant that my hair might be in a hoop before I could make the fort. I declared my loyalty to France and was the target for many scowling glances. Allaquippa warned:

"Frenchmen do not sleep well in Allaquippa's town. They have bad dreams and dream they are ghosts, that a Delaware ax is sticking in their heads."

Without further speech she walked back to her cabin. The Dinwold girl lingered.

"What do you do here?" I asked. "Why are you not back at Will's creek?"

"I am English, mister, but I have found the English cruel," she sullenly told me. "Now I will try the French." With a flare of anger she added, "What is it to you where I go, or how I fare, mister?"

"You are a woman and need help." "God forgive me, if He hasn't forgotten me! Yes, I have needed help. Three times you have helped me. If all the English were like you—"

She turned from me while she conquered her weakness; then with a little toss of her head and a mirthless laugh she became the wild thing of Der Hexenkopf, and cried: "I am neither English, nor French. I am a daughter of a witch, of a family of witches. I make little children sick. I send sickness to cattle and dogs. They nail horseshoes over their doors to break my wicked spells."

"That's all behind you. You're very young. You can be very happy."

"Mayhap I shall find happiness among the French. If not with them, then among the Indians. I can stay here. The Indian woman knows I am a woman and likes me, I think. She is kind to me. Nothing can harm me here."

"And lead a red life and forget your white blood! It's unthinkable," I hotly protested.

Then I sought to reason with her and urged her to start back to meet the army. Allaquippa would give her an escort of Delawares. But the one wild notion of finding happiness away from the settlements filled her small head, and she replied:

"I will go on even if I die in the woods. I have talked with Mr. Falest. He speaks good English. He knows I am a woman and promised he would tell no one. I believe he's an honest man."

"I too know Falest. I believe him to be an honorable man. I will talk with him not to take you to Duquesne; that you are young and do not know your own mind," I warned her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

High Buildings Cause of Freak Whirlwinds

One may learn many interesting things about air currents and the way storms develop by watching the movement of pieces of paper or perhaps his hat as it is whirled about the street. A variety of miniature wind storms are caused by the high buildings of our cities or the forms of streets which well repay study.

On a hot day, when the air is perfectly quiet, the atmosphere as it becomes heated tends to rise along the sides of rocks or buildings, and if it travels high enough it develops into a strong wind, which descends on the opposite side and plays queer pranks. A small whirlwind is often produced by the action of wind against a cor-

ner formed by several buildings. As the wind travels down a street, especially a narrow one, it rapidly increases in velocity. A little will spill into the side streets, but the main stream will flow on gathering momentum. Observe this wind strike against the side of a high building and notice how it "mushrooms" out on all sides, splitting into many air currents, and trace these till they come to rest, but be sure to hold tightly to your hat in the meantime.

Good Detour

The man who listens and lets the other fellow talk is on a good detour around trouble.—Aethelton Globe.

With a Professional Testimonial Writer

Wife—You look tired, dear. He—It's been a hard day. I had to revise my letter for the effervescent salt people. They got all excited about a dangling participle. I argued that it was realistic, but you can't argue with those people. Well, then I had to sit for some photos for the gargle people.

Wife—Did the eyewash people send that check? He—At last. I got a nice one from those liver people, though, and an order for three more letters from the arch support people. Oh, but I've got to tell you something. You know, I connected with those yeast people. Wife (exultantly)—You did!

He—Yes, but I'm turning 'em down. Wife—What's the matter? He—They actually want me to eat their yeast. Can you imagine such impudence?

No Phone Service for Channel Isles

It is impossible to telephone from England to the Channel Islands—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. They have always been in a state of splendid telephonic isolation in spite of the fact that telephonic conversations between that country and the United States and other distant countries are going on every day.

This "discovery" was made by a reporter who had an urgent message to convey to Jersey. "We have no telephonic communication at all with the Channel Islands, and we never have had," explained a post office official. "It is possible that lines to Jersey and other places may be a development of the future, but we have none at present." Jersey has a population of 49,494 and Guernsey 40,120.

Very Awkward

The well-known actress rushed into her press agent's office, holding the evening paper in her outstretched arms.

"I am ruined!" she cried. "Ruined! Look at this!"

"What is it? Another scandalous story about you?" asked the press agent.

"Worse than that," was the reply. "I signed a testimonial stating that I always smoked Mildwhiff cigarettes because they never bothered my throat; and I signed another testimonial that I always use Lymphatic lozengers to protect my throat after smoking; and here they are both on the same page!"

Automatic Power

A power station run without the aid of human hands is now being constructed in Sweden at Surahammar in the province of Vastmanland by the Swedish General Electric company of Vasteras. Automatic devices will enable the engineers at the control station, located far from the plant, to gauge the speed of the engines and the high-water level at the power station as well as detect any possible faults with the motors. The plant is entirely self-regulating, so that the turbines adjust themselves automatically to the flow of water.

Queer Aerial Cargoes

Airplanes have often flown queer cargoes, ranging from an African lion to a grand piano, but in their regular daily travels the cross-channel planes, linking England with France, Germany and other continental countries, regularly get unusual mixtures of freight. On one recent trip a big aerial freighter carried a package of diamonds valued at \$60,000, half a ton of gold and 500 one-day-old chickens.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

By Your Leave

The following is a bishop's description of the kind of preaching sometimes addressed to fashionable congregations: "Brethren, unless you repent, in a measure, and be converted, as it were, you will, I regret to say, be damned to some extent."—Churchman.

Progress in Reverse

"How's your wife coming on with her reducing?" "Not so good. Every time she loses a pound she celebrates by eating a big meal and gains two."

On a Small Scale

Farmer (engaging city boy)—Have you ever had any experience in farming? Boy—Oh, yes, we have a window box at home.

In Luck

"Many young men are going around without hats." "I've noticed that. I won't be conspicuous when I leave mine at the cleaner's."

Six of 'Em Wrong

"What are the seven ages of woman?" "Her real age and six guesses."



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, for since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs? A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Ask the Coroner

"Do you think motor cars ever will be equipped with wings?"

"Well, a good many motorists will be long before the cars are."

Bad Example

Wife (to husband who has knocked his thumb): "Not in front of the canary, Herbert!"



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every drugstore has it, but don't fail to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red;



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer. Manufacture of Monoaceticester of Salicylic Acid.

Tactics

"Can the baby talk?" "No, he gets what he wants by throwing a fit."

We know some men who claim to be self-made who undoubtedly cheated themselves.

Vanity is the greatest handicap to greatness.

For Galled Horses Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—6c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugstore. Heliox Chemical Works, Pathecoque, N. Y.

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