Light From Steam

It is possible to light a cigarette by steam. This was demonstrated by Doctor Andrade of the Royal Institution of London, who produced highpressure steam hot enough to set fire to a match or a cigarette. The steam which escapes from a teakettle is not really steam. It has ceased to be steam since it has condensed to tiny drops of ilquid water. Water steam is invisible gas.

Historic Treaty

The Webster-Ashburton treaty between the United States and Great Britain was negotiated in 1842. By it the frontier line between the state of Maine and Canada was definitely fixed, provisions were made for putting an end to the African slave trade and an agreement was made for the mutual extradition of suspected crim-

Copied From Romans

The society of the Order of the Cincinnati is named after the Roman prototype of the young American officers who left their farms to fight the battles of the republic. This prototype was Lucius Quinctius Cincin-

A Cold Shoulder

Miss Maud Miner, Chicago teacher, says the character of any individual may be read in his back. This discovery has also been made by persons seeking the assistance of a rich relative.-Detroit News.

River's Width Varies The width of the River Jordan

varies with the seasons of the year. During the short rainy season it becomes a rushing torrent. In many parts it is at times a narrow stream which may be stepped over.

Beards of Romans

It was the custom among Romans to shave off the beard at the age of twenty-one and present it as an offering to the household gods. A beard was grown after that age only as a sign of mourning.

Recognition

Scientists have discovered that butterflies recognize one another at a distance of six to eight feet. A possible explanation is that butterflies don't owe one another money.-Detroit News.

Beans Old Food

Beans were introduced into Europe by the western Aryans at their earliest migrations, and the lake dwellers in northern Italy in the Bronze age cultivated a variety of the vegetable.

Joy in Benevolence

Benevolence is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized. at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good .- Kant.

Had All the Men Scared

Jud Tunkins says he just read about an army of Amazons who had all the men in the ancient world scared. Times aren't so different.-Washing-

Fast Ocean Traveler

The bureau of fisheries says that the bonito, a member of the mackerel family, probably is the fastest swimmer, but a definite answer is not pos-

Of Course

"Woman makes up her mind far more quickly than man," observes a novelist. But then she usually is an adept in the art of make-up .- Humor-

Uncle Eben

Uncle Eben, "you is liable to lose somethin' a beap mo' valuable dan yoh pocketbook."-Washington Star.

All-Conquering

Courage and perseverance have a magical talisman, before which difficuities disappear and obstacles vanish into air .- John Quincy Adams.

Ambition

The ambitious deceive theirselves when they propose an end to their anibition, for that end, when attained becomes a means .- Rochefoucauld.

Prevention First

He that cures a disease may be the skillfullest; but he that prevents it is the safest physician.—Thomas Fuller.



The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

"I ain't a fool even if I come from a

of the horse. If not for you, I never

could have left the Duquesne stock-

"I tell you it was the Injun who

"After you had told him of my dan-

ger and had planned for us to scale

the water-gate and find you waiting

with a canoe. I'll see you tomorrow.

and the next day; and on the third

day I'll see that you get some of the

fine cloth-if the French don't burn

"I feel bad luck, but I'll hope for

The last was so incongruous after

what we had been through together,

and in view of the part I must play

as scout, that I laughed and even she

smiled, albeit a bit wistfully. She gave

me her small hand and eyed me with

strange steadiness; then disconcerted

vet. I'm thinking you'll live through it."

last and anxiously inquired: "What

about me, missy?" His mouth was

smiling, but his eyes were uneasy.

She hesitated, then told him:

busied berself at the fire.

"There ain't no shroud around you

Cromit came up in time to hear the

"Anyone you come to grips with will

With this she abruptly left us and

We went to where the rangers were

camping and looked for Colonel Wash-

ington, but he had not yet reported

to Braddock. I did meet Captain Bus-

by, however. He had lost much of his

stoutness and was as lean and hard

quaint!" he cried on recognizing me.

And this time he was eager to clasp

my hand. "I've looked for you all

along this cursed march and through

all the cursed days we've crawled and

fiddled away the time. Lord! but I'm

glad the Alexandria folks can't see

what a rough-looking lot we are.

Where have you been and what do you

I explained, and he declared my Du-

quesne trip displayed "damned" rare

sportsmanship. I told him the worst

of the campaign was over and that we

would be free from Indian attacks

after we had crossed the creek and

"A fight would be welcome," he

testily replied. "It's this d-d crawl-

ing along, like a worm on a leaf, that

takes the gimp out of the men. If

you'd. stayed with us from the time we

quit Will's creek, you'd understand

how trifles can eat the heart out of

a man. Wood-ticks annoy more people

than tigers do. Really, we officers of

the Virginians have given up our lug-

gage animals until we scarcely have

anything left except what we have on.

I hope there'll be some clean linen at

Duquesne. If there isn't, I'll never forgive the French. I suppose the

folks back home are thinking tonight

There was no "back home" for me,

no folks to learn how I had fared;

and I had nothing to say. He ran on:

every express, but probably she hasn't

received one out of five of my let-

ters. I told her I hadn't seen you. So

you don't expect we'll be attacked by

the red devils on our way to the

fort?"

"I've sent word to Josephine by

that we're already in Duquesne."

think we'll do next?"

taken to the ridge.

"Webster Brond, by all that's

the best," she muttered. "And don't

everything before leaving the fort."

go into danger, mister."

me by gravely saying:

die.'

as a hound.

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hold to that opinion today: General Braddock was convinced that whatever he won must be achieved by his how thankful we should be for our personal efforts. I did talk with Mr. deliverance from Pontiac's savages. Shirley, the commander's secretary, "That was the frying-pan," she who said he would make a verbal re-"I tell you I feel bad luck, sighed. port of what I had learned while in mister. They'll jump on us when we Duquesne. Whether he ever did subpass through the thick woods. Them mit the information I brought, I canoldiers don't know any more about not say, but I believe that he did be-Injuns than as if they was so many cause of his fear that the campaign was being mismanaged. I can easily "You shouldn't say such things. imagine Braddock listening to my im-You'll take the heart out of the men portant information and giving it only

if they hear you."

done all that."

family of witches," she angrily recamped at Rush creek, where Scaroutorted. "I'm talking to you, not to ady once had a village. the soldiers." Then with instant re-pentance: "I didn't go for to speak We were now within three easy marches of Duquesne, even though the to you like this, mister. But these army moved sluggishly; and I could women here are scared. And yet all not perceive any reason why we should they talk about is the silks and fine not attain our objective. After all, I clothes they'll have when we march told Gist and Cromit, sickness and into Duquesne. You'll come and talk death was ever the price paid when a again with me tomorrer, mister? large body of men, more or less stran-You've done so much for me." gers to their environment, pass through "I'li talk with you. I've done notha virgin country. I took it for granted ing. You're hitching the cart ahead

rope sickness stalked every army. Cromit had not much to say because of the blas furnished by his dream. Gist spoke guardedly and said that while some phases of the campaign were not to his liking still we ought to take the fort now we were

that on every level battlefield of Eu-

CHAPTER IX-Continued

Of one thing I was positive, and I

a passing consideration, or else ignor-

ing it entirely. That night the army

committed to the Turtle creek course. While we were talking Sir John St. Clair and several officers came along and St. Clair called out to us:

"You men must know this country. You will come along with us to reconnoiter."

We fell in behind them and were soon descending the steep bank that is a characteristic of the country's streams. Nor was the opposite bank any more inviting. St. Clair studied the bank thought-

fully for a minute and then said to his officers: "This is very bad. The army has lost heart because of rough travel. If

the country beyond is as bad as this it will about finish any spirit that's lea." "It will be impossible to take the artillery and wagons any farther than

much time preparing both banks," said one of the engineers. "That is very plain," muttered St.

this bank, Sir John, unless we spend

Clair. "And that's the devil of it." "If you can get your guns and wagons across, I can soon take you to a ridge that leads to Duquesne," spoke up Gist. "Once you are on the ridge, you won't have much trouble; and you'll find the country open and not fitted for ambuscades, or surprise attacks."

As he was serving as guide to General Braddock and was well known in colonial affairs, his words were listened to. St. Clair suggested he try to find a more favorable crossing. He told them there was not much choice as the banks continued much the same, but he did lead them to where the approach to the creek was less difficult, and pointed out a thinly timbered elevation as being the ridge.

The chief engineering problem was to cross the creek and ascend the opposite bank. One young lieutenant said if he could have the use of a hundred soldiers, he could ease the wagons and guns down one slope and haul them up the other by means of the long cables carried by the army. Another, who had charge of the axmen, guaranteed readily to make runways of logs and thereby greatly ex-"When you forgits a friend," said pedite the passage of the guns and wagon-train.

Gist called on me to repeat what I already bad told Mr. Shirley. I stated if the army would cross the creek and strike straight for Duquesne it could not be attacked with any degree of success even if the Indians could be induced to attack at all. I quoted Captain Beaujeu to that effect. As they did not cut me short I added, for good measure, that there would be great danger at both crossings of the Monongabela and that it would be practically impossible to avoid an ambuscade, that Beaujeu already bad planned to plant an ambush along the river road.

Sir John seemed to be strongly impressed by my statements, much more so than he would have been had I made a similar talk at Alexandria, or Will's creek. When we returned to the camp, we fully believed the morrow's march would remove us from all fear of a masked attack. The conversation among the officers all pointed to this wise maneuver, and our spirits greatly improved.

After Sir John had talked with Braddock, Gist was sent for. Cromit and I left Round Paw holding a powwow with the few Delawares while we went to find the Dinwold girl.

Wagoner Morgan was one of the first teamsters to arrive, despite the sad condition of his horses. He informed us that our little friend was sharing a kettle with two soldiers' We soon located her. She had made her sex known to the women but still wore her masculine garb, which was very sensible of her, i took her aside for a little talk and at once observed she was in a sober mood. In fact, she seemed to be more downcast than when we were fighting for our lives in the Frazier cabin I endeavored to cheer her up, and pointed out long before the steeples of white of a family of noted musicians,

"Not if we follow the ridge road. Yes, if we follow the river road."

"Then I'm glad it's the ridge. Remember, Web, how we used to play at fighting Indians and always planned to run into an ambuscade and make a very narrow escape? Lord, that seems a million years ago. We didn't want any open ridge marching in those days. Nothing but bloody fighting in the shrubbery at the foot of the Carlyle gardens. And how we used to rescue fair maidens! How Joe would squeal, she was that nervous; and how cool und collected the Haze girls always were! Joe was more fun-she felt her part more. Web, our hearts were higher then than now. Time has made cowards of us-of me, anyway. And who would have believed that we would be here together like this on the shore of the d-d creek! Thank God that Joe isn't here to be rescued!"

"Amen to that!" And I wished and wished that the witch-girl was as safe as Josephine of old Alexandria.

He urged me to share mess with him and several others from the home town, but I was uneasy and preferred to take a piece of meat from the rangers' fire and to prowl deep in the woods for fresh signs until the darkness drove me in.

When the drums beat the long march on the morning of the seventh I turned out to assist in getting the wagons across the creek. But what was my amazement to learn that the course had been changed during the night's council, and that St. Clair had finally decided it would be best for the army to swing clear of the rugged country entirely and to march direct for the Monongahela.

This would necessitate crossing at a point where the river bends to the north, and after marching across the bend, to recross just below the mouth of Turtle creek. This shift in plans was due to the excellent fords and their gently sloping banks. There would be no difficulty in crossing the guns and wagons. Destiny was taking the Dinwold girl and me back to the Frazier cabin.

I hunted up the Onondaga and found him freshly painted for war and softly reminding his orenda that he was a man of the Wolf clan. After finishing his chanting he cried out to me:

"Yo-hah! They say some very brave men will die before two more sleeps, white brother. They say it is not good for men to grow old until they find all meat tough."

"The French will die bravely if they tight," I agreed.

"They say the French will not die alone. It will be a very strong fight." "There will be no fight unless Beaujeu can drive his Indians into making

a surprise attack." "There will be a fight," he gravely assured me. "Many axes will be covered with new paint (blood). They say the English from over the stinking water do not know how to fight."

"The Delawares have told you that. They talk like old women

"A wolf howled in the night to the Wolf man," he correcetd. "The talk of our nephews, the Leni-Lenapes, goes by Round Paw's ears without entering. Let the witch-woman change herself into a bird and fly away."

"Let my red brother keep that talk shut up in his bag," I warned, secrety alarmed by his reference to the Dinwold girl. For should there be a fight with the fort Indians I feared she would refuse to hide in a wagon until it was over; and it did seem a cruel shame that after escaping from Frazier's cabin she should run the risk of being hideously killed within gunshot of it.

"Let her turn herself into a bird and fly back to the Susquehanna," he called

after me. I hastened on, eager to find the girl and persuade her to stay well back among the wagons. Even if we were ambushed and well-blooded she would be safe at the rear of the line. The savages could never break through even though they should punish the head of the army.

She greeted me shyly and was strangely willing to do as I asked. 1 was surprised and pleased with her acquiescence; for I knew she had but little thought for her own safety. There was, however, a small condition attached to her promise; and she expressed It thus.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

America's Great Debt to Pioneer Mothers

In American annals. Following the ones they loved they made homes spring up in the wilderness. From helping to build the cabin, raising the little crops, weaving the clothes, down the long range of ceaseless toil which frontier life holds, they were co-workers with the men who gave America 48 states instead of 13. Leah A. Kaz-

mark writes, in the National Republic, Around the wide-mouthed fireplaces at night in the isolated cabins these mothers of American yesterdays laid the foundation stones of Twentiethcentury progress. Here they taught essons before the coming of the schoolmaster; here they taught religion from the precious family Bible

Pioneer mothers played a great part | churches dotted the landscape. All the seeds of civilization they planted on each new frontier, as the men planted the wheat in the newly turned soil, drained the swamps and felled the forests. Toiler, mother, teacher, preacher-all these in one was a typical pioneer woman who furthered the cause of America.

Horses' Skulls "Amplifiers"

An old superstition that horses culls improve the acoustics of muic rooms is revived by the discovery in an English Seventeenth century manor house of between thirty and forty horses' skulls arranged under the floorboards. The house was that



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