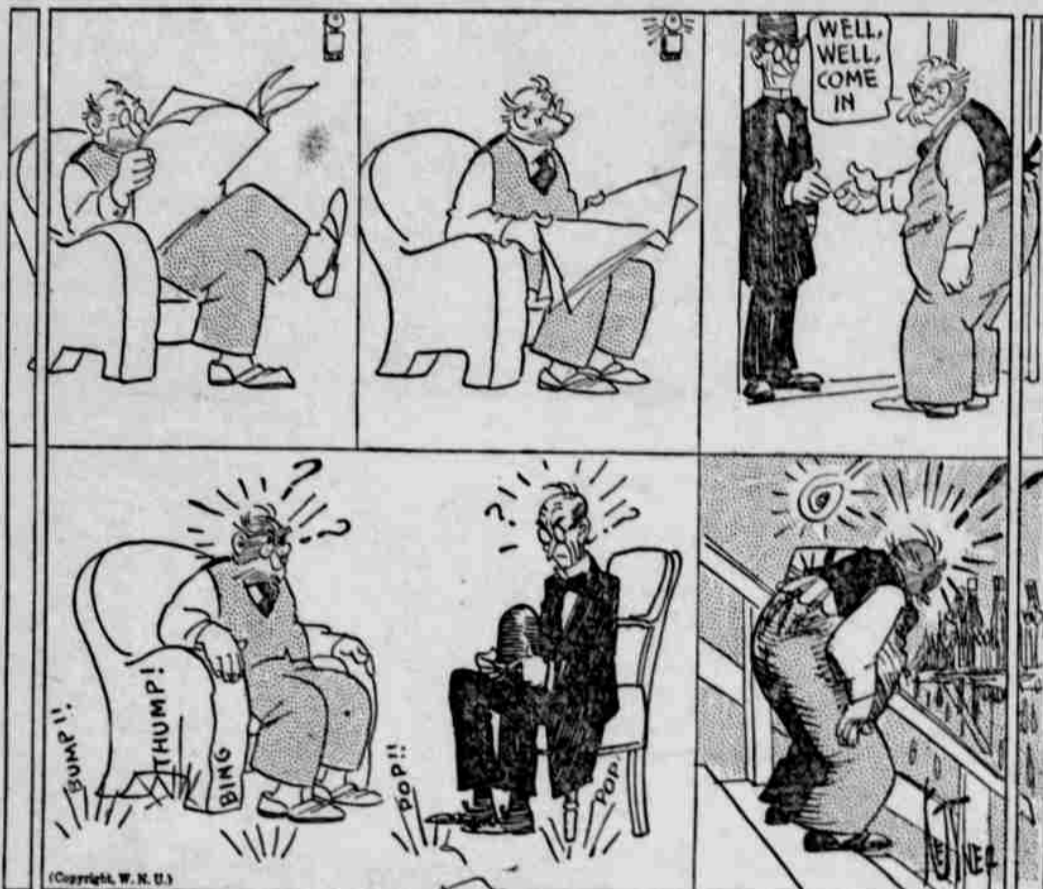


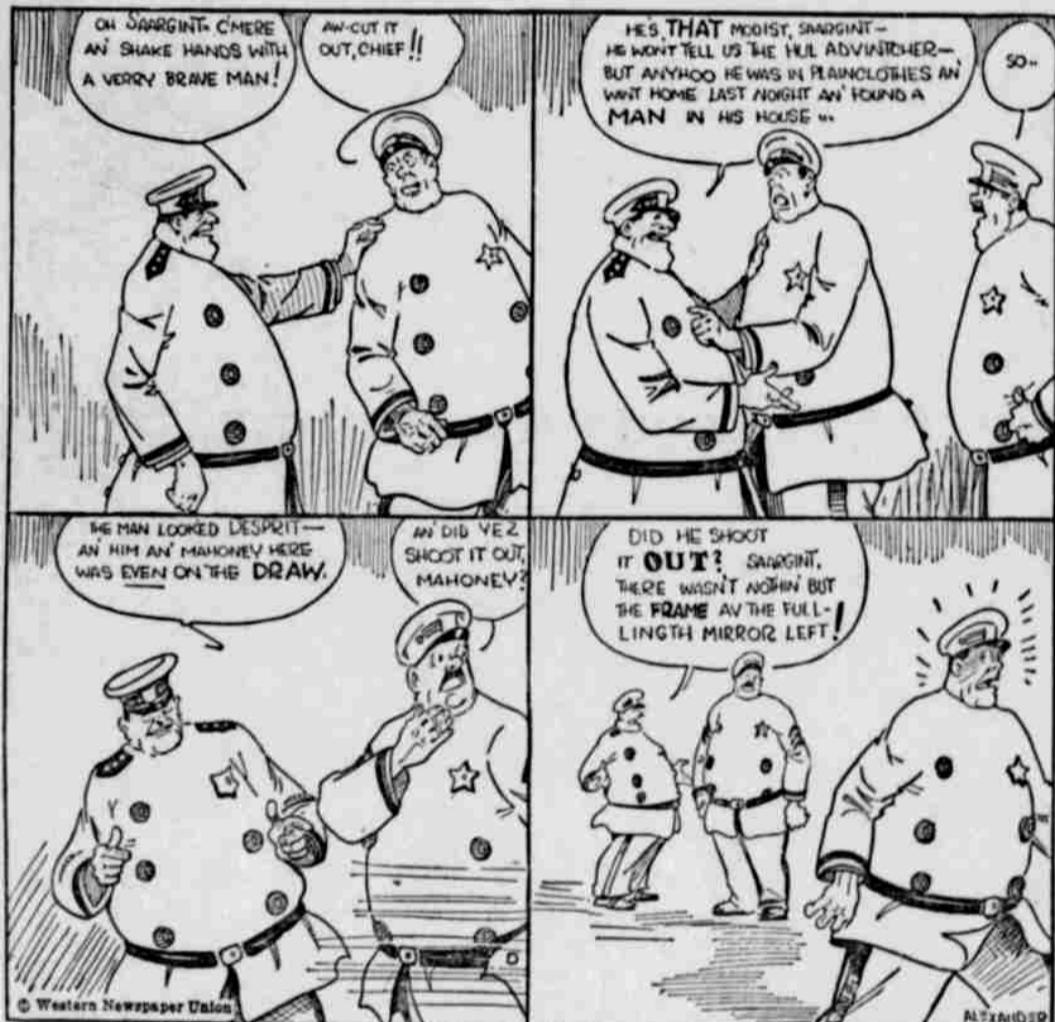
# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Our Pet Peeve



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

## In a Moment of Reflection

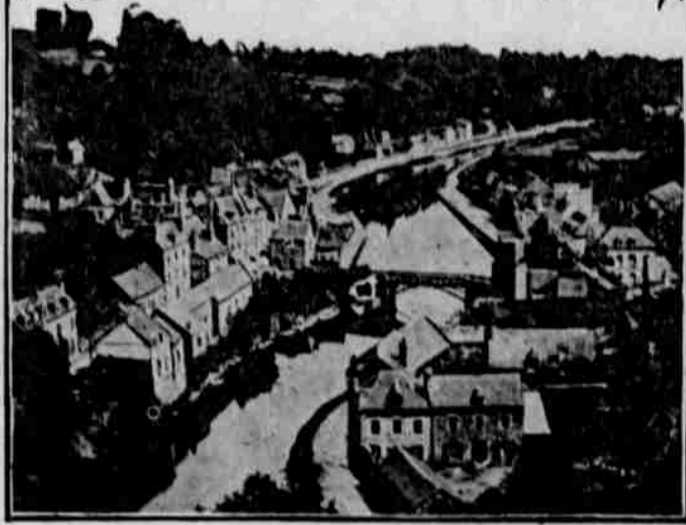


## THE FEATHERHEADS

## A Little Difference of Opinion



# Through France By Canal



A Canal-Side Town in France.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

ONE may see France either through its front doors or its back doors. The first includes trains de luxe, bustling cities, big hotels, and personally conducting guides; and the national front-door steps are scrubbed to a whiteness for your anticipated arrival.

The second leads you, by unfrequented paths, past the back doors of family life and native customs. Nobody knows you're coming, so you get the potluck and warm welcome accorded to an unexpected guest.

The back-door voyager, whose patron saint is Robert Louis Stevenson, has a confirmed preference for doing it afoot or astride a donkey or a bicycle; but a newer way is by canoe.

Such a recent voyage began at St. Malo, Brittany. Wide, wet sands where red-capped fishermen mend their nets, a tangle of narrow streets atop a fortified rock whose turreted ramparts are grim with an age-long beating back of the sea and sea-borne invaders—that is St. Malo.

La Rance, an inlet of the sea at St. Malo, was the starting point. It is a placid-appearing channel when the tide is in, but when the tide turns the very bottom seems to drop out. The tidal rise in La Rance is between 25 and 50 feet according to the season. So rapid is the rise that Breton farmer-fishermen declare that a horseman on the flats as the water starts in cannot escape it.

At Le Chatelet is the first lock which separates the turbulent Rance from the lile-et-Rance canal. "Canal" seems almost a libelous description of those idyllic streams. Instead of some inflexibly straight cut, imprisoned between stone embankments and suggestive of sewage, imagine sylvan windings innumerable, water lilies afloat, bank-bordering poplars a-march against the sky, and far ahead the subaqueous ghost of some woodland-embowered bridge dipped in the mirroring vista.

Dinan and Beyond. Dinan is the first town of importance to be reached on the lile-et-Rance canal. The clap of sabots resounds through the quaint streets whose fifteenth century house walls and carved arcades befittingly frame a scene of snowy-capped old women and shawl-hatted old men, with their shrewd, kind faces of apple-red freshness. Never were such old folk as these Breton peasants—old, merely, like some seasoned vintage of "imprisoned sunshine."

Beyond Dinan all is "little country," as the French say, with here and there a cluster of red roofs, or a distant spire, or lock-keeper's house, to add their charm to that canoe-tempting stream. Everywhere there are locks. At one stretch there are 13 within four miles.

Locks are constructed for sizable boats, not for canoes. But the good-natured lock-keepers moderate the water's rush by opening the sluice-gradually. In fact, locking through—and especially in "descending" locks, where the water sinks to the level of the stream ahead—becomes even an absorbing, picture-book experience. Down you go, gradually losing sight of the world, as the lock walls rise towering about you. The ponderous gates ahead of you, closed like some big, black book cover, set you to wondering what lies behind them. Then slowly they open—the book covers part—and some new and charming picture, a Corot or perhaps a Cazin, is disclosed.

At Rennes one leaves the canal and enters the Vilaine river. It is another lovely stream, which winds its way through a flexuous, closely aborn land of, one might almost say, natural golf links. Perhaps it is an indirect compliment to the beauty of French waterways that this one should be called Ugly river.

At Redon the Paris-bound canoeist enters the Nantes-a-Brest canal which stretches to the Erdre river, a tributary of the Loire. This latter river is entered at Nantes and is followed upstream for nearly 200 miles to Orleans.

Avoid the Loire Sands. The Loire is noted for its sand. Though the French glass and cement industries work overtime and the dredges do their best, their united efforts at exhausting the sand of the Loire are about as effective as "seven

malds with seven mops" sweeping up a sea beach. It is hopeless, even for a canoe; the best plan is to ship the craft to the middle Loire, where the chateaux are many and the sand shoals are fewer.

Langeais, Luynes, Amboise, Chaumont, Blois—outstrung jewels on the river bank of the Loire! Yet they are jewels which were fashioned and set on their river-commanding heights at different periods and with different aims. Nevertheless they have an historical bond, since most of them occupy the sites of Roman camps, from which they derive their names.

Langeais is a corrupted form of Alingavia, and Maille (the older name of Luynes) is but a slight modification of Malleum. But Gallia declined to remain a Roman colony, and by degrees these sites fell into the hands of the early Frenchmen, thereupon they erected fortresses, and the Romans being out of the way, proceeded to battle among themselves.

Luynes' grim walls and unornamented towers give us a fair idea of what this military fortress was in the Twelfth century, when the powerful nobles warred against each other and even against the king.

Around Langeais centered the great battles between the counts of Anjou and the barons of Touraine. From behind its walls Richard of England (who was also a count of Anjou) defied the crown, and for centuries the English continued to use the castle as a base for gentlemanly brigandage, until the unhappy neighborhood bought them off with 2,000 gold crowns, stipulating that the fortress be destroyed. Thereafter hard-fisted Louis XI, having quelled his unruly vassals and unified France, rebuilt for himself a modified Langeais—the castle as it stands today.

Some Lovely Chateaux. Amboise and Chaumont belong to the same century as Langeais and show the same tendencies. They are military strongholds, softening under ornamentation of pinnacle and carving toward a purpose which became always less warlike and always more luxurious.

Of this gradual transition the final stage is seen in the chateaux of Blois and Azay-le-Rideau, where not a ghost of the somber feudal fortress remains; where windows, and not loopholes, look out upon parks instead of drawbridges, and where ornament expands into the embroideries of a pleasure palace in which the rustle of silks has replaced the clang of mail. Blois is for the traveler who prefers to hobnob with the ghosts of gorgeous cardinals and queens and satindoubtied courtiers.

At Orleans the canal is regained and stretches off 125 kilometers to the Seine. At Buges, still on the canal—at the intersection of three, in fact—begins the press of canal traffic that mounts by the mile as Paris is approached.

The French canal system dates back to 1638, when the Canal de Briare was constructed. Since then it has welled into a vast complexity of routes which total more than 3,000 miles of canals and nearly 7,000 miles of navigable rivers, canalized and non-canalized.

It is no exaggeration to say that traffic may be moved from any one to any other part of France over this remarkable system, which entails an annual upkeep expenditure of 30,000,000 francs. Its longest link is the Canal du Midi, which extends 380 miles across southern France, connecting the Rhone with the Atlantic ocean.

The maximum of traffic is found on the Marne-au-Rhin canal, which in 1919 carried 110,000,000 K. T. or kilometer tons. A K. T. is one ton which has been transported one kilometer. Multiplying thus the tonnage carried by the distance it moved, we find in the same year a grand total of 773,000,000 K. T., as the canal traffic of all France.

### Quite Natural

"He's quite an auto fiend, isn't he? Never seen without his car. Always doing sixty miles an hour or more."  
"That so? I saw him yesterday without it."  
"Where was he?"  
"He was sitting on the cow-catcher of a trolley car with a steering wheel around his neck."

## The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

### Gift of Golden Eagle to Yellowstone Park

A large golden eagle, a bird even more fine and majestic than the bald eagle shown on the American coat-of-arms, has been presented to Yellowstone National Park by Harry E. Boughers of Fort Wayne, Ind. Mr. Boughers found the eagle with its wing injured, apparently by gunshot, and kept it several weeks until its wound was healed. Anxious that the bird should not be exposed to any more pot shots in a densely populated region, he sent it out to the park at his own expense, requesting that it be kept and fed well for a short time and then released to find its own home in the mountains.

Yellowstone National park has frequently figured as the source of donations of such animals as bison and elk, but this is one of the few cases on record where the process has been reversed. This is at least partly due to the fact that the national park service has steadily adhered to a policy of refusing to introduce animals or plants not native to the region.

### To Cure a Cold in one Day

Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. The Safe and Proven Remedy. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 25c.—Adv.

### Gamekeeper's Find

A gamekeeper near Aberdeen, Scotland, has had a remarkable experience among foxes. He discovered the lair of a fox among the heather, and after a good deal of hunting succeeded in trapping the old pair. A few days later he found on the ledge of a rock near the den five young fox cubs.

It chanced that he had at home a cat with kittens the same age as the cubs, so he took two of them home and placed them beside the mother cat. She took kindly to her common enemy, and cared for them. The young cubs have become quite friendly with the kittens, and the cat is proving an excellent foster mother.

### Plane Wedding Not New

These airplane weddings are "old stuff," according to Mrs. Mary A. Boynton, noted geologist. Fifty-six years ago Mrs. Boynton became a bride in a balloon ascension from Central park, New York city. That method was her own suggestion. Even as now the legality of a marriage in the air was questioned at the time.

## No More Croup!



W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 49-1927.