

## How Much Water Should Baby Get?

A Famous Authority's Rule  
By Ruth Brittain



Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eight-pound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast-fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle-fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.

Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't, give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper—and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold.

Just a word of caution. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package so you'll be sure to get the genuine. The forty-cent bottles contain thirty-five doses.

### Street to Be Ballroom

Entertaining guests together and using the street as the ballroom is the plan being worked out by residents of one side of North street, London. Under the shadow of Westminster the neighbors of the small and ancient street have become well acquainted, and as their homes are too small for entertaining on a large scale, they propose to cover the pavement with an awning and throw open their respective houses, which will be used as places for sitting out. Dinner will be served in each house so that guests will have the choice of at least a dozen meals.

### Tactfulness Rewarded

As a reward for their tactfulness during the great strike in Great Britain in 1926, policemen of Edinburgh, Scotland, are to have a recreation building. A fund for the purpose was raised by people of all ranks, most of whom were opposed to each other during the strike, and were kept in order by the police.

### Poetry on Production Basis

Two high school boys called on Will Han Herschell, poet of the Indianapolis News, asking him to honor their yearbook with a poetical introduction. "Why, yes, boys, I'd be glad to write a little verse or two for your annual. When do you want it?" "Oh," replied the boys, "we'll just sit here and wait for it."

### Safe Guess

"How much do you think I made last year?"  
"About 50 per cent."  
"Fifty per cent of what?"  
"Whatever you say."



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# The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By  
HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by  
IRWIN MYERS

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### SYNOPSIS

Impoverished by the open-handed generosity of his father, Virginia gentleman, young 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.

### CHAPTER I—Continued

I worked my way into the taproom of the Royal George and made bold to put a question to a young subaltern. He eyed me haughtily, and then began to admire my leggings and fringed shirt, the nearest he had yet come to Indian life, and in a low voice, so as not to destroy his dignity, began to babble questions. Had I really seen wild Indians? Had I killed any? Was it true the savages cooked and ate at their prisoners? At last I satisfied his greediness and finally learned what I had desired.

Governor Dinwiddie had returned from the Maryland shore and was at the Carlyle house together with others of the council. They were holding the last conference before the army marched.

Quitting the Royal George I hastened to conclude my business. The lumbering coach had disappeared by the time I reached the Carlyle house, but the horses of the escort were tethered under the double row of Lombardy poplars and I knew the council was still in session.

I was acquainted with the house in side and out, and it had changed none during my absence. Mr. Carlyle, a most gracious, kindly man, had permitted us boys to explore it and make it figure prominently in some of our games. Once on a dare from Bushy I had climbed out of a dormer-window and crawled among the heavy-shouldered chimneys and was severely lectured by the owner.

I advanced toward the dark door and quickly found a bayonet disputing my approach, with the sentinel growling for me to halt. His stolid glance at my rifle was ill-favored. My fringed shirt and leggings did not meet with his approval.

"I have news for his excellency, Governor Dinwiddie," I told him.

"This is General Braddock's headquarters. Go back to the road, you woods-rat," he commanded.

"I have news for General Braddock," I persisted.

He advanced the bayonet and, red with anger, I leaped back to escape being pricked. He came on as I retreated; and in this humiliating manner I was being driven from the portal-arch and its massive carved frame when a familiar voice asked an explanation. The sentinel stared over my shoulder sullenly but still kept his bayonet at my breast.

Without turning my head I explained:

"I am Webster Brond, Mr. Carlyle. I have news for the council if I am permitted to give it."

Mr. Carlyle stepped forward and said to the sentinel:

"I know this young man. He is one of our citizens and he comes from the western country. The council will wish to hear what he has to say."

But the red-coat knew his orders—and therein was a good soldier—and he would not give in an inch until a superior had passed on my application. He bawled out, and a sergeant appeared on the scene, and Mr. Carlyle repeated his indorsement of me. The sergeant ordered the sentinel back to his post and told us we were at liberty to proceed.

Word was carried inside and after several minutes, during which I heard the clinking of glasses and the muffled giving of a toast, an officer opened the door and motioned for me to enter. I had expected Mr. Carlyle to accompany me, but he was not included in the invitation. He gave me a smile and a nod and passed down the hall and out into the garden.

My conductor motioned for me to halt just inside the door and await the pleasure of the august commander of all the king's soldiers in America General Braddock—of Irish descent, say many, but his name is Saxon "Broad-oak"—had Governor Dinwiddie on his right hand and Governor De Lancey of New York on his left. The others around the board were Governors Shirley of Massachusetts, Sharpe of Maryland, Dobbs of North Carolina, Morris of Pennsylvania. Near the foot of the table were Commodore Keppel, Sir John St. Clair British quarter-master general, and a prominent citizen I had seen several times in Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin.

None paid any attention to me but Fonda passing glance from those fac-

ing the door. It is very possible some of them took me to be an Indian, or a half-breed; for among the forest folk I was known as Black Brond, and my skin and hair had burned and tanned by wind and sun, on first glance, I was as much of a red man as Round Paw of the Wolf clan, my Onondaga friend. Mr. Franklin was ordering General Braddock against his long-drawn-out line being taken by surprise. General Braddock did not relish the admonition and haughtily replied:

"The savage may be a formidable enemy to your raw militia sir, but on the king's regiments and disciplined troops it is impossible that they can make any impression."

I thought of the red-coats, and the flintlocks discharged in blind volleys, and wondered.

Governor Dinwiddie leaned from his chair and scrutinized me closely, smiled slightly, and said:

"General Braddock, I believe I recognize an Alexandrian in the young man waiting to report. Doubtless he brings fresh news."



"Ten Thousand Pounds to Red Savages!" Rumbled Braddock.

Braddock turned his heavy gaze on me, frowning slightly at what to him was an untidy and rather atrocious apparel, and nodded for me to speak. I produced a written communication from George Croghan, given me by him the night I stopped at his place on Augwick road. It was addressed to Governor Morris and I placed it on the table.

His excellency opened it and read it aloud. It stated that ten thousand pounds given in presents to the Indians at Will's creek and in their villages would let the every savage in Pennsylvania to England, provided that the gifts were accompanied by a plausible explanation of England's designs on the western country. Such liberality, declared Croghan, would "see the scalp of every Frenchman at the heads of the Ohio smoking in wigwams in Shamokin, or hanging on poles in Shenango."

"Ten thousand pounds to red savages!" rumbled General Braddock, and he smashed his fist on the table and set the glasses to dancing. "Good G—d! Does the fellow think his gracious majesty can dump endless gold into these colonies? The sooner the savages understand that his majesty sends bayonets, not pounds, to all who oppose his will on this continent, the faster we will proceed with our business. Ten thousand pounds! Pennsylvania has refused us wagons, horse, food and even a road to the back settlements!"

Mr. Franklin, who sat with his hands folded in his lap, his shrewd

### Bread of Guetersloh Boosted by Bismarck

Guetersloh was a town of some 1,500 inhabitants some years ago, when one day during the maneuvers a young lieutenant took up his quarters there. This lieutenant came from Pomerania, where they also make bread of fine quality, but he liked the peculiar flavor of the Westphalia article. His name was Bismarck.

In the year 1870 Bismarck was again traveling through Guetersloh, this time as chancellor. King William was with him, and when the train stopped the prime minister called out genially to the crowd that had come to meet them:

"Is there anyone who can get us some pumpernickel with butter?" As a number of reporters were present when this query was made, the fortune of the Guetersloh black bread

eyes half closed, now spoke up and quietly said: "Pennsylvania will do her part, General. I will pledge that Virginia and Maryland were to furnish wagons and horses. Pennsylvania has not been informed that more was expected of her than has been given. The jealousies between the colonies are unfortunate. As for the road, our committee is surveying it. Pennsylvania firmly believes, General, that the old trading path, running due west from Philadelphia to Duquesne, is the road your army should take. It keeps to higher drier ground and crosses no streams of any size. The road Virginia insists on is a 'portage' road. We also believe the old trading path would accelerate the movement of supplies to your army, especially those from northern colonies. We believe it's an error not to have the expedition start from, and pass through, Pennsylvania, where every farmer has a wagon, but I promise you the necessary carts and stock by the time they are wanted, General."

Garbed in snuff-colored clothes and adorned with those personal adornments which catch and please the eye, nevertheless Mr. Franklin impressed me as being a man of destiny, and by great odds the strongest man in the room. Nor did I exclude General Braddock in my comparison.

Sir John St. Clair breathed hard and vowed he could obtain the wagons and horses from the German farmers in the back counties should Mr. Franklin fall. Sir John impressed me as being a man of much temper, and I believed he would have liked nothing better than to use Old-world methods in collecting whatever the army needed.

"If my appeal does not at once bring results, then you shall try your way, Sir John," said Mr. Franklin. "But let us see if the young man has anything more to report."

I rapidly stated:

"Duquesne is temporarily under the command of Captain Beaujeu, of the marines. He has under him about one hundred and fifty Canadians and less than a hundred regulars. His Indians number between six hundred and a thousand, but they come and go in such a fashion that it's hard to give their number with any exactness. Beaujeu is heaping many gifts on the Iroquois there in the hope of drawing the Long House into the war on the side of France. The Indians are nervous and afraid to fight. They have been told our army will number many thousands. If it were not for Pontiac, leader of the Ottawas and Ojibways, Captain Jacobs and Shingis of the Delawares, many of the Indians would throw down the hatchet and return to their villages."

"The fort cannot stand a siege and will not attempt it. Captain Beaujeu fears that William Johnson will succeed in holding the New York Iroquois neutral even if he is not able to enlist them for active service in the Crown Point and Niagara expeditions."

"How is it that you know what this Beaujeu thinks, sirrah?" harshly interrupted General Braddock.

"Who vouches for this man, who talks French and fools an officer of the marines?"

Governor Dinwiddie promptly indorsed me.

The general dropped his head and stared at his empty glass. As they seemed to be waiting for me to continue, I said:

"It is commonly believed in Pennsylvania that Carlisle would be vastly better as a frontier station than Will's creek, as it is more accessible to Philadelphia and other centers of supplies. It is also believed that had his majesty's troops landed at Philadelphia the march to the heads of the Ohio would be shortened by six weeks and would have saved at least forty thousand pounds."

Governor Morris nodded in affirmation of this, but the general testily broke in:

"Enough of provincial fault-finding. It's very plain the people of Pennsylvania do not care to bear any of the burdens of this campaign. Maryland and Virginia have promised two hundred and fifty wagons and eleven hundred beaves, and thus far have delivered twenty wagons and two hundred poor horses. The provisions received from Maryland are worthless—broken-down horses and spoiled rations!"

"I have vouched for horses and wagons," quietly reminded Mr. Franklin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Tale of Village Firemen

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:  
I won't give you a hint as to the identity of the town where the scene of this little article is laid only to say that it is a suburb of the largest city east of Green River, Wyoming, and can be reached by motor from the midst of the large city referred to in 35 minutes.

Well, like practically every town of a population of 12 and upwards this town has got a fire dept. and like a whole lot of them, this fire dept. is what is known as a volunteer fire dept. which means that the members ain't supposed to get nothing but glory. Well, they's a man living in this town who is in the theatrical business in one way and another and one day the chief of the fire dept. asked him would he join the fire dept. and he says yes on acct. of being public spirited. So he bought himself a rubber coat and a helmet and a pair of rubber boots and staid home several nights with the windows open so as he would sure and hear what is known in the town as the siren.

Well, the siren did not blow and did not blow and finely our hero, who we will call Mr. Kloot, recd. a card saying they would be a meeting of the dept. at the fire house the following night and would be please try and attend. The dept. meets once every 2 weeks to disgust prohibition. Well, Mr. Kloot attended the meeting and pretty near all the members was there and he knowed the most of them. The chief is a building contractor and the asst. chief is the town's most prominent plumber. Other who he recognized was all well known citizens in various walks of life. Amongst them was a dentist, the supt. of the gas company, a plasterer, a painter, a mason, a paper hanger, an insurance man and etc.

Well, they sat around the whole evening and disgust prohibition and the siren did not blow, but the meeting could not be adjourned more than 5 or 10 minutes when it did blow and the firemen rushed back to the fire house and clumb aboard the 3 vehicles with which the dept. is equipped.

Mr. Kloot happened to board the same vehicle as the chief and the both of them was right close to the driver. "Whose place is it?" shouted the chief as the vehicle tore recklessly down—Boulevard. "L. M. Taylor's," the driver shouted back. L. M. Taylor being the town's millionaire, worth more than \$150,000. "Well, what's your hurry?" shouted the chief and the driver slowed down a little, while Mr. Kloot did not know what to think.

Well, they got to the fire and it did not look like a very big fire for such a big house and in fact Mr. Taylor's (Chinese help had just about put it out with the aid of a few seltzer bottles, but the fire dept. seemed to think the danger was nowhere near over and while some of them connected a couple of sections of hose with the nearest hydrants, others entered the house through the front and back doors and up ladders through the 2d. story windows and begin wielding their axes vs. walls, closets and etc. One stream of water was turned on the entire upstairs and another on the ground floor and in a few minutes the family and the servants and the firemen moving hither and thither was inactively shouting ship ahoy.

Mr. Kloot strayed into the bathroom and found the asst. chief cutting holes in the different pipes. "Safety first," said the asst. chief. "Many a home has burned to the ground on acct. of hidden flames in the plumbing." Mr. Kloot walked into a master bedroom on the 2d floor and seen 2 firemen with axes excavating the floor. "Safety first," said one of them. "If we should all half to go downstairs in a hurry it'd be a panic on the stairs so it is best to have a place big enough to drop through."

Mr. Kloot encountered Mr. Taylor, the owner of the house. A couple of firemen was talking to him. "Was you covered by insurance?" asked one of them. "Not fully," says Mr. Taylor. "Well," says the fireman. "This should ought to learn you a lesson."

"This fire," said the other fireman to Mr. Taylor, "was caused by defective wiring if you would use gas for light a thing like this could not happen."

Mr. Kloot next met Mrs. Taylor and her two kids in company with still another fireman. The lady and the kids was open mouthed with horror, and the fireman was looking into their mouths. "Madam," he says, "you have got a advanced case of pyorrhea and your kids has got cavities that makes the grand canyon look like a dimple. It is a good thing I happened to drop in."

In the early hours of the morning the firemen decided they was nothing more to be done and left what might now be laughingly referred to as the house. Mr. Kloot was the last to leave and Mr. Taylor accompanied him to what had formerly been the front door.

"I feel like I had been giving a old-fashioned at home," said Mr. Taylor and pulled out of his pocket a small pack of cards, the business cards of the town's volunteer fire dept.

Next morning Mr. Kloot called up the chief and submitted his resignation.

"What's the idea?" asked the chief. "Nothing special," replied Mr. Kloot, "only that I'm in the theatrical business."

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## The Racer

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## Importance of Women as Bank Depositors

For more than a century and a half the savings bank has been conducted by men and largely for men. Lately many of the conservative directors of savings banks in the United States awoke to the fact that more than half of the depositors in these institutions are women.

Up to that time, only half a decade ago, little or nothing had been done to cater to the growing army of women patrons. Even today only a small percentage of our savings bank officials know the relative proportions of their male and female depositors. The officials of one of the largest savings banks in this country, having 200,000 depositors, recently learned that 75 per cent of their accounts are handled by women, either in their own right or for some other member of the family.—Thrift Magazine.

## His Excuse

"What is coming off?" asked a stranger in Petunia. "I just saw an old fellow come rushing around a corner, run to the fire bell and ring it like mad. What do you suppose was the matter with him?"

"That was old Bill Huchelor," replied Constable Slacker. "Somebody told me the Wicker Higgins, who wants to talk all the time about her late husband, cornered Bill and proposed to him. I reckon that was excuse enough for his actions."—Kansas City Star.

## Dutch Pacific Charity

Fresh evidence of benevolence in times of national disaster has been given by the Dutch people. Thousands of persons working on behalf of the relief commission contributed on behalf of the victims of last year's floods in the Meuse district. Now a number of prominent Dutchmen have informed the commission that they will bear the costs of a building to accommodate many of the worst sufferers in the afflicted area.

## Still Put to Good Use

The Salvation army at Ventura, Calif., is about to run a still. A 50-gallon still was captured in a liquor raid. "Who wants it?" asked the sheriff. "We'll take it," said the Salvation army. "We can knock off the spout and it will be good to cook beans in."

## Loyal

"I was reading about your boy friend's big engineering feat."  
"Big feet or not, I like him!"

When his Satanic majesty bids you adieu, keep an eye on him till he turns the corner

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