

Mountains as Protection

The weather bureau says a town surrounded by nearby mountains is not so likely to be injured by winds as it would be if these mountains did not exist. Winds often are very strong in mountain passes or gaps, but severe storms do not particularly favor valleys, except where the valleys lie in the general direction the storm would take if there were no hills or valleys there.

Traveling Book

Few traveling-books are better than a good anthology of poetry in which every page contains something complete and perfect in itself. The brief respites from labor which the self-immolated tourist allows himself cannot be more delightfully filled than with the reading of poetry, which may even be got by heart.—Aldous Huxley, in "Along the Road."

Man's Proper Outlook

There is no true and constant gentleness without humility; while we are so fond of ourselves, we are easily offended with others. Let us be persuaded that nothing is due to us, and then nothing will disturb us. Let us often think of our own infirmities, and we shall become indulgent toward those of others.—François De La Mothe Fenelon.

Affection

It was an ancient king who exclaimed he had no stronger garrison than the affections of his people. So with all men in positions of leadership. They cannot command real loyalty through fear. They cannot command respect by force. The only loyalty that has value is the loyalty inspired by affection.—Exchange.

She Knew It

A little miss of four years was sitting on her aunt's lap, when suddenly the aunt leaned down and gave her a big hug, saying: "My, but you're sweet!" The little miss complementarily raised her big blue eyes to her aunt's face and replied: "That's what they all think."

A New World!

"When I walk out of my house into my garden," wrote Alexander Smith, "I walk out of my habitual self, my every-day thoughts. . . . Its gate gives entrance to another kingdom, with its own interests and annals and incidents. It is a place of escape and peace."

In a Quandary

Absent-Minded Naturalist—Now, let me think—have I been so foolish as to bring these clubs instead of my collecting equipment, or have I been idiotic enough to come here instead of going to the golf links?

Wrong Idea of Sin

More should be written about the pleasures of virtue. The old theology gave the impression that sin is delightful and that those who forego it give up what is most thrilling in life.—American Magazine.

The Moon Debunked

As good proof as any that the moon is not made of green cheese is offered by a little McPherson girl. She says it cannot be true because God made the moon two days before he made cows.—Capper's Weekly.

Publicity Can Do a Lot

After all publicity without something back of it never accomplished a great deal in this world. At the same time it can do a lot for a worthwhile proposition.—Atchison Globe.

Up to Dad

Another advantage to having father play with the children is that it becomes father's duty to explain why the new skillet was being used as home plate in the baseball game.

Vegetably Speaking

"Life's a game of shells' peas," says Bill Benz, the neighborhood philosopher, "and the good sports are willin' to take podluck."—Farm and Fireside.

Nope

The weather makes us tired and disgusted at times. But would it be any better if men instead of the Lord controlled it?—Atchison Globe.

Doesn't Look Its Age

Scientists at the University of California, after a geologic survey of Colorado, Utah and Arizona, claim the world is 75,000,000 years old.



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The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By **HUGH PENDEXTER**

Illustrations by **LAWIN MYERS**

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SYNOPSIS

Impoverished by the open-handed generosity of his father, Virginia gentleman, young Webster Braddock 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. Braddock is sent back to Fort Duquesne, also bearing a message to George Croghan, English emissary among the Indians. Braddock joins his friend and fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian chief, and they set out.

CHAPTER II—Continued

In silent companionship we followed the valley of the Shenandoah and crossed the Potomac two miles west of the Conococheague and made camp in a grove of oaks. While the squirrels were broiling over the coals, Round Paw again renewed the white paint on his chest. It struck me as peculiar that he should be so persistent in making himself fit for war when for once the Western country was safe for the English and with but little likelihood of the French and their red allies ever being able to bring us the red hatchet.

The campaign against Crown Point and Niagara might fail for a time, but the conquest of Duquesne was assured. With that stronghold in our hands, we should be freed from fear from the heads of the Ohio to Lake Erie. Even those Indians in western Pennsylvania who were inclined to help the French dare not take the warpath until they knew the outcome of Braddock's expedition. So, if ever there was a time when the back-country settlers felt warranted in staying by their spring crops and leaving the blockhouses unoccupied it was now. Yet Round Paw kept his paint fresh and was most particular in dressing his hair.

At the risk of violating his sense of etiquette, I remarked on the uselessness of it all. Without ceasing his labors he told me: "Onas and Onotlo—the governor of Canada—are on a red path that is very long. More than one hunting-snow-mid-October—will come before the hatchet is buried."

I did not believe it. We were up at sunrise and soon had crossed the creek and turned north to make McDowell's place. We had covered a mile or so when we came upon a most interesting spectacle. Two men, with horse-bells around their necks and their arms tied behind them, were harnessed together with rawhide thongs, and were being driven like a team of horses by a tall ungainly youth. The driver held the lines in one hand and flourished a drover's long whip in the other. His light red-dish hair escaped in all directions from his ragged fur hat and gave him the appearance of being hugely surprised.

"What have the men done?" I inquired, pausing and leaning on my rifle.

"Ding them most mortally! But they've done enough," he cried, with a side glance of curiosity at the Indian. "And I don't have to tell every wild man of the woods what I'm doing, or why I'm doing it."

"That's true," I agreed. "But we can see what you're doing. My friend here says they are Frenchmen and that he believes you will boil and eat them."

The poor devils set up a most dolorous howling. The redhead scowled with his eyes and laughed with his big mouth. He hardly knew whether to approve of us, or take offense. But the terror of his prisoners decided him, and with a loud guffaw he cried: "That would be a fetching joke on the two of them! B'lieved in a kettle! Lord's law! But they would look comical jammed in a kettle!"

Now that his temper was softened he explained further: "These infernal scoundrels stole two bells from Ben the Great cove drover at the mill last night. I'm working for him. The fools could 'a' got away if they'd know'd enough to hide the bells somewhere while they kept hid. But they took the bells along with them and I follered the noise and caught them early this morning. Now they're taking the bells back. Whoa, hush! Stand still there, you devil, or I'll tan your jacket nineteen to the dozen!" And to bind his promise he cracked the whip and elicited a rare yell.

"In God's great mercy, sir, help us!" pleaded the prisoner on the outside. "We was about to follow the Carlisle road bound for Philadelphia. We'd have no need for bells after we'd reached Spillenburg or Carlisle. We did but borrow them. He would have found them waiting for him when he came back."

found them waiting for him when he came back.

"Not need my bells, you d-d rascals! What would Philadelphia folks think of me driving horses along their road without bells? How would I find them if they strayed while I was there?" And he punctuated each query with a clever slash-slice.

"If they stole your bells, you serve them right. Thieves should be well whipped, so their welts will burn when tempted to steal again. We'll keep you company to the mill."

He now took time to explain how he had hired out two days before to go with the drover, who was driving some cattle through the Eastern settlements.

"I'm Balsar Cromit," he added. "I live at the mill, or two miles below it, with Richard and John Craig. Made



"I Told You Not to Do It, Ben."

It look bad when these rascals stole the bells right after I took service with Ben. It hurt my feelings most dingly."

Our presence proved to be a favor to the rogues, for Cromit became so interested in asking questions that he forgot to swing the whip.

That Cromit had great confidence in his physical powers was shown by his eager offer to wager three months' pay against my powder-born that he could outshoot me, outrun me or pin me to the ground in wrestling.

"You should be with Braddock's army," I told him. "Three pounds if you enlist. A fine red coat and a fine new musket."

"A ride's worth more'n all the muskets ever made," he said. "A ride them. The army needs men who know the woods. Or you could drive a wagon."

"If old Braddock can wait till I git back from Philadelphia, maybe I'll help him. But if he's one of them sass-an'-pepper men, him and me won't pull together at all."

McDowell's settlement consisted of the mill and half a dozen cabins scattered along the horse-path that struck into the Spillenburg, Carlisle and Harris' Ferry road a short distance beyond the Craig place. Cromit halted his prisoners near the Widow Cox's house, close by the mill.

A man with a beard that reached to his waist was lounging under a tree. On our approach, he rose to his feet and stretched his long arms and lounged toward us, saying:

"So you've fetched 'em back, Balsar. You're going to be a likely helper."

"I went a-purpose to fetch 'em back," grinned Cromit as he untied the prisoners' hands and ordered them to replace the stolen bells.

The thieves did their work with all

Big Executives Have Their Own Troubles

Amos R. Bump, assistant general sales engineer of the Killzlem Rat-Trap Associates, Inc., was concentrating. Upon his nice, clean desk was a nice, clean pad, and upon that pad in a nice, clean hand Mr. Bump was writing. He paused and surveyed what he had written. Then he wrote again.

Miss Winice, his secretary, padded into the room.

"Mr. Schimmel, of Schimmel, Schimmel, Schimmel & Schimmel, is here," she whispered. "He has a luncheon engagement with you."

Mr. Bump groaned. He hated having a train of thought derailed. "One interruption after another," he growled. "How is a man to find time to solve his problems?" And he stamped out to greet Mr. Schimmel. Upon that desk, on that nice, clean

pad, exposed to the gaze of those who cared to observe, lay the fruit of Mr. Bump's morning endeavor. And this was the message, reading from left to right: "Amos R. Bump—A. R. Bump—A. Remington Bump."

Astronomer's Memorial
A beautiful bronze globe mounted on a marble pedestal stands in a Swedish city as a memorial to the great Sixteenth century astronomer, Tycho Brahe.

Discouraging Mr. Mouse
Holes that appear to be Mr. Mouse's entrances should be filled with putty mixed with mustard and broken glass. They are not so apt to storm their way through this mixture.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1924 Western Newspaper Union.)

No race is over 'til the last yard's run—
No game is ever lost until it's won,
A fire is never dead, while the ashes are still red,
Nor the sun set in the sky until the day is done.

—Anon.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

With such a wealth of fresh green things from which to choose our menus we should have variety each day for our tables.

Did you ever slice tender green onions very thin and serve them with a bit of salt, a dash of lemon juice or vinegar and plenty of good thick cream? If not, try it; it is a tasty dainty to serve with bread and butter for a Sunday night supper.

Vegetable Oil Dressing.—Put one egg, two teaspoonsful of dry mustard and two tablespoonsful of sugar well mixed into a deep bowl; with the egg add one and one-half teaspoonsful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika, one-fourth cupful of vinegar and three-fourths of a cupful of corn or other oil, but do not stir. Make a paste of four tablespoonsful of cornstarch and one-half cupful of water, then add another half cupful of water; cook until thick and the starch thoroughly cooked. Add the hot starch mixture to the bowl and beat briskly with a Dover beater. Cool and put in to a glass or jar for future use.

Carrots a la King.—Cut tender new carrots into slim finger-sized pieces and these into inch lengths. Cook in a very little water until tender, salting just before they are taken from the heat. For a quart of carrots prepare a pint of rich, highly seasoned white sauce to which has been added while cooking, one teaspoonful of scraped onion, a dash of cayenne, one tablespoonful each of finely diced celery, minced parsley and minced red pepper. Pour over the carrots and serve very hot.

Mashed Turnips.—Slice and cook tender young turnips in water salted toward the last of the cooking. To a liberal quart of turnips add two small mealy potatoes and mash all together until smooth; add salt to taste, half a teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonsful of butter and beat well, turn into a hot dish, dot with butter and dashes of paprika.

Cherry Pies.
Is there ever any pie better than cherry pie, the kind that mother used to make—juicy, rich and sweet? A deep pie full of the luscious cherries and baked with not a drop of its lusciousness lost by boiling over? Cherries tend themselves to many delightful dishes. Here is one which is very good:

Cherry Souffle.—Put four tablespoonsful of flour, two tablespoonsful of butter into a saucepan and when the butter bubbles stir in the flour, mix well and add one-half cupful of milk; stir and cook until smooth and thick, cool, add four tablespoonsful of sugar and the yolks of three eggs, one by one, stirring each thoroughly; now add the stiffly beaten whites and four tablespoonsful of finely minced preserved cherries. Pour into a mold well buttered, set into a pan of hot water and bake three-fourths of an hour. Turn out and serve with cherry sauce, the juice of canned or fresh cherries, slightly thickened and sweetened to taste.

Cherry Cream Pie.—The old-fashioned cherry pie is about as good as any that can be made; but there is one that is different: Line a pie pan with sweet cracker crumbs, cover with pitted cherries and make a sauce as follows: Two tablespoonsful each of butter and sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of milk and a teaspoonful of cornstarch. Mix the starch with the sugar, beat the eggs one at a time into the cornstarch mixture, add the butter melted, and the milk, stirring it in gradually. Cook for a few minutes over water until the starch is thoroughly cooked, then pour over the cherries. Cover with a top crust and bake until the crust is brown—about twenty minutes.

Steamed Cherry Pudding.—Take two tablespoonsful of butter, cream and add one cupful of sugar, three beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonsful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix all the ingredients and add one quart of stoned cherries. Pour into a large mold and steam two and one-half hours.

Sauce: One cupful of sugar, one cupful of cream, one beaten egg and one cupful of stoned cherries. Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter and sugar in a saucepan, add the cream and egg and then the cherries.

Lead Cherry Souffle.—Take the yolks of six eggs, the whites of four, one cupful of cherry juice; cook over hot water, whipping all the time until thick. Then beat until cold. Add four tablespoonsful of whipped cream and one cupful of cherries, dusted with sugar. Chill and freeze, or serve in sherbet glasses unfrozen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't Make a Toy Out of Baby



Much of the nervousness in older children can be traced to the overstimulation during infancy, caused by regarding baby as a sort of animated toy for the amusement of parents, relatives and friends. Baby may be played with, but not for more than a quarter of an hour to an hour daily. Beyond that, being handled, tickled, caused to laugh or even scream, will sometimes result in vomiting, and invariably causes irritability, crying or sleeplessness.

Fretfulness, crying and sleeplessness from this cause can easily be avoided by treating baby with more consideration, but when you just can't see what is making baby restless or upset, better give him a few drops of pure, harmless Castoria. It's amazing to see how quickly it calms baby's nerves and soothes him to sleep; yet it contains no drugs or opiates. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper. Leading physicians prescribe it for colic, cholera, diarrhea, constipation, gas on stomach and bowels, feverishness, loss of sleep and all other "upsets" of babyhood. Over 25 million bottles used a year shows its overwhelming popularity.

With each bottle of Castoria, you get a book on Motherhood, worth its weight in gold. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package so you'll get genuine Castoria. There are many imitations.

Memorial of Schiller
A hitherto unknown letter of Friedrich von Schiller was found at the town of Asch, Czechoslovakia, by the college professor, L. Hueller. The letter, not dated, is addressed to Annalie von Imhoff, a niece of Frau von Stein, whose epic poem, "The Sisters of Lesbos," was included in Schiller's Almanac of the Muses in 1800. It is assumed that it was written during the last years of the great German author's life.

Archbishop and Reporters
We should enjoy knowing the archbishop of Canterbury. He makes public declaration that he is a slow thinker and speaker and that he sometimes stumbles through an address, only to find that the newspaper reporters have caught his meaning and presented it in perfect form. So many people—not archbishops—are continually complaining that the reporters "never get anything right."—Worcester Telegram.

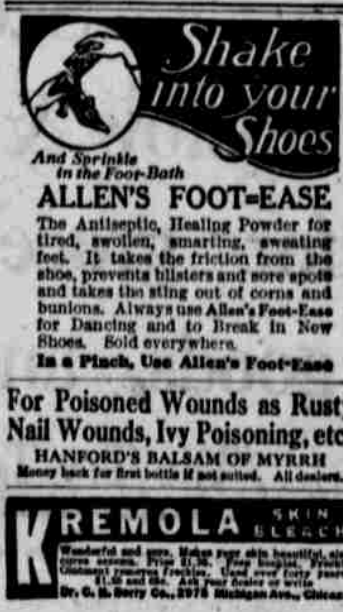
Reporting Progress
We casually inquired of our ten-year-old today how he was getting along at school, and he replied: "Just fine. We pulled a fake pass and went through 'em for a touchdown, and they didn't even know who had the ball."—Smith County (Kan.) Pioneer

On the Carpet
"Your standing in studies is satisfactory but your deportment is not."
"Will that keep me from graduating, professor?"
"Well, if you keep on we may have to give you a black sheepskin."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Necessary Preparations
"I hear that your wife has taken up golf."
"Well, she intended to, but the tailor was two weeks late with her knickers and I couldn't get delivery on a sports roadster for her. She expects to start in about two weeks."

Part Owner
Landlord (in court)—I want an ejectment order against my tenant, who has paid no rent for a year and ten months.
Magistrate (smiling)—He is not your tenant. He is your guest.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Wrinkles indicate character—not always good.



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