

Chinese Market Day

Market day in China usually affords many quaint sights to the foreigner. As the country is one largely devoid of vehicles, the commodities to be offered for sale are carried to the market places in many odd ways; by wheelbarrow, on manback, poled on the heads of women, or swung to a pole borne on the shoulders of two carriers.

Expert Savage Fishermen

The Sandwich Islanders and the people of the Ladrones are exceptional as savage fishermen, having no fear of faley deep water. The latter think nothing of going fishing in 13 fathoms in light canoes called prona, rigged with one sail, in the construction of which their ancestors most likely copied the Malay pirates.

High Speed Cables

The "regenerating" system of transmitting cables from London to South Africa is the fastest in the world. In spite of the fact that the distance is 8,500 miles, a message can be sent and a reply received in one minute. Mistakes in the messages sent are impossible and absolute secrecy is insured.

Colors of Silk

There are many commercial varieties of the silkworm graded according to the size, color, and quality of the cocoon. The color of the worm's prolegs before spinning indicates the color the cocoon will be. This varies in different species and may be silvery white, cream, yellow, lemon or green.

Essential Truths

In proportion as men become more civilized, and learn to think more accurately, and to take wider views of life, just so do they come to value the essential truths of religion more highly, while they attach less and less importance to superficial details.—John Fluke.

"D. F." Logs

So insistent was Duncan Phyfe, America's famous cabinetmaker, on the highest quality of raw materials that West Indian exporters of mahogany referred to their best timbers as "Duncan Phyfe" logs and marked them with his initials.—Exchange.

Sensitive Pendulum

The pendulum of the great clock in the tower of the house of parliament in London is so delicate that a small weight of only one ounce placed on a particular part of the apparatus will alter the rate of the clock one second per week.

Prunes and Plums

The bureau of plant industry says that the prune tree is a type of plum tree; that is, all prunes are plums, but not all plums are prunes. Only those that will dry into the commercial product are prunes.

Acquiring Wealth

Riches are within the reach of all. The road to wealth is as plain as the road to market, if we but follow it. It is marked by the practice of those two great virtues, industry and frugality.—Grit.

Atom's Independence

A single atom, properly harnessed, will do all the world's work some time, a scientist tells us. If we were such a rip-tearing atom as that we wouldn't work unless we wanted to.—Kansas City Star.

Low-Down Trick

The saddest news of the month is the story of the ambitious man who joined the navy to see the world and spent four years in a submarine.—Open Road Magazine.

Snakes in Water

The biological survey says that it is possible for a swimming snake to strike a swimming man. It is said that the cotton-mouth snake strikes in the water.

Works Both Ways

We have too many people who live without working, and we have altogether too many who work without living.—Dean Charles H. Brown of Yale.

No Successor Yet

Jud Tunklus says he has always heard any man's place can be filled and he's still waiting for another Bill Shakespeare.—Washington Star.



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The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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STORY FROM THE START

Webster Broad 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. Broad is sent back to Fort Duquesne, also bearing a message to George Croghan, English emissary among the Indians. Broad joins his friend and fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian chief, and they set out. On the way they fall in with a typical backwoodsman, Balsar Cromit, who joins them. The party encounters a group of savages threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwiddie, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Broad saves her from them. The girl disappears. Webster delivers his message to Croghan. Young Col. George Washington rescues Broad from bullying English soldiers.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Just as sure as you and I used to go to the bread-and-butter dancing parties, Web. The French are brave. They can't defend the fort, but they're well trained in the Indian style of fighting. If they evacuate Duquesne without making a fight, they'll forever be discredited among the Indians. They risk but little in trying a surprise attack. If we are not caught off our guard, they will fall back with trifling loss. Yes, they must try it. There's but one thing to prevent them. If we pass the head of Turtle creek and follow along the high ridge, they'll not attempt an ambush, as that stretch of country lacks good cover. They'll be too shrewd to march their Indians very far from the fort. They can get one light out of them if they can fight near Duquesne. It will come on the Monongahela—and the Guards are not used to it. Indian warfare is difficult for a European strategist to understand. Fortunately we'll have our own woodsmen out as scouts and flankers. They are the best men in the world for this sort of work. Five hundred of them could make Duquesne before our artillery can cover a fourth of the distance, before the army can march a third of it. And once they were there they would shoot their way inside. This war may result in our being forced to shift more for ourselves in border wars. If we have to do that, we shall be better off."

He rose and geniality said: "Webster, I'm glad to meet you again. I wish I could have been with you at Duquesne. I owe the place another visit when the odds aren't so heavy against me." His young face was grim and I knew he was remembering his last visit to the Ohio. He mounted and said: "I'm glad you're with us, Webster. But how do you serve? I don't see you drilling."

"I am under orders from General Braddock to visit Duquesne again, colonel, and play the part of a Canadian."

"Ah! That will be fine. I'll bring the matter before General Braddock so as to refresh his recollection. You wish to start soon?"

"Any time. I'm keen to be off. An Onondaga woodsman of mine is here. He will go with me. He is Round Paw, of the Wolf clan."

"He should be an excellent companion. I will take the matter up with General Braddock very soon. What our men want is a fight, not parade work. I'll see you again soon. Web. I hear Captain Busby is with us. I shall look him up, too."

He was riding away with a friendly wave of the hand.

I saw much of him in later years, after another war had tried his soul and had given much gravity to his handsome features. But this June day he was but little different from the youth from Mount Vernon, who would ride across two counties for the sake of a contre-danse with some fair maid.

I walked in the opposite direction toward the Indian camp, thinking to find Round Paw, but paused where the wagons were cooking their salt meat for supper. The kettles were abandoned quickly enough when a voice off one side began bawling:

"A wring! A wring!"

Nothing will collect men more quickly than the opportunity to see two men in a rough-and-tumble fight; and I joined the circle and beheld a man with a twisted face trying to come to grips with a slim youth, who was brandishing a heavy cut-pin.

"Drop that bank of iron, you young murderer!" cried an enthusiastic spectator.

But the young man gripped the pin the tighter and made a motion as if to hurl it. His adversary, twice his bulk, dodged and shielded his head with his arms. The young man teaped unblinking backward and swept his gaze about the circle as if seeking a way to retreat. The crowd hooted and pushed in to narrow the circle and bring the two to grips. Now the slim chap was badly frightened. His shifting gaze caught mine and he flashed a signal for help as plainly as if his voice had called out to me.

It's a bad practice to interfere in camp fights, especially when one knows nothing as to the merits of the quar-

rel. I stepped back, intending to retire, and again the brown eyes met mine, and this time their pleading stirred me to impulsive action even while belittling my estimation of the young fellow's manhood.

I found myself pushing a path through the spectators and shoving the young man to one side while I informed the man with the twisted face: "This has gone far enough. You should take some one nearer your size."

For half a minute the fellow glared at me, his crooked jaws working as if he were chewing a very tough morsel. Then he cried:

"Well, d—n my eyes! A half-Injun telling Peter Symes what's gone far 'nough. Peter says it ain't gone far



Then We Were Clinched, With the Dirty Devil Trying to Scoop Out My Eye.

nough till your hoofs stand where your head is. Peter calls 'em. Mr. Half-Injun, you're 'bout his size. You're Peter's ment."

The situation was distasteful. I had had my share of fighting, but I could never find an animal joy in combat where all decency was laid aside and any cruel trick was permitted. Ties again our mode of rough-and-tumble encounters made it a very serious matter for the loser unless by agreement the horrid practice of gouging were eliminated. Infinitely better was a clean death than the condition of blindness. To fight without weapons was to fight like wild animals. A duel with rifles was vastly to be preferred.

My wandering glances in search of old forest-running friends were misanderstood by the noisy crowd, and a wagoner jeered:

"His heart pears to be dropping down into his moccasins, Peter."

This bit of wit was loudly applauded. I was in for it. The young fellow I had championed was crouching on the ground behind me, a fact that surprised me, for I had expected him to bolt to safety once I took his place. I felt his hands touch my rifle and instinctively yanked the piece to one side as a man will do when one makes free with his weapons. But the hands were small, pathetically so for one who must bear the vicissitudes of camp life. My downward glance also beheld a thin terrified face. I could not understand why the young fool had not slipped away.

I relinquished my rifle to his care and added my ax, knife, tobacco bag and other belt fixings. Symes was already disarmed and impatiently waiting for me to make ready. He began a string of foul talk which I interrupted by driving my fist into his mouth.

Then we were clinched, with the dirty devil trying to scoop out my eyes. He was an adept at beastly practices, but in vigor and quickness he was scarcely up to my two years of woods training. I fought his hands

from my face and drove my fist several times into his red neck.

The dust and the cheers, the suffocating sweaty odor, and, most of all, his repeated attempts to malm and disgrace me, aroused my passion without confusing my intelligence. I shifted my tactics and began stepping back a bit, taking great care he should not trip me.

"No—half-Injun can—" he began and I jerked to one side and drove my elbow into his throat just under the hinge of the jaw.

He went down, choking and gasping, and kicked about like a stranded fish in his thrashing about he rolled close to the young fellow still crouching on the ground and keeping guard over my weapons. Quick as a painter the little devil lifted the heavy piece and would have brained Symes if my moccasins had not kicked the long barrel aside.

Grabbing the youngster by the neck of his blouse I lifted him to his feet and flung him aside, and berated, saying:

"You young bell-hound! What are you up to?"

Some of the men pressed forward to punish him, but I forced them back. One fellow tried to dodge under my arm and reeled back. Regaining his balance, he stood with eyes bulging and mouth open. I was wondering how my shove could have done him any harm when he astounded me by bawling:

"H—ll! It's a woman!"

Still not understanding I shifted my gaze to follow the direction of his pop-eyed staring and was in time to see the small hands clawing at the rough blouse to bring it together at the neck where my rough grasp had torn it open.

"A girl!" I stupidly muttered as I glimpsed the rounded outlines of her breasts.

With a duck and a leap, she escaped the circle and ran swiftly toward the Iroquois camp. The pack would have given chase, although they would have done her no harm, but I snatched up my rifle and called on them to halt.

"She's a French spy!" some one shouted.

"If she is then the Indians will hold her prisoner. She can't escape from the camp," I told them.

They quieted down and divided their energies between trying to get some raw run down Symes' throat and in explaining to me the cause of the trouble. I gathered from their disjointed talk that the disguised girl was Symes' helper and had resented a buffet he inflicted for her failure to carry out some order. She had snatched up a knife and had attempted to stab him. She was promptly disarmed and turned over to him for punishment.

While I waited to see if Symes was able to continue the fight another picture came before my eyes—that of a young girl crouching before a mob of witch-hunters, her lips drawn back and exposing her small teeth, and with the same hunted wildness in the thin face. And I knew why we had found no trace of Elsie Dinwiddie, of the Witch's head. We had sought a woman in our questing. Had we inquired for a young man, we might have found some trace of her.

A subaltern bawled my name among the legions. I joined him and with much cuteness was told I was wanted at headquarters. I expected to be conducted before General Braddock. Instead, it was Colonel Washington who was waiting to give me an audience. I was conducted to his tent, set apart from the large marquee occupied by Braddock.

The man was sick. Rather, he looked like a sick youngster. His face was thinner and his eyes larger. There was no suggestion of weakness in his voice, however, as he bruskiy ordered:

"Mr. Broad, you are to take your Indian companion and scout out beyond the road-builders and look for signs. The enemy's Indians are keeping close watch on us. If you capture an Indian or a Frenchman and bring or send him to us, you will be doing us good service. If you meet any Indians, bringing bloody belts to our Delawares, make every effort to stop them. The army will move slowly, I fear. You will have ample time to scout while making your way to Duquesne."

"I will start at once, sir." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Dodge the Sheriff

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:

A great many of my creditors and their pals has probably been wondering that how come that we are loose as a couple years ago I was almost shaking hands with the referee in bankruptcy and where as I am now on my ft. again and got pretty near enough money to pay my last November grocery bill.

Well, friends, when I find out a good thing I am not the kind of a bird that will keep it to myself but I will pass it along and tell my pals about it so as they can take advantage and pull themselves out of the hole the same like I did.

Well about a year ago I was talking with my wife and myself I night and she says how is it that I and you are making about 200 berries per wk, more or LESS and we owe everybody in Illinois except the gov. and on the other hand here's the Quayles living next doors to us and him only getting 40 thousand per annum and yet they seem to enjoy themselves a whole lot more than we and don't owe nothing.

So I said what of it.

"Well," she says, "I been reading the magazines a whole lot lately and I seen an ad in I signed by the Rainy Day Corporation and it's supposed to tell the husband and their wife how to get themselves on their ft. and the course only costs \$3.00 so why not let's subscribe for it and you don't have to pay in advance, but first you can pretend like you don't care nothing about it and send it back to them and they refund you the 3 spot."

So I said all right like I usually do when she speaks to me at all and she sent for the course and it come in a form of 5 books, which I didn't have time to read and she read them and sent it back to them with the words that it was not so good, but at that it was good enough to get us out of our troubles and look at us now.

Well, the idea was this in a few words. In the first place most of our debts was owed in driblets like ten dollars and the book says:

"If you owe ten dollars apiece to a whole lot of people in the same town, why the idea is to quietly move out of that town as far as you can and move to some other town, and the merchants and etc. back in the old town won't sew you because it would cost more than the debts is worth."

So one night we quietly moved out of the old town and moved to Great Neck, and we haven't heard nothing since from people we owe money to.

Well the next lesson in the course was to get yourself a job that paid more money so I day I went down to N. Y. City and went in a man's office that I had heard about him, and I said I wasn't getting enough money in old Chi, so he said what did I want and I said I wanted a raise and he gave it to me.

So as I say here, we are living in Great Neck and getting more salary than out in old Chi and all our debts repudiated and they can't sew us on acct. of how much it costs on acct. of the distants and here we are liveing in the lapase of luxury in Long's Island and all as we half to do is to keep out of old Chi or go their incognito, and on acct. of the wife seeing the Rainy Day Corporation ad in this here magazine, which the pure reading matter was so bad that she felt like she had to read the ads.

Now gents I don't want you to take my testimony without no supports, so I will tell you about a couple of friends of mine about the same lines that was in as pretty a pickle like we and seen the same ad and got the same results as us or better as follows: beginning with a letter I got from a friend of mine name Chas. Clarke as follows:

"Dear Old Pal. You know how Mildred and I used to struggle along while I was earning \$10.00 per week as clerk in the Bon Ton Market which my uncle owned it and I was the only heir. Well one day Mildred read me the Rainy Day Corporation ad in one of the magazines about how to pull yourself out of the rut so she wrote them and they wrote back advising me to quit being the clerk and become the prop. so one day I took a big cleaver and used it on my uncle and by the time I got through there wasn't enough left of him to be prop. of a soda fountain in Cuba so now I and Mildred is running the market and last year we layed away \$1.65."

The other letter is from a carpenter friend of mine that lives at Fifth Avenue and 70 st. and in 2 yrs. he was only able to save \$220,000 so I day him and his wife happened to see each other and begin talking and she seen this ad and wrote to the Rainy Day Corporation and they wrote back and told him to raze he—ll and get more money so he wrote to the union and told them he wouldn't carp no more unless they give him more money so they give him a raze and now he is making more than a st. car conductor and not having 1/2 as good a time.

That is the way it come off boys and girls and if you are satisfied to go along worrying about financial matters why well and good but if my little talk has showed you the way out why I am satisfied without no further numerations only the knowledge that I helped drag you out of the Meyer.

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Splendid Results in Good Health Campaign

No diphtheria deaths in 1927 puts Cambridge, Mass., at the head of the list in diphtheria prevention, of all the cities with populations more than 100,000 in the United States. Only once in the last five years, according to the American Medical association, has any city gone a year without a single death from diphtheria. The previous diphtheria record breaker was Duluth, Minn., in 1925. Seven cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants, had no typhoid deaths last year, the medical association's statistics show. New Haven, Conn.; Springfield, Mass.; Yorkers, N. Y.; Paterson, N. J.; Richmond, Va.; Canton, Ohio; Kansas City, Kan., make up the typhoid honor roll, which is the largest known since studies of typhoid death were started in 1913.

Last Resort

Professor Jordan was bewailing the fact that cultured reading is apparently on the decline. All reading, he declares, and is inclined to blame it on the movies.

"I do not consider the trashy magazines as reading," he continued, "but even these, I am told, have lost a great many former admirers. As for the younger generation, it apparently does not even know how to read."

"Only the other day, I said to a small friend of mine, 'Johnny, what have you been reading lately?' To which the urchin replied in surprise: 'Me reading? Gosh, I haven't been sick!'"

Cotton Statistics

The Department of Commerce, which has been investigating the possibility of finding new uses for cotton, has discovered that there are already 1,000 uses for the 135 base fabrics made wholly or in part from the staple. Some 150 different articles made of cotton are used on farms, 100 in households, 43 by railroads and 20 in industry, yet per capita consumption has gained only slightly in the last decade.

Bugle That Ended War

The principal museum of Wenden in Wetsphalia contains a treasure in the form of the bugle that sounded the end of the war. It was blown by German Staff Bugler Zebrowsky on the eve of November 7, 1918, to announce to the allies the passage into their lines of the German emissaries, who were coming to sign the armistice.—Chicago News.

Generosity

"Is he kind-hearted?" "Generous to a fault. He stops at a cheap hotel so he can tip the bell-boys."

The divorce rate is highest in the southwestern states, including Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, a statistician asserts.

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