

Wash House Plant
To guard house plants against insects, spray stems and leaves once a month with a solution made by dissolving half a cake of soap shaved fine in a quart of boiling water, and adding four gallons of cold water. Apply with a white broom or spray, and wash with clear water a half hour later.

Helps Out Ministers
"Queen Anne's Bounty" is a fund set aside by Queen Anne in 1704 to augment the poorer livings of the Church of England. In 1913, 170 livings were augmented, besides benefactions and grants made to the extent of about £50,000. The capital fund at that time was more than £7,000,000.

Fine Engraving
Alfred McEwen of New York, who recently engraved the Lord's prayer on a needle, says that the engraving is done by a special reducing apparatus, the diamond point of which does not vary a millionth of an inch. The work is generally done through a magnifying glass.

Teaching Banking
The American Institute of Banking is the educational section of the American Bankers' association. This organization is organized for the purpose of giving instruction to bank employees. There are about 100 chapters in various cities throughout the country.

Imaginary Stone
The philosopher's stone was an imaginary substance which the ancient alchemists thought would convert all base metals into gold. Hence a person looking for a short cut to riches is said to be searching for the philosopher's stone.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Bible's Great Influence
For three centuries the Authorized Version of the Bible has shaped the lives and colored the traditions of our people, fashioned our literature, and filled our memories with unforgettable experiences of childhood.—Stanley Baldwin.

Airplane Noises
The air corps says that the noise made by an airplane in flight is caused largely by the exhaust of the engine and to a lesser degree by the propeller and by the passage of the air over the wings and between the struts and wires.

Good Appetites
Silkworms are voracious eaters and in Japan girls are employed whose sole duty it is to feed mulberry leaves to the worms. Almost as soon as they are hatched they will devour twice their weight in leaves.

Will Soon Be Crowded
At the present rate of increase in population all over the world it is predicted that in 60 years there will be "standing room only." The rate of increase is now about 50,000 a day.

One Always Successful
There are times when the motorist who attempts to beat the train at the crossing fails, but the fellow who strikes a match to discover the gas leak usually succeeds.

Monetary Parity
Bimetallism is the name given to a monetary system in which gold and silver stand upon precisely the same footing as regards mintage and legal tender.

Not Stevenson's Plot
Dr. W. J. Long says that Stevenson was indebted to E. A. Poe's story, "William Wilson," for the plot of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Mark of Greatness
Maturity is always a mark of greatness whether the persons possessed of it are old or young.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Inexplicable Sex
When thoroughly convinced that the man can cause her unhappiness, a woman is happiest in love.—Vanity Fair.

Secret of Happiness
If you are able to forget fancied injuries, you have found one of the secrets of happiness.—Aitchison Globe.

Acquired Needs
Turn about is fair play. In this age of luxury invention is the mother of necessities.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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First Aid to Tired Memories

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:
I suppose that they're a great many amongst your readers and a specially big older ones that find themselves all the time forgetting things that they should ought to remember and I was the same way myself and one of my friends suggested that I take one of these here memory courses with he said had helped him a whole lot but I said what is the use of my paying money for a memory course when I can probably get one up for myself that's just as good and maybe a whole lot better so I got down and figured out a system of how to remember different things, and now I am going to pass the good news on to my admires and the difference between the other memory courses and I is because I don't charge anything for my lessons but all as you half to do is send in a stamp self addressed envelope so I won't forget where you live at, and I will tell you the complete system but in the first place I will give you a few examples of how the system worked with me and you can judge for yourself if it's O. K. or the opp.

Well, to begin at the beginning, the first time I felt like my memory was slipping was about 2 mos. ago when I was out on the golf links with a couple of friends and we were playing a hole and I had a hole and along about the 3rd hole one of my friends said he had a six and the other said he had a seven so they asked me what I had and I said a five.

"Listen," said my 2nd friend, "how about them two times in the ploughed ground when you swap and never hit the ball at all."

So that set me thinking that I had entirely forgot them two whiffs, so I kind of laughed to cover up my embarrassment but I made up my mind right there that I would find out some way to remember them missed swings a specially when the boys was keeping such close tabs on a person, so that night I remembered to go home and after dinner I worked out a system and the next morning I tried it in the nursery and all four of my kids was in there to say nothing about the nurse and without consulting no notes I called them each by their first name.

"Well," I said to myself, "this system looks like it was A-1 and I would be a fine stiff if I didn't pass it on to my friends that's inflicted the same way."

So then I used the new system to try and think of some of my friends that had forgot different things, and the 1st one I thought of was a bird that him and I had been to N. Y. City a couple of mos. before and had dinner and at that time he said let's make it Dutch, so I said all right, but when the check came around he said he was busy trying to get the maple syrup off his hands into the finger bowl, so in this letter I kind of reminded him about the Dutch laws and sure enough in a few days I got a letter enclosing 70 cts. in stamps with was his share of the orgy.

So then I happened to think of another old pal that couldn't never remember he was married and his wife had complained about it several times, so one night we was over to his home but he was not home but his Mrs. thought she knew where she could reach him by telephone so I called him on the wire and told him to not forget he was married and the next night he come home and called his wife by her first name, which is more than she could do to him as she didn't even answer him.

Personly I could give you other proofs about how this system works, for instance, I can set down right this minute and without going into no newspaper files or calling up no sporting editors I can tell you won between Dempsey and Tunney at Chicago last September or won the world's serious last October and I can tell if Babe Ruth swings right or left handed and I can remember what year I was married, and why, and I can recall the name of the school I went one semester to before they decided that 2 semesters was 1 too much, and etc.

Where this system comes in as handy as any other place is when a man is dressing. For instance, how many of you gents puts on your collar only to find that your shirt is off, or dons your shoes and then recalls that the hosery is missing? Since I got up this system I can always manage to get my garments onto me as they should come and at 1st I tried to do it in alphabet order but I soon found out that I hadn't no sooner had gotten my trousers on when I noticed that the underwear was yet to come and the coat had been on a long while before it had come time for the vest. But the way I overcome these difficulties was to make up my mind to discard the vest and then do the rest of it from omega to alpha instead of vice versa. So then when I don the old costume, the underwear comes first and then the trousers and then the socks and shoes and shirt and necktie and finally wind up with the coat which is just as it should be.

This is only an example to show you how good the system works and it don't stop with dressing but goes on through a man's daily life and as I say I will pass it on to my admires if they will send me a stamp addressed envelope but no money and if they are satisfied with the course they can maybe come across with a few flowers or a 1/2 dozen doughnuts.

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The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By
HUGH PENDEXTER
Illustrations by
IRWIN MYERS
W. N. U. SERVICE
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SYNOPSIS
Webster Brond is serving as a scout and spy for the army under General Bradock 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. Bradock, bred to European warfare, fails to realize the importance of the news. Brond 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 settlers threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwood, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Brond saves her from them. The girl disappears. Webster delivers his message to Croghan, Young Col. George Washington's representative in buying Indian lands. Brond is left on a scouting expedition to Fort Duquesne, and encounters a band of Braddock's scouts.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

For proof of this assertion he pointed to a faint impression in the moss where something solid, like the butt of a rifle, had rested. Then he showed us a faint abrasion on a limb nearly level with the top of my head, and said it had been made by the barrel of the rifle. Cromit promptly cried:

"It's the critter who stole my rifle! No Cap'n Jack killed the Injun. It was the thief, and he's taking my rifle to Duquesne to trade it to the Frenching him!"

It was with difficulty that I restrained him from making an immediate search for the fellow's trail and thereby hindering the Onondaga in his work.

"I'll git that rifle even if I have to go to Duquesne alone," he sullenly informed me.

The Onondaga's signal broke up our talk. We hastened to join him and were informed:

"Black Hunter scalped the Huron. Look! The Onondaga with the nose of the Wolf has found where ten men passed close to the Huron. One man stepped aside and scalped him. The Huron was dead when they came up, or they would not have found him. The man with the long gun by the fire killed the Huron and ran away. The black-white man came along and took the scalp. Look!"

The story was plain enough in the trail made by a number of men traveling in single file. No Indian, unless he were dead, would remain at the edge of the bushes while the way farers approached him.

Having satisfied ourselves to this extent, we proceeded to induce Cromit by finding the trail of the man with the long rifle. The signs of his flight were very plain and suggested a panic. We followed it without difficulty toward the west side of the Little crossing, or Castlemain's river, a tributary of the Youghiogony, but when within a short distance of the crossing Round Paw, who was ahead, halted and lifted his ax.

Cromit and I became more cautious and paused. Round Paw beckoned us to join him. The three of us listened. At first I thought it was thunder; then came the crack of a single rifle, only the woods were so thick and so muffled any sound it was hard to determine the direction with any degree of exactness. The Indian wet his finger and held it up to catch the trifling breeze, and then bounded away at a lope.

"One man in old trade-house. Hurons trying to get him," he called back to me.

Somewhere in the neighborhood was a deserted cabin, once used by Croghan as a trading post. Round Paw and I had spent a night there two winters before. We came out on a slope and could look over the forest crown into a small clearing. And there in the middle of the opening stood the trading post. Only instead of the shrill wind of that winter's night, and the howling of the starved wolf-pack there were now ululating war-cries and the explosion of guns being fired into the log walls.

We kept under cover and counted the puffs of smoke and estimated the attacking force to number fifteen or twenty. The cabin stood in the center of the clearing and was completely encircled by the besiegers.

At last the cabin became alive. There came a puff of smoke from a loop-hole and a naked savage at the edge of the forest leaped grotesquely into view and would have fallen on his face had not a man leaped forward and caught him and dragged him to the shelter of the woods. The sun

"Good work and good luck," I softly cried. "Now race for it."

He halted and ripped off his gory trophy and waving it in one hand and his knife in the other came pounding after me. The rest of the Indians were still hunting the Onondaga and we had an excellent chance to get the man out of the cabin.

Bending low we passed through the remaining growth and struck into the opening. Flame spouted from a loop-hole and the wind of the passing lead ruffled my hair. I yelled loudly that we were friends and English. We gained the door before a second shot could greet us only to find it barred. A gun was discharged in the woods and a heavy ball plumped into the lintel log over my head.

"In God's mercy open the door and let us in!" howled Cromit.

"We're friends, fool. Unbar the door," I added, and I faced about to shoot at any enemy showing at the edge of the woods.

It seemed a very long time that a hand tumbled at the bar, but at last the door gave and I tumbled in on my back and Cromit dragged me one side. A bullet whistled through the doorway and smashed into the wall. And a startled voice was crying:

"You're the kind man of Der Hexenkopf! The man who saved me in Braddock's camp!"

I leaped to the door and closed it, and dropped the bar in place and then took time to stare at the defender of the cabin. It was the witch-girl, and she was still wearing her leggings and blouse. Cromit was glaring at her and the long rifle she was holding. I do not believe he would have moved had an Indian dropped down the chimney.

"Elsie Dinwood! What do you do out here ahead of the army?" I asked.

"Ding me eternally if it ain't the brown-haired one. And she stole my rifle!" roared Cromit.

"I thought it was yours when I took it. It's heavy. It hurts my shoulder most awful. Take it," she sighed.

She collapsed on a fireplace log and threw off her hat. The brown hair tumbled down in great confusion.

"What a horrible world!" she panted, clutching at her straggling hair. "First Der Hexenkopf—now this. There was an Indian—back spoke—I shot him."

"She's been hurt. Spread out her blanket," I angrily told Cromit. She was about to collapse under what she's been through when the lead grazed her and gave the finishing touch. Get me some water."

I was rubbing her hands and wrists and awkwardly striving to bring her to her senses when I heard the cabin door open. I leaped to my feet to secure a weapon, and discovered Cromit was gone. Gaining the door I called after him to come back, and profane demanded to know if he were a madman. But I had asked for water and I wanted it for the Dinwood girl; and he waved the bucket defiantly and ran around the corner.

Almost immediately he was back with three men at his heels. Three jumps would take him to the door, but he was forced to halt-turn and swing the bucket at the foremost of the men. The upraised ax struck the bucket and smashed it. I threw my ax before the savage could attempt another blow, and it struck edge first, handle down. Then Cromit was piling through the door, swearing, insanely, with the remaining two men at his heels. I grappled with one and Cromit closed with the other!

"I'll Surrender!" cried my opponent; and for the first time I realized he was no Indian but a Frenchman.

"I must have you alive!" I told him.

"Diable! You die for the insult, monsieur!" he grunted, forcing me back.

He was a very strong man and well skilled in wrestling. In truth, he was so skillful with his feet that before I knew what he was attempting I was on my back and struggling desperately to keep his hands from his belt and my throat. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of Cromit's adversary, a most ferocious looking fellow as nature turned him out, but doubly repelling because of the water lizard tattooed in white on the upper half of his face.

Only a glimpse of him was afforded me as he and Cromit swirled across my field of vision. My man began putting up a desperate resistance and I shut all thoughts out of my head except the task of finishing him. So shrewdly did he fight I no longer thought of making him prisoner. He was a good twenty pounds lighter than I, but he fought like a devil.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Standard of English
Speech Not Possible
A recognized authority on English words and speech recently said: "Not long ago a conference was held in London for the purpose of arriving at a universal standard for English speech. At one time I believed that it was impossible.

"Later, the subject was brought to my attention by prominent educators. Under the stress of arguments presented to me I weakened in my judgment, and was willing to go on record as saying that it might be possible to standardize English speech, but after two years of close study of the whole subject I feel that my first judgment was right.

"It is as impossible to standardize the sounds in American and English speech with the hope of having the standardization accepted throughout the English-speaking world as it is to stem the tide of the sea."

No one tells how well you're thought of until you're dead.



NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box;



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English Justice Does Away With Precedents

There was a time when in the chancery courts written evidence in the form of affidavits was considered by the practitioners who drafted and settled these statements to suit their clients' contentions, as having superior value to the oral testimony of our common law tribunals. Mr. Justice Mathew abolished this heresy in a phrase when he said, with contemptuous irony, "Truth will leak out even in an affidavit."

The same learned judge, too, gave a witty proof to a learned counsel famous for prolixity who applied to him for an order that the other side should file "further and better particulars."

"H'm!" said Mathew. "Further and better particulars! Further, I suppose, because they are further from the point than the former ones, and 'better' because they cost more. Certainly not,"—London Tit-Bits.

Spain Yields War Trophies

Spain has demonstrated its effective friendship for its emancipated former dominions by voluntarily surrendering to Cuba flags, banners, pistols, swords and other war trophies captured by the Spanish troops from the Cuban rebels. Prominent among these emblems is the banner of independence raised by Carlos Maria Cespedes, the great patriot, during the ten years' war in 1808. The trophies figured for many years in the Artillery museum at Madrid. Senor Garcia Kholy, Cuban ambassador, gave an entertainment at which these emblems were exhibited before being sent to Cuba. Spanish pride is certainly making concessions in order to secure the good will of Cuba.

New York Jews Move

Manhattan has had to yield to Brooklyn as the chief center of the Jewish population of the metropolis. A survey just completed under the auspices of the Bureau of Jewish Social Research shows Brooklyn now has 45.6 per cent of the 1,720,000 Jews in the entire city.

The Brooklyn movement has all been into one-family, two-family and apartment house sections, the survey showed. Coney Island, with 96.7 per cent, comes nearest to being all Jewish of any section.

Hair and Electricity

While the use of the electric current is recommended and being extensively used in this country and in Europe for the removal of superfluous hair, the barbers of Latin America are recommending its use for the purpose of growing hair on beardless faces.

Burden
"Life must be strenuous in a town like New York."

"Yeh, two teams to worry about."

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