

Famous Southern University

Lincoln Memorial university is an institution for higher education founded in 1897, near Cumberland Gap, Tenn. The university was established largely through the efforts of Gen. Oliver Otis Howard. It is non-sectarian. The purpose of the university is to furnish educational advantages to dwellers in the mountain regions of Tennessee and other states. The university owns about 600 acres of land, which include a beautiful campus.

Hebrews in Revolution

The American Hebrew says that the names of 27 Jewish officers who fought on the side of the American forces are known. These included Col. David S. Franks, who was aide de camp to George Washington; Col. Solomon Bush and others of prominence in their day. At that time the whole Jewish population in the new United States was scarcely 3,000.

The Great Failure

What is the great failure? There are many kinds of failure. Perhaps there is none more serious, more fundamental than the failure to assume the leadership of which you are capable. Until indifference and mental laziness are eradicated, the human being is hardly worth the room he occupies.—Grove Patterson, in the *Mobile Register*.

History of Tanning

Hide and Leather says that the earliest tanning consisted of placing skins in pits between layers of bark. One of the most important developments in American tanning history was the introduction of leaching, in which the tannin content was extracted from the bark, which permitted placing skins in tanning liquors.

Island Belongs to Cuba

In March, 1925, the United States ceded to Cuba all claims to the Isle of Pines which it had as a result of the Spanish-American war. In the understanding that the island was to have become an American colony, many Americans purchased land there in the years following the war. About 700 still reside there.

Confiscation Never Pays

Confiscation is the most dangerous and ultimately costly of all policies. Capitalism is what you choose to call it, but credit is something which must survive any theoretical system of social government, if the people of the world are to continue to exchange commodities and services.—*Barron's Financial Weekly*.

Monarch in the Plural

That kings speak of themselves as "we" is a survival from the Roman empire when there were two emperors, one in Italy and one in Constantinople. They issued identical decrees under their joint authority; hence the custom of the plural "we."

Worthlessness of Dreams

Keeping a record of dreams is perhaps as valuable as keeping a record of the vagaries of the demented. For dreams are but the involuntary absence of reason. Only Freud attempts to make a "science" of it.—*Exchange*.

Virtue in Benevolence

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—*Washington Irving*.

This Age of Service

Indeed, this is the age of service. The hotels advertise road-house dinners and the road-houses assure the customer that he is getting as good a meal as he could get at a hotel.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Navigators' Line

The international date line is an irregular line drawn on the map of the Pacific ocean near the 180-degree meridian of longitude, and marks the place where navigators change their date.

Woman Had Many Gifts

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was a versatile person. She was a painter and sculptor of merit, wrote plays and a volume of memoirs, and was acknowledged as the first actress of her time.

Rays From Radium

Radium gives off three kinds of rays: Alpha rays, or rapidly moving atoms of helium; beta rays, the atoms of electricity, and gamma-rays, similar to X-rays.

PILES

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DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC

1110 N. W. 3rd St., Portland, Ore.

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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THE STORY

Webster Brond, scout and spy for Braddock's army, secures valuable information at Fort Duquesne, but Braddock, trained in European warfare, fails to realize its importance. Brond is sent back to Fort Duquesne and is also entrusted with a message to Grogan, English emissary among the Indians. He is accompanied by Round Paw, friendly Indian scout. On the way they are joined by a backwoodsman, Cromit. The party comes upon a group of settlers threatening a young girl, Elsie, Dinwold, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Brond rescues her and she disappears. Brond delivers his message to Grogan. Young Col. George Washington rescues the scout from bullying English soldiers. Brond proceeds on a scouting expedition to Fort Duquesne, and finds a French scouting party besieging an old cabin in which Elsie has taken refuge. In the ensuing fight she escapes. Brond takes his way to Duquesne. Carrying out his plan to enter the fort unopposed, Brond visits an Indian town which a woman sachem, Allaguppah, controls. There he meets a French officer, Falest, who has fallen in his attempt to win over Allaguppah to the French cause. Brond finds Elsie Dinwold, dressed as a man, under Allaguppah's protection. The girl tells him she has found the English cruel, and is going to the French.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Her thin face became convulsed with anger and her small teeth were exposed in a feline snarl.

"So? Then let us both talk to Mr. Falest. It's mortal strange that you, a scout for Braddock, should be friendly with the Frenchman. Have you told him about the fight at the cabin? Of that other Frenchman who threw you on the floor? And what became of that man? That's a vastly queer way to make a Frenchman like an Englishman."

Her mad words recalled me to my danger. "I will say nothing to Falest. You will hold your tongue about me. I am going to Duquesne as a Frenchman. If you see me there you will not know me."

She stared at me in silence and the anger vanished from her face. "I shall not know you," she softly assured me. "But if they find out you are English your life—"

"Won't be worth a ninepence," I completed.

"Don't go!" she suddenly pleaded. "They'll find out. They'll hand you over to their Indians. Start back now and meet the army."

I shook my head.

"Will you take me back until we meet the army?" she pleaded.

"That could not be, for my duty sent me to Duquesne."

"I'll gladly send you back under safe escort. Round Paw the Onondaga is with me. He shall be one of the Indians to take you back," I offered.

"But you will not go! Good! I care nothing for the French or the English. Say no more to me, or I'll tell Falest that you are an English scout."

And she walked among the cabins in the direction Allaguppah had taken. I started to find Falest and to arrange traveling with him and the girl to the fort, but before I could reach his cabin the Onondaga glided by me, his blanket over his head, and in passing he murmured:

"Follow."

He was making for the woods. I shifted my course and carelessly stroled toward the mouth of the Duquesne path. I followed the path deep into the damp growth until I found him waiting for me.

"What shadow now falls upon us?" I impatiently demanded.

"They have found the Huron bearer of bits. The Wolf's paw was too heavy. It broke his head."

"The man is dead?"

He considered the question to be a waste of so many words.

"It is better so," I said. "Round Paw's orenda wished it so and gave great strength to the fat of the ax. It is better the Huron is a ghost."

If my words gave him any comfort, he did not show it. After more staring at the branches over his head he said:

"Another Frenchman is near the village. My white brother has crossed his trail once. They say the man who breaks bones with his hands was asleep. They say his hands grew very weak."

"Cromit! Lord! Beauvais is here?"

"Ontonio's son has a strong orenda protecting him. He will be in the village very soon."

I seized the Onondaga's arm and muttered:

"He must not reach Duquesne." My impulsive gesture brought no change in his impassive face, but I fancied

his eyes lighted when I pronounced sentence upon Beauvais. More comely I said: "I will stay out in the woods while my red brother scouts the village and learns from some of the Delawares what Beauvais plans to do."

"Beauvais will talk with the other Frenchman."

But this inevitable meeting did not worry me much. Falest had met me at Duquesne as Baland. Cromit's escaped prisoner had never seen me until we fought in the cabin. He knew me only as a provincial. But should Beauvais see me at Duquesne I would become a plaything for the Ottawas and other fierce children of the north. At all risks, the man must be prevented from returning to the fort, or else I must cancel my promise to Colonel Washington and keep away from the forks of the Ohio.

Round Paw suggested that I follow the path for a mile or two and then hide and wait for him to bring fresh



It Was Dreary Waiting, and Yet I Was Glad to Be Alone, as I Had a Grave Problem to Solve.

news from the village. He proposed boldly to enter the village and trust to his blanket to conceal his identity from Beauvais. This was a good plan and after exhorting him to be a fox instead of a wolf I started up the trail.

Round Paw soon rejoined me, and I asked for news of Beauvais.

"He is at the village and starts for Duquesne after one sleep."

"Tomorrow morning," I murmured.

"The witch-woman and the other Frenchman start tonight. Allaguppah has told the Frenchman to go. She is angry because he brought milk to the Lent-Lenape. A hunter told me this. Your brother has not been to the village."

"Then I must wait out here in the woods until Beauvais has taken the Duquesne path," I decided.

"I will be eyes and ears for my white brother," he assured me.

He turned from the trail and found a snug hiding place within pistol shot of the village and said for me to remain there while he procured food.

It was dreary waiting and yet I was glad to be alone, as I had a grave problem to solve. Beauvais must not betray me at Duquesne; therefore, Beauvais must not reach the fort. To waylay him and shoot him from ambush was not within my scruples. It must be a fair fight, yet one to the death.

As it grew dark and the fires in the village were lighted I left my hiding place and crept to the edge of the forest to watch for the Onondaga's return. I had not been there long be-

Forms of Salutation That Seem Peculiar

If some one should approach you and say, "How do you perspire?" or ask you if you have eaten your rice, don't be offended. These are the words by which the Egyptians and Chinese say "How do you do?" when they meet an acquaintance.

All races have their own peculiar forms of salutation. On islands near the Philippines natives grasp the foot of the person they wish to greet and gently rub their faces with it. South Sea Islanders rub noses and exchange gifts, while the Moors kiss each other's shoulders.

"How is your strength?" was the greeting in ancient Rome, where every man was a warrior. The Greeks, with other things than war on their minds, said, "What business are you engaged in?"

The Frenchman's "I am charmed

fore two figures suddenly came up to the mouth of the path and entered the black cover within a rod of where I was crouching. Their identity was established by a young voice saying: "I was willing to go back and try the English again even if they have been mortal cruel to me but it couldn't be that way. So, mister, I'll try the French. They ain't silly enough to believe in witches, I hope."

"No, no, mademoiselle. Once they see you properly attired they will say you are beautiful. You will be very happy with the French."

Half an hour later the Onondaga brought to my hiding place a kettle of meat and a gourd of water. The kettle he had stolen from the cabin of a drunken warrior.

"The witch-woman and the Frenchman are on the path to Duquesne," he added. "They will be far on their journey by morning."

"Round Paw must have the ears of a wolf when the sun comes back. The older Frenchman must not reach Duquesne," I told him.

"To-hah! My white brother is very wise, like the owl. They say a Frenchman will die very quick after the next sun shines upon him. The wolf's ear will be open and his teeth are very sharp."

CHAPTER VI

Dubious Faring

It was dark in the woods when I awoke and I was weighted down by the realization that I must halt a brave man and kill him, or be killed by him. The Onondaga came to his feet and proceeded to build a fire under the kettle of cooked meat so that I might have something hot to eat before entering upon my strange duel.

I told him he was to have no part in the morning's grim work. It required some minutes to win him over, for his red mind could not comprehend why a man should scorn an advantage when attacking an enemy. He feared French witchcraft was at work, for why abandon a certainty and foolishly risk life? The one result desired was the death of the Frenchman before he reached Duquesne. And there were two of us to give him his quietus. He consented to leave the issue to me only after I said that my orenda told me in a dream I must make the fight single-handed.

I ate a little warm meat and smoked my pipe while the Onondaga scouted the edge of the woods. At last he was back on the run, warning:

"He leaves the village. It is only half-light even in the opening, but the Wolf man's eyes are very sharp. He carries a long gun like my brother's."

"Round Paw of the Wolf clan, you must tell me you will not take part in this fight so long as I am alive," I said to him.

He sighed regretfully and sullenly replied:

"This is the first fight between the French and English where the red man is not wanted. My brother shall take the scalp alone."

The Frenchman was taking his time and with never a thought that his advance would be disputed. Some ten minutes passed, and I was finding I could see quite distinctly as far as the first bend in the trail, when the calm of the woods was shattered by two rifle shots a second apart. Cursing aloud I leaped to my feet and glared down the path in the direction of the village.

The Onondaga had been unable to resist his racial instincts and had cut in ahead of me. Even in my anger I was amazed that he should have done this, for red or white, there was no man whose word I would accept ahead of the Onondaga's. I could only explain it by believing the Indian had betrayed himself by some bit of carelessness. The two shots, so close together, proved the Frenchman had not been caught off his guard; but which of them had fired the last shot? Five ten minutes lagged by, and I should have started an investigation if not for the sound of footsteps. One man was coming up the path on the run, and my finicky notions I had had about slaying the Frenchman vanished on my discovering this man was white. No Indian would run as did this fellow.

I had no time to lament over Round Paw's passing out, for in another moment the fellow would be turning the bend a few rods away. His gun would be empty, I believed, and I stood my rifle against a tree and pulled my ax. Then the steps reached the bend, and the next second a tall form was bearing down upon me. Lifting my ax I leaped into the path and cried:

"Halt, monsieur! This path is closed."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

and enchanted to meet monsieur" is difficult to improve upon. "How do you find yourself?" is the German greeting, and when a guest rises from table they express the hope that he has had a hearty meal and that he will find himself the better for the cheer of the repast.

Overlooked One

Little Heeter repeated to her mother the 23d Psalm.

When she had finished she said: "Oh, I forgot one verse—about spilling the milk."

Her mother was puzzled and curious.

Again she repeated the Psalm and coming to the words, "My cup runneth over," triumphantly exclaimed, "That's it! That's the one I forgot."

—Vancouver Province.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

The city slowly wakes:
Her every chimney makes
Offering of smoke against the
cool white skies.
Slowly the morning shakes
The lingering shadowy flakes
Of night from doors and win-
dows, from the city's eyes.
—Charles De Kay.

COLD DRINKS

If one keeps on hand the "makings" of cool drinks, one will be a most popular hostess. There is nothing which "goes to the right spot" like a good cold drink. Have the ice pick and the bottle opener handy and with a supply of various fruit juices and a few bottles of ginger ale or other charged waters, a drink is soon prepared.

Ginger Nectar.—To each glass of ice-cold ginger ale add slowly two tablespoonfuls of thick cream and a teaspoonful of finely cut preserved ginger. Mix well.

Orange Punch.—To one quart of cold tea add the juice of two lemons, the juice of three oranges, sugar sirup to taste, and a pint of ginger ale. Serve in glasses of cracked ice.

Grape Ale.—To one quart of grape juice add one-half cupful of maraschino cherries cut fine, sirup to sweeten and the juice of two lemons. Mix and serve with ice.

Lemon Novelty.—Mix and chill one quart of water, one cupful of sugar sirup, the juice of six lemons and a few gratings of nutmeg. Serve in glasses with a spoonful of lemon or orange ice on top.

Mintade.—Add the juice of six lemons, one bunch of mint cut fine and bruised, to two cupfuls of water. Let stand one hour. Strain, chill, add two quarts of ginger ale and sirup to taste. Serve with ice.

Loganberry Cup.—To one quart of loganberry juice add one pint of water, the juice of two lemons, sugar sirup to taste and one pint of ginger ale. Chill and serve with cracked ice.

Hawaiian Tea.—Pour two quarts of cold tea over ice, add the juice of six lemons, one can of shredded pineapple, one cupful of maraschino cherries with juice, two and one-half cupfuls of sugar sirup. Mix, chill and serve with ice.

Sandwich Fillings

A subject that is most interesting for the outing season is sandwich making. The making of sandwiches is an art and we all have felt when served with the delectable and colorful open sandwich that it should be framed rather than eaten.

Occasions on which sandwiches are served decide what kind of sandwiches will be appropriate. For a full meal with a cup of coffee a sandwich has an entirely different character than one served for a garden party or reception. For afternoon tea sandwiches should be dainty and attractive; the amount of nourishment is not considered.

Bread for any variety of sandwiches should be spread with creamed butter before any filling is added as it keeps the filling from soaking into the bread.

Never melt butter for this purpose, but cream it with a wooden spoon. Most sandwiches may be made and kept in the refrigerator until the time needed. For packing substantial sandwiches should be wrapped in waxed paper to keep them moist and uncrushed.

Sardine sandwiches are especially good. Heap the creamed sardine on the center of the circle and around it pipe lemon butter (lemon juice added to the creamed butter). Put this through any pastry tube, using any design liked. A paper cone filled with the piping mixture may be used to good effect, if one has no pastry bag or tubes.

There is no limit to the attractive and artistic appearance of sandwiches. Practice makes perfect in this art as in any other.

For putting away, pile on a plate and wrap in a damp napkin. When serving sandwiches on a tray, garnish the tray with a spray of watercress or sprig of parsley, a nasturtium leaf or a clover blossom and leaf.

Toasted Cheese and Green Pepper Sandwiches.—Remove the seeds, white, pith and stems from three large green peppers. Put them through the meat grinder with one-half pound of mild cheese. Season with one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper and mix thoroughly. The juice from the peppers will give sufficient juice to moisten the cheese. Spread rather thicker than usual. Press together and toast carefully. Serve hot. This makes two cupfuls of filling.

Prune Crusties.—To one cupful of steamed prunes add one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Let these ingredients simmer together for ten minutes, then cool and spread on the crusties. Prune water is used to moisten the pastry.

Nellie Maxwell



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:



Hay Strewn in Church

An Old Village Custom

A curious custom has been observed from time immemorial at Old Weston, Huntingdonshire, in England. The church there is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on the Sunday most nearly approaching St. Swithin's day the edifice is strewn with new-mown hay. The tradition is that an old lady bequeathed a field for charitable purposes on condition that the tenant provided the hay to lessen the annoyance caused by the squeaking of the new shoes worn by the villagers on Feast Sunday. There are other explanations—one that it is an offering of the first fruits of the harvest and another that it is a survival of the custom of strewing the church (when the floor was only beaten earth) with rushes.—*Washington Star*.

For Galled Horses

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle of not cured. All dealers.

Impossible

A motor bus stopped and the conductor looked up the steps expectantly. But no one descended, and at length he ran up impatiently.

"Ere, you," he said to a man on the top "don't you want the houses of parliament?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," retorted the conductor, "come down for them. I can't bring them up to you!"—*Weekly Scotsman*.

He Ought to Be Happy

"When two people like the same things their married life is bound to be happy," sighed the romantic girl.

"Well, you and Herbert ought to be happy," remarked her friend, who wanted Herbert and didn't get him. "I know you love him, and I notice he is very fond of himself."—*Answers, London*.

Trace of Lost Colony

Two brass buckles and a copper button, believed to have been worn by members of the John White colony, which vanished without a trace, near Elizabeth City, N. C. in 1587, were found in the sands of North Carolina sound recently.

An Unfinished Story

Young Husband—Dear, our budget shows a big deficit for last month.

Wife—That's fine! How shall we spend it?

"WORTH WEIGHT IN GOLD"

Verdict of Woman Who Tried Pinkham's Compound

Tully, N. Y.—"It hurt me to walk or sit down without help and I felt sick and weak.

My mother-in-law took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she induced me to take it. I am now on the fourth bottle and have also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. The medicines that will do for me what the Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done are certainly worth their weight in gold. I think I have given them a fair trial and I expect to take two more bottles of the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. CHARLES MORGAN, R. F. D. 1, Tully, N. Y.

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