Man-Made Seas

If the Boulder dam of the Colorado river is ever completed as designed it will have a capacity of 26,000,000 acre feet of water. Some of the other great constructions of this character created storage as follows: Gatun dam, 4,410,000; Assouan dam, 1,865,000; Elephant Butte dam, 2,368,000, and Almanor dam, 1,318,000.

Which Is Bigger?

Which is the biggest, Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger or their baby? Answer, the baby is a little bigger.—Capper's Weekly.

Very Exclusive

"Considers herself a most exclusive person, doesn't she?"

"My dear, the creature even sings duets alone."

South of the Pole

"Goin' South for the winter, Bill?"

"Yep! Nome, Alaska!"

Many a man penetrates fashionable society just far enough to enable him in later years to talk confidently about it.

No man ever lives up to the reputation he wants people to think he has.

If a man finds a dollar he invariably spends two in celebrating the discovery.

Many a man's good reputation is due to the fact that his wife doesn't tell all she happens to know.

On the stage of life the leading lady is usually the cook.

Revenge is a gun that kicks harder than it shoots.

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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 intrusted with a message to Croghan, 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 Croghan. 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 unquestioned, Brond visits an Indian town which a woman sachem, Allaquippa, controls. There he meets a French officer, Falest, who has failed in his attempt to win over Allaquippa to the French cause. Brond finds Elsie Dinwold, dressed as a man, under Allaquippa's protection. The girl tells him she has found the English cruel, and is going to the French. Unable to dissuade her, Brond tells her of his mission to Duquesne, and she promises not to betray him. They learn Beauvais has escaped from Cromit and is on his way to Duquesne. Brond realizes he must be stopped.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—15—

With a squawking cry the fellow came to a halt, and it was Cromit's voice that drawled:

"Lor's law! If it ain't Brond! I'm mortal glad to see you, mister."

"Balsar Cromit!" I exclaimed in an undertone. "Get into the bushes here, quick! There's a man coming I have business with and you'll spoil the game. How the devil did you come to be ahead of the Frenchman?"

"I proved to be the better man. So I passed him."

"You saw him? Beauvais, the Frenchman?" I gasped.

"He was behind a tree. I offered him fair fight with empty hands and the varmit tried to shoot me. We fired 'bout the same time, but it was my lead that done the tickling."

"You fought with Beauvais? You shot him?" I dully asked.

"He's feeding the fishes in the Monongahela now. Didn't know how the Injuns at the village would take it if they l'arned I'd killed him, so I tucked some rocks in his clothes and heaved him and the stolen gun into the river. It was a most fetching rifle. Hated like sin to heave it in."

"You've killed Beauvais the Frenchman," I repeated, hardly able to realize this sudden turn in affairs, and yet selfishly glad that the disagreeable task had not fallen to me to perform.

"He's just as dead as he even can be. But he fired first. Only chance he had. Lawful life! But I'm glad to see you."

"Hush! Here comes another with a light step. This man will be red."

Cromit followed me to one side behind some sugar trees. But as the newcomer turned the bend the increased light permitted me to recognize him on first sight. I relaxed my arms and whistled softly. Round Paw came down to a walk and without any hesitation swung off the path and joined us. When he beheld Cromit he grunted a soft "Yo-hah!" but otherwise showed no surprise.

"The bone-breaking man killed the Frenchman and threw him into the river," he announced. "The Wolf man did not know which was in the river till now. The bone-breaker's orenda was very good to him."

"Ding him mortally!" exploded Cromit his eyes frowning. "I would'nt take his parole at night and he slipped the rawhide and stole the gun and ducked out. I've trailed him night and day."

"We will swing back and enter the village from the south," I said. "Did anyone see you follow him from the village?"

He chuckled and explained:

"I ain't been in the village. Once I'd trailed him into it I came 'round to this side and waited for him to come out. I knew he'd be in a sweat to make Duquesne. No village Injun has seen me at all."

My mind was greatly relieved. I still adhered to my plan of entering the village from the south, but with Cromit appearing for the first time and with Beauvais hidden in the river, Allaquippa's Delaware would know nothing of the bloody business and the road to the fort would be open to me. I proposed taking the Onondaga with me to act as express while Cromit remained in the village to relay my report back to the advancing army.

So we swung away from the path in a wide circle, the Onondaga scouting ahead to prevent our walking into any Delaware hunters. And as we traveled Cromit told me of the things he had heard and the conditions he had observed during his brief stay at the camp of the road-builders.

Captain Jack, the wild hunter of the Juniata, and his men had offered their services to Braddock at Will's creek, only to be told they must be under military discipline. The martinet had held to his decision and the truly formidable band had returned to the forest.

It is not given to any man to know how history would read had those bold and cunning rangers been received on their own terms; but I, for one, will always believe the result would have been different.

Halket and his division had started on the seventh of June, Gates with his division on the following day, and Dunbar—destined to be known as "Dunbar the Tardy"—on June tenth.

"And That Just About Empties My Skull," Said Cromit in Finishing His Long Recital.

The army had moved at a snail's pace. Five miles had been a good day's march. Some days only half that distance had been covered. Because of the artillery and the many wagons it was necessary to halt and build bridges over the many creeks and make a passable road through every stretch of swamp. It resulted that the wagons and packhorses were strung out to a most dangerous length. Could the French have led their Indians beyond the Little crossing it is my belief the army would never have reached the Great crossing.

The steady salt diet had brought a general sickness to the army. I was especially sorry to learn that Colonel Washington a veteran in Western travel, had been ill for several days. The army had used up ten days in making the Little Meadows, a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles, a good day's travel for such men as Gist and Croghan.

At that camp, a council of war had been held by the commander and all staff officers. At that council Colonel Washington had boldly urged a rapid forward movement with the light division, leaving the heavy troops to come up as best they could. Unfortunately his rank did not permit him to do more than advise, although his opinion was sought by Braddock.

It was decided at this council that St. Clair, with four hundred men, should go ahead to hurry up the road work, with Braddock, Burton, Halket and Sparks following two days later with eight hundred picked men. This decision gave great offense to Colonel Dunbar who, with Chapman and others, was left behind. Thus we had not only sickness in the army but, also, ill feeling and jealousy.

On the day Braddock left the Meadows he announced he would reach Fort Duquesne not later than June twenty-eighth. But although it was only seventeen miles to the Great crossing, this portion of the march was not covered until June twenty-fourth, making five more precious days consumed. Truth of it was the entire army was forced to mark time at the heels of St. Clair's tree-choppers.

It surprised me to learn that small bands of Indians were already harassing the army and that only strict police methods prevented a massacre. At that point in the campaign, Captain Jack and his riflemen would have been of inestimable service.

It was obvious that the army was sick and disrupted, and that the provincials were filled with forebodings as they daily looked for a fight in the woods while being tied down and hampered by absurd military restrictions. This gloomy bearing on the part of men supposed to know the ways of the Indian discouraged the regulars.

What was another inexplicable piece of folly was Braddock's failure to utilize Croghan's forty Iroquois warriors on the march. It seems that Colonel James Innes, governor at Fort Cumberland, did not wish to have any of the sixty Indian women and children left under his care during Braddock's absence. He assured the commander that eight Indians would suffice as scouts and that the rest should be directed to take their families away from the creek.

Why General Braddock should have listened to such ruinous advice is beyond any forest-runner's comprehension. Up to the time the Onondaga and I left Will's creek, it had been the commander's great desire to have as large a body of Indians accompany him as possible. He completely reversed his judgment and agreed with Innes that eight would be enough.

It was to Captain Hogg's camp of road-builders, slightly in advance of the body under Sir John St. Clair, that Cromit had taken Beauvais. While in the camp, he had been impressed by the great fear of the men. They considered it miraculous that my companion should succeed in bringing a French prisoner through the enemy's savages and into the camp.

Although he assured them that no Indians were then lurking about the camp, they were very loath to separate from one another, or to penetrate more than a short distance into the woods. False alarms were repeatedly being given, all of which slowed up the work of hewing out the road for Braddock.

While in the road-camp, Cromit had met Christopher Gist, veteran of the Ohio country, who was now acting as a scout for Braddock. On learning that Cromit was to report back to me, could he find me, Gist had supplied him with many of the facts relating to the departure of the army from the creek and its faring as far as the Great crossing.

"And that just about empties my skull," said Cromit in finishing his long recital. "I've walked soft and easy so's not to jolt anything out of my poor head. And 'tween you and me and the Monongahela that Gineral Braddock will lick himself before the French have a chance to have a wring with him if he ain't mighty careful. If he'd send six or eight hundred riflemen ahead and turn back all his big guns and wagons, we'd have Duquesne in two shakes of a dog's tail."

"No matter how slow the army is in coming, it will reach the fort," I told him. "The French are whipped already."

He said nothing to this, and for once I found the grin missing from his homely face. I explained my plan for him to wait in Allaquippa's village and to be ready night and day to carry to the army any news that the Onondaga might bring in. The program did not please him, but his visit to Hogg's camp had impressed him with a fear that all was not going well with our cause, and he was much more amenable to reason than formerly.

Round Paw was waiting for us at the southern end of the village. To relieve Cromit from possible annoyance should he be seen in the company of an avowed supporter of the French, we agreed it was better for the Indian and me to enter the village together, while he held back for an hour. When he next saw us, he was not to recognize us.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

American Children as Frenchman See Them

"American children are 'insouciants,' open-minded and gay," so writes a noted observer in Comoedia, a Paris paper, after a visit to the United States. "They work without effort, that is to say, very little. They only learn the indispensable. In the big cities many streets are reserved for them and their plays. They are safe from the life-crushing juggernauts of modern traffic. At the age of twelve an American child upholds his own opinion against that of his parents and opposes his 'reactions' to their 'reactions.' They are treated and addressed as if they were adults. At fifteen they go out to earn a living, without losing their insouciance and their gayety. They will have known neither laziness, nor indolence. And they will die without having noticed that they have lived. Quietness and retreat in the eventide of life, preparation for death; those are unknown things in a country where death is but an insignificant detail."—Pierre Van Paassen, in the Atlanta Constitution.

Preserving Mushrooms

Mushrooms may be preserved entire by drying them in the sun or in an oven. All moisture must be removed before the material is packed in a perfectly tight container. Mushrooms so preserved, after a preliminary soaking in tepid water or milk, may be cooked as if fresh. Dried mushrooms, and even tough dried stems, may be ground and used as a powder for seasoning gravies and other dishes.

With a Professional Testimonial Writer

Wife—You look tired, dear.

He—It's been a hard day. I had to revise my letter for the effervescent salt people. They got all excited about a dangling participle. I argued that it was realistic, but you can't argue with those people. Well, then I had to sit for some photos for the gargle people.

Wife—Did the eyewash people send that check?

He—At last. I got a nice one from those liver people, though, and an order for three more letters from the arch support people. Oh, but I've got to tell you something. You know, I connected with those yeast people.

Wife (exultantly)—You did!

He—Yes, but I'm turning 'em down.

Wife—What's the matter?

He—They actually want me to eat their yeast. Can you imagine such impudence?

No Phone Service for Channel Isles

It is impossible to telephone from England to the Channel Islands—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. They have always been in a state of splendid telephonic isolation in spite of the fact that telephone conversations between that country and the United States and other distant countries are going on every day.

This "discovery" was made by a reporter who had an urgent message to convey to Jersey. "We have no telephonic communication at all with the Channel Islands, and we never have had," explained a post office official. "It is possible that lines to Jersey and other places may be a development of the future, but we have none at present." Jersey has a population of 49,494 and Guernsey 40,120.

Very Awkward

The well-known actress rushed into her press agent's office, holding the evening paper in her outstretched arms.

"I am ruined!" she cried. "Ruined! Look at this!"

"What is it? Another scandalous story about you?" asked the press agent.

"Worse than that," was the reply. "I signed a testimonial stating that I always smoked Mildwhiff cigarettes because they never bothered my throat; and I signed another testimonial that I always use Lymphatic lozengers to protect my throat after smoking; and here they are both on the same page!"

Automatic Power

A power station run without the aid of human hands is now being constructed in Sweden at Surahammar in the province of Vestmanland by the Swedish General Electric company of Vesteras. Automatic devices will enable the engineers at the control station, located far from the plant, to gauge the speed of the engines and the high-water level at the power station as well as detect any possible faults with the motors. The plant is entirely self-regulating, so that the turbines adjust themselves automatically to the flow of water.

Queer Aerial Cargoes

Airplanes have often flown queer cargoes, ranging from an African lion to a grand piano, but in their regular daily travels the cross-channel planes, linking England with France, Germany and other continental countries, regularly get unusual mixtures of freight. On one recent trip a big aerial freighter carried a package of diamonds valued at $60,000, half a ton of gold and 500 one-day-old chickens.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

By Your Leave

The following is a bishop's description of the kind of preaching sometimes addressed to fashionable congregations: "Brethren, unless you repent, in a measure, and be converted, as it were, you will, I regret to say, be damned to some extent."—Churchman.

Progress in Reverse

"How's your wife coming on with her reducing?"

"Not so good. Every time she loses a pound she celebrates by eating a big meal and gains two."

On a Small Scale

Farmer (engaging city boy)—Have you ever had any experience in farming?

Boy—Oh, yes, we have a window box at home.

In Luck

"Many young men are going around without hats."

"I've noticed that. I won't be conspicuous when I leave mine at the cleaner's."

Six of 'Em Wrong

"What are the seven ages of woman?"

"Her real age and six guesses."

Ask the Coroner

"Do you think motor cars ever will be equipped with wings?"

"Well, a good many motorists will be long before the cars are."

Bad Example

Wife (to husband who has knocked his thumb): "Not in front of the canary, Herbert!"

Tactics

"Can the baby talk?"

"No, he gets what he wants by throwing a fit."

We know some men who claim to be self-made who undoubtedly cheated themselves.

Vanity is the greatest handicap to greatness.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 36–1928.