

The Easiest Way to Keep in Style

By MAE MARTIN



No woman would wear dresses, or blouses, or stockings of a color that's decidedly out of style or faded, if all of us knew how easy it is to make things fresh, crisp and stylish by the quick magic of home tinting or dyeing. Anybody can tint or dye successfully with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. Tinting with them is as easy as bluing, and dyeing takes just a little longer. New, stylish colors appear like magic, right over the old, faded colors. Diamond Dyes never spot, streak or run. They are real dyes, like those used when the cloth was made. Insist on them and save disappointment. My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now, to Mae Martin, Dept. D-143, Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.

For Old Sores

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.

Girls' "Little Home"

Would Just Suit Him

At a New York dinner, Mary Kellough, the sociological authority, said: "Time was when a woman only worked when necessity demanded. Man was looked upon as the provider and only when he failed did the woman essay to fill his shoes. The vote, and other things, have changed that and now the majority of women work from preference rather than necessity. "But is the pendulum swinging to the other extreme? Is man beginning to lay down his responsibility as the major provider? Only the other day as I walked in Central park I heard a young lady coo, 'I'd love to have a little home of my own!'" "Wouldn't that be great!" chimed in her boy friend. "Then we could get married!"

Protected by Padlock

A dilapidated building, known as the Highway Inn, is destined to poke its walls into the heart of Milwaukee's new 80-foot boulevard. Because of a government padlock the structure cannot be wrecked nor can it be moved, and so, when the street has been widened and paved the derelict will project some 25 feet into the roadway. When the day comes for the lifting of the padlock order, the building will be moved or torn down and the gap filled in.

Peace Work

Secretary Irving F. McMasters, of the Anti-Profanity League, said at a league banquet in Spokane: "We advocate, of course, total world disarmament, for that alone can give us universal peace. "Let us work then, friends, with all our might towards this end, for friends"—and Mr. McMasters struck the table a smart blow—"for we won't get universal peace unless we work our arms off."

The "rich uncle" that some boast of is not all fiction. They have an uncle.

"Lucile is the Happiest Girl"

So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from home prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from ripe California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties. It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks, and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Roma Lucile, was constipated from babyhood. I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is imitated, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.



The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—23—

There came a flare of light through the loopholes that lit up her pale face vividly, and then a tremendous crash and the cabin seemed to rock under the vibrations. Afraid it was too good to be true, I stepped to the small window, set high under the eaves, and looked up to the heavens. I could have shouted aloud in joy as I beheld the mighty wall of black and slate towering almost to the zenith with its lead-colored draperies dragging on the horizon.

While we had talked and watched for danger the storm had swept down the river and was upon us. The opening grew dusky and it would have been an easy task for the savages to have crawled close in the uncertain light. Again the Thunder-god hurled a spear at the water-serpent and the noise of the contest transcended all earth sounds. A strange moaning ran through the forest-crown and lofty tops bowed and swayed although as yet there was no air moving in the opening.

"I'm thinking it's going to rain," remarked the girl in a faint voice. "Thank God, yes! Stay back there to see they try no tricks," I cautioned as she came toward me.

The lightning ripped across the face of the clouds, and the girl gave a little squeal. I went to her to learn what was the matter.

"Not Ijunks," she whispered. "I'm thinking I'm scared of these sort of storms."

It seemed impossible that one who had shown such absolute control of nerves could be frightened by a flash of lightning and the rumble of thunder. And yet she was clinging to me like a child, striving to conquer herself, yet keeping her face pressed against my fringed sleeve, as if not to see the glare of the bolts. I endeavored to soothe away her fears by telling her the storm was our best friend; that it would make the cabin fire-proof, that it would compel the Indians to keep their guns covered and their bow-strings protected from the rain. But as I talked I could feel her knees convulsively each time the god renewed the ancient strife.

With a deafening roar the rain came battering against the cabin. It was impossible to distinguish an object fifty feet from the door. Now was the time for the enemy to attack and cut their way into us and finish us with their belt weapons. Raising my voice about the terrific drumming of the rain, I told the girl:

"We'll go. The rain will wash out our trail. Find something to wrap around the rifles."

She found some oiled skins and we wrapped them about our rifles. I opened the door. The water was falling in torrents and the wind was blowing with great velocity. Closing the door, we were plastered against the walls for a moment by the force of the wind. I sought to shelter her by holding her close to my side; and leaning against the storm, we made for the woods. We could not talk and we scarcely could see because of the rain filling our faces. We both realized that such a downpour could not last long. Our progress was slow, but finally I was waist-deep in some cherry bushes. We fought through these and came to dripping trees and entered among them.

The uproar of the storm suddenly lessened now that we were walking on ancient forest mold and were sheltered from the wind. Rivulets of water ran under our feet and there was no need to hide our trail until we were two miles in the woods. We were as wet as two river-rats.

It became strangely quiet in the dripping woods and we no longer shouted to make ourselves heard. How the storm was raging outside we could only guess. I feared it was abating.

"They'll lose some time, mister, in making sure we're not in the cabin," the girl philosophically remarked. "And it's getting so dark they can't find our tracks even if we do leave some."

"We must find a place under a rock where we can make a fire and you can dry out."

She laughed at me, and her voice was most musical because it was natural.

"Hard work to drown a witch," she said. "I've fared hard before this and didn't mind it."

cause of the rain, and worked our way upstream by clutching at the overhanging boughs. We finally left the stream where a windfall had smothered it. By the sense of touch alone I found a spot clear of brush and undergrowth and informed my companion we must wait for daylight before proceeding. I could find no dry fuel, even had I dared to build a fire.

"We have water, but no fire nor food," I told her.

"You're wrong, mister, about food. I fetched this along," she answered; and her hands found mine with a small package wrapped in deerskin.

It was some of Frazier's smoked meat which she had had the forethought to bring along. It was tough, but it was food, and we chewed it vigorously and felt the better for having eaten it.

"Lean against me," I commanded. "It'll be dreary waiting."

"Not so dreary as when we was in the cabin, waiting," she replied. And her head rested against my shoulder and very soon I rejoiced to find she was asleep.

When she was entirely oblivious to our discomforts, I shifted her into my lap, and thus we passed the night; she sleeping the sleep of utter exhaus-



The Water Was Falling in Torrents and the Wind Was Blowing With Great Velocity.

tion and I afraid to move lest I disturb her. Near morning I dozed off and was aroused by her hand pressing lightly on my shoulder. I came to my feet and rubbed my legs and arms to drive out the kinks and cramps. She whispered for me to make no noise, and I noted she had removed the coverings from the guns.

"What is it?" I murmured, a terrible rage sweeping over me as I glared about to discover the relentless foe. She shook her head and said: "I thought I heard something moving toward us." Footsteps would fall softly on the wet ground, and after listening without hearing anything, I told her:

"Some animal got the scent of us and turned tail."

Her small hand gripped my arm for silence. Men were coming. I heard a voice say something in the Delaware tongue. She pulled her Highland pistol from her blouse and noiselessly removed its wrapping. Then her hand found mine and gave it a convulsive squeeze, and her soft voice was saying:

"Mister, you've been powerful good to me. We've made a good fight for it. It won't be awful hard this way. Don't let 'em catch you alive. If I go first, I'll be waiting for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sample of Tact That Made Blaine Famous

One year James G. Blaine visited Homburg and the prince of Wales at once invited him to luncheon. Blaine's retort to a question delighted every American in the place. One of the guests was the then duke of Manchester, an old man and a great Tory. When the duke grasped that Blaine was a leading American and had been a candidate for the Presidency of the United States all his old Toryism was aroused and he was back in the days of George III. To the horror of the prince the duke said to Mr. Blaine: "The most outrageous thing in all history was your rebellion and separation from the best government on earth." He said much more before the prince could stop him.

Blaine, with that grace and tact for which he was so famous, smilingly said: "Well, your grace if George III had had the sense, tact and winning

I gently pushed her behind me and she sank at the foot of a tree. I drew my ax and knife and placed them beside me as I sank to one knee and gathered up the two rifles. Over my shoulder I whispered:

"Don't use the pistol on any Indian. Remember!"

"We must go faster," said a voice in Delaware, only I knew it was a white man speaking. "They'll follow us very fast."

I shivered with a thrill of hope, but dared not give any encouragement to the girl. I glanced back at her. Her face showed none of the anger I had witnessed at the Witches' Head when she was menaced by the mob. It was placid of expression, and she met my gaze with a little smile of encouragement. We could hear them making their way along the windfall. Suddenly they burst into view: two Indians and a white man. One of the Indians was carrying a fresh scap fastened to the end of a short rod.

I reached back and snatched the pistol from the girl's hand and cried out:

"If that be Christopher Gist, we are friends."

The three vanished as if by magic. After a few moments the white man replied:

"I am Gist. Who are you? Speak sharp. My Indians are nervous."

"Black Broad, returning from a scout to Duquesne. I have a young friend with me." In Delaware I added, "Tell your friends we are your friends, and that there is a large band of Pontiac's men chasing us."

CHAPTER IX

The Fatal Errand

This meeting with Gist and his two Indians was most pleasing to us, although the Delawares did not care enough for our company to slacken their pace. They ranged ahead while Gist traveled with us. He gave us much news. On July third the Indians had refused to go on a scout, but on the following day two had been induced to accompany him. The three of them had advanced to within half a mile of the fort and had been deterred from approaching closer because of the excitement occasioned by the escape of the girl, the Onondaga and myself. They did not know what had happened, but with so much yelling and howling and running into the woods the Delawares had taken fright and declared the entire red force was starting to attack the army. Two Indians had sighted Gist and had chased him for some distance. The Delawares surprised and scalped the Frenchman the Dinwiddie girl had stumbled upon among the bramble bushes.

Gist said he and his companions had attempted to follow Turtle creek to its head, where they had expected to find the army, but had been turned back by a large band of savages coming down the creek. They had taken refuge in a windfall and had remained in hiding through the violent storm. This delay permitted the girl and me to get in advance of them. In scouting to the neighborhood of the fort they had found the roads open and without any signs of an ambuscade being prepared. Nor had they discovered any trace of the enemy's savages being outside the immediate vicinity of the fort until the night of our escape.

When Gist set out from the army camp, Braddock was about to march to Thicketty run, a small branch of Sewickley creek. Time had been lost at Jacobs' creek in waiting for Colonel Dunbar's provision train to come up. Many of St. Clair's road-builders were on the sick list, and quite a number of them had died. The wagon horses were in miserable condition. Colonel Washington was too ill to travel and had not rejoined the army up to July fourth.

"You have nothing but bad talk in your bag," I remarked.

"We have one French scap," he grimly replied. "And since June twenty-fifth Braddock has been paying five pounds apiece for scalps. But none of our scouts are getting rich on the bounties. If we could only get ahead faster, and reach the fort before all our soldiers are dead, or too sick to fight, we'd win just by showing ourselves. Mr. William Shirley, the general's secretary, is very much disgusted and discouraged at the way things are being managed. He says he doubts our success. But talk like that is all foolishness, of course. If we can only hold out till we reach Duquesne, we'll whip the French easy enough."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Near Saturation Point

—According to a noted German geographer, the earth as a whole can support a population of at least five times its present number. Europe is considered to be 80 per cent full. Africa and Australia offer the greatest possibilities in the way of increased population.

Britain in Africa

Included in the general term British West Africa are the colony and protectorate of Nigeria, the Gambia colony and protectorate, the Gold Coast colony and Sierra Leone. Parts of the Cameroons and Togoland are now included as mandated territories.

United States Fisheries

It is estimated roughly that in the United States about 12,000 persons are engaged in our ocean fisheries. The catch totals annually almost 3,000,000,000 pounds of fish, and the fishermen receive from \$105,000,000 to \$110,000,000 for their labors.

Cannot See Own Failings

There are many clever people who have one very dull side. They never seem to be able to find out their own faults. Even when the faults are pointed out, they cannot recognize them, apparently, and lack the sense to get rid of them.

First Photographs

To England belongs the honor of producing the first photograph, by utilizing the observations of one Karl Wilhelm Scheele (1742-1786), Swedish chemist, who was the first to investigate the darkening action of sunlight on silver chloride.

Canada's Maple Sugar

The chief center of the maple products industry is that part of the province of Quebec south of the St. Lawrence river, known as the Eastern townships. About 50,000 farmers in eastern Canada engage in the maple sugar industry.

When United States Led

At the close of the Civil war the United States had more naval ships than any country in the world. At that time the United States had 671 ships, 6,610 guns; Great Britain, 628 ships, 8,476 guns.

The Hopeless Chest

What a married man never is able to figure out is why his wife bought the cedar chest to keep her wraps in and then continues to hang her wraps in the clothes closet.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Effective Porcelain

Lilleek porcelain is an extremely thin ware, decorated with a pearly luster laid over the glaze suggesting the interior of shells. It derived its name from Lilleek, Ireland, where it was originally made.

Responsible for Italics

The first printer to use Italics was Aldo Manuzio, the Venetian printer of the Fifteenth century.—It is said that he took as his model the hand writing of the poet Petrarch.

Poor Advertising

It's almost impossible to advertise too much. And yet we are beginning to avoid a certain man who is always advertising his aches and pains.—Acheson Globe.

Uncle Eben

"When a man tells me how I ought to vote," said Uncle Eben, "he somehow allus sounds mo' like a salesmandan a statesman."—Washington Star

Leads in Stenographers

The Civil Service commission says the United States government employs the largest number of stenographers of any organization in the world.

Almost Forgotten Name

Aimelo is an archaic name for Germany, derived probably from the French name for the country, "Alle magne."

Ever Think of That?

The truth is, married life is a full ure only in localities where all life is a failure.—Nashville Tennessean.

Only One Guess Needed

Our guess is that there would be something wrong with Utopia.—Toledo Blade.

Clinging Vine

The bride, if authorized, will be a suspension type.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Are You Ready



When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner does than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the cruetter pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

River Changes Beds

The Druent river in France, a small tributary to the Somme, did the unusual thing of reverting back to its original bed of prehistoric times, which meant the lengthening of its course from three to nine miles. In the operation it flooded the country, fields, farms and gardens, cut the highway in two points and surrounded a number of houses. When the flood subsided the river was running in the ancient course which had been previously traced by geologists. It was believed that the heavy rains had revived the ancient springs which were the original sources of the Druent.

Will Cold Worry You This Winter?

Some men throw off a cold within a few hours of contracting it. Anyone can do it with the aid of a simple compound which comes in tablet form, and is no trouble to take or to always have about you. Don't "dope" yourself when you catch cold; use Pape's Cold Compound. Men and women everywhere rely on this amazing little tablet.—Adv.

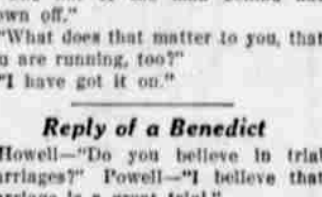
Good Cause

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" "The hat of the man behind has blown off." "What does that matter to you, that you are running, too?" "I have got it on."

Reply of a Benedict

Howell—"Do you believe in trial marriages?" Powell—"I believe that marriage is a great trial."

SAFE! SURE!



From Baby Days to Manhood

"My son, now a grown man, still uses Glessco for coughs and colds. When a baby overcame a cold for him which had hung on all winter," writes a grandmother from Maine.

From baby days to old age coughs and colds can easily be broken up and stopped—erupt can be relieved without vomiting and whooping cough eased and lightened—good health guarded by Glessco—a physician's prescription, time-tried and proven. Ask any doctor—any trained nurse—about its beneficial properties. Try it in your own home and know how quickly, safely and surely it acts. Then keep it always at hand for every member of the family. Contains no opiates. Your druggist or general store has Glessco.

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Cough and Croup Remedy

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Send me at once a liberal Free TRIAL

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Named by St. Paul

"The Lord's Supper" was given by St. Paul to the commemorative ordinance instituted by Christ on the evening preceding His crucifixion.

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