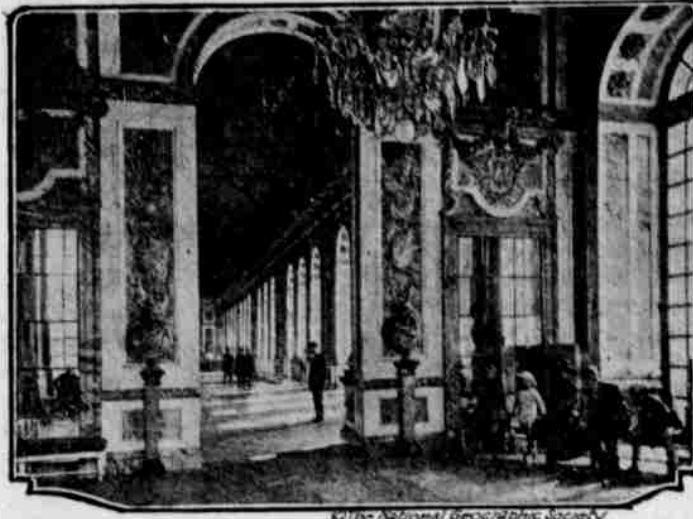


VERSAILLES



Looking Into the Hall of Mirrors, Versailles.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

AS THE tired and travel-worn visitor arrives at the gates of the palace of Versailles and passes through under the gilded arms of France, he enters the cour d'honneur and sees facing him the great equestrian statue of Louis XIV, the roi soleil, that august monarch who occupied the throne of France for 72 years.

Guarding the court in impressive grandeur are statues of distinguished statesmen and marshals, like giants of old, and even across the vast expanse of cobblestones stretching in every direction these honored of France appear of heroic size.

At either side and in front rise the impressive walls of "the architectural masterpiece of the most brilliant era of a great nation," later transformed by King Louis Philippe (1830-37) into a museum "to all the glories of France."

This is the first view of the palace as seen by the majority of travelers from other lands, who make of it a goal of artistic pilgrimage, a place of historic curiosity, or merely one of the sights of the country, depending upon the visitor and his cultural interests.

The patrons of art come to see the creations of the architect Mansart, the murals and decorations of Le Brun, the portraits by Mignard, the sculptures of Coysevox, and the landscape gardening of Le Notre, whose design of the extensive park has been kept almost intact through the vicissitudes of the passing years.

For the students of history the shades of such personages as the "Great King" and his successors, who made this their home and seat of government until the Revolution—Moliere, Mesdames de Montespan, de Maintenon, de Pompadour, du Barry, and Queen Antoinette—flit through the scene attired in the costumes of the romantic long ago.

May Have Cost \$100,000,000.

The Grande Chapelle, which attracts instant attention upon arrival within the gates, was designed by Mansart, who obtained 60me of his ideas for it from the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. Louis XIV, having become devout in his later years, "determined to raise that monument to his piety."

In the hundreds of rooms in the palace it is said that 10,000 persons could be housed, and although the facts of the cost of this magnificent creation can never be accurately known, it has been estimated at \$100,000,000, which, considering the period and the methods employed by an absolute monarch, is tremendous, even in these eight-hour days.

The architecture is of the most eye-filling style and the interior furnishings were the drier cri in luxury. A hundred sculptors are said to have been employed to provide the statuary which decorated the gardens as well as the palace itself, and painters beyond court executed masterpieces to adorn its walls and ceilings.

It was Versailles which furnished the model for the palace of Sans Souci at Potsdam and other less widely known German palaces, the Schonbrunn at Vienna, the Wren portion of Hampton court in England, and many others throughout Europe.

Just as Louis XIV made of Versailles the center of interest of his France by the brilliance of his court, and attracted to it those nobles of his country who might have made more trouble for him had they remained at home, it had been the policy of the Bourbons, initiated by Henry IV, to call to France the artistic industries of other countries. The effect of this policy is to be seen even today in the artistic productions of the French.

Flemings and Italians who excelled in the finer arts were induced to make their homes in France and to act as teachers to the artistically inclined. In this manner the royal manufactures of tapestries, carpets, furniture, and porcelain were established and the designs of the foreign masters gradually modified and adapted to produce the French classic style.

Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV, who was bequeathed to him by Cardinal Mazarin, organized an academy of architecture. There was also an academy of painting and sculpture, and even a French academy at Rome had been established to provide further facilities for the art students to see the masterpieces of the Greeks and the Romans.

Built Primarily for Fetes.
This policy of encouragement and royal assistance bore glorious fruit.

The palace of Versailles, in its building decoration, supplied a wonderful ateller for an early expression on a large scale of the genius developed and trained in this manner.

Versailles was not made in a day; its construction continued throughout the reigns of three successive kings. It may be said to have been the conception of Louis XIV, however, for it was he who had the vision of it almost in its entirety, and much may be accomplished in a reign the length of his.

Perhaps his inspiration grew from envy, for it was his first idea to provide a setting for fetes which would outshine in magnificence and extravagance those of his embezzling superintendant of finance, Fouquet, who had first employed the master landscape gardener, Le Notre, to design his own gardens at Belle Ile, where the king had been entertained soon after he had taken over the reins of power.

With his own hand Louis is said to have drawn roughly the plans for Versailles, following designs submitted by Lemercier and Boyceau, and then to have given orders for their execution to the gardener, Le Notre; to the first architect, Le Vau; to the painter, Le Brun, and to the sculptor, Coysevox, all of whom worked under royal supervision and were directed by Colbert.

Pierre de Francine, who was skilled in the construction of waterworks, designed the system by which the numerous fountains and pools are still fed with sparkling water from the great reservoirs of Montbaouron and Gobert. He received the title of Commander of the Fontaines.

The Keller brothers, who cast the king's cannons at the Paris arsenal, also cast the bronzes designed by the sculptors after suggestions by the king and Le Brun. In short, the foremost artists of France combined to make of this place "the most beautiful spot in the world."

The palace of Versailles was built around the hunting lodge of Louis XIII, the walls of which still inclose the Marble court, while the gardens were cut out from the earlier king's estate.

Hall of the Mirrors.

The most famous room, the Galerie des Glaces (Hall of the Mirrors), where the king of Prussia was crowned emperor of Germany at the end of the Franco-Prussian war, and where the Treaty of Versailles was signed in 1919, still retains much of its former magnificence, although its silver furniture was sacrificed to the mint when money troubles afflicted the grand monarch.

This room is lighted by 17 great windows overlooking the gardens, opposite which are a corresponding number of imitation arcades filled with 206 beveled Venetian mirrors, whose size and brilliance were wonders of their time.

When lighted by myriads of candles, the gorgeous scenes they reflected challenge description. On the vaulted ceiling of this and the rooms at either end, Le Brun painted a series of pictures illustrating allegorically the triumphs of his master's reign. In them Louis is represented as a Roman emperor in golden armor. This is still the largest painting in France.

On the same floor are the rooms of greatest interest to the romantically inclined, the Cabinets de Marie Antoinette. They are small and consist of a boudoir, two libraries, a salon, bath and dressing room, and are adjacent to the Grands Appartements de la Reine, the state suite, the bedroom of which was occupied by the succeeding queens of France. Here were born many princelings, and, following ancient royal etiquette, these births took place in public, so that the people might be certain of the authenticity of their royal family.

The bedroom of the king is behind the center of the Hall of the Mirrors, its windows looking out upon the Marble Court toward the Paris gate. Its marble balcony will be remembered, for it was to this that General Lafayette, of our own Revolutionary fame, escorted Louis XVI to be seen by the mob, and where Marie Antoinette by her bravery changed their cry of "Death to the Austrian" to "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Let us take them to Paris!"

FLASH THE LEAD DOG

By GEORGE MARSH

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Log, on a winter's hunt, Journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Log. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be-killer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. Gaspard finds him and the two start out on Brock's trap line. They find an Indian who had been stalking them caught in a trap, dead. On him was knife that belonged to Gaspard's father. They decide to camp until spring and then continue their journey. Two months later they start out and reconnoiter an Indian camp.

CHAPTER X—Continued

The lean face of Gaspard relaxed in a smile; his eyes glittered as he whispered into Brock's ear: "Eef de dog smell us now, onlee de cook can travel—de oders dry dere footgear."

But, notwithstanding, two 30-30's were lined through the mark on the figures in the yellow glow. Two boys, muscles tense, nerves strong like bowstrings, as they watched, listened with alert ears for the challenge of a suspicious husky awakened from his sleep by the warning from his nostrils of a strange scent in the air.

From somewhere outside the radius of the frelight a low growl, followed by the warning challenge of an awakened husky, split the gloom of the spruce.

"Don't shoot—wait!" came the guttural command beside Brock's ear.

Swiftly, the awakened dogs of the team filled the forest with their yelps. But the thicket of fir, fifty yards from the fire, vomited no double flash of exploding rifles.

"Eef de dog come alone," muttered Gaspard to the tense muscled Brock, crouched, with elbow on knee, to steady his aim, "we tak dem wid de knife. At de fire de Cree are blind."

Reaching behind him, Brock moved the sheath of his knife nearer his right side, his heart pounding under the strain of inaction. He could hear the dogs thrashing around in the brush near the fire, snarling at the unknown enemy, yelping their fears, but not getting the direction of the scent.

Still the Indians went up with the drying of their clothes, occasionally calling to the dogs to keep quiet.

"De dog are scare to leave de fire—for wolf, onlee de one smell us. He see scare to come."

"We'd better get out," whispered Brock. "I won't fire into that camp unless I have to."

An Indian rose and stood between the fire and those who watched, his figure silhouetted as if cut from black paper. He called to the dogs:

"Go on, you! Catch de wolf!"

Encouraged, the huskies beat about the camp, plunging through the deep snow into the wall of blackness, shortly to return.

"De find us—eef we stay. We go!" commanded Gaspard, his rifle lined on the black shape at the fire, his nervous forefinger playing with the trigger.

Noisless as the muffled flight of the snowy owl was the retreat of the stalkers to the lake shore.

"De dog no good—scare de wolf!" grunted Gaspard with contempt.

"Flash and Yellow-Eye hunt us out quick!"

"Gee, but that was a tough wait!" exploded Brock. "All I could do not to fire when that husky smelled us—but I didn't want to shoot, it's too cold-blooded."

"We had dem for sure!" grunted the halfbreed. "We could get dem all before dey left de light."

There was no wind, but a few inches of snow, and the night not cold, so the boys kept on up the lake. Walking the trail which they followed by the feel of their feet, they continued until it swung in to the shore where they had first seen it. Slipping into the shoes they carried on their backs, they continued for a mile, then went ashore into the thick timber, where, with the greatest difficulty, in the gloom, they gathered and chopped enough wood for a small fire, ate ravenously, and slept.

CHAPTER XI

The Spruce Speaks

"Wake up dere! You sleep all day?" From one hundred and eighty pounds of growing boy buried in the rabbit skin robes by the fire in the snow-hole, came groans of protest.

"Go on! Lemme sleep—a minute—will yuh?" grunted the heap on the spruce brush by the fire, which lit the dusk-filled timber circling the camp. Above, the rear-guards of the stars dimmed before the blue dawn.

Again the dark shape, sonated be-

fore the small fire on which bubbled a small tea pail, changed the frying pan heaped with sputtering caribou steak to his right hand while, with his left, he reached back and pulled at the feet of the one who protested.

"We got to leave here, Brock! De snow stop cen de night; de dog find our track near de camp and dey see sonet'ing walk de trail—onlee few inch snow ova'er eet."

"Ugh-huh! You're right—as usual!" With a final groan of protest Brock rolled from his warm robe. "Stopped snowing, eh? By golly they'll be after us—unless they're too scared with what they see. Kind of startle 'em to learn they were watched last night, eh?"

"Come and get it," announced the cook.

"We sure got two good reasons for traveling today," said Brock, stretching. "Gee, but that was hair-raising last night! Lucky we didn't rush that camp, eh?"

Washing his hands in snow, he hungrily attacked a caribou steak which he washed down with great drafts of hot tea.

"I tink dey are too scare to follow—today, but we travel hard just de same," said Gaspard.

"You bet, we've got to, to hit camp day after tomorrow. I hate to think of starvin' on rabbit the last day out," mumbled Brock through a mouthful of meat. "We head about southeast to hit the outlet—don't we? This lake must be full forty miles north of the Big Yellow-Log."

"Not so far, but we see plenty trap-line today I tink."

"Well, we played in luck last night. Suppose we'd kept on thinking we had



"Eef de Dog Smell Us Now, Onlee de Cook Can Travel—de Oders Dry Dere Footgear."

one surprised Indian to round up and blundered into that camp full of Cree, eh? What're they huddling together that way for?"

Gaspard's expressive, dark features lit with a smile. "Wal, I tink dey have fear of 'Black Jack' Desaulles and Etienne Lecroix. You scare dem hard wen you tell dem dat store. We geeve dem more to talk about t'ru dis noon."

"What 't'ru mean?"

"Hurry up, I show you."

As the eastern horizon lit with pearl and amber and rose, from a thicket of willows where the lake trail cut the shore, Brock watched. Behind him in the forest Gaspard stood beside a spruce from which the lower branches had been lopped, working with a pointed, charred stick at a white blaze slashed with his trapping ax. At his side in the snow crackled a little fire of dry spruce.

Shortly, Gaspard called, and Brock, who, from his position, commanded a view of the lake trail for miles, joined his partner.

"Let me see, now, if I can read it," said Brock, as he puzzled over the syllabic character writing of the Cree, burned black into the white tablet of the peeled spruce.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

French Nation Shown as Great Landowner

The greatest landowner in France is the French state. It possesses palaces, castles, manors, buildings of all kinds, and forests—besides roads, ports, railways. A record of all its properties, just drawn up, reveals a total value of \$3,800,000,000. The castle and park of Versailles are estimated at \$240,000,000. Fontainebleau is much cheaper, \$4,280,000, and its wonderful forest is worth only \$2,000,000. Also, the lovely castle of Azay-le-Rideau, in Touraine, is entered in the inventory for the ridiculous sum of \$20,000. To make up for that, the Louvre, in Paris, with its immense palace and the Tuilleries garden, comes up to the sum of \$200,000,000.

But the French administration refused to assign any monetary value to certain monuments, such as Notre Dame de Paris and the Arc de Triomphe, which symbolize a glorious past, or to the war cemeteries in foreign countries, under the French flag, where lie the children of France who sacrificed their lives for justice and liberty.—Washington Star.

Backward Country

Afghanistan is a country of wild highlanders, without one foot of railroad, one mosque or temple or palace of architectural renown, one handicraft of noble culture or one volume of ancient wisdom.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

—W. E. Henley.

FOR FRUIT SALADS

Take halves of cooked pears, or those that are fresh and ripe. Scoop out a cavity with a potato ball scoop and fill with cream cheese made into a small ball. Serve sprinkled with nuts finely chopped and place on lettuce. Serve with french dressing.

Grapefruit, orange and romaine, with plenty of rich salad dressing.

Pineapple, bananas, cherries, walnuts, halved marshmallows and lettuce.

Grapefruit, celery, pears, almonds blanched and shredded with a bit of red pepper for color; lettuce.

Shredded apple, Malaga or Tokay grapes seeded and peeled, cherries and water cross.

Orange, minced mint and lettuce; serve with gams.

Sliced oranges, bananas, apricots, diced apples and any salad green.

Apples, celery, raisins and lettuce; dates instead of raisins, too, are good.

Fruits, Tokay grapes, diced apples and a salad green.

Pineapple, crumbled snappy cheese and lettuce.

Halved strawberries, pineapple, orange, grapefruit and parsley.

Malaga grapes, pineapple, celery, nuts and lettuce.

Diced cantelope, sliced tomatoes, diced apple, endive.

Diced or balls of watermelon, pineapple, orange and lettuce.

Good-flavored apple diced, a small Bermuda onion finely minced, dates, lettuce.

Tokay grapes, chestnuts, sliced chopped mixed nuts, celery and lettuce.

Shredded figs, pineapple, diced apple, romaine.

Sliced unpeeled red apples, coring first, spread with Philadelphia cream cheese and peanut butter, well blended; lettuce.

Doctor Hass points out that the banana has been the victim of one of those curious antagonisms so frequent in medicine, which has made lay people regard it as unsuitable for infant food, although in the tropics it has been so used for generations.

Things to Eat.

If one can get fresh home churned buttermilk, they have indeed a treasure of good food. As long as cream has been churned and butter made, buttermilk has been enjoyed. It is delicious, refreshing and is regarded by dieticians as one of the best health foods. The lactac acid which gives it its satisfying sharp taste, is said to prolong life and make people physically stronger. It stimulates digestion, acts as a tonic, is good for the liver, corrects constipation and other disorders. The United States government bulletins tell us that buttermilk is excellent food for young and old, for health and pleasure.

Gooseberry Relish.—Prepare this when the gooseberries are ready. It is good with meats or for sandwich filling. Put four quarts of gooseberries, two pounds of seeded raisins and four oranges through the meat grinder. Put over the heat and cook fifteen minutes. Add one pint of water or any of the juice that has been saved from the grinding, four pounds of sugar and cook until of the consistency of marmalade. Remove all seeds from the oranges before grinding.

Gooseberry Relish Sandwich.—Add enough finely grated Herkimer cheese or old American cheese to one-half cupful of the strained gooseberry relish to bind. Spread on thin slices of toast cut into fancy shapes. Serve on lettuce.

Codfish Chowder.—Any fresh fish may be used for this, parboiling it and removing the bones. For salt cod soak the fish in cold water, parboil, drain and shred. Take a two-inch square of salt pork, cut into very small dice and brown in the chowder kettle. When the cubes are crisp and brown add three sliced onions, stir until lightly cooked, then add six potatoes cut into slices. Cover with boiling water and cook until the vegetables are well done, then turn in the fish and one to two quarts of milk. Season with salt and pepper and add one softened milk cracker to each serving of the chowder. The crackers may be covered with boiling water or the hot milk to soften. This is a meal in itself. Served with cabbage as a cold soup and a dessert or fruit and a cookie or small cake, one will have a satisfying meal.

The reason toast is given to those of weak digestion is that the starch, by the heat, is partly changed to sugar and is quickly acted upon by the juices of the stomach and ready to be absorbed in the intestine.

Nellie Maxwell



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Mosquito Bites

BALSAM OF MYRRH

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Realm of Possibility
"Well, old dear, I suppose we'll meet again?"
"Well, accidents will happen."

Coast to Coast good Grocers sell and recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better value than any other.—Adv.

When a man says good-by over the telephone before you are through, you may as well hang up.



MOST people depend on Bayer Aspirin to make short work of headaches, but did you know it's just as effective in the worse pains from neuralgia or neuritis? Rheumatic pains, too. Don't suffer when Bayer Aspirin can bring complete comfort without delay, and without harm; it does not affect the heart. In every package of genuine Bayer Aspirin are proven directions with which everyone should be familiar, for they can spare much needless suffering.

ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monochloroacetate of Salicylic Acid

Alloy to Aid Telephony

The discovery of a new alloy, permivar, with remarkable magnetic properties, has been announced in Boston. It promises to become a great aid in the improvement of telephony.

NO PATIENCE WITH CHILDREN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Steadied Her Nerves

Dalton, Pa.—"I was weak, nervous and run-down before my last baby was born. My other children tired me. I had no patience with them and they just wore me out. My mother told me about someone who took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped her. I took it myself and got fine results. I am getting along fine now, thanks to your Vegetable Compound. My husband and I both feel sure that it helped me."—Mrs. RAYMOND STAGE, R. F. D. 2, Dalton, Pa.

