Valley of the Rhone



Roman Arch at Orange in the Rhone Valley.

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

T WAS over some of the most varied and picturesque terrain of France, the Valley of the Rhone and the country lying on each side of it, that the Graf Zeppelin fought ber way recently, finally to find a haven at the French mayal airport near Toulon, on the edge of the Mediter-

Of this southeastern region of France, Lyon is the interior metropolis. Lyon might be called the New York of France, a great manufacturing city, its heart on the tongue of land at the confluence of two great rivers, the Rhone and the Saone, and dominated at one side by a towe.ing palisade, on whose very summit rises the monstrous modern Byzantine Church of Fourviere. The people inevitably suggest Americans — the beautiful women gowned with taste and restraint; the nen broad-shouldered, energetic and alert; the flocks of pretty children well dressed and with charming manners. while what one sees of the life of the city is as spirited and delightfully refreshing as the cool floods that sweep past its long quays.

It is a beautifully arranged city. which has taken full advantage of its situation. Its twin rivers, spanned by 22 handsome bridges and dotted with battered public wash-boats, are lined with superb, tree-shaded quays on all sides. There are miles of other fine streets and many parks and squares.

Imposing modern commercial and public buildings in no way detract from the interest of the remarkable Cathedral of St. Jean and its attendant, the incrusted and arcaded Eleventh century Manecanterie, or Chorister's house, or from the quaint Romanesque Church of St. Martin-d'-Ainay, with its inlays of colored stones and its tower with acroteria. A superb view from the balconies of the tower of the Fourviere church sweeps a hundred-mile circle of city and plain, fenced in by snowy peaks, among which Mt. Binne is clearly visible in good weather.

On its southern trip the great dirigthle satled easily over Lyon at great speed, helped by the southward flow of the Mistrai, the famous wind of the Rhone valley. But on the attempted trip northward, with engines cripnme Mistral proved emy and the ship was sent drifting southward long before Lyon was reached.

Nismes and Avignon.

In its battle to fly northward the crippled ship first salled over the flat Camargue country in the delta of the Rhone; then over Nimes. The latter city is the most notable of those in this region-a big, healthy-minded, sprawling city full of languorous southern fragrance, rich in spiendid evenues, and a park finer than any other in provincial France, and glorying in the finest Roman rulps outside Italy itself. Right through the smiling, scented heart of the city runs the little walled stream whose source is the cool spring at the foot of Mont Cavaller, that feeds the ancient Roman baths. Every art that man could wield has tolled to make the park and baths levely beyond compare-landscape architecture, sculpture, hydrau-He engineering, horticulture, and all the rest. With its formal Eighteenth century urns, balustrades, statuary and arrangement, it is not Roman now in anything save memory; but it is perfect.

The great, shattered amphitheater tells more truly of Roman days, with its terrific masses of masonry and its suggestion of cruel sports; and where two busy streets cross, among the scanty remains of the form, rises the most brilliant of all the ruins in France, the little "temple of the for-tunate princes of youth." It is exquisite-a jewel so rare that not even its brommagem setting can dim the luster of the Greek spirit that infuses every detail of it, Roman though it be.

little to the northeast lies Avignon, city of the popes. It juts boldly up from the plain on a great isolated rock, from which springs the huge Fourteenth century papal palace, a wonderful mixture of prison and fortress and postificial residence. about the town of the sunny, battlemented walls seem entirely appropriate, and the clattering trolley cars that dart through the now always opened gates an anachronism. The town is lively with color, and from the attractive park stop the rock the

view along the great river, 300 feet below, and across the outlying country is broad and brilliant-wide fields un der culivation, olive orchards and flower-spangled meads that roll upward in gentle slopes toward the grim fort of St. Andre, that might be a walled city in itself, and below, opposite the broken bridge of St. Benezet, the former defense tower of Philippe-le-Bel, a shaft of honey against the cloudless sky. But that view pales beside the one from the fort of the gaunt gray rock with its white palace, that grows and grows as it is looked upon until it dwarfs the city and itself becomes the only object in the great flat plain -a towering tombstone over dead ambitions.

King Rene's Castle.

Tarascon means unlucky King Rene's beautiful square castle, that clambors up the rocks of the river bank, a soft-toned medieval picture. At its feet the smootn green mirror of the Rhone, that has reflected so many a chivalric pageant in its day, holds up a quivering counterfelt of the stately structure, with every angle smoothed, every color softened,

The view from the great stone bridge is perfect, the delicate tan of the stones cut clean against the background of embaying trees and agure overhead. And what a scene at sunset on the low bills of the opposite shore! Silhouetted black and spectral against the flaming orb that goes down behind its slender, towering donjon keep, the storied castle of Beaucaire pulses again with life, and one feels the gentle ghosts of Aucassin and Nicolette hovering about the scene of their romance,

On up the beautiful Rhone valley the great ship fought its way past Orange and Montimar to Valence where the dangerous drift to the southeast began. The danger lay in the nature of this southern region. A very short distance east of the ribbon of the Rhone valley the country rises sharply.

This is the old province of Dauphine which has been called an "Italian Switzerland" by the French themselves, for it has the sunny skies and rich vegetation of the Mediterranean peninsula and the cold, stern, snow- his snowshoes, for in timber the crust most characteristic feature of the river shore, the halfbreed abandoned province is its vivid contrasts; tre- all caution and slipping out of his mendous masses of granite pyramids, bare and blasted and savagely desolate: long stretches of primeval forest, pines and firs of noble girth and height, from among which here and there huge rocks leap up like uncouth animals of another age; smiling pasture lands and farms, cut by profound gorges; stormy-looking peaks starred with glaciers; tiny hamlets nestling among the pines: milky roads and skybrushing sierras of needlelike peaks; deep, trregular, parrow little gorges, with its rushing, boiling torrent far down among the contorted rocks of the bottem.

The engineering difficulties throughout Dauphine are exceptional. Along the railroad half the scenery is black tunnels and stinging clouds of cinders. But one cares not a whit for that when the train bursts from them upon spidery, inspiring viaducts, and goes rigraphing up or down the mountain side in graceful spirals that deprive one allke of speech and breath,

Grenoble is Beautiful.

A little farther north than the area which at one time threatened destruction to the buge airship, but characteristle of the entire region, is Grenoble, superbly placed at the junction of the Isere and the Drac, in an exquisite plain, swept about on every side by range upon range of giorious mountains that tower up 10,000 feet, into the realm of perpetual snow, Bastioned, turreted walls leap picturesquely up to the forts on the top of the bill on the other side of the river. The Fifteenth century Palace of Justice, with its high-pitched roof, bold dormers, and elegant chimneys, is said to be the finest Renaissance building in the Valley of the Rhone. The handsomely towered Hotel de Ville has a very effective formal garden.

Indeed, Grenoble blossoms with gardens, and one of its tree-decorated evenues runs straight as an arrow's flight five miles out into the country to the Drac, where the Seventeenth century Hurdle Bridge humps its back for the leap across the stream, and gives an exquisite picture, in the rough frame of its arch, of the peaks beyond



CHAPTER XII

The Battle on the Carcajou All the morning the dog-team trav eled north. At noon the lake narrowed to its outlet and shortly the boys were following a ridge which paralleled a headwater branch of the Carcajou. But, to their surprise, on inspection, they found that the trali which followed the ice of this tittle river, had not been used in weeks. the cautious Gaspard held to the timber, rather than travel the easy river road. Once seen from the hills. they could be easily ambushed from the shore, so the team held to the hard and circuitous going of the thick scrub.

All morning they had traveled under a ma 'ed sun, and in the early afternoon the north unfuried its leadhued banners of the coming snow. In midafternoon, to avoid a circle of the shore, Gaspard had followed up the shoulder of a high ridge from which the valley of the stream pened before them for miles. They stopped to rest the dogs, for even with the good going of the hard crust, the five hundred pound load of food, which would carry dogs and men through to April, made rugged hauling on the hills.

While Gaspard smoked a pipe, Brock curiously examined through his glasses the unknown country to the north How long and great a river was this Carcajou which flowed into the bay to the northwest of Cape Henrietta Maria, no one at flungry House or Elkwan and known. Whether they were now on one of its beadwaters, neither he nor Gaspard was sure. Somewhere to the west of the Carcajou lay the watershed of the great This river they followed might swing to the west-might, for all they knew, be Winisk water, But of one thing they were sure. The Crees who hunted this country knew the fate of Pierre Lecroix, and to learn what that had been, was the sole object of this wild adventure.

Brock had swung the glasses far down the little valley, when suddenly, he exclaimed:

"By golly, Gaspard! There's a dog team traveling north on the river trail !"

The halfbreed sprang to his friend's side. Brock handed him the glasses. For a space, through the falling Gaspard studied the black speck on the river trail. Then he returned the glasses.

"You keep on wid de dog," he sald. "I go have a look at dat Cree."

With heart pounding with expectan Gaspard swung and alld and dodged down through the timber on capped mountains of the Swiss. The is fickle and seldom strong. At the shoes, took to the ice, for the team he followed was traveling at a trot at least a mile below him. Down-stream ran the tireless son of Pierre Lecroix through the fast thickening snow, rifle and snowshoes in his hands. At last he approached a sharp turn, and, sure that his quarry was near, cut directly up through a shoulder of high shore to obtain a view of the river below him. Hurrying through the scrub he looked downstream.

> "By Gai I" gusped the panting boy. his eyes widening in astonishment.

On the river ice, bardly three bun dred yards below, two dog teams lay in front of their sleds in a group four men talked, their laughter clearly audible to the hunter watching from the timber.

"He meet den traveling upstream." muttered Gaspard. Then the deep-set eyes of the boy opened, as his lips

framed the name: Gros-Pled!" Gros-Pled, Big-Foot, one of the team of the missing Pierre Lecroix. had risen and stood sniffing the air. as the heart of Lecrolz' son pounded in his chest. Yes, it was Gros-Pied. There was no dog marked like him. with that black hend and that single white sock. He was in the team headed down-river-good! But where he was, Gaspard was in danger from the keen noses of the buskles. He must move back and warn Brock From where he lay he could kill or wound them all, before they got to their rifles on the sieds, but he wanted an unburt prisoner. No, he would cut back and find Brock; then, in the morning they would ambush the sled headed south, with Gros-Pied, his fa

The light was going fast as the snow thickened. Brock would already be making camp back in the timber, upstream. He must find him. Tomorrow

they would have a prisoner, and then-After four hours of blind search through the timber below the ridge where he had left Brock and the team, Gaspard saw the yellow glow of

the fire. At daylight six inches of new snow lay on the crust and, to the boys, one thing was clear. If they wished to

overtake the Indian heading downriver, they would have to abandon the safety of the timber and take the has ard of the river ice.

So Gaspard went ahead to the riv er, to reconnoiter, while Brock followed with the team. In a hall hour, as the sun rose, lighting the forest, the halfbreed met Brock packing the new snow ahead of the toboggan.

"I saw dem start-t'ree, up-liviere; one, our man, go down-stream. Een little piece you swing out to de ice and follow me. I go aheat to head beem off. He got no load, he travel fast.

With a wave of the hand, Gaspard was gone.

Carrying his loaded rifle, Brock traveled ahead for a half hour, then angled out to the river, followed closely by Yellow-Eye and the team. The three men bound up-river should now be far on their way, he thought, as he looked out to the ice where the broken snow marked the passage of sleds since the fall of the night before. Stopping the team, Brock went to the cover of some shore willows and looked up-stream. The freshly broken trail ran for a mile and disappeared behind a bend. They were miles away by this time, so returning, he drove his dogs down to the ice and out to the river trail.

With the start of over at hour the Indian in front of him would be far down stream. Gaspard would have to travel hard through the bush to head him off.

Brock was excited. At last they were in the enemy's country—getting some action. Any moment, now, things might happen. The safety of his friend gave him little concern. Gaspard had but one man to deal witha man traveling with his gun cased in his sied. Gaspard would get his man, unburt, without a fight. It was the safety of the dogs and the pre-clous load of grub on the sled that occupied Brock's thoughts.

He had traveled for an hour, when as he approached a starp bend in the river, throwing the trail close to s shore, thick grown with scruo, like the last of a whip a premonition of danger flicked his nerves.

With a fierce, "Haw, Yellow-Eye!" Brock swung the team to the opposite shore, and with a rough "Marche!" led them on the run into the scrub.

He had barely reached the cover of the spruce when the opposite shore roared with the explosion of rifles. A cut spruce twig fell on his shoulder.

"I knew it!" gasped the crouching boy, knife drawn to loose the dogs in a case of a rush over the ice.

Gripping the traces beside the trembling dogs, mystified by the shots from the opposite shore and the actions of their master, from his cover Brock watched the river ice. He had fooled the people in ambush-once! What would be their next move? For move they soon would.

If he cut the dogs loose, now, they would cross the river, only to meet a hall of ,ead. No, he must hold them -keep them with him, until he was rushed; If the Crees had the nerve to rush him. Then he'd cut the traces of Flash and Yellow-Eve and show these murderers how two Ungavas could fight. And God belp them, if the dogs reached them!

And Gaspard? Had he heard the shots? If he had he'd back-track on the run and his rifle would soon be singing. But suppose he traveled op the ice straight in to range of the Crees in the scrub?

Fearing his plunging dogs would snap their traces, Brock unbooked the leader and rear dog and lashed trem to separate trees, within easy reach of his knife. Slit-Ear and Kona he left traced to the heavy sled. Then with elbow on knee he lined his sights on the thicket across the stream and walted for the flash and blue wish of smoke from the Crees' guns to give him a target. For he knew that the Indians would not hold their fire.

For minutes the boy held his sights ilned on the ambush-but no rifles belched their yellow flame from the green scrub. His eyebrows knotted in surprise. Then, like a flash, he guessed the cause.

The Crees were not there!

They had crossed the river behind the cover of the bend, below him, and were stalling him to his own shore With a leap be reached Kona and Silt-Ear and cut them loose.

"Get 'em, Konn! Slit-Ear!" be cried and pointed down stream. Yelping madly the two dogs disappeared "Down Yellow-Eye!" be flercely commanded, winding his wrist with the cut traces of the lend dog. "Shut-up. Flash! Steady, Flash!" He reached the puppy, frenzled with excirement cut him loose, and gripping his traces with the hand carrying the gun. plunged inland from the river shore (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Three Good Reasons for Study of Greek

There was once a rough and oned ucated man who had made money and who entered his boy in a swell college preparatory school. The head master asked blm if there was anything be was particularly desirous his son should be taught, and the uncultured one replied: "Yes, there is. I want him to take Greek."

"May I ask," inquired the head master, in considerable amazement why you are so insistent upon his pursuit of that particular subject?

"Well," said the rude parent, "there are three reasons why I want him to learn Greek: First, because it's hard; second, because he don't want to: and, third, because it's no good anyway. If he learns it after all that, show he's got some stuff in him."

Moral: This fable has morals enough to fill a book.-Edward C. Durfee 19 Scribner's Magazine.



It matters not what we profess, What we may wish or think or

The only test is righteousness— We must obey, In times of trial, when truth is rare, And when the clouds obscure the

day
The true disciple needs to dare—
He must obey.

BREADS FOR SANDWICHES

Now that the outing season is in full swing, we look for appetizing food that we may use on plenie and camping trips. Nut and Raisin

Bread,-Sift four cupfuls of flour with four tenspoonfuls of baking powder, add one-half cupful

sugar, one tenspoonful of salt, cupful of raisins and one-half three-fourths of a cupful of nutmeats. Chop the nuts and raisins coarsely. Add two beaten eggs to the dry mixture with two cupfuls of milk. Beat well, add four tablespoonfuls of melted shortening and pour into two single loaf bread tins. Bake forty-five minutes.

Peanut Butter Bread.-Cream onehalf cupful of peanut butter with onehalf cupful of sugar. Add one well beaten egg. Sift three and one-half cupfuls of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add alter nately with one cupful of milk. Beat the mixture well, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and bake in a well greased tip in a hot oven.

Nut Bread.-Take one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one well beaten egg, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and three-fourths of a cup ful of nutmeats. Mix all together and let stand twenty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven forty to fifty min-

Luncheon Bread,-Beat one egg, add two cupfuls of sweet milk, two table spoonfuls of molasses, one-half cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of graham flour, one-fourth cupful of white flour, one cupful of corn meal, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sait and two-thirds cupful of nutments, chopped. Mix and put into bread tins; let stand twenty minutes before putting into the oven Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Oatmeal Bread.-To one quart of cooked ontmest add one-half cupful of molasses, one yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth of a cupful of water, one teaspoonful of sait and flour to make a sponge. Let rise one and one half hours in a warm place and then make into loaves. Let rise, and when light, bake.

Frozen Orange Dressing.-To a plat of plain boiled unsweetened custard add one-half cupful of orange juice. the juice of one lemon, one cupful of sugar, and one-half cupful of chopped nut meats. Turn the dressing into a freezer and freeze to a mush, then fold in one cupful of cream whipped stiff. Pack in ice and sait and let stand an hour before using. This is especially good with banana salad.

Cakes for the Picnic.

No picule is complete without a variety of cakes. Small ones are most convenient for serving and liked to best.

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Oatmeal Macaroons,-Take one and threefourths cupfuls of rolled onts, put through the ment grinder after browning well in the oven, add one teaspoon ful of salt, one-half cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter,

blended with the sugar. Flavor with vanilla and add a beaten egg. Drop by spoonfuls on a baking sheet and bake until crisp in a hot oven.

Raisin Drop Cakes,-Take four to blespoonfuls of shortening, one cupful of sugar, one beaten egg, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, one and threefourths cupfuls of flour, three tenspoonfuls of baking powder, salt and one beaten egg, one cupful of seeded raisins, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cream the shortening; add sugar; when well blended add the beaten egg and milk alternately with the flour which has been well sifted with the dry ingredients. Bake in small cake tins. Sprinkle with sugar before placing in the oven.

Chocolate Cookies .- Cream one-half cupful of shortening, add one cupful of sugar, one well beaten egg, one fourth teaspoonful of sait, two ounces of melted chocolate, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, two tenspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth cupful of milk

Butter Wafers .- Take one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, two wellbeaten eggs, one-third of a cupful of milk, one-fourth tenspoonful of sodn, flavor with vanilla, add flour enough to roll very thin. Cut into rounds and bake in a hot oven. Sprinkle with sugar before baking.

Drop Cookies,-Take one cupful of shortening, two cupfuls of sugar, five cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sour cream, three eggs, two tenspoonfuls of baking powder, salt and flavoring. Mix and drop with a teaspoon and flatten with a tumbler dipped in sugar. Add nuts if desired.

Necei 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 spoon-ful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Philitps is important, Imitations do not act the

Milk of Magnesia

June Brides

Governor Green said at a wedding brenkfast in Lansing: "A realistic, yes, even a pessimis-

tic view of marriage seems to prevall nowadays, and so to be in the movement I would say to our June brides:

"Remember, as the years pass and your burdens grow ever heavier-remember that wives were made to suffer and busbands to be suffered."

Mosquito Bites Balsam of Myrrh

Riviera May Be Flowerless

Aftermath results of the heavy frosts along the Riviera may cause that popular resort to be without flowers next winter. Many gardens were destroyed, and trees were killed. The mimosa bushes in the garden of Miss Tennyson Jesse, the popular novelist, at Beauvallon, were so badly injured that they will not bloom again for three years. Many other gardens were similarly affected.

Twenty Earthquakes a Day

Taking into consideration the entire surface of the earth, the statement is made that about 20 earthquakes take place in the course of a day. This does not mean 20 disastrous cataclysms, with destruction of builddisturbances of a minor nature which are observed only with the use of extremely sensitive instruments designed for the purpose.

Italian Giantess

Glovanni Ossena, the "cannon woman," reported to be the heaviest in all Italy, has died at Mantus, at the age of thirty. She weighed 485 pounds, her bust measurement was 6 feet 4 inches, and she stood slightly under 6 feet. It took 15 bystanders to lift her on the stretcher.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Rall Blue. Many others now use it. Never fulls, she says,-Adv.

Helps in One Way

Askum-Does a fish diet strengthen the brain?

Tellum-Perhaps not; but going fishing seems to invigorate the imagination.-Pathfinder Magazine.

Few men have the courage or independence of mind to get rid of the tunk they have accumulated.

RECOMMENDS IT TO OTHERS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much



woman in the condition I was in. I was so weak and run-down that I could hardly stand could hardly stand up. I could not eat and was full of misery. A friend living on Arcade Avenue told me about this medi-cine and after tak-

ing ten bottles my weakness and nervousness are all gone, I feel like living again. I am still taking it until I feel strong like before. You may use this letter as testimonial."—Mas. Elizabeth Toso, 14912 Hale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.