

Trapper Made Sudden Change in Fight View

Tradition has it that most of the early trappers operating through the Rocky mountains were serious characters. Such is far from the case, though. Many of them took great pride in exaggerating accounts of what they had encountered on their trips. A few even had a slant on life that would make a Mark Twain envious, says a contributor to the Frontier.

Joseph L. Meek was one of the best known of these frontier humorists. One of his experiences which is generally credited concerns an attack made on his party by a band of hostile Indians. While stopping for a rest the Indians were sighted as they were in the act of charging the trappers. The redskins were but a few hundred yards away and mounted. The whites lost no time in mounting their animals and beating a hasty retreat. Meek, however, encountered some trouble with his mule which refused to budge.

"Boys, stand your ground, boys!" he screamed. "Stand your ground! We can whip 'em. Stand your ground!" But the trappers failed to heed Meek and put all the territory possible between themselves and the onrushing Indians. About that time Meek's mule, seeming to realize its own danger, set its pedal extremities in motion. Within a short time Meek, astride the mule, had caught up with the rest of the party. Another mule he passed them. Then he turned in his saddle and shouted back over his shoulder, "Come on, boys! We can't fight 'em. Come on, boys! Come on!"

Many Put in Work on Bamboo Carving

When you gaze upon a beautiful piece of bamboo carving, which is to be seen generally in the Oriental sections of the museums, you are beholding the work not of one man but of many. Each workman has his specialty and when he does his share of work he passes the piece over to another, who does that part which he is especially trained for. The man who does the Chinese characters does nothing else. Another does mountain scenery and if there are any animals introduced into the landscape they are cut by another, while portraits are taken care of by a workman who does no other kind of work. Before the work is laid out, the surface of the bamboo is treated by a rubbing process which proceeds with the aid of a brick of fine clay and the operation takes place under water. After it is carefully dried it is turned over to the artist who marks out the design from one workman to another as indicated above.

How Paint Preserves

Most people paint their homes for the sake of good looks. But houses should primarily be painted for the sake of preserving the wood, which is very porous. When the wood was still in the tree state the pores were filled with sap, and when cut the sap dried out, leaving the pores open. If the wood should be left in the unprotected state, minus its mark, fungi and moisture soon would begin to rot and destroy it. So when painted, the paint penetrates the pores and forms, when dry, a tough, elastic coating, which is "anchored" to the surface by countless little "hooks" that extend into pores of the wood, and this coating or film preserves the wood by protecting it from those things which otherwise would quickly and surely destroy it.

How to Replant Vines

The Department of Agriculture says that grapevines which are ten years old may be replanted the same way that a vine a year old can be replanted. Dig out three or four of the larger stems with quite a bit of soil adhering. Cut back to the main stem, practically leaving only a few buds on the cane to develop new growth. Do not allow the vine to produce fruit until it is thoroughly established.

How Camphor Is Made

As a perfume, camphor has been valued by the Chinese for centuries. Originally obtained from gum deposits it is now extracted from the wood itself, which, after being sawed through, is reduced to chips and heated in a still.

Cloud's Silver Lining

Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and, when you have found it, continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.—WILLIAMS.

Fairly Met

"Better look out for me," warned the fair flirt. "You know I am a grass widow." "Oh, that's all right," replied the sophisticated male. "I am known as the human lawn mower."

To assure prompt service and quick returns when answering these advertisements, mention the name of this paper.

TELEGRAPH SCHOOL
\$145 to \$225 Monthly.
Learn Telegraphy. Great opportunities. Clean easy work. Positions secured. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of graduates. Oldest and best school. Write for free catalogue. American Telegraph College, 102 S. Main, Salt Lake.

FIXTURES
For Estimates on Bank, Store, Church Fixtures, Show Cases and Cabinet Work. Write Salt Lake Cabinet & Fixture Co. 27 Richards Street Salt Lake City, Utah.

BARBER COLLEGES
Learn Barber Trade. Catalogue Free. Diplomas Issued. Moter Barber College, 114 Regent St.



King Tommy
BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

Copyright © 1914 by George A. Birmingham
WNU Service

CHAPTER XVI—Continued

—23—

Either Janet had translated faithfully, or the patriarch understood this Latin. He smiled benignantly.

"But," said Tommy, "or rather sed nolo—Oh, look here, Miss Church, tell him that I won't have Calypso driven into marrying me, if she doesn't want to. She said in Berlin that she wouldn't marry me, and if she feels the same way still, she mustn't be bullied into it."

The patriarch explained at some length that the princess' feelings did not matter in the least. He had brought her up himself and taught her the duties of a princess. She would marry the man she was told to marry. This did not satisfy Tommy.

"Tell the patriarch," he said to Janet, "that unless the princess agrees of her own free will, I won't stir a foot in the matter."

But Janet thought the conference had lasted long enough and she was getting chilly about the legs. A stone-floored hall is apt to be draughty at night and she had no stockings on. She said good night to the patriarch and walked off to bed. Tommy was left to his own resources.

He got out his notebook and pencil again. He could not draw a picture of himself refusing the hand of an unwilling princess in the Lystrian Chapel Royal; so he wrote down a Latin sentence. The patriarch did not understand the language as Tommy spoke it, but he must surely be able to read it.

"Nisi regina ne amat," he wrote, "nihil faciam in re."

That, if not in Ciceronian style, was a plain statement of his meaning. The patriarch understood it, smiled and waved his pudgy hand. Then he patted Tommy on the shoulder in a most friendly and confidential manner. Count Albert attempted an explanation in English.

"That is good," he said. "Sehr gut, right. Not true? Please?"

The patriarch ordered more wine. There was much drinking of healths. Tommy's health, the patriarch's, Count Albert's, the health of each attendant priest, Calypso's (all standing), and finally Janet's. The patriarch held up Tommy's sketch of her while he drank.

The party broke up, all sober, but as Tommy said afterward, "Another bottle would have finished us."

The Patriarch Menelaus would not be happy in America. His strict views about marriage might get him into trouble with the people who appreciate the advantages of divorce.

CHAPTER XVII

Tommy slept soundly.

At six o'clock in the morning he was half wakened by the sound of a motorcycle passing close under the window of his room. He felt slightly surprised that there should be such things as motor-bicycles in Lystria. But the subject was not interesting enough to rouse him thoroughly. He slept again.

At half past eight he was wakened again, this time thoroughly, and saw Count Albert standing at his bedside. Tommy looked up and bade him a cheerful good morning. The count bowed stiffly. He held two large, leather-covered books, one under each arm. It would have been difficult for him to bow otherwise than stiffly. Behind the count, standing rigidly at attention at the door of the room, were two soldiers with long rifles on which the bayonets were fixed. This surprised Tommy a little, but he bade the soldiers a friendly good morning. He supposed that it must be the custom in Lystria to send part of the army to waken an honored guest in the morning.

Count Albert laid one of his books on Tommy's bed and began turning over the pages of the other. It was a Lystrian-English dictionary. Its compilation had been the life work of the tutor who had taught Count Istvan to read Shakespeare. It had been printed at the expense of King Wladislaws, and was that monarch's solitary contribution to the cause of literature. Ten copies in all had been published. Six of them were lost. One lay on a shelf in the palace of Count Istvan. One was in the cathedral library under the charge of the patriarch. One was kept by the head clerk of the Lystrian house of lords. The remaining one, which Count Albert was using, was in the royal Schloss.

Count Albert found the word he wanted, marked it by digging his thumbnail into the paper, and then handed the book to Tommy. Like most Lystrian words, it was thickly covered with accents, and the letter X was in it several times. The English translation was given as: "Impostor—pretender (historical). One who assumes an identity other than his own. Deceiver."

Count Albert frowned severely to see that he meant everything the

dictionary said. The two soldiers held their rifles at the present to show that they meant it all too.

Count Albert took up the second volume of the dictionary and looked up another word. This time the English translation was: "Arrested." To prevent any possibility of mistake, he pointed first to Tommy, then the two soldiers, and then once more, to the word. Tommy had no excuse for not understanding what his position was.

Count Albert looked out a third word, and once more handed the book to Tommy. This was a short word, consisting of three letters, one of which was an X, and three accents. It meant: "Place of execution," and, according to Count Istvan's Shakespearean tutor, might also be translated: "Gallows, scaffold or guillotine." Count Albert nodded grimly and pointed to the soldiers. Then he said, "Please."

"But not at this hour," said Tommy firmly. "It's simply never done so late as this. The regular time for shooting a man is dawn and that's passed for today. There won't be another till tomorrow. Besides, you're bound to give me some sort of a trial."

He took the dictionary with the intention of looking out "shoot," "down," "tomorrow" and "trial," believing in that way to make his meaning clear. Unfortunately, there was no English-Lystrian part of the dictionary, so the book was useless to him. Count Albert, with the air of a great nation which delivers an ultimatum to a troublesome little tribe, turned to leave the room. Tommy jumped out of bed and stopped him. He could not speak Lystrian and he could not use the dictionary. But he was not quite at the end of his resources. He tore out a blank sheet from the end of the dictionary and wrote a letter.



Count Albert Laid One of His Books on Tommy's Bed and Began Turning Over the Pages of the Other.

Ad Reverendissimum beatissimum, excellentissimum Patriarchum, Lystriae, Archiepiscopum, cum Janetina Ecclesia (Miss Church) conversari volo.

Then he remembered that both Count Istvan and Count Albert used the word "Please" with extraordinary frequency in the most unlikely connections. It was evidently a word to which the Lystrians attached great importance. The ancient Romans apparently did not, for he could not remember a Latin equivalent for it. He added "Si vis" to the end of his letter, and then, in order to make it quite plain that he wanted to be polite, wrote, "Bitte, Si'll vous plait, please." He handed the note to Count Albert.

"Patriarch," he said. "Beatitude, Archbishop, please."

Count Albert scowled, but he took the note. He walked over to the door, opened it, turned, said a farewell "Please" to Tommy, and then went out, leaving the two soldiers on guard.

Tommy got up and dressed. That took him nearly half an hour. Then he smoked a pipe. Then he looked out of the window for a while. The view was entirely uninteresting, for his room looked out on a small courtyard; but it cheered him to observe that there were no signs of the erection of a scaffold. In all the romances he had ever read the scaffolds for the execution of the heroes are put up under the windows of their cells, and they are obliged to listen to the sounds of hammering and sawing even if they have enough strength of mind not to look out.

At ten o'clock the door of his room was opened and a soldier came in bringing some breakfast. The Lys-

trians, alone among central, southern and eastern Europeans, have a good idea of what breakfast ought to be. Except that there was no marmalade, Tommy could not have done better in a first rate London hotel.

At half past ten, before he had finished eating, Janet Church was shown in. Tommy greeted her with an eager flood of questions.

"What's happened?" he asked. "Why am I shut up? Why did that ass, Albert Casimir, wake me up this morning by scowling at me. Why did he shove the great dictionary with the word 'impostor' in it—an enormous dictionary in two volumes? Why did he threaten to hang me or shoot me or guillotine me? I don't know which he meant; but he certainly intends to execute me in some way. And what's the Lystrian for marmalade? I'd like some just to finish off a really good breakfast."

"Who are you?" said Janet. "I'm the Reverend Thomas A. Norreys, M. A., said Tommy. "You saw my passport in Berlin, so you ought to know."

"Not Lord Norreys?" "I've told you, I've told the other Casimir, I've told the king, I would have told the princess if she'd have listened to me—I've told every one I've met that I am not Lord Norreys. It would be just as sensible, in fact more sensible, to insist that I'm Colonel Heard. But no matter what I said, nobody ever believed me, except that pompous ass, Von Steinfeldt. I think he did. If necessary I'll swear I'm not Lord Norreys. I'll swear it on Casimir's dictionary if you like, and that's the most impressive look-alike book I ever saw."

"What convinced them? I'd like to know; for I never could manage to do it myself."

"Two telegrams arrived this morning early," said Janet. "One from Count Istvan Casimir, sent from Berlin, and one from Lord Edmund Troyte, from London. A motorcycle brought them. They said that you're an impostor, and that the real Lord Norreys is in London. Lord Edmund Troyte is Lord Norreys' uncle, so he's certain to know."

"I expect he'll be Miss Temple's aunt soon. I mean to say, she'll be his niece, if half I've heard about her is true. I never was so plagued about anything in my life as I have been about that woman. How did the princess take the news?"

"The patriarch wakened her about seven o'clock to tell her. She came into my room about two minutes later and I never saw a girl so pleased."

"I call that heartless of her," said Tommy. "Worse than heartless, malicious. I never did her any harm. Why on earth should she be pleased at my being hanged?"

"She's not pleased at that. She doesn't think you will be hanged. Nor do I. What delighted her was the thought that you really had nothing to do with Miss Temple."

"If she should have listened to me," said Tommy, "she'd have known that long ago. However, I'm glad she doesn't want to hang me. Perhaps she'll let me out of prison. Why have they shut me up?"

"I've just told you that," said Janet. "They believed you were Lord Norreys and when it turned out you weren't, they imprisoned you, of course."

"I don't see any 'of course' about it. They can't mean to imprison everyone who turned out not to be Lord Norreys. If they did that the prisons would be horribly overcrowded. Don't you think that you could explain that to the patriarch?"

Janet looked doubtful. "It's a complex idea," said Tommy, "and probably quite new to him. Still, with your knowledge of German—"

Janet had no doubt at all about her ability to explain anything in German.

"I'm afraid," she said "that the patriarch isn't as good at German as he thinks he is. He can understand simple things all right, but when anything unexpected is said to him he doesn't take it in. After the princess and I were dressed this morning he came in and had a long consultation with her. They were still at it when I left. They're in German, but the princess had to give up and talk Lystrian after half an hour or so."

"Were they talking about anything very abstruse? Metaphysics, for instance?"

"They were talking about you," said Janet. "The princess said that she was extremely glad to hear that you were not Lord Norreys, because nothing on earth would have induced her to marry him. She told the patriarch all about Miss Temple and showed him some letter or other."

"I know all about that letter," said Tommy. "How did the patriarch take it?"

"He said the princess was perfectly right, and that no man who behaved as Lord Norreys did could possibly be allowed to be king of Lystria. I gathered that he thought there'd been enough of that sort of thing when the late king was here. I hadn't heard it before, but from what the patriarch said I understand that King Wladislaws was a thoroughly immoral man."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Past Tense

The hill was icy and the big colored woman could not control her footing. "Help! Help! Ah'm slipping!" she screamed, as she began her involuntary journey downward. "Ah'm slipping! Ah'm slipping!" she yelled again.

A few seconds later a man who had heard her cry found her comfortably couched in a snow bank. "Ah'm slipping!" she remarked as she looked up into his face with a grin.—Isotopes Transcript



Sedan \$775, f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

**MORE POWER!
MORE PULL!
MORE PEP!**
Low-cost Transportation
Star Cars

Price: f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

COMMERCIAL CHASSIS . . .	\$425
ROADSTER	\$525
TOURING	\$525
COUPESTER	\$595
COUPE	\$675
COACH	\$695
SEDAN	\$775

DURANT MOTORS, Inc.
250 West 57th Street, New York

General Sales Dept.—1819 Broadway, New York

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States
Canada and Mexico

PLANTS: Elizabeth, N. J. Lansing, Mich. Oakland, Cal. Toronto, Ont.

March of Progress

"What in the world are you doing with the music room?"
"Making it over for radio."

A Substantial REWARD
Thousands of people in America have been liberally rewarded for insisting on having USKIDE Soles on their shoes. USKIDE wears and wears and wears. It is made only by the United States Rubber Company, the world's largest manufacturer of rubber products. The money it saves on shoe bills is remarkable. Have your old shoes re-bottomed with USKIDE. Buy new shoes with genuine USKIDE Soles. USKIDE is comfortable, healthful, waterproof, good-looking. Protects against slipping. Look for the name USKIDE on the sole.—Adv.

Playing the Game

"What do you do when a fellow starts to pet?"
"I get real pettish."

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin.
On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red, rough hands.—Advertisement.

Benzene was discovered 100 years ago by Faraday. It is now daily used in explosives, dyes, poisons and perfumes.

minutes
That's all it takes—5 brief minutes—and Albers Carnation mush is on your table piping hot, ready to eat tomorrow!

Albers Carnation mush

Business success is won by a brain that does not go woolgathering in a crisis.

How Much Are Poor Roads Costing You?

5,000,000 of America's 18,000,000 motor vehicles are recognized as an economic necessity on the farm.

Is your car giving the full efficiency of which it is capable—and at the lowest cost per mile possible?

Not if you are jolting over bumps and ruts. Not if you get stuck in the mud.

In addition to the time you thus lose along the way, you also pay from one to four cents a mile more in gasoline, tire and repair bills than you would pay on permanently paved highways.

Think, too, how many so-called improved roads have gone to pieces within the past few years, thereby piling up huge maintenance and rebuilding costs.

Contrast all this with the record of Concrete Roads—the roads that have repair built out and maintenance built in. Firm, rigid and unyielding, free of bumps, ruts, holes, mud and dust, they are, in every way, the most economical roads.

Tell your highway officials you want more Concrete Roads. Such an investment will pay you big dividends year after year.

Let us give you all the facts about Concrete Roads, including the experience of other communities. Ask for our free booklet, R-3.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

111 West Washington Street
CHICAGO

A National Organization
to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete

Offices in 30 Cities

Permanent roads are a good investment—not an expense