

# TEN-MINUTE NOVELS

TODAY—"The Last of the Mohicans," by James Fenimore Cooper. Condensation by Thomas D. Connolly.

TOMORROW—"Waterloo," by Breckmann-Chatrian.

## JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Hardly had Washington Irving begun the career with his Knickerbocker History and the Sketch-book, which made him the first American national reputation, when he was joined in that pleasant eminence by James Fenimore Cooper.

Irving wrote on the traditional lines of English literature. Cooper found something new. He presented the recent but romantic past of his own country on land and sea, and he introduced to the world the figure of the noble red man, with the glamour of mystery which the unknown always adds to romance. He is much more read today than Irving; his hold in foreign lands is particularly strong.

### "Last of the Mohicans"

By FENIMORE COOPER  
(Condensation by Thomas D. Connolly)

In the third year of the war between France and England in North America, news came to Fort Edward, where lay Gen. Webb with 5,000 men, that Montcalm was advancing on Fort William Henry, held by the veteran Scotchman, Munro. Webb, instead of going to the assistance of Munro, sent him a scant handful of men.

Munro's daughters, Cora and Alice, determined to visit their father despite the danger. Capt. Duncan Heyward, deeply in love with Alice, offered to serve as their escort. The party set out by little-frequented paths, guided by an Indian, Le Renard Subtil, or Magua, as he was known to his tribe. An eccentric singing-master, David Gamut, attached himself to the party, despite Heyward's protests.

As the unsuspecting travelers pressed through the thick forests, a savage face glared at them from a thicket. Magua was leading the party into a trap.

Two men sat by the banks of a small stream about an hour's journey from Fort Edward. One, a magnificent specimen of Indian manhood, had a terrifying emblem of death painted upon his naked breast. The other, tall, with the lithe muscles of the woodman, was white.

"Listen, Hawkeye," said the Indian. "The Mohicans came and made this land their home. They killed the Dutch and gave my people the brewster. Then they parted with their land. Now I, a chief and a Sagamore, have never seen the sun shine except through the grave of my father. And my son, Uncas, the last of the tribe, is the last of the Mohicans."

As his name was mentioned, Uncas slipped into the thicket and hid himself by the side of his father, Chingachgook.

Almost immediately, the little cavalcade from Fort Edward came into view. Heyward, addressing Hawkeye, inquired as to their whereabouts, explaining that their Indian guide had fallen by the wayside.

"An Indian foot in the woods!" said the scout in perplexity. "I should like to look at the creature." He crept stealthily into the thicket, to return after a moment, his suspicions fully confirmed. Explaining to Heyward that the Indian had tried to trap the party, he outlined a plan for the capture of the traitor. But, as they stole upon him, Magua divined their plans and vanished in the thick woods.

Hawkeye realized the serious plight of the little party, and volunteered to help them. They set off up the river in a canoe, bound for a cave, where they hoped to find help. His Indian companions had ever set foot in safety, although pursued by a band of Indians, as they crossed the lake. They had been held in the island fortress when Magua's hand appeared on their trail. The scout and his companions valiantly defended their cave against a horde of Indians, until their ammunition gave out. Then Cora, seeing that resistance was useless, begged the scout and the two Indians to slip down the river, and spare the lives of her reinforcements at Fort William Henry. But a short while after the scouts set off, Magua and his warriors appeared, and made captive the whites who remained in the cave.

Magua divided his band, and set off with his captives, attended by a handful of braves. He offered to send Alice to her father, if Cora would go with her. Magua, however, indignantly refused, and Magua, enraged, prepared to torture his captives.

Just as a brave rushed at Alice, with tomahawk raised, a rifle cracked, and the Indian dropped. Hawkeye, followed by Uncas and Chingachgook, rushed upon the bewildered Indians; only Magua escaped the fury of their attack. The captives were freed, and, in a short time, the party entered Fort William Henry, despite the fact that Montcalm was attacking it.

Their stay in the fort was brief, however, for Munro, his forces heavily outnumbered by those of Montcalm, was forced to capitulate. Montcalm promised that the defenders of the fort should be permitted to depart for Fort Edward and guaranteed that they should not be molested. Munro agreed, and the English abandoned the stronghold.

As the women and children were filing across the plain before the fort, an Indian reached out for a trinket on the breast of a woman who bore a child in her arms. Afrighted, the woman drew herself upon the Indian, who seized the child, and dashed it to the ground, then buried his tomahawk in the head of the woman. In an instant the Indians of Montcalm's army fell upon the helpless women and children. Death was everywhere, and in horrible forms.

Suddenly Magua caught sight of Cora and Alice, who stood helpless by a pile of slain. He seized the terrified girls, and hurried them off into the woods. Gamut, whom the Indians venerated as one insane, was permitted to accompany them.

A few days later, Hawkeye and his Indian companions, with Heyward and Munro, stood on the bloody plain. They had searched carefully for the bodies of the girls, but without success. Hawkeye, certain that Magua had carried them off, searched diligently for the trail. Suddenly he found it, and the little party set off after the wily Magua.

The trail led to an Indian village, where they came upon Gamut, ludicrously attired as an Indian warrior. Heyward, disguised as a medicine man, entered the camp with Gamut. He had been in the encampment but a short while when an old chief recruited him to drive the evil spirit from the wife of one of his young men. As Heyward was preparing for the unenviable task, an Indian was

## THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY.  
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"I sat on the rocks by the sea with the violinist—but that's another story."

Lively Beach, the 14th.

No, my dearest Joan; life is too thrilling and swift-moving down here to think of changing to the dullments of Bentsville. I love the old place, dear, but this is my wander-year, and I must live it to the end.

I sat with your letter on my lap, seeing the pictures it called up. Probably you all had a straw ride Saturday night in that gorgeous moonlight. I sat out on the rocks by the sea with the violinist—but that's another story.

The violinist's name is John de Gallier, English mother, Polish-French father. Born in Switzerland. He is with the Symphony Orchestra. Plays solo sometimes when they haven't a big headliner. Some day he will be famous.

He is slim and dark, with hair so black it looks purple, and deepest eyes that make you drop your own when he turns them full upon you.

Ever since he came two days ago he has marked me for his own. That is, from the moment one of the women presented him (he asked her to and she did it with the grace of a person surrendering a right eye) he singled me out for pursuit. I didn't flee with absolute precipitation. I wanted distraction from thinking of Eric Wallis.

"Come," said this man to me Saturday after dinner when the whole of Lively Beach was mooning on 'the moon-drenched porch.' "We shall go away from all this—longue-claque. Be quick; get a warm wrap, but not that blue one."

"And why not the blue?" I said, knowing I would wear whichever one he wanted me to.

"It is commonplace. Never anything commonplace for you. Wear always the daring. Not every woman can play the gold on it. And hurry; we've a long walk."

Joan dearest, I can give you no idea of him by this stupid medium of pen and paper. He is the sort of man who commands, and yet always knows better than you do what you want. He is fire and steel. Power and tenderness. Force and gentleness. The tyrant, the lover.

"Don't tell me who you are," he said, lying at my feet in a sandy hollow among the rocks, "or what you do. I don't care what you have been. Only what you are going to be. I want you to have courage, do you hear? I want you."

But Joan, I can't write it all, even to you, dearest friend on earth. It frightens me even to think of it. I have never met anyone like this man before. I am not rattled, but you know that. Not a sickly-sentimentalist. But he is sweeping me off my feet. He would any woman that he chose to have.

I can't write more tonight. He is coming. DOLLY.

## BRONZE BUST PRESENTED TO THE PRESIDENT

Can a woman automatically become anything through circumstances which were not within her power? This is the question Madame Onativia de Boyedon is putting before the public. Madame de Boyedon, who presented to President Wilson just before his trip, a bronze bust of Pershing, fashioned by the hands of herself and husband, is every inch American, but she is not recognized as such.

"Not only an American, but a Virginian," she said, "and I cannot see how a true democracy can deny a woman her citizenship, when through no power of her own love calls and she marries a man of some other nationality, who has the power to remain what he is or become a native of some other country of his choice."

Her notes contain the most interesting case of a woman who in two years changed her nationality three times. A French woman by birth, an American citizen through her own will and volition, again French through her marriage to a Frenchman who had only taken out his first papers, and an American upon her husband's receipt of final papers.

## HOROSCOPE.

Wednesday, September 10, 1919.

Astrologers read this as an un-lucky day, since the Sun, Venus, Jupiter and Neptune are all adverse.

During this configuration the power of destructive or pessimistic thoughts will be strongly evident and the results will be revealed in world chaos that but slowly returns to form that is promising for peace.

They who seek positions would better defer any attempt to obtain favorable hearing until there is a change of aspect.

The signs give warning to sum-up, especially those who are engaged in business. New problems will be presented by changed commercial conditions.

Neptune is in a place indicating that deceit and treachery may be more prevalent than usual.

Influences making for vanity, selfishness and greed are held to be active during this away to which women are peculiarly sensitive. A great movement to improve morals will mark the new year when revelations concerning laxities will arouse public sentiment astrologers foretell.

China has the prophecy that great leaders will arise who will accomplish modern miracles.

Persons whose birthdate it is should beware of new acquaintances. They should be very careful in all financial matters.

Children born on this day may be proud, headstrong and very talented. These subjects of Virgo usually have high ambition.

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### A Rose-Petal Complexion

Smooth and velvety as the petals of a rose is the complexion aided by Nadine Face Powder

This delicate beautifier imparts an indelible charm—a charm which lingers in the memory. Its smooth texture of Nadine adheres until washed off. It prevents sunburn or the return of discolorations. Its coolness is refreshing, and it cannot harm the tenderest skin.

**Nadine Face Powder** beautifies millions of complexions today. Why not yours?

Sold in Green Boxes Only. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail \$10.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn.

### SWEDISH MEAT CAKES.

One and one-half pounds hamburger steak, 1 onion (chopped fine), 1 raw potato grated, or 2 cold boiled ones, grated, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste, 2 slices bread, soaked and squeezed dry, ½ cup cold water or milk.

### MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.

Two eggs, well beaten, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda (rounding full), mixing spoon melted butter, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Mix as soft as can be handled without sticking. Cut in strips and twist.

# Resinol

saves you hours of torture.

An itching and burning skin, so bad that you feel you must grab it and tear it apart—is relieved almost instantly through the application of Resinol Ointment. The trouble generally cleans up and disappears in a short time if sufficient care and attention is given to the ailment. In extreme and aggravated cases it is advisable on retiring to anoint the affected parts thicker, then bandage with a clean piece of linen.

FOR SPEEDIER RESULTS Resinol Soap is so pure that it should be used for tender or easily irritated skins. It performs an excellent operation if used to cleanse the affected parts before the ointment is applied. This method allows the healing and soothing Resinol medication that the ointment contains to penetrate the surface of the skin and sink in more thoroughly, and consequently hastens the longed-for results. The soap, too, contains this healing medication in a modified form, and is therefore most beneficial in the treatment of complexion troubles.

Directions: Wringed around every jar of Resinol Ointment and cake of Resinol Soap is a booklet of explanations and directions. Read the contents thoroughly and follow the instructions carefully. To start the treatment right, insert that tablet in nearest to sight.

## Cattle and Sheep Men from Colorado Say:

# "We Want No Legislation Against the Meat Industry"

The men who feed America—the farmers and stock raisers who grow the live animals—continue to appear before the Committee on Agriculture of the Senate and tell why they are opposed to the Kenyon and Kendrick bills.

Read what these men from Colorado said the other day:

**William A. Drake,** State Senator from Colorado, representing the sheep interests in his State.

"Northern Colorado feeds annually about one million sheep and lambs. This industry was instituted in our country about thirty years ago by feeding about three thousand head. In all these years what is known as the 'Big Five' have butchered a large percentage of these animals. THAT WE HAVE PROSPERED with the fair treatment given by these people will be readily seen by traveling through our country.

"We think this proposed legislation will be the opening wedge to tie the producer hand and foot. The feeders and finishers of a million sheep a year in Northern Colorado are opposed to what is known as the Kendrick and Kenyon bills."

**Charles Clayton,**

Of Denver, one of the State's largest cattle feeders.

"During my earliest experience I have found that every time an investigation of the packing industry has been attempted the feeder and producer has suffered in the long run, as he is suffering now. Every ill-advised attempt to regulate conditions which are admittedly in the province of supply and demand to control has resulted in untold loss to the producer.

"I have no complaint to enter against the present system of marketing live stock nor its handling by the packers. To license the packing houses, the commission men, market newspapers, financial institutions engaged in live stock affairs, dairy products and poultry dealers doing a business of \$500,000 a year or more, and to dissolve present connection between the packers and refrigerator cars and stockyards, I am satisfied, would have an influence on such activities that would reflect loss immediately on producers and consumers."

**J. M. Williams,**

Of Steamboat Springs, thirty years a cattle grower in Northwestern Colorado.

"So far as I can see the present laws are quite sufficient and all that is needed is their enforcement. If experience shall point out additional needed legislation, it can be enacted and enforced in the future, as in the past, through the Department of Justice. I am opposed to giving officials or bureaus of any kind discretionary power over ordinary business.

"Under the Department of Justice information received by the district attorneys by any department or bureau is sent to the jury system is so searching in its investigation that persons more likely to be punished under ordinary laws are likely to plan where personal discretion shall control."

**J. D. Mallon,**

Of Denver, a producer and commission man.

"Present high prices, in my opinion, cannot be attributed to the packer. War and high labor costs make high prices for feeds and these, in turn, make high-priced meats. The present markets are well-established affairs and they afford the best facilities imaginable for the handling of stock.

"I do not think it is charged that the packer is uneconomic. Surely he buys and delivers meats to the consumer much cheaper and more effectively than when such business is under government supervision or control.

"Government license and control of this great industry will unsettle not only prices but efficiency—efficiency such as has been built up by years of effort."

**R. E. Vicker,**

Of Grand Junction, cattle grower and shipper.

"I have never found any evidence that the big packing firms have been found unjust to us live stock producers. I believe that the future success of the live stock industry depends largely in permitting free play to individual enterprise, lawfully pursued. Proposed radical legislation, if passed, will tend to confuse all branches of the live stock business. It will cripple and restrict production."

**E. E. Stepp,**

Of Berthoud, farmer and cattle feeder.

"Will Curtail Production." "Under existing conditions of high feed and labor costs, any action along the lines of these bills will simply curtail production, as far as the feeder is concerned. Present agitation and uncertainty of Congressional action accounts largely for this serious condition in live stock production in our section."

**W. C. Swayze,**

Of Denver, lecturer for Colorado State Grange.

"Changing a Democracy to a Bureaucracy." "As a representative of the Colorado State Grange I wish to say that we are opposed to the growing tendency to change our form of government from a democracy to a bureaucracy. We fail to see how it will help either the producer or consumer to put all the functions of government in the hands of a bureau to make rules having the effect of law; an institution usurping the legislative, executive and judicial power of the government. We believe that where any wrong is committed Congress should make the laws to rectify such wrong and let the offender be tried before our present United States courts.

"We can see no objections to the packing houses owning their refrigerator cars if it will increase their efficiency.

"We can see no disadvantage in the packers owning the stock yards, as long as they are run as public yards and charge only a small fee, as long as they have no advantage over their competitors and have built them only to fulfill a necessity.

"In Denver the Stock Yard Company has fostered and built up the National Western Stock Show and has furnished pens to handle thousands of sheep, cattle and hogs during the rush season, these pens lying idle during the remainder of the year just to accommodate and build up the live stock industry of our section."

**Ben M. White,**

Of Eagle, president of Western Slope Live Stock and Protective Association.

"Our association, representing cattle with an assessed valuation of \$13,348,214, does not want a license form of government, as it gives too much power to one department and means death to the live stock industry of Colorado, which is the largest industry in our State. "Our past experience with government supervision has been most unsatisfactory. Supply and demand, and not government interference, regulates prices."

"This Legislation Will Tie Us Hand and Foot."

"An Ill-advised Attempt to Regulate Supply and Demand."

"Present Laws Are Quite Sufficient."

"High Prices for Labor and Feed Make High-Priced Meats."

"Success Depends on Free Initiative."

"Will Curtail Production."

"Changing a Democracy to a Bureaucracy."

"Supply and Demand Make Prices."

**Institute of American Meat Packers**  
Munsey Building . . . . . Washington, D. C.