

CONDENSED CLASSICS

EAST OF THE MOHICANS

By J. FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by
Thomas D. Connolly

Hardly had Washington Irving begun the career with his Knickerbocker story and the sketch-book which made him the first American man of letters to achieve an international reputation, when he was joined in the pleasant embrace by James Fenimore Cooper.

Irving wrote on the traditional lines of English literature. Cooper found something new. He presented the story of a man on land and sea, and he introduced to the world the figure of the noble red man, with the glances of mystery which the unknown always adds to romance. He wrote more vividly today than Irving's hold to foreign lands is particularly strong, probably due to the fact that his style could only be improved by translation. The thrill that comes from a wholesome story of adventure has a lure for all humanity, as have brave deeds of derring-do. The thirteen-year-old Yale freshman (who never got the degree) is known to thousands who have never read of his great grandfather Timothy Bright. "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Two Admirals," "The Pilot," "The Red Rover," "The Pathfinder," are some of his books most familiar, but he has written many others, and his adventure. Don voyage to the young in heart who have yet to meet James Fenimore Cooper.

IN THE third year of the war between France and England in North America, New York came to Fort Edward, where Jay General 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 slinging master, David Gamut, attached himself to the party, despite Heyward's protests.

As the unsuspecting travelers passed 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 muscled of the woodsman, was white.

"Listen, Hawkeye," said the Indian. "We Mohicans came and made this land ours. Then came the Dutch, and gave my people the fire-water. Then they parted with their land. Now I, a chief and a Sagamore, have never seen the sun shine except through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers. And my son, Uncas, the last of the tribe, is the last of the Mohicans."

As his name was mentioned, Uncas slipped into view, and seemed himself vaguely 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 lost his way.

"An Indian lost in the woods?" said the scout in perplexity. "I should like a 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 plan, and vanished in the thick woods.

Hawkeye realized the serious plight of the little party, and volunteered to help them. They set up the river in a canoe bound for a cave, where none but the scout and his Indian companions had ever set foot. [This haven they reached in safety, although pursued by a band of Indians as they crossed the lake.]

They had barely reached their island fortress when Magua's band appeared on their trail. The scout and his companions valiantly defended them against a horde of Indians, inflicting heavy losses 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 attempt to secure 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 him to his wigwam. Alice, 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 at 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. As light of the woman drew back, whereupon the Indian 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 English women and children. Death was everywhere, and in horrible forms.

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

A few days later Hawkeye and his Indian companion, 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, seemed ill at ease. Suddenly they found it. They 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 in a medicine man's dress. Heyward, disguised as a medicine man, entered the camp with Gamut. He had been in the encampment a short while when an old chief requested 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 brought into the camp, and all thought of the woman vanished at the news that the prisoner was Uncas, deadly foe of the tribe.

Soon, as the excitement over the captive subsided, the old chief, remembered the sick woman, and escorted Heyward to her chamber in a cave of the mountain. Heyward, alone in the chamber, saw the dying woman, looked around him, he was startled by a great shaggy bear, which padded noiselessly in. Suddenly its head slipped on a log, fearfully entered the cabin where Uncas was imprisoned, and succeeded in liberating him. Together they made their way into the forest.

As the scout rearranged his disguise, Heyward, hearing a slight noise in another chamber, went to see what he found. With Hawkeye's assistance, he managed to bring the girl from the chamber and stole out of the village. Hawkeye, still in the character of the bear, fearlessly entered the cabin where Uncas was imprisoned, and succeeded in liberating him. Together they made their way into the forest.

Magua, although keeping Alice with him, had not lost sight of the girl of Cora to a friendly tribe of Delaware. Immediately after the escape of Alice, he hurried to the encampment of the Delawares to claim Cora. By Indian law, the girl was his captive, and he bore her away, despite the intervention of Uncas, a hereditary chief of the tribe.

As soon as he had vanished in the forest, the tribe, under the leadership of Uncas, prepared to follow him, but were stopped by his people. In their bidness war panoply they hurried on Magua's trail.

A bloody battle was fought between the two Indian tribes and the scout and his Indian companions. The scout and his Indian companions had never set foot. [This haven they reached in safety, although pursued by a band of Indians as they crossed the lake.]

With a wild cry of triumph, Magua, after leaping a wide feature, made for the summit of the mountain. A single bound would carry him to the brink of the precipice and assure his safety. He shouted defiance: "The palefaces are dogs in the mountains. The Delawares, women! Magua leaves them on the rocks for the crows!"

He turned and leaped for the height, but fell short, and only saved himself by grasping a bush that grew on the precipitous mountain. As he slowly pulled himself up, Hawkeye's rifle cracked from below. Magua, shaking his hand in defiance of his enemy, shot downward to destruction.

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Matches Once a Cent Apiece. Matches were first sold in the United States in 1831 for 1 cent each.—Indianapolis News.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

He Bids Five Spades and Makes a Slam



CHICAGO.—A quiet bridge game in the residence of Jacob Leeb, former president and now a member of the school board, was interrupted. Gathered in his front room at 3800 Kimbark avenue were Joseph Rosenfeld, Sydney Leeb, Fred Phillips and Herbert A. Leeb. The card chamber was conspicuous to the porch, through an open door of which streamed a cooling breeze. Suddenly the voice of a boy was heard from the sidewalk. "Bid five spades," he called. The players chuckled and dealt their cards. Mr. Leeb, slipping his lemons, uttered a pleasant remark about the younger generation. So engrossed were they that they did not notice the entry of a youth with a .35 caliber revolver and a homemade velvet mask with ragged eyebrows. He announced himself with the usual formula: "Hands up!"

The players, thinking they were being kidded, laughed. The bandit insisted, adding a cuss word or two by way of emphasis. Finally the hands went up. "No fall," objected Mr. Rosenfeld. "I've got a good hand for the first time this evening, and now you make me display it to the crowd."

The visitor requested him to lay his wealth on the table. The others looked at each other. Leeb contributed \$100, \$100, \$100, another \$100. Then a demand was made for jewelry.

"Now, look here, kid, you don't want that watch," said mine host, when he saw his brother's timepiece going into the hands. "That's a present from my mother." The watch was returned.

By this time the proceedings were beginning to irk Jacob Leeb. "Well, now, young man," said he, "you've made a pretty good haul. Suppose you get to h—l out of here."

"That's all right," observed the visitor, whereupon he gathered up his plunder and got.

WATERLOO, IA.—William T. Whitney, wealthy retired farmer and one of the few survivors of the pioneer days, has arranged every detail of his funeral when life, which he regards as a misfortune, shall have ended for him.

"I wish to be laid away so securely that I shall never hear Gabriel when he blows his horn," said Whitney, who personally supervised the digging of his own grave in Elwood cemetery.

The grave is of regulation depth, cemented with a layer of solid concrete and mounds bottom to a thickness of eight inches. The men who did the work have been paid and dismissed, but the body is under written contract to construct a cover of cement six inches in thickness and to be overlaid with two layers of brick placed on edge and solidly cemented.

A plain white marker has been placed at the head of the empty grave. On top of the stone is set the word "Father" and the date of birth, 1833. The date of death will be cut by a workman who has already received his wage.

No minister shall be present when the body is consigned to its last resting place. Whitney has already prepared his own funeral service.

"Life is a long road," said Whitney, "and I have written in this unique document. He holds out no hope for the life eternal, but qualifies this by adding he would not take one morsel of expectation from those who hope in an eternal life beyond death's black walls."

Muscle, if any, at his funeral must be bright, gay and cheerful, and there must be no flowers.

The funeral service is to be read by a close friend before the casket leaves the house. The body now rests in a little tin box at the head of his bed, the key fastened securely around his neck with a bit of ribbon.

Admits He Is World's Champion Hiker

FORT WORTH, TEX.—If E. F. Lambrecht of this city isn't the champion hiker of the world, who is? Lambrecht admits the championship. He says he is now nearly 20,000 miles over the record for long-distance walking, having traveled three times around the earth, covering 270,000 miles. He walked all the distance except on ocean trips and then paced the decks of ships constantly to make up for his missing paces.

He has walked 25,000 miles in South America, 10,000 miles in Mexico and Central America, 15,000 miles in Canada, Alaska and Newfoundland, and 70,000 miles in Europe and Asia.

Starting from Liverpool, England, on each of his trips, "the walkin'est man in the world" landed in New York

for his first trip around the globe, which took two years and; our months, landed at Charleston, S. C., for the second trip, taking two years and five months, and at Hoboken, N. J., for the third trip, which he completed three months.

"I'm just walking for exercise now," he said.

Lambrecht is "hard as a nail," appears to be about thirty to forty years old, and is a member of the real age. He carries a 50-pound pack containing everything necessary for his journey, which began at Liverpool, England, January 1, 1897, under a contract with various walking associations, of which he is a member, to pay him \$105,000 if he broke the world's record.

He has done this, received \$150,000, and is to round out in even 300,000 miles by July 11, 1914, when he returns to his home in Texas. With the exception of three months spent in a hospital after being wounded at the battle of San Juan Hill, while a member of Col. Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and two and one-half years as a shipboarder at Hog Island during the world war, Lambrecht has walked to and fro over the earth since 1897.

"Rabbit-Eared, Weak-Kneed Sob Sisters"

CENTRAL CITY, COLO.—The women of Central City do not have rabbit ears; neither are they weak-kneed; moreover, they are not sob-sisters. Rising as their champion in this respect, William M. Kirk, a mining man of this region with \$20,000 worth of resentment as an added incentive, has asked the district court of Gilpin county to adjudicate the ears and knees of the female population.

Kirk's singular defense of the women is embodied in the complaint in a suit which he has filed against E. E. O'Quahy, another mining man of this section. In the first instance Kirk demands \$20,000 damages for alleged libel. He alleges that O'Quahy, last October, when Kirk was a candidate for mayor, published in a local paper an article designed to ridicule him and hold him up to public contempt. Among other things, O'Quahy accused Kirk, according to the latter's allegations, of being a "rabbit-eared, weak-kneed" man.

O'Quahy was also cited with the editor of the weekly paper in which his statement concerning Kirk was published, for criminal libel. He has retained former District Judge Henry S. Glass as counsel.

In the course of O'Quahy's charges

MAKE WHIPS AND CUSTARD DISHES

Eggs Form Basis of Many Delicious Desserts During Early Spring and Summer.

SOME SIMPLE RECIPES GIVEN

Thrifty Housewives Take Advantage of Plentiful Supply of Eggs to Convert Them into Nutritious Concoctions.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In early spring and summer, when eggs are plentiful and cheap, the thrifty among the housekeepers utilize plenty of them for desserts. When this is done the rest of the meal does not need to be quite so "hearty."

The following recipes are recommended by food specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture:

Soft Custard.
1 cup milk 2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla 1-16 teaspoon salt

Heat the milk in a double boiler. Mix the eggs in a bowl with the sugar and salt. Add hot milk slowly, stirring, and return mixture to the double boiler. Cook until custard will coat a silver spoon. Strain and serve. If the custard curdles set the pan into cold water and beat the custard until smooth.

Steamed or Baked Custard.
1 pint milk 1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs 1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon

Mix eggs as for soft custard. Strain into custard cups and steam until firm over hot water, which is boiling gently.

To bake, strain the custard into cups and place in a pan of warm water. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is firm. To test a steamed or

baked custard, slip a knife blade to the bottom of the cup in the center of the custard and draw out without turning. If the knife is not coated the custard has cooked enough. Grate the nutmeg over the surface and cook before serving.

Floating Island.
1 quart milk 1 egg (yolk)
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup sugar

Prepare as a soft custard. The whites

should be beaten light and two tablespoons powdered sugar added for the meringue. When the custard is cool it may be poured into sauce dishes and the meringue dropped in large spoonfuls into it.

Custard Pudding.
1/2 cup pearl tapioca 1/2 cup sugar
or rice 2 cups milk
2 eggs (yolks) 2 eggs (whites)
1/2 teaspoon vanilla 1/2 teaspoon salt

Soak the tapioca in enough cold water to cover it until it absorbs the water. Add the milk and cook in a double boiler until the tapioca is soft and transparent. Combine the yolks of eggs with sugar and salt and add to the mixture in the double boiler. Cook until it thickens. Add stiffly beaten whites and flavoring, and when cold serve. Rice must be cooked in boiling water until soft.

Apple Whip.
2 cups apple sauce Cream for serving
2 eggs (whites) 1/2 cup sugar

Cook as for eight medium-sized tart apples until soft in just enough water to keep them from burning. Add sugar to sweeten sufficiently and one-eighth teaspoonful grated nutmeg. Cool. Press the apple sauce through a sieve and add to it the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Beat until light and foamy. Pile onto saucers and serve with fresh cream or a custard sauce made of the egg yolks. This sauce may be prepared by the same method as for soft custard, omitting the whites of eggs. Canned fruit, such as peaches, figs, cherries or guava, may be substituted in the same proportion for the apples.

LEMONS CONDUCE TO HEALTH AND PLEASE

Have New Importance in Diet, Say Specialists.

Long List of Beverages and Desserts in Which Lemons Can Be Used, as Well as in Number of Sauces for Fish and Meat.

In the olden times sailors who took long trips and ate no fresh vegetables and fruits for weeks or months were likely to fall victims to scurvy. Finally a cure or a partial cure for it was found in lemon juice.

Of late years scientists have been making a study of scurvy, its cause and its cure as one of the conditions that make the body proof against this disease. They have discovered a substance called vitamin C, which seems to prevent and even to cure this disease. It is found in many foods, among them tomatoes and such citrus fruits as oranges, grapefruit and lemons.

Lemons, therefore, have a new importance in the diet, according to food specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture, office of home economics. They are no longer to be valued simply for their flavor, but also as a source of one of these necessary substances.

Lemon can be prepared in all sorts of ways in the preparation of meals. There is a long list of beverages and desserts in which lemon juice is used, as well as a number of delicious sauces that expert cooks have invented to serve on fish and meat. Many of these sauces the busy housekeeper has no time to make, but she can cut a lemon in two and put it on the table to serve with fish, oysters, or meat. Some people think that a little lemon juice adds just the zest needed to make eggs on toast a tasteful dish. Lemon juice is also good on asparagus and other green vegetables, on many kinds of salads, and also as flavoring for pudding sauces and cakes.

CLUB GIRL'S WORK RESULTS IN BUILDING NEW HOME FOR FAMILY

Home Demonstration Agent Assisting Girls' Club Members in the Selection of a Garden Spot.

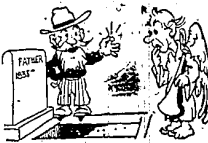
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Three years ago Irene Garner of Madison county, Ala., joined a girls' gardening and clubing club. Each year since the girls have cleared a good profit on her work. She gave this to her parents on condition that they build themselves a new home as soon as possible. The time before they decided on the spot seemed long to the girls' club girl, but meanwhile she kept industriously at the club work and followed her leader's instructions. Soon the results of her efforts became apparent in the home. Then she persuaded her father to take up new lines of development on his farm, and last year he built the modern, attractive country home which had been promised her.

Irene learned from her club leader how to finish floors and woodwork and how to paper a wall. Then she and a small brother put the lessons into practice, and the whole interior of the house was finished by their efforts.

Her own room she furnished with a quaint old suite of furniture which she made over. The rug on the floor she made herself as well as the curtains at the window. Little money was expended, but much taste and ingenuity were put into the room.

Besides being an expert gardener and canner, this Madison county girl can embroider and sew, can cook nicely, and serve a properly-balanced meal. Last but not least, she finds time to be a leader of her community in all social affairs.



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