

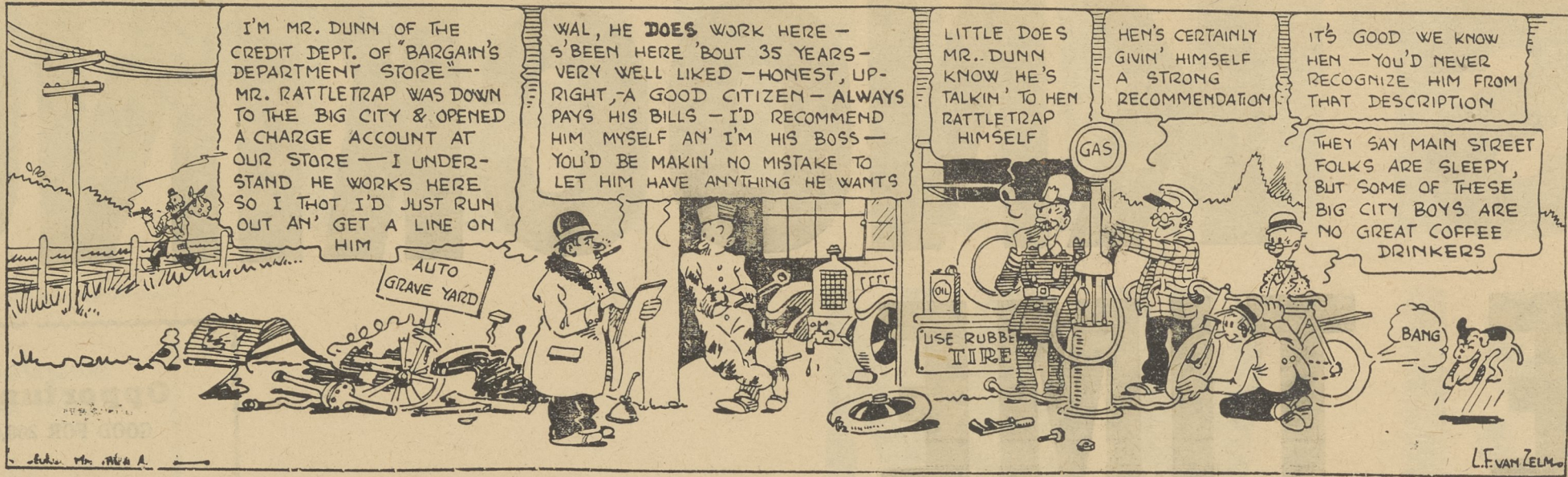
"THE MAIN THING ON MAIN STREET"

By L. F. Van Zelm

Daily Buzz  
MAIN STREET'S  
SOCIETY SHEET

THE CREDIT MAN  
COMES TO TOWN

WHEN THE CREDIT MAN  
FROM THE BIG CITY STORE  
CAME TO MAIN STREET,  
TO LOOK UP HEN RATTLE-  
TRAP'S CREDIT, LITTLE  
DID HE KNOW HE WAS  
INTERVIEWING HEN  
HIMSELF.



IN THE WYOMING VALLEY

By Everett T. Tomlinson

(Continued from page 3)

knowledge of another.

"The first white man that ever set foot in Wyoming was a messenger of peace, and yet the heathen savages who dwelt here were unable to believe his word, and from that day until this the soil of the valley has at times been as red with blood as is that cluster of maples yonder beneath the touch of frost and sun."

"Who was the white man? Whence did he come? What did he do?"

"Canst answer a question as well as ask, lad?" said the man smiling as he spoke. "Listen, and I will tell thee of Nicolas Lewis, or the Count Zinzendorf as he is called by those who have a liking for the flavor of courts, for he was the first white man that ever looked upon the sight that greets thine eyes and mine to-day. The hymn tune I was singing when I joined you was his, and sweet it is too. He was a son of the chamberlain of the King of Poland, and I am told learned all that could be taught him at the schools of Halle and Utrecht. When he was twenty-one years of age he purchased the lordship of Bertholdsdorf, and soon afterward a band of the followers of John Huss with his consent made their homes upon his lands. They were a pious and godly people, and so strong was the effect of their lives upon the young count, that he too became one of them, and from that time until the day of his death, like Moses, who abandoned the iniquitous court of Egypt to cast in his lot with a down-trodden people, Nicolas Lewis labored for the good of his fellows. He journeyed everywhere preaching his message, through Germany, Denmark, and England, and 'tis said that others of the Moravians labored at the same time in Europe, Greenland, in the West Indies, and in Georgia and Pennsylvania. Of this last I know the truth, for many a time have I visited the saintly people back here in Bethlehem and Nazareth. The count was in these settlements in 1742, and the stories he heard of the Indians made him eager to go among them with his message of peace. In one of his journeyings he crossed the Pocono Mountains and came among the Shawnees on the west bank of the Susquehanna and pitched his tent over here at Toby's Eddy. The Shawnees listened to his words in silence, but at night they held a council of their chiefs, and not one would believe that Count Zinzendorf had spoken the truth when he declared he had crossed the great ocean and come among them just to help them. They believed he was a spy and would treat them just as the English were doing when they found out what a goodly land it was where they were dwelling, so they appointed two of their strongest warriors to seek out the missionary and kill him that very night."

"The savages crept out of the Indian village and at last came silently to the tent of the count. It was September and the night air was cool, so Count Zinzendorf had built a little fire in his tent to keep him warm. The two Indians crept cautiously up the tent and lifted the blanket he had hung up for a door, and peered in. There lay the man on a pile of dry weeds, which was his bed. They could see his face though he could not see them, and they hesitated a moment before they entered, for, though they were Redskins and savages, even they could not help being deeply impressed by the kindness and love that were expressed on the face of the man they were about to slay."

"However, they were not to be hindered on their errand by such things, and were just about to rush upon their victim, who was praying at the time though they did not know it, when suddenly they saw a huge rattlesnake crawl out from the small hollow

sycamore log on which a part of the tent had been hung. The vile serpent crawled slowly along, for the heat of the fire had just served to wake him up a little, and while the Indians were watching, the snake crept over one of the outstretched legs of the missionary (he was lying down at the time, you know, as I told you) and then disappeared under the outer edge of the tent. And all this time the count had neither seen the savages nor the snake and kept right on with his devotions."

"That was enough for the would-be murderers, and going back to their tribe they related what they had seen, and soon all the Shawnees agreed with them that such a man must be under the special care and protection of the Great Spirit. The count the next day was kindly received by them when he appeared (of course he did not know anything about what had happened in his tent the night before) and very soon he had a mission there among the Shawnees that was very successful, and then in the following year Count Zinzendorf went back to Europe."

"Is the mission still there? What became of it? You say there has been bloodshed here ever since; but how could that be when the Indians had believed in the count's words?"

"Canst still ask questions, lad? I will tell thee how it was. The Shawnees were Indians who liked to live by themselves, and as at that time they were supposed to be willing to obey some of the other tribes, they were living on the west side of the Susquehanna by permission of the Delawares, who lived on this side of the river. There was no trouble until one day it came to pass that the warriors of the Shawnees and the Delawares were away in the mountains engaged in an annual hunt for game. Some of the Shawnee squaws and children crossed over the river to this side where the Delawares lived, to pick berries. The Delaware squaws and children were there too, and everything appeared to be as peaceful as it is to-day."

"At last two of the children—they were not much more than papooses—one a Shawnee and one a Delaware, were chasing a grasshopper, trying to catch it, and when they succeeded each child declared it to be his. No one ever knew whether it really was a Shawnee grasshopper or a Delaware; but pretty soon the mothers of the two children took a hand in the quarrel and before they knew what they were quarreling over, all the Shawnee squaws were fighting on one side and all the Delaware squaws on the other. It appears that the Shawnee squaws were greatly outnumbered and soon were driven back across the river to their homes, though several of their number were killed on the way."

"Naturally when the warriors came home from their hunt, they too took sides, and the Shawnees, who probably were stirred up pretty well by the story their wives told them and by the death of a few of their squaws, crossed over to the Delaware side and a fearfully bloody battle followed."

"Who whipped? Which side won? who beat?" inquired Enos quickly.

"Still a Yankee, though not a

Yankee still," laughed the man. "The Delawares won the fight and whipped the Shawnees so soundly that what was left of the tribe moved out to the region of the Ohio and joined some of the stronger tribes there."

"And all the trouble was over a grasshopper at the beginning?"

"Yes. 'Twas first a grasshopper, then two children, then the women, then all the warriors. 'Tis said the loss of life was great."

"I cannot think of two nations fighting over a grasshopper," murmured Enos.

"'Tis no great thing to fight about. Yet, lad, didst ever hear of two great nations fighting to the death over a small matter of tea or of a small stamp that should be placed upon a bit of paper? Hast ever heard of such foolishness as that?"

"'Tis true; yet never had I thought of it in that light. But what of the Pennymite and the Yankee? Did not they fight over a bit of paper called

the charter?"

"Nay, verily, that they did not!" replied the man angrily. "A charter is no bit of paper, 'tis an expression of human rights! 'Tis man against thief and robber! 'Tis the law divine against the wiles of the devil! Talk not of such nonsense to thine uncle, James Baker, else thy welcome to Wyoming may prove to be of a kind that shall make thee wish to be back in Yankee land."

"And does he hate the Pennymite as much as you do?"

"That shall soon be known, for yonder is the abiding-place of James Baker."

They had just turned a bend in the road and at the words Enos glanced eagerly forward. Near the edge of a small clearing he perceived a square building made of heavy hewn logs. Above the first story the timbers that had been used for joists or beams, on every side projected six or eight feet. The second story had been built of

lighter logs than those used in the story below, and the ends had been placed on the projecting timbers. Loopholes could be seen at various places in the sides of the building in both stories, and over the entire structure was a roof, made mostly of bark, though a few rough shingles could be seen from one angle.

Enos Baker was too familiar with the block-house of the settlers not to recognize at once the rude structure before him; but when he and his companion dismounted near the building, he was in nowise prepared for the surprise that speedily came.

(To be continued next week)

DRUNKEN DRIVERS  
GROWING MENACE

Automobile safety experts are agreed that drunken drivers have caused wrecks which have killed 15,000 people and injured 300,000 others in this country since motoring be-

gan to be general. As a result of this alarming conclusion automobile clubs, police chiefs, and civic organizations are undertaking educational drives against the use of alcoholic beverages by automobile drivers; and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is pointing to these disasters as an argument against the further distribution of liquor under any plan to repeal or modify prohibition.

In Ontario, where there is a mounting death toll from drunken drivers, the provincial government gives every motorist a printed warning that many motor accidents are the result of liquor. This warning tells the motorist that it takes one-fifth of a second for a normal brain to send out the message which will enable the owner of that brain to put on the brakes in an emergency. The same process takes from two-fifths of a second to three-fifths of a second when a man has taken the average drink. A car going 35 miles an hour will travel 20 feet in two-fifths of a second and the government of Ontario warns drivers against liquor, specifically on that point.

READ these features!

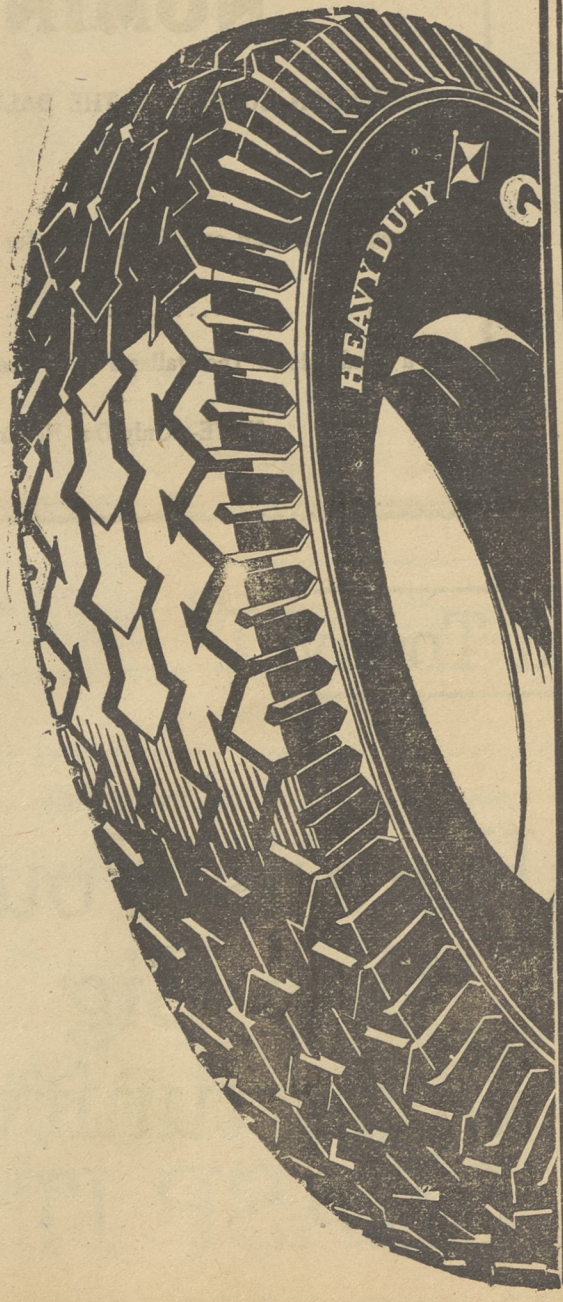
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