SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—Most of the efforts of the bigwigs of the United States Chamber of Commerce were devoted at the annual meeting to soft pedaling the firebrands. Probably 90 per cent of the business men in attendance were breathing fire and brimstone privately against the New Deal and all its works. They were bitter against the principles underlying the new tax bill, red-headed about the seizure of private telegrams by the Black committee, vociferous against government ownership of utilities and government competition with private industry, and alarmed about the trend indicated by the national labor relations board. In fact, they didn't like the New Deal.

Some of them had a few kind words about the reciprocal trade agreements, but they were not even united about that.

But—their leaders did not want the "convention" to resolve itself into an anti-New Deal camp-meeting. So they put a quietus on the would-be anti-Roosevelt shouters. It was not entirely successful. Every now and then some fire-eater would get over a short speech in tune with the real frame of mind of the business men present. But not too often.

The answer to which is highly interesting. With the exception of a few of the more optimistic, most of the delegates were afraid President Roosevelt would be re-elected, despite what they believe to be the almost unanimous opposition of business. Not necessarily big business. As a matter of fact, the United States Chamber of Commerce is far from being just big business. Indeed there has been more than a suspicion, from time to time, that what is meant when the average man speaks of big business is just a little snooty about the chamber. It is even said that J. P. Morgan does not worry about what the chamber will do, and is not even interested.

Hurts Little Business

But the average business man of sufficient stature to attend a chamber meeting does not like the things the New Deal is doing to business, big and little. In fact, he thinks it is doing more to hurt little business than big business—despite constant repetition of the idea that the administration's pet economic idea is the drive against bigness.

Which makes the silencing of the more violent critics at the meeting all the more interesting—interesting because of the conviction of so many of them that as the cards are now stacked, Roosevelt may be re-elected. That would mean four more years of the same, as they see it, and they do not want to put themselves in the position of mice sassing the cat. Maybe the cat will get tired of playing with them and let them go before all the life is choked out.

But—not if they make the cat real mad.

Some interesting stories of the troubles some of them had been put to already by bureau of internal revenue men pawing over their old tax returns were told at this meeting. The stories had a quieting influence. They played right into the hands of the leaders seeking to hush too violent open criticism of the administration.

Some of the more optimistic promise that when the Cleveland and Philadelphia conventions are over, when the two platforms have been written and the candidate of the Republicans is named, things may take a different turn.

Hit Short Sellers

Within a few days, the securities commission is going to crack down on short sellers, plugging an obvious—to the trade—loophole which curiously enough had entirely escaped the New Dealers until now. This is to increase the margin requirements on short sales. To buy shares of stock on the market under the securities commission ruling the speculator has been required to put up 55 per cent of the value. But to sell the same stock he has been required to put up only 10 per cent.

This is one of the reasons, it is believed here, for the heavy decline in American Telephone recently, which has caused considerable embarrassment here, as many fair sized holders of this stock are very loyal Roosevelt men—some of them of the "For Roosevelt Before Chicago" variety so highly esteemed by Jim Farley.

Another important reason for the decline of this stock is the proposal to tax intercorporate dividends. Experts on the subject believe the American Telephone company would have a very difficult time simplifying its corporate structure. If it could absorb the New England Bell, New York Bell, Chesapeake and Potomac, Southern Pacific, and all the other operating companies in which it owns practically all the stock, and put them into one big corporation, that would avoid much of the tax problem as it stands in the bill passed by the house.

But there are serious objections to doing this. Among other things, it would make much more difficult and delicate the matter of local relations. Officials of the local operating companies are treated with much more consideration in the territory in which they operate than they would be if they were employees of the big company. In fact, the difference here is difficult to exaggerate. It would arouse an entirely different feeling toward the local companies on the part of the customers, the public generally, and the city councils and legislatures.

Onerous Alternative

Yet the alternative—paying taxes on the dividends of the subsidiary companies—would be very onerous, indeed, and there is not too much hope that the senate, in rewriting the tax bill, will eliminate this intercompany dividend tax. In fact, the idea is very dear to President Roosevelt's heart. It might be termed his pet idea No. 2 in the whole tax measure, No. 1 being getting the camel's nose under the edge of the tent in the drive against bigness.

What the pro-New Deal stockholders in Telephone who have been squealing about the communications commission probe want to know is what public purpose is served by putting the company to the necessity of revamping its corporate structure. What they hope for is an amendment, which would put all utilities in a separate classification, just as the railroads and banks are put in a separate classification in the house tax bill.

The railroads simply must be relieved of this intercompany tax plan, they point out, because in many instances they are prevented by laws and leases, as well as other difficulties, from simplifying their corporate structures.

Fear Repercussions

Department of Agriculture officials are just a little nervous over possible repercussions from President Roosevelt's speech in New York. Especially the President's laying so much stress on the community of interests between the garment workers in New York and the farmers who produce the food of the nation. And his statement that if the people of New York city alone could buy all the food they wanted, it would require three million more acres of good land to supply their needs.

For, as agriculture officials sadly point out—very privately of course—Americans bought foreign agricultural products which, had they been grown in the United States, would have taken a lot more than three million additional acres to produce.

Brushing aside such products as coffee, cocoa beans, tapioca, sago and arrowroot, imports of all of which increased, but which are not produced commercially in the United States, there were imports of foreign foodstuffs which could very easily have been produced in this country, thus providing buying power for the products of American industry, and achieving the very sort of solidarity on which the President laid so much stress.

For instance, in 1935 this country imported 38,870,000 bushels of wheat, 43,242,000 bushels of corn, 339,000 tons of wheat by-product feeds, 320,623,000 pounds of barley malt, 378,000 head of cattle, 245,851,000 pounds of tallow, 22,675,000 pounds of butter, and quantities of foreign produced fats and oils greater than ever before in history!

Just to give an idea of the increase, 1935 butter imports exceeded those of the previous year by 1,948 per cent—exceeded the five year average by 1,413 per cent!

Blame AAA Program

Part of all this flood of food and feed imports, of course, was due to the drouth. But by far the major portion was due to the AAA program. It was right down the very alley the President was talking about—keeping prices up. Department of Agriculture officials, in their private explanations, say that while the drouth upset their plans, there is also the inescapable fact that they overdid curtailment, even had there been no drouth.

On one point the agriculture officials are adamant. They do not admit that they overdid the cotton curtailment part of the program, but there are plenty of outside experts who admit it for them.

As a matter of fact, there are senators and representatives from the cotton producing states who are extremely worried about the whole cotton situation. They are not talking about it in public, for it would not be popular back home.

In the year just past Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper, himself a South Carolinian, has had some apparent justification for his contention during the last three years that Brazil is not really a menace. For Brazil has had a crop failure. But farmers do not discontinue growing a crop out of which they have been making money for several years just because they have one crop failure.

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Maritime Day Recalls Ships That Pioneered in Trans-Atlantic Traffic . . . . By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Citizens of New York Gather at The Battery to Welcome the Great Western at the End of Her Record-Breaking Trip Across the Atlantic in 1838. (From a Contemporary Print.)

"Whereas in Public Resolution 7, approved May, 1933, it is stated that on May 22, 1819, the steamship The Savannah, departed from Savannah, Ga., on the first successful transoceanic voyage under steam propulsion, thus making a material contribution to the advancement of ocean transportation; and

"Whereas by said resolution the President of the United States is authorized and requested annually to issue a proclamation, calling upon the people of the United States to observe May 22 of each year as National Maritime Day;

"Now, therefore, I, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority vested in me do hereby issue my proclamation calling upon the people of the United States to observe May 22, 1933, as National Maritime Day by displaying the flag at their homes or other suitable places, and I hereby direct that government officials display the flag on all government buildings on that day.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand.

"Done in the city of Washington this twentieth day of May, in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifty-seventh."

SUCH was the document which added another red-letter day to our calendar three years ago and gave us another occasion for an annual nation-wide celebration. Since that time the observance of Maritime day has helped make Americans increasingly conscious of their heritage as a seafaring people and of the status of the United States as one of the principal maritime nations of the world.

Although the recent launching of the Queen Mary has placed Great Britain, the traditional "Mistress of the Seas," ahead in the race among the nations to have the "largest, finest and fastest" ocean liners, yet the fact remains that all of these floating palaces trace back to the products of American ingenuity and American daring more than a century ago. For the Ile de France, the Rex, the Europa, the Leviatnan and the Queen Mary—all of them are lineal descendants of those first crude little steamboats which John Fitch, Robert Fulton, Samuel Morey, William Longstreet, Elijah Ormsbee, Oliver Evans, Robert R. Livingston, John Stevens and James Rumsey built and operated in the streams of the eastern United States. And the captain of a modern "luxury liner" who guides its 60,000 tons of steel across the Atlantic ocean in less than a week is but following the trail blazed by a Yankee skipper with his 350-ton boat when he made his epochal voyage 117 years ago and took three weeks to do it.

That man was Capt. Moses Rogers of New London, Conn., and we celebrate Maritime day on May 22 of each year now because on May 22, 1819, his ship, the Savannah, departed from Savannah, Ga., "on the first successful transoceanic voyage under steam propulsion, thus making a material contribution to the advancement of ocean transportation."

Although Maritime day honors primarily the achievement of the Savannah, its celebration each year serves to recall the names of other ships which have played a part in the development of trans-Atlantic traffic. Despite the fact that Capt. Moses Rogers had shown the possibilities of steam transportation across the ocean, other Americans were slow to follow his example. Daring seamen though they were, they clung to their fast-sailing clippers and packets because they argued that such ships were cheaper to operate, since the steamship's fuel and machinery took up too much precious cargo space, and that they were safer because of less danger of fire and explosions as was the case on what the Indians had called the "big fire canoes."

The British, however, saw great possibilities in trans-Atlantic steam navigation and since they did so much to develop it, it is only fair, on Maritime day, to take note of their ships which pioneered in linking America and Europe more closely together. There is a special reason for doing this in the case of one which can be regarded somewhat as an "American ship" since she was built and operated by our Canadian cousins. That was the wooden paddle-steamer, the Royal William, which made the first crossing of the Atlantic using steam all the way.

The Royal William, built at Quebec, was launched in April, 1831, and towed to Montreal to be fitted with engines developing 200 horse power. Her cost when ready for sea was $75,000. Her dimensions were: length over all 176 feet; depth of hold 18 feet; breadth over paddle-boxes, 44 feet. She was originally intended to ply between Montreal and Quebec and Nova Scotia, and the enterprise of building her was carried out by a group of Quebec and Halifax merchants, assisted by a grant of $15,000 from the government of Lower Canada. Among the shareholders appear the names of three Cunard brothers, one of whom later founded the present Cunard line.

After three moderately successful voyages in 1831 to Halifax and intermediate ports she laid up for the winter. In 1832, owing to a cholera epidemic, she made only one voyage, and her owners became bankrupt.

In the spring of 1833 a new company was formed, which purchased the vessel and, for a time, used her for towing and local excursions. Then in June, 1833, she sailed on a trip to Boston, where she was enthusiastically received as being the first steamship flying the Union Jack to enter a United States port.

On her return to Quebec her owners decided to send her to England for sale. It was on this voyage that she made history, demonstrating to the world the feasibility of navigating the oceans by means of steam-propelled vessels, notwithstanding the declaration of critics that "they might as well talk of making a voyage from Quebec to the moon."

Early in August, 1833, she left Quebec for Pictou, in the Northumberland strait, where she remained a few days coaling, storing, repairing engines, and awaiting passengers. Eventually, on August 17, she steamed out of Pictou harbor for England. Her master was John McDougall.

During the voyage the starboard engine was disabled and the vessel sprang a leak. After 25 eventful days and nights the Royal William arrived at Gravesend. Ten days later the vessel was sold for $50,000 and chartered to the Portuguese government as a troopship.

In 1834 the ship was bought by the Spaniards, sent to Gravesend to be converted into a "war-steamer," and re-named the Ysabel Segunda. Later she retured to the Spanish coast, and on May 5, 1836, in the Bay of San Sebastian, she earned the distinction of being the first steamer of war to fire a hostile shot. I 1840 she was sent to Bordeaux for repairs but was converted into a hulk. Her engines were transferred to a new ship of the same name, which ultimately sank off the Algerian coast during a violent storm in 1860.

After the voyage of the Royal William, the next important event in trans-Atlantic steamship history was the arrival in New York on April 22, 1838, of the British ship Sirius, for which has also been claimed the honor of being the first boat to cross the Atlantic using only steam for propulsion. (Although a memorial tablet in the Canadian house of commons commemorates the feat of the Royal William as being the first to "use steam all the way," some historians assert that the Royal William, like the Savannah, frequently resorted to sails.)

The Sirius had left Liverpool on March 28 and put out for Queenstown, Ireland, where, after refueling, she set out for America on April 4. Hardly had she quit Queenstown when her crew mutinied. Any attempt to cross the Atlantic by steam alone was plain suicide, so the sailors declared, and they refused to go ahead. But the mutiny was put down and the vessel continued on her way. The Sirius arrived off Sandy Hook in the late afternoon of April 22 and ran upon a reef. She had to wait for the incoming tide to lift her from this reef and it was not until ten o'clock at night that she reached the Battery.

Even at that late hour, everybody who was able to do so hurried to the waterfront to catch a glimpse of the steamship that had made the trip across the ocean in the record time of 26 days. Sailors and other denizens of the waterfront built huge pitch fires on the beach near Jones' Wharf, where the Sirius was tied up, so that the populace might see her. Her arrival was the signal for informal parades and drinking sprees of a kind never before seen in the city.

But the welcome given to the Sirius was as nothing compared to that which greeted another ship when it arrived in New York the very next day, April 23, 1838. That was the famous Great Western, destined to become the first steamer to make regular trips across the Atlantic and thus inaugurate a new era in ocean transportation. But the thing which aroused the wildest enthusiasm among the citizenry of New York on that April day 98 years ago was the fact that the Great Western had arrived only 17 hours behind the Sirius, despite the fact that she left England 11 days after her rival. That meant she had made the crossing in 15 days!

Moreover, it had been a "non-stop crossing" and the city staged much the same kind of celebration which it was to put on nearly a hundred years later in welcoming another non-stop trip across the Atlantic. Lieut. James Hosken, R. N., commander of the Great Western, was the Colonel Lindbergh of his day. Honors were showered upon him. He and his officers were wined and dined with an extravagance never before known in the history of New York. Guards had to be stationed around both the Sirius and the Great Western to keep souvenir hunters from tearing them to pieces. There were pitched battles between the police and the revellers who stormed the quays in their attempts to get near the vessels.

The Sirius may have been a wonder to behold with her length of 178 feet, beam of 25½ feet, tonnage of 703 and speed of 160 knots a day. But the Great Western was a marvel. She was the largest and fastest thing afloat. She was 236 feet long, had a beam of 58½ feet and a tonnage of 1,340. Her two engines were capable of furnishing 750 horse power, indicated, and she traveled at the terrific rate of 240 knots a day.

Before the Sirius returned to England she advertised her passage rates in the New York newspapers. For a cabin they were $140, "including provisions and wine," and for second cabin $80, "with provisions and wine." James Gordon Bennett went to Europe aboard the Sirius on her return trip, a journey of which he was always proud.

When the Great Western started for England on May 7, New York gave her nearly as great a send-off as its welcome had been. For every one realized that this marked the beginning of a new epoch in maritime history. Two years later the Great Britain, the first iron ocean liner and the first steamer driven by a screw propeller across the ocean, was launched in England. In 1840 also the Cunard line obtained the backing of the British government in the form of a profitable mail contract and in that year the Cunard ship Brittania, the first of a line of splendid ships which have since plied the Atlantic, arrived in Boston, there to be greeted by much the same enthusiasm as had greeted the Great Western in New York.

By 1850 the Cunard steamers had taken the best passenger trade away from the sailing ships and Americans realized that they must also resort to steam if they were to hold their own with the British. Their first steamers, built for trans-Atlantic service, proved to be too slow to compete with the English lines but in the fifties the famous American Collins line began operating a fleet of swift, luxurious steamships which outstripped their British rivals and succeeded in recovering a large part of the Atlantic passenger trade.

The modern era of ocean liners dates from 1875 when experiments proved that steel hulls were stronger, lighter and more buoyant than iron. Again the Cunard line pioneered with the Servia, the first steel-hulled trans-Atlantic liner, which was built in 1880. The next innovation was the twin-screw vessels, having two propellers and two sets of machinery. The City of New York, put into service in 1882, was the first of this type to cross the Atlantic. The adoption of the twin screw made sails obsolete and the modern era of trans-Atlantic travel began.

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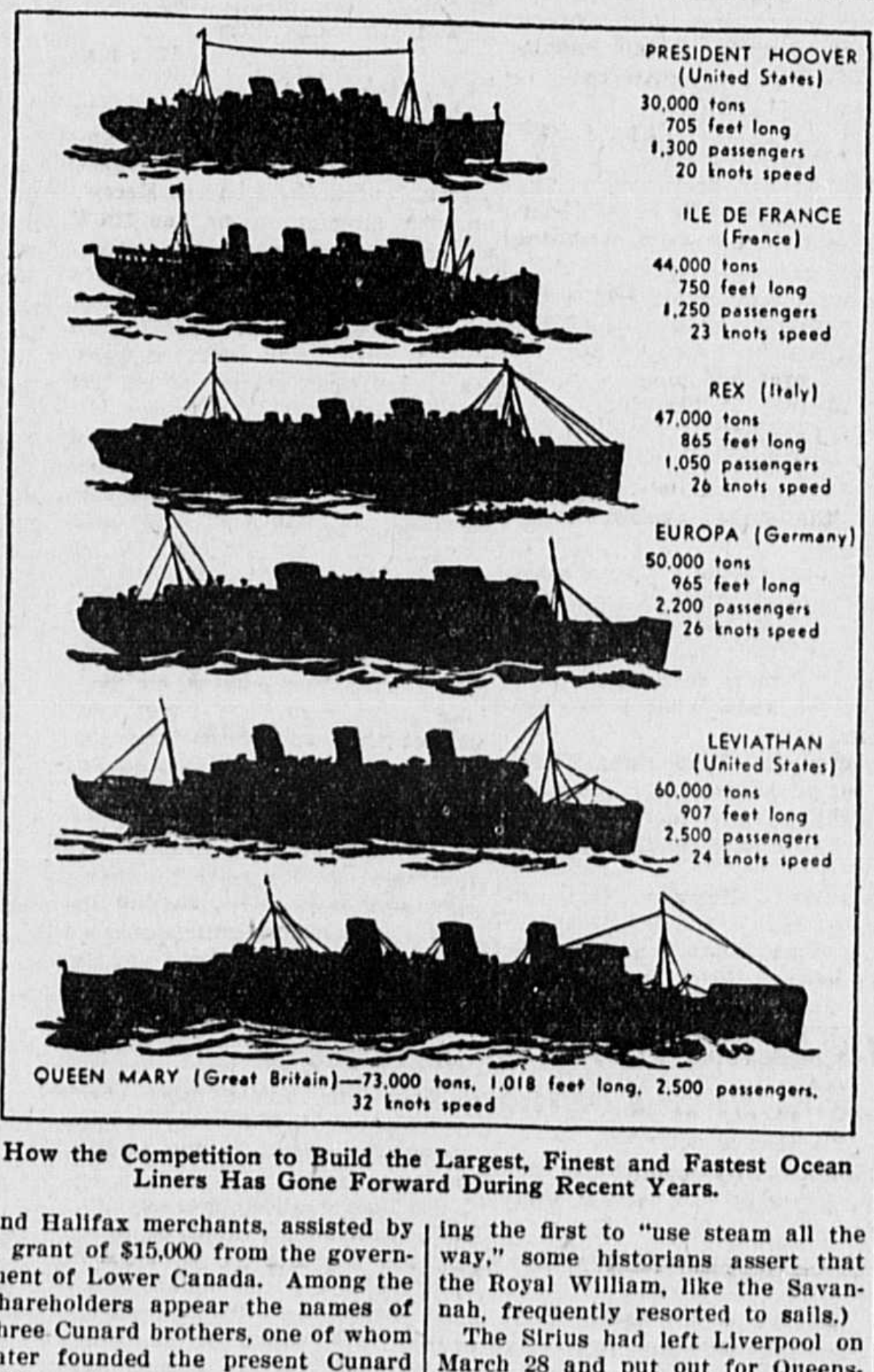
PRESIDENT HOOVER (United States) 30,000 tons 705 feet long 1,300 passengers 20 knots speed
ILE DE FRANCE (France) 44,000 tons 750 feet long 1,250 passengers 23 knots speed
REX (Italy) 47,000 tons 865 feet long 1,050 passengers 26 knots speed
EUROPA (Germany) 50,000 tons 965 feet long 2,200 passengers 26 knots speed
LEVIATHAN (United States) 60,000 tons 907 feet long 2,500 passengers 24 knots speed
QUEEN MARY (Great Britain)—73,000 tons, 1,018 feet long, 2,500 passengers, 32 knots speed

How the Competition to Build the Largest, Finest and Fastest Ocean Liners Has Gone Forward During Recent Years.

Habits Live

AMIEL, the philosopher, was never wiser than when he said: "Habits count for more than maxims, because habit is a living maxim, become flesh and instinct. To reform one's maxims is nothing; it is but to change the title of the book. To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a tissue of habits." Each good habit we weave in our teens means a better and happier life to its very end.

Mercy is that disposition of the mind which prompts us to pity those in trouble.—Ann Flaxman.

Chairman Jones Quite Likely Pushed Hard on the Reins

Ground for a monument at the San Jacinto battlefield in Houston, Texas, is broken and so is the plow that broke it.

They turned the handles of an ancient wooden plow over to Jesse H. Jones, 225-pound chairman of the Reconstruction Finance corporation. He shouted "let's go" to the oxen and the plow point went far into the ground, shattering the relic. Jones had failed to use his weight on the handles.

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No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

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These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

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35c & 60c bottles • 20c tins

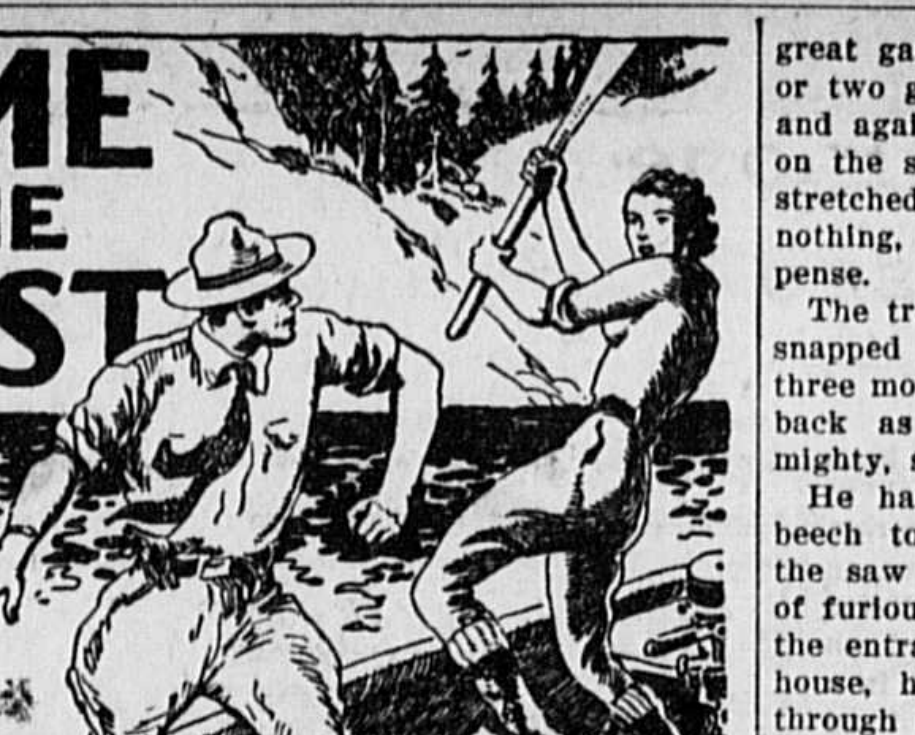
MILNESIA WAFERS

The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

FLAME IN THE FOREST

By HAROLD TITUS

Illustrations By IRWIN MYERS W.N.U. SERVICE



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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

—15—

On this, something like relief flickered in West's eyes but it was of short duration. This Young was not the sort of man who flees in the face of as flimsy a charge as had been placed against him. He had hoped at the most to keep Kerry in safe confinement until Bridger and the prosecutor could perfect a case against Holt Stuart which would forever remove from his own breast those cancerous fears. But now . . .

"Gone, eh?" he muttered. "Well, you've been made a monkey of by him. How'll folks think of that when they go to vote for sheriff again? I tell you, Bridger, you got one chance: that's to start things movin' against Stuart and not let 'em stop!"

"Well, I'm tryin', ain't I? But what can I do when Ezra's sittin' on the evidence? I've got lines out to locate Bluejay, but it's Ezra who'll gum up the works!"

"Then you better use what you call your mind 'nd drum up somethin' to make Ezra string along with you!"

"But the law's with the coroner!"

"To hell with the law. . . ."

They argued aimlessly at length and when Bridger was gone Tod West paced the room and that fine beading of sweat pricked out on his forehead again. He felt caged, trapped, and yet he could touch no bars, discern no snare or dead-fall immediately about him. Still . . . with this laughing fool of a Young on the loose . . .

"Damn!" he snarled. "Damn . . . damn everything!"

• • • • • • • •

Jim Hinkle was on his way out toward Shoestring again before mid-forenoon. He yawned as he drove and his eyes were inflamed. But he drove one of Nan's cars rapidly into town and turned eastward and made better time on the highway. He went into the third town before he stopped at a telegraph office and thrust across the counter the message that Ezra Adams had entrusted to him.

"State Police Headquarters," the operator read aloud and then mumbled the rest. . . .

CHAPTER XIV

IT WAS sundown, now, with a cool mantle of evening descending on the forest.

"Tough luck, chum!" Kerry muttered to Tip as he finally gave up hope and turned away from his bee box. "They've called it a day. . . . But we can't be far off, now, and unless it rains tomorrow . . ."

He looked anxiously upward. Clouds were riding up from the west. The air felt soft. If rain held tomorrow he would be put to the ordeal of keeping out of sight and accomplishing nothing. . . . Not a nice prospect.

"May have a wet night," he told the dog. "We can't be far from the cabin on Townline, but wouldn't dare risk that."

He found a down maple and under its sheltering bole spread his blanket finally and, rifle handy, dog beside him, stretched his tired body. Rain began to fall and in the distance thunder rumbled. His thoughts turned to Nan, to Ezra and Holt; then to West. He drew a long, uneasy breath. . . .

He would have been a trifle more at peace had he known that a car, bearing two men, whirled into Shoestring from the southward, lights glaring with intensified brightness in the downpour. It came to a stop before a gas station and one of the occupants, slicker clad, leaned out:

"What's the road to West's Landing?" he asked the boy.

"First to the left and straight on. Twenty miles. Look out for the culverts if the creeks is up!"

"Thanks!"

The car pulled away and the one who had asked directions said to the driver:

"Don't you want me to take her, Sergeant? You've had a long trick at that wheel."

"Mebby so. You've napped. No tellin' what this old coot of a coroner'll have on the bill for us when we get to him."

• • • • • • • •

The rain was heavy but of short duration. Stars appeared, the rumble of thunder retreated and when the sun rose to warm and dry the land, insect life had resumed its activity and Young, biting hard on his pipe stem, carried his bee box forward, set it down and carefully liberated the confined workers within.

"We're close, Tip!" he muttered. "Close and closer! Look at 'em!"

Dozens of bees swarmed about the box, buzzing shrilly.

And an hour after the first visitor had called for his portion of honey, Young stood at the foot of a gnarled beech tree, staring upward at the old scar in the trunk, twice as high as his head, watching the come and go of workers through the hole that gave access to the tree's hollow heart.

He did not move much after he had finally located the tree. For long he stood in one place, looking about, searching out what sign he could find.

Man sign was there in plenty. Yonder, a white pine had recently been blazed and pitch globules glistened in the sunlight. Brakes had been trampled down; here a seedling maple lay crushed into the duff, its leaves not yet wilted.

At the base of the tree lay a saprophyte which, until recently, had been growing on the scarred portion of the trunk. He could see where the bracket-like growth had been attached, two feet above the ground. He picked up the fungus and on its pale, tan velvety surface showed the print of a heel, even to the nails, dark brown against the buff. Some man had used that bracket in starting to climb that tree!

On his knees, he searched. The rain had not struck here with great force. Small bits of bark and lichens, with a a fresh look, were there. The protruding end of a small limb, long since dead and all but absorbed by the expanding trunk, bore bits of thread, as if a garment had been scrubbed over it. . . . Yes, someone had climbed this bee tree.

Honey and money! . . . Money and honey!

Yonder went a trail; faint, yet readable to Young's eye. Not a game trail, either; he found the lily defined outline of a boot sole there. Stooped over, he followed. Broken, withered brakes told that someone had gone this way weeks before; broken brakes, still fresh, attested to a more recent passing.

The sign ended before a pair of limestone boulders, tilted together, forming a small cave.

"Oh—oh!" Another stone had been set against this opening once; now it was gone, rolled yonder.

He lay on his belly and shot his flash-light into the small cavern. . . . Granules glistened on the stone; he touched them with his finger and looked closely. Black, brittle, glittering flakes they were. . . . Lacquer from a japanned box?

His mouth was very dry, now, and he rolled quickly to his side to stare at the tree. A box the size of the one he had dug up yesterday never could have been concealed in the hollow of the beech; the opening was too small. But a box had been hidden here, and a man had climbed the tree. . . . And honey had daubed the man who handled both box and crowbar. . . .

"I'm a son-of-a-gun!" he cried. "I'll be a . . ." And on his feet there his face showed, for just an instant, a flash of admiration for the ingenuity which had laid out this course. . . . In the course he now suspected actually had been followed.

He had been right about the cabin on Townline. It was a short mile there and he covered the distance at a jog trot, Tip close behind. He halted at the edge of the clearing to look and listen and then went forward without hesitation.

From an insect net above one of the bunks, he cut a portion; he found a pair of old leather gloves; a workman's denim jumper; a hank of stout cord. From the tool cache he took an ax, a cedar saw, a splitter and two wedges. These, with his rifle, made a burden of consequence and by the time he reached the tree again sweat bathed his excited body.

From the netting he improvised a veil, adjusting it over his hat and tucking the edges into the neck of the jumper. He put on the gloves, tied the jumper sleeves tight about his wrists and picked up the ax.

"Tip. . . . Yonder!" He gestured in command. "Away back and lie down! There's going to be a lot of hostility here in a minute!"

He waited until the dog had obeyed and then sent the bit of the ax deep into the beech.

He was right about the hostility. Not a half dozen blows had been struck before they were upon him in a cloud, buzzing angrily, seeking ways through his veil and garments for countless stingers. But Kerry was well protected and swung his ax steadily, eating a great gash in the trunk. Oh, one or two got to his wrists, and now and again he felt a burning prick on the shoulders when his jumper stretched tight. But that was as nothing, in this interval of suspense.

The tree sagged and shivered. It snapped and swayed. He struck three more swift blows and stepped back as it came down with a mighty, swishing roar and crash.

He had dropped the ax as the beech toppled. Now he took up the saw and, standing in a cloud of furious bees which hovered over the entrance to their fallen storehouse, he sent the teeth singing through the stout wood. Swiftly, his supple body swung to and fro, stoutly his long, strong arms drove the avid blade. The forest rang with the sound. . . . Rang with the sound which would have covered even the noise made by a frantic man, crashing through brush, running intently, breathlessly, his hat gone and face scratched and clothing torn.

No, the man was not close enough to have the sounds of his progress reach Young. But he was close enough to hear the ringing echo of that saw. He drew a hand across his face to wipe away the blood and the sweat and tried to still his breathing to listen. His trembling lips shaped a word and then he went forward, cautiously, walking like a cat, rifle held at ready. . . . As he approached the source of those other sounds, which had now changed from that of sawing to blows of a sledge on metal, he bent forward a trifle and went even more slowly, more quietly. . . .

• • • • • • • •

West's Landing and its environs had experienced two long evenings and one long day of an excitement pitched to a point never before attained there.

And now the second day was beginning. Work was forgotten where it could be and before Mel Knight's store was gathered a group which argued and debated and orated and broke short anything it happened to be saying when another arrived, just on the chance that he would be the bearer of fresh incident.

Holt Stuart was in jail. Nan Downer, it was said, had brought in a lawyer from outside yesterday and the three had been together in Nat Bridger's office for long but no attempt to secure Stuart's release had been made as yet.

Kerry Young had escaped during the first night of his imprisonment and not been heard from since, though the search was frenzied.

Frank Bluejay was gone somewhere in his rattling, tattered flivver and men combed the blueberry country for sign or word of him.

And across at Downer's headquarters, old Ezra Adams sat behind the locked door of Nan's office with the articles he and Young had brought from Townline, refusing to budge, denying Bridger admittance, waiting for something . . . one knew not what!

Oh, it was something to talk about, all right, all right!

Tod West had been in and out, saying little, going into long, heated but confidential talks with the sheriff.

And now came young Logan DePriest, walking across the trestle from Downer's. He was a lad with mild blue eyes and pimples on his face and fuzz on his chin.

"Well, Logan, you got it all settled over there?" a wag asked.

"Dam' right! Dam' right we have!" the youth replied importantly.

Something about his manner tugged at the interest of those who heard and saw, and yet . . . Logan was not to be taken seriously.

"I s'pose you've found Young 'nd Bluejay 'nd know what Ezra's got hatchin', eh?"

"Dam' right! Dam' right, I do!"

"A lot you know!"

"Betcha I know more'n any of you uns! Betcha million dollars, I do!"

"Take you. Bring out the million!"

"You think you're funny! Well, lemme ast you this: you know who them dudes was that druv into our place after th' rain las' night! You don't? I know dam' well you don't! Well, I do. . . . One of 'em 's a corporal 'nd one of 'em's a sergeant 'nd they're detectuffs!"

"Gwan!" So commented one, but others lost their smiles and drew closer.

"Betcha two million! You know it all, you do! Betcha five million!" He spit and nodded. "Why, Miss Nan, she gits me up to put their car away, she does. 'Nd after I'd done it, I seen 'em all in th' office. I walked by 'nd they was standin' there, Ezra 'nd Miss Nan, 'nd th' detectuffs, 'nd had a box 'nd a crowbar 'nd a tin cup on th' table. They had a coal oil lamp there 'nd was all bent over, cause th' storm put th' 'lectric lights out; all bent over th' table 'nd sayin' as how they couldn't do nothin' 'til mornin'."

The scoffers, now, were even edging closer, and another had come from behind young DePriest: Tod West, this, halted in his evident intent to enter the store, looking, listening.

"Well, this mornin' them detectuffs was up early," the boy continued. "'Nd what'd they do?" Cunningly, he looked about, enjoying immensely this moment of importance. "They start blowin' powder on 'at ole crowbar, 'nd stickin' black tape over th' powder 'nd showin' it to Ezra.

"Th' sergeant, he's th' boss. 'Nd he says to Ezra; th' feller who handled th' crowbar 's th' fella who left his thumb print inside th' box. 'Nen they picked up 'at ol' tin cup 'nd went to work on it, blowin' powder 'n' they says to Ezra 'at if th' prints on 'at ol' cup's th' same's th' others, they c'n git their man by reachin' out fer him!"

He looked around again.

"Jus' now, 'at was," he declared. "Jus' now, they're blowin' powder on 'at ol' tin cup. . . ."

The group pressed close and closer but it had one less member, now; one less, because Tod West was running blindly toward his house.

The spruce forest grew close to the back door of his house. It was but a moment's work to secure his rifle, a supply of ammunition, and then disappear through the trees. Panting, he fled up-stream and crossed in gravel shallows and plunged through the bush northward.

He had a gun and food for its chamber. He knew where he could get an ax. With an ax and a gun a man may live in the woods for long, provided he knows the woods and their ways. Tod West knew that vast country beyond Townline lake better than did any other. He could hide there, could remain in safety for weeks, for months. He could not, of course, stay forever; and when he did emerge he would need more than an ax and a gun. He would need money. On his way up to his first sanctuary he could retrieve money.

CHAPTER XV

UNDER the driving of the wedges the tree split and its halves rolled apart at Kerry Young's feet. A great mass of brood and comb and oozing honey glistened in the sunlight.

Young moaned as he dropped the sledge and tore into the comb with his gloved hands, wresting from that sticky mass the cylindrically shaped object his quick eyes had detected. Honey dripped from it; bees swarmed about his hands as he turned it over and over.

"What a place!" he muttered. "No mouse could gnaw, no prowling bear find it. Nothing, Tod West, except the bees knew! . . . And who'd hunt for this tree? Who, if you hadn't left honey sticking to that old crowbar?"

He shook off a bee which stung his wrist. He moved away from a buzzing cloud, making his way to the leaf dappled spring and, stooping, plunged the smeared roll of bills into the crystal waters.

The honey washed away quickly, dissolving even in the cold water. He saw a figure on the currency; it was a hundred; many more were there. . . . He washed them briskly and Tip came close.

"Got it, Tip!" he cried. "Got dear Nan's cash! We've . . ."

Young whirled, then, because the dog had turned, stiff and alert and opened his throat in a ragged growl. In the soft earth, Kerry's one foot slipped and he had started to fall over as a rifle spoke, started to throw himself toward his own rifle, leaning against a boulder. . . . That other weapon barked and he went down with the agonies of hell itself tearing at his left shoulder.

So it was Tip who rushed Tod West, who charged forward as the man emerged from the brush, rifle at ready. . . . Tip who, with teeth showing, and eyes wicked with an orange flare, stood alone between Nan Downer's money and the man who had cached it so cunningly!

Again the rifle cracked and the dog, yelping, snapping at his right hind leg, went end over end through the underbrush, threshing, rolling, screaming with pain as Tod West charged past him . . .

Young had fallen face down into the muck about the spring. His right hand lay limply in the water and away from it, rocked by the little ripples which still disturbed the surface, floated the roll of bills, turning slowly around and around.

West saw the money. With an oath he snatched it up and pumped a fresh cartridge into the rifle chamber. He poised there above the figure of his Nemesis, dropping the muzzle quickly to the back of his bared head.

And then caution asserted itself. How far behind pursuit might be, Tod did not know. Already, he had fired twice, and sounds would carry well today. He stopped, listening. The pound of his heart, the rasp of his own breath were loud. He lifted Young's arm and let it go. The inert hand smacked the water dully.

Then, with cruel craft, he placed his foot against Young's cheek, shoved his face down into the spring and leaped the now roily pool.

"Breathe 'nd drown, damn you!" he growled shakily and set off at a slow run. . . .

It was the tugging of the whining dog on his collar which stirred Kerry. He stirred and gulped and gasped. With a herculean effort, he raised his head and half rolled over; then dropped it to the ferns and lay there moaning lowly. He should not be there, he knew; he had something to do; somewhere to go; a matter to attend. . . . But things were so far away, so faintly outlined, so . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The GRAPHIC BIBLE

By LEWIS BROWNE

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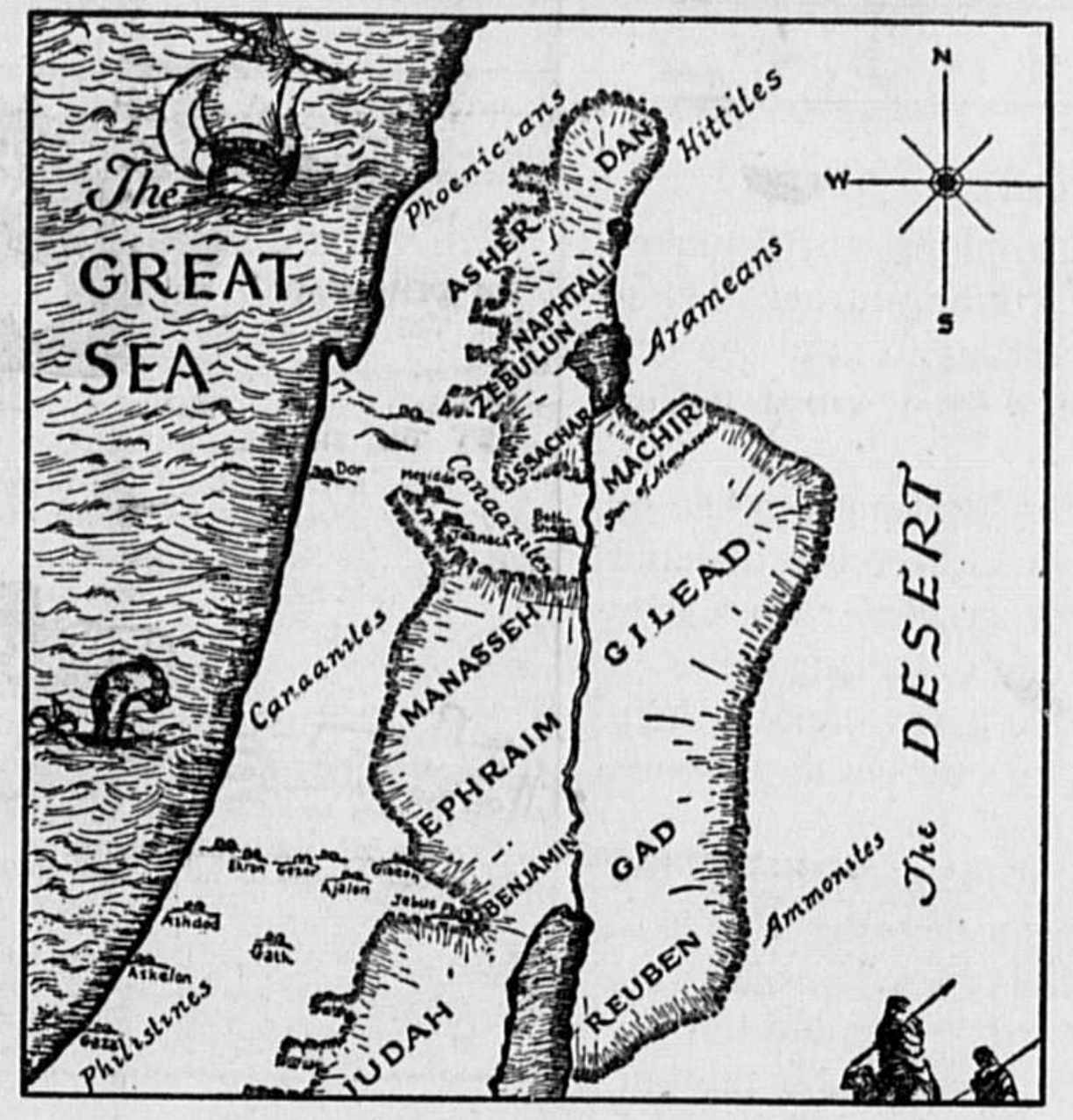

Joshua Conquers Canaan

JOSHUA'S aim in taking the road through Michmash was to capture the stronghold of Ai, which was important because it was the key to the mountains west of Jericho. His whole army went up—the distance from Jericho was only about fifteen miles—took Ai by a stratagem, and forthwith laid it waste. The quick victory struck terror in the hearts of the inhabitants of the neighboring towns, and without waiting to be attacked they fled or else made terms with the invaders.

Joshua, now master of the central portion of the land, marched rapidly to Shechem, and there had the Holy Law, with its blessings and curses, read from Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim to the assembled Israelites. Then he rushed back to give aid to the natives of Gibeon, who were being attacked by other Canaanite tribes for having become allies of the Hebrews. Joshua swept down through the valley of Ajalon as far as Makkedah, commanding the sun and moon to stand still so that he could finish the slaughter of the routed Canaanites. And thus the passes toward the south fell into his hands.

In rapid succession he took Libnah, Lachish, Eglon, Hebron, Debir, laying each city utterly waste. Apparently Joshua went even farther, conquering all the South Country as far as Kadesh-Barnea, and the coastal plain even to Gaza.

The Canaanite kings of the north, terrified at Joshua's advance, joined in a league and made ready for war. But Joshua, at the command of God, did not wait to be attacked. By a forced march he rushed his army to the Waters of Merom—almost 100 miles north of Gilgal, his headquarters—and there pounced upon the Canaanite host. Once more he was completely victorious, and when he was done pursuing his enemies as far as Misrephoth-Maim he turned back to Hazor, where the league had been formed, and reduced the city to ashes.

And thus did Joshua conquer the whole land of Canaan.

* * *

After Joshua conquered Canaan he returned to his headquarters at Gilgal and began to portion out the land to the various tribes of Israel. There were really thirteen tribes in all; eleven named after the sons of Jacob, and two—Ephraim and Manasseh—after the sons of Joseph. Of these only the tribe of Levi received no territory, for it was dedicated to the religious service of Jehovah and was therefore scattered throughout the whole land.

Reuben, Gad, and half the tribe of Manasseh had already been awarded their territories by Moses when the Israelites were still east of the Jordan. The other nine and a half tribes were settled west of the river. Judah, Ephraim, and the second half of the tribe of Manasseh were the first to be given their portions. The remaining seven tribes had to draw lots for their heritages. The tribe of Benjamin, which was small but exceedingly warlike, received a bit of hill-country in central Canaan. Simeon went far to the south, on the edge of the desert. Asher, Zebulun, Issachar, and Naphtali inherited the north, the region later called Galilee.

Apparently the conquest of Canaan was not at all completed under Joshua. In the opening verses of the Book of Judges we read how after Joshua was already dead and buried the children of Israel were still asking the Lord, "Who shall go up for us against the Canaanites first, to fight against them?"

It would seem that the conquest had to be accomplished all over again, and this time not swiftly by all Israel under one leader, but slowly by the separate tribes. Judah and Simeon, with their allies the Kenites, struck out toward the south, while Ephraim and Manasseh invaded the north.

And fierce was the struggle that ensued. The Canaanites were not an easy people to conquer, for they dwelt in walled cities and were well armed. They had chariots and cavalry, whereas the Hebrews were all on foot and possessed only the most primitive weapons.

In the broad valleys the Canaanites were always more than a match for the invaders, and only in guerilla warfare up in the hills could the latter be victorious. As we read in Judges 1:19, "And the Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron."

After Joshua Died

THE Hebrews intrenched themselves at two points; in the south in the heights of Judah, and in the north in the highlands of what came to be called Samaria. Only gradually and with limited success did they later manage to spread down into the lowlands. For generations they remained penned up in the hills, each tribe, or group of tribes, separated from the rest by lines of Canaanite strongholds.

In the map you will be able to see quite clearly how straitened was the position of the children of Israel.

All the richest portions of the land were still in the hands of the enemies of Israel. The fertile coastal plain remained the undisputed possession of the Philistines, Canaanites, and Phoenicians; and the major valleys running east and west bristled with fortresses still occupied by the natives. Two such valleys in particular ran like blunt wedges into the side of the Hebrew domains, and though they were finally conquered they remained for centuries the centers of Canaanite life.

There is reason to believe that even in the highlands the Canaanites remained numerous and were not utterly vanquished. Indeed, in one way it was the Hebrews who were vanquished, for though they conquered the Canaanite soil they almost lost their own Hebrew religion.

They became attracted to the native gods—the Baalim, as they were called—for these gods demanded less of them than did Jehovah. The Baalim were worshiped with magic practices and rites that were little better than debauches. Little wonder, therefore, that the Hebrews, being mere flesh and blood, soon began to forsake their own far stricter and more exacting Jehovah.

Nor was this the only way in which the Hebrews sinned. They accepted not only the Canaanite gods, but also the Canaanites themselves. They took native women for their wives, and gave their daughters to native men. Especially did this happen among the tribes in the extreme north and south. Asher grew friendly with the Phoenicians and became a seafaring people; and Simeon became intimate with the Edomites and became almost completely a desert tribe.

Anarchy reigned, for "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Each tribe fought to conquer a bit of land for itself and fought sometimes not only against the Canaanites but even against the other Hebrew tribes.

The conduct of the tribe of Dan is an instance of this. Originally the Danites had settled at the foot of the Judahite hills, but finding themselves at the mercy of the Philistines there, they soon began to look about for a more favorable dwelling-place. They found such a place far to the north, in a broad valley at the headwaters of the Jordan. Thither the Danites migrated, wandering no doubt for many months before they reached their goal. The place was captured and the Danites made themselves masters of the countryside. And thus, quite unaided by the rest, did one of the Hebrew tribes carve out its heritage.

The Mind Meter

By LOWELL HENDERSON

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The Similarities Test

In each problem of the following test there are three words. The first two bear a certain relationship to each other. Write in a fourth word which will bear the same relationship to the third word that the second does to the first.

1. Franklin D. Roosevelt, United States; Albert Lebrun, ———.
2. Albany—New York, Columbia, ———.
3. Steamboat, John Fitch; motion-picture machine, ———.
4. Inning, baseball; chucker, ———.
5. Gobi Desert, Asia; Sahara Desert, ———.
6. Henry Morgenthau, Treasury; Henry A. Wallace, ———.
7. "Treasure Island," Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Lady of the Lake," ———.
8. Mayor, city; Governor, ———.
9. Al Simmons, baseball; Tommy Armour, ———.
10. United States, Washington, D. C.; India, ———.

Answers

1. France.
2. South Carolina.
3. Thomas A. Edison.
4. Polo.
5. Africa.
6. Agriculture.
7. Sir Walter Scott.
8. State.
9. Golf.
10. Delhi.

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