SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington. — An old riddle inquires: Which came first, the chicken or the egg? And there is much to be said on both sides. So it is with the recent stock market nose-dive. Did the market reaction slow down business, or did business, slowing down, start the market on its gyrations?

As in the chicken and egg riddle, it is obvious that whatever the starter, one will go on producing the other.

But it is interesting in this case to know that the administration believes the chickens was business jitters, while the stock market dive was the egg the business jitters laid.

This viewpoint is particularly interesting because the administration is quite certain it knows just what was the matter with business and it is now seeking out remedies. Also because there is bitter resentment in administration circles at the interests it regards as responsible.

The trouble according to administration insiders is prices. They were too high and consequently produced something akin to a buyers' strike. This slowed down a hundred other lines than those initiating the trouble by putting their prices too high. Hence too many people have not been making money, too many corporations face lowered earnings, too many corporations and people are therefore pulling in their belts. And stock prices follow inevitably.

Blame Steel Industry

Chief miscreant in this picture—still stating it as viewed by the administration—is the steel industry. A close second is cement. Textiles are absolved, not because the men running the textile industry are regarded by the administration as particularly virtuous, but because the industry is helpless to do anything but cut prices to the bone. Ruthless competition is the answer to that. The administration knows a lot about it because of the vexatious question of long hours, child labor and poor wages in the industry, and because of the pitious screams the industry let out a while back against what imports of Japanese textiles were doing to its price situation.

Now, so far, is the administration disposed to blame the automobile industry. It believes the new models should be sold more cheaply, but blame here again attaches to the steel industry, in the administration view. A long standing automobile policy has been to cut prices whenever possible in order to stimulate demand and increase volume. That is precisely what the administration wants every industry to do.

It's an old theory with President Roosevelt. He believes firmly that the 1929 crash was caused by high prices in the immediately preceding period. Prices were not advanced during those few years in terms of dollars. But costs were diminishing due to improved machinery. Hence profits were larger. Hence a larger percentage of sales price was distorted from the pocket spenders and into the pockets of investors. Hence overbuilding of plant capacity and gradual drying up of buying power.

Just what will be done to correct the present evil, as the President views it, is not yet clear.

Utilities Hold Off

Public utilities of this country are holding back expenditures of $1,000,000,000 a year for improvements and expansions, the securities and exchange commission has informed President Roosevelt, waiting until the way for new financing can be cleared, as they view it, by the supreme court ruling that the holding company death sentence is unconstitutional.

This holding back, the President is informed, has been going on for three years. The President just might have thought that these figures, coming from a commission which has had so little chance to function since it was organized, because there have been so few new security issues, was an exaggeration. But within a few days after this allegation the utilities executives themselves tried to use the same argument to prove to the public that the President's utility policy is all wrong. They quoted the Edison Electric institute to the effect that there was a "construction deficit of $2,600,000,000 accumulated in the past five years."

It was added that the ten-year average of new construction by the utilities from 1923 to 1932 inclusive was $752,215,000 annually. What makes this particularly significant is that it includes the period from 1929 to 1932, the last two of which were very bad indeed.

So much so that if these years are left out of the calculation there does not seem to be such a wide discrepancy between the figures given the President by S. E. C. and those supplied by the Edison institute. Or if the fact that the piled up need, so to speak, is all the greater because of those famine years is added.

Of course the utility executives cites these figures to prove that President Roosevelt's anti-utility policy, his policy of putting the government into competition with the privately owned utilities, is actually holding back prosperity, is retarding employment, is depriving both local and federal governments of an increase in the tax base. But the President sees it very differently.

Accuse Higher-Ups

He not only believes, but has been assured by S. E. C. officials and others, that it is not the operating utility men who are responsible for the log jam, but the higher-ups in the holding companies. So his anger at the holding companies is merely augmented. In fact, names have been quoted to the President of officials operating privately owned electric companies who would be delighted to expand. Names of holding company officials who have vetoed the expansion have also been supplied him.

All of which is rather interesting to the bystander because it seems to him that the holding company executives are sacrificing their all to defend a city which has already been doomed by a flank attack. There may be some senator or representative in Washington who believes that the holding companies, whether they be of the public utility or investment trust or whatever nature, will be able to survive the present trend in taxation, but this writer has not encountered one.

The answer is simple. Up to last year dividends were exempt from the normal income tax—on the theory that the corporation paying them had already given the federal government 15 per cent of its net earnings. Moreover, corporations did not have to pay the full corporation income tax on dividends received from other corporations, for the same reason.

But now there is no such exemption. Moreover, the probability is that the corporation income tax will be increased. So there does not seem to be much future for the holding company as it moves down this tax chiseling line. It seems headed for extinction.

Hidden Short Sales

Worried as they have been about the recent stock market nose-dive, there is no disposition on the part of officials of the federal reserve board or of the securities and exchange commission to put out any propaganda about "bear raids."

As a matter of fact, the exchange commission has been studying short sales for a good many months. Those of record have not been of any great significance. But it knows also that there are many hidden short sales, and that there is no way, at present, for any government body, or stock exchange committee for that matter, to discover the extent and importance of these.

Normally, of course, a speculator wishing to sell short does so through a broker. The broker, on receiving the order, borrows the stock from some holder, paying a certain charge for the privilege. If the holder wants it back before the broker's customer is willing to "cover," or buy the stock so that the same number of shares may be returned to the lender, the broker simply borrows the stock from somebody else.

Figures on this sort of trading are closely followed, and this type of short position in the market is always drawn both to stock exchange authorities and the government.

But the secret system is causing some concern. In such a case the speculator desiring to sell 1,000 shares of steel short borrows the certificate for these shares from some friend, and tells no one except the lender what his plans are. Then he sells that thousand shares. It looks like a legitimate sale. No one but he and the lender knows that actually the speculator, sooner or later, must buy 1,000 shares of steel to replace the loan and complete the transaction.

A Helpful Cushion

This lack of knowledge is important. Obviously if it were known to all the brokers that a great many hundred thousand shares of stock had been sold short, they would know that sooner or later these hundreds of thousands of shares must be bought so that the borrowed stocks could be returned. That reserve buying power, so to speak, would have a tremendously steadying effect on the market. In fact, that is one of the chief arguments against the abolition of short sales. This type of transaction is a very helpful cushion when the market starts to slide.

But the secret short sales do not lend this steadying effect. Other speculators do not know whether there is a large or small secret short interest in the market. For all they know there may be practically no short interest at all. So that the secrecy has a tendency, especially when the market is nervous, to depress it still further.

Government officials studying the situation point out, however, that "bear raids" are not nearly so serious as they are frequently painted. The raider must always buy back the stock he sells short. So unless he is right in his calculations that the market is too high, or that the earnings of a particular corporation do not justify the price of its securities, he is apt to be badly burned.

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For the Whole Family

Magazine Section of Special Interest to Women and Children Readers

Bedtime Story

By Thornton W. Burgess

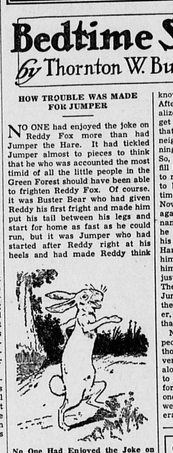
HOW TROUBLE WAS MADE FOR JUMPER

NO ONE had enjoyed the joke on Reddy Fox more than had Jumper the Hare. It had tickled Jumper almost to pieces to think that he who was accounted the most timid of all the little people in the Green Forest should have been able to frighten Reddy Fox. Of course, it was Buster Bear who had given Reddy his first fright and made him put his tail between his legs and start for home as fast as he could run, but it was Jumper who had started after Reddy right at his heels and had made Reddy think that he was Buster Bear and so frightened him still more, so that he didn't dare stop long enough to turn and see who it was behind him. Of course, to all who saw them it looked just as if Reddy was running away from Jumper the Hare, and every one pretended to believe that he was. Then they tormented Reddy and made his life miserable for him by calling him a coward, afraid of Jumper the Hare.

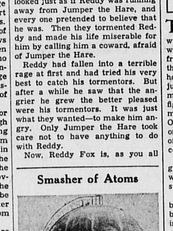
Reddy had fallen into a terrible rage at first and had tried his very best to catch his tormentors. But after a while he saw that the angrier he grew the better pleased were his tormentors. It was just what they wanted—to make him angry. Only Jumper the Hare took care not to have anything to do with Reddy.

Now, Reddy Fox is, as you all know, very, very sly and smart. After a little while he began to realize how foolish it was for him to get so angry, or anyway to show that he was so angry, every time his neighbors plagued him about running away from Jumper the Hare. So, no matter how anger might fill his heart he would pretend not to mind in the least and would try to laugh at the jokes, but all the time would be just boiling inside. Now, at first his anger had been all against those who had called him names and made fun of him, but as he thought it over little by little his anger turned against Jumper the Hare. If Jumper hadn't run after him no one would have laughed at him, for nearly every one had been just as much afraid of Buster as he. Therefore, it was all the fault of Jumper. The more he was teased the greater grew his hate of Jumper, until at last he made up his mind that he would catch Jumper.

Now, of course, the other little people didn't know this. They thought that they were making life very miserable for just Reddy Fox alone. Not one of them ever stopped to think that when trouble is made for one it almost always hurts some one else. They thought that they were making Reddy Fox very miserable, as indeed they were, but it that he was Buster Bear and so



No One Had Enjoyed the Joke on Reddy Fox More Than Jumper the Hare.



"No sir! Not by a dam site!" WNU Service.

Smasher of Atoms

This giant atom-smasher has been erected near the laboratories of the Westinghouse company at East Pittsburgh, Pa. With it scientists hope to break the atom for the first time. The smasher is a steel-coated tank, 20 feet in diameter, 47 feet high. Inside is an electrostatic direct current generator and a 40-foot vacuum tube. It will generate voltages up to 5,000,000, and will shoot particles of matter through the tube at 100 million miles an hour.

ANIMAL CRACKERS

By WARREN GOODRICH

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Start Day With Good Breakfast

Menus for Fall Days Should Be Carefully Planned.

By EDITH M. BARBER

THE American breakfast of the present day naturally begins with fruit. Nowhere else in the world is there such a variety of fruit to be found. Nowhere else is the quality so high. In most households orange, grapefruit or tomato juice is supplemented by chilled fruits, baked apples, stewed pears, figs or prunes. A choice of cereals may be offered for the next course. Occasionally one may like to serve on a chilly morning a steaming bowl of porridge, although ready-to-eat cereals should be offered also.

"Eat your cereal, child," my grandmother used to urge. "It's warming to the stomach and it sticks to the ribs."

No urging of jaded appetite will be needed if the perfume of sizzling bacon has been wafting into the dining room. The term bacon is general, but the varieties of this favorite breakfast meat are many. Three principal kinds are American, Canadian and Irish. The distinctive flavor of the latter, by the way, is due, so they say, to the good rich Irish potatoes and milk upon which the pigs are fed, as well as to the special method used for the smoking. Bacon with fresh country eggs, prepared according to preference is probably our standard breakfast dish. It can be varied, however, with broiled or baked salt mackerel, kipper baked in cream, plump little sausages, which furnish savor for the first meal of the day.

Of course, there will be toast, hot and crisp and well buttered. There may be hot rolls or muffins or toasted English muffins. We may add griddle cakes or waffles for Sundays and holidays when there is plenty of time and when men must be fortified for golf.

And don't forget that jar of marmalade or honey for that finishing sweet touch.

• • •

BREAKFAST DISHES.

Rich Muffins.

¼ cup shortening
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
1 cup milk

Cream the butter, add the sugar and egg well beaten, sift the baking powder and salt with the flour, and add to the first mixture, alternating with the milk. Bake in greased gem pans 25 minutes in a moderate oven (375 to 400 degrees).

Kidney Stew.

1 large kidney
1 tablespoon butter
1 onion
1½ tablespoons flour
Salt
Pepper
2 tablespoons sherry

Remove fat and sinews from kidney. Wash thoroughly and place in saucepan with one-half teaspoon salt and enough water to cover. Allow it to come to a boil and then simmer for five minutes until very tender. Remove the kidney, retaining the water in which it has been cooked, and cut in small pieces. Slice onion and cook with the butter in frying pan. When light brown add flour, stirring gently; add sherry and 1¼ cups of water in which kidney was cooked. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Add pepper and more salt if necessary.

Griddle Cakes.

2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
2 eggs
2 cups milk
¼ cup melted shortening, or cooking oil.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat egg, mix with milk and stir into first mixture. Stir in melted shortening. Bake on both sides on hot ungreased griddle. Preparation time 7 minutes.

If sour milk is used, substitute 1 teaspoon soda for 3 teaspoons baking powder.

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MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

© by The Associated Newspapers

TO BE sure it is always tempting to lay the blame on some one else when you have been gauche. It's especially tempting when you bump into another person on the street or over a bargain counter. You'd like to ask her where she thinks she's going or something genteel like that. But don't let yourself be caught up in the emotion of the moment. If you're very, very mad, just give her a haughty look over your shoulder. It's much better than starting an argument and getting into a brawl. Above all things don't open your mouth. Don't say a word. It is sure to be the wrong thing.

If you're not so terribly mad, however, and think you can control yourself it would be awfully nice of you to say softly, "I beg your pardon." Even if you think she did the bumping, it would be a nice thing for you to say.

WNU Service.

Love, Honor and Obey

FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By Roger B. Whitman

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT DRAFTS

A FEW days ago I called on some friends who live in a two-story house. The stairs come down into one corner of the living room, and after a few minutes it was noticeable that there was a draft of cold air at the bottom. My friends spoke of this; they said that on cold days the draft was so strong that the whole living room was uncomfortable.

The reason for the draft was clear enough. The stairway was open, and heated air from downstairs, being light, rose to the upper story. Chilled upstairs air sank to the floor by its greater weight and ran downstairs just as water would run down. When the heat was on, this action was continuous.

The cure would be in the more even heating of the house; a treatment of the upper story that would check the chilling of the air. This in the first place would be in greater protection of the windows, for they are largely responsible. They should have high quality metal weatherstrips, and be protected by rightly fitted storm windows. The metal weatherstrips would prevent the leakage of cold air into the house through the joints around the window sashes. The temperature of the inside window glass, through the protection of the storm windows, would be raised, and would not have so great a chilling effect of the air in contact with it. It is not enough to have storm windows only on the exposed side. They should be on all sides to protect the inside glass against the low temperature of outdoor air. In addition to this, there should be a layer of insulation in the floor of the attic to prevent loss of heat through the upstairs ceilings.

With these changes, the temperature through the house would be more even. Drafts are created by differences in temperature; the greater the difference the more rapid will be the circulation and the stronger the drafts.

One common cause of draftiness is the crack between base boards and flooring, especially on the ground floor with a cellar beneath. For the time being, these cracks can be stuffed with anything that is convenient, strips of newspaper, for instance. But for permanence, this crack should be closed with quarter-round molding. There is scribing and shrinking of the base board as well as of the flooring in the change from the damp air of summer to the dryness of artificial heat. When the molding is nailed either to the flooring or to the baseboard, the crack will re-open. To keep the crack closed at all times of year, the molding should be nailed to the studs and other framework within the wall. For this, long nails should be used, driven through the molding at such an angle that they will pass through the space between base board and flooring and into the woodwork behind. Sweating and shrinking of the floor and base board will then have no effect; the crack will remain closed.

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MOPSY

WNU Service.

I'M FEELING FINE THIS MORNING —FREE FROM THAT THROBBING HEADACHE AND READY FOR A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

Buy ADVERTISED GOODS

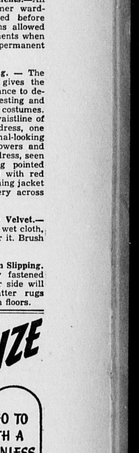
Four Strands of String Make Rug

A durable scatter rug in cotton—quick to do, inexpensive, sturdy, colorful. It's made of four strands worked together forming a stout "thread." Made in three colors, you can have gay rugs for Winter—rugs that will fit the coloring of your rooms exactly. Crochet the medallions one at a time, some plain, some figured, and join them for this stunning diamond design. In pattern 5027 you will find complete instructions and charts for making the medallions shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches used; material requirements; a photograph of the medallion; color suggestions.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Alkalize



I'LL NEVER GO TO DINNER WITH A BOY AGAIN UNLESS I HAVE SOME PHILLIPS' TABLETS IN MY PURSE

Often "acid indigestion" is distressing to you — and offensive to others. But now there is no excuse for being guilty.

You simply carry your *alkalizer* with you — and use it at the first sign of "upset" stomach. Simply take two tiny tablets of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia when out with others. Or, "upset" at home—you can take two teaspoons of liquid Phillips'. Both act the same way.

Relief is almost instant — a matter of seconds. "Gas," nausea, "heartburn," acid breath — all respond quickly. Just make sure you ask for "Phillips."

Uncle Phil Says:

Quickly Gets Around

A rumor may not have a leg to stand on, yet how swiftly it travels.

Some stones that don't roll, don't accumulate moss. They get buried in the mud.

All the ladders of success have a missing rung, here and there. You have to be prepared for that.

If one must be homely why can't one be grandly homely like Abraham Lincoln was?

Things we'd like to know. Why are lawyers' arguments called briefs?

On Uncrowded Roads

There were careless drivers 30 years ago, but the roads had less sense.

A man deserves praise for "doing what he ought," because it is so hard.

Silence doesn't always mean that your adversary in argument has given in.

Perhaps men who are "strong and silent" are not particularly interested in hearing what other people have to say, either.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

Self-Mastery

I will be lord over myself. No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule, and only he can rule.—Goethe.

To Women:

If you suffer every month you owe it to yourself to take note of Cardui and find out whether it will benefit you.

Functional pains of menstruation have, in many, many cases, been eased by Cardui. And where malnutrition (poor nourishment) had taken away women's strength, Cardui has been found to improve the appetite, improve digestion and in that way help to build up a natural resistance to certain useless suffering. (Where Cardui fails to benefit, consult a physician.)

Ask your druggist for Cardui — (pronounced "Card-oo.")

In Our Need

Just to remind us that there are friends in the world who care is a great help.—Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

666 checks MALARIA in three days. COLDS first day. LIQUID, TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS. Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Run-My-Time"—World's Best Liniment

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS Genuine Bayer Aspirin. virtually 1 cent a tablet

Constipated? Nujol NOW COSTS LESS! What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol. INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL Copr. 1937, Stanco Inc.

SAY "LUDEN'S" BECAUSE BUILDING UP YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE helps you to resist colds. LUDEN'S COUGH DROPS 5¢

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Healthy kidneys filter the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter that must be eliminated from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One way of safe nagging backaches, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, rheumatic aches and pains, sometimes under the eye—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment for such disturbances is a diuretic medicine. Use a diuretic medicine for a week. Use *Doan's Pills*. They have had more than forty years of a public reputation as a diuretic medicine. Ask your neighbor! Insist on *Doan's*. Sold at all drug stores.

A Sure Index of Value

. . . is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and use of a brand. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

DOAN'S PILLS

BLACK FEATHER

By HAROLD TITUS

© Harold Titus WNU Service

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Late the next afternoon into the lake came Rickman's brigade, men weary, canoes battered and patched, baggage and equipment bearing the marks of long and arduous travel.

But within an hour of the time he landed Burke Rickman was afloat again. Rodney saw him above out, two voyageurs manning the canoe, and head up the lake.

He closed the gate and had Jacques fetch a rifle and watched this approach through the square loophole. Abreast the place, the paddles stopped dipping and Rickman's voice rolled across the water.

"Shaw! I come for talk. Step out!"

Rodney smiled grimly, having caught sight of a rifle muzzle protruding scantily over the loophole.

"Come ashore, Rickman, if you need talk! Have your men draw back, and come unarmed," he said sternly.

The other hesitated; then, after speaking to his men, he begrained them on and the canoe slid across the shallows. The great gate then creaked inward on its wooden hinges and, rifle in the crook of his arm, Shaw advanced.

Rickman flushed. "I come unarmed," he said. "But you? . . ."

Rodney laughed. "I specified how you were to land," he said easily. "I gave no pledge myself. Your men sit ready yonder and . . ." His eyes narrowed as they searched Rickman's figure. "The bulge beneath your shirt! Could it be a pistol tucked in your girdle, trader?"

"I came unarmed!"—hotly; too hotly.

"Then lift the shirt. No? . . . Good enough, then! I expected as much, Rickman; hence the rifle,"—stroking the stock. "What brings you hither, bearing weapons?"

"Rum!" Rickman growled. "My rum. Company rum. I want it. Shaw!"

"Want it, eh? Embarrassed by lack of it, are you? Touche, trader! Not the proper pricked, eh? I wish I had your rum, Rickman! I could use it, along with mine. And, if it were here, I'd defy even your numbers to use it back! But your rum's not here, trader. The Mississippi has your casks."

"D' you think the company will stand by and suffer theft and not retaliate with—"

"No more than I'd stand by and mourn helplessly because my canoes were smashed by company men! That's what I mean, I pour account the loss of your rum balance!"

"You're a short-sighted, arrogant fool, Shaw. You'll trip here as you tripped at Mackinac . . . Five days and nights, you thought you had, did you?"—voice harsh with bitterness. "In high feather, were you, thinking your charms had bedazzled a woman? Well, she worned what we needed to know from you, didn't she? And within hours your secret was passed to me. That for your competence!" And he snapped his thumb contemptuously. "Your days in the trade are numbered!"

His reference to Annette had sent a wave of anger through Rodney; anger against self than another.

"Ay, I admit tripping back yonder! But you and your trollop and your a spurious murder charge couldn't turn the balance, could they? I'm here and I've run and my goods are on the way and I'll hold these hunters close, Rickman, until my canoes arrive! I won't trip again. Mark that down."

Rickman turned disdainfully and signaled his men. The canoe came swiftly and he waded out and stepped to his place, not looking again at Rodney.

And then, in the morning, word of Rickman's arrival having spread far, Black Beaver finally came to eye and appraise these traders, stopping first at Fort Shaw.

The sharp eyes probed Rodney's face; he accepted the presents spread before him; and with impassive countenance the man listened to Shaw's talk.

"Your words have fallen on my ears," he said when the harangue ended. "There is no hate. Black Beaver will ponder on what the little trader has spoken."

Dismayed but not dispirited, Rodney watched him making straight for the opposition fort.

But his spirits would have been lower, his dismay might have given way to despair had he watched the scene enacted yonder after the jesakkid had stalked through Rickman's gate.

The medicine man had his tobacco, if not his rum. His eyes glittered like buttons at the presents spread before him, and under the spell of Rickman's sustained talk, he was oblivious of sight of the wealth of freshly stored goods in these buildings, Black Beaver tarried long.

Into his ears was poured the lie that Shaw's canoes might never come and, if they did, would prove to be but lightly laden.

More gifts, all but spirits. And spirits were coming, Rickman promised. The casks he had brought with him had been lost in a rapid, he said, telling only half the truth. A canoe had been dispatched to Fond du Lac to draw on the company stores there for that important item.

So the jesakkid left him and had his wives paddle him from lodge to lodge and proclaimed that he would make medicine only for hunters who accepted credits from the company trader, and dissension spread among the people.

Dissension, indeed! The hunters respected Standing Cloud; they feared Black Beaver. Yet puzzlement lay heavily upon them. What was a trader without rum? Or a trader without goods?

Not for days was Pillager trade secured.

The debate among the old men had assumed something else than the expression of judgment which might reflect the difference of the tribe. It had come, now, to a final test of influence among them.

And then Black Beaver made his supreme effort. The jesakkid sent word from lodge to lodge that talk would be held in the big lodge and must meet with the chiefs; that all ears must listen to harangue . . .

Over the sand strips of the lake beach by sundown of the day named. They wore their finery, beads and ceremonial paint. Paint had been used on faces.

But of them all, Black Beaver was the most resplendent. He was the last to come as well, sitting erect in his canoe.

A blanket was about his shoulders which he did not drop off to reveal the glory of his raiment until he stepped ashore.

A woman handed Black Beaver a pair of gourd rattles and he took them one in either hand, and advanced majestically toward the circle and Standing Cloud arose from his haunches and moved sedately toward the fire in the center of the circle.

But, Rodney thought, the old man lacked confidence. His step was slow and his shoulders were not squared.

"My children," he began, "the chiefs have called you to council. Things that cause argument are abroad. The little trader has ever been as a brother to the hunter," he said, and grunts of approval rose here and there about the circle. "The little trader comes among us and builds his lodge and is as one of our people. He stays among us.

"These great companies are not so. They come as plunderers. They have no thought of another sun. They bid the hunters take all that walks and swims. They have no thought of what evil may befall the hunters when all is gone."

A chorus of assenting grunts was raised. But there were gaps in the chain of sound; all, it was evident, were not in accord.

"There are among you," Standing Cloud declaimed, voice rising and swelling, "those who see only the one day. The ways we travel change. I am not one to say they shall not change again. I am not one to say that all great companies are evil and their stay among us short and like running fire in the way they take fur from the land. I do say this: wherever the great companies have dwelt alone among our brothers, sorrow has come. I fear to see sorrow come to my people. My heart is heavy when I see that many of you will not await the coming of the little trader's goods before taking credits. My eyes see sorrow coming as a storm cloud if you listen to counsel that bids you take credits from the great company and send the little trader to stay from us.

"Men of the forest, I have spoken!"

A thrill ran through Rodney as the grunts rose in a lusty chorus, as women, seated behind the men, stirred by the chief's oratory, grinned at one another and nodded approval and rocked back and forth.

But he looked at Rickman, standing beside Conrad Rich on the edge of firelight, and his thrill died. The man was composed, assured. And Black Beaver, immobile, sat across the circle, head up, waiting . . . waiting.

Flat Mouth spoke. Other old men spoke, all echoing Standing Cloud's words, all pleading that hunters await the coming of Rodney's canoes so he would be made welcome among them.

Black Beaver rose. In the man's very movements was a power, a magnetism, a sense of devilitry which foreboded ill.

"Pillagers!" he said sternly. "Pillagers, who fear my power, stay silent that my words may reach

"Is That Not So, My Brother?"

your ears. Black Beaver speaks to you, Pillager winters and many summers I have guided you wisely to your trading with the white man. You have not been hungry. Have my words have been wise; always has my medicine been good for fur.

"I have talked with the manitous. They will answer. But you are dogs to their voices. You can not hear their wisdom; some of you will not listen when I pass on their wisdom with my breath.

"Some of you listen to other old men. But no other medicine man can hear the words of the manitou. No other eyes among you can see what Black Beaver sees. You have heard much talk at this fire. Many of you believe that talk to be wise. You do not know. Your ears do not hear, you cannot see, so you do not know.

"It has been said to you that the company of Flaming Hair is evil. They say to you, the company of Flaming Hair is good.

"Soon," he cried, "the great company will call the hunters home unless you hunters make him welcome! The great company is not evil. The great company is good. But the great company will not wait outside our lodges many sun longer!

"You ask yourselves: How does Black Beaver know that the great company grows weary of waiting? I will tell you. I have flown as an owl to the island of the Great Turtle where the great Company chiefs sit in council. I have listened from a tree beside the door of their lodge and have heard their principal chief

Watched Their Approach Through the Square Loophole.

she? And within hours your secret was passed to me. That for your competence!"

say that unless the Pillagers accept credits they will send writing which will point their canoes to other places.

"You know what Black Beaver sees when he flies as an owl. You know that I flew as an owl to the Laughing Musquash and saw the Windigo there. Because I flew as an owl he could not catch and devour me. You know that because I flew there and saw the Windigo I kept many hunters above the sand, and wailing from many lodges.

"I flew as an owl to where the little trader tells you his canoes are coming. No canoes are coming. The little trader has no canoes coming, my children. He speaks with the forked tongue when he says those words. If the great company trader goes away you will have only the lies of the little trader to wrap around you as blankets, to make powder and lead for your guns, to smoke in your pipes.

"I have spoken, Pillagers! Flee to the lodge of Flaming Hair as you would from a fire in the forest! Accept his credits before his chiefs grow angry . . . Flee . . . Flee, my children!"

Startled grunts rose in a chorus. Even the old men, Rodney perceived, believed and were frightened.

And then Rodney Shaw was among them. Boldly, presumptuously, shattering all precedent for the behavior of whites at a council, he stepped within the circle.

"My brothers! I stand before you as a son before fathers. I stand before you as a son against whom lies have been spoken. I stand before you and ask that you listen to my words!"

Standing Cloud rose.

"The Pillagers are honorable men," he said. "The Pillagers return good for good. This man is my brother's brother. It is not good that he be turned away from our council fire. He may speak."

"I stand before you to defy Black Beaver and his magic!" Rodney cried. "For many seasons you have listened to what Black Beaver has said.

"Black Beaver has frightened you with his forked tongue. He has told you that he flies as an owl and sees many evil things. He says he flies as an owl and saw the Windigo in the Laughing Musquash. He says he flew as an owl and saw that my canoes filled with goods do not come.

"The Windigo is evil!" he cried. "The Windigo will devour white man and Pillager alike. The Windigo will devour them! But you are where the Windigo is. The Windigo is on Laughing Musquash. Black Beaver has told you. I say that the Windigo is not on Laughing Musquash and I ask you to see proof of what I say with your own eyes! I say to you that I will go alone to Laughing Musquash. I will make my camp there. I will bring back the white clay which is found only on Laughing Musquash to show you I have been there. And I will return unharmed!

"And when I do that what will my brothers say? Will they say that Black Beaver speaks what is so? Will they believe that Black Beaver flies as an owl and sees many things? Will you believe that he says my canoes heavy with goods do not come?"

Sounds of surprise and excitement died before this challenge.

"No," he said, and shook his head. "You will not believe these things. You will know that Black Beaver's words are those of a forked tongue. And you will know that I tell you what is so. You will know that my canoes are on the march bearing goods to you. And you will await their coming that I may stay among you!

"Is that not so, my brother?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Robbers of Tombs in China Must Face a Firing Squad, According to Edict

Curio dealers who trade with tomb robbers are liable to immediate execution upon discovery, according to an edict issued by the Hopei - Chahar Political council, it states a Peiping United Press correspondent.

Although this may seem extreme to outsiders, it reflects the traditional Chinese attitude of veneration for the dead—a tradition that has been fostered at present by the old-style officials of this part of the country.

"Grave robbers," reads the edict, "are the cruelest, most utterly despicable people in China. In disturbing the bones and flesh of the dead they violate not only the statutes, but all the moral laws of humanity. Merchants who buy curios from grave robbers and then sell them for a profit are engaged in a depraved and horrible traffic. They are inhuman lunatics thus to enter into complicity with such men and hence deserve to be shot."

For years the robbing of tombs has been a lucrative trade near Peiping, where suburbs princes and members of the imperial clan were buried for centuries. Many of the genuine and valuable curios for sale at various dealers' shops in Peiping have come from such tombs.

Persons of rank and wealth were always buried with fortunes in jewels, jade, porcelain and gold in the tombs.

The most famous tombs have been rifled by minor military commanders stationed in the district around the city. Many of these men have laid the cornerstones of fortune and subsequent fame with the wealth from this semiofficial banditry.

There are also professionals and amateurs—farmers driven to economic desperation through poverty. When caught, the professionals and amateurs are shot, almost without trial, so greatly is their crime abhorred.

Historic Hoaxes

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

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Extra! Noah's Ark Found!

BACK in the days of the Klondike gold rush, the few publishers in Alaska, especially those who issued dailies, had great difficulty in getting enough news to fill their papers. At one time the telegraph lines into Dawson were down for two months and the roads were so filled with snow that no mail arrived by dog team for 35 days.

During this period one Dawson publisher called his reporter to him. "Look here, we've simply got to have more news," he said. "Subscriptions are falling off and if you want to stay on my payroll, you'd better get out and grab off a story that will be talked about from the Aurora Borealis to the Southern Cross."

Casey Antonio Moran was the reporter's name and the imagination which he displayed in adding "Antonio" to his name because he "liked the sound of it" extended to his reportorial ability. So the next morning a headline clear across the front page of his boss' paper proclaimed, "Ruins of Noah's Ark Found on Mt. Koyukuk in Yukon Country."

Under that headline was an "exclusive interview" with an Indian chief who told of having been lost in the "Haunted Country" of the Koyukuk and finding on top of a mountain "a house as big as a whiteman's town built in a big canoe" which had turned to stone. When the reporter took him to a minister's home and showed him a picture of Noah's Ark, the chief declared that it was exactly like the house in the big canoe on the mountain top.

The story caused a sensation when the paper was distributed in Dawson. Although the other two dailies tried to discredit the yarn, many people were enough impressed by the affidavit, furnished by the chief, which was given a prominent place on the front page, to believe it. It was also believed by many people back in the "States" when press association wires carried it to newspapers who printed it and to this day one can find an occasional reference to the fact that "they discovered Noah's Ark up in Alaska several years ago."

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The Camelce

AMONG the correspondents who accompanied the Newton-Jenney exploring expedition to the Black Hills of South Dakota in 1875 was R. B. Davenport of the New York Herald. Davenport was a typical "tenderfoot" and a tireless seeker after information—which accounts for his being sent by the Indian chiefs to the expedition were only too willing to supply!

One day he discovered the skeleton of a huge bull elk and excitedly asked California Joe, the famous scout, what it was. "Well, sir," replied Joe, "I reckon that there must be the bones of one of them camelcuttlers I have heard tell about. You see, a good many year ago the guv'ment decided to use camels for packed mules in the Indian wars of Arizony. Some of the females escaped and, feelin' sorta lonely, they joined up with a elk herd. It wasn't long before they found out that the bull elks and the elks as an owl and sees many things? Will you believe that he says my canoes heavy with goods do not come?"

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"No," he said, and shook his head. "You will not believe these things. You will know that Black Beaver's words are those of a forked tongue. And you will know that I tell you what is so. You will know that my canoes are on the march bearing goods to you. And you will await their coming that I may stay among you!

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