SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—Frank R. McNinch is going to blow away the smoke that has been hovering over the Federal communications commission and put out the fire if there is any. Primarily that is what he was put in there for. Scarcely anything pending on Capitol Hill has worried President Roosevelt more than the Wallace White resolution providing for a sweeping senate investigation into FCC. Particularly in that this resolution would be handled by the senate interstate commerce committee of which Burton K. Wheeler is chairman. The President correctly interprets Wheeler's attitude as one of active dislike for himself, despite Wheeler's approval of many of the New Deal economic and social objectives.

Whatever may be the truth about the "fire," certainly many folks in the industry just assumed that it was there. They gave no open indications of a suspicion that anything so gross as actual passage of money would be effective, but many approved the policy that the distillers followed, when they offered the job as their czar first to James A. Farley and then to Forbes Morgan, Mrs. Roosevelt's uncle. There were little signs of this, such as the hiring of Charles Michelson by one radio station which wanted its license extended.

Actually, whatever the fact may be, it has been the common assumption in Washington and in the industry that wave lengths were awarded according to the political influence those seeking them were able to bring to bear.

McNinch, although formerly a politician, has shown no evidence of being swayed by politics in any action since coming to Washington. He is honest beyond question, and punctilious about merit as he sees it. In fact, it is often commented that it is worry about which is the right thing to do that causes his bad spells of nervous indigestion.

Three Plums Less

Just two weeks after taking office McNinch killed three birds with one stone by abolishing the set-up by which the seven-man commission had been divided into three water-tight compartments dealing, respectively, with telegraph, telephone and radio matters, thus nearly removing three juicy political plums from the Washington tree. For when the three divisions cease to function on November 15 there will be no further need, of course, for the services of Robert T. Bartley, A. G. Patterson, and Joseph F. Killeen, the directors of the three divisions. Bartley just happens to be a nephew of Representative Sam Rayburn, house majority leader; Patterson is a close friend of ex-Senator Hugo L. Black (who now has a better job), and Killeen is an old associate of Postmaster-General James A. Farley and of Edward J. Flynn, Democratic leader in the Bronx in New York City.

To analyze the action justly, it should be explained that the reduction in personnel was a secondary result. It is generally acknowledged that the purge victims have performed adequately the rather superficial duties of their respective positions. It is also admitted that the commission's work will probably be carried on without noticeable lag after they leave. The real objective can be read between the lines of McNinch's official statement: ". . . Experience has shown that to subdivide a small commission has a divisive effect and tends away from co-operation and mutual understanding; the assignment of such important work (to division) . . . has resulted in two members of the commission . . . exercising an undesirably large portion of the power and functions of the commission, while denying the other commissioners any practical opportunity to participate in decisions . . . Commissioners not on a particular division have felt a natural reluctance to inquire into the work committed to others . . . The aggregate wisdom and judgment of seven minds is surely greater than any two or three of the seven." In other words, it is harder for seven men to fall into error than for two to do so.

Word About Hard Coal

Most people think of hard coal—anthracite—as rather an expensive luxury. And what with oil and gas heating, occasional coal strikes, etc., as pretty nearly a dying industry.

So it's rather interesting that a study has been made of the situation in northeastern Pennsylvania, with a view to determining how the use of anthracite can be increased in producing electricity! And this in this era of government subsidized water-power, with President Roosevelt's eulogies of Bonneville and Grand Coulee so recently on the front page.

The fact is that anthracite has been used for the production of electricity for some years. It is more economical in that little section of the country where the hard coal is mined. They have become rather efficient in using it under boilers in generating plants, too, being able now to produce a kilowatt hour from a pound and a half of low-grade anthracite. It took twice as much back in 1919.

Another strange thing is that the use of anthracite in power production is virtually the only market for hard coal which has not diminished in the last few years. Actually it has increased slightly. It is now running about two million tons a year.

There are points about this situation, which caused this study and inspire optimism among the hard coal miners, which are interesting in connection with the whole power problem.

As to Freight Rates

For example, freight rates. One of the reasons why so many folks are skeptical about the success of the big western power projects is just that. They figure that the manufacturer who goes to Bonneville to get cheap power is going to run into freight rates. Partly on his raw material, but mostly on shipping his product two thousand odd miles back to where the consumers are.

It's not a new story. Back in the early '20's lots of farmers went broke on irrigated land in western Montana. They raised potatoes and shipped them to Chicago, considerably more than a thousand miles. Potatoes are heavy—for their value. Maybe the railroads ought not to charge so much. But it's a long haul. So one hears a lot about "intermountain freight rates."

Now the fact is, as the bureau of standards will tell you, that there are more uses of fuel in a ton of bituminous coal than in a ton of anthracite. And you can buy a ton of bituminous at the mine mouth cheaper than you can buy a ton of anthracite.

But it is cheaper to use anthracite to produce power than bituminous, if the production occurs in anthracite territory. The answer is freight rates.

Whereas right in the anthracite territory there are all the industries a power salesman could ask, and all the consumers for the products of those industries one could desire.

A Sore Spot

Apprentice training is one of the sore spots in the present business management problem, but there is little prospect of any corrective action. There is plenty of lip service for the idea of doing something—of opening the door to employment in the more lucrative trades to more boys and young men—but union opposition plus lethargy seems too strong for the irritated employers who suffer in times of shortage of skilled employees. Especially as the employers have never put up anything remotely resembling a real fight.

In most skilled trades it is more difficult for a youngster to get aboard the bottom rung of a ladder than it is for him to get into a very exclusive Greek letter fraternity at college.

Once the youngster has been "tapped" for apprentice training, it is fairly simple. Of course he has to put in four years' training before he is recognized as a mechanic, palpably absurd in most trades, and absolutely essential in none. But by the same token he does not have to display any special aptitude or mental ability, or physical dexterity to master something in four years which another boy would be able to do in from six months to a year—or he himself for that matter.

This has been the labor union rule. Recognizing the need for more skilled mechanics and for more young men trained so as to take care of the future, the government stepped into the picture and set up the Federal committee for apprentice training. This body has solemnly stood by the union requirements—four years, frills, Greek letter "tapping" to get started, and all.

Makes It Worse

But along comes another government agency and makes the situation still worse—for the small employer. This is the government employment agency. Here is what has happened again and again in the last few months, when despite the alleged slowing down of business there has been a scarcity of skilled mechanics.

Mr. Big Employer needs 100 skilled mechanics of a certain variety. He informs the government employment agency of this need and tells what he is willing to pay. Whereupon the government agency rounds up the men for him, taking them from anywhere from 10 to 30 small competitors of Mr. Big Employer.

Mr. Big Employer is able to pay more. Mr. Little Employer cannot hold them. Mr. Little Employer does without.

When this situation is pointed out to New Dealers, with the possibility that, if carried on indefinitely, such a course would lead to the gradual elimination of all the little fellows, New Dealers do not seem frightened.

"This practice tends to force wages up to their proper level," they answer. "These little employers you are feeling sorry for are exploiting their workers. They should meet the prevailing wage scale. This would boost the buying power of their communities, and help general prosperity."

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For the Whole Family

Magazine Section of Special Interest to Women and Children Readers

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHY JUMPER THE HARE WAS NOT AFRAID

THE most surprising thing about the meeting of Buster Bear with the other little people of the Green Forest was that he was introduced by Jumper the Hare. Now you know, Jumper the Hare is very, very timid. Everybody knows that. He is so timid that some people say he is afraid of his own shadow. Of course, this isn't true, but it is true that he is very, very timid. So no one could understand how it happened that he dared to introduce Buster Bear. In fact, he didn't seem any more afraid of Buster than were Jimmy Skunk and Prickly Porky the Porcupine. But everyone knows that they are not afraid; Jimmy has a little bag of scent and Prickly Porky has a thousand little spears to make other people, even those a great deal bigger than they are, respect them.

But Jumper the Hare has nothing of the kind. He has nothing with which to win respect save his long legs, and as he uses those to run away with, of course, he never wins respect with them, for you know people who run away are seldom respected. So it was that when Jumper appeared not in the least afraid of Buster Bear and introduced him as a friend, the other little people, most of whom were frightened almost to death, couldn't understand it at all. Peter Rabbit wasn't there at the time, but, of course he heard of it, and it puzzled him more than it did anyone else.

"Why," Said He, "Buster Bear Comes From the Great Woods. Where I Came From."

He is timid himself; is Peter Rabbit, but he isn't as timid as his big cousin Jumper. And yet here was he himself having little cold chills of fright at the very thought of those great claws of Buster Bear, while Jumper was not afraid at all. It was too much for Peter, and the first chance he got he asked Jumper about it.

Jumper smiled. "Why," said he, "Buster Bear comes from the Great Woods where I came from, and I know all about him and he knows all about me. So we are friends."

Peter scratched his head thoughtfully. Somehow he didn't understand any better than before. "Aren't you afraid of those great big, cruel claws?" he asked.

Jumper shook his head. "No," said he. "Why should I be afraid of them?"

"Because they can tear you all to pieces!" yelled Peter promptly.

She Means Business

The butterfly existence is not for this workmanlike student at the University of Nevada in Reno. Genevieve Wines plans to forge ahead in life as a mechanical engineer. She is shown learning the practical side of her business at the anvil.

"But they can't!" cried Jumper happily. "That is just what they can't do, and that is why I am not afraid!"

"I don't see why they can't," persisted Peter.

"Because they can't catch me!" Jumper made a long jump, a very long jump, twice as long a jump as Peter could make, as if to show why those cruel claws could not catch him. Peter began to see what Jumper the Hare meant.

"You mean you are not afraid of Buster Bear because you think Buster cannot catch you; is that it?" asked Peter.

Jumper nodded his head so fast that he made his long ears flop. "That's just it!" said he. "Buster Bear can't catch me. I know it and he knows it, and so he doesn't waste any time trying. Instead we are very good friends. The only things to be afraid of in this world are things you know may hurt you, no matter how sharp you watch out. Now, I am afraid of Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote because they are so sly and swift that I am never sure that I am safe from them. But Buster Bear is not swift enough or sly enough to make me afraid. When you have known Buster as long as I have Aggy will know that he isn't half so terrible as he looks, and that he really can be very nice and no end of fun. I'm not afraid of Buster because I've learned how to keep out of his way, and when you've learned the same thing you won't be afraid either."

Peter looked as if he would like to believe it, but found it a little more than he could quite credit.

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"It seems to be getting to the point where the farmer's vote," says reiterating Rita, "is worth more to him than his crops."

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Chocolate Ever Popular Flavor

Be Sure It Blends Properly With Other Ingredients.

By EDITH M. BARBER

THE Spaniards, when they conquered Mexico, took back to Spain gold and other treasures. Nothing, however, was appreciated so much by the Spanish people as a whole, as the chocolate, which soon became the national drink, as it had been and still is in Mexico. This was accomplished in spite of the fact that chocolate was considered it a wicked luxury, especially when it became the custom to have it brought during long services to church. In commenting upon this custom, Dr. Doran in his "Table Traits" observes: "A cup of good chocolate may indeed afford the drinker strength and patience to undergo a lad sermon.

"To make really good chocolate," says Bridie Sawyers, "one must solve a number of very subtle equations. The roasting of the cocoa bean is an operation so delicate as to require a tact bordering on inspiration." The roasting of the bean is very important whether they are to be used for manufacture of cake, chocolate or cocoa, as the flavor is developed by the roasting process just as it is by roasting coffee.

In this country cocoa is used for the preparation of beverages more often than a chocolate. In the preparation of cocoa powder, a large part of the cocoa butter is removed. The quality of the cocoa bean and the amount of cocoa butter extracted as well as the roasting are all important.

When chocolate is used care must be taken that it is prepared in such a way that it will blend smoothly with the other ingredients of the recipe. For cake and cookies it may be melted over hot—not boiling—water. When it is used with hot milk for pudding or for beverages it may be cut into smaller pieces and melted in the milk. Instead, it may be cooked with a small amount of cold water over direct heat until the mixture is smooth and thick. A cake of chocolate has usually been marked off in squares which weigh one ounce. Recently one of the oldest manufacturers has marked it into half ounce pieces which allows us to measure even more accurately than before. In order to have a smooth beverage when cocoa is used cold water should be added and stirred with the powder over the direct heat until the mixture is smooth and thick after which it may be boiled a moment before the cold milk is added. This method allows us to make cocoa with the use of only one utensil. As soon as the milk begins to steam the mixture should be beaten in order to prevent the scum's forming.

Whipped cream is usually served with both chocolate and cocoa. Instead a marshmallow may be put into each cup before the beverage is poured. This garnish is particularly favored by the children.

Chocolate Delicacy.

½ cup butter
¾ cup powdered sugar
3 eggs
2 squares chocolate, melted
¼ cup dry sifted bread crumbs

Cream the butter with the sugar, add the egg yolks, slightly beaten; the melted chocolate and bread crumbs. Beat the egg whites and fold into the mixture. Grease two shallow cake pans and pour one-third of the batter into each, reserving the rest for the filling. Bake in a slow oven (325 degrees Fahrenheit) twenty minutes. Remove the pans and put together with the reserved filling. Serve garnished with whipped cream.

Chocolate Ice Cream.

2¾ cups milk
3 squares chocolate
¾ cup water
6 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 pint cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Scald milk. Cook chocolate with cold water. Add one cup of milk slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until smooth. Add the remainder of the scalded milk slowly to the slightly beaten egg yolks. Combine the mixtures. Add the sugar and salt and cook in a double boiler over hot water until a custard is formed. Cool. Add cream and vanilla. Freeze, using a mixture of eight parts of ice to one part of salt.

Chocolate Creole Cake.

2 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1½ cups brown sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour with soda and salt. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add chocolate and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk. Add flavoring. Bake in two greased teninch layer pans or three nine-inch layer pans in a moderate oven (325 degrees Fahrenheit) thirty minutes.

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Love, Honor and Obey

Home Heating Hints

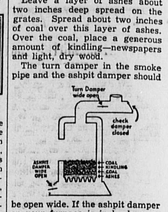
By John Barclay
Heating Expert

Building Furnace Fire Is Easy Operation When You Follow Few Simple Rules

IT'S really no trick to build a good furnace fire quickly and easily.

Leave a layer of ashes about two inches deep spread on the grates. Spread about two inches of coal over this layer of ashes. Over the coal, place a generous amount of kindling—newspapers and light, dry wood.

The turn damper in the smoke pipe and the ashpit damper should



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be open wide. If the ashpit damper on your furnace is in back, open it and also the ashpit door in front. This assures maximum draft and quick ignition.

When the kindling is burning well, add fresh coal gradually. In this way you get a deep fire in little time—the kindling burning the coal beneath it, and the fire, in turn, igniting the coal above it. From time to time, add additional fuel until you have a solid, deep fire. When this is done, check your dampers and close the ashpit door.

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You may feel this way as a result of constipation

Constipation is an enemy of pleasure. It dulls your enjoyment of the best entertainment and the best friends.

To neglect constipation is to invite serious trouble. For your health's sake, take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. You'll soon feel better. Here's a laxative that is purely vegetable, prompt, reliable.

BLACK-DRAUGHT

A GOOD LAXATIVE

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Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE
Use Black Leaf 40 Cap-Brush Applicator, makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO AGAINST THE GRAIN OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS, GO AGAINST THE GRAIN OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

I WAS NEVER SO EMBARRASSED
—FOR I KNEW THAT ACID-INDIGESTION WAS DISTRESSING TO ME AND OFFENSIVE TO OTHERS
BUT NOW—I JUST ALKALIZE THE GUILTY "PHILLIPS" WAY
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BLACK FEATHER

By HAROLD TITUS

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SYNOPSIS

Rodney Shaw, independent trader, arrives in Michilimackinac in 1818, determined to fight the trade monopoly established by the John Jacob Astor company in the Northwest territory. He is met by Conrad Rich, an elderly clerk, Ramsay Crooks, Astor's dominant figure, and Annette Leclerc, local beauty and inspiration to all the traders, especially to Burke Rickman, a ruthless trader who is the instrument of destruction for traders refusing to amalgamate with the Astor company. Rousel, the town bully, insults Shaw, who, upon arrival, knocks him down. Rousel's friends, Basile and Shaw's head oarsman, Basile, and Shaw in return throws Rousel into the water. Ramsay Crooks presents the symbolic black feather to Shaw. Later, at a conference, Shaw scorns Astor's proposal virtually to surrender his independence, announces his readiness to fight the amalgamation, and prepares to depart the following day. At a ball that evening Shaw recognizes Burke Rickman as the Astor agent who had previously robbed him of his partner and his trade, and as a dangerous rival for Annette, with whom he is infatuated. There is an exchange of bitter words. Annette is upset, leaves the ballroom, and chooses Shaw's canoe for the following evening. Basile warns Shaw that Rousel has departed and tells him an old trap awaits him at his tent. Shaw finds Leslie, an old fur-trader, who promises that he will join him and go to the rich Pillager country. Shaw returns to confront Rickman. He shows him a map and an old parchment which he found in the Standing Cloud, Pillager chief. Shaw accepts Rickman's offer. Later, Shaw, the man finds Annette alone and artfully betrays Shaw's intentions to her, pretending boasting of his plans, until Rickman learns of the partnership and the departure for rich unclaimed ground. He follows Shaw to Leslie's camp, and hides within earshot. Shaw finds Leslie very ill, and promises to take Leslie, Giles, and Giles' wife and children. Leslie gives him the map and the Indian stone. After Shaw departs, Leslie dies. Rickman ascertains the old man's death, and plunges a knife into his heart. Shaw, reaching his camp, finds soldiers with a warrant for his arrest on a charge of murdering Leslie. Basile reports to Shaw, in prison, that Rickman embarks the following day, and that Giles is intimidated from telling the truth. Shaw, impatient at the delay, orders Basile to hold all in readiness for the moment he can escape. Annette makes love to Rickman, hoping to delay him.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

But Basile did not see all, heard nothing whatever. He did not observe Rickman's attempt at a final kiss; did not see Annette twist and squirm from his arms; could not hear her one honest word of the entire passage.

One word, a strained, gasped: "Never!"

It was that word that sent Rickman away, so unhappy, if commanding figure.

And so Burke Rickman had a day and a half the advantage, even though events might give Rodney his freedom of movement before another dawn.

Indeed, it seemed until late afternoon that events would so transpire that night would follow. But as the sun began to drop a murk appeared in the west, the wind veered and softened and a thunder head rose above the strait and Rodney's heart picked up its measure.

Basile came, on the pretext that the men were demanding the ballast of their canoe—business and Rodney told him to trust what he remained of the packs.

"The storm will come, master."

"And give me cover for my task! . . . Then the lightning is at its best, launch the canoe. Wait for me on the northern side of the island. I'll try as a great cover."

The storm broke at midnight, a furious lashing of wind and playing of lightning and occasionally of thunder. Tentatively, Rodney touched flie to the bar, and drew its edge slowly across the file, and chosen a rasp was covered by the drum of rain and wind in the trees.

And then began his battle with his prison. Savagely he sawed with the short file, putting all the strength he could bring to bear against the cutting edge. Sinewy as he was, the task was labor.

The first bar went in twain and by a tentative test he knew his strength as great enough to bend it outward . . . But two more bars remained before he could hope to squeeze his broad shoulders through the opening. He sawed madly . . .

The second bar yielded and the edges of the file were dulling. Another thunder shower preceded the lightning became more frequent.

The third bar was sundered and he dropped the file, remember his every muscle. The sentry passed beneath his window, moving slowly on toward the clump of cedars. Rodney gripped the first bar with both hands and leaned against it. Slowly it yielded. The bar protruded at an angle outward.

The guard did not look up. The second bar bent before Rodney's strength, and then the third.

He left his rasp gripped the outside edge of the stone window ledge. He leaped, wrigling himself outward, belly on the sill.

He breathed free air. His head and shoulders were outside the prison. He wriggled frantically. The whitewashed wall of the building spread below him. In another second he would be silhouetted against it for any eye to see.

And the last lightning flare of one spent storm revealed him, hanging there, swinging like a pendulum, ready to drop to the turf below.

"Halt!"

The sentry's shout went through Rodney like a knife stab.

He let go his hold. He dropped, rolling in the wet grass. He was on his feet, crouching, gauging the approach of the soldier whose feet thudded on the path.

Shaw backed a step, gripped the corner of the building, swung around it, and began to run.

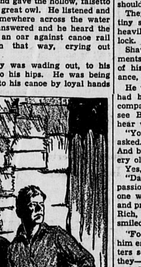
"Halt, or I fire!" the guard cried.

"Fire and be—"

The crash of the musket cut off Rodney's cry of defiance. He felt the breath of the bullet on his cheek and a savage elation swept him. The musket was empty. The sound of the shot would rouse the garrison and the roused garrison would rouse the village. But he was free, plunging into drenched shrubbery. Free, to cover, with a plan before him and all he asked was this meager chance at freedom!

He ran with all the strength in his chest and legs. He gained the shingle of the island's northern beach, standing there alone in the darkness. He fought to still his breath and gave the hollow, falsetto cry of a great owl. He listened and from somewhere across the water it was answered and he heard the thud of an oar against canoe rail and ran that way, crying out again .

Rodney was wading out, to his knees, to his hips. He was being lifted into his canoe by loyal hands



"Halt, or I Fire!" the Guard Cried.

as, streaming water, he began his race. "Brave!" he breathed. "Bravo, my brave children! . . . To oars, now! . . . March!"

Sixteen days, men had said, from Point Iroquois to the St. Louis! Shaw paused as his canoe nosed into the bay which is the mouth of the river. They had silently passed Rickman's brigade encamped on the shore three nights ago. Sixteen days? he taunted. Eight! Eight days from the point of the Iroquois. Your names shall live forever, green in the boastings of the North!

One passes the lair of opposition disdainfully, and Shaw did not even glance at the wide bay of company fort they breasted at sundown, with its flag limp and men staring. They would know, they would tell, but it would be days, yet, before Rickman arrived with intent ears to hear their telling.

On above was the first portage and there camped the canoe maker of whom Leslie had told. The great canoe was abandoned at the native's camp and two smaller craft procured because the other would be unwieldy in the narrow rivers and difficult to transport on the long carries.

These arrangements made, the portage awaited. Nine miles it was; 19 pauses; a winding, twisting trail, up tortuous clay banks, over unyielding rocks, with the forest brushing the grim faces of men who toiled with great diligence over it.

"Up, good children!" Shaw cried, flinging portage collars at them. "Up, Jacques, with your back of an ox. "You will lead!"

Jacques, grinning, twisted thongs ends about a package, shouldered the straps and nestled his forehead against leather. Another package was set on the first and hunched into position; a third, and the man grinned. Two hundred and seventy pounds he bore. But as he swayed forward for the first slow step he was halted by Rodney's cry.

"Un autre, mon enfant!" The smile died and a hurt look came into the fellow's eyes. "Not?" Shaw's question was mock incredulity. "My good Jacques says No?" He stood a moment, shaking his head dolefully "Too great, the burden? Yes? But look. Observe the trader, then! Regard a back untried by the collar!"

He dropped to his knees and adjusted the thongs to a package. He slung it as he rose and gestured them to burden him.

Another, a third . . . "Quatre!" He was bidding them do to him what had made the great Jacques demur. Amazed, they piled his burden higher. "Alors, cinq!" They murmured and burst into laughter and sobered quickly and did his bidding. Five packages? Four hundred and fifty pounds!

"Allez!" he cried and led the way with a grunt of command for them to follow.

He moved bent far forward, right hand on the topmost piece which towered above his shoulders, left arm at a stiff angle for balance. He swayed from side to side; the muscles of his legs bulged and corded against buckskin.

Upward, on and on, reeling as he gained the crest and then, upon level ground, moving steadily, stifling moans. And now he reached the first pause. His packages thudded to the ground, he straightened painfully and turned to watch the approach of his brave but humbled men, some of them with many a gasped Sacre! and Rodney calling a good-natured taunt that one should pick up the fallen first load.

They snored that night beside a tiny stream threading abrupt hills heavily clothed with pine and hemlock.

Shaw frittered no precious moments of the hours, wasted no pound of his men's strength, but assurance, now, rode high in his heart.

He would have been less assured had he been back yonder at the company fort at the river's mouth to see Burke Rickman land and to hear what was told to him.

"You're certain?" Rickman asked. "A tall man? Tall as I? And broad? . . . And with a leathery old devil at the steering oar?"

Yes, that was certain.

"Damn!" said Rickman, without passion, now, but calculatingly, as one who knows he must plan well and promptly. He looked at Conrad Rich, whose eyes were wide, and smiled without mirth.

"Fools!" he muttered. "They let him escape. After I'd arranged matters so he'd never annoy us again. Gone!" He tore off his cap and Conrad started slightly as he sensed the fact that Rickman had betrayed himself and his part in the arrest of Rodney.

Rickman paced the room.

"At Michilimackinac yesterday?" he queried and did not so much as nod at the confirming reply. "Three days ahead . . . Well So we shall show the jackass what it costs to forge ahead in rivers."

And now another company of men yesterday had sought the trader St. Louis. A small company, this: Three men, a single canoe, with only a skillet and blankets and meager provisions.

Rickman's brigade was reforming for the river trade. At this development went out ahead, light-footed if not light-hearted.

Three men, members died in Shaw's camp, three pairs of eyes watched and three pairs of brawny hands flung to alder branches bent the canoe in its vantage point while Shaw slept heavily, storing energy for the morrow.

He had taken precautions, had posted a boatman to watch. But the stream was noisy, the rush and tumble drowned small sounds, such as a man cautiously wading under the canoe.

So the guard could make no sound as a hand clamped over his mouth from behind, and a knife-butt rapped his skull. No, the guard did not know Rodney Shaw, but the thing which one cry from the guard could have prevented did.

He sat up sharply. The sound which had roused him came again, and yet again; a hollow, crunching sound. His men were stirring about the dead fire, indistinct, moving humps, muttering huskily through their sleep.

Once more, that sound, as Shaw leaped to his feet and then came a splashing in the water, a grunt, a muffled exclamation out there in the stream. He was bounding to the water's edge, still bewildered by sleep and a prey of racing misgivings. Now came the sound of paddles, driven deeply and, in answer to his hail, a mocking, taunting laugh.

Rodney just stood there, staring at the gaping holes in the birch skins and the broken ribs of his canoe. It was vast, irreparable damage, done by stoutly wielded axes. The transport lay wrecked, with his only source of replenishment more than a hard day's march behind!

He must retrace the way he had come, wait until canoes could be built, lose all he had gained and more. Well, it was so; no other procedure was open.

CHAPTER V

They did not sleep again. They prepared the goods for a move by land and when the first hint of daylight appeared took up the task.

Upstream and back into the forest, Rodney led them, establishing a camp in a place from which it could not be observed by travelers on the river. There, under heavy guard he would leave his goods while he made his way down to the canoe maker's and awaited the building of a new transport. When the camp was made he led two of his stalwarts under heavy burdens over the way he had come.

Near the end of the journey, which consumed the entire day at forced march, he heard the voices of men in the river far below the heights he traveled.

A canoe had just passed a shallow rapid, half light, and the boatmen had been removed. These goods were largely casks. The casks held alcohol, he knew, each five-gallon container potentially 20 of spirits, as liquor was diluted in the trade.

A wealth of property, there. Enough to ensnare a mighty band of traders.

His heart went down, then; it fell lower than it had on his arrest; lower than the level it had reached when he watched Rickman put off from Michilimackinac.

At dusk he stalked into the canoe maker's camp and told briefly of his need.

The fabrication of one canoe had already been started, but it was a small craft, a two-man craft, with less than half the capacity of the four-fathom canoes used by brigades in river travel. It, however, was the thing to which Rodney turned with shining eyes when the bargain for other work had been driven.

How long would its completion require? he asked.

The Indians chattered, argued, declaimed . . . Three, maybe; four, perhaps . . . Rodney gave the man a cautious gill of spirits to bind the pact.

Cajoled, flattered by Rodney, the entire family worked, master craftsman alertly directing, sitting and digging spruce roots, holding one end in their teeth, stretching the other to strain's length and splitting evenly with knives. The grandmother gathered pitch, the wife more cedar and birch bark.

The men had been sent back to Basile at dawn and, with the next descending sun, the old steersman would be there to listen to the audacious plan Rodney had hatched to meet the emergency confronting him.

But old Basile looked skeptically at the canoe when he arrived.

"So small!" he questioned. "For three men, at the most?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Duels Remain a French Custom; Span Legal Gap, According to an Official

Private dueling in France is still a custom that persists after centuries, and there is a real reason for it, according to Maitre Le Delberg custom of giving the other fellow a scar on his cheek, but really settling a quarrel, affair, says Paris United Press correspondent.

The cause of dueling is a legal gap in the French penal code, unlike in the French legal system, which does not promise to be changed for some time.

In fact, French law is based purely and simply on the protection have right of private property. Honor and personal integrity find no place in it. The law unless an insult or a libel involved a real loss of working time, or private rights. There is no serious libel law in France—the result is the institution of dueling.

Moreover, dueling has its own private legal code. Persons who have a quarrel don't just go out into the woods at dawn and shoot at each other as is popularly believed. As a matter of fact, nine out of ten cases of insult or libel which are on the way of being settled by duels are settled before the opponents ever choose their weapons.

What happens is this: A man is insulted in public through an article which libels him, a slap in the face, or violation of the sanctity of the home. These are the most serious crimes to a Frenchman, who has pride, the things which will ruin his reputation most.

There are, of course, other libels which can lead to dueling. If a man were to bring a case of this sort to court he would receive perhaps 50 francs damages, rarely more, and the trial actually would make him more of a laughing stock than ever. So he resorts to the time-honored custom of issuing a challenge.

Basilisk Is a Lizard

The basilisk is a lizard of tropical climates. It is so named on account of a fancied resemblance to the basilisk of ancient fable. It is about 2½ feet long and greenish brown in color. The head, back and tail have serrated crests.

Historic Hoaxes

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

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"Two Famous Scientists"

THE World's Fundamentalist conference was meeting in Toronto, Canada. One of the speakers, a certain Doctor Brown, had defended the story of Jonah and the whale against the doubters who refused to take that familiar Bible story literally. So he was delighted when he received a letter from the city editor of the Toronto Mail and Empire which seemed to back up his belief.

The next evening Doctor Brown read to the 3,000 delegates to the conference the letter which described how two well-known German scientists, Herr Doktor Butterbod and Herr Doktor Smeskaze, while delving in some ruins near Nineveh, had found the skeleton of what they believed was a whale. It had a sort of muscle arrangement working a trap door which gave access to the stomach. This, the scientists declared, proved conclusively that it would have been scientifically possible for Jonah to live contentedly for three days inside the whale.

The delegates cheered the reading of this letter and Doctor Brown was well pleased. But he wasn't so pleased the next day. Newspaper men came to interview him to get more particulars on the story. He was puzzled to learn that the two Germans were men of international reputation.

Then the Mail and Empire came out with a story which announced that the names of the two eminent scientists might be otherwise translated as "Doctor Bread and Butter" and "Doctor Cheese" and that the letter was a hoax planted in its offices. It did not reveal where it had secured the manuscript and it was not until several years later that the author of it was revealed as one of its reporters named Charles Langton Clarke, who had written the story for his own amusement many months before the Fundamentalists met in Toronto.

An Ancient Stone

IN THE year 1875 the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Argus reported that a hunter in the Catskills had made a "discovery which was of extraordinary antiquarian interest." While resting on a grassy hillside he glanced idly at a boulder and then rubbed his eyes in astonishment. On it were plainly engraved these words:

1643
TH-ISS-TO-NEWA-SPUTH-ER-KEO-TAUL-EE-OSCHAT-CH-THE-IR-BA-CKSON
S.B.AN-TH-ON-IE

In what language was this inscription written? Was it carved there by some survivor of a lost race? Was it a tribal tomb? Was the key to buried treasure? No one knew, but for days everyone was talking about it and guessing as to its meaning.

And then somebody had the bright idea of writing the syllables down and leaving out the dashes between them. In a moment the translation became clear. It was:

"This stone was put here for cattle to scratch their backs on. S. B. Anthonie."

Who was S. B. Anthonie, the author of the hoax? No one ever knew. Why the date "1643"? Probably just a whim of the playful Mr. Anthonie, put there to lead its "discoverer" to believe that he had found something of "extraordinary antiquarian interest"!

International April Foolishness

IF WE Americans think that the best April Fool jokes are "made in America" we need to think again. For the nations of eastern and central Europe have had longer years of practice at it than we have and newspaper readers in those countries expect to fool on April 1 to read in their journals fantastic news items which are believable enough to fool all except the most sophisticated.

Several years ago a Polish newspaper published a photograph of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, just as it day it was built. Over it was the startling headline "Straightened by Order of Il Duce." Such was the reputation of Mussolini for "getting things done," that many readers believed he had indeed had the Tower of Pisa restored to its original position.

One Warsaw paper carried a phot