

CURRENT FICTION

Business Unknown

By KARL GRAYSON

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"THINGS of an exciting nature happened so seldom in Woodville that once anything unusual occurred, folks became all agog talking about it," began Ned Martin.

"It was like that when Selden Ford took up residence at the Woodville hotel. Folks whose curiosity got the best of them learned that Mr. Ford's home was in Boston and that he'd come to Woodville for a purpose—and they didn't learn any more.

"We looked upon well-dressed strangers who could live at hotels, spend money freely and never lift a finger to do a lick of work, with a certain amount of skepticism. Men like that weren't part of our world. There was only one answer to the question that arose in our minds: Selden Ford was a shady character."

Ned Haines, who owned and operated Woodville's drugstore, was perhaps disturbed by the mystery that hung about the stranger more than anyone else. Young Mr. Ford spent a good deal of time in Ned's store, seeming to enjoy the musty smell of the place. And not once did he enter and spend any length of time but what Ned craftily brought the conversation into personal channels in the hopes of putting something over on the rest of us by learning the stranger's mission in Woodville.

"It was about three weeks after Mr. Ford's advent that a group of us dropped into Ned's store one night for the usual evening chat," Ned went on. "We found the little man in a high state of excitement; knew at once that something of an unusual and satisfying na-



Curious, he paused and peered in the window.

ture had happened. Expectantly we sat down and waited, while Ned carefully closed the front door, surreptitiously glanced about the store as if he suspected eavesdroppers might be lurking behind the counters, and came over and beckoned us into a confidential group.

"Boys," he said in a hoarse whisper, "Mr. Ford is an escaped criminal! He's a fugitive from justice!" We looked at each other doubtfully, and Silas Judkins said impatiently, "Well, come on, tell us about it. What makes you think so?"

"Ned wet his lips and looked triumphantly from one face to the other. 'Yesterday,' he went on, 'Mr. Ford was in the store near all afternoon. About four o'clock I went in back to put up a prescription. Five minutes later when I come out, there was Mr. Ford behind the counter examining the bottles on the shelves. At sight of me he grinned guiltily and asked if I carried a certain line of medicine.'

"'Heck!' Silas Judkins exploded. 'Lookin' at a bottle don't make a guy a criminal.'

"Annoyed, Ned glanced at the speaker. 'Don't it, though!' he cried. 'Don't it, though! Well, that's because you ain't got no power of deduction, Silas Judkins! Just put two an' two together, like I do. Figure it out. He must be up here for a purpose, an' that purpose he's keepin' to himself. An' where is there a better place for a man to hide where tryin' to escape the law? Where better? Yes sir, the man's a criminal!'

"Ned was so positive in his conviction that with the exception of Silas Judkins we were inclined to look upon his accusation with a feeling of half belief.

"However, two days after that something happened to substantiate Ned Haines' deductions. Dave Strong, returning home late, noticed in passing by the drugstore that someone was inside. Curious, he paused and peered in the window. The drugstore had long since been closed and locked for the night, and at sight of Selden Ford emerging from behind the counter, Dave let out a whoop and started down the street toward Constable Peck's house. For at the moment Dave had pressed his face against the window Mr. Ford had shouted something unintelligible and started toward the door.

"By the time Constable Peck had pinned on his official badge and reached the scene of action, Mr. Ford had departed. The glass in the front door had been broken, giving evidence to the manner in which he had escaped.

"Constable Peck immediately went to the fire house and began

tolling the bell, which is his way of letting townsfolk know that he is calling for a volunteer posse.

"By this time a goodly crowd had gathered before the drugstore. It was Silas Judkins who remembered that Mr. Ford had been in the store that evening, had about nine o'clock entered the public telephone booth and—by jingo—he didn't remember that the jigger had come out. Which cleared up the mystery of how Mr. Ford had gained entrance to the store.

"Constable Peck succeeded in organizing a posse and was on the point of leading it somewhere (presumably on the trail of the fleeing Mr. Ford) when the roar of an automobile was heard and a moment later the headlights of it appeared and drew rapidly near. The astonished villagers stood in a huddled group near the drugstore door and watched, horrified, as the car came tearing down Main street at breakneck speed, swerved to avoid crashing into the horse trough in the square, careened, righted itself, skidded toward the curb and presently smashed with a great roaring and splintering sound into a wooden fence.

"And before the alarmed posse could gather its wits another car appeared, charging down the street with equal speed. Fortunately however, the second car's driver seemed to know the lay of the land. The car stopped with a great squealing of brakes near the shattered fence, and from it there tumbled eight men, armed with rifles.

"Woodville could never remember such an exciting evening. After a moment there came from behind the ruined fence four men with hands uplifted, and in back of the four strode the armed eight, rifles held ready. Up the street they marched, stopping in front of the drugstore. One of the eight detached himself from the group and approached Constable Peck.

"'Evening, Mr. Peck,' he said, 'mind lending us your jail for the rest of the night? These here jiggers are dope smugglers from Canada. We anticipated their run tonight and were fortunate enough to make a capture.'

"Constable Peck stared and gulped. For the speaker was Selden Ford.

"Yes, Selden Ford was a government agent, had been one of many posted along the line the smugglers followed in their running from Canada. Early that evening he had received word of the trap, and had to relay his message. Selden has a keen sense of humor and has never mentioned to Ned Haines that he suspects the storekeeper of knowing he, Selden, was in the telephone booth that night—knew it, and locked him in, hoping that someone might see him there, which would substantiate Ned's positive statement that the stranger was a criminal!"

Odd Custom of Shaving Head Exists in Algiers

If you spend a little time in Algiers, the capital of Algeria, you may watch a man make a suit of clothes for you. It is simple to do. You give the order to a tailor and let him measure you. Then you look in at his shop from time to time. The shop is open to the street, so you can watch the tailor work on your clothes.

Many other shops are open in Algiers. It is quite the custom for merchants to show their wares to the public with no glass between.

One street in Algiers is known as the "Street of the Devil." Balconies stretch out and cover narrow parts of it, and going along it is almost like making your way through a tunnel.

Shoemakers have open-front shops along the streets, and so do carpenters and jewelers. The jewelers sometimes work with animal horns, cutting and polishing them to make ornaments.

The Arabs and Moors in Algiers wear long robes of white woolen cloth. There also are Berbers who have their own style of costume. An odd custom among Berber boys and men is to have the head shaved except for a ridge of hair left in the center, from front to back.

Here and there we may see a merchant reading the Koran in his shop instead of tending to business. The Koran is the holy book of the Mohammedans, and most of the people of Algeria are members of that faith.

Some women in Algiers keep to the old custom of wearing veils over their faces. They cover their heads and shoulders with white capes, and wear bulging trousers. When I say "bulging," I really mean it. We are told that sometimes 14 yards of cloth are used up in making one pair of the trousers!

Other women in Algiers do not hide their faces in any way. Among these are young women from the Uled Nail tribe. Coming from a distance of many miles, they reach the big city and set about making their fortune. They are clever at singing and dancing, and in payment for their work they are given coins. Living on as little money as possible, they make necklaces and other ornaments from coins.

Birthday Party for Sis

Birthday parties given by modern young misses call for a great deal of planning as well as diplomacy. For little ladies of eight can be just as temperamental and jealous as movie stars. Games should be scheduled as precisely as a railroad time table, and refreshments planned down to the last cookie.

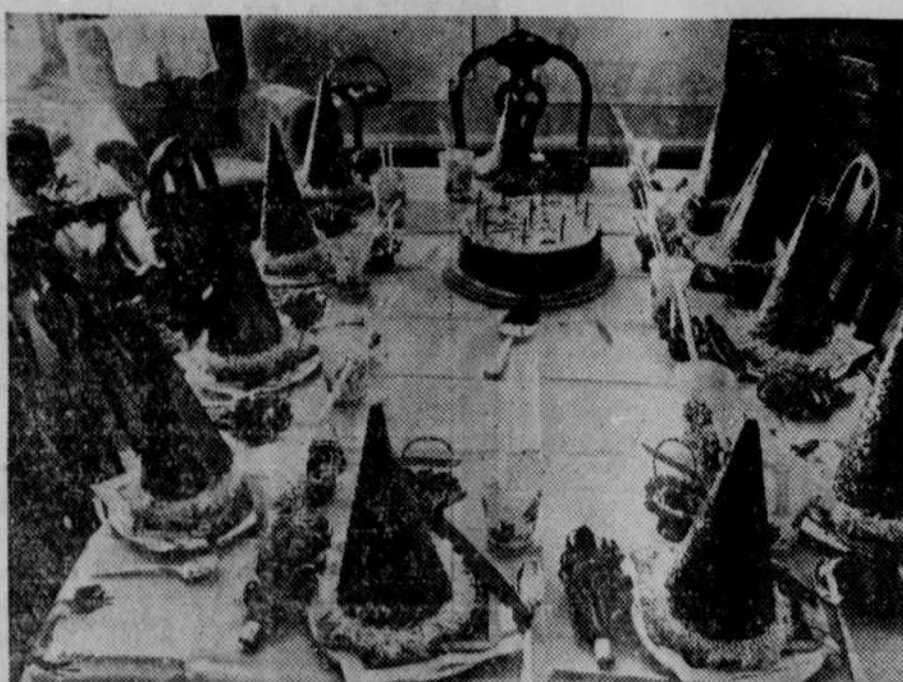
Right: Dorothy Edith Sasse, eight, whose dad took the pictorial record of this affair, welcomes the arriving guests.



FLOOR SHOW . . . Virginia Smith, a talented youngster, is holding the floor here with a recitation.



MAIN EVENT . . . One of the games children go for most is the ancient one of pinning the tail on the donkey.



STAGE SET . . . Arrangement of the banquet table calls for an understanding of the psychology of ladies of eight. All hats and favors are exactly alike to avoid loads of trouble.



"BIG BLOW" . . . Dorothy Edith is giving the big huff and puff here to blow out the candles on her cake.



Historical Highlights

by Elma Scott Watson

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Yellow Wolf, Indian Patriot
SIX years ago there died on the Colville Indian reservation in Washington a patriot of a lost cause. You may never have heard of him, for his name was Hemene Moxmox which, translated into the white man's language, means "Yellow Wolf."

An Indian "a patriot of a lost cause"? Yes! For Yellow Wolf was as truly a patriot as was any ragged Continental who plodded through the snows of Valley Forge, and the "lost cause" in which he served was that of his people, the Nez Perces, who, some 60 years ago, were fighting against injustice in the face of overwhelming odds.

The story of that struggle is not an unfamiliar one, and there is no brighter page in military annals than that which tells of the mastery skill with which Chief Joseph led his people on their retreat from the banks of the Clearwater river in Idaho to the Bear Paw mountains in Montana between June and October of 1877. Yellow Wolf shares in the glory of that achievement, for he was a cousin of Chief Joseph and one of his chief lieutenants in that epic march.

But interesting though Yellow Wolf may be, as the "last great Nez Perce warrior," he is a more important figure in history than that characterization indicates. He not only helped make history but he helped write about it later. Thirty-



Taking down Yellow Wolf's Story—(Left to right) Thomas Hart, interpreter; Yellow Wolf; L. McWhorter.

three years ago he began telling the story of his life to a frontier historian, L. McWhorter, of Yakima, Wash. The tale was complete before his life ended and recently it was published in book form by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho.

There have been many accounts of the Nez Perce war but virtually all of them have been written from the viewpoint of the white man.

"Yellow Wolf: His Own Story" gives, for the first time, a complete account of that tragedy as seen by one of its victims. It tells how the Nez Perces were defrauded of their ancestral homes by land-hungry white settlers and how Gen. O. O. Howard, acting upon orders from Washington, "showed the rifle" and precipitated the crisis which Chief Joseph had tried to avert.

Then the Nez Perce chief, burdened with the women and children of his tribe, began his flight over some of the roughest country on the North American continent. Repeatedly attacked, he either beat off his assailants or outmaneuvered them in a way which won the admiration of the army officers sent against him. Then with his haven of refuge across the Canadian border almost in sight, he paused to let his weary people rest. Attacked in the Bear Paw mountains by Col. Nelson A. Miles, who was later joined by Howard's pursuing column, the fugitives were forced to surrender.

In the light of Yellow Wolf's story the history of that campaign must be rewritten. For instance, it shows that Chief Joseph's fighting force was only a fraction of the number of warriors which his opponents said he had, and that fact adds to the glory of his achievement. It shows that, on the whole, the Nez Perces were more humane toward non-combatants than some of their white opponents were. For Chief Joseph's treatment of the tourists whom he captured while passing through the Yellowstone park region is in marked contrast to the unnecessary killing of Indian women and children in several of the attacks on Chief Joseph's camps. And there are other examples which show that a victor's version of his conquest is not necessarily the true one.

Has this warrior, speaking for the vanquished, "talked with a straight tongue"? Any impartial student of Indian history, after reading his book, can not help believing that he has. And that is why the publication of "Yellow Wolf: His Own Story" is an "historical highlight" of the past year!

Some of Chief Joseph's warriors escaped to Canada, among them Yellow Wolf, who lived for nearly a year among Sitting Bull's Sioux before returning to the United States. Then he was taken to Indian Territory where Chief Joseph and his people, in violation of the terms of their surrender, had been sent. In 1885 they were settled on the Colville reservation in Washington and there Chief Joseph died in 1904. Thirty-one years later, on August 21, 1935, Yellow Wolf joined his chief in Ahkunkeneekoo (Land Above).

THINGS for You TO MAKE



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Household Hints

Matches should be kept in non-inflammable containers where children cannot reach them.

One reason jelly is tough is because too little sugar is used; another is overcooking.

Meals with plenty of color are not only more interesting, but are invariably better balanced than colorless meals.

Proper drainage should be provided under concrete floors and porches, and around wall footings and foundation walls.

One teaspoon of dissolved gelatin added to one-half pint of whipped cream will make the cream stiffer when whipped.

It takes less time, fewer hours of labor and, therefore, costs less to roof a house with strip shingles than with individual shingles.



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I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it wholly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

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