

U. S. Crude Oil Production Cut

Daily Average Falls Off 800 Barrels During Week Ending August 18.

New York, Aug. 23.—The daily average gross crude oil production of the United States decreased 800 barrels, week ended August 18, totaling 2,250,450 barrels, according to the American Petroleum Institute. The daily average production east of the Rocky mountains was 1,378,450 barrels, a decrease of 800. California production was 872,000 barrels, the same as the previous week.

Oklahoma showed a daily average gross production of 451,600 barrels, decrease of 10,250; Kansas, 79,400, decrease 200; north Texas, 72,800, decrease 150; central Texas, 221,600, decrease 2,050; north Louisiana, 61,200, decrease 250; Wyoming and Montana, 150,200, decrease 100; Arkansas, 128,200, increase 11,900; gulf coast, 100,450, increase 300; eastern, 113,000, unchanged.

Daily average imports were 187,000 barrels, compared with 248,000 for the previous week. Daily average receipts of California oil at Atlantic and gulf coast ports were 213,000 barrels, compared with 195,714 for the previous week.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

A bluff will sometimes carry through when there is nothing else to do. —Johnny Chuck.

The Young Chuck Bluffs Successfully.

The eyes of Black Pussy the Cat disappeared from the hole through which the young chuck had got under Farmer Brown's barn. The young chuck waited a long time, but those eyes did not reappear. He decided that Black Pussy had gone away. He made up his mind that he, too, would go away. He didn't like that dark, dirty place. He wanted to be where he could sit in the warm, clean sunshine. He started toward that hole.

"Has that cat gone?" asked a squeaky voice from somewhere in the darkness behind him, and there was fear in the very tone of that voice.

The young chuck made no reply. He knew it was Robber the Rat who had spoken, and his lips curled scornfully. He poked his head out of the hole. Black Pussy was nowhere in sight. Neither was the big rooster who had chased him under the barn. He crawled out. My, how clean and sweet and fresh the air seemed! And how wonderful was the sunshine! The young chuck drew a long breath. Then he started around the corner of Farmer Brown's barn. When he turned the corner he came face to face with Black Pussy.

Was the young chuck scared? He was so scared he became cold all

over. Black Pussy looked like a giant to him. There was no chance to run. There was no place to run to. Black Pussy crouched as if to spring. Her tail switched with eagerness. Her eyes fairly glared. It looked to the young chuck as if this was to be the end of all his adventures.

But though he was so badly scared, and though he was sure that Black Pussy would kill him, he didn't intend to give up without fighting. With his back against the barn, he faced Black Pussy and every hair on him stood on end. He drew back his lips so as to show all his sharp teeth and he snarled and growled. Once he had heard his father, Johnny Chuck, snarl and growl, and now he did these things as nearly like his father as he could.

Black Pussy hesitated. The young chuck snarled and growled harder than ever and clashed his teeth. He saw a look of doubt grow in Black



Presently Black Pussy backed away a little further.

Pussy's eyes. He even made a short rush toward her, and Black Pussy backed away. The young chuck worked himself into a greater rage. He was very much smaller than Black Pussy, but he looked a great deal bigger than he was. And he certainly did look fierce.

Black Pussy growled, but the young chuck growled louder. Presently Black Pussy backed away a little further. In a few moments she turned and walked away. She pretended that she had nothing of interest to her there. The young chuck continued to growl and snarl and clash his teeth. Pussy finally disappeared. Then the young chuck knew that he had nothing more to fear from her.

It almost made him laugh. He had frightened Black Pussy when all the time he himself had been frightened half to death. He had pretended to be fierce and dangerous, and pretense of this kind is what is called bluff. He had bluffed Black Pussy.

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