

MANCHOUKUO SORE SPOT FOR JAPANESE

Conquerors' Foes Not Yet
Subdued, Sabotage Piles
Up Huge Losses.

By J. D. WHITE
HSINKING, Manchoukuo, Aug. 17.—(AP)—The Japanese army after seven years in Manchoukuo still is beset by a host of enemies, a compilation of recent incidents of supposed sabotage indicated today.

Japanese army officers admit Chinese irregular units remain active in the country in which Japan established a protectorate after wresting it from China. They say the irregulars are communists.

The unofficial compilation of mysterious disasters in industry pointed to a different type of enemy working from within.

Japanese here admitted their fire insurance rates have been tripled in a year because of fires and explosions extending from Taitshar, near the northeast border, to Dalren on the south.

The Taitshar power plant was destroyed twice by fires. Officials put damage at 500,000 yen (the Japanese yen is worth a fraction over 28 cents), but unofficial estimates were 2,500,000 yen. Saboteurs of a "certain foreign power" were blamed.

Last November all telephone and telegraph communications from Hsinking south were cut for three days, the only official explanation being that children at play dug up the cables, buried several feet underground.

Mukden Suffers Most
Mukden has been hit hardest. The first aviation assembly plant burned last March, with at least 30 and possibly 100 planes destroyed, among them some of late Italian design.

In June fire destroyed the military food and clothing depot near Mukden and damage was put at 1,250,000 yen. A nearby gasoline installation narrowly missed being burned.

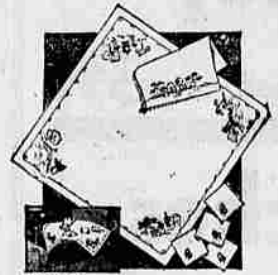
Four huge explosions rocked Mukden in late July. Powder stores of the east arsenal were destroyed. Damage unofficially was put at 2,500,000 yen.

Naval oil stores at Dalren burned for ten days in March. The military goods depot there was destroyed in June.

The military supply depot at Chinchow burned in May, with a 500,000-yen loss.

In Novi Sad, Yugoslavia, you are not permitted to look into the mouth of the horse you're thinking of buying, under penalty of a heavy fine. The law has helped to curb the spread of stock diseases in that country.

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"Oh, you wanta PAY a bill! Well, I'll have to ask the manager—we've never handled a transaction like this before."

CANDIDATE HOLDS "ROADSIDE CHATS"



Instead of "fireside chats," Charles A. Sprague, republican candidate for governor, is holding "roadside chats" during the summer months. Here he is shown visiting with C. M. Wessert, Lane county farmer, whom he found in his dairy barn. Sprague is taking his campaign to the "grass-roots," meeting with voters in all walks of life, and doing more listening than speech-making at this stage of the campaign. He expects to visit all parts of the state during the summer, prior to opening the fall campaign.

BOTULISM TAKES TOLL OF WILD FOWL

LAKEVIEW, Aug. 17.—(AP)—

State police and the U. S. biological survey, aided by sportsmen, worked frantically today to organize a posse of 100 men to save the lives of 10,000 ducks and geese stricken apparently with botulism on the shores of Goose lake.

A truck was being rushed here from Klamath Falls to transport the birds there for treatment.

C. J. Matichild, refuge manager of the Tulake migratory waterfowl reserve, estimated that 5,000 ducks were already dead. He said

the cause apparently lay in the fact that the lake has been dry for years and the recent inundation of the lake bed has rotted vegetation which is not of the water variety. The ducks and geese become paralyzed after feeding.

Seal skin coats worn by the women of today are furnished by "bachelors." Soiling restrictions limit the annual slaughter to be made only among the immature males, known as "bachelors."

A penguin will continue to sit on its egg during a blizzard, until snow covers all but its beak and eyes.

LOVE ON THE RANGE

By Nelson C. Pitt

The Story So Far
Trouble is brewing on the Rafter 7. Quickfire "Blur" Ankrom, under the name of Abe Streeter, takes a job on the ranch to help lovely Lee Trone. He has a run-in with the range boss, Mose Hackett and meets Ratchford, the sheriff, and Claydell, a neighboring rancher. Colonel Struthers and his daughter Betty arrive for a visit, and Ankrom recognizes Struthers as Kelton Dreen, cousin of the man he killed to avenge his father's death.

Chapter 11 Licking Flame

Ankrom threw away his cigarette and yawned. "You boys goin' to the dance in Poco Pinto?"

"Might—if they hev good likker."

His partner granted, "I don't like that town. Too crowded an' too partial tuh dudes. I got in a fight ev' time I get within gun-shot of the place!"

Ratchford's lips moved faintly sardonically, in the gloom. One of the punchers said, "Either of you two gents wanta sit in on a game of stud?"

Ankrom shook his head. Ratchford said, "Not me, fella. I've played cards with you before."

The two men got up and tramped inside. A moment later Ankrom heard the scraping of a match. A flicker of light came through the window; grew steady and brightened. He heard the men dragging chairs and, a little later, the flap of cards.

"Funny Trone never wired any of these buildings but the ranch-house an' stable."

"Yeah. Where does he get his juice?" Ankrom asked.

"He sent to El Paso for a generator an' some other doo-hickies couple years back. Said he might's well keep up to date. I reckon it was Lee put the idea in his head. I'd just about cut him off when that girl an' she for him," Ratchford sighed. "They're pretty close, them two."

"Seen Trone yet?"

"No," the sheriff answered. "Reckon it's about time I sauntered over to the house an' had my talk. I been hopin' them friends of his would drift in to bed. I'd prefer to see the Ol' Man alone."

"You'll have a long wait if you're waitin' for them to go to bed. City folks sit up all night. They go to bed with the owls," Ankrom said. "Do you think there's anythin' in this rustling talk?"

Ratchford fingered his chin. "Don't seem to be any other outfit's losin' critters. They might be keepin' it to themselves, of course. Again, there might really be some stealin' going on an' Trone be the only gent that's gettin' hit." With a grunt he rose to his feet, peered down at Ankrom. "You heard what that puncher said."

The sound of voices came to Ankrom from the card players. Now that Ratchford was standing, radiance from the lamp illumined his face. Weariness was written there; in the creases of the frowls, in the maze of criss-crossed lines about the eyes. His gaze was melancholy, brooding. "You see, it all ties up with that damn gab that's going round 'bout me bein' out to break the Rafter T."

"Well, there would seem to be some substance for the rumor," Ankrom murmured gently. "Yeah—the sheriff stiffened. "Yeah—that's why I'd like to get my hands around the neck of the gent that's backin' it. Because my ol' man an' Trone burnt gunpowder years ago folks are willin' to swallow any kind of hog-wash that tends to picture me lookin' for revenge. Damn 'em! I believe in lettin' sleepin' dogs sleep!"

Sense Of Evil
Ankrom watched the sheriff strike out across the yard to where lights revealed the uncur-

tained windows of the ranch-house. As he watched Ratchford's broad back, sharp and black against those lights, conflicting thoughts struggled to adjust themselves upon his mind.

There was much about this sheriff he did not understand, he told himself. A vital, magnetic figure, there was yet something about about him, some latent force, some indefinable sense of evil that made a man hesitate to trust him far or to put faith in his words.

Just why this was, Ankrom could not say. But the feeling lingered. He could not shake it. Some way, big and magnetic as he was, Tom Ratchford measured short in Ankrom's estimation.

He wondered if Ratchford had been trying to talk him into something; if Ratchford in springing Bandera's name had hoped to take him by surprise. How much did this sheriff suspect? How much did he know? Did he really connect Abe Streeter with Arizona smokeroo, Blur Ankrom? Or was he—?

"Shucks," Ankrom muttered. "Looks like I'm tryin' to develop a case of nerves."

Then he chuckled softly as he recalled the sheriff's statement that Bandera was lined up against the Trones. That would mean that Bandera either was in the country now or would shortly be coming in. It had been well over a year since his and Bandera's trails had crossed. In old Nogales it had happened. He remembered the circumstances well. He had taken malicious pleasure that night in upsetting a little deal the Mexican

had been striving to bring off. An amusing case of "bitter-bit" he'd made it, leaving Bandera seething with fury, swearing revenge by every saint in the calendar.

With another chuckle Ankrom rose to his feet, lounged against the shadowed wall while he fished the makings from his pocket and rolled a cigarette. He would have a final smoke, and then go hunt his bunk. His left hand rolled the quiver while his right sought the match and his hat, procured a match and struck it. The bursting flame illumined his face and brought out the sharp angles of it.

Even as the match burnt into flame, another flame licked out from the shadows beneath an ancient pepper tree thirty yards away. The cigarette ripped from Ankrom's mouth, so close had been the miss. A report smashed loudly on the stillness, flattened out across the yard, beat up against the buildings. And on its heels another, even as Ankrom whirled, his hand streaking to the waistband of his trousers. A blur of motion stirred the shadows beneath the foliage; something dropped heavily in the dust.

With gun held ready in his hand Ankrom sprang forward. He jerked to a stop before the tree as a vague white figure snapped up from the ground to confront him. It was the figure of a girl.

"Duck Out Of This!"

"Who—who are you?"

"Abe Streeter, ma'am. Was that you doing that shootin'?"

"No—yes! No! No, of course not!"

Despite the agitation in her voice Ankrom realized that this was not Lee Trone. Therefore, he reasoned it must be the golden-haired creature posing as Betty Struthers. What was she doing here? What was that thing in her hand? An-

krom leaned closer and saw that it was a pistol; he saw also that with her other hand the girl was pressing something to her breast—something that looked like folded papers.

"What are you doing here?" he whispered. "What have you got in your hands?"

She drew back. The hand with the papers disappeared inside the neckline of her dress and came out empty. Ankrom heard the sound of running footsteps. People would soon be upon them, hurling questions.

"Duck out of this," he said. "I'll see you later."

She peered at him strangely. Then suddenly she turned and ran.

A man came pounding up, morrow.

grabbed Ankrom by the arm. "What's goin' on?" he growled. "What was all that shootin'?" Before Ankrom could answer, the man turned his head, bellowed across his shoulder: "Get a lantern, somebody! We got to have a light here!"

Ankrom saw one of the running figures whirl and retrace its steps. The others came on and grouped themselves about Ankrom and the burly man who held him. A hand felt down his wrist and closed upon the barrel of his gun. "I'll take this," the heavy voice said. Ankrom, recognizing now the sheriff in the man who held him, relinquished his weapon.

Ratchford swings into action, to—

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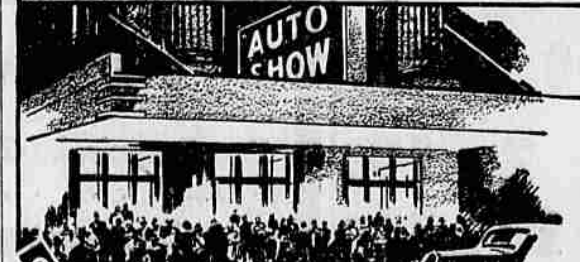
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