

Democrat Watchman

Belleville, Pa., November 21, 1930.

ONLY TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

There are two kind of people on earth today (Just two kinds—no more I say.) Not the saint or sinner, for 'tis well understood, The good are half bad and the bad are half good; Not the rich nor the poor, for to count the man's wealth You must first know the state of his conscience and health; Not the happy or sad, for the fly-ings years Bring to each man his laugh and to each man his tears. No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean Are the people who lift and the people who lean. And where'er you go you'll find the world's masses Are always divided into just these two classes. And, oddly enough, you'll find too, I ween, There's only one lifter to twenty who lean! In which class are you? Are you easing the load Of over-taxed lifters who toll down the road? Or are you a leaner, who makes others bear Your part of the labor, and worry and care.

The Echo.

THE MADNESS OF RED BUCK.

From where Pete Ambridge sat, he could look down upon a vast stretch of tumbled, hilly, lake-dotted country. Long lines of spruce and hemlock drew across his vision like a somber-coated army. Reaches of pinky-olive swamp and flashy patches of birch and maple and sycamore, all warm browns, pale yellows, and brilliant reds. The lakes, pearl gray or steel blue; the dun-colored meadows threaded with wild asters. And beyond, the ragged flat masses of the mountains, faintly lavender in the smoky haze of autumn.

But to his pastoral, filled with a palpable, drowsy peace, and sturdily beautiful, Pete gave a little head. Ladies Pete's age usually do. His clothing was of rusty gray, faded and patched, that blended cunningly with the tree trunk on which he sat. From beneath an old felt hat his eyes swept the landscape with a cold scrutiny. Across his knees lay a rifle. He seemed a sinister note in an otherwise sweet and peaceful scene. Had the quarry lay in wait for appeared, this story would never have been written. Pete was an excellent shot. And it needed but a single look into his resolute face to convince one that he had a definite and deadly purpose as he sat so quietly upon a deadfall overlooking Deacon Bell's pasture.

For months Pete had been studying the habits of a lordly buck that ranged over this tumbled, pleasant country, where a few scattered, lonely, outlying farms were at silent grips with the frontier wilderness. This buck, famous on his own range miles to the eastward, had been driven out by an overactivity of the hunters. But, thus far no one in Pete's neighborhood had paid this arrogant newcomer the slightest attention. Pete's garden was the only one the buck had visited with any consistency. Pete knew the reason, for that, too. Of all the backwoods, farmers, Pete's Uncle Seth was the only one who kept no dog. Unmolested, the big buck had taken toll of a bean patch and turnip bed. Long before Pete had laid eyes upon the buck, he knew from his footprints in the soft loam of the garden that he was a big fellow. If he possessed a cunning to match his size, and he did if rumor was correct—his taking would tax Pete's woodcraft to the utmost. Not that Pete was a particularly bloodthirsty chap; he had only a normal quantity of the hunting instinct. But the big buck interested him. From the meager reports that filtered in from time to time, he felt sure that this was the same famous buck that had evaded the hunters east of them. So he had taken to prowling in the hardwoods late in the afternoons for a look at this bold and crafty stranger. But the leafy coverts where he hid himself yielded nothing save foraging raccoons and an occasional fox.

Then one crisp evening, when he was passing by Deacon Bell's pasture, he saw a tall red buck leap gracefully over the high snake fence. Pete had stood motionless, watching this newcomer. He was apparently on very good terms with the cattle. They paid him no heed aside from a casual glance, as he fell to cropping the short, sweet grass of the stump-dotted pasture. For a good fifteen minutes, this antlered brother fed industriously. Then he threw up his head suddenly. He gave a snort and went bounding across the pasture; cleared the fence in a great soaring leap and disappeared in the woods beyond. Pete was sure no scent of himself had reached the buck. It was a windless evening. What had caused him to leave so suddenly? The whim of the moment, probably. No group of the wild kindred is more subject to vagaries than the deer. Curiosity, furtiveness, and whim seem to be the outstanding qualities of these slim-legged ruminants.

Pete's next view of him had been granted that very morning. It was a short and fleeting one from the rear. Pete had risen at daybreak and had come out to find his neatly shocked popcorn scattered all over the field. The buck heard him, and faded swiftly from the scene. In fact, his antlers and white-lined tail were about all Pete caught sight of. But the evidence of his visit was convincingly plentiful. The shocks were strewn about and torn

to ribbons. Here and there, an ear of popcorn was pounded into the earth. For a moment or so Pete was puzzled. Then, he remembered that it was rutting time, that season of madness for the red deer tribe. These shocks of corn challenged the arrogance of this antlered prowler; how completely he had responded was plainly evident. From the other fellow's corn—for he was a human. But the thoroughness of the thing seemed to wanton out every other idea. He had made no protest when he had helped to beat stalks or turnip tops. That was the normal hazard of very backwoods farmer had to take. Uncle Seth had joined him, and they had stood surveying the wrecked cornfield, without words. Uncle Seth had picked up an ear, deeply scored by the knife-edged hoofs of the late visitor.

"Reckon the actual loss won't be more'n a half bushel, or so." "Tain't the loss so much as the cussedness," Pete had answered. "I never bothered that buck any; why should he come and raise Ned with my corn?"

"Why Pete he's only a wild critter and can't reason that far," Uncle Seth had said soothingly. "Don't let it rile you up, son."

But Pete had remained sullenly resentful. A number of schemes had passed through his mind only to be discharged as too complicated or visionary. As afternoon waned, he had taken his rifle and slipped off toward Deacon Bell's pasture. That offered the best chance, for Pete had discovered nothing definite as to the buck's routine. And now he sat, silent and unmoving, but keenly alert, waiting for the arrival of the antlered vagabond whose latest whim had aroused him to a fighting pitch.

Meantime, Deacon Bell had commenced a long-planned purchase. This purchase, a great black and white Holstein bull was being led to the pasture by the Deacon, to be turned loose. But the gate was at the lower end of the pasture, hidden from Pete because of a rise of ground. The bull, a sullen, bitter-tempered brute, lay down immediately. The cows sniffed inquiringly and turned their heads toward the new arrival. To this the bull paid no heed, and presently the cows turned once more to the one always absorbing subject—forage.

The sun was getting low. Fifteen minutes would take it down behind that ragged lavender wall of mountains. The red buck was due any minute now, Pete told himself. In that brief interval between sundown and twilight, a lot of things could happen. The first chill, of evening became apparent. Pete got to his feet quietly. Carefully he flexed arms and legs to rid them of cramp. He would be ready when the buck arrived. A pair of night-hawks were weaving erratic circles in a sky that turned to apple green and then to misty blue. The first stars began to be faintly visible. Pete watched these phenomena of coming night with cool philosophy. He had plenty of that tenacious backwoods patience. Tomorrow evening, or the next, or the one after that, his chance would come. A few day or weeks—made no difference. But for tonight—well, he might as well go home.

He arose and climbed the fence. To cut across Deacon Bell's pasture was the short route home. As he neared the high ground of this upland meadow, the newly arrived buck lurched to his feet. The first thing he saw was Pete swinging along, his rifle over his shoulder. For a moment the bull seemed undecided; then, with a bellow of rage, he charged the unsuspecting Pete. Used to sudden and violent action as he was, Pete was paralyzed at this vast bulk bearing toward him. But he paused for only an instant. He knew of but one tree in the pasture. It was scarce six inches in diameter, a slender, graceful aspen. This mad bull would likely bump him from it—if he had the luck to reach it in time. But there was no choice. The bull in spite of his bulk had surprising speed.

Only just in time Pete clawed his way up the smooth trunk of the aspen. A second later, the crackle of splitting wood. The tree was leaning, and Pete shifted his weight to the high side. The shock had dazed the bull momentarily, but blood shot eyes that he turned up toward Pete were full of brute hate. Again he butted the tree, and Pete felt it tremble. He was in a jam, and he knew it. One more hard jolt would fell the tree; then to run as far and dodge as sharply as possible. If the bull caught him—Pete felt little doubt that he could—well, he hoped he'd be knocked unconscious right away. The bull was snorting and pawing and preparing for another charge. Then, with startling suddenness, the fell-like call of a red buck rang out.

The bull turned his broad, blunt, muzzled head toward this newcomer. He had never seen a red buck before; but there was a certain beligerent note in his duelling call. The bull answered with a hoarse bellow of defiance; trotted toward the buck for a few steps; then hesitated. The buck ordinarily would have avoided this burly black and white stranger; but this was the rutting season. A strange eagerness ran through his hot blood; he was in a mood that was extremely dangerous. He uttered a whistling snort of challenge and pawed the turf with his sharp fore hoofs. That was incentive enough to start the bull. Down went his broad head, and a rumbling mutter came from his throat. Pete, from his precarious shelter, marveled at his speed. But the thundering charge did not end in the crushing blow the bull had confidently expected. At the last split second, the buck moved aside far enough so that one keen-pointed antler raked the bull's flank. A long red furrow appeared upon the glossy black and white coat.

The bull checked his rush and whirled toward the buck. This time, the buck's side leap ended in his rearing up on hind legs, and lashing downward with his sharp hoofs. More red gashes appeared on the bull, deeper than the first. Again the bull rushed, and once more the buck cut him and got away. The bull was plainly puzzled. What sort of antagonist was that refused to meet him head-on? Another rush was rewarded with the usual cuts. The next one the buck leaped clean over the charging bull. It began to dawn upon the stupid bull that he had got into an adventure. This slim-legged antagonist, less than a third the bull's weight, had some mysterious powers that the bull could not solve. He stood irresolute, his heaving flanks proving the severity of his late exertions.

The buck suddenly took the initiative. The bull had no time to lower his head—when the buck flashed forward. He leaped clean over the panting bull; whirled and charged again. He enveloped the bull in a series of rushes that ended harmlessly. But they had a sudden and peculiar effect upon the bull. With a hoarse bellow, now he tossed up his head and galloped off. The buck, however, was not ready to accept this tacit admission of defeat. He caught up with the bull, and gored him again and again. The wounds were light, but extremely annoying. The buck seemed suddenly to tire of his cruelty. Pausing on the crest of the rise, he sent forth a long bellow call of challenge. The echoes of it flapped and reverberated among the surrounding hills. Then the buck, trotting merrily across the meadow, cleared the tall snake fence in an effortless, graceful leap and disappeared in the deepening gloom of the woods.

Pete dropped from the aspen tree and made his way across the pasture. Uncle Seth and Aunt Hannah were just seating themselves at the supper table when he got home. "I reckon you didn't catch sight of that there buck," Uncle Seth said significantly. "Leastwise, I didn't hear no shots." "I saw him and I had a dozen chances to shoot him, too."

"Fact, Uncle Seth," Pete answered, launching into a terse but vivid account of the late affair in Deacon Bell's pasture. Not the least important was the detail of Pete's imprisonment in the aspen. In fact, Pete rather accentuated the point that the buck had securely rescued him from a very ticklish situation. "So, you see, I couldn't shoot the buck after what he did for me," Pete finished apologetically. "No, course you couldn't," Aunt Hannah agreed. "Best be eatin' your supper, Pete; it'll get cold."

Fame is not always a desirable thing. The name this arrogant buck had made for himself in his old range spread into the valley where Pete lived so quietly with his uncle and aunt. Within a week two parties of hunters had come. These the buck avoided, and Pete felt a queer sort of satisfaction, as the disappointed hunters gave up and disappeared. Since the visit in which the buck had had such a fine romp with Pete's corn shocks, there had been no evidence of any later calls. Pete scanned the stripped garden for the telltale footprints, without reward.

"Of course, there's nothing left in the garden that he'd care to eat," he told himself. "Still, red deer often visit a place for other reasons. I guess he mistrusts men more than he does natural enough, when you figure a little. Men have been trailing him a lot, of late."

Pete settled himself more comfortably and continued his labors husking corn. From his seat, he could look across the barnyard to a copse of second growth. Autumn was further along than upon that evening several weeks ago when he kept his silent vigil at the edge of Deacon Bell's pasture. The leaves of the hardwoods were mostly down. Here and there, a clump of sere and browning leaves still clung to the naked trunks and limbs of the trees were becoming increasingly visible.

From time to time, Pete glanced casually across at this copse of hardwoods. He had dismissed the red buck from his mind, and was planning a new trap line. But, though his glances were casual, his eyesight was keen as ever. He noted a faint movement in this copse, as if some hidden thing had shifted position slightly. The bare limbs and branches of these young trees made a confusing screen; yet Pete was sure he had seen something move. He left his work, and moved softly toward the door.

Then, across the windless air, came the deep baying of hounds. Now, Pete knew there were no dogs in the neighborhood. Crossbred collies and airdales and sheep dogs. But no hounds. Again came the baying voices, nearer this time. Then, from the hardwood copse, leaped the red buck. As he cleared the undergrowth and pointed his course straight at the tiny stable, Pete shrank back. A moment later, the buck bounded through the open doorway. With almost equal speed, Pete leaped out, banged shut the stable door, and latched it. He understood the situation perfectly. These relentless hounds were the property of foreign hunters; and within a moment, they burst through the thicket of hardwoods and came swiftly across the barnyard. Intent upon the trail, they sniffed anxiously at the crack of the closed door. The hot scent ended suddenly and, for a moment, they seemed at a loss. They circled the stable and stopped at the door.

"Good dogs!" Pete said admiringly. "You did your part of the work fine; but that buck you trailed belongs to me!" Ten minutes later, a stranger in leggings and hunting gear came across the barnyard. Steve Russell,

the best guide in the community, was with him. "Young man," the stranger said to Pete, "we've trailed a buck across your farm, and I think he's hiding in your barn."

"You're right," said Pete; "he's in there now." "Good!" the hunter replied, moving toward the stable door. Pete stepped in front of him. "Just a minute, mister," Pete said. "I guess that buck belongs to my uncle; leastways, he's in my uncle's barn."

"He's mine, I mean to take him. Stand aside." "And I say he isn't yours, and you ain't goin' to take him! Not while I'm conscious, you ain't!" Pete gritted angrily.

"Wait a minute!" said Steve. "The boy's right, Mr. Adams. But you could buy the buck off him. How about it, Pete?" "No!" Pete replied.

There followed a long and unfruitful harangue. It finally ended by Steve leashing up the dogs. At the edge of the barnyard, Mr. Adams turned and delivered an ultimatum. "I'll get that buck any way I can, young fellow!"

Pete was too much engrossed with his captive to pay much attention to these threats; but they came home to him. I guess we're even that way. But I ain't so keen to turn him loose now. Those dogs might have better luck next time. "You could get a right nice bit of money for him at one of them zoological places," Uncle Seth advised. And Pete realized the buck would be safe there.

It was a difficult and dangerous job to get this captive buck trussed up and loaded on the wagon. But it was done at last, and the long, tedious trek to the settlement was begun. Uncle Seth insisted that the check be given to Pete in full. "You caught him fair and square, and you're entitled to the ransom." They reached the top of a long hill, and Uncle Seth halted the team to "let 'em breathe."

The first snowfall had made a wonder of the wildly beautiful reaches of rolling country. "Seems kind of a shabby trick to take that buck away from all this, an' mew him up in a zoo," said Pete.

"Huh," Uncle Seth answered, "guess he won't suffer much. Judgin' from the way he et my hay an' grain, he'll prob'ly pitch right in and make himself at home there, too."

HUNTERS ATTENTION.

If sportsmen will be guided by the following rules they are apt to enjoy a much better hunting season.

Don't forget, trappers, that the season for muskrats opens December 1st instead of November 1st. You may trap muskrats from December 1st to February 28. For mink, opossum, skunk, and other, the trapping season opens November 1st and ends February 28th.

Don't forget to cooperate with the game protectors. Help them perpetuate your sport. Game protectors are the sportsmen's best friends. Don't forget, sportsmen, that the pre-season gunner is stealing your sport. Send in the license numbers of those who you see violating the game laws; that's what you call cooperation.

Don't neglect to carry a roster with you when three or more are hunting big game together. This applies to day-hunters. Those in camps must have rosters posted in the buildings.

Don't neglect to send in the stub attached to your resident hunter's license certificate giving the amount of game killed for the season. Such data helps the Board of Game Commissioners.

Don't unload your firearm in a building. Go outside and remove the loads. Always have your guns pointing toward the ground when removing the shells.

Don't get excited if you become lost in the mountains. Three shots in succession from your gun will very often bring assistance. Following the course of a stream will most always bring you out to civilization.

Don't forget to count the number of deer you see while hunting; then give the information to your nearest Game Protector.

Don't try to kill the limit of game every time you go hunting. Leave some for the next day. Maybe your fellow hunter can't get out the same day you go afield.

Don't shoot into a flock of wild turkeys. Better to single out your bird and miss him than to kill several birds with one shot and have to pay a fine. You are permitted to kill one wild turkey a season.

Don't get behind a blind and use a turkey call. Blinds and calls are forbidden. Anyhow it is dangerous to conceal yourself and imitate the call of a turkey. Two men were killed last season in mistake for wild turkeys.

Don't hunt in fields where stock is grazing. Better forget that field until some other time. Hunters who get lost and have no compass can use their watch for this purpose very easily. When the sun is shining turn the face of the watch to the sun in such a position that the hour hand will point to the sun. Half way between the hour hand and twelve o'clock will then be the south point.

Optimes hunters have run across water which appeared none too clear for drinking purposes. A practical and effective way of clarifying muddy or apparently undrinkable water is to pour two table-spoonfuls of condensed milk in a five gallon can of water. This, being heavier than the water, will sink to the bottom, drawing down, also, all sediment contained in the water. In a few minutes the water may be poured off, clear and fit for drinking and cooking.

Subscribe for the Watchman.

UTILITY BEATS BEAUTY

In the town of Shrewsbury, N. J., there stood until recently a fine row of 13 sycamore trees, planted seven years before the Revolutionary War by patriots as symbols of the colonies.

A few days ago the head of the town council decided that two of these trees were menaces to traffic, and forthwith had them chopped down and removed.

Shrewsbury promptly got indignant and passed around a petition of protest. But the trees, being down, could not be restored, and the petitions served no purpose except to express the citizen's anger.

The whole thing, of course, is a small matter. But it is rather typical of the way we do things. It illuminates the scale of values by which the whole nation, as well as this one New Jersey borough generally, acts.

A row of fine, historic trees went into the balance against the needs of a modern automobile highway, and the highway won.

That could happen in any town in the country. Neither beauty nor sentiment is ever allowed to stand in the way of any definite, material improvement.

To be sure, we have based our whole social organization on the automobile, and we are compelled to put the needs of the automobile ahead of nearly everything else. But we're paying a pretty high price for it, now and then, just as Shrewsbury has paid a high price for its improved street.

A road, after all, is nothing but a pathway for getting from one place to another. It's important to be able to make the trip speedily and easily, of course; but it isn't quite as important as we sometimes think.

There are times when it's better to idle along the way. The man who gets the most out of his trips isn't the man who is always in a break-neck hurry. It's more apt to be the man who dawdles along, taking his time and letting himself enjoy things by the roadside.

The automobile and the paved highway, in other words, are only means to an end. They are useful; they set us free from the old ties of distance; they break down provincialism and isolation; but there is no sense in valuing them too highly.

Perhaps it's foolish to say so much simply because somebody cut down a couple of shade trees. But the thing is so indicative—indicative of the national traits that make Europeans say that we in America do not know how to get true happiness and contentment out of life.

Beauty and sentiment are more important than we think. If we only realized this, we'd let our auto traffic move more slowly—and enjoy the shade trees by the way.

FAMOUS SHOT TOWER IS AGLOW AFTER 150 YEARS.

The famous Shot Tower, still preserved in Boston as a memorial of the Revolutionary days of 1776, is aglow again for the first time in more than 150 years. But this time the glow is not the result of a seething caldron of fire for turning lead into liberty bullets, for which it was originally used.

Today, it merely represents a novel method of illumination, to be permanently maintained as a living memorial of fire to the heroism of Continental troops.

Clouds of steam are generated below in an automatic boiler and then released from the crest of the tower to be reflected, in turn, in the glare of cleverly concealed red and amber lights.

The lighting effect, according to illuminating engineers who designed and supplied the equipment, portrays in realistic fashion a familiar scene in the heyday of the old shot factory.

When recently turned on for the first time, with what appeared to the uninitiated to be flames swirling upward from the crest of the old tower and dense volumes of smoke ascending skyward, the effect was said to be so realistic that witnesses stood aghast, lamenting the passing of a historic landmark.

Since completion of the installation, the lighting effects are turned on each night. The method here employed is said to be similar to that used for the illumination of the famous War Memorial Shaft of Kansas City.

A BAD COMPLICATION.

"I'll tell you how it is," said the mild-eyed patient to the asylum doctor: "I met a young widow with a grown-up step-daughter and I married the widow. Then father met our step-daughter and married her. That made my wife the mother and my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father my step-son."

Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was of course my brother, because he was my father's son; but he was also the son of my wife's step-daughter and therefore her grandson. That made me grandfather to my step-brother. Then my wife had a son, my brother-in-law."

"The step-sister of my son is also his grandmother, because he is her step-son's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my son, who is also the child of my grandmother."

I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew and I am my own grandfather, and I can't stand it."

Wife: Why do you go out on the balcony when I sing? Don't you like my singing?

Hubby: It isn't that. I want the neighbors to see I'm not beating you.

FARM NOTES.

Heated drinking fountains should be standard equipment on all poultry farms where lights are used for birds in winter.

Farm fire losses have increased from 25 to 50 per cent during the current season of drought, government reports show. Special precautions against this great destroyer are urged.

Leaf mold or rich soil should be placed in a box and stored in the cellar before the ground freezes. This will come in handy for repotting plants during the winter.

National Honey Week was observed November 7 to 14. Exhibits, demonstrations, radio broadcasts, and recipe leaflets brought to the attention of the public the value of this food product.

A good soil compost can be prepared for plants started next winter or spring by piling alternate layers of manure and garden loam soil four feet wide, about the same height, and as long as needed.

If hay is scarce, feed the best of it to milking cows and young calves. Give the other stock the poorer roughages supplemented by some grain.

The strength and beauty of the flowers grown from forcing bulbs will depend quite largely upon the amount of roots produced while the bulbs are in storage.

The tenth annual Poultry Short Course was held November 10-13 at State College. Incubation, brooding, nutrition, judging, culling, diseases, and marketing were discussed during the week.

Plan to keep records on the farm business during 1931. It pays to know what operations make the profits.

Many owners of young timber of just the right age for thinning are planning to do some improvement cutting this winter. Some will cut pulpwood, a few will cut chemical wood, more will cut mine props, and many will cut firewood.

Repair all muslin curtains and broken windows in the hen houses before winter arrives.

Peony tops and leaves may carry disease which will damage bud formation next spring, therefore it is necessary that they be destroyed this fall.

No dairy farmer ever makes any money running a boarding house for unproductive cows, say State College dairy specialists.

Oats is considered the best grain for colts, but corn or barley may be used in the ration if properly balanced with nitrogenous feeds, such as linseed oil meal or wheat bran. Alfalfa and clover hay are rich in lime, the principal mineral component of the bones.

Wiping the cows' udders before milking, cooling the milk quickly, and scalding milk pails and strainers will reduce milk rejection at the plant or factory.

Mulch the strawberry bed with material that is free as possible from seeds or the bed will become foul with weeds.

Drain the water out of all parts of the sprayer and oil the working parts well before storing the machine for the winter.

Guineas are noisy enough to scare away poultry thieves.

If pullets start to lay too soon they will seldom be fully feathered or full grown.

If pullets are infested with body lice and intestinal parasites, treat the birds before they start to lay.

Heavy feeding before the pullets are placed in winter quarters gets them in shape for laying during the winter.

Many poultry raisers seem to think the oats should be sprouted as long as they will continue to grow before being fed.

Direct sunlight and green feed are the final factors determining the hatch ability of eggs from healthy, vigorous, properly mated fowls.

The value of succulent feeds such as mangels roots, cabbage and sprout-eaten oats, is difficult to measure; nevertheless they are important in the ration.

An abundant supply of hot water is essential if the dairy utensils are to be washed and sterilized properly. Many farmers who are using a gas engine as a source of power for their milking machines or cream separators are finding that water can be heated quickly and economically by the use of an exhaust water heater attached to their gas engines.

To test your cream separator take about a half pint of the skim milk as it comes from the skim milk tube and have your creamery test the sample. This will let you know whether too much butterfat is going into your skim milk.

If machine milking is practiced the teat cups and rubber tubes should be thoroughly washed and soaked between milkings in a solution of a suitable disinfectant, and the pulsators, pails and accessories must be regularly washed and sterilized.

THE WATCHMAN AND GET ALL THE NEWS.