BEGIN HERE TODAY

Dick Acklin, big boss of the Double A ranch, calls on Jose Arascada, most powerful of the Basque gente in Paradise Valley. Jose is owner of the Rancho Buena Vista and is father of Mercedes, Esteban and little blind Basilio. Buck Bodine, new owner of the old Webster place, is visiting Esteban. He meets Acklin and later they plan to rob the Basques of their water supply. Acklin rides to Bodine's ranch for instructions.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Acklin nodded in assent.

"Well, when the night comes I want you to have your men ride your line. Don't let any one through. Keep your boys there for a few days. Pass the word that some one's runnin' an iron on your stuff. That'll be excuse enough. We'll be safe then."

Acklin had not even reached home before Bodine had started Shorty on his way to Malheur Lakes, so he told Gloomy and his other men. And once Acklin had reached the Bull's Head, he immediately sent for Morrow, his foreman.

"Cash," he said, "we've been thick-headed. This fellow Bodine has put his finger on the thing we should have seen first shots."

He repeated their conversation to him.

"Well, I'm tempted to risk it, Cash. Suppose we string along for a while. Let him and his men do the actual work. Lou just drop around about the time they are there—you know, casual-like—if you ever have to swear to it. In the meantime send some of the boys down to the Benoist waterhole. We're having trouble enough with the calves. Don't tell them anything else in the wind. Give them the word not to let any one through. Make Skip the sidewinders down there. Maybe they hope. We can go that far before a hitch. If Bodine turns the water, you run a drift fence along our line across the valley. Straight east and west with the dead trees is near enough. We've got the hope and pray. Most of the boys will be back from the north directly. You can get them here up in a hurry if you have to."

CHAPTER IV

BLAZE KILDARE ARRIVES.

Ten days later a stranger crossed the divide from Greenda. He headed due south for the Benoit water hole. He knew he was entering Paradise Valley by forbidden ways. The hint that he take the south road had reached him a day back.

The stranger sent his horse ahead at a hard gallop. He found that the spring had made a small pool in the willows. He swung to the ground and loosened the cinches, but almost instantly the animal lifted his dripping muzzle and turned an inquiring eye behind him. The stranger followed suit. In the shadow of the trees two men sat.

The older of the two, a black-visaged fellow spoke: "Howdy, stranger!"

It was Skip Lavelle, Acklin's trawboss.

"Howdy!" Kildare responded in the same flat, tell-nothing tone in which he had been accosted. His keen eyes took in the rifles reposing so conveniently in their laps, the soiled cards, and the interrupted game of monte.

The man who had addressed him got to his feet.

"What's your name, stranger?"

"Kildare: Blaze Kildare."

"Yuh ain't hippin' to linger around here, be yuh?"

Blaze eyed him thoughtfully as he drawled his reply: "Why, that all depends, don't it?"

He turned and started to lift the saddle off his horse.

"No use takin' that down, mister; nary nit!"

For answer, Kildare pulled it to the ground.

"Now listen to me, muchacho," he purred. "I'm going to breathe my horse, and we're going to drink our bellies full of water before we light out of here. What's all the big excite, anyways. I got a permit to cross this country."

"Let's see it," Skip and the other, Chet Devine, demanded.

"Now what did I do with that permit?"

He took off his hat, and peered into it.

"Oh, yes!" He laughed. "Here it is!"

And in his hand Kildare held a derringer that had been stranded in his sombrero.

"Stick 'em up!" he said in velvety tones.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Skip began.

He stopped short, and instinctively Blaze sensed that some one was back of him; but he dared not turn around. Before Skip could recover his tongue, a voice droned in sweet and dreadful tones in Kildare's ear: "That's good! That's awfully good! It's your turn to elevate, stranger!"

Blaze felt a gun barrel boring into his neck. He obliged with alacrity. With nimble fingers his guns were taken from him.

This detail attended to, the man at his back continued not unpleasantly: "Take your hands down, and shake. I'm Cash Morrow, the foreman of the outfit these innocent little lambs belong to; but I can appreciate art when I see it. Shake!"

The bronzed, lean, sinewy Cash, for all his years, was a fit mate for the big man before him. Kildare grinned at him as Cash handed back his guns.

A freckled face topped by a shock of red hair appeared above a green mahogany bush. The red-haired one sized up Blaze.

"Say, pardner," he asked, "who are you ridin' for?"

"Why," and although Kildare answered the man with the flaming hair, his eyes followed Cash. "I'm riding for the Double A, if the foreman gets the right dope. We," nodding toward his horse, "been gettin' our exits from the Lonely O up in Mont. Old Ted reckoned I'd wind up here."

"Take him on, Cash," the owner of the freckles urged, coming out of the shelter of the bushes. Cash cut in: "It'll be forty and cakes until the fall round-up is over, Kildare. Are you on?"

Blaze grinned.

"You've sure hired a man, mister."

"Skip will tell you what to do," Cash went on. "You better drift into the valley tonight, Skip. String out along the old Webster wash. Don't let any one through. Here, Kildare, you take my rifle."

He mounted his horse and rode off.

"Here's where the bosses get it," Melody said gloomily as he made coffee for Blaze. Skip and Chet were asleep. "All this talk of losin' stock is bunk. We're just gettin' ready for another grab. I get eyes and sense."

"Land?" Blaze queried.

"No. We got all the land in the world. It's water this time."

As Blaze ate, Melody explained himself, and his surmise was more correct than he knew. "There wasn't a thing in the wind until this fellow buys in the old Webster place."

"The big boss and he's been gettin' thick. We're goin' to have trouble. If you're done let's ride up and have a look at the valley."

They sat in their saddles and smoked as the red-haired man talked.

"That's a big place there, in the bend, just before Reed Creek gets to the river," Blaze drawled.

"That's the Rancho Buena Vista. Wait till you see the girl that lives there—Old Ironsides's daughter. She's the reason they named this place Paradise. Her daddy is the king-pin of the Basques. He's got a son, too. Always ridin' on the bit, that boy. Too much fire in him! Then there's a blind kid—Basilio. No mother, either. Pretty tough that, eh? I knew the old lady. Wasn't any Basque. Guess that's how the Senorita gets her spunk. But wait till you see this Mercedes girl. Man, when I look at her I don't miss sugar. She's sweet!

"Gwan, you old fool," he growled to his horse. "Let's go back."

"You go on, Melody. I'm going down to the river and let my horse roll around in the water. He needs it if I'm going to use him tonight."

CHAPTER V.

A CHANCE MEETING.

The first cool hint of evening reached Kildare as he picked his way along the Little Washoe. The water gurgled at his feet. He pressed his knees into his horses sides and was about to ford the stream when the animal threw back its ears. It was an unmistakable sign. Some one was coming! Kildare reached for his gun. As he did so, he heard a child crying. He wheeled his horse and sent him along the soft bank about fifty yards to where the river turned.

A burro stood knee-deep in the middle of the river. Marooned on his back was a frightened child, madly clutching a fishing-pole in one hand, while in the other he held a string of small bass. Struggling in the water at the burro's head was a girl; the most beautiful girl Blaze had ever seen.

Neither the girl nor the boy had seen Blaze. Suddenly the girl slipped, as she tugged at the rein, and sat down unceremoniously in the water. Blaze laughed outright at that, and then, unmindful of his clothes, jumped in and picked her up.

He then waded out to get the boy. As he reached up his hands to lift him, he spoke:

"Here we are, Basilio," he said. "Don't drop those fish now."

"Senor," the girl asked, "how you know the baby's name?"

Blaze hung his head sheepishly.

"Why, missy," he stammered, "I just guessed at it. But I reckoned I knew who you were as soon as I saw you. I allowed he was your brother, too."

"How do you know me, then, Senor?" she pursued.

"Well, you see a . . . er . . . a man once told me, that . . ." Blaze knew his feet were stepping on each other in embarrassment . . "some day I'd meet a Basque girl here, with beautiful black hair, . . . and black eyes . . and pearly white teeth. . . 'Yes, and when you do,' he said, 'you'll know why they call this place Paradise.'"

Blaze regarded his twitching feet.

The girl's long lashes dropped over her eyes.

"Virgin santa," she murmured softly. "But you say very nice things, Senor . . ."

"Blaze."

"Senor Blaze," she said.

(To be continued.)

Struggling in the water at the burro's head was a girl; a most beautiful girl.

First Flight 25 Years Ago

December 17, 1928, will Mark the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the First Airplane Flight in History —Wright at Kitty Hawk, N.C.

An admirable description of this flight and the development of the airplane industry during these twenty-five years is given in the current issue of "Time," the news magazine. It reads in part:

"A biting cold wind was blowing 24 miles an hour along the beach at Kitty Hawk the morning of Dec. 17, 1903. The Wrights with their biplane and a few helpers were on a knoll. Dismally nearby was a horse and wagon. A man sat on the wagon seat, leaning patiently forward, his hands hanging loosely between his knees, the reins looped over a crooked finger. He was a native undertaker.

"The plane resembled a great, wide box kite with struts supporting vertical and horizontal rudders far out in the rear. The engine was at one side of the flyer's seat, that if the plane tumbled it would not fall on him. Two skids projected in front to prevent the plane somersaulting on landing.

"At Kitty Hawk that cold December week, Wilbur and Orville Wright tossed a coin to decide which would try the first flight. Wilbur won, got into the machine, rose a few feet, after three seconds the machine stalled. Next it was Orvilles turn. He succeeded; he sustained the flight of a kite.

"That first flight was over only 120 feet of ground and lasted only twelve seconds. During the 25 years since then various planes have crossed the Atlantic, Pacific and Arctic Oceans. They have risen to 38,418 feet, stayed in the air 65 hours, 25 minutes, traveled 4,466 miles without alighting, speed 319 m.p.h. They have crossed North America from the Pacific to the Atlantic in 18 hours, 48 minutes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 24 hours, 5 minutes.

"Passenger, express and mail plane cover 20,327 miles of routes. Railroads on their silver anniversary have only 9,021 miles of trackage).

"Last year 2,060 planes were manufactured and sold. This year the number will be 10,000, next year 20,000. About 150 concerns are now making planes.

"There are about 30 operators of scheduled flying routes in the U. S. and about 600 more who run planes for hire on special trips. They can make money only on long, fast trips for the slower railroads and motor busses are much cheaper.

"To travel by air now costs on the average three times as much as by rail (without sleeping car). Some comparisons:

	Rail	Air
Seattle-Los Angeles	$47.46	$120
Salt Lake City-Los Angeles	32.32	60
San Francisco-Los Angeles	17.04	50
Tucson-Los Angeles	18.12	40
Chicago-New York	32.70	100
Boston-New York	8.26	25
Montreal-New York	14.01	50
Cleveland-New York	20.55	80
Washington-New York	8.14	30

Natural Increase in Population of Over 10 Thousand

Vital Statistics For One Month Issued by Bureau of Statistics—More Marriages Than For Years

The last Dominion-wide survey of births, deaths and marriages by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics indicates a natural increase in Canada's population of 10,852 during the month of May. The total number of births in all nine provinces is given as 20,262 against a death toll of 9,410 for the month.

The number of marriages given as 4,534, represents the highest figure since 1921. Ontario was the leader with 1,577 weddings, while Quebec followed closely behind with a mark of 1,410.

Compared with the same month last year, the birth rate suffered a slight decline, the only provinces to show increase being Ontario and Manitoba. Quebec, however, still leads the other provinces with the highest birth arte, of 33.1 per 1,000 population. During the month, 7,420 births were reported in the province, compared with 5,971 in Ontario. Other provinces follow: British Columbia, 2,28; Alberta, 1,284; Saskatchewan, 1,716; Manitoba, 1,184; New Brunswick, 907; Nova Scotia, 845; Prince Edward Island, 115.

Mr. Hoover at the Cross-roads

London Daily News (Lib.): The Senate will soon have to decide whether to give priority to the Kellogg Pact or to the Big Navy Bill. The direction in which President Hoover then exercises his power of influence should give the clue to his future attitude in international affairs. It may well be for the world at large an occasion of critical importance.

IMPOSSIBLE!

"Oh, Tommy," said mother, in dismay, "how did you get that awful black eye?"

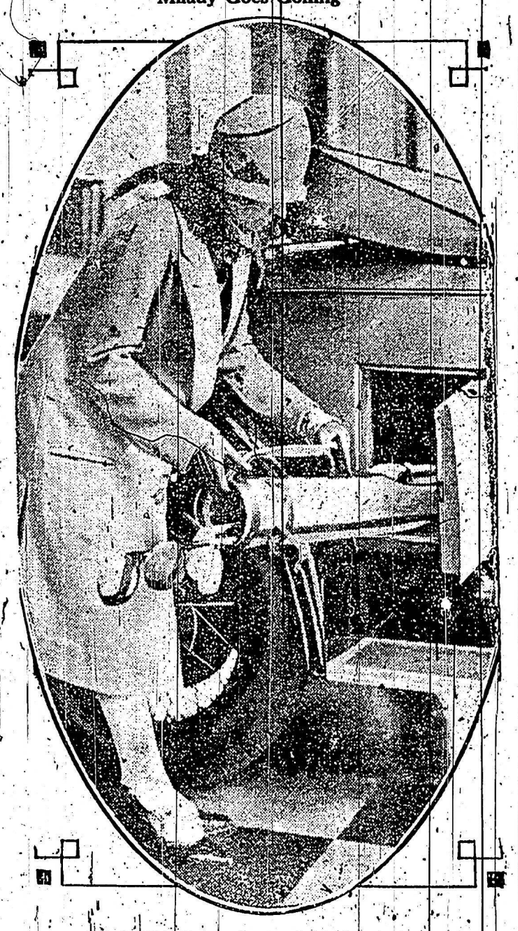
"I've been fighting Jimmy Grey 'cos he said a lady looked like an old ewe dressed lamb fashion."

"But, dear, it wasn't worth while getting punished for that. I daresay Jimmy was right. You know how silly some women look, with their bare arms, low necks, and foolish short skirts. I myself call such people absolutely——"

"It was you he meant, mums," interrupted Tommy, very red in the face.

"Me, meant me, impossible!"

Milady Goes Golfing



AN AUTOMOBILE WRINKLE FOR GOLFERS

The golfing enthusiasts will be interested in the car which has a door in the side of the body for a compartment to hold the golf clubs.

Many Slaves Freed in Burmah Report Shows

Liberated Folk Settle in New Villages, With Headmen of Their Own

London—A total of 8852 slaves were released by the various expeditions sent to the Hukawng Valley and the "Triangle" in Burma during the years 1925-28, according to a memorandum by the Government of India published in the official journal of the League of Nations. The total cost of compensating the former owners came to about £39,000.

The official report states that the results achieved are "most satisfactory" in spite of the fact that one of the slave-releasing expeditions in 1926-27 had been attacked, necessitating punitive measures in the following year. T. P. Dewar, revisiting the Hukawng Valley in 1928, found the condition of the freed slaves had greatly improved. They had settled down in new villages with headmen of their own, and relations between them and their late owners had become less strained. It has even been reported that a movement exists among the former slaves who had left the valley, to settle in administered territory, to return to the valley.

In the Triangle area in 1928, "the condition of the slaves released during the previous season was found to be on the whole satisfactory. Owners had in some cases tried to keep slaves in their power by lying about the intentions of the Government, and some of the slaves remained with their old masters, as they did not fully realize the effect of their release. But many of the former slaves have already set up houses of their own and many others have expressed their intention of doing so early, so that in a year's time conditions should have changed for the better. It is satisfactory to note that many former slaves are settling down in their old villages, so that economic conditions will be disturbed as little as possible.

"In the course of the operations, many slaves concealed during the previous season were discovered and set free without the payment of compensation. Except for these attempts at concealment and one or two cases of attempted fraud, the release of slaves "went on otherwise most smoothly."

T. O. Barnard, the releasing officer, is quoted in the memorandum as saying "that freedom had brought joy to many hearts cannot be doubted, and in the course of the tours many happy reunions of families have been witnessed which, if it had not been for the British Government, would never have been possible." Mr. Barnard cites the instance of an old woman who came to him 15 marches to claim seven of her children who had been seized and sold into slavery in the Triangle many years ago. Two of these were alive and both were found and restored to her during this tour."

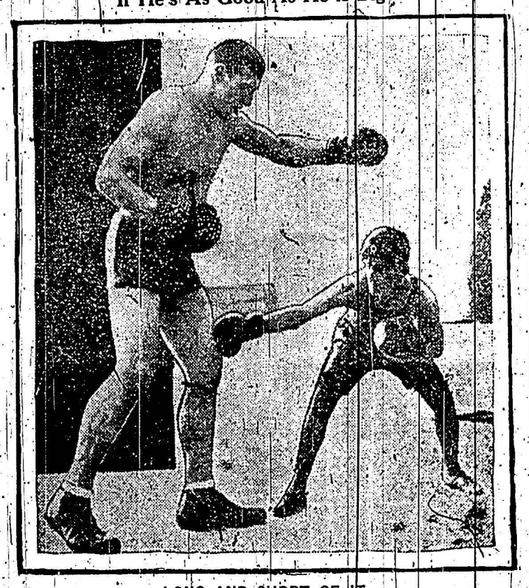
Sonnet

Oh, thoughtless one, behold the moments go;
The hours, the days, the years . . .
and soon is flown.
The whole of life, and you have been alone
Or lonely, that, had drunk of youth. For lo!
Age has you, with a creaking step and slow.
Now match your dancing gait to his, Wind-blown
Into the darkness, and what have you known?
Count our your little days set row on row.
A moment here, a moment there, of love
That was too light, and blew away with dawn.
Nothing but memories of things that fell
Too soon through careless fingers . . . nothing of
That beauty never seen, that still has drawn
Men for who only asked to serve her well.

—Bram in The New York World.

An American physician, Dr. Halford, now joins in the expert approval of present-day women's dress, and says that by their healthy habit of scanty clothes women are rapidly becoming the stronger sex. One trembles for the time when they will have attained full strength.

If He's As Good As He is Big!



LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Primo Carnera, six-foot Italian heavyweight, and Izzy Swartz, the flyweight champion, having a friendly little set-to in Paris.

"Orange Pekoe" is only the name given to a size of leaf—Some good, many poor Orange Pekoes are sold—The most economical, yet the finest flavoured is "SALADA" Orange Pekoe—Sealed in metal—pure—fresh—delicious—30c per ½-lb.

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

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China's New Women

By THOMAS F. MILLARD.

Shanghai.—It would be an exaggeration to say that modern feminism has hit China with full force. But beyond doubt it is already felt strongly in the national life.

The list of forty-nine members of the Legislative Yuan of the national government (which corresponds to the American Congress) contains two women. Soong Mei-ling and Cheng Sou-me. Two other women, Soong Ching-ling and Ho Ying-chin, are members of Kuomintang Central Council and Executive Yuan respectively (the latter corresponds to the President and Cabinet in America).

Soong Mei-ling is Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and usually is called Mei-ling (pronounced Mayling) Soong by foreigners. Soong Ching-ling is Mme. Sun Yat-sen. They are sisters and both attended Georgia Wesleyan College and were graduated from Pelleley College in America. Miss Sou-me Cheng is distinguished as China's first woman judge and first accredited woman diplomat. She was educated in France. Those who know these women believe that their participation in government will be more than perfunctory.

A case tried recently in the Shanghai Provisional Court attracted much attention. A daughter of Sheng Kung-pao, a famous and wealthy mandarin of the empire and one to the most progressive Chinese of his day, sued to compel her brothers to give her an equal part in their father's estate. By old Chinese custom daughters have no legal rights in their deceased parents' estates, being dependent on the generosity of their male relatives. The Provisional Court decided in favor of the female plaintiff in that case and thereby set a precedent that will go far toward establishing the legal equality of women in China.

The Chinese press lately has given attention to what is called an epidemic of girl suicides. In one month seventeen young Chinese girls ended their lives, a majority by throwing themselves into the Whangpoo River. Disappointment in love is given as the reason for most of these acts.

It is probable that in bygone times many Chinese women committed suicide, some for them for love. But it is a new thing for Chinese society and the government to show concern about their fate. The head of the greater Shanghai municipality (Chinese administration) has had signboards placed at prominent points urging young women not to end their lives. Usually some of these signs are vivid to a degree. Imagine a young girl about to leap from a bridge into the river, while in the middle distance a coffin can be seen coming along. Pamphlets against suicide are distributed.

One is not surprised that the movies and some other phases of up-to-date life in Shanghai are blamed for the so-called epidemic among young Chinese. Nowadays the movies, and American movies, are blamed for many new social developments that cannot be easily explained otherwise. Chinese, and particularly the younger generation in Shanghai and other large cities, are become movie addicts. In the movie theatres, for the first time in China's history, they see love and passion vividly depicted, and under the emotional reflex thus stimulated they may vent their love desires and disappointments and frustrations in a fatal way.

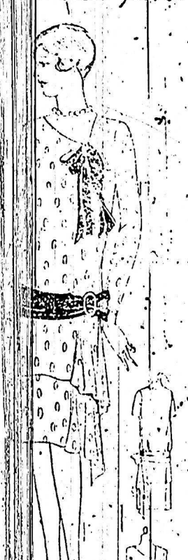
Modern Chinese feminists have copied America rather than Europe in forming their habits and ideas. That is plain. The American custom of almost complete social freedom for young people of both sexes has taken hold here.

One notes evidence of that on every side. Chinese boys and girls in their teens go to tea dances, and to cafes at night unchaperoned, usually. It is true, in parties, but often in couples. Hundreds of young Chinese girls work as paid dancing partners in the halls. These girls fall in love with the young men they meet and then, when parental objection or other obstacles intervene, they are prone to act "on their own" and seek the easiest way out.

Elder Chinese are concerned about all this, but they seem unable to diagnose and control these modern tendencies.

But the feminist movement here is by no means all emotional and erotic. A bank managed by women for women exclusively is operating successfully in Shanghai. Several of the large Chinese banks have women's departments. The Girl Scouts are getting recruits steadily. Thousands of Chinese schoolgirls have enthusiastically joined the student movement to build national military efficiency for defense. Chinese women are in medicine, in newspaper work, in music and art, in the movies, in education, in law, in sports, in almost every modern occupation. A Chinese woman's dentists' union and a Chinese woman's barbers' union have just applied for recognition by the General Union of Workers.

Feminism is not new in China. Chinese women at times have played important parts in the politics and government of this nation. Chinese women have been titled rulers of the country. But feminism in China is taking new forms and exhibiting new effects.



Farm N

FINISHING BEE

It is impossible to kind of beef produc the proper type of right kind of feed Ontario feeders rai and supplement the a few others. The who concentrate dro ing stocks in the cheap or common fe Inferior in fat always a loss ding and type in preference will cost a will make produce Fattening in stall must be The portal Feeds good sweet mou rounds satisfi follow grain The tain the yard be grad pul BUT

ORDER PATTERNS.

name and address plain number and size of such want. Enclose 20c (coin preferred; wrap for each number and order to Wilson Patter Adelaide St., Toronto by return mail.

Ca en Workers in the United States

Courrier (Ind.): A Can with a visa can enter the to look for work an finding it can stay security, but if he Canada to go and work United States, he enters the country—even if he has a and is liable to be t It is not our intention in the controversy b Brace Company and authorities, but o certain the law must broken somewhere. W warn workers that the United States under if they are to be c United States by th which employs them i profit by this inciden make us believe that every the best in the best of a in Canada, and every worst with our neighb the line, a terrible th truth.

andals a Scourge

to say that mode is more vicious than Nevertheless want on and something done about it. Every farm society people swarm over fields and pastures in spring to pick flowers and the flowers they pluck wi they reach home. It is not people are vandals, because they hunger f beauty. They are thoughtless

Co-operation

Mercury: The co-operation of farmers for buying and distributing has proved by experience to be easier than the co-operation of farmers for the sale and distribution of their goods.