The Gringo Privateer

By PETER B. KYNE

SYNOPSIS

Kenneth Burney, adventurer and one-time gentleman, comes to Bradley Bardin, king of the cattle country, for a job. Burney has had a fight with Martin Bruce, a rival cattle owner, who has been stealing the king's stock, aided by Miguel Gallegos, a Mexican bandit. The king, liking young Burney's style, offers him the job of getting the cattle-thieves. Burney accepts though he knows it means a fight to the death. He meets Muriel, the king's beautiful daughter.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

When the king and the princess found themselves alone, the girl asked:

"Dad, who is he?"

"He claims to be the son of old Felix Burney, a California cattle man of my acquaintance. If this be true (and I'm not going to take his word for it) he's an American with a slight strain—say one-eighth—of Castilian blood in him. Just enough to give him temperament and make him carefree, easy and prodigal. His alleged father is one of the finest gentlemen in California. The old stock, you understand. Fifty yeads behind time with his code.

"I have always liked old Felix but never knew he had a son. I loaned him money from time to time, with his cattle as security, and while I realized that, as an operator, he wasn't a gilt-edged risk, still I could always send a man to count his cattle at any time and find more than the number he represented he owned when making the loan. This boy, Ken, says my lawyers close in on him a year ago and took the cattle for the loan. Well, we were abroad then, Muriel, and I never knew anything about it. My head can't hold every detail of my business. However, if we took the cattle we gave him the best market price for them and remitted him the difference between the selling price and his debt. Of course, with his ranch unstocked, old Felix has to lease it to some other cattleman, and now Ken says he's retired, and the doctors tell him he hasn't many years to live. I imagine I'll be able to buy that ranch some day at a reasonable figure, particularly if this boy gets himself killed, which he's extremely apt to do."

"How dreadful, Dad! I wouldn't like to see him killed," the girl remarked thoughtfully. "He's so young and merry and gallant, and so filled with the joy of living. He seems a little frivolous but somehow, I think that's just a smoke screen to hide a lot of real courage and sound common sense. He strikes me as a gentleman who has been a sort of dilettante cowman."

"Oh, I imagine he knows cows well enough. He was brought up on the Santa Inez Rancho and they ran about three thousand head. The trouble is old Felix spoiled him for the business by raising him a gentleman and giving him too much money to spend. Why, the young jackass used to play polo. Now that old Felix can no longer support another gentleman in the family, the boy's broke and a wanderer in search of a riding job. Apparently he realizes that cows are the only thing in life he really knows anything about and it has occurred to him to cultivate his scant knowledge and forget polo. A wise decision.

"Are you going to employ him, Dad?"

"Of course I am. He needs a job; I have it to give and I might as well take a chance on him, for his father's sake, as on anybody else. But he's the country gentleman, even in his chaps, so for the good of his soul I'm going to put him over the jumps tomorrow. The El Ranchito riders with whom he will have to associate will despise him for a dude—there's such a thing as blind class hatred, you know—until they realize he knows his business and that, dude that he is, he's a man, too. If he stays on old Geronimo ten seconds they'll know him for a rider and a game one. And that will help a great deal."

"But suppose he should be thrown and hurt?"

"Cowboy luck," the king replied indifferently. "His father has been a cowman and laid the foundation of the king's present vast fortune; although if he had given his heir-apparent certain educational and cultural advantages unknown to Grandfather Bardin's day, he had also raised Bradley Bardin a thorough cattleman, in order to fit him for his heritage and equip him with ability to add to it. And how well the old man had wrought the Western cattle world now knew.

The present king had started his practical education in the bunkhouse with his father's riders at thirty dollars a month, and had worked up slowly; in the process he had been thrown many a time and oft, and had broken bones to prove it, but it had never occurred to him, in the pride of his youth, to avoid a horse just because the animal was disrespectful. He chuckled now as he recalled his own days as a broncho twister. He was in a reminiscent mood.

"I'd been working for your grandfather five years, Muriel, and saved and won at poker sixty-four hundred dollars when the old man got wind of my bank account and decided it would be fun to take it away from me. I think he was testing me to see if there was any truth in the saying that a fool and his money are soon parted, for he offered to bet me ten to six I couldn't ride a red roan outlaw we'd best riders in the country had never stayed on that horse after the fourth jump and my father was very proud of that horse. He'd maintain anything and anybody that was a top-notcher in his own particular line, whereas if this outlaw had been a mediocre bucker Dad would have shot to make me extend myself.

"Muriel, this horse had everything. Why, he could wrinkle his back and throw a good man, but his slitacpye throw a good man, but his specialty was whirling like a pin-wheel, simultaneously pitching high, hard and handsome so continuously he was a four-footed advertisement for the secret of perpetual motion. He just jarred you groggy, and if he didn't throw you in the first four jumps you fell off. And I knew this because I'd tried him out in private twice—and in those days it required an extra bad horse to make me extnd myself.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, my father was always a bit stingy with me. He made me work for every dollar of spending money I ever fingered. Consequently, I yearned to take ten thousand dollars away from him, and after a while I figured out a way to swindle him. I bet six thousand against his ten and reduced the bet to writing so there wouldn't be any argument about it afterward, because I knew my father would crawfish on me if I gave him a real opening. So I carefully stipulated every rule—and they were hard rules, for the old man saw to that.

"We argued so much about relaxing the rules that I got his mind off one important point and he signed up without noticing his error in failing to stipulate the place of execution. That left me free to choose it, so I chose the dry, sandy river bed of the San Ardo. The old man made no objection. He figured I'd picked the sand of the river bed to save myself from being as badly hurt, when I was thrown, as I would be on the hard ground of the corral. Anyhow, I was his son and he was willing enough that I should have the best of it in falling; so he sat his horse and grinned like a fool while a couple of the boys helped me saddle the outlaw.

"Now this was not to be a rodeo ride, where you start out of a chute and finish when the pistol goes off, which is when the judges figure you've done your best and the horse has done his worst. This was to be a contest to a finish, winner take all. Fortunately I knew this horse's habits. When you first forked him he'd make four broad jumps, with his back arched, and come down hard each time. If that didn't do the trick he'd stop and do his stuff within an area of twenty feet. He'd let you get comfortably set in the saddle if he was kept blindfolded. So I faced him in the direction I desired him to buck, an assistant removed the blindfold, and we were off.

"On the second broad jump he was off the firm sandbar and into the stream, where about two inches of water flowed over something my old man didn't know existed at this spot—and that was a patch of quicksand about eighteen inches deep. A sensible horse would have whirled out of it the moment he felt his front feet going down, but this horse was a lunatic and a creature of habit, besides. He just had to make his four broad jumps or bust, so he made them—and discovered I was still aboard. So he stopped and started to work on me in earnest, only to discover I'd outfoxed him as well as my old man.

"That horse just couldn't do his stuff because, in that shallow quicksand, he couldn't get any traction, and in about a minute he was blowing and sweating and trying to climb out. I wouldn't let him, and there he worked until all the ambition was out of him, and I scratched him fore and aft until he stood still under it and just bawled like a spoiled baby.

"Of course Father screamed murder and tried to make a charge of swindling stick, but he couldn't go back on the written bet, so finally he paid it. Years later he admitted I'd saved him a million dollars by giving him a liberal education in the matter of covering all the possible contingencies in a contract."

(To be continued.)

Clothes and the Woman

Wilson was out on a shopping expedition with his wife. After admiring the dresses in a shop window she decided to purchase something.

Inside, he stood by while she went through rolls of material. Eventually he became tired of waiting, and said desperately: "How would this cloth do for your new dress?"

"It wouldn't do at all," she returned. "Nobody's wearing that."

"Well, here's something else," he continued bravely. "How't that?"

"That wouldn't do either!" she snapped. "Everybody's wearing that."

BENEFIT

No other sweet lasts so long, costs so little or does so much for you.

WRIGLEY'S

Promotes good health when used regularly after every meal.

It cleanses teeth and throat, sweetens mouth and breath, and strengthens the gums.

Your health is aided while your pleasure is served.

Good and Good for You

CK45

AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 37—'30

Diet Revolution New Experiment

Hamilton, N.Y.—Here is unusual scientific news for those who enjoy eating.

Scientists at Colgate University this fall are going to digress from the usual routine of finding out what is good for a person to eat, and see whether there may be direct benefit from eating according to what a person likes.

Colgate will analyze the benefits of flavor, savoryness and eye-filling appearance.

This work will be done in the department of psychology under direction of Dr. Ronald A. Laird. The plans are announced in the Colgate Lab Log, which says:

"There has been a tendency in diet work for the past decade to treat man as a purely chemical machine working on calories, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, etc. Taste, odor and appearance of food have been largely neglected, and it is these which will occupy most of our attention.

"Authorities recognize that the process of digestion is directly influenced by the chemical constituents of the food eaten, and that the eater's temperament may be affected by good or bad digestion.

"Two of the world's most famous pessimists, Carlyle and Schopenhauer, suffered all their lives from bad digestions. We may find evidence that a psychologically sound diet—a cream puff at the psychological moment, for instance, might have contributed to turning those black-spectacled authors into members of the optimists club.

"Coming down to more practical matters we may discover that properly selected flavors and odors, together with attractive appearance, offer a harassed wife the surest means of turning a moody husband into a sparkling table conversationalist."

MAKING THE WORLD'S SICKLES

The sickle, one of the oldest reaping instruments in the world, is still in use in many countries. With sickles Japan and Burma reap their rice; sickles cut the pampas of South America and various crops in Poland, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, Peru, and a hundred and one other lands.

Most of these sickles come from one little factory in the town of Conisborough, Yorkshire. Conisborough, by the way, was the central scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," and it was in the little town that he wrote many of the pages of that great novel.

The factory employs only thirty-five hands. Yet it turns out nearly 12,000 sickles every week. Steel from Sheffield, only a dozen miles distant, comes in in "strings"—ribbons a quarter of an inch in width. These are sliced by a shearing machine into the proper lengths, whilst other machines shape them, bend them and perform the preliminary processes. Then, blacksmiths, grinders, hafters, and other craftsmen give them their final edge.

The workers in this little town are directly affected by happenings in half the world. A good crop in China means prosperity for them, whilst a revolution in South America may spell short time.—Tit-Bits.

DEEP SEA SAFETY

Just as the gas mask forms part of every soldier's equipment, so a wonderful new escape dress is to be provided for all sailors employed in submarines. The device, which is the invention of Mr. R. H. Davis, has been tested in Loch Long at depths up to 130 feet.

The dress contains a breathing bag, which is supplied by a small cylinder of oxygen fixed below it. Poisonous carbonic acid gas of the exhaled breath is absorbed by a cartridge of soda lime.

Should a submarine sink, every man aboard her will don his escape dress, which will keep him safe in spite of the poisonous gases given off when salt water comes into contact with the accumulators. The hull of the submarine will then be flooded in order to equalize the water pressure within and without. If this were not done the hatch of the conning tower could not be opened owing to the terrific weight of the water above it. Once the hull has been flooded the hatch is easily opened and the crew can pass through it.—Tit-Bits.

A Meeting

I feel that we have met before, and yet
Your name is unfamiliar—can it be
That 'twas in some far-distant time you met
With me?

I know your face, as well I knew it then;
I know—though now you're grave—once in a while
Within your cheek a dimple dances when
You smile.

This memory of you is wondrous strong;
Each trick of speech, each turn of head I know;
Surely we often talked together long Ago?

Even the color of the gown you wore
Is still the same—a misty shade of blue—
Ah, yes, I feel that we have met before;
Do you?

—L.M.O., in "Answers."

Possibilities

Never judge your future possibilities by your past failures.

Old Gentleman (at swimming pool): "I say, attendant, what is about the longest a person has stayed under water?" Attendant: "Oh, about five minutes, sir." Old Gentleman: "Well, there's a man over there who's easily broken the record. I've been timing him, and he's been down seven minutes now."—Pearson's.

A shilling of the year 1919 contains sufficient silver to make about two 1930 coins.

Distinguished Visitors

His Excellency Lt.-Col. T. R. St. Johnston, C.M.G., Governor of the Leeward Islands, is sitting in the centre of this group taken aboard the Duchess of York. Right is Lord Moynihan, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, and left is Captain J. P. N. Whitty, A.D.C., to His Excellency. Lt.-Col. St. Johnston is on a semi-official visit to Ottawa and other cities in an endeavor to promote better Empire Trade Preference policy between Canada and the British West Indies, and also to organize regular air lines between the Dominion and the Islands.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

A jaunty red and white linen print that you'll find so useful for all-day occasions for mid-summer, can be copied for a very small amount.

The becoming scarf collar of white linen accented with plain red gives it a sportive air.

Style No. 2961 affects Princess shaping through the moulded bodice and cleverly low placed fullness of the circular skirt.

It can be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. The medium size takes but 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting for collar with ½ yard of 35-inch bias binding for skirt hem, cuffs and collar trim.

Peach shantung with collar of self-fabric is chic.

Shell pink flat wasnable crepe, yellow and white dotted piqué orchid and white printed batiste and nile green shirting in candy stripe are attractive suggestions.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Fancy That!

A tourist had been shown round a Far Western township by two brothers who had built the entire place during the past ten years or so. He was shown the town hall, the free library, and numerous other buildings. Seated with his hosts at luncheon subsequently, he remarked, "By the way, I didn't notice the church. Where's that?"

The brothers looked at each other for a moment, then one remarked: "There you are, Abe! I've told you all along I was sure we'd forgotten something!"—Tit-Bits.

"Do you see that fellow over there yelling 'Kill the umpire. Cut his heart out, the bloody robber'?"

"Of course I see him, and hear him, too."

"Well, he's one of the worst henpecked men in town. He comes out here every afternoon to let off steam."

The birth-rate for England and Wales last year was the lowest ever recorded—16.3 per 1000 of the population.

Teamwork Fights Mystery Disease

London Laboratory Plans New Crusade Against Asthma

One of the most baffling of all the diseases to which mankind is heir is asthma, whose sufferers number at least a quarter of a million. Like rheumatism, measles, and many other ailments, it was regarded but a few years ago as one of the trifling ills that fall naturally to a man's lot; now it is realized that it is the cause of widespread suffering, distress, and unemployment (writes a Specialist).

It is one of the strangest of all diseases, for those who are liable to it may be perfectly well in one locality and have to fight for every breath in another. A change from house to house or even from room to room may make all the difference.

The medicine of former years knew little about the causes of diseases. It recognized them when they were present, and sought for means of alleviating or curing them. Modern medical science realizes that the only sound method is to strike at the very root of disease by discovering how it is brought about and then taking steps to eradicate the cause.

No one yet knows to what asthma is really due. But thanks to a wonderful movement, started less than three years ago by two asthma sufferers, the Earl of Limerick and Captain F. L. N. Boothby, wonderful work is being done by the Asthma Research Council, whose headquarters are at King's College, London.

Centres for research into the cause of asthma and for its treatment have been established in several places in this country. The method employed is to enlist the help of teams of doctors, each a specialist in his own department. Thus, at Guy's Hospital, the asthma team consists of a biochemist, an X-ray expert, an ear, nose, and throat specialist, a pathologist, a clinical pathologist, a psychologist, a physician, and two assistants. The head of the team receives reports from all, and in this way much more is learned than could be done by the work of one man alone.

Complex Poison

The first thing to ascertain was the nature of the disease itself, and this was found to be an over-sensitive condition of the membranes of organs associated with breathing. It was found that in their abnormally sensitive condition they were subject to irritation, and that this irritation produced shortness of breath.

In the treatment of hundreds of asthma cases a great deal of suffering was due to the use of feather pillows, feather beds, and eiderdowns. From these a minute dust rises, inflames the membranes, and brings on attacks of asthma.

But asthma can, and does, occur when ordinary beds, pillows, and coverings are used. What was the irritant? Careful examination showed that the bodies of large numbers of asthmatics contained a peculiar poison which might be present in abnormally large quantities when an attack was occurring. This poison, which is of a very complex nature, was isolated, and it was discovered that a small amount applied to the skin will raise weals.

The Asthma Research Council is now studying the nature of this poison and endeavoring to find means of counteracting its effects and of preventing its formation in the body. It is known that it is produced sometimes by bad digestion, and in such cases treatment designed to facilitate digestive processes brings about improvement.—Tit-Bits.

GREAT AIMS

All things invite action. What we give, we must give directly; and what we do, we must do at once. We have great aims—aims that are worth living and dying for—that the wilderness may rejoice and blossom as the rose, that slaves may drop their shackles, that nations may change their gods, that Christ may finish His triumphs over all the powers (human and satanic) which through the night of ages have insulted the majesty of God and prolonged the misery of man. These are our aims—aims vast as the joy of Jesus; and our prospects, to borrow the well worn words of Dr. Judson, are "bright as the promises of God."—Rev. Dr. Stanford.

CHANCE.

Chance is but the pseudonym of God in those particular cases which He does not choose to subscribe openly with His own sign manual.—S. T. Coleridge.

It gives more pleasure than you thought tea could give

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Economy Corner

Cherry Mousse

One pint thick cream; 1 cup cherry juice, 2 drops almond extract and powdered sugar. Mix the ingredients, sweetening to taste; chill and whip until stiff, then pack in ice and salt for three hours or more.

Scones

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 egg yolk, 1 cup milk, 1 egg white.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in the butter with a knife. Add egg yolk, then milk gradually. Toss on floured board; pat out to ¼ inch thickness. Cut out with diamond shape cutter. Brush top with egg white beaten with 1 tablespoon water. Lay on a greased pan, and bake in a 450 degree oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Walnut Date Meringue

Two eggs, well beaten; 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 heaping tablespoon sugar and a pinch of salt. Bake for 30 minutes in a slow oven. Serve with rich cream.

Bangor Brownies

One cup sugar, creamed with ½ cup butter; add 2 eggs, well beaten, and stir until free from lumps. Add 2 squares melted chocolate, ½ cup chopped walnuts, and ½ cup pastry flour. Spread thin. Bake 15 minutes and cut in strips.

De Luxe Chocolate Cake

One and one-half cups sugar creamed in ½ cup butter, yolks of 2 eggs beaten fine, ½ cup sour milk, ½ cup hot water. Sift 2 cups flour, ½ cup cocoa and 1 teaspoon soda together. Add whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff. Vanilla. If you sift the flour two or three times it makes a fine cake very fine.

Cream Filling For Washington Pie

One cup milk, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1/3 cup sugar, 1 egg, salt, vanilla. Heat milk. Put dry ingredients into a bowl. Break egg into it. Pour mixture into milk and cook until thick.

Banana Griddle Cakes

Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar. Add in order given 1¼ to 1½ cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter. Dredge 1 cup chopped bananas in flour and add to griddle cakes. Serve with syrup, honey, fresh crushed strawberries or jelly.

Coffee Whipped Cream Roll

Six tablespoons powdered sugar, 6 eggs, 3 tablespoons pastry flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ pint cream, whipped, 3 tablespoons strong coffee. Cream the yolks of the eggs and sugar together, add coffee and flour mixed with baking powder. Whip whites of eggs very stiff and fold through mixture. Line a shallow pan with greased and floured paper, spread mixture on this and bake from 7 to 10 minutes in an oven about 350 degrees F. When baked place between damp cloths. Let cool. Whip the cream stiff, flavor with vanilla and 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Spread on the cake. Roll it. Spread the top with coffee butter frosting.

Fruitage — Serves Four

8 tablespoons crushed pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 2 cups boiling water, 4 tablespoons sugar. Drain pineapple, if canned, but do not extract all juice. Add lemon and orange juice, boiling water and half the sugar. Allow to stand until cool. Add remaining sugar, strain and serve very cold.

Spaghetti Luncheon Dish

This is a spaghetti loaf that is delicious for a luncheon dish: One and one-half cups boiled and rinsed spaghetti, 2 cups soft bread crumbs, 2 cups milk, 2 cups grated cheese, ½ cup melted butter, 4 beaten eggs, 1 pimento, cut fine, salt. Bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes.

Quick Cake

One cup sugar, [illegible] cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, ¼ cup melted butter, pinch of salt. Put ingredients in bowl in order mentioned; do not stir until they are all in. Then stir the entire mixture and beat well. Bake in a small (about 8 ins.) square pan and bake in a moderate oven.

Raisin Gums

Blend ½ cup shortening, 1 cup brown sugar and 1 egg well. Add 1 cup sour milk. Add in 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, soda sifted together. Add 1 cup raisins and ½ cup chopped nuts. Pour into muffin tins and bake 15 to 20 minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Makes 18 cakes.

Cabbage Salad

One medium-sized cabbage, chopped with 1 small jar of cherries; add 1 cup shredded pineapple. Mix with salad dressing.

Inexpensive Dark Cake

Into a bowl put ½ cups of milk (if sour) a teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in the milk and ½ cup of sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 3 of molasses, 2 tablespoons melted shortening (I use lard), ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 heaping cups flour to which has been added a pinch of salt and teaspoons baking powder. Add [illegible] milk, etc., and stir well. Add [illegible] of floured raisins. Bake in [illegible] oven at least ½ hour. Use a shallow pan.

A Vagabond Song

There is some[illegible] in the autumn
that is [illegible] to my blood—
Touch of mann[illegible] but of mood;
And my heart is [illegible] a rhyme,
With the yellow [illegible] the purple and
the crimson [illegible] keeping time.

The scarlet of the [illegible] can shake
me like a [illegible]
Of bugles going [illegible]
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty [illegible] like a smoke
upon the hi[illegible]

There is something [illegible] October sets
the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every [illegible] of flame
She calls and call[illegible] each vagabond by
name.

—Bliss Carman.

A Scotch[illegible]'s Rise

The manager of [illegible] Aberdeen firm called his book-keeper into his private room.

"Sandy," he said, "the accountant is leaving and I'm going to give you his job."

The young book-keeper's face lit up with expectation.

"Thank you, sir," he replied. "And what will the salary be now?"

The manager shook his head.

"It's same as you're getting, but you'll have a hat-peg to yourself now," he returned.

Dinner—"A cutlet, please, but not a large one." Waiter—"Take a large one, sir. They are very small."

PAINS

No matter how severe, you can always have immediate relief:

BAYER

Aspirin always stops pain quickly. It does it without any ill effects. Harmless to the heart, harmless to anybody. But it always brings relief. Why suffer?

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

"Would Anyone be a social lion this way?

A faded, battered hat is hardly respectable . . . yet no worse than dull, gray-looking shoes . . . your morning toilet should always include a "Nugget" shine—which waterproofs the shoes as it polishes.

"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

The NUGGET TIN opens with a twist!