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.

Muriel, who is more interested than she cares to admit, tries to persuade her father not to let Burney tackle the cattle thieves.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

"As I recall Grandfather," Muriel retorted, "he was a ten-minute egg, and you're just like him. I want you to give that Ken Burney a good job on one of your California ranches. You have no right to permit him to risk his life in your employ here."

"Well, it's his business, honey. He has a man's right to roll his own hoop."

"But don't you realize, Daddy, that you're just suborning murder by employing him?"

The king was irritated. "There's entirely too much to-do made over the blood of rascals these days," he growled. "A lot of loose thinking and sticky sympathy wasted on the killer but none on his victim. This boy, Ken Burney, can kill Martin Bruce in cold blood and then, with my money and political influence back of him, he can plead not guilty by reason of insanity and a jury of twelve good boobs and he will turn him loose to kill somebody else. Of course, just to appear orderly, theyll send him to an insane asylum, where he can catch up on his neglected reading for three months; then the doctors will examine him, declare him sane, and he will go back to his friends and be congratulated on two counts—one for going insane and the other for recovering."

His mood changed suddenly. He chuckled. "And that young idiot tackled Martin Bruce in his own bailiwick. Lord, what a lion-tamer the boy would make!"

"He isn't an idiot," the girl defended.

"I don't understand his *modus operandi*," the king continued. "I gather that he took Bruce by surprise, disarmed him and then made a monkey out of him. Undoubtedly, at real fist fighting, he could have stretched Bruce in half a minute, yet he preferred to annoy him, to humiliate him by slapping him, to enrage him to so infuriate him with hatred and a yearning to even the score as to make a killing inevitable the first time they meet. Muriel, I'm certainly stuck for that boy's funeral expenses unless he consents to listen to reason."

The girl was exasperated. "But you're encouraging him not to listen to reason," she protested. "How can you be so inconsistent?"

"I'm not inconsistent. That young fellow has made up his mind to bring himself forcibly to my attention by doing for me something he knows will please me very much. He's heard some gossip around cow camps, has put two and two together and made four. I don't know what his plans are, but I suspect they will be very beneficial to me; I suspect that the first point called for in his plan was the roughhousing of old Martin Bruce, but whatever his plans are, they're his, and I have no business to interfere.

"You forget, my dear child, that I started young and that I'm an old man now. All of my lieutenants who started with me are old men, too. Old age in the executives is what atrophies a business, and I'll be shot if, when I pop off, I'm going to leave you an atrophied business, to be handled by old men. I need new blood in my business. Young blood, bold blood, clean blood.

"I'm going to start with Kenneth Burney and give him a tryout; notwithstanding the fact that I have known him but two hours, he's my idea of a general manager for El Ranchito. He fascinates me, Muriel. Of course I could send him away to another ranch where his life would be peaceful and safe as a monk's in a monastery. But I don't want to, and I know he wouldn't accept such a job, because he'd feel he hadn't earned it and that I was trying to be nice to him as a sop to my conscience for closing out his father's cattle."

CHAPTER VIII.

"I'm furious about that boy. I want to see him in action. I've got to test him out, even at the risk of his life, for if I do not test him out how am I to discover whether he is or is not worth two hoots in a hollow? Somebody has to step into my boots some day, Muriel. Whom have I got? A lot of fine, capable, aging men who each year pass more and more of their responsibilities down to their irresponsible inferiors.

"What's the use having sharp teeth if you're going to be fed on spoon victuals? I size up that Burney boy as one who, in playing poker, plays table stakes; in rolling the bones he prefers one flop and have it over with; his creed is to take a chance, to let the tail go with the hide—and cultured, educated, highly intelligent *gentlemen* who abide by that code are as scarce as the dodo. They're the sort of leaders I'm looking for. I want men who are smarter than myself—and I'm nobody's fool."

"And to-morrow night," the girl murmured absently, "he'll be berthed in the bunkhouse with his mental, moral and intellectual inferiors. Yes," she added, "and his social inferiors."

"But not his professional inferiors," the king reminded.

"It will be very hard on him, Dad. Why don't you make him assistant general manager and let him occupy a room in Mr. Graydon's house?"

"His latent qualities of leadership will develop more quickly in the bunkhouse." His Majesty, in his wisdom, defended. "I graduated from a bunkhouse and he can do the same or get out—provided, of course, that tomorrow I conclude definitely to let him in. . . . I'm sorry I forgot he was a cowboy and invited him to dinner here. That was a tactical error."

"Why not? He's a gentleman also. I found him charming, delightful and very amusing and you know, Dad, good company is scarce here. May I not invite him to dinner again?"

"If you care to, Muriel. As a usual thing you have your own way with me."

Ken Burney rose at dawn, bathed, made his way silently out of the king's house and over to the corral, where he found his horses. His outfit was piled neatly on the ground just outside the gate, so he extracted from it a clean shirt, a change of linen and socks, a brush and comb, a small mirror and shaving outfit, toothbrush and paste. In the shelter of the closely boarded corral he changed his linen; at the watering trough he shaved, brushed his hair and teeth and, his toilet completed, performed a grooming service for his horses, after which he sat on the top rail of the corral and waited for the ranch cook to ring the breakfast bell. And when that "tocsin of the soup" resounded over El Ranchito, Mr. Burney slid precipitately from his perch and joined the rush with some forty other men.

Entering the mess hall, he slid into the nearest seat, nodded, murmured "Howdy" to the men nearest him and fell to, in silence, like the others. Nobody paid any attention to him; with them eating was a sacred function, to be gotten over as quickly as possible. Burney ate leisurely, however, lingering to smoke a cigarette over his second cup of coffee, with the result that he found himself alone in the mess hall when Art Graydon, the general manager, entered and took his seat at a small table in a corner. A red tablecloth gave indication that this table was sacred to him.

Graydon was a tall, slim, iron-gray man with iron-gray eyes that had acquired a permanent squint, due to forty years of sunlight and snowfall. He glanced inquiringly at the stranger as he entered, whereupon Ken Burney stood up, bowed and wished him good morning.

"You're hellish polite for a cowwaddy," Mr. Graydon observed casually. "It ain't necessary to stand up when I come around. Them courtesies is reserved for the king." A mildly humorous gleam came into the squinty eyes as his straight glance roved over Ken Burney. "Come over to show my boys how the rough ones should be ridden?" he asked.

"No, sir. I came over to see you for a riding job, but while I got into the right church it seems I stumbled into the wrong pew. I met His Majesty first. I thought he was you and asked him for a job. However, he thought I'd better pass my entrance examination before he recommended me to you."

"Good old King Bardin," Mr. Art Graydon murmured appreciatively and smiled a thin, small smile of inward satisfaction.

"So," Ken Burney continued, "if it's all the same to you, Mr. Graydon, I'll be glad to show you what I can do. I understand from the king that he'd like to see me ride a horse called Geronimo."

Again Mr. Graydon smiled the small smile of inward satisfaction. "The king must have a grudge against you, mister. And, come to think of it, when'd you talk to him? 'Tain't usual for him to pile out this early."

"I dined with him and Miss Muriel last night and slept in a very lovely guest-room with a bath.

Art Graydon paused, apparently paralyzed, in the act of spearing a strip of bacon. "You eat with the king?" he demanded.

"He was gracious enough to invite me and I was hungry enough to accept. Besides, I got in rather late and dinner was over here."

Evidently this information did not sit well on the Graydon stomach, and Burney was sufficiently quick-witted to realize this. "I hope you'll not hold my delinquency against me, Mr. Graydon," he begged. "Credit me with having sufficient good taste to slip out of the castle before the family was up and come here for breakfast. I know my place."

"Glad of it, son. If you didn't I'd show it to you." Graydon added a moment later: "The old man doggone seldom forgets his. Reckon he had his reasons this time. What's your name, mister?"

"Kenneth Burney, sir."

"A mite inclined toward the dark meat, eh? Well, we'll just call you Smoke, an' that'll do until you have to sign the payroll. Of course, I ain't sayin' I'll take you on, although I could use a good top-hand just now, but if I do take you on, you remember to keep away from headquarters until you're sent for, and then don't linger to pick wild flowers on the way. The king ain't none too patient. His middle name is Speed. We got to have some discipline here an' handshakin' the king don't go. I play no favorites."

This pronouncement Art Graydon made without rancor, without brag or bounce. He meant no offence and Ken Burney understood this thoroughly.

(To be continued.)

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MAKING A HERO

Everybody will gather round and cheer when a brave man risks his life at the seaside in order to save a bather in distress or when anyone distinguishes himself in a moment of danger. But nobody dreams of cheering when a cat puts up her back and spits at a dog.

Essentially, however, scientists say that there is no difference between the two. Both the act of heroism and the spitfire fury of the cat are due to the same cause—a substance called adrenalin, which flows into the blood from the adrenal gland.

According to Mrs. Adams, lecturer on biology at Cambridge University, heroes are just people with enlarged adrenal glands. But it is doubtful if a dose of adrenalin, which can now be made in the laboratory from coal tar, would produce the desired results if it were administered, say, to soldiers before a battle. According to another authority, the adrenals, which are ductless glands situated above the kidneys, mobilize the resources of the body for exertions like struggle or flight when under the influence of fear or anger. So if you gave adrenalin to a man who was already afraid, its effect might only be to make him run away more quickly.

The adrenal glands seem to be necessary to life. If both of them are removed, death follows in about forty-eight hours.

Try Mustard

Rub a little dry mustard over the hands after peeling onions, then wash in the usual way. This removes the disagreeable odour.

There will be no danger of cooked beetroot becoming mouldy if a little prepared mustard is placed in the jar in which it is kept.

Mustard mixed with a little vinegar will remove fresh ink stains from any kind of material. Rub well into the affected parts, then wash with a warm soapy lather and rinse in tepid water. Should traces of the ink remain, repeat the process.

Mrs. Resorter: "Fred, come up to the house at once. There's a telegram saying that your factory is burning up."

Mr. Resorter: "Hush, Helen. I think I've got another bite."

Two Negroes who had been engaged to mow the lawn of a big hotel were quarrelling. "Niggah," said one, "does yew know whut I done witsh? I done wish dat hotel yonder had a thousan' rooms in it, and that yew wuz laid out daid in ev'ry room!"

Wins First Prize For Layer Cake

Mrs. W. McKenzie, 9 Fernwood Ave., Ave., Toronto, was awarded the first prize for layer cake at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto. As there were a large number of entries, of cakes of various kinds we believe our women readers will be interested in securing Mrs. McKenzie's recipe, which follows:

Golden Layer Cake

½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, yolks of 6 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1¾ cups flour, 4 teaspoonful Magic baking powder, 1 teaspoonful of orange extract. Cream butter and sugar, add well beaten yolks and beat again with butter and sugar until very light. Sift flour and Magic baking powder together and add to first mixture alternatively with milk. Beat lightly for about one minute, put into greased layer pans and bake. Temperature 400 deg. F. Time about 20 minutes. Put together with lemon filling and ice with boiled frosting.

Lemon Filling

1 lemon and rind, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful flour. Beat lemon rind and egg together. Stir in lemon juice and sugar. Dissolve flour in water. Cook in double boiler till it jellies and spread.

(Boiled) Frosting

Dissolve a cup of granulated sugar in ¼ cup of hot water. Wash down the sugar from the sides of the pan, cover and let boil three or four minutes, uncover and let boil to a rather firm soft ball stage. Pour in a fine stream on the whites of 2 eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile.

A few maraschino cherries chopped and added to the frosting gives a delicious and pleasing flavor.

ORCHARDS IN AUTUMN

Moon enchanted, cool, crisp Autumn night,
That wraps the earth in star-jeweled velvet robes
And sings the waning season's requiem,
Is harvester of Summer's promises
Trees once delicately blossomed pink
Are burdened now with weight beyond their strength
To hold, and clear September silences
Are broken as the tired branches drop
Ripe mellowed fruit.

A bird whose ear awaits
The north wind's warning, twitters endlessly,
For it has seen these trees like children all
In April play, and then in manner grand
Join Summer's splendid color symphony.
But I am silent in this solemn hour,
Knowing how each tree in winter weeps
When bows are lashed by unrelenting storms.

—Minna Gellert.

Anger

Anger may repast with thee for an hour, but not repose with thee for a night. The countenance of anger is hatred; the continuance of hatred turns malice. That anger is not warrantable which hath seen two suns.

Economy Corner

Lamb Stew With Vegetables

5 pounds of lamb for stew (neck or breast). Remove outside layer of skin and some of the fat. Boil for an hour and then set aside to cool over night. In the morning remove the layer of fat which has formed on top. Add vegetables, carrots, onions, potatoes and a "soup bunch." More water can be added to what the meat was cooked in; season with salt and pepper. Use no thickening in this. When nearly ready to serve, remove some of the stock to another pan and thicken it, to use when serving meat and vegetables.

Shepherd's Pie

Next day take meat and vegetables that are left, put into round baking dish; add about 2 cups of stock and bring to the boiling point. Make a crust of 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful sugar and ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon soft shortening and milk enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out to size of baking pan and bake in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes. Can be prepared early and reheated at meal time. This makes a delicious Shepherd's pie.

Baked Corn

Two tablespoons butter, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 cups cooked or canned corn, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 2 eggs. Melt butter, add flour and mix well; add milk gradually and bring to the boiling point stirring constantly, add corn, sugar, salt, pepper and heat thoroughly. Remove from fire, add well beaten eggs and pour into greased baking dish. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes or until corn is firm. Serve this for luncheon with a green salad and graham muffins.

Shoulder Steak

When buying shoulder steak get two slices. Take the tender part from both slices and broil or fry for your steak dinner. The tenderest parts are dark parts around the bone.

Gingerbread

One-half cup sugar, ¼ cup butter, 1 egg, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup sour milk, 1 even teaspoon soda dissolved in the milk, 1 teaspoon ginger, a little salt and 1½ cups flour. Mix in the usual way.

Lemon Sauce

Mix ½ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch; add 1 cup boiling water, stirring constantly. Boil 5 minutes, remove from fire, add 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice and a little nutmeg. Serve hot.

Ribbon Jelly

Do you ever prepare two different flavors of gelatin and place in layers? Place one layer with half the amount of strawberry, whip the other half, and when first has set, place whipped on top. Then a layer of lemon, and one of whipped cream. Pineapple may be added to lemon gelatin and strawberries to the strawberry if you wish to do so.

Walnut Cakes

Two eggs, a pinch of salt, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sweet milk, 2 scant cups pastry flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ cup chopped walnuts. This recipe makes two dozen.

WARMING TREES BY AEROPLANE

In several parts of the world where delicate fruit crops are grown frost is a deadly enemy. It has been discovered that ground frosts are unlikely in cloudy weather, since the clouds act like blankets and prevent the soil from giving up its heat. On clear nights it has long been customary to protect orange, lemon, and other citrus fruit trees by lighting smoke fires.

The heat of the fires is trifling, but their smoke clouds provide the necessary counterpanes. Recent experiments have shown that aeroplanes can be used for tucking up fruit trees for the night. The 'plane flies to and fro over the orchard, emitting a dense cloud of smoke, and the trees are kept warm.

Sometimes forest fires destroy thousands upon thousands of acres of timber. To replant these in the ordinary way would be almost impossible, but wonderful results have been obtained by using aeroplanes to distribute tree seeds over the burnt-out lands.

SALADA GREEN tea will give you most enjoyment

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

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'Fresh from the garden'

Little Rustic Cemetery Doomed, Says Ontario Health Official

Toronto.—The little rustic cemetery, usually seen alongside most small churches, is doomed, like the little red schoolhouse. In these days of big business and amalgamation, that have seen smaller schools consolidated into substantial seats of learning, the little church graveyard has not got much of a chance. "Its days are over," said Dr. W. J. Bell, Deputy Minister of Health for Ontario, addressing the 44th convention of the American Cemetery Superintendents in session here.

"I hope to see small cemeteries amalgamated with larger ones, and thus remove the cause of neglected cemeteries," the speaker continued. He deplored the fact so many of them, particularly in rural sections, were neglected. "The attitude of this generation toward the pioneers is reflected in the care they show for the last resting places of the pioneers," Dr. Bell said, "and unfortunately many of these cemeteries are falling into a state of bad repair."

PEELINGS

Never peel an eating apple unless the skin is definitely tough and indigestible. Much of the goodness of an apple is in the peel.

Cucumber is less indigestible if the dark green skin is left on it. If the cucumber is sliced very thinly the dark green rim is far from unattractive looking.

Tomatoes for salads or sandwiches are best peeled. Drop the tomatoes into a cup of hot water for a few seconds, then take out with a fork and peel. The skin will come off easily. Leave to cool before cutting up.

Oranges required for salads or other sweets should be treated similarly and left for five minutes in enough boiling water to cover them. The skin and the white pithy part will then come off quite easily.

Orange peel must not be despised, however. A small piece of orange peel eaten every now and then is said to make the eyes bright.

Onions to be peeled should have boiling water poured over them. If they are peeled immediately after this they will not make your eyes smart or water.

ACHIEVEMENT

Life gave him dreary tasks to do,
And fortune never came.
He lived his whole existence through
Unheralded by fame;
His mind was never free from care,
No time for sport he had
And yet when silvered was his hair
His twilight days were glad,

No more he grieved for pleasures missed,
Nor grudged the toilsome task,
For he had gained from life's long list
Of joys, the one he'd ask.
His daughters now are women true,
His sons are worthy men;
And all the care he struggled through
Is paid for ten times ten.

Life gives to some men wealth and fame,
To some its pleasures gay,
A few its luxuries may claim,
But happiest are they
Who come to old age peacefully
And in the twilight spell,
Before they say "good night," can see
Their children doing well.

—Edgar A. Guest.

LIGHTING UP MADE EASY

The very latest thing in cigarettes is a variety which can be lit without the aid either of matches or lighter.

This self-lighting cigarette is tipped with a special preparation. When you want to light up, you take a cigarette out of the fire-proof packet in which they are contained and rub it gently along the side of the packet. It lights at once.

Will smokers cease to buy matches when these cigarettes are available everywhere? They would be quite useful when you wanted to light up in a wind—but so is a lighter. And the lighter hasn't driven matches off the market, and doesn't seem likely to do so.

This country now has so many filling stations, it is easy to fuel all of the people all of the time.

WHAT THE HOUSEWIFE WANTS

A committee of housewives, consisting of two women councillors and three other married women, has been appointed to give advice on the domestic planning of a number of new houses to be built by Watford (Eng.) Corporation this autumn.

If this example were followed wherever new housing estates were planned, women would have a much better time of it. Even in expensive houses there are frequently many little points which add materially to a housewife's work and worries.

Even if there are plenty of cupboards—very often there aren't—the kitchen arrangement is involve unnecessary walking about in preparing a meal. Or the larder is placed where it catches the sun or there are too many stairs to negotiate. A single step between kitchen and dining-room will mean the expenditure of quite a lot of extra energy.

A housewives' housing committee should be able to avoid all that. Architects don't seem to think about these things—perhaps because they have never done household work themselves.

"Many people, already ready to go where they are told the mass is going are adapting their minds to a Godless future."—Abbe Ernest Dimnet.

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HEADACHES

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BAYER

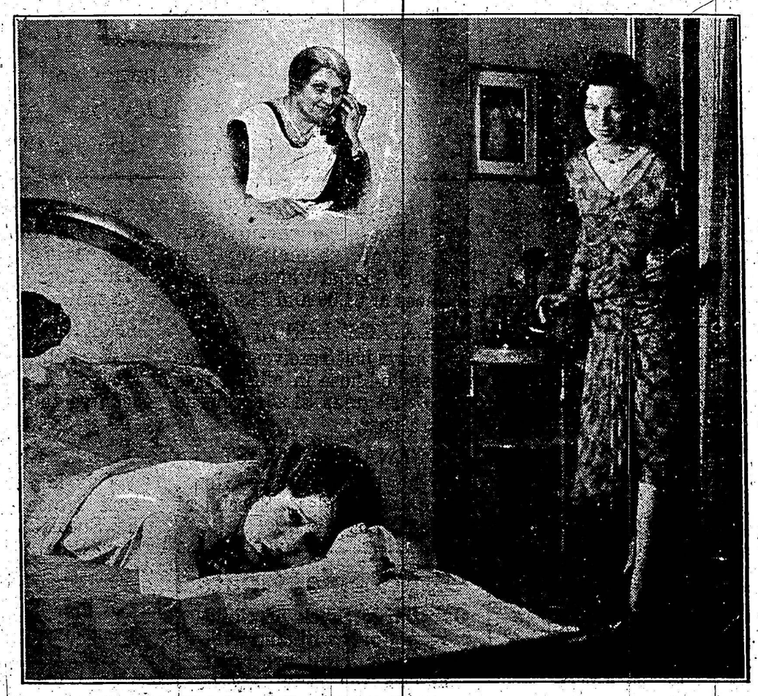
WHO would let their hair go this way?

Your pride prompts you to keep your hair well groomed . . . then for the same reason smarten your dull, unpolished shoes regularly with a glossy "Nugget" shine—waterproofs the shoes as it polishes.

"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

The NUGGET TIN opens with a twist!

Homesickness—And a Cure!



It's your mother, Mary!" exclaimed Hazel Wright, Mary's room mate in the college dormitory.

"Mother!" cried Mary Strong who had thrown herself on the bed in a fit of homesickness.

As she poured out her heart to her mother and from the very sound of her parent's voice gathered strength to overcome that homesickness which only those who have experienced it can appreciate, Hazel Wright wondered how anyone could do without a telephone even as she herself expressed it "if it took the last cent."

Distance makes no difference and the cost nowadays for out-of-town calls is surprisingly low.