

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, being young Burney's style, offers him a job of getting the cattle-stealers. Burney accepts, though he knows it means a fight to the death. He meets Martin, the king's beautiful daughter, who is more interested than she cares to admit to persuade her father not to let Burney take the job. Burney's courage by making him ride Gertrude, the king's daughter, on the ranch. Burney passes the test with flying colors but his independence arouses the king's

CHAPTER IX—(Cont'd.)
Graydon favored him with a grateful glance and a deprecating smile. "I'm willing, boss. I'd 'a' been willing any time since I turned the fifty post. Where you going to put in my place if that's any of my business?"

"You're salary's raised five thousand a year. Art—forget to mention that and Smokey takes his place. I don't like the name Smokey. It fits his complexion, but he isn't the sort of man to labor along under a familiar name. I'll have his name as Mr. Kenneth Burney."

Art Graydon was amazed. "How do you know this boy, boss? Smokey, I got the idea you never met him before last night?"

"Which you're right, as usual, Art. You just playing a hunch that he'll ride with the best. If he knows how to give a hand if he doesn't own a cow from a sheep. We've got to have a man to take the place of Miguel Gallegos to the south of and at last Burney knows that he's got to get rid of those two boys in order to hold his job. He'll have to ride El Rancho for me and take in red ink, and he realizes he can't operate very deeply in black ink. These two skunks couldn't annoy us. By making him general manager I automatically hand him a job he's got to solve or quit. The worth fighting for, isn't it?"

Graydon nodded. "But, boss," he said, "if he's a professional killer, I don't want to pay him for both after you're sure he's done them, and if he's not, what's the sense of hiring a killer your general manager?"

"We had a nice little ringer today, didn't we?" said the king.

"But Graydon was not to be sidetracked so easily. "Well, I reckon you can pay for your pleasures," he began, looking at the king with a winning smile.

"How about a little assistance, Art? I'll drink to the new assistant to the king and another to my new general manager of El Rancho!"

Art Graydon subsided, for he knew that when the king had exhausted, a fight he'd dropped it as if it burned him.

"By the way," the king continued, "I'm your new general manager." "In the bunkhouse, I suppose," said the various department of El Rancho. The king, therefore, rang up the bunkhouse and got Tom Bledsoe, the riding boss, on the phone. "Tell him to report to me at my quarters immediately," he ordered.

"You'd better take him in hand to-morrow, Art," the king suggested, as he resumed his seat. "Tell him boy after running the ranch, explain the system to him, show him the map of El Rancho and ride over the range with him and show him the boundary. But him on to all the details of the job for about two weeks. After that he can continue to absorb information from the riding boss, Tom Bledsoe."

"I can't know as Tom's liable to be a communicative boss. He's in line for promotion and he's always had a hunch that when I moved on he'd get my job. I can't be right, can I?"

"At the present time the job is too big for him. After Ken Burney has proved out, the situation is different, but not until then. You tell Tom to keep his nose clean and he'll get ahead in the world a whole lot faster."

CHAPTER X.
A half-hour passed. "The new general manager is taking his time about reporting to me," said the king presently. "He'll have to learn to report on the jump when I send for him, so


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ISSUE No. 40-30

What New York Is Wearing

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When the barber tipped him out of the chair he went at once to the end of the shop to arrange his necktie, in order to avoid the hazard of Martin Bruce opening his eyes and seeing in the mirror in front of him, the reflection of his youthful enemy standing just behind him. When he was ready for the street Burney sat down and lit a cigarette.

"I thought you was in a hurry," the barber commented.

"Not now," Mr. Burney replied softly. "A little later—perhaps."

He reached in under the left front of his light white cord coat and eased his pistol in the holster that hung there from his shoulder, then waited until the other barber, having washed Martin Bruce ruddy face and powdered it, tilted him upright in his chair and asked him what, if anything, he would have on his head. And at that moment Ken Burney spoke.

"Good morning, Mr. Bruce."

Martin Bruce jerked his head in the direction of the voice; then, with an alertness one would never have suspected in a man as old and bulky as he leaped out of the chair and reached under the clinging barber's apron for his artillery. But the hand did not come out, for the very excellent reason that he saw Burney had him covered—and the enveloping barber's apron had Bruce at a distinct disadvantage.

(To be continued.)

Wolves and Tigers Terrorize Natives

The Man-Eating Leopard is the Worst of all Our Four-Footed Enemies

A party of natives were cutting down sugar-cane in a plantation near Durban when a huge animal came crashing through the canes. They were terrified.

"It was a hippopotamus, a creature that had not been seen near Durban for very many years. Hebert, as they called this hippo, was born in Zululand, and for some reason best known to himself, decided to trek south. He invaded the market gardens around Durban, crashing through the fences as if they were paper, and eating cart-loads of lettuce.

One night he walked right into the town and scared a party of late tea drinkers nearly out of their senses. He took a malicious pleasure in frightening natives, but when a white man approaches he simply vanishes. Up to date he has travelled 300 miles and done several pounds' worth of damage.

Wolves' Reign of Terror.
A female wolf terrorized the southern part of New Mexico for twelve years, from 1916 to 1928. She eluded all traps and trappers, and she and her band killed 20,000 dollars' worth of cattle. At last in May, 1928, she was trapped. She was nearly seven feet long and almost white in color.

The most terrible wolf that ever lived was the celebrated "Gevaudan Monster," which kept the French peasants of the Auvergne in a state of terror for years during the latter part of the eighteenth century. In a single winter it killed 118 persons.

At last a great hunt was organized in which 3,000 people took part, and the brute was surrounded and killed. It was the largest wolf ever recorded in Europe, being just over six feet in length, and weighing about 140 pounds.

In 1920 wolves appeared in the Central Provinces of India, killed between forty and fifty people, and spread terror over a district 200 miles long. The worst of the damage was done by a lone wolf, which was known to have killed between twenty and thirty children.

One day a Mohammedan wood-cutter spotted the brute asleep at the edge of a muddy pool; stole up and slew it with his axe. It was an enormous beast, lame in one hind leg.

Indian wolves are not normally man-eaters, and when a pack of man-eating wolves is hunted hard and some of them killed, the rest abandon their attacks on mankind and go back to their natural prey.

Villagers Dragged From Huts
Stories of man-eating tigers are plentiful but a man-eating leopard is much more dangerous. It is quicker, more savage, and far more cunning. From 1919 to 1926 the whole of the Radhanagar district, in Bengal, lived in a nightmare of terror caused by one of these animals.

During those seven years this blood-thirsty beast killed no fewer than 147 villagers—men, women, and children.

All kinds of poisons were tried in vain. Gun-traps were equally useless. Three British officers spent nearly all their leave for three years in vainly hunting the monster.

At last, in March, 1926, Captain Corbett, after sitting for eleven nights on a platform built in a tree above a pilgrim's shelter, ended the savage beast's career with a single rifle shot.

The worst tiger was one which created panic in the Ganjam district of Madras between 1906 and 1909, and is known to have killed more than 150 people. It drew so bold that it would enter a village by night and drag unfortunate peasants from their huts. At last it was shot by a young British officer.

Heat-Waves Are Good for Health?

"During the heat-wave the whole world sweated freely. Never before, perhaps, has perspiration been so profuse and so continuous, because the humidity of the air served to stimulate the sweat glands to their greatest activity," writes the Medical Correspondent of the Times Trade and Engineering Supplement.

"The result was that most of us got rid of a great deal of poison from our systems. In numerous cases attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, and other aches and pains were cut short to the surprise and delight of the sufferers.

"The hint should be worth taking. Except during heat-waves most of us sweat very little in the ordinary course of our occupations. It is at least possible that if we sweated more we should enjoy better health.

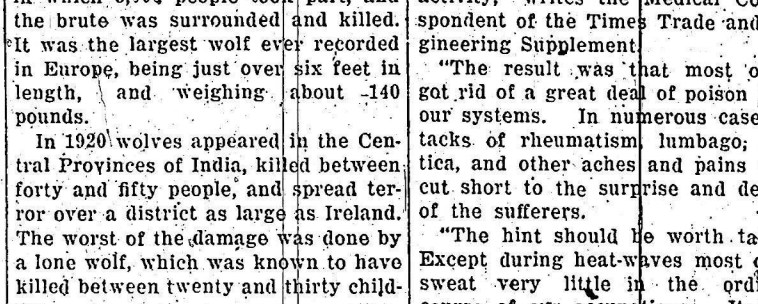
"A daily sweat may be far more effective than a daily apple in keeping the doctor away."

HOW LONG DO PARROTS LIVE?

It is supposed that some parrots live considerably more than a century. There is a definite record of one specimen, a gay parrot, that lived 99 years.

Frost—"Where do the jellyfish get their jelly?" Frost—"From the ocean currents, I guess."

President Elect C. W. N. A.



Malcolm MacBeath, of "The Sun," Milverton, Ont., (left) newly elected President of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association, photographed in front of the Nova Scotia Hotel at Halifax after his election at the closing session of the annual convention held in the Nova Scotia, August 8, 9, 10, with Hugh Savage, of "The Cowichan Leader," Duncan, B.C., (centre) retiring President, and E. Roy Sayles, of "The Renfrew Mercury," Renfrew, Ont., General Manager of the Association. (Canadian National Railway's photo.)

A POTATO SUGGESTION

Some persons think of potatoes only in combination with meat, therefore will not eat potatoes without meat or fish, so when eating a vegetable meal they discard the potatoes.

Now potatoes are supposed to be included in the vegetable line, but they might appear as a side dish. Cream of potato soup is delicious and it used as the first course the potatoes can be omitted from the unbalanced plate without causing an unbalanced meal.

Lady (Interviewing applicant for situation for cook): "And do you know anything about invalid cookery?" Applicant: "Indeed I do, Mum. I cooked two years for a large family, and when I left they were all invalids."

Big Snake Hunting World's Best Thrill

Noted Traveller Gives Graphic Account of Python-Hunt

Orchard hunting is my job, but when, by way of a change, I started on a five-months' tour of prospecting and exploring among Borneo's hills and valleys, rivers and jungles, I discovered about the most thrilling sport in the world: the sport of python-hunting as indulged in by a tribe called the Dusuns.

To the Dusuns python flesh is a delicious dainty. They are great python eaters. It astonished me to see how eagerly they will penetrate deep into these darkened, dark, snake-infested forests.

The Dusun python-hunting was a case of putting the shoe on the other foot. I have seen a great many snakes of all varieties in my time, and my chief recollection is the agility displayed by man in leaping out of their way. A hissing serpent, coiled to strike, is one of the ugliest things—and the cold touch of its live, slithering scales is a sensation to make your scalp creep. But my Dusuns were not python-hunters; they were sportsy and unconcerned as an American on a Scottish grouse-moor.

Arms, only with his beloved parang, the Dusun wades into the old python so heavily that the tables are completely turned, and it's the big snake that urgently wants to get away, hissing like a locomotive, his ugly, yellow jaws agape.

I embarked for a trip up the Python River with a fleet of six dugouts and twelve Dusun bearers, who were eventually looking forward gleefully to a big bag of toothsome python.

We had passed the last of the clearings when we camped for the night, and on the following day the jungle of the real python-country swallowed us. It was here that we glided into the region of perpetual twilight. Our silent dug-outs entered a tortuous, silent tunnel whose leaning walls and overhanging roof were the interlocked boughs and branches and leaves and tendrils of trees that crowded either bank; only the slenderest darts of sunshine shot slantwise through the interstices.

The little Dusun boatmen quivered with excitement, paddling stealthily with hardly a ripple on the surface of the water. They were watching the overhanging branches and still foliage, heads flung back, their dilated eyes ringed with white. All day they had talked snake, and I believe those python-eaters dream snake all night. And now the fun was to begin.

Naturally my eyes were uneasily ranging among the thick, overhanging foliage, which seemed much too lifeless to be true. I could see nothing but scrawny yellowish bark and green leaves. Nature has so cunningly camouflaged the pythons skin that it seems to assimilate its leafy surroundings—to vision less acute than the roving eyes of the snake-hunters.

The dug-out stopped. The Dusun in the stern shipped his paddle, but he had never taken his eyes off the arm, pointing.

"Uia!" he yelled. "Uia!"

The boatman grabbed a low branch and swung himself up into the tree. Getting astride of a gnarled branch, he began to work his way outwards towards the middle of the stream, drawing his parang.

There was an instant upheaval in the densely-clustered leaves and twining tendrils. Terrifically, the foliage woke to life, and a ten-foot python's long, flat head reared up, the big yellow mouth agape, hissing, the mighty coils slithering and writhing.

The little Dusun lashed out with his parang, three blows in less than a second of time. I never saw a cat strike quicker. And every blow went straight to the mark—thud! thud! thud!

The big snake's head jerked sideways, oddly like a boxer who had been socked on the jaw, and the full length of his sinuous coils went mad. Despite his fearsome appearance and great size, it was clear that he didn't like what was coming to him. In the language of the rug, the Dusun's whirlwind attack had got him groggy. That flailing parang was all over him—thud! thud! thud! Leaves and bark

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were ripped from the boughs and littered the still surface of the river.

In my dug-outs down below we were yelling with excitement. The python peered at us wickedly, and just in that fraction of a second he stopped abruptly whizzing about on the head and visibly wilted; so that the follow-up missed him and whanged against a tough bough with an ugly sound that told us how hard our friends was hitting.

That seemed to decide the first round, for the snake evidently thought the tree was altogether too hot for him. He uncoiled himself and dropped into the water. Then he redoubled his efforts. Six curly Dusuns went after him, and grabbed him in six places, at once with their bare arms and hands.

The strength of an enraged python is prodigious. Though held tenaciously by six strong men, his convulsive struggles dragged them in all directions. But the Dusuns lunged on grimly. Strong as he was—and his body was as thick as a man's leg, his captors were stronger. Wary, they prevented him from hitching on to anything with his tail, and they dragged his head over the thwart of one of the dug-outs where another Dusun was waiting for him with his parang poised.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Using the dug-out as a kind of butchering-block the Dusun bludgeoned the giant snake to death. When its huge, limp length was dragged into the boat, there wasn't a tremor from tip to tail. Inert and chilled up, steved away like an old rope's end, the Dusuns left him. Their blood was up. Laughing and jabbering excitedly, craning their necks and gazing up into the trees, they prepared for another attack.

Their shells yell in the light that had just ended, the parang of the water and the whanging and judding of the parangs, had raised the dawn among the tree-dwelling python families. Now we could see their coils along the branches, and the quick, menacing movement of their darting heads.

When our sport was over, we took a snapshot of eight beautiful skins—all much longer than the height of a very tall man—hanging out to dry on the thatch of my portable shack. Gazing at them reflectively, it seemed to me that I had been privileged to witness the most exciting and purely sporting hunt in the world. It had been a really stirring experience, even to a hard-bitten hunter like myself. It appealed to my sporting instincts so strongly because the Dusuns attacked their formidable quarry in its own difficult stronghold, and then dislodged it to hack with the parang's cutting edge, using their weapon only as a bludgeon and actually tackling the snakes with their bare hands.

The Dusuns had attacked nine pythons during the day's hunting. Only one managed to get away, an enormous reptile over twenty feet in length. The fight in the water was nothing short of spectacular—six intrepid Dusuns and one huge snake. The hunters did not let go, either, until they were all actually thrown. It was like an aquatic rodeo with a back-jumping twelve-foot python hurling his six assailants at one terrific throw. They went down, spluttering a windmill of legs and arms. But they came up, still spluttering, but laughing, thoroughly enjoying themselves—and the spectacle of the huge python making his way to shore like a terpedo.

Every night the Dusuns had a banquet of python flesh. The flesh has cut strong, fishy smell. These natives cut it up, rather like one slices a banana, and slowly boil it in a hollow bamboo filled with water—F. D. Burdett in "Pearson's Magazine."

Winter Clothing Affects "Talkies"

Actors and Actresses Have to "Speak-up" to Absorb-Quality of Winter

Audiences in a theatre or motion picture house are more sound in winter than in summer, due to the increase in clothing in the colder season. For this reason, actors and actresses have to speak louder to winter audiences and the quality of their picture equipment has to be tuned up to higher volume in winter to make the spoken sound clearly audible throughout the picture. According to V. L. Christy, of the sound section of the United States Bureau of Standards, the quality of clothing worn by an audience is a factor in determining the length of time required for sound in a picture to decay and fall to zero.

The following competition was furnished by the Bureau of Standards: Some time has been spent with sound experiments with sound absorbers, materials having been constructed in a large empty room having no sound absorbers, and no sound absorbers. A load speaker is placed in the room and the length of time required for the sound to decay after the speaker has been shut off is measured.

These experiments are carried on first in an empty room and then are repeated with various types of materials having acoustic properties placed along the walls and ceiling in the way practically every type of material is made has been tested with the cooperation of the manufacturers.

Among the most common substances from which acoustic materials are made are plaster and hair felt, sugar cane fibre, pumice, and rock wool, the latter being the most effective. Rock wool is made of molten rock blown through exceedingly fine jets. Some of the materials were found to have higher coefficients of sound absorption than others. In general those of higher coefficients seem to be more costly.

A greater amount of acoustical material is ordinarily used in motion picture theatres due to the fact that the human voice is weak compared to the electric tones of which the talking picture is capable. The louder the electric tones the more the human voice being reproduced requires more damping material in picture houses. The materials are usually placed on the walls and ceiling. The doors and entrance are also treated, in many instances, necessarily, due to the banks of soft seats that absorb sound and to a high degree.

THE SONG OF SLEEP
A lovely song,
And so do they sing,
But big brown eyes
Can only say "who?"
Back and Jill Adair.

"A man who derives no enjoyment out of anything is old, no matter what years are."—Winston Churchill.

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