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"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

730

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 Burneys style, offers him the job of getting the cattle thieves. Burney accepts. 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. The king decides to test Burney's courage by making him ride Geronimo, the toughest broncho on the ranch. Burney passes the test with flying colors. At Huachita, a nearby town, Burney runs into Bruce and outwits him. He then returns to the ranch to report.

CHAPTER XI.—(Concld.)

His supper eaten, Burney telephoned to the king. "Ken Burney speaking, sir. Mr. Graydon instructed me to report to you the moment I returned to the ranch. I have returned."

"You've taken your sweet time about it. Come over immediately. I'm on the western verandah. Don't bother to announce yourself."

Three minutes later His Majesty was interested to hear a man running at top speed along his verandah. He looked up just as Ken Burney turned the corner, running, and with a broad jump landed squarely in front of him. He greeted the somewhat astonished king with a breezy, military salute.

"The late Mr. Burney reports to His Majesty," he announced.

"What's your mad hurry, you young idiot?"

"Mr. Graydon informed me that 'as' was Your Majesty's middle name and that whenever you instructed a man to report to you that man had better take it on the run or get fired."

"You're too dogg-ned literal," the king laughed in spite of himself. "So you went to town for a haircut, eh? Where have you been since?"

"Well, after the barber finished with me I had to collect two months' pay due me from Martin Bruce—"

"You lunatic! What happened?"

"He paid me. Tried to kill me first, but as the ancient philosopher once remarked, 'to be forewarned is to be forearmed.' In other words, I got the drop on Martin and he came through like a sport."

"Tell me about it," the king urged. "Nobody ever tells me anything except hard luck stories. Make me laugh, son."

So Ken Burney told him in meticulous detail of his encounter with Martin Bruce, and the king did not laugh.

"He tried to draw on you and got tangled in the barber's apron. Was his gun in the holster or in his hand when he saw you had the drop on him?"

"It was in his hand."

"For the love of life why didn't you bust him? A clear case of self-defence. You had three barbers as witnesses that you spoke pleasantly to the man and he attempted to shoot you. Why, the coroner's jury would have exonerated you. Boy, boy, you'll never get another chance at him as lovely as that one. You had a good hand and you played it like a foot. I'm ashamed of you."

"You needn't be—yet. I told you I wasn't hiring out as a killer. Of course I'll kill if I have to—in self-defence, but it's always been my policy to walk around a fight."

CHAPTER XII.

"That's been Art Grayden's policy," the king retorted bitterly, "and where has it gotten us? I had an idea when I made you general manager that I was hiring a fighter, not a pacifist."

"Oh!" Ken Burney was faintly amazed. "Am I your general manager?"

"You are. I'm going to take a chance on you—for a while, anyhow."

"In that event," the other replied, "the dignity of my new job indicates that I should sit down, even though I haven't been asked."

And forthwith he dragged up a chair and sat down.

"You remarked that you have concluded to take a chance on me," Ken Burney went on. "That decision does infinite credit to your well-known reputation for sagacity. Of course I know you are not taking a chance on me at all, but that remains to be seen, as the monkey remarked when he dropped the kitten down the well."

"Three days—or the butt end of three days—have passed since you collected your wages from Martin Bruce. How have you spent those three days?" the king persisted.

"Since I am not, as yet officially, on your payroll, you will pardon me, I'm sure, if I ask you not to press that question."

"You were on my payroll." His Majesty assured him wearily, "from the moment I watched you jump your horse over my gates and fences and out corners to have an interview with me."

"Well, if I've been drawing salary since that night, you are, of course, entitled to my confidence. You have a right to know what I do on your time. Well, I've been down in El Cajon Bonita making bad medicine for the hombre that has a habit of branding your calves down there. There seems to be some doubt, as near as I can gather from the local gossip, whether Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos are partners in crime or operating independently, and as this is a point that must be cleared up before I proceed farther, I went down there and set my trap. In a short time we should discover that which we shall inevitably discover."

"Tell me about your trap, son."

So Ken Burney told him. "Hah!" roared the king. "But in all probability you'll never get back that five dollars' worth of new quarters you planted in those calves, so put it on your monthly expense account."

"Thank you, sir. I'll credit you with whatever salvage I recover. When my films are developed they should show the Double B brand on the cows and no brand on the calves. And I have been careful to photograph all my test calves in the act of nursing their mothers, the idea being to establish maternity to the exclusion of any reasonable doubt in the minds of twelve good men and true."

"You forget the trial of the thieves, if any, will occur in Mexico."

"It will," Ken Burney replied enigmatically, "it certainly will. However, I'm also going to put a number of your El Ranchito calves north of the line on a free-silver basis, and if Martin Bruce's brand should appear on them a little later, why, well just have Mr. Bruce arrested the first time thereafter he steps across the state line. We'll have a secret indictment all ready for the old gentleman, and he'll be tried in New Mexico where the crime has been committed. In his own country, of Cochise, Arizona, where he is sheriff, he would have an advantage over us, in that he could have his chief deputy select the right kind of jury—and thereafter whenever his men decided to run the Triangle B iron on a Double B calf, they'd examine the hide first for hidden treasures; if they found any they'd leave your calf alone."

"No, they wouldn't," the king contradicted. "Those petit larceny skunks would just help themselves to the evidence and brand the calf anyhow. By the way, Burney, your salary as general manager is five hundred dollars a month."

"That isn't enough money for a bright young fellow like me," Burney replied, "but it will do very nicely for the present and I thank Your Majesty from the bottom of a heart that, of late, has been somewhat heavy. However, I warn you that once I have corrected the situation which annoys you, do not be surprised if I quit your employ on short notice. I'm the Knight of the Wandering Hoof. I'm one of those fellows who just naturally has to go and find out."

"Seems to me you've made commendable progress in my employ," His Majesty retorted dryly. "If your ability is at all commensurate with your ego you'll be running me off my job before the month is out."

"Yes—and you'll let out a few shrill yips of satisfaction if I succeed in doing it. You're tied to your job, and unless you can get somebody to handle it as well as you handle it yourself you'll live out the remainder of your life just scared to death at what's going to happen to your kingdom when you leave this vale of tears. You haven't a son to take your place, have you?"

The king sighed. He was touched on a tender spot. "It is the tragedy of my life that I have not, Burney."

"I can understand your tragedy and sympathize with it. But thats' only tragedy number one. If that lovely daughter of yours should marry some fellow without sufficient cow sense to tail a calf, your kingdom might eventually find itself threatened from within. I have observed frequently how supermen have built up great enterprises; then when age or death snatched the reins from their capable hands that enterprise slowly withered and decayed under the management of mediocre men . . . Yes, you've got your troubles."

"You bet I have," the king admitted, strangely confidential under the stimulus of this young man's understanding and sympathy. "They do not call me the cattle king without reason. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. You fortunate fellow, Ken Burney. Not a liability in the world except your impulsiveness and a faint strain of Spanish blood, and not an asset in the world except a pack horse, a top cow horse and the clothes you stand in. Only one life to worry about, your own, while I have thousands of lives—at least the happiness and prosperity of thousands of lives—dependent upon my continuous energy and ability to beat the bandits who are busy trying to take a dollar away from me as fast as I can make it. What a hell of a world."

"Did you ever, sir," Ken Burney pursued, "test your ability to assimilate electricity? You remember those contraptions they used to have at country fairs? You took a steel handle in each hand and pulled them toward you—and the farther you pulled them the more voltage you gave yourself, until finally you reached a point where your brain sent a hurry-up message through your nerves to the muscles of your arms, saying: 'Let go!' Then you discovered you couldn't let go and had to yell for somebody to tear you loose, and, of course the instant that somebody took hold of you he had to split the charge of electricity with you, and between the two of you the job was done."

The king chuckled. "A very apt description of my predicament, son. Yes, I'm looking for a good man to tear me loose—to split the voltage of my high-powered existence with me."

"Well, take a free look at me, sir," Burney suggested.

"I have. That's the reason you're general manager.

"Oh, no, it isn't. Your Majesty. I'm just a pinch-hitter. You've hired me and made me general manager for one reason only, and that is to rid you of Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos."

"Well," said the king unashamed, "what objection have you got to that program?"

"I object to your effort to hand me what is practically a fatal problem, under the guise of being nice to me—under the pretense of having seen in me a future executive of your company—a smart young fellow who ought to be given his chance. Unfortunately for your reasoning, I don't want your job of general manager for more than sixty days, and I think I would be less than fair not to tell you this."

(To be continued.)

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CK48

AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 42—'30

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2667

A slenderizing dress lends youth, grace and charm to the woman inclined to overweight.

The gored skirt is especially slimming, as it hugs the figure, extending into rippling fulness at the hem.

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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.

Economy Corner

Hallowe'en Dainties—Jack-O'-Lanterns

(Serves 6)

6 oranges, 2 bananas, sliced; 2 apples, diced; ½ cup broken nut meats, ¼ cup shredded marshmallows, 3 tablespoons sugar.

With a small sharp knife carve Jack-O'Lantern faces on oranges, removing yellow but leaving white inner top of each orange. Remove pulp. Cut pulp in pieces and combine with remaining ingredients. Fill orange shells with mixture, cover with orange top, letting the filling show slightly. Serve in a glass dessert or sherbet dish, for salad or dessert course.

Omit nuts for very small children and add another ¼ cup of shredded marshmallows.

Jack Frost Surprise Dessert

(Serves 6)

6 large oranges, 1 cup diced bananas, ½ cup sugar, 1 pint vanilla ice cream, marshmallows.

Cut slice from top of onanges. Remove pulp, leaving inside of oranges clean. Dice pulp and mix with bananas and sugar. Fill orange shell half full of this mixture, add a tablespoon of ice cream to each and top with 2 or 3 marshmallows. Place in a hot oven or under broiler for a few minutes to toast marshmallows. Serve at once.

Bridge Luncheon Dish

One pint oysters (small size), 4 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, bacon. Heat oysters until edges curl in their own liquor; drain. Make your usual scrambled eggs, using 4 eggs, add salt and pepper to taste; add oysters and serve on slices of well buttered toast. Garnish with two slices of bacon to each serving and sprinkle with paprika. This makes four generous servings.

Maple Parfait

Three-quarter cup maple syrup, 1½ cups cream, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, speck of salt. Beat egg yolks light while heating syrup in double boiler. Pour syrup into egg yolks and return to boiler. Beat until mixture is thick and light, then remove and pour into stiffly beaten egg whites. Let this cool, then chill thoroughly. Beat cream stiff, then add salt and vanilla. Blend cream and custard evenly. Pour into refrigerator tray to freeze. This requires no stirring. A small portion of whipped cream and nuts for garnishing gives a delightful finishing touch. I serve it in long stemmed sherbets.

Corn Bread

One pint cornmeal, one pint flour, one pint sour milk, one-third cup sugar, one egg, one tablespoon melted butter, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, dissolved in the sour milk. Bake in greased pan, in hot oven.

Stuffed Tomato Salad

6 medium-sized tomatoes, ½ cupful of peas (green, cooked), ¼ cupful of chopped celery, ¼ cupful of diced cucumber, salad dressing. Scald and peel the tomatoes. Cut a slice from the top and hollow out with a spoon. Mix the tomato pulp and salad dressing with the peas, chopped celery and cucumber and fill the tomatoes with this mixture. Lay the slice of tomato on top and garnish with hard-cooked egg yolk forced through a coarse sieve.

Comments from a Country Garden

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

I

Most snakes are harmless, well I know.
I like the sliding way they go
With lithe scaled bodies slipping through
The grass, not spilling the light dew,
And yet this admiration makes
Me not the less afraid of snakes.

II

You've heard a blossoming garden plot
Is reckoned as a lovesome spot;
There is no pleasure like a seed
Tended and guarded through its need
Until it blooms—yet I by far
Prefer mine wild, or in a jar.

III

In England your thoughts turn to teas
In lovely gardens under trees.
Thin bread and butter, slice by slice,
Strawberries and clotted cream are nice,
And a great teapot in a hood
To keep the tea content and good.

IV

When it is hot, I let it be:
I think of apes in a palm tree,
I act as lazy as I can,
I don't despise a moon-shaped fan,
I do things suitable to shade,
And leisure and iced lemonade.

V

No two words burn alike. The trees
Have all their personalities
So do their ghosts, which make our fires:
Some burn in sparks and some in spires,
Some fast, some slow. Old apple wood
Is most companionable and good.

Early Songs and Sounds

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bide good morrow
Through the sweet brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

—John Milton.

Beads in Tweeds

Beads covered with tweed or crepe de Chine to match the dress of the wearer are a fashion "novelty" for the autumn.

There are only 928 people receiving unemployment pay in France; of these 738 are in Paris.

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American League Will Economize

Baseball Clubs Say Tremendous Waste of Balls Must be Stopped

The great American horse-hide must not be wasted. Baseballs have been costing the major leagues approximately $160,000 a season, Francis J. Powers informs in a Consolidated Press Association dispatch, adding that "it is small wonder that club owners are intent upon reducing waste." The use of baseballs, he continues, has been most prodigal during the past five years, "reaching the point where players were accustomed to toss out a ball whenever it suited their fancies."

Because of this, the American League, according to Mr. Powers, has this season been trying to reduce waste, and to this end has kept a record of the balls used in each game. The figures for the first part of the season are most interesting, the writer assures as he proceeds to a discussion of methods used to keep the cost of balls within reason.

American League umpires are handed the four dozen balls, obligatory for the home team to supply, before the start of each game. The umpire-in-chief then takes a portion of the supply and puts it in the box near the plate, while the others are locked in a leather bag, and removed only as needed and by the umpire.

No balls can be thrown out of an American League until after they have been inspected by one of the umpires. A player may be dissatisfied with the ball in play, suspect it of being scuffed or wingy, but his opinion must be approved by the umpire before a new sphere is put into play. At the start of the season, E. S. Barnard, President of the American League, issued a bulletin to players ordering them to keep balls in play as long as possible, and it has been well obeyed.

Records for the early part of the American League season "show that the tremendous waste in baseballs does not come from home runs, hit out of parks, nor from balls scoffed or scarred in play." Not at all, we are assured, for:

The waste comes from balls hit into stands, and since the American League clubs no longer make a serious effort to retrieve those captured by fans, any ball into the seats is counted as lost.

In the first 240 games played by American League clubs—thirty in each city—a total of 6,306 balls were used. Of these 3,571 or more than 50 per cent. were lost in the grand stands.

The greatest number of balls used during the thirty games mentioned was in the Chicago White Sox park. A total of 945 were necessary in the Sox games, and of those 562 were lost in the huge stands that are double-decked around almost the entire playing field. In a single game at Comiskey Park, twenty-four were hit into the stands and lost. The smallest number used during the thirty-game period in any one park was 662, and of those 414 disappeared into the seats.

Since the minimum number of baseballs used by any American League club in 1929 was 550 dozen, the item of supplying these important sinews for the game is rather a costly one, and the magnates can not be blamed for wanting to practice a bit of economy.

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Cycle

By Amy Campbell

The year has always seemed to me
Slowly climbing a snow-hushed hill,
A brooding dream upon its heart
Where beauty has its will.

Then, hedged about with violets
Before the summit, is the Spring,
Overarched with apple bloom
And birds' young welcoming.

And at the cresting summer holds
The swirling foam of flower and leaf
To break in fragrant petal-fall
Beautiful past belief.

Gradually down the smouldering way
Of hovering gold in plumes of grain,
There waits the old magnificence
Of Autumn's geal again.

On down the path that never waits
Is leaf mosaic held in place
By windlaid nuts and frequenting
Of little wildfoot pace.

And then the valley [illegible]
Of Christmas-[illegible]
Before the endless [illegible]
The year again [illegible].

Canadian Iron-Making Centres

The three iron-making centres in Canada are: Sydney, Nova Scotia, and Hamilton and Sault Ste. Marie, in Ontario.

First Steel Transatlantic Steamship

The first steamship constructed of steel to cross the Atlantic was the Buenos Ayrean, of the Canadian Mail line.

DANGER IN THE TEA-CUP

Drinking too much tea is said to lead to mental irritability and excitability, and sometimes also to sleeplessness and impaired digestion.

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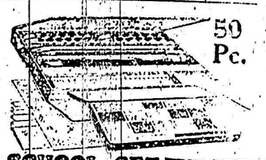

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