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, makes him general manager of the ranch on condition that he put Bruce and Gallegos out of the way. Burney meets Bruce, who has sworn to kill him. They both draw their guns, but Burney outwits the wily old cattle thief.

Meanwhile Muriel Bardin, beautiful daughter of the king, becomes interested in Burney. She tries to persuade her father not to let Burney tackle the cattle thieves. But Burney continues to lay his plans for the battle that is sure to come.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"It's a mighty good job, son."

"It isn't. It's a terrible job. I've got to kill two men to make good on it."

"Oh, I see. Squeamish, eh?"

"Not at all. I can and will rid you of Bruce and Gallegos but it will cost you more than a general managers job at five hundred a month. Don't you realize that after doing that little thing for you I'd never again dare to show my face before the window of a lighted room; that I'd have to resign my general managership immediately and lose myself to save funeral expenses?"

"Yes, I had thought of that phase of the enterprise," the king admitted. "It was in my mind to move you to another ranch immediately—say one in Oregon."

"There's only one ranch I want to move to and that's my father's. Cattle are cheap now and while they are cheap I want to stock my father's ranch again and be my own master. I have a feeling that within two years we'll be getting twenty cents for steers and I want to get in on the ground floor."

"What's your proposition, son?"

"You take me on—"

CHAPTER XIII.

"[illegible] worth a good deal to me today and that you know. I'll tell you what I'll do. Give father's ranch back to me and throw three thousand head of your mixed cattle in. Mixed cattle are amazing. I'll stock the ranch for you with two thousand head of heifers that will be two-year-olds next spring. They'll be good, smooth, grade Herefords. In addition I'll put in a hundred and fifty pure-bred Hereford bulls and twenty head of well-broken saddle stock. I'll bill this livestock to you at a fair market value, based on present prices, and take your promissory note for five years, at five per cent, secured by the livestock.

"You should have eighty per cent. calf crops and I agree with you that the cattle business, due to the extraordinary shortage of cattle not only in this country but all over the world, is due to come back with a bang. We shall have very high prices and they should continue for many years. Within five years you should be able to repay me and win three thousand head without a dollar indebtedness on them. For operating expenses I suppose your father would be willing to place a first mortgage on the ranch for, say, five years, for a million dollars, a good deal less than it is worth today.

"I propose to raise the ranch from [illegible] as fast as the stock of the average ranch has expanded. You may say that unfortunately the ranch is already mortgaged to the hilt and I'll have to ask you to loan me fifty thousand dollars for operating expenses. I could do that the devil himself.

"By the way, of course, I should not be going to ask me to give it to you, that ha-ha! Ha! Very well, sir, I'll finish the operating capital at five per cent., but I'll not furnish it all at once. No, sir. Only as you need it, and I'm to have access to your books at all reasonable times and my representative is to have the privilege of looking over your operations with a view to deciding whether you're operating like a fool or a wise man. If I think your methods will lead to ruin you must agree to pursue my methods."

"I quite realize your right to protect the loan in every reasonable way, sir, provided you promise not to be capricious."

"When I make a promise I keep it to the letter as well as the spirit, young man."

"All right, sir, we've traded."

"You've got a good set-up," the king warned him, "and if you fail to make good, sweet Christian though I will be, I'll be sorely disappointed in you. By the way, while we are talking about I find you and yours looked up. The man who leased your father's ranch couldn't make good, so the Bardin Land & Cattle Company has taken over his lease. But don't let that worry you. The day you make good on this deal we'll cancel our lease and turn the ranch back to you, at cost. I can get another general manager for El Ranchito, and you can drag your brisk young tail out of New Mexico a minute after completing your contract. Tom Bledsoe, the riding boss, is next in line and he'll rejoice to see the dust of your going."

"I guessed as much, sir. I passed him at the corral gate as I rode in, and judged, by the look in his eyes, that he wasn't pleased to observe the dust of my coming. How long has he been the riding boss?"

"Twenty long, hot and cold, labor-ridden years, Kenneth."

"What a disappointment for the poor devil."

"Yes, indeed. However, in industry, as in war, it sometimes becomes necessary to replace a good, steady conservative old general with a forceful, aggressive, radical colonel. I'm sorry for him, but my interests come before his. However, I'll give him a raise in wages."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Your Majesty," Ken Burney replied smilingly. "I'm the general manager and the day you butt in on my right to hire, fire, raise salaries or lower them, that day any excuse for my existence as general manager of El Ranchito vanishes and I'll be headed down the road, leaving you to the tender mercies of Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos."

"Right you are!" the king admitted. "I admire you for sticking up for your rights, although at the same time I'd like to give you a cuff on the ear. You're too infernally touchy for a Johnny-come-lately. Let me put it this way: It would please me very much, Mr. Burney, if you would, in your wisdom, condescend to give poor old Tom Bledsoe a raise of twenty-five dollars a month."

"I shall be most happy to oblige my kind, generous and indulgent boss, but I must tell you that until I discover whether Tom Bledsoe is worth the raise or not he'll not get it. He may be dead timber, for all you know, and if he is, I'm going to hire a new riding boss and you can transfer Mr. Bledsoe to your dead timber department."

"Well, I could promote him to general manager of a little ranch that any fairly efficient cattleman could run," the king admitted. "But be kind to old Tom. He's sound timber; he's been faithful and true and it wouldn't hurt his feelings for anything except the vital necessity of getting this important job done. It's a sad old Tom isn't quite up to. He has a strong religious streak in him. On the round-up he sits around the fire every night and plays hymns on the harmonica. He's a Quaker and it's a strain on his gentle nature to spur a horse."

"I will remember your solicitude for his welfare, sir. By the way, where do I sleep tonight?"

"I thought Art Graydon had a spare room in his house, but it seems his sister-in-law is visiting him. So I've had a cot put in the ranch office for you. By the way, just before you turn in tack this notice on the bulletin board that hangs on the wall outside the office entrance," and the king handed his new general manager a sheet with some typewriting on it. Ken Burney read:

July 4th, 19—

To all employees of El Ranchito:

On and after this date Mr. Kenneth Burney will be the general manager of this ranch. I bespeak for Mr. Burney the same loyal co-operation you have hitherto accorded his predecessor, Mr. Graydon, whose services in the employ of this company have earned him promotion.

Bardin Land & Cattle Co.,
By Bradley Bardin,
President.

"Any farther orders, sir?" he queried.

"None. I fire general managers to whom I have to issue orders. Good night, Ken."

"Good night, sir." He moved off the porch and the gloom swallowed him.

"Well, King," a sweet voice spoke from a distant corner of the veranda, "it looks to me as if you have a bear-cat by the tail."

"It looks that way, Muriel. I'll be hanged if I know what to make of that fellow. One minute he's so cocksure I want to throw a rock at him and the next minute I'm certain he's of the breed of men made for bosses. He's a pretty easy talker, but—he knows when to quit talking. And while he's talking he makes you like it. I couldn't stand a blatherskite."

"Neither could I," his daughter replied.

"The devil you couldn't!" The words popped out, leaving His Majesty in the position of one who has already talked too much and may not say more. A soft little laugh answered him tantalizingly.

CHAPTER XIV.

"You been here listening to our conversation?" her father demanded.

"Of course I have. It's dull around here, I tell you, and I like to listen to that man talk. He certainly had something to say to you. I loved that dig he gave you about a son-in-law!"

"Why, you don't suppose he meant anything, do you, Muriel?"

"You never can tell what brave thoughts a man like that has in his funny mind." And again the girl laughed teasingly.

"Well, I don't know much about him," the king admitted, "but as a son-in-law I'd take him on suspicion in contrast with that bunch of ukelele-playing, wise-cracking lot of gilded nincompoops in your social set. There isn't one of them with sense enough to—to— tail a calf."

"It has not been at all unusual for Mr. Graydon to be invited here for dinner, Pop," Muriel reminded him. "Are you going to make a social outcast of your new general manager?"

"Art Graydon is a married man and an old, valued and trusted employee for whom I have a certain affection. I wouldn't high-hat him for a train-load of fat steers. But I cannot say that for Burney. Perhaps, when he has been in my service as long as Graydon has and has——"

"Gotten married," she prompted, "you'll invite him to dinner."

"That's the milk in the cocoanut, my dear."

"Oh, it is, is it? Now, look here, old settler. Who is the general manager of the social department of the Bardin family?"

"Why—why, you are, I guess. Since your mother passed away——"

"Mother always accompanied you to El Ranchito and she always invited Mr. and Mrs. Graydon to dinner. You never invited him up in your life."

"But the invitation always came with better grace from your mother."

"It will come with equal grace from me now. You'll have to have the Graydons up for dinner before they leave El Ranchito, will you not?"

"Of course. Only courtesy to do so."

"It would be an equal courtesy to invite the new general manager also. You cant leave him sitting there in the office or eating alone at the Graydon table. That would be grave discourtesy."

(To be continued.)

Canada's Future Lies Upon Water, Declares Amery

Former Secretary For Dominions Speaks at Launching of Skeena

Southampton. — A destroyer was launched here recently in the presence of a distinguished gathering. It was the Skeena, the second of Canada's two new destroyers, and the christening ceremony was performed by Miss Mildred Bennett, sister of the Prime Minister of Canada.

"Canada's future lies upon the water," declared Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery former Secretary of State for the Dominions, at the lunch held subsequent to the christening. Mr. Amery predicted the Dominion, by virtue of her geographical position and economic situation, was destined to develop a great overseas trade. Canada had an immense interest in marine transportation, he pointed out, and that interest involved a responsibility.

Chances of War

"There are those amiable persons," Mr. Amery said, "who think the whole current of the world has been transformed since the Great War. We may be idealists and optimists, we may believe that peace may grow and the occasion for war diminish, but can anyone, who looks around with honest eyes, imagine for a moment that all danger has been eliminated by the signature of the Kellogg pact or even by the attendance of a number of delegates to Geneva."

"From Vienna to Vladivostok is an immense area of disturbance," warned the former secretary, "and who can say that it will not become an area of violent upheaval?" While all wished for disarmament, in reasonable measure, insurance against possible danger should not be forgotten.

Mr. Amery referred to the Skeena and the Saguenay — the latter boat having been launched some time ago —as "the beginning of Canada's young navy."

Hon. H. H. Stevens, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, was of a like mind with Mr. Amery regarding world peace and war. While he admitted people are now thinking of peace, Mr. Stevens thought the lessons of history and study of human nature warranted the belief that "some form of armed support of Government will be found necessary in the years to come."

The Skeena and the Saguenay, designed for patrol work, will replace two outworn destroyers which were taken out of service some time ago. The Canadian Government is, at present, using two destroyers loaned by the royal navy, and these will be returned when the new ships are placed in commission.

The ships are of 1,320 tons and are 310 feet long. They will have a speed of 35 knots. Delivery is scheduled for next spring.

Indian Summer

A softness pervades the atmosphere. Even though the sun sends deceptive hot rays, to pierce the protective tweed-covered back, a sly, damp waft of air assails the nostrils and a faint sadness envelopes the human heart.

Even the flowers, more easily deceived than mankind, blossom in twos and threes where in May a profuse flowering gladdened the eye.

The long winding road leading to new adventures and vistas now has a competitor—the divan, and that latest book of a favorite author. The open window, curtains wafted by a fragrant wind, and sun glinting through do not call with the same hectic voice.

The human pulse is slowing down and steps are more leisurely, the mind ponders more deeply and sighs rise unbidden from the inner being.

October is Summer's prolonged, sad farewell—like a very dear friend who is loathe to part and though the leaving is inevitable half promises to linger longer.—Patricia Morgan.

One often gets a jolt, too, when coming back to earth from flights of the imagination.

Modern progress is indeed wonderful. It has made it possible for a man to get indigestion and a remedy for it at the same drug store.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

A becoming black canton crepe that is strikingly smart with white crepe jabot revers for conservative day wear.

It is the slenderizing wrap-over type that is easy to slip into and quick and fascinating to make.

The belt is adjustable and leaves the front free in panel effect which gives height to the figure. It ties in youthful bow at the left side. Straight trimming pieces of the sleeve are also bowed.

Style No. 2673 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust.

Black softly falling satin crepe would be lovely for formal afternoons. Sheer velvet in black or rich wine-red is luxuriously smart trimmed with lace.

Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material with skirt cut on lengthwise thread or 5½ yards 39-inch material with skirt cut on crosswise thread and ⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting.

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.

Autumn Leaves

About the chilly, ragged lawns they lie
In small decaying heaps. And pausing here,
I can but mark them sadly, crushed, forlorn,
Mute emblems of the slowly dying year.

Can they be those I saw so lately swing
Green-robed and merry on the maple trees,
And later, clad in flaming, golden gowns,
Joy riding on the sweet October breeze?

Ride high and free, such little time ago,
And now they lie so low! they lie so low!

And yet why pity them? Full well they lived
Their God-appointed plan, died joyously,
And left a golden memory! Pray who
Could ask a fairer fate for them, or me?

—Minnie Case Hopkins, in the Christian Century.

Turning the Tables

The husband, who had a great habit of teasing his wife, was out motoring in the country with her when they met a farmer driving a pair of mules.

Just as they were about to pass the farmer's turn-out, the mules turned their heads towards the motor-car and brayed vociferously.

Turning to his wife, the husband remarked, cuttingly, "Relatives of yours, I suppose?"

"Yes," said his wife, sweetly, "by marriage."

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

"So I've heard, but I wouldn't mind a little attack of nervous trouble like that."

The Finnish delegate to the Sixth International Road Congress reports that a motor highway now reaches far into the Arctic circle. That eliminates the pedestrian's last potential refuge.

The scientist who said the next battles would be fought in the air were entirely right if they meant political battles.

Kissing is responsible for a great deal of heart trouble.

Economy Corner

Bread Omelet

This is an excellent way to make a few eggs go a long way. Turn a cup of boiling hot fresh milk over a cup of bread crumbs and let stand until the bread has absorbed the milk and the mixture has cooled. Beat only enough to mix, 5 eggs; add the bread mixture, season with salt and pepper, and turn into a hot buttered skillet. Fry the omelet slowly, and when the under side is brown turn carefully and put into a hot oven until puffy and dry. This will amply serve six persons.

Apple Carrot Salad

If you like unusual salads try this: Cut red apple in thin slices, crosswise, removing core from each slice. Arrange very thin slices of raw carrot on top of apple. Heap minced dates and nuts in the centre. Serve with sour cream dressing if you like it, otherwise the ordinary kind.

Egg Omelet

Three tablespoons butter, 6 egg yolks, 6 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon each of paprika and celery salt, and 6 beaten egg whites. Beat yolks, then add milk and beat 2 minutes longer. Fold in seasonings and egg whites. Heat butter in frying pan and add egg mixture. Cover and cook slowly for 8 minutes, then turn.

Sunday Night Supper Sandwiches

Toast dark bread. Put sardines (previously mashed, with salt, pepper and mayonnaise added) on bottom piece; put fried crisp bacon strips on top of this. Then add another piece of buttered toast. On this add sliced tomatoes and lettuce, with salt, pepper and mayonnaise and toast. These are very good for Sunday night supper. If you would rather use only 2 slices of toast instead of 3 add cucumber to tomato and lettuce, making a decoration on top. Dash of paprika on mayonnaise.

Budget Your Time

A card index in which housewives budget their time is often as valuable in household management as the financial budget.

Wit and Repartee Of Famous People

While a professor at Leland Stanford, the present U.S. Secretary of the Interior, Lyman Wilbur, assigned to his students the task of writing an essay on "Manners."

A would-be wit of the class arose and hesitantly asked what kind of manners the professor meant—good or bad?

"You may discuss whatever kind you are most familiar with," replied Professor Wilbur.

* * *

A group of newspaper men last summer were flying from California to Kansas City. At a high altitude—the region of freakish air currents—the plane suddenly dropped about 200 feet, causing one of the boys to cry out in alarm:

"My word! How far can one of these planes drop?"

Will Rogers, a passenger, replied, "The ground's the limit my boy."

* * *

Caruso was a master in the art of graceful repartee. On one occasion, he met John McCormack, the great Irish tenor, in a street of Los Angeles.

"And how is the world's greatest tenor this morning?" asked McCormack.

Caruso doffed his hat with a superb sweep, as he replied,

"Since when did McCormack become a baritone?"

* * *

Prince Bismarck, who was not noted for an even temper, was taken ill and a physician was summoned. Pressed with searching questions, Bismarck gave surly reticent replies.

"How can I prescribe for you unless I know your symptoms?" the physician protested.

"Why do you have to ask me such damned personal questions?" stormed Bismarck.

"What you need," returned the physician, preparing to depart, "is a horse doctor. He doesn't ask his patients any questions."

* * *

John Bright, the British Liberal statesman and one of the most stirring phrase-makers of his day, was not deterred by his Quaker faith from evincing a strong hostility toward Benjamin Disraeli.

"But, Mr. Bright," a partisan of Disraeli once urged in defense of his favorite, "you must admit that Disraeli is a self-made man."

"Yes," retorted Bright, "and he worships his maker."

* * *

Edward Bok, of Ladies' Home Journal fame, was continually approached by women who wanted his advice in problems of the heart. One who said she had lost three husbands and now had an offer of a fourth, sought Mr. Bok's opinion.

"Shall I accept him?" she asked.

"If you have already lost three husbands," replied Mr. Bok, "I should say that you are too careless to be entrusted with a fourth."

* * *

The late George D. Prentice, a famous politician and wit of a past generation, was visiting the Capitol in Washington. While he talked there with a group of congressmen a picture fell from its nail and struck Prentice on the head. He was stunned for a moment. As he opened his eyes one of the congresmen said:

"Can we do anything for you, Prentice?"

"Yes," said Prentice, faintly.

"What is it?"

"Repeal the law of gravitation!"

* * *

Coming away from a home noted for its dull dinner parties, a friend asked Dumas if he had not been bored.

"I should have been," Dumas replied, "if I hadn't been there."

In a last effort to make runt golf both difficult and simple, they might roll the ball down a hole and dig it out dog-fashion.

SALADA quality will always be the finest you can buy

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Living Tissue's Growth Studied By New Device

Development of Cells in Rabbit's Ear to be Examined Through Glass "Window"

May Help Combat Cancer

The discovery of a method to study the growth of living tissues through a transparent slide in a rabbit's ear is made possible by means of a device perfected recently at the University of Pennsylvania's School of Medicine, and scientists declare that it is a distinct step forward in formulating treatment for baffling diseases. Among these are tuberculosis and tumor growth. It is hoped that the data obtained eventually will be used to combat cancer.

One side of the "window" is silver, inloid or glass, and the other of a thin sheet of mica. The edges of the intervening space are left in contact with the tissue of the ear and from them the blood vessels and other living tissues invade the chamber until they form a complete new layer. This, thick, is quite transparent and the new layer only 2,000th of an inch. It is necessary only to place the "window" under the microscope to obtain full details of four [illegible] which the animal is composed.

That the new method of [illegible] opens a hitherto closed pathway of knowledge for the study of forty [illegible] maladies [illegible] most [illegible] experts throughout [illegible] tofore there has been [illegible] location of diseased [illegible] warm-blooded animals [illegible] tail could be [illegible] most impressive [illegible] from the scientific standpoint [illegible] the gathering of data on [illegible] tissue changes behave in conditions of health and disease, as well as the minute check kept on new growths.

The new process is a direct result of extensive research by Dr. Eliot R. Clark, professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania and director of the anatomical laboratory. Mrs. Eleanor R. Clark, his wife, has assisted in many of the experiments.

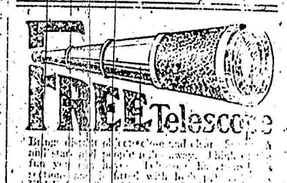
Milk Bottles

Every [illegible] should be made to guard against [illegible] the germs [illegible] milk bottles.

Milk bottles are usually carried by the rim, [illegible] which the milk must be poured. [illegible] unsealing the bottle it should be washed carefully from top to bottom with a cloth soaked in warm soapy water, then dried, and a clean cloth used to wipe the rim.

* * *

Deep-sea divers have found 3,000,000 [illegible] off the coast of Spain eight years ago. Now if they could only recover some of the millions sunk in Wall St. [illegible] last year.



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THE [illegible] Thermo Electric [illegible] dated to keep the [illegible] hot until the end of the wash. [illegible] longer. Has [illegible] dryer and [illegible] ing. The [illegible] smooth [illegible] for the most delicate [illegible] New [illegible] smoothly. Wringer [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] given with [illegible] Washer. Approved by the Hydro Electric Commission of Ontario. It is to your interest to investigate these [illegible] exclusive [illegible] before purchasing.

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KINGSTON	215 Princess St.
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TORONTO	1651 St. Clair Ave. W
TORONTO	1896 Danforth Ave.
HAMILTON	274 King St. E
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WORK won't wait for a headache to wear off. Don't look for sympathy at such times, but get some Aspirin. It never fails.

Don't be a chronic sufferer from headaches, or any other pain. See a doctor and get at the cause. Meantime, don't play martyr. There's always quick comfort in Aspirin. It never does any harm. Isn't it foolish to suffer *any* needless pain? It may be only a simple headache, or it may be neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatism. Lumbago. Aspirin is still the sensible thing to take. There is hardly any ache or pain these tablets can't relieve; they are a great comfort to women who suffer periodically; they are always to be relied on for breaking up colds.

Buy the box that says Aspirin and has Genuine printed in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart. All druggists.

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ADDS A ZEST

AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 43—'30