The Gringo Privateer

By PETER B. KYNE

SYNOPSIS

Martin Bruce, cattle owner, and Miguel Gallegos, Mexican bandit, steal cattle from the ranch of Bradley Bardin. Bardin makes Ken Burney general manager on condition he nuts Bruce and Gallegos out of the way. Bruce has sworn to kill Burney. Muriel Bardin falls in love with Burney and persuades her father to keep him from encountering the thieves, but Burney has already laid his plans and trained thirty men for the fight, which he intends to hold in Mexico.

CHAPTER XXIII

"You certain she's the sort of girl to make you happy, to make you a decent husband? It seemed to Ken Burney that the king was paternally solicitous. "Remember, son, the girls nowadays are a lot different from the sort of girls your father and I married. They're high-rollers, but they don't know it, because the whole damned world is rolling 'em high. They're high and mighty and disobedient and independent. They think man was made for their convenience, and the first little thing he does to inconvenience them, they get rid of him and all he has is a memory and alimony. Be sure you're right, my boy, before you take a step that may ruin your life."

"Thank you, sir. I realize the truth of what you say. The girl of my choice, however, has one advantage. She is a lady. She has a high intelligence, good health and beauty. The only drawback is that she is inclined to be dominating and would rather have her own way than great riches. However, I expect to knock that out of her. There's only going to be one head to my house and that will be mine. She'll do what I tell her to or hell will pop.

"Do not the sort of man to be twisted around a woman's finger by her tears and smiles and coaxings. I have observed that the happiest marriages are those where the wife trembles when her husband comes home, and goes—three cheers when he leaves! He rules. An inflexible set of rules—fair, firm and courteous—from the altar to the grave is my policy, and if my wife doesn't like that she can take her straw suitcase and her old maiden aunt and go back to her former state."

"You're so young and rocksure, Ken, I could weep for you. Well, I hope you get away with it. I never could. So you insist on going through with our contract, eh?"

"I'll quit if you insist, but I prefer not to. I need the reward and I must earn it otherwise I may not accept it."

"How about forgetting you want to go into business for yourself and holding on to your present job?"

"Impossible. I promised Tom Bledsoe I'd quit and let him have his chance at it."

"Well, suppose I give you a nice job in the main office in San Francisco?"

"I should not accept it. I want to be free to go fishing or hunting when I want to."

"You really think you can pull off this contract you've entered into with me without getting yourself or any of your men hurt?"

"I'm certain I can."

"Well, then," the king agreed sadly, "go to it," and without further ado he turned to his house and sat on the veranda throughout the remainder of the day, staring gloomily off into space. At dinner he raised his head long enough to eat and fixed upon the princess a reproachful glance.

"Dad and I talked today with Burney and offered to throw up the deal to Martin Bruce and Gallegos. I offered to pay him for the job anyhow. He refused and held me to my contract. He wants the money to go into business for himself and marry a girl his own age. So I reckon that knocks out and puts my mind at ease."

The princess' face paled. She stared at the king unbelievingly a half minute and resumed her meal.

"Look it like a thoroughbred," her father mused. "Damn that crazy Ken Burney. If he wasn't a blind fool he'd know I could make him the finest father-in-law in the world. Poor Muriel. Poor old sweetheart! Well, hard as it is on me, I'm glad I buried that dream before it took root."

He neeled to take his daughter in his great arms and permit her to spatter his vest with the tears he knew were swelling in her heart but which would never show in her eyes.

The princess did not sleep that night. At dawn she heard the exhaust of a number of motor trucks and ran to her bedroom window and looked out. Ken Burney's convoy was lumbering down the road past the house.

"Good-by, Ken," she called at the top of her voice. Good-by and good luck."

From the cabin of the leading truck a face was raised to hers then the gray light swallowed it and the princess went back to bed—to weep it—and blame herself for doing it.

At about eleven Ken Burney's convoy rolled into Mexicali. He paused at a livery stable long enough to pay the board bill on Rowdy and the other three saddle horses he had left there the night of his meeting with Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos; then he loaded them in the rear horse truck and proceeded to the international boundary where he formally declared to the United States officers the six definitely identified motor trucks, thirty-two saddle horses with full equipment and two pack mules with pack saddles he had purposed taking into Mexico and bringing back into the United States within thirty days. From the Mexican authorities he received a formal permit of entry for these same properties and the members of his party.

Senor De Haro was at the Mexican customs house and greeted him warmly before entering his motor car with two officers of rurales and proceeding the Double B convoy down the narrow, rutty dirt road that led to El Cajon Bonita. In order not to excite suspicion he speeded up and left the convoy miles behind.

In the heart of El Cajon Bonita Burney spied a motor car coming toward him. "If our friend Miguel Gallegos is not approaching in yonder car," he told Tom Bledsoe, "I'm a Chinaman."

"Thee are not a Chinaman," the Quaker decided, as the motor car pulled off the road to permit the heavy trucks to go by them on the highway. In the front seat with his chauffeur sat Miguel Gallegos. As he recognized Burney on the seat of the leading truck he ordered his chauffeur to halt the car; with hand upraised, palm forward, he signalled Burney to halt.

CHAPTER XXIV

"Hello, Miguel; you great big lovely knockout," Burney saluted his enemy, as the truck halted. "How's everything over at Los Osos, where you hole up?"

"Not quite as fine as I should like it, Senor Burney," Gallegos replied smilingly. "I thought you told me you would give me ample notice of the date of your arrival, in force, in El Cajon Bonita. Is this one of your Yankee tricks?"

"Not at all, my dear bandit, not at all. I told you I'd give you notice of the day I was due in El Cajon to argue with you your assumption of proprietary rights in the land and cattle owned by the Bardin Land and Cattle Company. This isn't my day for arguing. Like your amiable self I am not quite ready.'

"Still, like all gringos, you are not afraid to take a chance, no?"

"You read me like a paper. But I'm not looking for a fight today, Gallegos. In military language, I'm merely making a reconnaissance."

"You are a very astute young man, Burney. I have for you a great admiration. It is too bad you are so headstrong."

He lifted his sombrero courteously and drove on and Burney's convoy continued on up the valley to a spot which he had, on his first lone trip into El Cajon Bonita, selected because of its natural advantages for defensive warfare. To the north the encircling hills, rocky and covered with a scrubby growth of pinon pine, cedar and giant cactus, converged to a pass perhaps two hundred yards wide, and through this pass a trail led to an arid plain beyond—a plain that stretched to the international boundary.

About a thousand yards south of this pass a barranca ran east and west for three-quarters the width of the valley which at this point was about a mile wide. South of this barranca the valley commenced to widen and stretched away for miles in an unobstructed view. Due to the rocky nature of the surrounding hills and the impassability of the growth on them a flank attack was so remote as to be scarcely considered. An attack from the south would have to be across open and level terrain, entailing terrific losses under the calm and accurate rifle fire of the El Rancho cowboys, while the same fire concentrated on the mouth of the narrow pass, where the enemy would necessarily be bunched when emerging, in the event of an attack from the north, would be equally murderous.

Even if the enemy succeeded in emerging intact he still had a thousand yards of open country to cover before getting to close quarters with Burney's men crouched in the barranca, a natural trench. Burney believed he could beat off very handily an attack in considerable force from either direction and thus have open to him two avenues of retreat.

At his order his men picked their way down the banks of the barranca at a shallow spot and the trucks crossed, turned at right angles and parked, at intervals, along the north bank of the barranca. Then the stock was unloaded by means of a ramp, led down into the barranca and made to stand, in bunches of six, a truck forming excellent protection for each bunch in the event of an attack from the south, in force—an attack that might not be repulsed—the animals could be mounted and screened by the trucks, a retreat could be made through the pass to the north. Should a party of the enemy be encountered in the pass Burney depended upon a spirited pistol charge to disperse it. At any rate the enemy would have no advantage in choice of ground, and a meeting engagement, Ken Burney knew, is usually won by the side that exhibits neither surprise nor consternation but charges instantly, regardless of the odds.

(To be continued.)

TO A CAT

By Gresley Anderson.

His whole existence is a dream.
His failure is a nine-page scroll.
His eyes are meditative slits
Where one can glimpse the mystic soul.

His every want is tended by
The goddess of the blue-rimmed dish.
His sole philosophy is sleep.
His destiny is cream and fish.
He worships at the human shrine
And offers up a wistful purr.
He bears no gift—but lo, himself
Is gold and frankincense and myrrh!

—In "Our Dumb Animals"

Mrs. Hood—"Was your husband in comfortable circumstances when he died?" Mrs. Paul—"Not by a jugful! He was squashed between a five-ton truck and a concrete well."

"A leader is a man who visualizes what the people want and goes ahead and produces it." —Henry Ford.

French Now Spoken In Old German City

Amazing Transformation of Strasbourg Into a Typical French City

The miracle of Strasbourg — the transformation of a German city into one typically and predominantly French—has been practically accomplished within the comparatively few years since the world war.

The change could not be made in less than a generation, it was affirmed by some when this historic city was restored to France after the war. But it has been done, we are told by E. M. Newman in his new travel book, "Seeing France", and there are mighty few loose ends left hanging out.

Several years after the war, says Mr. Newman, "the city was as German as ever. Waiters at the hotels and restaurants spoke French conspicuously when a guest entered the establishment. But they quickly inquired, 'Verstehen ie Deutsch?' and if they received an affirmative answed, they were pleased, and the guest received far better service." At that time, we are told:

They said that Strasbourg would not be French before another generation; but they were mistaken.

To-day one finds it as typically French as the Parisian boulevards.

All the shop signs are in the French language, and so are the advertisements on the tramcars and buses, and the menus at the restaurants and hotels.

The visitor hardly hears a word of German unless he announces that he understands that language and cannot understand French. German has become a concession or courtesy to visitors; French is the official and almost the universal language. It is considered not so "polite" to speak in German.

The principal stores have taken on a chic that is typically French, and never observed in Germany, even in the metropolis. Park newspapers are the popular reading of the people. The streets in the centre of the town are filled with little iron tables and chairs, where people spend hours, sipping coffee or cordials and gossiping about the affairs of the day.

One observes a few beer-drinkers; but they may be seen anywhere in France.

Even citizens of German ancestry (particularly the younger generation) appear to enjoy the innovation. Probably they had a smattering of French before the war, for many of the population understood and spoke both languages; but now they seem to chat loudly in the cafes to prove their fluency in the French tongue.

The leaven has worked.

Often it is a slow proces; but there has been speedy accomplishment at Strasbourg. It seems that all that remains untouched of this typical old German city is its cathedral and its manufacture of pate de foies gras.

"Order of the Bath Enforced in Poland

Citizens Will Be Obliged to Scrub Themselves Every Month

"The order of the bath" is to be introduced into Poland. The Polish government is introducing a law under which every inhabitant of the country will be compelled to take at least one bath a month. What is more, he must have a card, stamped to prove it.

Though the British are famous throughout the world as a nation of "tub-lovers," they have never tried to do anything quite so drastic as this. But there was a time when the authorities there were suspected of wanting to interfere with personal liberty in much the same way.

This was in the days of the old Board of Health. When it was abolished in 1854 the "Times" declared that the nation would rather take its chance of cholera than "be bullied into health." And it wrote of Britain under the Board of Health:

"It was a perpetual Saturday night, and Master John Bull was scrubbed and rubbed and small-tooth-combed till the tears ran into his eyes, and his teeth chattered, and his fists clenched themselves with worry and pain." —From "Answers."

Set An Example

Jessie had been sent to a fashionable boarding school, and after the first two weeks she signed her letters home "Jessica."

Presently she received a letter from her father, a plain but prosperous farmer. He wrote:

"Dear Jessica: I received your welcome letter. Tomica has a new friend named Samica Jonesica. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Georgica have gone to Mississippica. Your loving Dadica."—Chicago Daily News

"How is it, son, you never head the class?"

"Well, dad, the professor has to have some one at the foot that he can depend on to stick."

The famous "gold coach" which is only used by the British Sovereign for Coronations and State openings of Parliament, weighs four and a half tons. It was built in 1761 for the Coronation of George III., and the panels bear paintings by an Italian artist.

Chic!

This junior frock softens too youthful lines, with eggshell crepe and black satin combining in chic flared tunic and skirt.

Jacob's Well

Here, after Jacob parted from his brother,
His daughters lingered round this well, new-made;
Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,
And talked with Jesus, wondering and afraid.
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
Shelter'd its waters with a temple's shade.
Here, 'mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour,
Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away;
But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
Come up, as ever, to the light of day;
And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

—James Freeman Clarke, in "Religious Poems."

The Female Canine

Popular attitude against the female canine is a groundless prejudice, as the citation of a few facts will prove.

As a rule she has a keener brain than her brother, and often a better body; not as much muscular strength perhaps, but greater suppleness and endurance. She invariably makes the better watch-dog, because she is mentally keener, quicker, more alert.

One of the best proofs of the female's superiority over her brother is found in the dog teams of the North. No dogs are more severly tried than those that draw sleds over Artic ice and snows. The driver selects the best animal of his pack for the leader, and usually this is a female. She is lighter, swifter and more willing. She understands instructions quickly and obeys promptly. In Labrador, Greenland, and the frozen islands to the north of Canada, one seldom sees a male leader in a dog team. It is the rule to use a female when one is procurable.

While the female has greater possibilities, she is more easily spoiled by her master's mistakes. Being more sensitive, more delicately organized in general, illtreatment cuts deeper, with a more lasting effect. It is significant that people who really know dogs prefer the female, while the novice fails with her.—From "Our Dumb Animals"

A Fair Haven

We cannot steer our drifting raft,
nor stem the resistless current; but
we have it in our power to behave
decently, to share the meagre stock of
victuals fairly as long as they last,
to take the good and evil as it comes,
and even to hope, if we choose to do
so, for a fair haven.—Frederick York
Powell.

Sky's Big Dipper Is Drawing Asunder

Two of It's Stars Leaving Rest as Constellation Moves Toward Us

There is discord of a serious nature in the most widely known and most popular family of stars. Astronomers at Lick Observatory have found that the famous seven stars making up the Great Dipper are drifting apart, five going in one direction and two heading in another, with the result that eventually the outline of the constellation will no longer be recognizable in its present form.

"Because of this difference in direction, these stars have not always formed a dipper," Dr. Frederick C. Leonard explains in a bulletin of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. "Five of them are moving across the face of the sky at approximately the same angular rate and in a direction nearly parallel, while the two other are moving in roughly the opposite direction with comparable angular speeds." According to the Lick Observatory, the constellation as a whole is coming closer to the solar system at a speed ranging from about five to ten miles per second for its various stars.

All seven are known as "giant stars," and are between fifty and one hundred million light years away from the earth. They give off much more light than our own sun, two of the group giving off fully sixty times as much.

The seven stars form the constellation of Ursa Major (Great Bear). On star maps they are usually referred to by Greek letters or the names given to these stars by the Arabians of old. Thus, the four stars making up the bowl of the dipper are known in Greek as Alpha, Beta, Delta and Epsilon, while the corresponding Arabian names are Dubhe, Merak, Phad and Megrez. The three stars forming the handle of the dipper, sometimes referred to as the "three horses," are Epsilon, Zeta and Eta, or in Arabic, Alcor, Mizar and Benetnasch.

Probably the most interesting of the seven stars is Mizar, the one at the bend of the handle. With its companion, Alcor, it makes a wide and readily distinguishable pair, popularly known as "the horse and the rider." Actually, however, it is a double star by itself, this fact having been discovered with the aid of a telescope at Bologna in 1650.

By means of an opera-glass many faint stars can be seen in the same field as the seven Great Dipper stars visible to the unaided eye. Even a small telescope will show the region literally powdered with luminaries.

On a clear night, the seven giant stars may be seen from twilight until dawn. They do not, however, maintain the same position throughout the night. The group swings backward, in a direction contrary to the hands of a watch, half way around the Pole Star, in that period. It is because of this steady rotation that the Great Dipper answers the purpose of a clock in the sky from which one can gain a fairly good idea of the time.

Many legends surround the famous seven stars, which have been the most commonly known objects in the heavens from ancient days to the present time. Shepherds attending their flocks have sung to them; philosophers have mused long over them; lovers have kept trysts under their kindly canopy, and astronomers with telescopes have striven to penetrate their secrets.

British Blonds Vanishing; Life in Cities Blamed

London.—Blondes are rapidly going into the discard and gentlemen in England today prefer brunettes, the hairdressers of London say.

Real blondes as opposed to those whose hair at one time might not have been so golden are far scarcer in the British Isles than they used to be, the experts declared. Modern modes of civilization, they say, appear to favor the brunette and, although beautiful hair the color of spun sunlight still is admired, some fear that in another generation it may be almost a curiosity.

The opinion was fairly widely spread among the hair experts that city life tended to produce the dark, short type, and that blondes who live in crowded communities change color appreciably in a lifetime.

A certain stern parent caught his small son smoking, so he decided to reprimand him. "How dare you smoke that cigarette!" he cried. "This is the thanks I get for buying you a camera for your birthday" "Yes, pa," said the small lad. "And I took a snapshot of you kissing the maid, but I haven't shown it to ma yet. Now, how do we stand?"

Guardians of the Garden

These strange looking figures, cut from hedge trees, are in the gardens of Mrs. Pendray of Victoria, B.C.

Green tea with the finest flavour in all the world

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

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World-Wide Culture Prevalent As Far Back As 400,000 Years Ago

Finding Identically-Made Flint Axes in Palestine and England Said to Indicate Man Was Pursuing Living as Early as First Interglacial Period

London.—The passage of time would seem to have less and less meaning in the light of discoveries of traces of so-called prehistoric man, Moir Reid at a meeting of the Royal Anthropological Institute mentioned a period 400,000 years back as being the date of certain flint implements found in Palestine by the British School of Archaeology in Egypt. These flints were found in the Wadi Gaza and its tributary valleys.

The oldest of these flints were coarsely flaked, said Mr. Moir, and comprised massive beak-shaped axes. Similar specimens have been found in east England. The ones found in Palestine had obviously been in collision with other stones, but those found in England were generally striated and eroded by ice action.

Mr. Moir thought that the Palestine instruments were of early Pleistocene date or the first interglacial period of some 400,000 years ago. Another group of hand axes were very different, being skillfully and beautifully made like those which had been found in large quantities in England in deposits of the second interglacial period, and they were made by exactly the same technique.

As the earlier forms had also been found in Africa and India Mr. Reid said that some explanation was necessary of the prevalence over such wide areas of the earth's surface of prehistoric industries which were evidently carried on on similar highly specialized plans. He thought himself that it could only be supposed that centers of the dispersal of cultures existed in remote prehistoric times.

It was not reasonable to suppose that a race of people living in Egypt would merely by coincidence proceed to make their flint axes on exactly the same precise plan as another race living in England. The existence of world-wide cultures in Lower Palaeolithic days such as these necessitated invoking extended periods of time in which a certain method of implement making spread over the earth.

Economy Corner

Zwieback Apple Pudding

One quart apples, 1 package unsweetened zwieback, 3-4 cup sugar, ½ cup butter.

Pare, core and stew apples. Flavor with lemon rind or cinnamon. Crush zwieback and mix with sugar. Melt about two-thirds of the butter in a pan and add the crumbs with sugar. Stir well. Butter the baking dish and put in a layer of crumbs (thick layer). Pour in apple sauce and cover with a layer of any flavored jelly (it is good without the jelly); add remainder of crumbs, dot with the butter which is left and bake about one-half hour.

Serve with cream or whipped cream. This is very tasty.

Ham Omelet

Beat 4 eggs very light, the whites to a stiff froth, the yolks to a thick batter; add to the yolks 4 tablespoons of milk, pepper and salt, and ½ cup of cooked chopped ham. Add the whites last. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg in the frying pan; be careful not to scorch; when it is sizzling turn in the egg and cook on the back of the stove. Fold over and serve.

Suet Pudding

One-quarter pound suet, 1 pound chopped raisins, yolks of 4 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups milk, nutmeg and salt, 4 heaping teaspoons baking powder, enough flour to make a stiff batter. Steam the pudding 5 or 6 hours. Sauce for suet pudding: Two cups confectioner's sugar, whites of 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter; flavor with vanilla, beat well.

Lemon Sauce—Cream ¾ cup butter and ½ cup confectioner's sugar. Add white of 1 egg, well beaten. When ready to serve, set in saucepan of boiling water, add juice of ½ lemon and ¾ cup boiling water. Cook until creamy.

Dissolved Salts Gives Color to Sea

A theory that the blue color of sea water is due to the presence of dissolved copper compounds, which have the blue characteristics of such compounds, as in the well known blue vitrol or copper sulpnate, has been advanced by a German chemist, Richard Willstatter, according to the Cothen correspondent of the American Chemical Society.

The color of sea water was discussed by Willstatter and Fritz Haber on a trip to the Canary Islands. Haber, who developed synthetic ammonia, upon which Germany based its war plans, and who is not infrequently described as the greatest of living Germans, preferred the physical explanation that the color is evident because of the great depth of the water.

Willstatter contended that the blue, which is visible even in such a thin layer as in a bathtub, is due to complex copper compounds of the nature of cupri-amino salts.

"The conditions for their formation are present," he explained, "because of the known content of copper in sea water and the formation of ammonia and especially of organic ammoniaa compounds as a result of the decomposition of protein."

To a Young Man Selecting Six Orchids

(From The New Yorker)

Tell me, brave young man, I pray,
Is she worth the price you pay?

You may think her quite sublime,
But take care while there is time.
Orchids lead to other things—
Satin ribbons, wedding rings,
Leases and refrigerators,
Apron strings, perambulators,
Cereal and safety pins,
Rice and, sometimes, even twins.

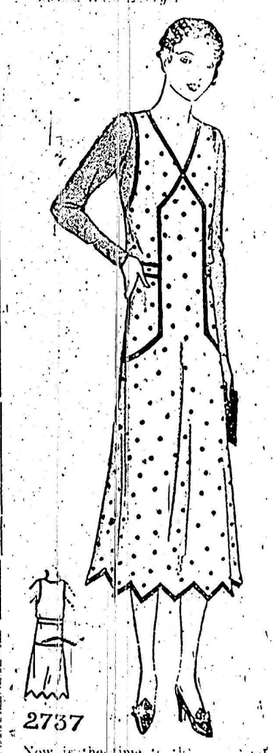
Tell me, brave young man, I pray,
Is she worth the price you pay?

—Margaret Fishback.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Published With Every Pattern



2737

Now is the time to think of Winter aprons. This one serves many purposes.

Many a cleaner's bill will also be saved by this practical model, that is smart as well.

It covers the dress entirely, both front and back.

The paneled bodice that extends into the slightly flaring skirt will make you appear very slim.

A partial belt also contributes towards its slenderness.

It's as simple as A, B, C to make it. Its cost is exceedingly small.

Style No. 2737 may be had in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

For mornings, choose lovely shiny finished cotton broadcloth in plain pastel or a gay print.

For afternoons, one may be a little more frivolous and select a printed dimity, printed batiste or novelty rayon.

Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch and 9¼ yards of binding.

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.

Artist: Well, what do you think of the idea?

Friend. It's not half as bad as it's painted.

"My girl," said Harold, "is a decided blonde." "Yes," said Caroline, "I was with her when she decided."

ISSUE No. 51—'30