

A cup of Salada Green tea invigorates and refreshes

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

## The Gringo Privateer

By PETER B. KYNE

### CHAPTER XXXVI—(Continued)

Two days passed and the ranch was sold, and a week later the king, dressed for dinner, heard somebody playing the piano in his drawing room. Presently the tinkling laugh of the princess reached him; then a fine lyric baritone voice floated up stairs to His Majesty, indicating that the princess had a visitor and he was singing the Toreador Song from Carmen.

"Wonder who that Johnny-completely might be?" the king ruminated.

As he entered the drawing room Ken Burney rose from behind the piano. Mr. Burney was arrayed in dinner clothes and a charming smile.

"You're certainly looking very elegant," His Majesty greeted the prodigal. He shook hands with just a shade of reservation. "May I inquire to what happy chance you are indebted for this unexpected visit?"

"Why I've been away a long time, so I thought I'd drop around and take up with you a certain little matter of unfinished business."

"I do my business at the office, my son. Never forget that. However, since you have forgotten it, we'll forgive the omission."

"What I have to discuss with you is not office business, sir. I telephoned Miss Mariel this morning and she was good enough to invite me to dinner. Perhaps I overplayed my hand by accepting, for I seem to detect in your Majesty's manner a faint suspicion of cracked ice."

"Merely the shock of this unexpected meeting, son—and seeing you in dinner clothes instead of chaps. By the way, I hear you got your horse, Rowdy, back—compliments of Seneca de Haro."

"I was that fortunate. Rowdy comes in handy these days—at the Santa Inez rancho."

"Oh, so you're the chap who bought that ranch from us?"

"No, sir, I bought it from your general counsel, but I assume he turned the purchase price in to your cashier. Yes, sir, I'm back in the home of my ancestors, and I've got the ranch stocked, don't owe a cent, and have money in the bank."

"How much?"

"Enough to keep the ears of the well-known wolf from peeping over the hills at me. I bought fifteen thousand head of cattle."

"I know all about that deal. I've seen the contract."

Burney smiled. "I sold them at a profit of thirty dollars a head straight through—just doubling my money. The calves I got free with the trade paid my expenses and interest and then some, and I have four thousand yearlings left. Got them down on my ranch."

"I suppose you have about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash capital after paying your debts," the king murmured, for he was good at mental arithmetic. "And the money you paid your father for the ranch will, of course, all come back to you when he passes on. The four thousand yearlings didn't cost you a cent because you sort of swatted them out of the deal, and they're worth forty dollars a head. Now, you're a smart young fellow. . . . How did you finance the deal, after your own money gave out?"

"Well, you see, sir, cattle prices were advancing so briskly that eventually old Dan Wilkins realized I could sell on a week's notice, clean up a profit and make my get-away any time before the third payment fell due. So Dan abandoned all thought of seeing me default, and when I cleared him for ten per cent. on the de-

ferred payments provided he gave me an extension for one year, he fell for it. Dan didn't know any other place he could get ten per cent. for his money, so I just kept on using his ranch as if I owned it. About a hundred thousand people own that ranch now—one are home-sites, you know. Hence nobody has bothered me. The one-acre boys didn't mind if my cows ran on their domain—so I was renounced for a year and a half and could afford to pay Dan Wilkins ten per cent. for his money."

"That move," His Majesty agreed admiringly, "was extremely coyote. And you don't want a thing for that El Cajon Bonita job, eh? Boy, you saved me a lot of money there. I'm your debtor."

"I've decided," said Ken Burney, "to take your daughter in full of all claims on your gratitude."

The king stepped to the side of the princess, raised her left hand and surveyed thereon a diamond ring he could not remember having bought for her.

"Well, you young folks—" His Majesty began, but Burney interrupted him.

"What, if anything, Your Majesty, are you going to give us for a wedding present?"

"I'd love to give you a job I don't want and pay what the job's worth and then some. But, of course, you'll refuse that."

"Ken would, darling," the princess piped up, "but I'll not let him. I've only accepted him on condition that he shall become president of the Bardin Land and Attle Company in order to give you time to learn golf. He can keep the home of his ancestors as a hole card in case you go broke. I'm a fair sample of the rising generation and, in all probability I have your time beaten a mile, but never let it be said that a Bardin went back on a Bardin."

She flew to the welcome haven of the king's arms and hugged him ecstatically, and when she at length released his His Majesty turned to his prospective son-in-law.

"What," he demanded sternly, "has become of that other girl you were so crazy about once?"

"Mariel was that girl. I had met her once at a dinner party in Santa Barbara, but she wouldn't look at me that night. She was quite under the spell of a young man—well, you know the type, king. Nevertheless, I knifed her with a thud—and when I met her again over on El Rancho, well—old I elix Burney's boy was just naturally sunk without a trace. I had to make good to win her; I'll be hanged if I was going to risk having her and you rate me a fortune-hunter. However, you can go bust if you want to now, king, because I can take care of her if you can't."

"You've made me suffer eighteen months, needlessly," His Majesty roared. "You're a dirty pup! Come to my arms, my beamish boy! Mariel, ring for the materials. I think we ought to have one!"

(The End.)

**THOUGHTFULNESS**  
Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the venerated article which commonly goes by that name.—Huxley.

Girls on Mars, says a scientist, have six legs. Leading millionaires of the stocking industry.—Kingston Whig-Standard.


Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.—Montaigne.

### Change

New times demand new measures and new men; The world advances and in time out-grows The laws that in our father's day were best; And doubtless, after us some purer scheme Will be shaped out by wiser men than we. Made wiser by the steady growth of truth. The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe for change; Thea let it come; I have no dread of what is called for by the instinct of mankind. Nor think I that God's world would fall apart -- Because we tear a parchment more or less; Truth is eternal, but her effluence, With endless change, is fitted to the hour; Her mirror is turned forward to reflect The promise of the future, not the past. —James Russell Lowell

### What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Ochre lace vest and deep cuffs provide smart contrast to an all-day model of black canton crepe. The ochre neckline softens the bodice and narrows its effect. The skirt hugs the figure through the hips with gracious flaring toward the hem. Black chiffon with black lace is exquisitely lovely. Printed crepe silk with plain blending crepe contrast is decidedly chic and wearable for all-day occasions. Style No. 2943 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 14 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

### World Outlook Will Bring Prosperity

"International Economy Now Governs Lives of Nations" Claims Bankers' Head

Toronto. — Combining the predictions of his own observations and knowledge, Henry Leman, B.S.Sc., C.E., President of the Canadian Bankers' Association and General Manager and director of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, outlined to Canadian Club members recently the widening of industrial economy from national to international bounds. "The lives of nations to-day are no longer governed by national economy," said the Bankers' Association President, adopting to the occasion a writing of Sir George Paish, "and that they are dependent as never before on world economy. Nations cannot prosper, indeed they cannot maintain their present standards, without international credit and international trade. Thus policies which destroy confidence, injure credit and cause trade depression are equally disastrous to the interests of the nations guilty of such action.

### The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

WHAT CAME BEFORE: Captain Jimmy and his dog Scottie set out in their Vickers airplane to see the world. Captain Jimmy is a late member of the Royal Air Force; Scottie is a brilliant Scotch terrier who as a pup adopted Captain Jimmy and stayed with him through all his adventures since. Just out of Calgary, Jimmy, Scottie and their good plane Ezzie ran into a violent storm.

Boy, how that rain did pelt down; and the wind whined and whistled out of a black stormy sky. The good plane Eagle plunged and reared like a huge dragon-fly. Scottie, with his Scotch astuteness, never made a sound, though he must have been scared white beneath his whiskery black coat. Suddenly he drove forward into an air pocket and the whole plane dropped away from under.

But night was coming on, and we had to find somewhere to sleep. When I asked Scottie about it, he wasn't even the least bit interested. He kept right on licking the bruises and lumps he had. Anyway, a dog doesn't care much where he sleeps, he simply follows his tail around two or three times, and settles down, and he's in bed.

That sort of bed doesn't appeal to me so much, however, so I got up and started over to the little old deserted cabin. It was only a rough little cabin some woodsman had built—and was really as lonely as could be—but it looked mighty snug and homey to me right then. The sun was rapidly sinking behind the hills, and strange sounds drifted down from the tall pine covered slopes nearby. A great barred owl wailed "Whoo-Whoo" back in the dark timber. Perhaps you have heard a barred owl? It sounds like a hungry wolf and a wildcat rolled into one—and, of course, while you know it's just a barred owl, it doesn't seem to help much, for in spite of all you know, you're scared all the same.

Well, boys and girls, that little cabin looked mighty good to me, and I started up the little trail to the door. Suddenly the bushes began to move. Yes, sir, moved just like as if some heavy animal was trying to peer out at you without being seen. Then there was a snarl. A nasty mean snarl, and the biggest, fiercest bear I ever hope to see lumbered out and stood looking at us . . .

(To be continued.)

### Millions of Old Coins

When he is searching for water prior to the sinking of a deep well, a modern geologist relies largely upon the clues furnished by fish that died millions of years ago. Water is usually found beneath layers of certain kinds of rock. No one can tell as he stands on the ground the exact nature of the rocks below him, but fossilized fish brought up by the drill will serve to make their plain. Geologists know that certain kinds of fossils are found only in particular rocks. The discovery of a particular kind often serves to show whether water has been nearly reached or is still far away. New wells are continually being made in London (England), to supply the great buildings that are raised. As the drill goes down the expert examines with the utmost care the fragments that it brings up. During recent operations the drill had gone down to 500 feet when a fossilized starfish appeared. This showed that the shaft was only at the top of the chalk layer and that it must be driven a long way deeper before water could be reached. Much later, lumps of rock consisting of smashed shells were brought up. These were fossils of creatures found by the waves that once rolled over a great part of what is now southern England. The expert knew that water was not far away, and the drill had gone but a little farther when a source was tapped which is now supplying hundreds of thousands of gallons a day.

### The Most Important Question

The to-be-sick swain was questioning his girl friend prior to popping the all-important words. "Can you cook?" he asked. "Now, just a minute, George," said the very wise girl. "Let us take these questions in their proper order. The matter of cooking is of secondary importance." "Oh!" he said, rather taken aback. "And what is the first?" "Can you provide the things to be cooked?" she asked.

### Just a Blank

The charity worker called at the Pirs and was shown into the master's study. "I've come to ask if you'll subscribe to this deserving charity," she commenced. "Certainly," said the householder. "I'll give you this cheque now." The charity worker looked at the proffered piece of paper. "But it isn't signed," she said. "That's right," he returned. "I wish to remain anonymous."

### INGRATITUDE

Ingratitude is a nail which driven into the tree of courtesy, causes it to wither; it is a broken channel, by which the foundations of the affections are undermined; and a lump of soot, which falling into the dish of friendship, destroys its scent and flavor.—St. Basil.

### He Hoped It Was

The literary critic met a young and aspiring author at his club. "I've just read a book of yours," he said. "My last one?" queried the author hopefully. "I hope so," replied the critic. "No . . . improvement comes by compulsion."—Elihu Root.

### History of the Hat

The modern hat can be traced back to the petasus worn by the ancient Romans when on a journey; and hats were also thus used by the carlier Greeks. Not until after the Norman conquest did the use of hats begin in England. A "hate of beavers" was worn by one of the "nobels of the lande, mett at Clarendon" about the middle of the 12th century; and Froisart describes hats that were worn at Edward's court in 1340, when the Garter order was instituted. . . . The merchant in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales had "On his head a Flaundrish bever hat." Throughout medieval times the wearing of a hat was regarded as a mark of rank and distinction. During the reign of Elizabeth the caprices of fashion in hats were many and various. The Puritans affected a steeple crown and broad-brimmed hat, while the Cavaliers adopted a lower crown and a broader brim ornamented with feathers. In the time of Charles II. still greater breadth was fashionable features of hats, and the gradual expansion of brim led to the device of looping or tying up that portion. Hence arose various fashionable "cocks" in hats; and ultimately, by the looping up equally of three sides of the low-crowned hat, the cocked hat which prevailed throughout the eighteenth century was elaborated. The Quaker hat, plain, low in crown, and broader in brim, originated with the sect in the middle of the seventeenth century. The silk hat is an article of recent introduction. Though it was known in Florence about a century ago, its manufacture was not introduced in France till about 1825, and its development has taken place entirely since that period—Robert Cortes Holliday, in "Walking-Stick Papers."

When the boss is away, the clerks get gay.

### How to Say "Pepps"

This John Pepps (Samuel Pepps' father) was a taller who lived in St. Bride's Churchyard on Fleet Street, two hundred yards or so west of the City boundary at the old Fleet Ditch. The obscure London tradesman came of substantial middle-class stock, with origins at Cottenham in Cambridgeshire. A fourteenth century Pepps was a protege of an abbot of Crowland, or Croyland, who had migrated to Huntingdonshire from Scotland. Samuel's cousin Roger told him of a document recording twenty-six householders of the name in Cottenham during Elizabeth's reign. No less than seventeen spellings of the name have been noted. In the Cottenham registers I find what appear to be Pepps, Peppes, and Pepps. It is clearly in any case that there was no uniformity in the matter, and the same thing no doubt applied to the pronunciation of the name. Samuel, it is reasonably certain, called himself Pepps. Mr. Edward Hoare has recently discovered that in the books of his bank, where Samuel had an account, the name is spelled Pepps, and puts this in as evidence that the pronunciation was Pepps. A rhyme of 1675:

Him I must praise, who opened hatch my lips,  
Sent me from Nary, to the Ark, by Pepps.

suggests also that someone called him Pips. But it is common enough even for acquaintances to be erratic about a difficult name, and the evidence as to Samuel's own use is deficient. There are three sources of unbroken tradition—the descendants of his sister Paulina, the Sandwich family, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, all are unequivocally for Pepps. The family had an agreeable taste in nomenclature. John's father was Thomas, who, having a brother called Thomas also, was distinguished as Thomas the Black from Thomas the Red. John, further, had an uncle Talbot who became Recorder of Cambridge in 1623, and, better still, an uncle Apollo—John Drinkwater, in "Pepps: His Life and Character."

### The Josephine K.

London Daily Express: The American people and the American Government, however, ought to understand two things: (1) There is no sympathy in this country, public or private, with British subjects who are deliberately out to conspire against another country's laws. (2) There would be far more sympathy over here with the American Government if it treated its own subjects, its own transgressors against the Volstead Act, with one-tenth of the rigour it shows towards the foreigner, taking human life should be the last resort. This is not only an elementary principle of international amity, but of civilization itself.

Only a fool will pay twice for the same experience.

### Profit


Thereafter his forest presented a different face to him.—Bert Leston Taylor, in "The East Window."

Except to grow: Yet it pays for itself. Its hour in blow, By being a flower, a thing To fasten us to spring. Each loveliness we earn By loveliness; Worth comes to worth, and so No more, no less. Our profit is to be each day Ourselves; by this we pay. —Lizette Woodworth Reese, in "White April."

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### A Budding Naturalist

One day in northern Minnesota I was tramping through the forest with . . . a trapper and a bit of a hermit. . . . I had lately been studying the flora of the state; so, as we wound through the wood, I would halt to pull up this flower and that, in the hope of finding new varieties. This aroused the curiosity of my guide, and he was vastly interested to learn that the thousand and one plants around us had each its name; not only a common name, but a sounding Latin one. Presently he fell to pulling up flowers and asking for their names; and he was not content with the common tag, he wanted the Latin appellation—if I happened to remember it—and the longer the better. He was genuinely interested, and I am sure that