

The Aztec Mystery

A Thrilling Story of the Old West

BY MURRAY LEINSTER

SYNOPSIS.

Sonny Holman, believing he has been cheated out of ownership of the Aztec mine, holds up the payroll. Janet Laurier, who holds legal title, offers a reward for his capture. She is kidnapped by Garcia's gang, a band of desperadoes. Sonny follows and escapes with her, but to his surprise she persists in believing him the ore thief. Tilford, superintendent of the mine, imports some men to guard the payroll. They shoot Jake Hornaby, a friend of Sonny's. In the absence of the sheriff, who has been wounded, Sonny arrests two of them and rides out of town.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sonny read on, turning a page of the paper. A name under the heading, "Political Announcements" took his eye:

To the Voters of Gila County:

I offer myself as a candidate for sheriff in the coming election. While I do not wish to cast aspersions on the conduct of the present sheriff during his tenure of office, it is forced on me. It is notorious that an organized band of lawbreakers has been operating in this community for three years or more, without opposition. It is notorious that highway robberies, ore stealing and murders have gone unpunished and unopposed. It is known to everyone that the sheriff is at present incapacitated by bullet wounds received while co-operating with the outlaw Holman in a battle between factions of Holman's gang.

I do not need to dwell on my own qualifications for the office I seek. My aim is simply to do away with the laxity of law enforcement that has disgraced the county for years past. I will appreciate the support of citizens who value the good name of their community and state, and pledge my best efforts to the eradication of the present disgraceful conditions.

T. J. TILFORD.

Sonny smoothed out the paper and read the announcements again. At first his brow clouded angrily. Then he grinned. "Shucks," he murmured. "I'll bet that'll spitfire writ this for him. It sounds like her, anyways."

To the Voters of Gila County:

Seeing that I am pretty well shot up and won't be able to fill my office for a good long time, I have decided not to offer myself for re-election. I wish to thank all my friends who have supported me in the past and to say to them that if they can get John Doe to run for sheriff and serve after he is elected, they will get just about as good a man as there is in the county. He ain't as well known as me might be, but those who saw him arrest the killers of Jake Hornaby will agree that he is a good man with a gun and the right feller for the job.

JAMES GRAY, Sheriff.

Sonny whistled. Then he began to chuckle. "Lordy!" he murmured contentedly. "That's goin' to make Janet sit up. You'd ha' thought I'd know all about it when I writ my l'il piece."

The space beneath the sheriff's announcement met his eye and he read it with all the complacency of an author.

To the Voters of Gila County:

I announce myself candidate for



KRAFT CHEESE

Almost an endless variety of luncheons can be prepared with Kraft Cheese. Sliced, it provides a royal meal with crackers or bread... it toasts temptingly and for flavouring cooked dishes, is unsurpassed. Get some to-day.

1/2 lb. packages or sliced from the famous 5 lb. loaf. Look for the name "Kraft" as the only positive identification of the genuine.

Made in Canada

Perfect Posture



Chosen out of 511 St. Louis school children for the best posture, Herman Res. 12 and Rose Mayo, 10, pose here with the winning cups.

the bunkhouse on the first alarm. Now, without orders, he began to pound furiously on the ranch bell, summoning every man within earshot. But there were not many. Two men were running from the corral. The foreman was out of the hayshed and already saddling up without hearing more than the shots the injured cowman had fired to attract attention.

Thompson was in the house at the telephone. He had got the next ranch on the wire and was jerking savage sentences into the transmitter, outlining the situation and asking for help and the spreading of the alarm. He jumped up as Sonny came in with his burden. "Going after them," he said curtly. "Be asked for help. You'd better keep out of this, Sonny. That reward's out for you and some damned fool might try to rope you in."

He grabbed a belt with two holsters from the wall, lucked it on, and seized a repeating rifle on his way out the door. "Frien!" said Sonny gently to the man in his arms, "what about Miss Laurier? She had two fellers with her. Did Garcia grab 'em off?" "Don't know." The cowpuncher caught at Sonny's sleeve as he was laid gently on the floor. "Saw some riders comin' toward us just before Garcia's gang opened fire but didn't notice who they was. Say, fix me up so I can ride back with yuh!"

"The cook'll tend to that," Sonny flung over his shoulder.

He rushed out, barked an order at the cook and raced away upon the big black stallion. As he rode the jumbled activities about the ranch-house sorted themselves into coherent pictures. The foreman had been frantically double cinching a huge bay, the two hands from the corral were leaping off on hastily saddled, bucking ponies, and the cook was dancing about the corral after a plunging horse with a six-gun five sizes too large for him-buckled to his belt. The cook reluctantly abandoned his pursuit of the horse to bandage the injured man as Sonny shot out of the gate.

(To be continued.)

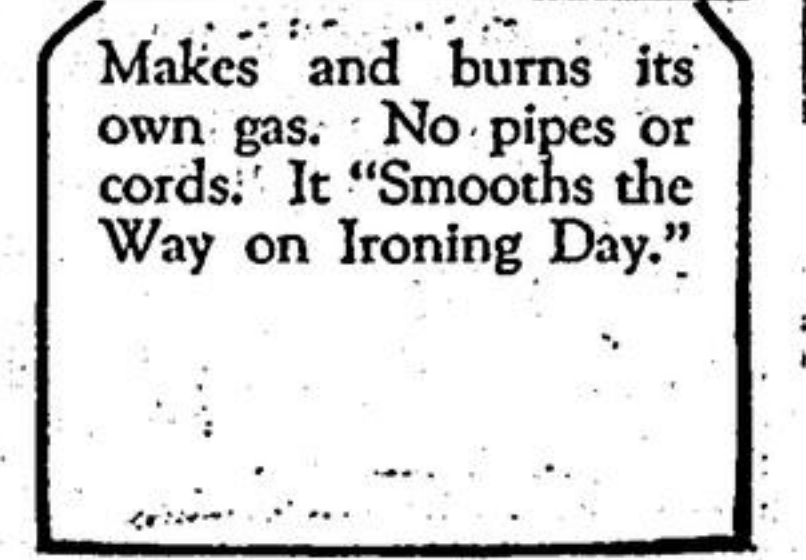
Two of a Kind

A lad who looked about thirteen was leaning against a wall smoking a cigarette, when an elderly woman approached him. "Does your father know you are smoking, little boy?" she inquired bitingly.

The boy regarded her open-mouthed. He took a few more puffs from his cigarette and looked her up and down steadily. Suddenly he caught sight of the wedding-ring on her hand.

"You're a married woman, aren't you?" he said.

"I am," agreed the woman. "Then," snapped the boy, "does your husband know you speak to strange men?"



Makes and burns its own gas. No pipes or cords. It "Smooths the Way on Ironing Day."

I Prepare to Travel

Call Hamilton, in "Gala Days," gives an amusing sketch of a would-be writer preparing to travel. She writes:

Once there was a great noise in our house—a thumping and battering and grating. It was my own self dragging my big trunk down from the garret. I did it myself because I wanted it done. If I had said, "Salicarnassus, will you fetch my trunk down?" he would have asked me what trunk? and what did I want of it? and would not the other one be better? and couldn't I wait till after dinner?—and so the trunk would probably have had a three-day journey from garret to basement. Now I am strong in the wrists and weak in the temper; therefore I used the one and spared the other, and got the trunk downstairs myself. Salicarnassus heard the uproar. He must have been deaf not to hear it; for the old ark banged and bounced, and scraped the point of the stairs, and pitched head-first into the wall, and soured out the plastering, and dented the mahogany, and was the most stupid, awkward, uncompromising, unmanageable thing I ever got hold of in my life.

By the time I had zigzagged it into the back chamber, Salicarnassus loomed up the backstairs.

"Now, then?" said Salicarnassus interrogatively.

"To be sure," I replied affirmatively.

He said no more, but went and looked up the garret-stairs. They bore traces of a severe encounter, that must be confessed.

"Do you wish me to give you a bit of advice?" he asked.

"No!" I answered promptly. "Well, then, here it is. The next time you design to bring a trunk down stairs, you would better cut away the underpinning, and knock out the beams, and let the garret down into the cellar. It will make less uproar, and not take so much to repair damages."

He intended to be severe. His words passed by me as the jilte wind. I perched on my trunk, took a pasteboard box-cover and fanned myself. I was very warm. Salicarnassus sat down on the lowest stair and remained silent several minutes, expecting a meek explanation, but not getting it, swallowed a bountiful piece of what is called in homely talk, "humble-pie," and said,

"I should like to know what's in the wind now."

"Salicarnassus, it has been the ambition of my life to write a book of travels. But to write a book of travels, one must first have travelled."

"Not at all," he responded. "With an atlas and an encyclopedia one can travel around the world in his arm-chair."

"But one cannot have personal adventures," I said. "You can, indeed, sit in your arm-chair and describe the crater of Vesuvius; but you cannot tumble into the crater of Vesuvius from your arm-chair."

"I have never heard that it was necessary to tumble in, in order to have a good view of the mountain."

"But it is necessary to do it, if one would make a readable book."

"Then I should let the book slide—rather than slide myself."

"If you would do me the honor to listen," I said, scornful of his paltry attempt at wit, "you would see that the book is the object of my travelling. I travel to write. I do not write because I have travelled. I am not going to subordinate my book to my adventures. My adventures are going to be arranged beforehand with a view to my book."

Salicarnassus was a little stunned, but presently recovering himself, suggested that I had travelled enough already to make out a quite sizable book.

"Travelled!" I said, looking him steadily in the face—"travelled! I went once up to Tudiz huckleberrying; and once, when there was a freshet, you took a superannated broom and paddled me around the orchard in a leaky pig's-trough!"

He could not deny it; so he laughed, and said,

"Ah, well!—as, well! Suit yourself. Take your trunk and pitch into Vesuvius, if you like. I won't stand in your way."

His acquiescence was ungraciously expressed; but it mattered little, for I gathered up my goods and chattels, strapped them into my trunk, and waited for the summer to send us on our way rejoicing.

With or Without

A sportsman invited a number of friends who were interested in boxing, and some amateur practitioners, to meet him for dinner and discussion of an idea of the host's for a charity performance.

The invitation revealed a sense of wit in the host, for at the foot in small type were the words: "Dinner dress will be worn. Black is optional."

Home

I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him. Be honest, but hate no one; overturn a man's wrongdoing but do not overturn him, unless it must be done in the overturning of the wrong. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.—Attributed to Lincoln.

The 40th Anniversary of "SALADA" TEA

For 40 years SALADA has given the finest quality in tea. Present prices are the lowest in 15 years.

So They Say

"Justice is the safest cornerstone upon which people may erect their entire social organization."—Herbert Hoover.

"Among the great works of art are many that have aroused enormous emotions about wine."—John Erskine.

"A child gains more from example than from precept."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"There are only three things in the world that women do not understand; and they are Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."—G. K. Chesterton.

"The old games of hide and seek are still popular with our youngsters. Only now they play tag with the police."—Lewis E. Lawes.

"There is very little evidence that the home is being destroyed in Russia any more than it is in the United States."—Bruce Bliven.

"The time is now ripe for depriving money of its tyrannical power of determining values."—Walter A. Terpening, Professor of Sociology.

"The average citizen is going along with his arms covering his head as if he expected the entire world to come tumbling down."—Silas N. Strawn.

"Devotion is an emotion which may raise one to the skies or drop them to the nethermost depths of hell."—Clarence Darrow.

"People want to be gay now, not sad. They want a lighter and more popular form of opera."—Benjamin Gigli.

"Woman's life must be wrapped up in a man, and the cleverest woman on earth is the biggest fool on earth with a man."—Dorothy Parker.

"The average Briton tries to pattern his life after that of the country gentleman in the age of Shakespeare."—Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

"I believe in the old saying: 'The less a country's governed the better a country's governed.'"—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"It is the mass attitude that controls and this mass attitude is changing from pessimism to optimism."—Charles G. Dawes.

"Science and industry have gone forward, but our methods in conducting our daily affairs have not."—John Grier Hibben.

"Just as stock breeders improve animals by mating fine specimens only, so science could improve the human race."—Julia Huxley.

"The measure of strength of a country is not a few great estates, but a multitude of prosperous small, independent holdings."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"War to-day no longer has the glamour it once had so far as responsible governments are concerned."—Arnold Zweig.

"My education principles are constant experimentation, change and improvement."—A Lawrence Lowell.

"The title of good sense, straight thinking, and sound morals is rising rapidly."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"I do not think big business is so rapacious as it used to be."—Ida M. Tarbell.

"Money is of its nature a mobile thing. If one enchains it, it will no longer do good or evil; it will extinguish itself."—Giuglielmo Ferrero.

"My tendency to giggle has made me undependable in crises."—William Allen White.

"At the root of the world catastrophe is the immoral behavior of mankind."—Felix Adler.

"The present generation has lost faith in God. They transferred that faith to man. Then they lost faith in man. Now each man has lost faith in himself. That is the major cause of the present situation in the world."—Dr. Cyrus Adler.

"Civilization has travelled too fast for man, his body has not had time enough to catch up with his brain, and as a result the body of a civilized man is like the Victorian vehicle driven by an airplane engine."—Dr. George W. Gille.

"In our civilization most work is slavish. By the same token, however disguised they may be, most of our pleasures are mean or silly."—Irwin Edman, Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University, N.Y.

"There is an old legend that on one occasion God prayed, and His prayer was 'Be in my will that my justice be ruled by my mercy.' That is a prayer that we all need to utter at times when the demon of formalism tempts the intellect with the lure of scientific order."—Benjamin Cardozo, Chief Judge N.Y. Court of Appeals.

"When millions of able bodied men can find no work, when coffee, cotton and wheat must be destroyed in various parts of the world while millions starve, it has become clear that, whether we want it or not, we are facing the near necessity of a fundamental revision of capitalistic society."—H. G. Wells.

The Public Health

Next to the weather, there is no topic of conversation more popular than public and individual health. Hence the meeting in Toronto of the Canadian Public Health and Ontario Health Officers' Associations is of widespread interest. The delegates are discussing their subjects in a large way, as intimated by Dr. Gordon Bates's suggestion that a Royal Commission should investigate a Do-minion-wide scale of the whole question of public health. Undoubtedly the subject is of national concern, and if the findings of such a body would lead to greater co-ordination in preventive methods the expense would be worth while. There is force in the doctor's claim that if but a fraction of the financial loss caused by sickness and premature death were devoted to their prevention a great deal could be accomplished.

A startling feature of the ills that afflict humanity to-day is the increase of neurotic and mental disorders, due, in large measure, to the high tension at which the affairs of the world are conducted. This was recognized in an address by Dr. C. M. Hincks, of Toronto, who stated that deviations from mental health are "much more frequent than previously supposed." And he continued:

"The time has come when the medical profession must bear a larger share of responsibility in regard to mental health than has been the case in the past. Many physicians have been prone to confine their attention to the physical factors connected with illness and have ignored, too largely, consideration of the human personality—of the emotions and mental states that may be contributory to ill health. Unless physicians and public health officers assume leadership in this field, progress will be slow in stemming the rising tide of mental maladies."

This, unfortunately, is an enlarging field for the specialist, and one in which early treatment is of the utmost importance. Undoubtedly many human ailments may be forestalled by preventive measures. In fact, basing his contention on Canadian statistics, Dr. Bates claims that "more than half of our disabling illnesses could be prevented." The difficulty in the way is that victims of disease in its incipient stages are prone to delay seeking advice, and one of the greatest benefits of public discussions such as are being conducted at this convention of health officers is that they attract attention and bring to man a realization that good health is a blessing to be guarded jealously. Thus in sound mental and physical condition will not worry greatly over the troubles of this rather troublesome world. Consequently, there is food for thought in the suggestion that, to be really effective, measures looking toward the preservation of health should be given direction by Federal authority.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

"Conversation doesn't exist in America."—Andre Maurois.

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What Constitutes A Thoroughbred?

By Lt.-Col. Frank Moss, in "Animal Life."

Many people who like horses and even have some knowledge of the points that make a good horse, do not know what really makes a horse a thoroughbred. There is only one animal in the world that is strictly entitled to be called by that name, and that is the English race horse, and of course, his descendants in all parts of the world. To be entitled to this distinction a horse must be bred from parents who trace on both sides of their pedigree to ancestors registered in the first edition of the English Stud Book, published in 1793, and there must be absolutely no missing links. Most Thoroughbred horses to-day are 16 removes or more from these first recorded ancestors, and, as each horse, of course, has two parents, four grand parents, eight great grand parents, etc., it will be seen that in sixteen removes he will have 65,534 recorded ancestors and not one that cannot be accounted for. If you don't believe this, just take your pencil and multiply his ancestors by two sixteen times and then add them up. Perhaps this surprises you. Well, here is something more surprising: There were about one hundred mares registered in the first edition of the Stud Book and about half of their families have died out, so, as a matter of fact, every Thoroughbred horse alive to-day traces to one of another (in the direct maternal line), of fifty mares. And stranger perhaps even than that is the fact that every Thoroughbred traces to one of three direct paternal ancestors.

Every one interested in this breed of horse knows the names of these paternal ancestors: The Godolphin Barb, The Byerley Turk, and the Darley Arabian. These were all horses that had been imported into England from the East, either towards the end of the eighteenth century (The Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb). Hundreds of other Eastern horses had been imported from time to time into England through the centuries but these three are the only ones whose direct families (from sire to son to grandson, etc.) have continued to exist. You can imagine, then, how closely related all the Thoroughbred horses are.

It is commonly supposed that the English Thoroughbred is descended from the Arab, but as a matter of fact the origin of these horses mentioned above is quite unknown. Even the Darley Arabian is described in the Stud Book as "probably a Turkish or Syrian horse."

However this may be there is no getting over the fact that the Thoroughbred in the last 150 years has increased in size, speed, stamina and in fact in every particular that makes a good race horse, and one of the most hopeless things in the world would be to try and find an Eastern horse to-day that could compete with even a fair class Thoroughbred over any distance, short or long.

Through the centuries has been developed an animal that is matchless for his courage, spirit and determination.

A year ago or so I wrote a story for Animal Life about "Old Bob"—"a horse of good character," who finished a race on three legs, dog his best after he had broken down in the race. Last year in England, a horse called "The Scout" actually won a race although he had broken down a furlong from the winning post; and then there is the well known case of "The Lamb" who was only beaten a head at the wire although he had actually broken a leg two hundred yards from the finishing post. This horse was injured so badly he had to be shot but what a courageous heart ceased to beat when he died! Many a race had he won—including the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, twice.

And now, when you talk about the Thoroughbred, remember you mean an animal with 65,534 recorded ancestors and with a family history behind it of courage, determination and valor that is an example and a lesson to every poor human being, who is lucky or perhaps unlucky if they know even 34 of their own ancestors.

Heart-Rest
Man's mind makes countless wheels revolve.

Man's eye the secret stars can solve; He flies o'er oceans, deserts, streams, And still of further conquest dreams— Yet, howsoever he may roam, He turns for heart-rest to his home.

And so, in every age and place, The record of the human race Makes mention of this sacred spot Where cares and worries are forgot, Where little children play and sleep, Where lovers laugh and mourners weep.

And, though the world may travel far Through change and chance, through work and war, Though ever man's far-reaching mind May seek still vaster truths to find, Yet still, as in the days of old, He'll find at home his realm of gold.

—A. B. C.

A Smile or Two
English Guido (showing places of interest): "It was in this very room, sir, that Wellington received his first commission."

American Tourist: "That so. How much did he get?"



BABY'S OWN SOAP
It's Best for You and Baby too

Oil should clean and protect as well as lubricate—says household expert

The oiling of household devices presents a problem different from that of factory equipment, says a nationally known housekeeping expert. Household appliances are not used constantly and therefore collect dirt and rust when idle. Consequently, oil intended for general household use should clean and protect as well as lubricate.

3-In-One, a scientific blend of mineral, vegetable and animal oils, does these three things better than any other oil. It costs a little more to buy but much less to use, for it will save you many dollars in repairs and replacements on sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, lawn mowers, washers, the electric motors of fans, refrigerators, ironers and similar household devices. At good stores everywhere. For your protection, look for the trade mark "3-In-One" printed in Red on every package.

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