

Cattle Kingdom

By **ALAN LEMAY**

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Billy Wheeler, wealthy young cattleman, arrives at the 94 ranch, summoned by his friend Horse Dunn, its elderly and quick-tempered owner, because of a mysterious murder. Billy is in love with Dunn's niece Marian, whom he has not seen for two years. She had rejected his suit and is still aloof. Dunn's ranch is surrounded by enemies, including Link Bender, Pinto Halliday and Sam Caldwell, whom he has defeated in his efforts to build a cattle kingdom. Dunn directs his cow hands, Val Douglas, Tulare Callahan and others to search for the killer's horse. He explains to Billy that the morning before he had come upon bloodstained ground at Short Creek and found the trail of a shod and unshod horse. The shod horse's rider had been killed. The body had disappeared. Link Bender had arrived at the scene and read the signs the way he had. Dunn reveals that because of a financial crisis the ranch may be in jeopardy; his enemies may make trouble, since Sheriff Walt Amos is friendly with them. He says he has asked Old Man Coffee, the country's best trail rider, to join them. Dunn and Billy meet Amos, Link Bender, his son, "the Kid" and Cayuse Cayetano, an Indian. Bender has found the slain man's horse, but the saddle is missing. Almost supernaturally, cattle attracted to the scene by the bloodstained ground, stamp out all the traces. Dunn is angered when Amos tells him not to leave the county. Following an argument, Bender draws his gun, but Dunn wounds him in the arm. Back at the ranch Old Man Coffee arrives, with a pack of hounds. Coffee goes in search of the dead man's saddle. Dunn tells Billy that Marian is increased at him for trying to settle disputes by bloodshed. He reveals that the ranch is really hers, also that he recently sold his own ranch in Arizona and that his partner, Bob Flag, is en route with the money. Billy accompanies Marian on a ride to Short Creek. "Kid" Bender, now a deputy, rides up. They have an argument, and by a trick Bender tries to shoot him. Billy saves himself by plunging against Bender's pony and "the Kid" is injured. Coffee returns to the ranch with the saddle and reveals that Cayuse Cayetano is on the trail for Sheriff Amos. The saddle belonged to Lon Magoon, a small-time cattle thief. Billy learns he is to be arrested for assaulting "Kid" Bender.

It was nearly six in the morning as they rolled down the dusty ruts toward the first test of strength since the killing at Short Creek. Three cars drove to Inspiration, for Billy Wheeler had reserved certain privileges of free action; and the sheriff returned to Inspiration alone in his own car, as he had come. A second car was driven by Horse Dunn, who took with him Gil Baker, Steve Hurley, and Tulare Callahan; and—what seemed more important—Marian Dunn, between Val Douglas and her huge uncle in the front seat. The Old Man of the 94 was possessed by a vague persistent hope that somewhere, some time, Marian would see something which would change her opinions as to the balance of force and justice in the Red Hills ranges.

Old Man Coffee rode with Billy Wheeler, who drove his own roadster.

"There in that one car," said Coffee, watching Horse Dunn's tower of dust, "goes all that's left of the 94 outfit; except for you and me, who don't really belong here."

Billy Wheeler nodded. "I couldn't hardly believe," he said, "that Horse was trying to run 20,000 head of cattle, even through the quiet months, with only four men and himself."

"He's got 20,000 head, has he?"

"The book count shows 20,000 head. Allowing for death losses, he supposes he's got 14 to 16 thousand. Short-handed as he is, he can't be right sure."

"I've seen the day," Old Man Coffee said, "two, three years ago,



"For One Thing—Magoon Wasn't Killed by No Man on a Horse!"

when the 94 bunkhouse never held less than 12 or 15 hands. And in roundup times I've seen better than 50 riders follow the 94 wagons. But I guess those days are gone."

Coffee suggested that Horse Dunn was getting old. "It's hard for us old fellows to bend to new ways of handling cows—or men. But Horse Dunn might just as well get ready to realize he has to. He's forced his way for a long time; but comes a time when he can't force it no more."

"And that," Wheeler said, "is what we've got to save him from. For God knows he'll never bow his head! It's up to you, more'n anybody."

"Don't count on me."

That was Old Man Coffee's attitude. Because of his uncommon sixth sense in handling a trail and because of his widely heard-of luck in making shrewd deductions, Old Man Coffee had been called in on many a mystery killing in the intermountain country. But though he worked hard without cost to anyone, he stubbornly avoided an official responsibility. "I got nothing to do with it." That was the Coffee theme song on a murder case.

But now he added, "Something's wrong. When I first looked at this case I thought it was open and shut. But something's the matter with this case. Somebody knows something they're not telling me."

Billy Wheeler waited, but the information which silence would have brought from most men was long in coming.

"People in this country is going to the dogs," Coffee complained. "Take you. Your old father had a pair of eyes that could find out the devil through the smoke of hell. But you—you ain't got any eyes. I not only got to do your thinking for you. I also got to see for you and hear for you and ride for you. I'll give you just a sample."

An ironic amusement faintly altered Old Man Coffee's gaunt face. "Answer me one question," he said now. "What weapon killed Lon Magoon?"

Billy Wheeler looked at Coffee sidelong, and for a moment he hesitated. "Lon Magoon," he said, "was killed by a shotgun. Is that what you wanted to know?"

"Part. What else?"

"It was fired from in front of him a little to his right-hand side, by a man on a horse."

"What else?"

"The shell was home-loaded. And that's all I know, yet."

Old Man Coffee was regarding Wheeler with a peculiar fixed expression. "Son," he said at last, "I back down; I'm free to admit I had you wrong. You're further along the trail than most of 'em. You got the shotgun right, at least I suppose you seen that one shot pellet bogged into the seam of the leather on Lon Magoon's saddle horn?"

"Yes; I saw it."

"That little pellet is pretty well hid. I guess nobody saw it but you and me. But the rest of your dope's wrong. For one thing—Magoon wasn't killed by no man on a horse!"

"How do you know that?"

"How did you know the shell was home-loaded?"

"Because the charge was weak. The sign showed the horses was close together when the shot was fired. If the charge hadn't been weak that pellet of lead would have plowed a whole lot deeper than it did."

Old Man Coffee nodded approval. "A good catch," he said. "But I think you got it wrong. If the charge had been fired from close like you say, the killer could have rammed the long shotgun barrel plumb against Magoon—there wouldn't have been no shot in the saddle horn. It was distance slowed that pellet. Lon Magoon was shot by a third man, from up on the flat ground above the cut!"

"Seems like," Wheeler objected, "the trail of the third man should have showed up, somewhere about."

"Maybe; if it had been read proper before the cattle pawed out the sign. But—there's one man mixed into this that knows too much about trails to have left one himself—even if he'd been there." They fell silent, while the hard-working engine threw the rack of the road behind them in big spasms and gouts of dust; and far ahead presently showed the faint disturbance on the plain which was Inspiration.

Inspiration consisted principally of a main street, backed by a few score houses, some of them neatly painted, with a tree or two; many simply unpainted shacks.

To a stranger the town would not have seemed so full of people as Tulare Callahan's report perhaps suggested. But Billy Wheeler at once recognized a dozen or more cars which would not ordinarily have been there, and about an equal number of dozing cow ponies. And—as the 94 cars pulled up in front of the little frame building that housed the county office—Wheeler noticed a small inconspicuous stir in doorways, a too casual moving together of spur-heeled loungers at two or three places along the street.

Billy Wheeler caught Horse Dunn's signal as he slid his roadster to a stop. He stepped down from the wheel and walked forward to Dunn's car.

"We want to all kind of keep together here, as we move into this," Horse Dunn said casually. "I don't think there's going to be any trouble of any kind. Still—I wish Bob Flag had got here. There aren't so many of us as there has been some years."

The sheriff pulled up and stepped to the sidewalk.

"Court won't open yet for a little bit," he said. "You, Wheeler, park yourself around here close. You're lucky not to be in the lock-up, by God! You, Dunn, I'll speak to you inside. I've got a couple of questions I figure to ask."

"All right," Horse Dunn said. "Come on, folks."

"The rest of you stay outside," Sheriff Amos said. "You're the one I aim to talk to, Dunn."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Horse Dunn looked up and down the street, noting how the groups of booted loungers had grown. Hardly a doorway in that street was empty now. Wheeler saw Dunn run a quick glance along the second story windows across the street. Dunn turned to his car, relaxed, casual.

"Marian, take this here car around the corner, and park it; then wait there, until someone brings word."

Marian glanced once, questioning, at her uncle, then once more, almost despairingly, at Billy Wheeler. Then the car lumbered away in the dust as she obeyed.

Horse Dunn turned with a curious mildness to the sheriff. "I don't figure to give any answers, Amos, that I wouldn't just as leave my outfit would hear."

The Old Man of the 94 stood square-shouldered—a smiling little, almost bland; but the confidence of a lifelong dominance was in the easy set of his enormous shoulders, so that he seemed ten bigger than the town, bigger than the range.

The sheriff hesitated; he knew what he was up against. Abruptly he burst out, "I decide these things here!"

The mild mask fell away. "Then give your orders to people you can boss," Dunn snarled at him.

Walt Amos sized up the situation, then stood for a moment with a blank face. Then—the young sheriff grinned, not sheepishly, and not irritably, but with the interested humor of a man who plays his own game against another's.

"Oh, all right," he said; "I don't set any great store on that point. I haven't got any of my fellows with me—I don't need 'em; but maybe you need some. Bring 'em on!"

In effect, Horse Dunn had backed Sheriff Walt Amos down; but Horse admitted afterward that it was here, in the backdown, that the young sheriff had first commanded his respect. He granted an assent. "Billy Wheeler, Coffee—come on."

The others moved forward, but he waved them back; and Dunn, with Wheeler and Coffee, followed Amos into the little old adobe that held the sheriff's office.

"Dunn," said Sheriff Amos, "you were the first man found out there'd been a killing at Short Creek. That was Tuesday—three days ago. Right off you sent Tulare Callahan here, to wire Old Man Coffee, clear around at McTarnahan. Dunn, why did you send for Old Man Coffee?"

"I sent for Old Man Coffee," said Dunn, "to find out who was making free on my range. To tell you the truth, I didn't figure you numbskulls was equal to handling it."

"Then it wasn't your idea," said the sheriff, "to get him here to seize and suppress evidence?"

"When I want to seize something," Horse Dunn told him, "I won't be sending for some old guy the other side of two ranges of mountains. I'll just seize it."

"Where were you riding Monday, Dunn?"

"Monday I was riding Red Sleep Ridge."

"And when," the sheriff shot at him, "did you first learn that Lon Magoon was camping on 94 range?"

Horse Dunn did not hesitate for a fraction of a second. "Yesterday—when Old Man Coffee found Magoon's saddle."

The sheriff's smooth, cornerless face tightened a little, but Billy Wheeler saw that the man was not surprised. Instantly Wheeler knew two things. First, that one of the inspiration crowd—perhaps with field glasses—must have seen Coffee pick the saddle up. And second, what was equally important, that the sheriff must have succeeded in tracing out the dead man's horse—and had identified it as belonging to the little cow thief, Magoon.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Prints Tune to School Girl Needs

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



MYRIADS of gay little print frocks wending their way schoolward is the picture fashion is flashing on the screen for fall. There is really no danger of overdoing the print collection for little daughter, for there are so many varieties of textures and design in the realm of washable prints this season mothers can assemble a wardrobe of prints ranging from playtime and classroom frocks to pretty-party dresses, and then not have too many for occasions that may arise.

From mother's standpoint the new print collections should and will prove all that they should be in supplying fabrics which will insure her child the joy of being well-dressed whatsoever the occasion, because fabricists are bringing out cottons and rayons and linens that have the "looks" of choicest challis and fine crepes.

The thing that intrigues the little folks in regard to prints is that many of the nicest, prettiest prints have been especially designed for them with pictorial motifs that make direct appeal to childhood. Not only are the patterns charming to behold but they are in many instances instructive and entertaining as well. For smaller children there are prints with the letters of the alphabet scattered designfully in all-over patterning. Mother Goose figures too, and boats and ships and birds and animals, fruits and flowers done in a way to capture the fancy of a child.

The washable prints developed this season are unique and lovely. It's a series of perfectly charming prints that we have in mind—artistic creations each of which has been inspired by a song. There are fifteen designs in this collection nine of which have been adapted to cotton fabrics and six to rayon. The unique part of it is that these theme

song designs use titles of copy-righted songs. What a grand chorus of prints there will be in classroom, at home and in the highways and byways that little girls tread during the coming tanga autumn days! Not that children have a monopoly on these intriguing musical prints for designers are making them up into the smartest-ever housecoats, pajamas and daytime dresses for grown-ups.

Does your little girl love music? If so she'll adore the beruffled frock of new chintz-type print (centered in the illustration) the motif of which is based on "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," a song children know and love. Clever little girl and boy figures holding balloons and other bubble motifs following the position of the notes on the scale with tiny clef signs make the design of this print which is fascinating for young and older folks. The crisp white organdy ruffles and buttons add winsome accents.

The dress to the left is also made of a theme-song "bubble" print. It is a pleasing type for the growing girl. Three narrow ribbon bows positioned on ribbon crossbars set row and row march soldier-like down the front of the bodice. Pleated skirt and demure Peter Pan collar complete this smart style.

The dress to the right reflects a quaint spirit in the lacings up the front, the close-fitting bodice, and the now-so-fashionable "swing skirt." Any girl would love to wear this dress "first day of school." The scattered daisies in a patterning inspired by that familiar song, "Daisy, Daisy, Tell Me Your Answer True"—enough to inspire any little girl wearing this dress to become a prima donna.

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CASUAL COSTUMES SLATED FOR FALL

"Look casual," is the latest slogan being broadcast to women who are pre-occupied with the question of what to wear for early fall. Although both tailored tweeds and softly-feminine garments will continue to be style-right for particular occasions, it's the casual costume that is slated for high-style acceptance.

Suits are always an early-fall favorite but they were never better calculated to make women want to cast aside their summer clothes. Already the shops are beginning to display scores of casually cut models ranging from classic two-piece ensembles complete with blouse and topcoat or fur cape.

College Girls in Favor of Low-Heeled Daytime Shoes

Increased interest in sports is given as the chief factor in the college girl's inclination toward lower heel heights on daytime shoes but her choice is also influenced by other considerations such as comfort and the suitability of low-heeled footwear to sports clothes.

The prevalence of "girls of more than average height" was one of the reasons advanced for the increased popularity of low and medium-heeled evening shoes.

Shaded Stockings Boon to Woman With Bulky Calves

The woman with oversized calves can buy shaded stockings which gradually darken in color at the largest part of the leg and thus have a very slenderizing effect. These stockings shade from a light tan at the foot and ankle to a dark brown at the calf and upper leg. For slimmer legs, there are stockings of sun-tan color with feet of dark brown.

PLAID TAILLEUR

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Plaid's the thing for your new fall suit if you are seeking the smartest. The one pictured is of heavy plaid linen. It's a real Scotch tartan plaid done in dark green, dark blue lined with white, red and yellow. Black velvet binds the edges, pocket flaps and cuffs. This makes a stunning costume for early fall and later on you will be wanting to copy it in plaid wool. We are quite sure you will for these stunning plaid jacket suits are the "last word" in chic.

Star-Sprinkled Mode
Silver and gold stars sparkle on the veils of new afternoon hats.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The State of the World.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.
S—Up in Montreal a veteran showman says he talks with chimpanzees in their own language. I wish he'd ask one of his chimpanzee pals what he thinks about the present setup of civilization.

Because I can't find any humans who agree as to where we all are going and what the chances are of getting there. In fact, the only two who appear to be certain about it are young Mr. Corcoran and young Mr. Cohen, and they seem to hesitate at times—not much, but just a teeny-weeny bit—which is disconcerting to the lay mind. We are likely to lose confidence even in a comet, once it starts wobbling on us.



Irvin S. Cobb

I'm also upset by a statement from England's greatest star-gazer—they call him the astronomer royal, which, by coupling it with the royal family, naturally gives astronomy a great social boost in England and admits it to the best circles. He says the moon is clear off its mathematically prescribed course.

Cash Versus I. O. U.'s.
ONLY a few weeks ago the front pages were carrying dispatches saying the adjustment of Great Britain's defaulted debt was just around the corner. Economists and financiers had discussed terms of settlement. Figures were quoted—mainly figures calling for big reductions on our part, but never mind that. They were figures anyhow.

Lately the papers have been strangely silent on the subject. Perhaps you remember the old story told on the late John Sharp Williams, who frequented a game at Washington where sportive statesmen played poker for heavy stakes—mostly with those quaint little fictional products called I. O. U.'s as mediums of exchange.

Early one morning a fellow senator met the famous Mississippian coming from an all-night session. "I certainly mopped up," he proclaimed. "I won \$3,000—and what's more, \$8.75 of it was in cash."

Autumn Millinery.
JUST as the poor, bewildered males are becoming reconciled to the prevalent styles in women's hats, up bobs a style creator in New York warning us that what we've thus far endured is merely a forerunner of what's coming. In other words, we ain't seen nothin'!

For autumn, he predicts a quaint number with a slanted peak fifteen inches high, which, I take it, will make the wearer look like a refugee trying to escape from under a collapsing pagoda.

Another is a turban entirely composed of rooster feathers.

A matching coat of rooster feathers goes with this design. But in the old days they used hot tar.

A third model features for its top-hammer a series of kalsomine brushes sticking straight up. Naturally, the hat itself will imitate a barrel of whitewash.

But the gem of all is a dainty globular structure of Scotch plaid. Can you imagine anything more becoming to your lady wife than an effect suggesting that she's balancing a hot-water bag on her brow?

"McGuffeyisms."

THE lieutenant-governor of Ohio urges a return to "McGuffeyism" for settling modern problems.

"Twas in a McGuffey reader that I met those prize half-wits of literature—the Spartan boy who let the fox gnaw his vitals; the chuckle-headed youth who stood on the burning deck; the congenial idiot who climbed an alp in midwinter while wearing nothing but a night shirt and carrying a banner labeled "Excelsior" in order to freeze to death; the skipper who, when the ship was sinking, undertook to calm the passengers by—but wait, read the immortal lines:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted, "As he staggered down the stair. And then the champion of all—the Dutch lad who discovered a leak in the dyke so he stuck his wrist in the crevice and all night stayed there. In the morning, when an early riser came along and asked what was the general idea, the heroic urchin said—but let me quote the exact language of the book:

"I am hindering the sea from running in," was the simple reply of the child."

Simple? I'll tell the world! Nothing could be simpler except an authority on hydraulics who figures that, when the Atlantic ocean starts boring through a crack in a mud wall, you can hold it back by using one small Dutch boy's arm for a stopper.

IRVIN S. COBB.
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Cabot Discovered Nova Scotia
Nova Scotia was discovered by Cabot in 1497. In 1604 the country was settled by the French, who called it Acadia. It became British in 1713.

Swiss Train Dogs for Service in Army; Special Courses for Dispatch Duty

Man's best friend, the dog, has proved his worth in numerous ways and for many centuries dogs have been playing an important role in human warfare. Originally, states a correspondent in the Philadelphia Inquirer, an attempt was made to press the animals into field hospital service. The experiment did not prove satisfactory and was partially given up during the World War.

The activities of the Army dog today are chiefly confined to the dispatch service, where excellent results have been obtained. Dogs have done splendid work in the most difficult and most dangerous situations, where all other means of conveying messages or reconnoitering were impossible.

The Swiss army owes the introduction of dogs into its activities to private initiative. A few years ago a privately organized dispatch dog service was added to the First Army corps. It immediately gave proof of its usefulness. Based on these experiences, the Swiss Fed-

eral council decided on official training courses for Army dogs, and on the establishment of a permanent station for these animals. The supervision of this new service was entrusted to the commander of the First Army corps.

The dispatch dogs are chiefly assigned to officers and soldiers who volunteer for this particular service. The introductory course has a duration of four weeks and upon its conclusion each participant has a trained dog assigned to him, which he has to board and teach further. The animal remains, however, property of the confederation for a number of years.

The main difficulty is that the animals, in order to be systematically trained, must be stationed closely together.

No Forests in Egypt
A large variety of trees grow throughout Egypt, especially along the Nile, but nowhere is there a forest.