Hats That Carry a New Message

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



message of startling innovations just please go to your nearest milliner and see! The majority of the hats for fall and winter are that "different" and many go to such extremes that some of us will have to revolutionize our theories in regard | age that sweeps to the nape of the to headgear, else fall behind in the fashion parade. However, there's comfort and courage in the thought that it is really astonishing how, after viewing current collections and perhaps "trying on" a few models, we all of a sudden feel a "change of heart" going on within as we become ardent converts to the new order of things.

To prove that you are entirely won over to the thought of hats as now are, get out the hat you thought so becoming and fit that you packed it away with the feeling it might serve valiantly as a "starter" this fall-just take it out and compare. The answer? We agree with you, quite an "impossible" alongside the dramatic effects fashion is staging for the coming months. Watch the new crowns go towering to dizzy heights, take a look at brims which shoot up at one side so abruptly 'tis breathtaking, or for those youthful enough to wear them, see the new chapeaux tiny or big of brim perch perilously on the very back of the

Seeing the new hats is like witnessing a gathering of all nations in that collections replete with ideas are apt to display a tall tasseled Turkish fez side by side a charming

Directoire bonnet, a plaid or felt Scotch turban nearby one of the

dinner suit, their uprising brims

mounting far back from the A ND if you do not believe that | forehead like a full harvest moon. Then there are the newer berets that dash high at one side, dipping low to the opposite; the interesting hats which Agnes creates that bespeak African influence; demure and sweetly feminine wee hats of the 1880 period boasting graceful plumneck; casual felts soft of brim and with tall picturesque pointed crowns; and so the recital might continue ad finitum.

> Generally speaking the emphasis is on extraordinarily high crowns although many flattering shapes with lower crowns are advocated. There are many interesting felt sailors for those who prefer lower crowns.

You ca trated below to the left the way the new crowns go high and somewhat pointed. The hat is typical of the new sports trend. It is a gray oxford felt with stitched velvet band.

The youthful skull cap to the right above is a great favorite among college girls. The backward trend here featured in this bit of a black felt bonnet is decidedly a this-season vogue. So is the very tall crown ef-In the upper left corner milady

poses to call attention to the tall quill on her handsome new felt. "A feather on your hat" is fashion's latest decree. All signs point to spectacular feather trims.

The hat that concludes this group is a sophisticated little affair modeled after the quaint tiny shapes

that flourished in the eighties. @ Western Newspaper Union.

SMART ALPACA By CHERIE NICHOLAS



It's fabric that counts this season The trend throughout all fashiondom is for quality-high materials. Many women who can sew and whose budgets are limited are preferring to invest in the best of materials, secure a simple and reliable pattern, and "make their own" dresses and suits. The suit pictured is a simple style that is easy to make at

BLOUSES OPULENT NOTE IN COSTUMES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Fashion decrees that the blouse become the opulent note in the costume for fall and winter. Some of brocades in Chinese colorings shot we've gone." He put his horse out the sands of the vanished creek. with glints of metal. These make handsome jacket blouses fastened beside him. with cuff-link studs, glittering jewel buttons or buttons covered with self-

up smartly in blouses, boleros and fitted tunics.

rippled effect.

Sealskin Collar and Muff

Sets Show Style Elegance dignified shoulders along about the Gay Nineties had nothing on the style. In fact the modernized version is little different from the old. and, like its old-fashioned counterpart, it adds a ball-shaped muff.

Sealskin collar and muff sets are displayed by the furriers as interesting novelties. Some of them have the cape-like cut, familiar in the old days-the smaller cape standing up around the ears and the larger one covering the shoulders.

Ankle Length

Ardanse of Paris makes a cocktail dress that is neither street nor evening length, but comes just to the ankle. Its material is light blue heavy corded lace with touches of white. The dress has a white crepe top and a small bolero of the lace.

Costume Accessories

Reptile belts and other costume accessories contribute a striking note to autumn dresses and suits.

Cattle Kingdom

BY

@ Alan Le May WNU Service

CHAPTER X-Continued -12-

The sheriff looked doubtful. "Well, don't suppose an hour or two-" "Thirty hours," Dunn said.

can't do that." "Amos," said Dunn, "from the the people that are against the 94. sighted Lon Magoon up-" That's your lookout, if you want to do that; I don't figure to make any look here-where in the world are

if the people of the county will stand three hours ago." for it. They're sure hollering for an arrest."

give me 30 hours and I give you

pointed out. "This is the last thing I'm going to ask of you. But I sure got to have until tomorrow night."

Sheriff Amos studied him, and appeared to consider for a long time. 'I want to be fair, Dunn," he said. 'Public opinion is awful strong against you-stronger than is reasonable, in a way. This isn't an easy thing for me to do. You know that."

"Tomorrow night," Dunn said stubbornly.

"Tomorrow night, then," the sheriff agreed at last.

CHAPTER XI

Horse Dunn watched the dust of the sheriff's car settle reluctantly upon the dry flats until he was sure Walt Amos was on his way.

"Saddle up," he ordered. "Get a fresh horse, Tulare."

Out at the corrals they roped square - built, hill - running ponies. "Horse," Billy said, "how big a fool is Magoon?"

"Magoon's a queer one, all right. If it weren't for that I'd say he must be clear of the killings, or why ain't he in Mexico by now? But he hasn't got all of his bucklesand that's a break for us. Because we sure need to catch us a wit-

Tulare put in, nis mouth full of bread and meat he had grabbed from the kitchen. "Witness, hell! I bet he shotgunned Flagg himself, for the dough he had on him. He probably sold Flagg the horse and saddle in Pahranagat, then rode along with him, waiting his chance. Then later he downed Cayuse because Cayuse caught up to him. Get it?"

"I can't swaller any set-up that doesn't show the Link Bender crowd at the bottom of it," Horse Dunn said flatly.

He jerked tight his latigo. "Magoon is most likely headed out of the country. But here's what we do: Tulare, you got the fastest horse. You circle to the head of the Tamale Vine, by way of the upper bench, and try to beat Magoon to the Pass." "Billy, you strike northwest into the point country. There's a bare chance that Magoon will skirt along the foothills, picking a pass north of where we're figuring on. Get yourself a good high lookout, and camp there until tomorrow."

"This is as good a try as any." Tulare approved.

"Then let 'er buck! And if either of the layout at a sharp jog, Tulare

Wheeler held back long enough to urge his horse to drink, and get himself a canteen; then he also There is a new fringe weave struck out, northward, along the which is very interesting. It makes outer edge of the brush. Two hours trying to hurry, plugging along before dusk he took his post on a high rocky point far to northward Less formal blouses are made of of the 94. He hid his horse, sprawled and swept the rolling country. the Tamale Vine toward the northwest passes. Far out on the dusty bered bitter, soapy-tasting water. The sealskin collar which adorned flats he could make out dots that were cattle; but in all that vast visible range he could find no

> the twilight faded, slowly giving this right-we've got him!" way to the faint light of appearing stars, and Wheeler had sighted no Billy.' one. An hour before dawn he was hours after sun-up he knew he must a straight run." give it up.

He saddled his pony and dropped fearful light. "Now? Tonight?" down from his lookout. One by one he sought out and examined the miles." trails he had picked as the ones Magoon might use. This took time; trails easily visible from his high lookout were many slow miles apart there. Tell him-" for a rider on the ground. Still he found no sign; and he at last turned toward the 94, disgusted.

It was deep into the after- with a fresh led horse. I'm going produced 3,000 to 4,000 tons of musnoon by the time his thirst-fretted to-" pony brought him in, disgusted, to

as he unsaddled.

"In heaven's name," said Wheeler, "where were you yesterday?" "I was out with my horse-what | "and I mean to follow it out." Amos shook his head. "No-I of it? When's Uncle John coming back?

first, you've played into the hands of Amos his word. Steve and Tulare "Tia Cara told me all that. But

trouble for you in any way. But they hunting for him now? I've rid-I got to have today and tomorrow den all over these hills back here to put my affairs straight. You and never saw a sign of them." "They're probably hunting a litmy word I'll go with you tomorrow the farther than you went."

"Then," she said, "they're hunt-"I don't question your word, ing too far away! Because I'm sure the matter with you?" Dunn," Amos said. "But I doubt I saw Lon Magoon-not more than Much riding and the heat of the

"It's you that's sheriff," Dunn now he snapped sharply awake. "What did he look like?" "A scraggly little man with a rifle in his hands; he was on a good sor-

> rel with a blaze face and one white "Good lord! Did he see you?" "I don't think so. After he was

> out of sight I got back here as fast as I could. I was praying some-



"But I'm Not Going Back."

body would be here. But I've been here over an hour. I thought nobody was ever going to come." "Can you find the place where he

"Of course."

It cost fresh ponies an hour's hard work to take them to the place where Marian had seen the armed rider; yet Wheeler was astonished. The 94 riders were casting wide, blocking off distant passes-and if Marian was right, Magoon had doubled back to take cover almost under their own roof. Marian led Billy to a vast, V-cut gulch, in a country heavy with desert juniper and scrub

"He was riding down here, headed west. I was in those upper ledges." In the broad canyon the ground was flinty, but in the bottom of a slender ribbon of gravelly sand wound a crooked course, marking the run-off of last winter's rains. of you meet up with Marian, you Working up-canyon, Wheeler presthe materials are as elegant as send her home a-packing. Billy, ently found what he was after: the looms ever produced. There are leave word with Tia Cara where trail of a horse crossing a twist in

"Marian-you sure seem to have done what failed us all! Can you read that trail?" "No."

"A tired horse, unshod, ridden over rocks for three, four days; steadily, and straight-"

He let his voice trail off. Some isolated memory from far back was a new satin that has a hammered or with his back against a hot rock, troubling him, trying to make itself known. He knew this place; once Quickly his eye picked out the trails before, years ago, he had ridden a rider would follow in moving from here, but only once, for the poor feed called few cattle. He remem-Suddenly he remembered.

"There's some sort of old shelter up here-some fool mining men had 1937 fur collar in the way of elegant mounted man, and nothing moved it once. There's a little water there, on the trails he fruitlessly watched. not much good, and stock can't get Dusk came on, cool and clear and at it; riders don't go through there utterly still, and after a long time once a year. Marian, if I can work

"He has nearly three hours' start. "But his horse is close to played

watching again, awaiting the first out. He'll figure to hide out up light. But morning showed only the there and rest. If I can come on same vast empty range; and three him before dark I can catch him in Marian's eyes shone with a queer,

> "Right now - within the four "You will be careful, won't you?"

to the ranch your uncle should be "By the time I get back?" "Of course-he told Amos he'd be

"But I'm not going back."

Marian came running out to him | sure are going back! What are you | came him. This had been his positalking about?'

"I found this trail," she said with an odd, tremulous stubbornness, "Look here, Marian! This man is

mixed up somehow with the killing up the gulch. "He'll be back by tonight; he gave of Bob Flagg. He may even be guilty himself. For all we know, he'll fight like a cornered wolf." "I'm going on," she said again.

Wheeler saw that the girl was grave, nervous. He said suddenly, "Are you afraid to ride back alone?'

"If you were going back, I would still go "n this trail." "In God's name, Marian, what's

"Nothing's the matter with me." is pale and quiet, and she sat very still in her saddle; but, day had made Wheeler drowsy, but strangely, he thought he had never

seen her more alive. Suddenly it seemed to him that a great unsuspected strength linked this girl to the desert hills; and that behind it perhaps lay fires he had never seen.

The twilight was deepening in the broad reaches of the canyon, and little time was left. Even a worn- light was failing fast. out horse could get away if the dark closed down. "Take my word for it," he said brusquely, "you're going back-now, right now!"

"Are you ordering me?" "Call it that."

"I think," she said, "you can't do that."

"You think I can't?" "What can you do?"

For a moment it seemed to him that there was nothing he could do. In the face of an immediate necessity he found himself helpless. Then it occurred to him that there might, no least sound of a walking horse. after all, be one way, only one. His mouth and eyes set hard, and he kicked his pony sideways, close to

"You think I can't send you out of this?" he said.

He leaned out of his saddle and with one arm clamped her hard against him. With the other hand he turned her face upward; and he kissed her mouth, certain that she would ride with him no farther.

For a moment she was motionless except that he felt a sharp hidden within the quarter mile. His quiver run through her body, and her lips trembled under his.

Since the first-only-time he had kissed her, two years ago, he had anything I can say or do make you thought that he could never forget go back?" the soft warmth of her lips, the fragile resilience of her slim body; but now the actuality of the girl in his arms half stunned him, she had been untouchable as a dream for so long. He thought he swayed in the strand of her fine hair touched his the rifle in the upper rocks. Wheelher breast. He did not know that his arm tightened about her so that he almost broke her in two.

Then her body twisted and she ging her out of the saddle. His sure of an emotion he mistook for dead pony. "Stay there!" anger as he said savagely, "Now go on back!"

She sat a little apart from him, shaky from the sharp unsteadiness of her hand upon the curb. She said, "I suppose that's the bitterest thing that ever happened to me. Can't you ever do anything but hurt and destroy and break up?"

"Will you go back?" he said between his teeth.

"No! I most certainly will not!" Her voice was repressed, but there was smoky fire in her eyes, and the upward twitch of her eyebrows as she spoke out of her anger was strangely suggestive of dangerous and unaccountable as a Horse Dunn. He looked her in the wild animal with hydrophobia. For eyes, and he knew that he could in the first time he inclined to Tulare's no way bend her will.

A great sense of fatalism over-

tion here ever since the beginningboxed in without weapons and with-

out choice. Now, unable to manage

this girl, he still had to go on. With-

out a word he turned his pony's head

He put his horse into the soundless sand of the dry stream, and pressed into a shuffling jog; and they rode for a long time, while the slow twilight deepened. Wheeler thought that he had never seen any desert country so bleak and lifeless-not

excepting the Red Sleep, where Cof-

fee had found Bob Flagg wrapped in eternal stillness under the red rock. And although Marian's pony trailed close behind his own, it seemed to him that he had never been so utterly alone, in a vacant world. Once as he swung crosswise in his saddle to turn to Marian, he caught her brushing tears from her cheeks with her gloved fingers. Presently, he said in a low voice, 'If a gun cracks, go to the ground,

and take any cover there is." They plugged along another mile, while the canyon narrowed. The

Marian whispered, "Billy!" He stopped his horse and she came up, stirrup to stirrup. Her eyes were fixed on the high south rim of the gulch. She said almost inaudibly, "There's a rider up there. I saw him cross between those rabbit-ear rocks."

They sat still for a long minute, listening. The gash in the rocks that Marian indicated was no more than a hundred yards away on a high-angled line, and the dusk was very still, but Wheeler could detect

"It must have been a trick of the light," Wheeler said. "Billy, I saw him as plainly as

see you here, now." He hesitated a moment more, then stepped to the ground. "Hold my pony."

Billy Wheeler's eyes were sweeping the upper levels as he stepped out of the saddle. In the ragged brush and upthrust ledges above that forgotten, nameless canyon, a thousand horsemen could have been eyes were grim as he passed his reins to the girl.

"Marian, for the last time-won't

"No!" She smiled, faintly, a little grim stubborn smile. "You can't seem to understand that I-"

A sharp report sounded above, and Marian's pony suddenly folded at the knees. It went down on its saddle, and the twilight about them | side like a great sand bag, and was turned suddenly dark and unreal. A still before the echoes had died from eyes, lightly as the touch of a er's pony reared, tearing free its breath; he felt the faint pulsation of head, and bolted down the canyon.

He sprang toward Marian. She had swung herself clear, and was already getting up beside her fallen horse. "Get down-quick, behind struck spurs to her pony, so that the horse!" She hesitated, but he he had to release her to avoid drag- did not. He seized her shoulders, deftly kicked her heels from under voice shook with the curbed pres- her and laid her flat behind her

He pulled his gun and moved five yards to one side, standing up to draw what further fire there might and her pony stood head high, very | be. A minute passed, two minutes, while he watched for movement on the upper rim; but there was no sound or shot.

The desert hills were as silent and empty as before, except for the dying rattle of hoofs down-canyon from Wheeler's stampeding pony.

Marian's voice came to him. 'What in the world happened?" "Somebody took your pony through the head with a rifle, is all." A crazy red anger was on him. Loose in these hills was a man as

belief that Magoon was the killer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mussel Shells, Worth Many Millions, Made the Great Pearl Button Industry The history of mussels in Michi- | found fresh water pearls worth

gan is not much different from thousands of dollars each. that in other mussel-producing of mother-of-pearl buttons from sea sels on a little hand machine, the picture. Power machines were in- put on manufactured garments. vented to make mussel shells into pearl buttons. The business grew

"Sure. By the time you get back supply of mussel beds, untouched sels shells and fresh water pearls resources. in the world, worth many millions back. Tell him to send somebody of dollars. Some of these beds He stared at her a moment "You to two tons of shells a day. Some in Ireland.

The manufacturers in the button areas, observes a writer in the De- | business were no different from othtroit Free Press. When a maker er manufacturers. They were in business for profit, not for health. shells in Europe, moved to Musca- They made more and better matine, Iowa, in 1890, and turned out chinery. They glutted the market. pearl buttons from fresh water mus- The shrewder men uncovered new markets, and whipped the old china exploitation of the nation's mussel and horn buttons out of existence. beds was inevitable. As soon as the The fresh water pearl button bebusiness was a success, American came the strongest, most beautibrains and capital came into the ful and best button that was ever

In the search for new sources of supply, the Michigan mussel beds were discovered, among which The great Mississippi river, the those of the Grand river were most "father of waters," had a natural productive. Their history is the same as that of the Mississippi; by the greed of man. It was the in fact, the same as that of the largest supply of fresh water mus- exploitation of most of our natural

> Danes Built Limerick Limerick, third city in size in the

sel shells to the mile. One man with Irish Free State, was built by the a mussel boat could catch from one Danes. It boasts the prettiest girls Faculty of Fools

It is the peculiar faculty of fools to discern the faults of others at the same time that they forget their own.-Cicero.

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> and do it the inexpensive



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