

"Quotations"

The true scholar is the most practical person in the world, because he spends his time adjusting himself to reality in accordance with the evidence, and he knows what the evidence is.—*Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.*

To the eyes of art as to the eyes of affection, the unessential of life do not count.—*Thornton Wilder.*

What America needs is one great, healthy America to say "No."—*Dr. Carl Jung.*

YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE ONCE TOO OFTEN

WHEN you have those awful cramps; when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it out on the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

Star of the Soul

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.—*Colton.*

Safe Pleasant Way To Lose Fat

How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health?

How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent hips and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration?

How would you like to get your weight down to normal and at the same time develop that urge for activity that makes work a pleasure and also gain in ambition and keenness of mind?

Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get a bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you for 4 weeks and costs but a trifle. Take one-half teaspoonful every morning—modify your diet—get a little regular gentle exercise—and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again.

Now you will know the pleasant way to lose unsightly fat and you'll also know that the 6 salts of Kruschen have presented you with glorious health.

But be sure for your health's sake that you ask for and get Kruschen Salts. Get them at any drugstore in the world and if the results one bottle brings do not delight you—do not joyfully satisfy you—why "money back."

Nobleness

'Tis more noble to forgive, and more manly to despise, than to revenge an injury.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

666 checks COLDS and FEVER

LIQUID TABLETS first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.

Try "Rub-My-Tim"—World's Best Liniment

GET RID OF PIMPLES

New Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin. Firms and Smooths Complexion—Makes Skin Look Years Younger.

Get rid of ugly, pimply skin with this extraordinary new remedy. Denton's Facial Magnesia works miracles in clearing up a spotty, roughened complexion. Even the first few treatments make a noticeable difference. The ugly spots gradually wipe away, big pores grow smaller, the texture of the skin itself becomes firmer. Before you know it friends are complimenting you on your complexion.

SPECIAL OFFER

—for a few weeks only

Here is your chance to try out Denton's Facial Magnesia at a liberal saving. We will send you a full 16 oz. bottle of Denton's, plus a regular size box of famous Milnesia Wafers (the original Milk of Magnesia tablets)... both for only 60c! Cash in on this remarkable offer. Send 60c in cash or stamps today.

DENTON'S Facial Magnesia

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc.

4402—23rd Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

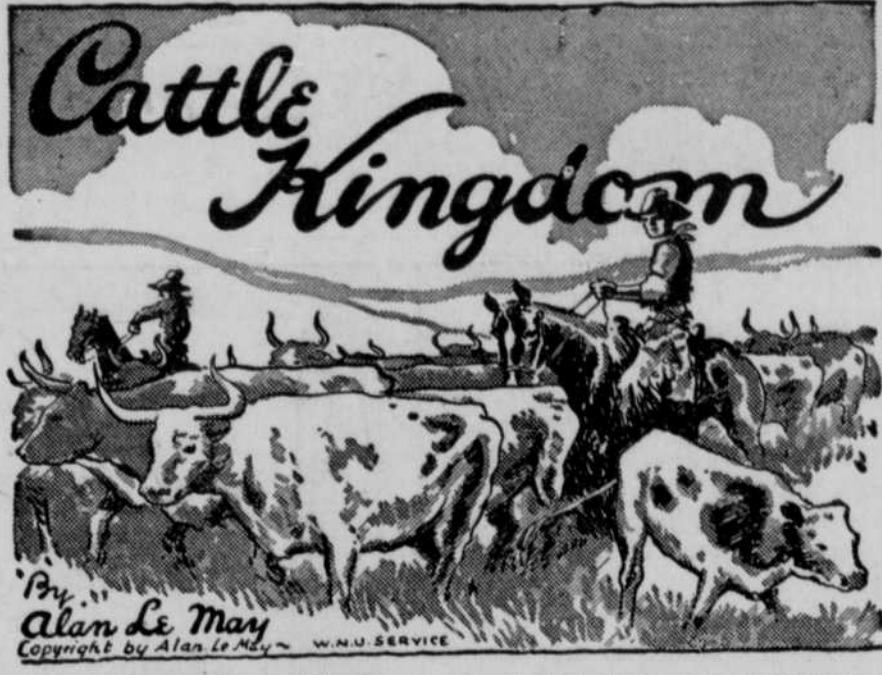
Enclosed find 60c (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW



By Alan Le May Copyright by Alan Le May WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XII—Continued

—15—

"You still think the killer's horse was here in the 94 layout after the killing, like old Rock seemed to think?"

Old Man Coffee's answer was a grunt; it might have meant one thing or the other. "You're stalled, son. You got no lead."

"Sure we've got a lead."

"And where is that?"

"Just a minute ago we were talking about the peculiar way Bob Flagg kind of eased into the Red Rock, coming in through the back way, bumming it in a cattle crate. From what we know Bob Flagg had fore-knowledge that somebody was going to make a try for him. Now, how did Bob Flagg come by that fore-knowledge?"

Old Man Coffee did not reply. But by the corral a hound moaned in its chest; the dog called old Rock awoke by Coffee's feet, raised its head to listen, then blew out a long breath and went back to sleep again.

"Coffee—I'm thinking now that when we find out how Bob Flagg come by that fore-knowledge, we'll have caught our man."

With an impatient movement Old Man Coffee knocked out his pipe again. "You want to know what I think? I think, 'Oh, hell!' You better go on to bed."

Obviously Old Man Coffee was tired of arguing. Wheeler had been trying to lead the old man out, and it had got him nowhere. He rose slowly and stretched. "Guess you're right. Seems like you might need some sleep, too."

"Slept all the way from Pahrana-gat, on the top of my mule. I'll get plenty rest sitting right here with my pipe." He added irascibly, "Or I will if the everlasting talky-talk dries up."

"Looks like it might slack off some," Wheeler grinned. He went in, fumbled his way through the dark house to his room, flung his gun belt on the floor, and lighted his lamp.

CHAPTER XIII

It was very late when Wheeler left Old Man Coffee. Without checking the hour, he knew that morning could not be far off; and he had supposed that Marian was asleep. She had ridden a long way, not to count that long climb of theirs through the dark. In her own way she outlasted the leathery strength of men and horses—and came through clear-eyed and light-footed, apparently untouched. But she seemed so fragily made that he always underestimated the young strength of her vitality.

So, he was thinking of her as asleep, as he now sat down on the edge of his bunk and rolled a cigarette.

His long-boned frame rested relaxed, but he did not look tired. All his life had been spent in the saddle, simply for the reason that the dry country has few roads—few places for roads to go—and the horse is the only means of cross country transportation across mountain ranges and sand dunes and the vast gulch-cut plains. Ten thousand miles in the saddle had hardened him until he was made of braided leather, and no less enduring than the runty, unkillable range ponies. A few more miles on the horse trails and a few nights short of sleep could not tire him now. His leanly-muscled face was as awake as ever, and his gray eyes, made to look lighter than they were by his wind-burned and weather-leathered skin, were as clear as they had been when he arrived at the 94. He let his cigarette trail from a corner of his mouth, rested his chin on one hand; and, squinting through the thin upward-moving line of smoke, considered his next moves.

He must travel—that was certain. What could be done here was done—the finding of Bob Flagg and Lon Magoon. He must trace Bob Flagg back to his sources, back through Flagstaff, perhaps to the sold-out Arizona ranch itself, seeking the truth, for he was certain that Flagg had shown more than a premonition of his death.

And he must find time to run down the 94 debts, seeking ways to avert its bankruptcy, at least for a time. He was wondering how far he dared go against Dunn's order that no penny of Wheeler money should ever be changed in the 94. Dunn would be game to split the works wide open, if he didn't like the way salvation had been obtained. It was up to Wheeler to find ways to get around that, taking care that the girl would never guess any obligation to him. That last was what Dunn feared most.

But though his mind was laying out routes and plans far outside of

the Red Rock country, he was somehow not surprised as Marian now came and joined him here. To think about any phase of this killing case, or of the imminent run of horse Dunn's cow kingdom, was to think about her. After all, the 94 was her brand, and her future was interlaced with its future. So now as he looked up at the sound of her light quick step it seemed a natural, somehow expected thing to see her standing there in his door.

"This is a lonely night," she said. "Nothing anywhere in this night intends to sleep."

"I guess that's so. But it's near morning now."

Without high heels and with her hair light and loose about her shoulders she should have looked smaller, but she did not. He thought he had never seen her so slimly tall, so gravely steady.

Perhaps that was partly the effect of what she wore. Because he had never seen her dressed as she was now, he had a sudden sense of how little he knew her, after all; just as he did not know what she wore when she slept, how could he know what went on in her mind when she was alone—or ever?

She was wearing pajamas, but their black silk was cut like a Russian smock, with a high collar of soft black silk about her throat, and close cuffs at her wrists, so that standing against the dark she was all a part of the dark, except for the bright ivory of her face and hands and the loose shimmer of her hair.

About this costume, which was strange to him, there was a barbaric dignity, as if it were not something to sleep in at all, but the ceremonial dress of some forgotten priestess. It was strange to see this vision here, standing beside a spare saddle that had been flung on the floor under a tangle of bridles on a wooden peg. Everything around her was cow country, but she—she was something else, something lovely from beyond the hills—a daughter of two worlds.

She came and sat beside him on the bunk. "Did you find out anything more from Old Man Coffee? I thought you'd get more out of him if I left you alone."

"Not very much. Old Man Coffee's been a disappointment to me in a way. Sometimes I think he doesn't know anything about it."

"I wonder."

"Marian, what are you going to do?"

"What is there for me to do? One of two things—stay here or go to Inspiration to be near Horse. Of course, he ought to be out of there in a few days."

"I wouldn't count on that, Marian. They can't make a case against him—not even the beginnings of a case. They know that. But what they want to do—and can do—is to tie up the 94 finances by making the case look as ugly as possible. They'll point out that Dunn was the main one who would be expecting Flagg there; and probably make Flagg's share of the money the motive. Of course that's ridiculous. But for their purpose, all they need to do is to raise the question and then cause a delay in clearing it up."

Her eyes were on distance beyond the walls—smoky eyes drowsy, even misty on the surface, but behind them was that continu deep glow of slumbering fire the smouldering light of a great reserve vitality.

"I'd go east now, if I were you," he told her. "We'll fight this thing out, and save out of it what we can—you can count on that. But—this isn't a good place for you any more. There won't be anyone here, except a couple of cow hands to keep an eye on things. And it would drive Horse crazy to have you in that horren's nest in Inspiration."

"But you—?"

"I'll be gone. I have to back track Bob Flagg a little further. I'll have to go to Flagstaff; then maybe down-country. God knows how long I'll be gone. It looks like a dim crooked trail."

She considered this. "When are you leaving?"

"Now—before daylight. I'll send a note to Horse. I don't even dare see him in Inspiration, for fear they'll hold me there on some trumped-up charge."

They were silent again. Through the window came to them a cool, fragrant clean breeze from the uplands, with a fall tang in it that promised frosts before long. He suddenly thought she might be cold. There was a clean Navajo blanket on his bed, and he put this about her shoulders. She smiled faintly but did not look at him or move.

She said, "It will be queer and lonely here, with you gone."

"But you'll be leaving too."

She shook her head, her eyes far

away. "I'm through with hovering on the outskirts of my own life."

For a moment he wondered what provision he could make for her safety here. He no longer doubted that what she determined to do she would do, and could not be dissuaded from. He thought of consigning her safety to Old Man Coffee, or to the cowboys now searching the hills for her; but he was deeply concerned.

"Sometimes I think," Marian said, "that the answer to everything is to be found right here—here at the 94—and no place else."

He nodded moodily. "A man ought to be able to figure it out, if he was smart."

"There isn't anything more you could follow up, here? When time is so important—?"

"There's one lone, slim possibility," he said.

"In heaven's name, what is it?"

"There's one thing in this case that I can't swallow. It stands out above everything else—one unbelievable thing that couldn't possibly happen. I'm thinking of those two shots that have been thrown at you."

She was silent, and after a moment or two he went on. "Somehow those shots at you are mixed up with these other shootings; it would be too big a coincidence if the shots at you and the killing of the men were separate, yet happening at the same time."

"I can see that, all right."

"But the shots at you eliminate nearly every suspect we have. Take Val Douglas. He hasn't proved very dependable. Marian. He's been caught in lies as to where he was. Even just now, when he was sent to Pahrana-gat to check up Bob Flagg, it seems from what Coffee says that he didn't even go near there. Sometimes I've suspected Val. Even if he didn't kill Flagg to rob him, still he might have killed him by mistake, thinking it was somebody else. But one thing is certainly plain—Val Douglas would never fire on you."

"No," Marian said, "Val could never do that."

"Or take Link Bender—a hard, bitter, violent man. Once he was boss of all this range, until Horse Dunn took hold. Link Bender might go to any length to put down the 94. But he controls this kid sheriff, and through the sheriff he's bearing down on the 94 through this killing; and he's getting away with it. His whole way of attack is orderly and thoughtful. He wouldn't try any such crazy thing as shooting a girl."

"It's pretty hard to see in what way I could stand between Link Bender and his plans."

"The same thing applies to Pinto Halliday; he's a shifty crook, but he isn't crazy. Sam Caldwell is another that it doesn't fit in with."

"The thing just won't fit together, will it?"

"Marian, it's in my mind that I know who killed Bob Flagg."

"Billy! If you know that—"

"There's one man in that Inspiration crowd that is too savage bitter to wait for Link Bender's plan to pan out. That man is Rufe Deane. Rufe Deane blames Horse for the death of his son, years ago."

"Yes," Marian said, "I've thought of him."

"Rufe Deane tried to raise a mob in Inspiration to see that the 94 people never got away from there. If he had started in time, there'd have been a lynching before midnight. He threw down his deputy's badge because he thought the sheriff was going too easy with Horse. And when you testified for me at the hearing—Rufe Deane was looking at you like a wolf waiting. Marian, I believe Rufe Deane is one man that's crazy enough and bitter

enough to try to kill you—to get back at Horse for the death of young Deane."

"Billy, if you're right—if you can prove that—"

"That's just the trouble. Suppose I'm right—Rufe Deane did it. We're no better off than we were in the beginning. You see, Marian, there's two parts to these killing cases. One thing is to find out who did it and why. The other thing is to prove it and get a conviction. I haven't one single thing to show against Rufe Deane; and until I can show evidence, it won't matter how sure I may be in my mind."

When he looked at her it was past his power to imagine how Rufe Deane or anyone else could ever look down the sights of a gun at Marian Dunn; she was so gently and sweetly made, so precious in his eyes. He didn't believe in Horse Dunn's creed of gun justice, for he thought that the use of violence outside the law was a costly thing, defeating its own purposes in the end. But he knew that if ever he faced Rufe Deane with anything like a decent proof in his hands, he would destroy the killer as he would destroy a sidewinder or a vinegaroon.

"I'll never be able to believe in God's world that anyone would set out to hurt you," he said. "Yet—somebody has tried. What naturally comes to mind is that somebody, some enemy of Horse Dunn, has gone out of his head. But—hard as it is to believe, there is one other possibility we have to take account of—that without knowing it you've heard something, or seen something, which would give away the Short Creek killer—if you remembered it, and recognized it for what it was."

She said, "I've thought of that."

"Marian, if you can remember seeing anything—a rider in the distance—some horse coming home at a strange time—one of the guns missing from its rack here in the house—even an empty shell that you thought nothing of—that one thing might give us the answer!"

"I've racked my brain over and over; but I can't think of anything, Billy."

"Not even a chance word, overheard somewhere—"

She shook her head. "Billy, I just can't remember anything that would answer the purpose at all."

She pressed her palms against her eyes for a moment; then lifted her head sharply, shaking out her loose hair. "It's no use. This isn't the first time I've tried to remember; I've been trying hard for two days."

"I thought it would most likely be hopeless," he admitted. "I'll have to go to Flagstaff."

"I know. I've seen that coming. I'm ready to stay here alone; without you or my uncle, I mean."

"Marian, if I could get you to pull out of here, until this is over—"

"This is my outfit, Billy. It shouldn't be my outfit; it should be my mother's, or Horse Dunn's. But nothing can make Horse see that. And I see now that if you're going to run cattle on a big scale out in this country, you sometimes have to be willing to fight for your range."

He stared at her, marveling. The girl who was talking to him now was not the girl he had known two years ago; she was not even the girl he had known at the beginning of the week. It was as if some false outer cloak of ideas and habits, put upon her by her mother's seaboard world, had suddenly fallen away, leaving her revealed as what she was—a daughter of the dry land. Under the pressure of the dark days and unquiet nights since the killing of Bob Flagg she had come nearer to him, becoming one of his people.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Most of the World's Mercury Is From Almaden, Little Town in Central Spain

Since the Fifteenth century a little town in central Spain, Almaden, in Arabic simply "The Mine," has supplied most of the world with mercury, the metal which is liquid at ordinary temperatures and which dissolves other metals. It is needed in obtaining gold and silver from their ores, in scientific and manufacturing processes and in pharmacy.

California and Oregon, Texas and Nevada are intermittent producers of mercury. New Almaden, Calif., mines half of what is produced in the United States, these mines having been established about seventy-five years. Southern Austria and Italy also have some mercury ores but the Spanish rock is far richer, containing about 13 per cent compared with barley 1 per cent, says the Milwaukee Journal.

The chief ore of mercury is mercuric sulfide, commonly called cinnabar and originally the source of the red pigment called vermilion. This the women of ancient Rome used for rouge. The Roman town, Sisapo, was in the neighborhood of Almaden.

E. E. Kisch, a writer for Gegen-Angriff, the Paris weekly of the German exiles, visited Almaden some time ago and reported that mercury necrosis, anemia and other occupational diseases had made alarming inroads on the workers, who, even in youth, were mostly pale, lean, toothless and lacking in energy. At one time it was the custom to give exemption from military service to those who would serve two years as miners in Almaden.

"To Spain, Almaden is far more than a gold mine," he wrote, "for it has always been the world's source of mercury." Abderrahman

III, the caliph of Cordoba, had the famous moonlight fountain made for his favorite wife, the moonlight being mercury. The knights of the Middle Ages got rid of vermin with the aid of mercury. The "gold makers" of the Middle Ages used mercury for their tricks. Physicians in those days prescribed mercury for any digestive trouble.

For centuries thermometers and barometers have been made with the aid of mercury. Rabbit skins are prepared with mercury before they are turned into felt hats. Many dyes can be made only with mercury.

"The Christian kings of the houses of Aragon, Castile, Hapsburg and Bourbon, who had fewer riches, warriors and slaves than their Phoenician, Greek, Roman, West Gothic and Arab predecessors, could pay their creditors only with mercury."

Early Veterinarians

Ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome had veterinarians. But then they concerned themselves with horses, the only animals deemed valuable enough to merit medical care. Most important to the ancients were their armies, and horses composed a big part of their armies. The first college for veterinarians was established in France in 1761; in America almost a century later. Then came the machine age, and horses lost their value. Veterinarians became fewer and fewer. But the recent increase of valued pet dogs and cats saved the profession. Veterinarians have their own medical association, and must study three or four years in a recognized college to become members. Student "vets" study all domestic animals, but often specialize in one, or even one breed of dogs.

Injection for Hernia

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

I BELIEVE I am safe in saying that practically every physician has among his patients one or more who have a hernia or rupture requiring treatment who, for various reasons, will not submit to operation.

It is only natural, therefore, when they read and hear of cases of hernia cured by the injection method which means just a few visits to the surgeon's office, that they feel willing to undergo this simple method of getting their rupture cured. Much to their surprise and disappointment in consulting a surgeon they are informed that their particular case is not suitable for the injection method; that only a surgical operation will correct the condition. Unfortunately the majority of the medical profession were opposed to this "new" method at first and rightly so as all types of hernia were being treated with many failures. These failures were due to not selecting the cases suitable for this method and to the use of some sclerosing or "hardening" fluids which failed to work properly.

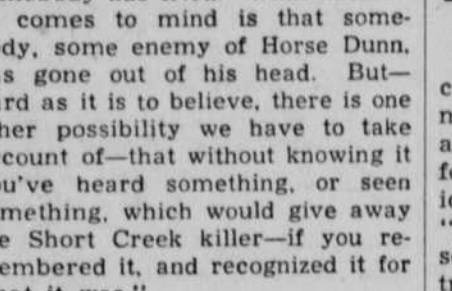
Cases Must Be Selected.

It is fortunate just at this time that a general survey of the results of the injection treatment throughout this and other countries has been made by Dr. Nathan N. Crohn, Chicago, as reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The records show that the cures by this method were as high as 98 per cent in 15,000 cases in one European report.

After discussing various methods and various sclerosing or hardening material to form scar tissue, Dr. Crohn concludes:

"The hernia cases for injection must be suitably selected. The tissue surrounding the hernia must be strong and elastic (not too flabby or worn too thin by a truss)."

"A large number of patients who reject surgery and who would otherwise go untreated except perhaps for a truss, will submit to the injection treatment. In proper hands, in carefully selected cases, the method is valuable; abuse is extremely easy and can cause general condemnation."



Dr. Barton they are informed that their particular case is not suitable for the injection method; that only a surgical operation will correct the condition.

Posture and Overweight.

Most physicians are of the opinion that there are just two types of overweight, (a) those whose overweight comes from outside themselves—eating more food than their body needs or uses, and (b) those whose glands do not manufacture enough juice (thyroid and pituitary gland). Then the two kinds of gland overweight differ from one another in that those whose overweight is due to lack of juice from the thyroid gland are fat all over the body, and those with lack of pituitary juice have their excess fat across shoulders, abdomen, breasts and hips, and no excess fat on forearms or lower legs.

However, Drs. W. J. Kerr and J. B. Lagen, San Francisco, in Annals of Internal Medicine, Lancaster, Pa., discuss a type of overweight that appears to be not due to any lack of gland juice but which arises in persons who not only eat more than their daily requirements, "but whose posture (position of the body when sitting or standing) is relaxed or careless. It is not easy to determine whether individuals with the relaxed habit of standing or sitting are predisposed to the train of events which follow, but it is apparent that, when medical aid is sought, these patients present the posture of relaxation. The gradual accumulation of fat tissue in the normal or usual places where fat gets deposited (abdomen—inside and outside—hips) gives the appearance of rotundity or 'roundness' which is called corpulence."

Drs. Kerr and Lagen tell us that between the ages of forty and fifty is where these overweighters can do something for themselves by proper exercise and diet. They can actually "delay" the heavy and "old" appearance caused by overweight by eating less food and taking more exercise.

If they really want to postpone old age, want to give heart and lungs plenty of room, allow the floor of the chest to come down farther and get more air into the lungs, they must always sit and stand as tall as possible, take regular exercise, and eat less food. And as most of them would find this a terrible task, at first, anyway, Drs. Kerr and Lagen made this suggestion: "Treatment requires temporary support for the pendulous or low hanging abdomen, and assistance in emptying the lungs of used air which should leave the lungs. A belt—an abdominal belt—gives this support and aids the lungs in breathing out the used air. The weight should be 'gradually' reduced to bring the normal curves back in the spine."

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Dinner-in-a-Pie

1 veal kidney 2 small carrots
1 cup pearl onions 1 cup tomato soup
4 small white turnips 1/2 cup liquid or
2 1/2 cups cooked 1/2 cup peas
meat, diced 1/2 cup peas

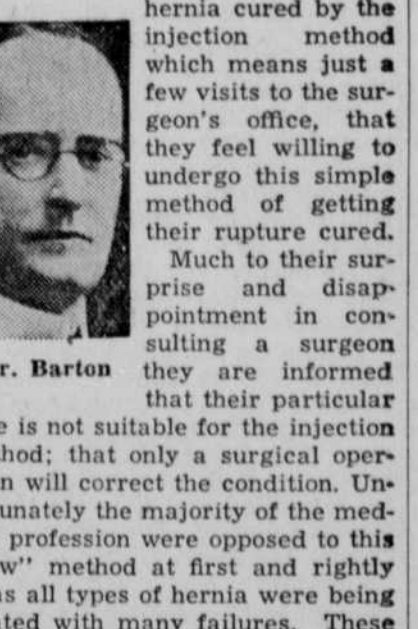
Trim and dice kidney. Prepare onions, turnips, carrots. Cook kidney and vegetables 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, saving 1/2 cup liquid to thin soup. Fill baking dish (1 1/2 quart) with meat and vegetables. Add pepper and salt. Add tomato soup and 1/2 cup liquid. Cover with your favorite pie crust.

THE REASON HEADACHES ARE RELIEVED SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a tumbler of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

This speed of disintegration enables genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets to start "taking hold" of headaches and similar pain a few minutes after taking.



THE REASON BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a tumbler of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

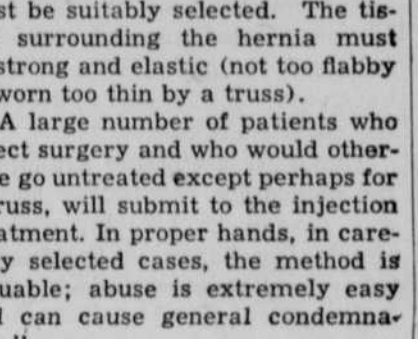
This speed of disintegration enables genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets to start "taking hold" of headaches and similar pain a few minutes after taking.

All people who suffer occasionally from headaches ought to know this way to quick relief.

At the first sign of such pain, take two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a half glass of water. Sometimes if the pain is more severe, another dose is necessary later, according to directions.

If headaches keep coming back we advise you to see your own physician. He will look for the cause in order to correct it.

The price now is only 15¢ for twelve tablets or two full dozen for 25 cents—virtually, only a cent apiece.



15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS

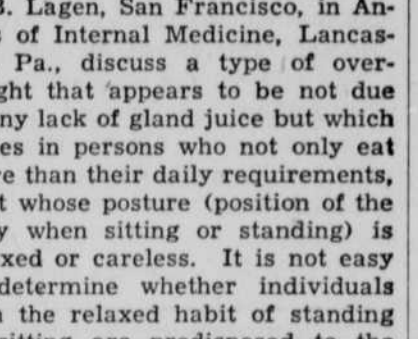
Virtually 1 cent a tablet

Resolve Alone

Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown, play it as well as you can to win the game you are at.—*Selden.*

CONSTIPATED?

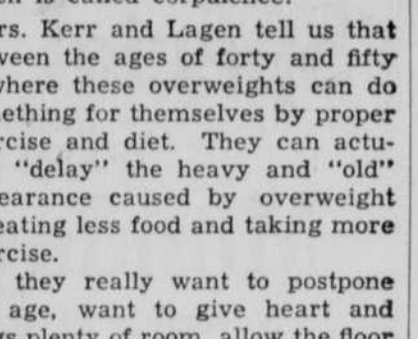
What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.



INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

WNU.—U 44—37

COMFORT



New HOTEL CLARK

in Downtown LOS ANGELES

Convenience is another offering of this hotel. Whether on business or pleasure bent, the Hotel Clark makes an ideal "base of operations," as well as a restful "billet" at the end of the day's "campaign." Good food, naturally. And moderate charges, as well as for room accommodations, give final significance to assuring word—COMFORT.

Single from \$2.50
Double from \$3.50

ROOMS 555 Fifth and Hill
BATHS P. G. B. MORRIS, Manager