

## Hats That Carry a New Message

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Directoire bonnet, a plaid or felt Scotch turban nearby one of the large brimmed hats that are real news in that they are sponsored for wear with the formal dinner suit, their uprising brims mounting far back from the 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 plumage that sweeps to the nape of the neck; casual felts soft of brim and with tall picturesque pointed crowns; and so the recital might continue ad finitum.

AND if you do not believe that current hat fashions carry a 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 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 head.

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

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 can see by the model illustrated below to the left the way the new crowns go high and somewhat pointed. This 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 effect.

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.

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### 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 home.

### 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 the materials are as elegant as looms ever produced. There are brocades in Chinese colorings shot with glints of metal. These make handsome jacket blouses fastened with cuff-link studs, glittering jewel buttons or buttons covered with self-fabric.

There is a new fringe weave which is very interesting. It makes up smartly in blouses, boleros and fitted tunics.

Less formal blouses are made of a new satin that has a hammered or rippled effect.

#### Sealskin Collar and Muff

**Sets Show Style Elegance**

The sealskin collar which adorned dignified shoulders along about the Gay Nineties had nothing on the 1937 fur collar in the way of elegant 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

Ardance 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 LEMAY**

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WNU Service

### CHAPTER X—Continued

The sheriff looked doubtful. "Well, I don't suppose an hour or two—" "Thirty hours," Dunn said. "Amos shook his head. "No—I can't do that." "Amos," said Dunn, "from the first, you've played into the hands of the people that are against the 94. That's your lookout, if you want to do that; I don't figure to make any trouble for you in any way. But I got to have today and tomorrow to put my affairs straight. You give me 30 hours and I give you my word I'll go with you tomorrow night."

"I don't question your word, Dunn," Amos said. "But I doubt if the people of the county will stand for it. They're sure hollering for an arrest."

"It's you that's sheriff," Dunn 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 my 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 buckles—and that's a break for us. Because we sure need to catch us a witness."

Tulare put in his mouth full of bread and meat he had grabbed from the kitchen. "Witness, hell! I bet he shotgunned Flag himself, for the dough he had on him. He probably sold Flag the horse and saddle in Pahrangat, 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 you meet up with Marian, you send her home a-packing. Billy, the leave word with Tia Cara where we've gone." He put his horse out of the layout at a sharp jog, Tulare beside him.

Wheeler held back long enough to urge his horse to drink, and get himself a canteen; then he also struck out, northward, along the outer edge of the brush. Two hours before dusk he took his post on a high rocky point far to northward of the 94. He hid his horse, sprawled with his back against a hot rock, and swept the rolling country. Quickly his eye picked out the trails a rider would follow in moving from the Tamale Vine toward the northwest passes. Far out on the dusty flats he could make out dots that were cattle; but in all that vast visible range he could find no mounted man, and nothing moved on the trails he fruitlessly watched.

Dusk came on, cool and clear and utterly still, and after a long time the twilight faded, slowly giving way to the faint light of appearing stars, and Wheeler had sighted no one. An hour before dawn he was watching again, awaiting the first light. But morning showed only the same vast empty range; and three hours after sun-up he knew he must give it up.

He saddled his pony and dropped down from his lookout. One by one he sought out and examined the 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 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 afternoon by the time his thirst-fretted pony brought him in, disgusted, to the 94.

Marian came running out to him as he unsaddled.

"In heaven's name," said Wheeler, "where were you yesterday?" "I was out with my horse—what of it? When's Uncle John coming back?"

"He'll be back by tonight; he gave Amos his word. Steve and Tulare sighted Lon Magoon up—" "Tia Cara told me all that. But look here—where in the world are they hunting for him now? I've ridden all over these hills back here and never saw a sign of them."

"They're probably hunting a little farther than you went."

"Then," she said, "they're hunting too far away! Because I'm sure I saw Lon Magoon—not more than three hours ago."

Much riding and the heat of the day had made Wheeler drowsy, but 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 sorrel with a blaze face and one white leg."

"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 was?"

"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 oak.

"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. Working up-canyon, Wheeler presently found what he was after: the trail of a horse crossing a twist in the sands of the vanished creek.

"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; trying to hurry, plugging along steadily, and straight—"

He let his voice trail off. Some isolated memory from far back was troubling him, trying to make itself known. He knew this place; once before, years ago, he had ridden here, but only once, for the poor feed called few cattle. He remembered bitter, soapy-tasting water.

Suddenly he remembered. "There's some sort of old shelter up here—some fool mining men had it once. There's a little water there, not much good, and stock can't get at it; riders don't go through there once a year. Marian, if I can work this right—we've got him!"

"He has nearly three hours' start, Billy."

"But his horse is close to played out. He'll figure to hide out up there and rest. If I can come on him before dark I can catch him in a straight run."

Marian's eyes shone with a queer, fearful light. "Now? Tonight?" "Right now—within the four miles."

"You will be careful, won't you?" "Sure. By the time you get back to the ranch your uncle should be there. Tell him—"

"By the time I get back?" "Of course—he told Amos he'd be back. Tell him to send somebody with a fresh led horse. I'm going to—"

sure are going back! What are you talking about?"

"I found this trail," she said with an odd, tremulous stubbornness, "and I mean to follow it out."

"Look here, Marian! This man is mixed up somehow with the killing 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 on this trail."

"In God's name, Marian, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter with me." She was pale and quiet, and she sat very still in her saddle; 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-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, after all, be one way, only one. His mouth and eyes set hard, and he kicked his pony sideways, close to hers.

"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 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 thought that he could never forget 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 saddle, and the twilight about them turned suddenly dark and unreal. A strand of her fine hair touched his eyes, lightly as the touch of a breath; he felt the faint pulsation of her 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 struck spurs to her pony, so that he had to release her to avoid dragging her out of the saddle. His voice shook with the curbed pressure of an emotion he mistook for anger as he said savagely, "Now go on back!"

She sat a little apart from him, and her pony stood head high, very shaky from the sharp unsteadiness of her hand upon the curb. She said, "I suppose that's the bitterest 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 Horse Dunn. He looked her in the eyes, and he knew that he could in no way bend her will.

A great sense of fatalism over-

came him. This had been his position here ever since the beginning—boxed in without weapons and without choice. Now, unable to manage this girl, he still had to go on. Without a word he turned his pony's head up the gulch.

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 Coffee 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 light was falling fast.

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 no least sound of a walking horse.

"It must have been a trick of the light," Wheeler said.

"Billy, I saw him as plainly as I 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 hidden within the quarter mile. His eyes were grim as he passed his reins to the girl.

"Marian, for the last time—won't anything I can say or do make you go back?"

"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 side like a great sand bag, and was still before the echoes had died from the rifle in the upper rocks. Wheeler's pony reared, tearing free its 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 the horse!" She hesitated, but he did not. He seized her shoulders, deftly kicked her heels from under her and laid her flat behind her dead pony. "Stay there!"

He pulled his gun and moved five yards to one side, standing up to draw what further fire there might 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 dangerous and unaccountable as a wild animal with hydrophobia. For the first time he inclined to Tulare's belief that Magoon was the killer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**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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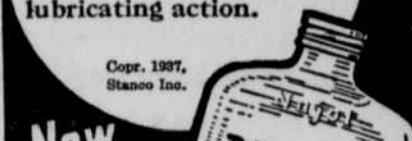
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