

Foxy Little Terrier For Tea Towels

Terry, the Terrier, will dry your dishes with the same "punch" he displays when rolling glasses and hurdling silver. It will make your dish-drying a joy just to see his jolly self on the towels you use. These motifs require so few



Pattern 5746.

stitches, so little floss, they're economical and ideal pick-up work. Single, outline and cross stitch make this splendid embroidery for a gift. In pattern 5746 you will find a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 5 by 8 1/2 inches; material requirements; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to the Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Advertising Did It

In 1869, when advertising was almost unknown, the total value of manufactured products in the United States amounted to only \$3,385,860,354. As a result of creating a demand through advertising the value of our manufactured products increased over a period of 60 years to a total of \$70,434,863,443.

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.

WNU—U 48—37

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.

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—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 6 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

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4402—23rd Street, Long Island City, N. Y.
Enclosed find 60c (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XV—Continued

Steve Hurley kept fretting, hungry for action. "Most likely they've got Coffee and Tulare in the cooler! They should have been back an hour ago."
"More like two hours," Val Douglas thought.
"If we was to drift into that town," Steve said, "either we'd meet 'em on the road, or they're needing our help, by God! I think we oughter—"
"We're plenty close now," Wheeler said. "You can see the lights of the town from here—or could before they all went out. If you think I'm going to take Marian into town—into a shooting scrape—forget it. Unless Tulare and Coffee get back with my car, so that she can go on back to the ranch—I stay here. And so does the car stay here."

"Don't you bother about me," Marian spoke. "I'll get along all right."
It was after midnight. Their plans for the crack-out of Horse Dunn were indefinite, because their information was indefinite. First was necessary the seizure of Walt Amos, for it was known that he carried the keys to the Inspiration lock-up; but the trouble was that they did not know how many deputies were camped with Amos, in his house below the jail. If more than one or two were there, they thought that it would be a good idea to create a gunpowder diversion in some other quarter of the town, to draw away a part of the sheriff's force. Tulare had driven Old Man Coffee into inspiration to make a reconnaissance, and what they feared now was that the hot temper of Tulare had got both scouts in trouble.

"There ain't much left of the night," Steve complained.
"There's other nights."
"Leave one man here with Marian," Steve suggested, "and let's rest the rest of us go take that town apart! Or anyway, find out what's up."
They finally agreed upon this; but only after it was conceded to Billy Wheeler that they wait a quarter of an hour more.

That last quarter of an hour dragged out like a week; and still no headlights appeared upon the Inspiration road.
"It must be time by now," Steve Hurley insisted.
"Five minutes more."

A gleam of lights showed two miles off in the outskirts of the town; a car was coming out of Inspiration at last. So slowly it came that for a time they were convinced that this could not be the driving of Tulare. Even when Billy Wheeler's roadster pulled up opposite them on the road they stayed quiet for a moment, suspicious that the car was no longer driven by their own men. Then Old Man Coffee sung out. "Billy Wheeler?"
"Here!"
"Billy, let me talk to you a minute—alone."
Val Douglas and Steve Hurley had started piling out, but now they looked at each other and reluctantly settled back. Billy Wheeler trotted across to the other car.

Old Man Coffee dropped his voice to a muffled undertone. "It's all over, kid."
"What's the—"
"Horse Dunn has run his own jail break, pretty near four hours ago. It took us a long time to get the full dope. We got it now. He got clear of the jail, all right, with that same derrick in the sheriff's back, and using the sheriff as a shield. But the deputies mowed him down."
"You sure? You sure this isn't one of Bender's tricks—"
"I saw him laid out," Coffee said. For a moment Wheeler was silent. He was laboring under heavy shock; but already he was wondering what he was going to say to Horse Dunn's niece. "Did he get anybody?" he asked, half unconscious of what he said.

"He couldn't get a man. He made his break with an empty gun. And they found his ammunition lying on the floor inside."
They were silent again, for a long time. And to Billy Wheeler the night turned suddenly empty, as if a great and living force had gone out of it with Old Man Coffee's words. "I suppose we may as well be getting back to the ranch," Wheeler said at last.
"Who's going to tell Marian?"
"I'm going to tell Marian. I'll take her back in my car."
Coffee and Tulare stepped down, and followed him reluctantly across to Horse Dunn's battered touring car, where the others waited.

For a moment Billy Wheeler stood silent, one foot on the running board. The eyes of Marian and Steve Hurley and Val Douglas were on his face. Steve Hurley spun the starter and the engine began to purr; he sat waiting to jump the car down the road to Inspiration at the first word.
"Well!" Val Douglas demanded at last.
"No action tonight," Wheeler

heard himself tell them. "We'll be going back to the ranch. Marian—you'd better come with me."
"What the—" Steve began.
"Coffee will give you the dope on your way back. We got to get out of here now. Come on, Marian." They stared at him; but presently they obeyed.

Billy Wheeler let the others turn Horse Dunn's car in the road and started back toward the 94, before he had set his roadster rolling he drove slowly, half paralyzed with the



Marian Dunn Sat Perfectly Still.

dread of what he had to say. He knew that Marian was watching his face, waiting for him to speak. Suddenly she grasped his arm in both her hands. "Billy—what is it?"
He let his car drift to a long-rolling stop beside the road, and shut off the engine.
"Billy! What's the matter?"
Still he could not speak, but sat with his hands gripped on the wheel, and his eyes on the far off vanishing tail light of Horse Dunn's car, which Horse would never drive again. Once more he was seeking words, and finding no words at his command.

Then Marian cried out sharply, as if she had read his mind. "It can't be that—Tell me it isn't so!"
"Marian—I can't hardly believe it myself. But—"
"My uncle is—"
"Dead," he said.
Marian Dunn sat perfectly still, so still that he could not hear her breathe. Still he did not look at her, as that incredible silence settled upon them; a silence so complete that somewhere, many yards from where they sat, he presently could hear the faint, small gnawing that a kangaroo rat makes, working to get at the water in a cactus heart.

Over all that vast range the moonlight shone clear and clean as a light radiated by silver; you could even see the distant mountains, and there was a color of deep blue in the dark sky. This was the range that Horse Dunn had won. As far as the eye could reach, all that lean dusty land was under the domination of the 94 brand. Somewhere off in the night, scattered over the miles, were the bunches of cattle which Horse Dunn had branded in Marian's name—scattered and few to the mile, but grazing an area so vast that Horse himself had not known how many they were, within a thousand head. It seemed a strange thing, almost impossible to believe, that the shaggy old fighter who had gained these long miles of desert, built these far-flung herds, would never ride this range again, nor count the scattered heaves, nor see this moonlight, cool and serene and clear, flooding the vast dry land that he loved.

When the silence had grown until he could endure it no more, Billy Wheeler turned his eyes to Marian. She sat as still as a resting kit fox, and her face, turned straight ahead, was as white as the alkali flats under the moon. Only, once, he saw her eyes turn, sweeping the unlimited land that Horse Dunn had fought for in her name.

He tried to say something. "Marian—Marian—"
She turned into his arms, and hid her face in the hollow of his throat. For a few moments her breathing was irregular, but she did not weep. "We—can't let the 94 go under; not—now."
"It isn't going under," he said. "I tell you, you and I can show this coyote ring such a fight as they've never seen!"
Marian said, "He gave me all his last years, while he was old. He had just one great lasting dream—his dream of a cow kingdom. But somehow I think he could have spent his last years sitting somewhere contentedly in the sun; except that he wanted to do this thing, for me."

"I know."
"Billy, do we have a chance to whip the coyote ring?"
He drew a deep new breath. "We can fight 'em to a standstill, fight 'em till they quit! I can clear the 94 of its debts at a stroke. The next step may be a little different than what he would have done—"

"He'd have wanted you to fight the best way you knew—your own way."
"Then—we can win. Next step is to cut down the uncontrolled herds, and build better herds in their place; make a 40 mile fenced pasture of that north land you own—"

"We own," she corrected him. "—and use the fenced 40 miles as a barrier, to hold the young heifers clear; get in the best bulls we can buy, by the hundred, at any cost; dig tick dips, and set up chutes; vaccinate all calves against black-leg the day they're branded, dehorn all young stock, make alliances with the feed pen outfits in west Kansas; break through a trail drive to Pahranaagat, and ship our own stock, taking the breaks of the market—"

"But the coyote ring?"
"Hire their best men—we'll buy a big outfit for the new needs; buy out what little they still own in the Red Rock country—and the coyote ring is done."
"It's a gamble, Billy. If you go into this—it may break you, before you're through."
"We'll go broke together, then! If we can't gamble together—but we will."
"This is what he would have wanted, Billy; I know it, I know!"

They sat quietly there for a long time, holding each other close. "Billy," Marian whispered, "I have to know one thing more."
"Yes?"
"How—did he die?"
"He died fighting, Marian; you see—well—"
"You mean he didn't wait for us?"
"That was it. He tried to make it on his own. He still had the der-

ringer. Then it seems—this is an extraordinary thing—he almost made it look as if he had a chance! He held up the sheriff with the derrick in his back, and got out of the jail and broke clear; and died in gunsmoke, weighted down with lead."

"Did he—did he get any of the—"
"That was the strangest thing of all. He had shells for the derrick; but he left them in his cell. He went through it all with an empty gun—yet almost made it clear."

"He did that for me," Marian said in a choked voice. "He knew I hated guns and blood; if it hadn't been for me—"

"It was his own idea; his own way. What he wanted was pretty plain. He knew we would have been drawn in, and mixed up in it forever, if he'd waited for us to get him clear. So he took the only way out he knew."

"I'm sorry for one thing more than anything else. If only I could have known—could have changed it—"

"Would you have wanted it any different?" he said gently.

"Only this: I'm sorry that his gun was empty, because of me."

After a little while she added, "And one other thing. Before he took his long trail, I wish he had known that you and I have found each other."

"I think he knew. And that was what he wanted too, I think."

"I'm sure he did."
"When the coyote ring is whipped we'll have built him such a monument as few men have had; a monument built of land and cows, and good horses, and men in the saddle."

"The Cattle Kingdom he dreamed, and planned . . ."
They sat silent, close together, their eyes lost in the distances of the range of the 94; and the coyote moon swung low over the Tuscaroras, promising sunrise, the cool soft colors of dawn on the Red Rock, and bacon and coffee cooked by Tia Cara.

THE END

Princess Te Puea, New Zealand Village Ruler, Is Worshiped by Her Subjects

Under the leadership and direction of the daughter of a Maori chief—a princess—a group of Waikatos has recovered by purchase from white owners the lands surrounding a spring sacred with religious significance and of sentimental value in the traditions of the tribe, writes a Waikato, New Zealand, correspondent in the Chicago Tribune.

A native village, Ngaruawahia, has been built on these lands, after models and plans a century old, with carvings and all the characteristics dear to the history loving Maeris, and here dwell Te Puea Herangi and several hundred of her people—oblivious to the changes brought about by aggressive invaders.

Though seventy-two years old and worn and wasted by tuberculosis, she had traces of former beauty and she was a grand and glorious woman. Even in a recumbent position, she had a regal look. Her complexion was light brown, her figure was small and thin, her fine

gray hair was long and hung free and unconfined below her shoulders, large and expressive eyes alternately flashed fire and misted with tears as she discussed the conditions confronting her people, her voice was soft and her manners were gentle.

Te Puea is a remarkable woman. She deserves to rank with the world's great. Her people worship her. She is not aggressive, shuns publicity, and devotes her life to the advancement of the Maoris. She has adopted and reared more than a hundred orphans. She speaks, reads, and writes English. During the World war no inducements offered by the British could induce her to advise her people—the Waikatos—to enlist in the allies' army. It is said that if she had acquiesced to these persuasions and sent her people to fight for England, she today would be a grand dame of the British empire and in receipt of a comfortable pension. She steadfastly refused to accede to the requests of a government which, she says, has stolen the lands of her people.

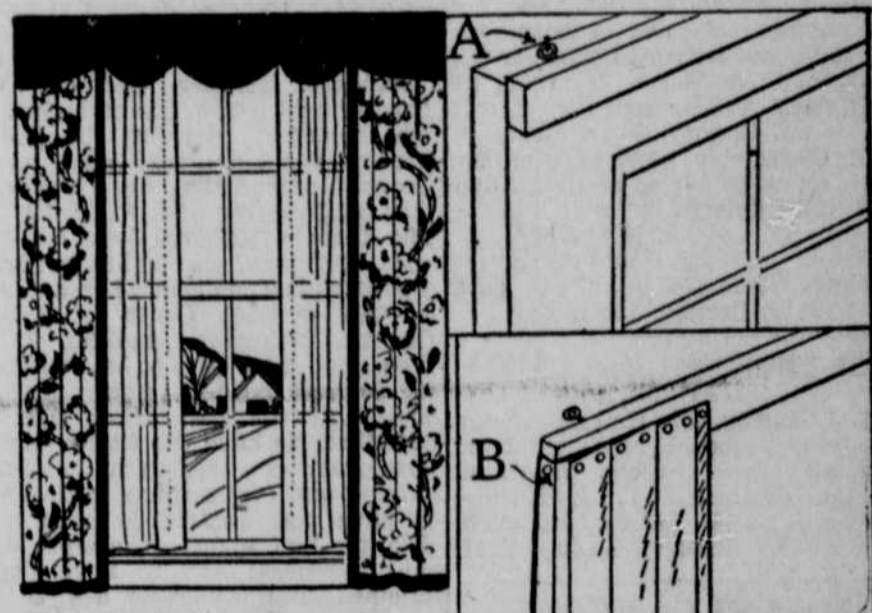


Starts next issue! MISTRESS of MONTEREY BY VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

Historically accurate, this great new serial brings the true story of early California in the days of Spanish domination. You'll enjoy swashbuckling Don Pedro Fages, governor of the Californias . . . you'll appreciate the headstrong Don Eulalia, his temperamental wife . . . and you'll be impressed with the power of Fray Junipero Serra, the pioneering Catholic priest. Around these three characters Virginia Stivers Bartlett has created a gripping story, completely fascinating because it is substantially true. Watch for the first installment of "Mistress of Monterey" in our next issue!

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Thumbtack Your Draperies to a Board.

TO GIVE draperies the smartly tailored effect obtained by the professional decorator, a valance board must be used. A straight one by two inch board will be needed. A small finishing nail in the top of the window casing near each end and screw eyes placed near the top of the back of the valance board will hold it in place as shown at A. Both side drapes and valance may be thumbtacked to the board and then be quickly hung all at once by hooking the screw eyes over the finishing nails. Think of the advantage on cleaning day! Just lift board and all off the nails and take outside for dusting.

Tack the side drapes to the

board first as at B, arranging fullness in flat pleats. In making the valance, allow enough material to fold around the ends of the board as at C; then tack it along the top, stretching it just enough so that it is perfectly smooth.

The valance shown here is made of glazed chintz and matches the glazed chintz border that faces the edges of the side drapes. The glass curtains may be hung just inside the window frame or to the bottom of the valance board.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplains St., Chicago, Illinois.

Home Heating Hints By John Barclay Heating Expert

When Good Fire Won't Deliver Enough Heat, It's Economy to Call in Service Man

IT DOESN'T pay to neglect your heating plant when you know you have a good fire but the heat is below par. You run up fuel bills and make for yourself a lot of trouble and worry which could be avoided.

There are literally dozens of things that make a "sick" furnace refuse to deliver sufficient heat,



and unless you are familiar with heating plants, it will pay you to call in a competent furnace man. For instance, the check damper may be placed wrong; the turn damper may be out of position; the regulator may need adjustment; there may be caked soot in the smoke-pipe or on the heating surfaces; radiators may be wrongly pitched; draft may be partially choked; a loose bolt or a rusty joint may be wasting heat.

Those are just a few of the common things that can keep a furnace from delivering enough heat. If you cannot locate the cause quickly and easily, don't take a chance on wasting fuel money. A service man will "spot" the trouble promptly and soon put your heating plant in comfortable, healthful, economical working order. Send for him immediately. WNU Service

The Musk Ox

Able to exist farther north than any other hoofed mammal, the musk ox is really a goat which tried to become an ox, but stopped halfway between, and is therefore neither. It is found only in the barren lands of northern Canada and Greenland.

The rigorous climate of the Arctic does not bother the musk ox because it has two coats of hair. One is long, thick and brown. The other is a thick, soft under-fur, which is shed in summer. If it were not shed, the musk ox might almost smother to death.

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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
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BATHS P. G. B. MORRIS, Manager

Aisle of Woman's Dreams

Suppose you knew that one aisle of one floor in one store had everything you needed to purchase!

Suppose that on that aisle you could buy household necessities, smart clothing, thrilling gifts for bride, graduate, voyager! How much walking that would save! How much time, trouble and fretful shopping you would be spared!

That, in effect, is what advertisements in this paper can do for you. They bring all the needs of your daily life into review . . . in one convenient place. Shop from your easy-chair, with the advertisements. Keep abreast of bargains, instead of chasing them. Spend time in your newspaper to save time—and money—in the stores.