

Desert Dust

By Edwin L. Sabin

Author of "How Are You Feeling?" etc.

The brakeman returned with a broom, to sweep up the chips of broken bottle. He grinned at us.

"There's no wind in him now," he communicated.

"Peaceful as a baby. We took his gun off him. I'll pass the word ahead to keep him safe, on from Cheyenne."

"Please do, Jerry," she bade. I'd prefer to have no more trouble with him, for he might not come out so easily next time. He knows that."

"Surely ought to, by golly," the brakeman agreed roundly.

"And he ought to know you go heeled. But that there tangle-foot went to his head. Looks now as if he'd been kicked in the face by a mule. Haw haw! No offense, friend. You got me plumb buffalooed with that five-spot o' yours." And finishing his job he retired with dust-pan and broom.

"You're going to do well in Benton," she said suddenly, to me, with a nod. "I regret this scene—I couldn't help it, though, of course. When Jim's sober he has sense, and never tries to be familiar."

She was amazingly cool under the epithets that had applied. I admired her for that as she gazed at me pleadingly.

"A drunken man is not responsible for words or actions, although he should be made so," I consoled her. "Possibly I should not have struck him. In the Far West you may be more accustomed to these episodes than we are in the East."

"I don't know. There is a limit. You did right. I thank you heartily. Still—and she mused—"you can't always depend on your fists alone. You carry no weapon, neither knife or gun."

"I never have needed either," said I. "My teaching has been that a man should be able to rely upon his fists."

"Then you'd better get 'heeled, as we say, when you reach Benton. Fists are a short-range weapon. The men generally wear a gun somewhere. It is the custom."

"And the women, too, if I may judge," I smiled.

"Some of us. Yes," she repeated, "you're likely to do well, out here, if you'll permit me to advise you a little."

"Under your tutelage I am sure I shall do well," I exclaimed. "I may call upon you in Benton? If you will favor me with your address—?"

"My address?" She searched my face in manner startled. "You'll have no difficulty finding me; not in Benton. But I'll make an appointment with you in event—and she smiled archly—"you are not afraid of strange women."

"I have been taught to respect women, madam," said I. "And my respect is being strengthened."

"Oh! I seemed to have pleased her. "You have been carefully brought up, sir."

"To fear God, respect women, and act the man as long as I breathe," I asserted. "My mother is a saint, my father a nobleman, and what I may have learned from them is to their credit."

"That may go excellently in the East," she answered. "But we in the West favor the Persian maxim—to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth. With those three qualities even a tender-foot can establish himself."

"Whether I can ride and shoot sufficient for the purpose, time will show," I retorted. "At least," and I endeavored to speak with proper emphasis, you hear the truth when I say that I anticipate much pleasure as well as renewed health, in Benton."

"Were we by ourselves we would seal the future in another 'smile' together," she shyly promised.

"Unless that might shock you."

"I am ready to fall in with the customs of the country," I assured. "I certainly am not averse to smiles, when fittingly proffered."

"So we exchanged fancies when the train rolled over a track remarkable for its smoothness and leading ever onward across the vast, empty plains bare save for the low shrubs called sagebrush, and rising here and there into long swells and abrupt

sandstone pinnacles.

We stopped near noon at the town of Cheyenne, in Wyoming Territory. Cheyenne, once boasting the title (I was told) "The Magic City of the Plains," was located upon a dreary flatness, although from it one might see, far southwest, the actual Rocky Mountains in Colorado Territory, looking, at this distance of one hundred miles, like low dark clouds. The up grade in the west promised that we should soon cross over their northern flanks, of the Black Hills.

Last winter, Cheyenne, I was given to understand, had ten thousand inhabitants; but the majority had followed the railroad west, so that now there remained only some fifteen hundred. After dinner we, too, went west.

We overcame the Black Hills Mountains about two o'clock, having climbed to the top with considerable puffing of the engine but otherwise almost imperceptibly to the passengers. When we were halted, upon the crown, at Sherman Station, to permit us to alight and see for ourselves, I scarcely might believe that we were more than eight thousand feet in air. There was nothing to indicate, except some little difficulty of breath; not so much as I had feared when in Cheyenne, whose six thousand feet gave me a slightly giddy sensation.

My Lady moved freely, being accustomed to the rarity; and she assured me that although Benton was seven thousand feet I would soon grow wonted to the atmosphere. The habitues of this country made light of the spot; the strangers on our picked flowers and gathered rocks as mementoes of the "Crest of the Continent"—which was not a crest but rather a level plateau, wind-swept and chilly while sunny. Then from this Sherman Summit of the Black Hills of Wyoming the train swept down by its own momentum from gravity, for the farther side.

The fellow Jim had not emerged, as yet, much to my relief. The scenery was increasing in grandeur and interest, and the play of my charming companion would have transformed the most prosaic of journeys into a trip through paradise.

I hardly noted the town named Laramie City, at the western base of the Black Hills; and was indeed annoyed by the vendors hawking what they termed "mountain gems" through the train. Laramie, according to My Lady, also once had been, as she styled it, "a live town," but had deceased in favor of Benton. From Laramie we whirled northwest, through a broad valley enlivened by countless antelope scouring over the grasses; thence we issued into a wild, rougher country, skirting more mountains very gloomy in aspect.

However, of the panorama outside I took but casual glances; the phenomenon of blue and gold so close at hand and all engrossing, and my heart beat high with youth and romance. Our passage was astonishingly short, but the sun was near to setting beyond distant peaks when by the landmarks that she knew we were approaching Benton at last.

We crossed a river—the Platte, again, even away in here; briefly paused at a military post, and entered upon a stretch of sun-baked, reddish-white dusty desert utterly devoid of vegetation.

There was a significant bustle in the car, among the travel-worn occupants. The air was choking with dust swirled through every crevice by the stir of the wheels—already mobile as it was from the efforts of the teams that we passed, of six and eight horses tugging heavy wagons. Plainly we were within striking distance of some focus of human energies.

"Benton! Benton in five minutes. End o' track," the brakeman shouted.

"My valise, please." I brought it. The conductor, who like the other officials new My Lady, pushed through to us and laid hand upon it.

"I'll see you out," he announced. "Come ahead."

"Pardon. That shall be my privilege," I interposed. But she quickly denied.

"No, please. The conductor

is an old friend. I shall need no other help—I'm perfectly at home. You can look out for yourself."

"But I shall see you again—and where? I don't know your address; fact is, I'm even ignorant of your name," I pleaded desperately.

"How stupid of me." And she spoke fast and low, over her shoulder. "To-night, then, at the Big Tent. Remember."

I pressed after.

"The Big Tent! Shall I inquire there? And for whom?"

"You'll not fail to see me. Everybody knows the Big Tent, everybody goes there. So au revoir."

She was swallowed in the wake of the conductor, and I faintly must gather my own belongings before following. The Big Tent, she said? I had not misunderstood; and I puzzled over the address, which impinged as rather bizarre, whether in West or East.

W stopped with a jerk, amidst a babel of cries.

"Benton! All out!" Out we stumbled. Here I was, at rain-bow's end.

CHAPTER IV I MEET FRIENDS

What shall I say of a young man like myself, fresh from the green East of New York, and the Hudson River, landed expectant as just aroused from a dream of rare beauty, at this Benton City, Wyoming Territory? The dust, as fine as powder and as white, but shot through with the crimson of sunset, hung like a fog, amidst which swelled deafening clamor from figures rushing hither and thither about the platform like half-world shades. A score of voices dinned into my ears as two score of hands grabbed at my valise and shoved me and dragged me.

"The Desert Hotel. Best in the West. This way, sir."

"Buffalo Hump Corral! The Buffalo Hump! Free drinks at the Buffalo Hump."

"Vamos, all o' you. Leave the gent to me. I've had him before. Mike's Place for you, eh? Come along."

"The Widow's Cafe! That's your grub pile, gent. All you can eat for two bits."

A deep voice boomed, stunning me.

"The Queen, the Queen! Bath for every room. Individual towels. The Queen, the Queen, she's clean, she's clean."

It was a magnificent bass, full toned as an organ, issuing, likewise as out of a reed, from a swart dwarf scarcely higher than my waist. The word "bath," with the promise of "individual towels," won me over. Something must be done, anyway, to get rid of these importunate runners. Thereupon I acquiesced. "All right, my man. The Queen," and surrendering my bag to his hairy paw I trudged by his guidance. The solicitations instantly ceased as if in agreement with some code.

We left the station platform and went plowing up a street over shootops with the impalpable dust and denoted by tents and white-coated shacks sparse ly bordering. The air was breezy and suffocatingly loaded with that dust not yet deposited. The noises as from a great city swelled strident: shouts, hammerings, laughter, rumble of vehicles, cracking of lashes, barking of dogs innumerable—betokening a thriving mart of industry. But although pedestrians streamed to and fro, the men in motley of complexions and costumes, the women, some of them fashionably dressed, with skirts eddying furiously; and wagons rolled, horses cantered, and from right to left merchants and hawksters seemed to be calling their wares, of city itself I could see only the veriest husk.

The majority of the buildings were mere canvas—faced up a few feet, perhaps, with sheet iron or flimsy boards; interspersed there were a few wooden structures, rough and unpainted; whereas several of the housings were large, none was more than two stories—and when now and again I thought that I had glimpsed a substantial stone front a closer inspection told me that the stones were imitation, forming a veneer of the sheet iron or of stenciled pine. Indeed, not a few of the upper stories, viewed from an unfavorable angle, proved to be only thin parapets upstanding for a pretense of well-being. Behind them, nothing at all!

(Continued in Next Issue.)

The sucking fishes of the deep sea have their back fin modified into a powerful sucker by which they fasten themselves to the bottom of shells or to big sea animals and solve the problem of transportation.

BY FAITH.

By faith we see the incomplete completed, and by it we can see the unseen things.

By faith we fly to known and unknown regions, and to the distant stars with magic wings;

By faith we explore what is called an atom, and comprehend the endless universe.

By faith we see the laws that move the planets, and laws that fix, and laws that will disperse.

By faith we see the past and the hereafter, and live by it throughout eternity;

By faith we see the cause, the great Creator, and by it all His handwork we see.

By faith we see great men of all the ages, who by faith have achieved and blessed mankind;

By faith we look into the unknown future, and see what men of faith by faith shall find;

For "Greater works than these," so said the Master, "shall he do, who believes and trusts in me."

By faith, therefore, we see the greater marvels. Our children's children's children yet shall see.

—H. H. Siegle, in The Kansas City Star.

SILENT THINGS THAT SPEAK

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language; their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.—Ps. 19:2, 3.

The King James Version of our English Bible translates this verse, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

But the word "where" is not in the Hebrew text.

The Psalmist is praising the wonderful works of God in the heavens that silently declare his glory and power.

How many of these inaudible prophets there are that speak through our eyes to our hearts!

Not only the mountains and the stars, but also the trees and the flowers, tell of a supernal Wisdom and Beauty abiding in the universe and shaping it as an artist shapes his work.

It is worth remembering that most of the great astronomers and botanists have been great believers in God.

I do not envy the man who can look up from the flaring lights and confused noise of the city streets, to the glittering, faithful silent stars, without feeling the Divine Majesty ruling far above human turmoil.

I do not envy the man who can consider a flower of the field without feeling the Divine Goodness.

Register Boosts Boies.

Those who have even a casual acquaintance with Hon. W. D. Boies, of Sheldon, cannot but be impressed with his sincerity as he goes about his district—either on errands by special appointment in connection with his office, or as a casual visitor with the people of his constituency.

The Register does not claim to have an intimate friendship with Mr. Boies, but on those occasions when it has been our privilege to be in his company the experience has always been to our gain. He seems to be such a sincere servant of the people, and has a faculty of analyzing the times that stamps him as a man above the average, as all representatives to congress should be.

Until this district brings out better opposition to Congressman Boies than has been the case so far, this newspaper would be delighted to see him returned to congress in 1924.

By the North Sea to Siberia.

From the Christian Science Monitor. An expedition described in the China Weekly Review as of great interest and possible significance to the Far East, has set out from England for the purpose of demonstrating the value of utilizing the North Sea route for communication with Siberia and abroad. This trading expedition is under the auspices of the well-known Arctic explorer, Vilki, and financed by the Russian Co-operative Society "Centrosyoutz."

According to the Review, "It left the port of Hull in England, on the 1st of August for the Sea of Kara, and thence to Kransnoyarsk on the River Yenesei. The expedition consists of three steamers flying the Soviet flag and one steamer flying the British flag. In addition, a barge having a tonnage of 1000 tons accompanies the expedition. Over 2000 tons of goods, such as piece goods, tea, cocoa, coffee, and the complete machinery to fit out two soap factories, are being transported in the steamers, and every available free place on board was loaded with coal."

How Demos Can Lose.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Tammany wants a new plank at 124 Tammany would, Brennan of Illinois, who is more concerned about Chicago than about a democratic party in the nation, will stand with Murphy. It might, even as Murphy suggests, be an excellent plan to settle the liquor question once and for all by a referendum. Nevertheless, the democrats of the west and south will refuse to be bound to the wheels of the Tammany beer-truck chariot. If Messrs. Murphy, Brennan et al. of the wet wing of the democratic party wish to hand the election of 1924 to the republicans on a waiter's tray, they are proposing the best and easiest way to do it.

Compulsory Voting in Czechoslovakia.

From the Christian Science Monitor. There is no forgetting to go to the polls in Czechoslovakia. Voting is required by law and either one takes part in the elections or suffers punishment because of failure to do so. In certain extreme cases, declares the Czechoslovakia Review, excuses are accepted, but these are very exceptional. "Failure to vote is punished by a fine of not less than 20 Czechoslovak crowns nor more than 500 Czechoslovak crowns, or with imprisonment of not less than 24 hours nor more than one month. In Prague alone, after recent elections, 52,838 persons must explain why they failed to appear at the polls."

A Real Test.

From the Chicago News. It takes an enthusiastic nature-lover to get a thrill out of husking corn.

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

by Johnny Gruelle

Hookie, the Goblin nibbled a large hole right in the Cookie people's front door. The front door was made of cake and covered with a lovely white icing. Maybe it did taste nice, but no one except a mean old Goblin would think of nibbling any one's front door. Little mice sometimes nibble cupboard and pantry doors, but that is different.

Hookie was nibbling the hole in the front door so that he could get in to the Cookie people's house and live with them. That is what he said.

But the Raggedys and Mr. and Mrs. Cookie knew that if Hookie the Goblin got inside the Cookie home he would nibble the Cookie people.

"I wish the Snitznoodle would hurry and return!" Mrs. Cookie cried. "He won't be back!" Hookie the Goblin said. By this time he had nibbled a hole large enough so that he could put his head through.

"What is that you have on the table?" Hookie asked. "It looks like something to eat!"

It was something to eat! It was a great big plate of cream puffs which Mrs. Cookie had just taken from the oven. But no one answered Hookie, because he was very rude to nibble the front door and put his head through the hole. Raggedy Ann whispered to Raggedy Andy and little Weekey and then Raggedy Andy and little Weekey caught hold of Hookie, the Goblin's ears and pulled them so hard, Hookie could not get his head back out of the door again.

Then while Raggedy Andy and little Weekey held the Goblin, Raggedy Ann got Mrs. Cookie's largest pan cake paddle and ran out the back door.

"Don't let him go!" Raggedy Ann said.

"We won't!" Raggedy Andy and little Weekey replied.

And they didn't either. My! How Hookie the Goblin howled when Raggedy Ann paddy-whacked him with the large pancake paddle. Even Raggedy Ann could hear him even though the pan cake paddle made a lot of noise.

Hookie kicked and twisted, but Raggedy Andy and little Weekey held on to his ears so tight, he could not get away.

"Now!" I speck that will be enough!" Raggedy Ann said as she gave the Goblin one more hard whack. "Now you can let him go Raggedy Andy and little Weekey!"

So Raggedy Andy and little Weekey let go of Hookie's ears and he pulled his head out of the cake door. "You will be sorry for this!" the Goblin cried.

Then, when he saw Raggedy Ann standing there with the pan cake paddle, the Goblin caught Raggedy Ann and would have carried her away, if the kind old Snitznoodle had not run up and given the Goblin a thump which sent him howling over the candy garden wall. "Goblins are mean creatures!" Snitznoodle said. "I

Now that the Snitznoodle was a member of the Cookie household, it made things much easier for Mrs. Cookie.

Not that Mrs. Cookie ever had very much to do. No not that. But when Mrs. Cookie baked a lovely cake chicken and stuffed it with ice cream and chopped nuts and chopped cherries and pineapple she never had to throw any of it away. The Snitznoodle was sure to eat all that was left.

And besides; the Snitznoodle always "did" the dishes.

The way the Snitznoodle did "the" dishes was to take them all out in the yard and eat them.

It was a lot easier than washing them and the dishes were made of thin stuff like Nibscos and covered with icing to make them look like china. I'll bet almost any little boy or girl could have eaten a peck of that kind of dishes.

So, after dinner, the kindly Snitznoodle had taken all the dishes out in the front yard to eat them and he was having a very pleasant time; and the nice Cookie man had gone out in the back yard to give the cookie cow and cookie pigs six buckets full of granulated sugar for their dinner.

And Raggedy Ann was pretending to play the cookie organ in the living room. So no one heard the nice Cookie man cry out when Hookie the Goblin came up behind him and captured him. No one except the gentle cookie cow.

"Now, I have you Mr. Cookie!" Hookie the Goblin cried out as he stuffed Mr. Cookie in a large paper bag and tied a string around the top.

"My! Won't the Cookie man taste good?" the Goblin said to himself. He is made of chocolate cookie dough and covered with white and red icing; just like candy! And Hookie the Goblin took the paper bag up, his shoulder and started towards his home.

Poor, kind nice Mr. Cookie! He did not enjoy being tied up in a paper bag and being carried away by the Goblin. For Mr. Cookie knew very well that the Goblin would nibble him when the Goblin reached home.

Eighty per cent. of the farmers of Oregon have telephones.

C. W. Barron, noted financial editor, says in a cable from Jerusalem that there is not water enough in all that city to maintain the bathrooms of a good sized modern hotel.

A 15-story hotel for negroes is to be built at Atlantic City. The building is to be owned, operated and patronized exclusively by the colored race. It will be of steel and reinforced concrete, and will require an estimated expenditure of \$750,000.

The new ballroom floor of the Savoy hotel in London has just been relaid. Balkan oak, from a village near Sofia, after seasoning for 10 years, was brought to England where it was baked for 13 days at a temperature of 100 degrees for perfect resilience. In all 2,300 pieces of treated oak were laid and for 24 hours men pressed it with lecture irons. This Savoy floor is made to bear 20 tons of dancers.

Ancient wall writings have been found in a hitherto inaccessible part of the Grand canyon by a party of explorers. The discoveries were made 35 miles from El Avaz, Arizona.

The Baring Bomber at Wilbur Wright field recently rose to an indicated distance of 6,300 feet, carrying a gross load of 32,700 pounds. It left the earth in 15 seconds and remained in the air an hour and 45 minutes.

John Stout, 96 years old, an Indian scout for General Custer at the time of the Custer massacre, died recently in Delaware, Ohio. He escaped massacre by hiding in the carcass of a dead buffalo.

A small tract of land near Evansville, Ind., lying north of the Ohio river, now belongs to Kentucky. As a result of a change in the course of the Ohio river the boundary marker between Indiana and Kentucky is on the north side.

up above the ground. It was a very nice cookie shop owned by a dear old Gramma lady. Every day, the Gramma lady would bake cakes and bread and cookies, and sometimes cookie men and cookie ladies and cookie elephants and cookie puppy dogs and cookie rabbits. Not a whole lot of them at one time.

"Oh no!" Mrs. Cookie said. "The Gramma lady only baked the cookie men and ladies and cookie animals to give away. So she used just pieces of the dough she had left!"

"That is quite true!" Mr. Cookie said. "The day the Gramma lady baked Mrs. Cookie and me, there was only enough cookie dough left for us."

"When we had baked long enough and had been taken from the oven, the nice old Gramma lady took white and red icing and put in our eyes and noses, and mouths and striped our clothes and placed us on a shelf with a glass door in front of us. We could look down and see everything that went on in the cookie shop. Then one day a very nice little girl came in to buy a loaf of bread for her mama and we were taken down and given to her. We rode to the little girl's home in a nice clean paper bag.

"There were lots of dolls there, I shall not eat them mother!" the little girl said. "They are too beautiful! So she just played with us!"

"Only once, the little girl just took a nibble of my foot!" Mrs. Cookie laughed.

"Well," Mr. Cookie continued. "One night, what do you think? The little girl's puppy dog came in where we were lying on the toy piano and ate us up."

"Dear me! How terrible!" the Snitznoodle said. "But surely you are joking, Mr. Cookie, or how could you be here?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Snitznoodle," Mr. Cookie said, "It was surprising to us. First I was eaten, but had no more than been eaten before I found myself in another place. Then pretty soon, I saw Mrs. Cookie here too. And the puppy dog had eaten her!"

"I do not quite understand!" the Snitznoodle said.

Raggedy Ann said she could not understand either but little Weekey laughed and said, "I'll tell you why the cookie people found themselves here after the puppy dog had eaten them. Everything up in the world; when it is lost for keeps, or when it is broken so badly it cannot be mended like toys, or like flowers that are picked and then wither; just go to sleep. Then in a few moments, they awaken in Fairy Land! That is why the nice Cookie people found themselves here as soon as the puppy dog had eaten them!"

"How nice it is!" the Snitznoodle said.

"Isn't it?" little Weekey laughed. "In that way, nothing is really ever wasted or destroyed!"



"Don't let him go!" Raggedy Ann said.

came back to tell the cookie people I can't live with them because someone took my night!"

"It was the Goblin!" Raggedy Ann said. "And here is your night right here on the cookie doorstep! Hookie, the Goblin tried to make us think it was his night and he wanted to live with the nice cookie people!"

"I am glad we found it!" the Snitznoodle said. "For now, I can stay here and thump the Goblin whenever he comes about and protect the nice Cookie people from all harm!"

The Snitznoodle hung his night behind the bedroom door in the house of the Cookie people. It was his home now, for he had promised to come and live with them so that he could protect them from the Goblin and other mean creatures who might try to harm them.

Mr. and Mrs. Cookie and the two cookie children were very glad to have such a nice kindly creature as the Snitznoodle living with them. And the Raggedys thought the Snitznoodle was very nice too.

"What I would like to know," the Snitznoodle said after they had all eaten their dinner, "is how did you Cookie people happen to live here?"

"I have wondered the same thing!" Raggedy Ann said.

"Then we will tell you!" Mr. Cookie said as he brushed the crumbs from his candy striped vest. "Once both Mrs. Cookie and I lived in a cookie shop in the real for sure world