

in their rear, a shadowy bulk, followed Rajah in placid confidence. But he followed Rags, not the man!

Rags slept in the thick bedding of straw which covered the floor of the elephant car, a new home made for him by Brace.

As for Jard Brace—Rajah obeyed him because Rags obeyed him. There was nothing in the mentality of the dog to teach him distrust of the man who each day brought him dainties from the cook house, and who petted him, even while he wanted to choke him.

Brace longed to strike out into a new life, where he could forget and be forgotten. But to leave would invite suspicion. He was blocked, baffled at every turn, imprisoned in his waking hours in the company of two beings which reminded him, hour after hour, of the man he had killed; at night he must sleep in a car which contained 30 other persons, any one of whom might wake to hear the ravings of his disordered dreams. He forsook the Pullman, with the intention of spending the night on the bull car with Rags and the elephant. But every shadow cast by a passing switchlight brought him visions of a tottering form; every clanking of Rajah's picket chain set him shivering; finally he clambered over the tops of the cars back to his berth in the Pullman.

He grew gaunt. His eyes hollowed, his features took on a haunted, beaten look.

The little mongrel rarely left Rajah now. Parade-time found Rajah leading the herd, and Rags leading Rajah, his fluffy tail cocked at a rudder-like angle as he trotted ahead of the elephant line through the sun-strawed streets.

In the afternoons, when Rajah knelt in the straw for his daily rest, Rags clambered over his big head unmolested, and even nestled in the hollow behind the flapping ear for a bit of nap. Night, when the torches gleamed on the street-corners to mark the route to the loading runs, a de by side they would go to the cars, there to be locked up for the night, two lonely things without a master, without an interest—save each other.

This, too, ate into the composure of Jard Brace. Rags he despised, even though he petted him. Rajah he hated and feared, and from this fear grew an idea. He had killed the master, now he must kill the elephant.

"I'm afraid we'll have to dig up some more chains around the show, Mr. Matthews," Brace said with a tired whine. "He about wore me out last night."

"Wore you out?" The menagerie superintendent turned in surprise. "You don't mean—"

"Yep," Brace said with an air of sorrow. "I've seen it for a couple of weeks—but I thought maybe I could pull him through. But I had to stay in the car all last night and fight him most of the time. Almost got the best of me two or three times."

Mathews shook his head. "Sorry to hear that, Brace. You're sure he's—"

"Sure of it, Mr. Matthews?" Brace stared at him. "Why, last night I was afraid I wasn't going to get out."

"I'd better order those chains, then. How many'll you need? Four or five?"

"I'd feel safer with six—forged."

"Sure. But we can't pick 'em up closer than Fort Worth."

"Fort Worth? Why, that's over a week away."

"I know it. Can't help it, though. It's the closest place. I'll wire in the order. You can have any help you need in the meantime."

Brace turned angrily toward the picket line. It was not help he needed; it was chains—chains that would bind the massive legs so that Brace could beat and gouge Rajah in the bull car at night, so he could torment him until he gained what he desired—a surly, vicious animal, waiting for the chance to crash with his trunk the first person who came within range. And that would happen; some passing workman would forget and walk too close. But those chains were a week away. It irritated him. Surly he turned to his work, only to growl at the query of an elephant tender:

"Bugles sounded for the parade. Hain't we better lead 'em out?"

"Lead 'em out yourself! Rajah don't go in parade any more."

Then, while the rest of the elephants departed to join the long line of glittering wagons, Brace swerved roughly toward the barking Rags and struck him with his pitchfork.

"Cut that out!" he snarled, and went back to his work. The dog, puzzled by the absence of his big playmate from the parade, trotted under the side wall to view the assembling of the street pageant. Then he hurried back again, once more to bound about Brace, barking and yapping. Again the pitchfork traveled in his direction.

"Get out of here!"

But Rags persisted. Seething with anger, the man struck him, cursed, and with a kick of his heavy boot sent him shivering with pain to the protection of Rajah's legs.

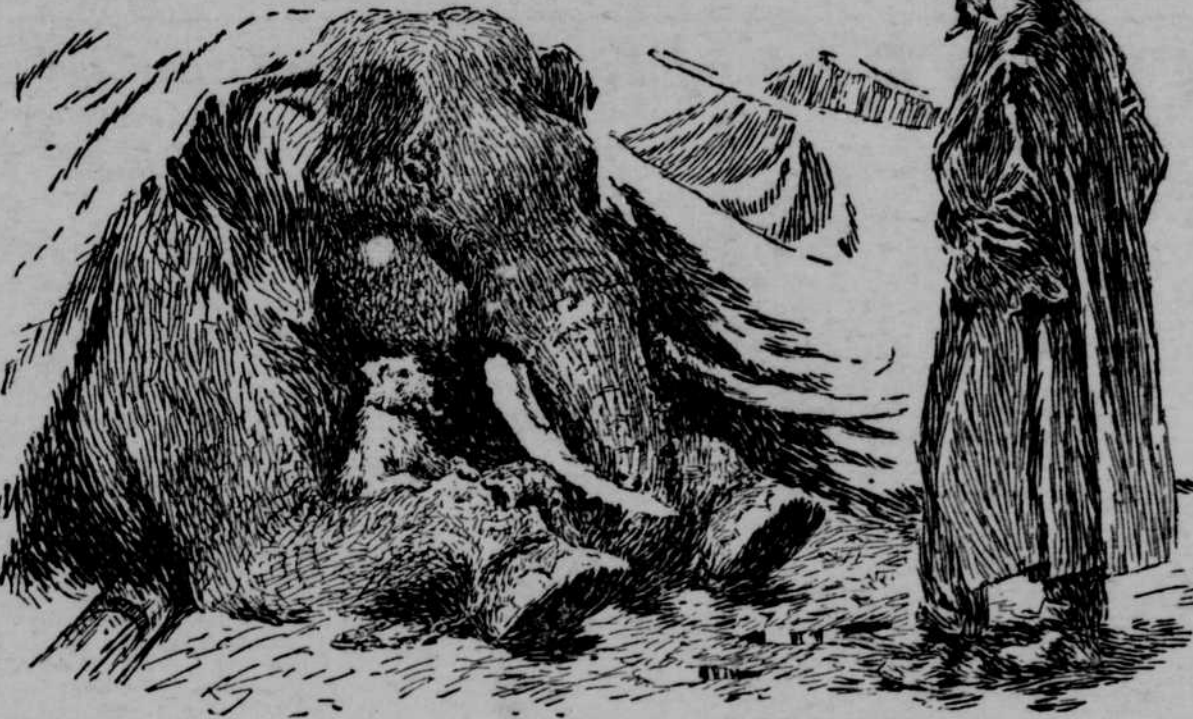
Then it was that Jard Brace leaped screaming to one side and made for the side wall, as a bellying roar came from behind him, and the wind from a smashing blow of a trunk fanned his face. Then came the cracking of wood.

ing voice of the menagerie superintendent rang out:

"Hold them bulls in line there until we can run a side-wall around here. Somebody get the boss and tell him he'll have to make parade without the elephants. Where's Brace?"

"Over here." He crawled from beneath the wagon.

The menagerie superintendent rode toward him.



A little dog sheltered beneath the bulky head of Rajah.

and a tremendous form, loosed from his bondage, broke forward in pursuit. Jard Brace, his hands clawing, ran toward the assembled parade, his voice high with the warning:

"Quick—quick with those bulls! Circle 'em! Rajah's broken loose—he's gone bad agin'!"

The side-walling ripped from the menagerie tent, and chains clanking, picket pins clattering, Rajah came, a trumpeting, plunging monster of revenge!

Shouts! Milling elephants hastily circled before the approaching beast. Scurrying horses—men running. Scattering clowns, white-faced acrobats, hysterical women performers. Rajah, blind with rage, smashed into one of the other elephants, rebounded, strove vainly to find a loophole in the circle, then slowly, grudgingly subsided. Far across the lot, huddled under a wagon, a wreck of a man cowered, ready to run again. The command-

"What happened?"

"He just went bad, sir. I was spreading the straw when he made for me."

For a long moment the superintendent was silent, biting his lip. At last: "Hate to do it—but I guess I've got to. Go down and tell the trainmaster we'll want two switch-engines at 4:30. Tell him to spot the Rajah bull-car between 'em, and to noose up two half-inch cables."

"Yes, sir." Jard Brace hurried for the railroad yards. An elephant execution. Free! Free at last!

While he stumbled across the rutty lot, in inquisitive, fluffy little mondescript of a dog trotted through the elephant circle and took his place between the front legs of a thing condemned.

All that afternoon Rags remained there, looking inquiringly at the sidewalling which had been thrown about the elephant, the legs of pacing, armed men, which showed be-

neath the lower edge of the canvas, and the heavy, stocky hoofs of the circle of elephants on guard against another outbreak. Far away the hand played in the big top, and the crowds shouted and applauded; the clowns roamed about the hippodrome track; the rings flashed with



the spangles of the equestriennes and resounded with the cludding hoofs of the "rosin-backs." Only one thing was missing—no massed elephants appeared, no crackling of bull-whips or shouts of command from the pachyderm trainers, no ludicrous "hootchie-cootchie," no baseball game, no blowing of harps in the trunks of comical giant clowns. For the elephant herd of the world's amalgamated stood at their posts of duty, the death guard about a condemned member of their own tribe.

An anxious-eyed lot superintendent glanced toward the sky, then sent forth scurrying messengers to summon the stake-and-sledge crews. Word traveled within the tent to the handmaster, and the music—the clock of the circus—quicken in signal of the approach of bad weather. The chariot races thundered about the hippodrome track; the ropes of the reserved seats were loosened, and the crowds

massed for the homeward journey. At the menagerie connection, the manager summoned his first assistant.

Cut the concert short. Blow coming. Looks bad. Want to lower the peaks of the big top. Look after it, will you? I've got to go down to the runs. They're going to bump off that Rajah bull. He's gone bad again."

Outside the menagerie, the strip of side-walling pulled away, the elephants were being pushed closer to the condemned Rajah, and formed into a hollow square. Then came the query:

"All set?"

"Aye!"

"All right. Jones and Kendall lead off; the rest of you keep pace. Now—"

"Hey, Matthews!" It was the voice of the lot superintendent. "How long you going to be?"

"Don't know. 'Bout an hour, I guess."

"Well, keep the bull-herd down at the cars, will you? And send back any men you can spare. She looks awful black over there in the west."

"I'll let you have five in a half-hour, as soon as we get the nooses hitched."

Mathews spurred his horse to re-join the strange march of death—where a titanic beast went willingly forward because his comrades of the herd were near him, and beside him trotted a faithful little companion of fair weather and foul—the dog Rags. Far in the background another figure moved, a gaunt-faced man who watched the great mass of the hollow square as it crossed the lot and reached the railroad tracks. The wind had risen, scudding the black clouds across the sky, and whistling eerily through the slats of the stockcars. Rajah raised his trunk and trumpeted querulously; it was the first storm since the night Mason had died. Again he shrilled, and again, Mathews, the superintendent, suppressed his horse about the hollow square.

"Hold them bulls tight in line! Jones—Kendall! Swing to the right and bring Jennie and Maud straight up to the runway. Then pull 'em off quick, one on each side of the run—and hold 'em there. The rest of the herd will force him in!"

At the runway Rajah hesitated, then, crowded from the rear by his herd mates, went onward. But the little dog stood on the runway and barked, with a new threat in his tone. The canine mind is quick to sense the unusual, and Rags never had seen his great companion sent to the cars at any other time save nightfall. From the right and the left two switch engines puffed lazily. The engineers climbed from the cabs to receive their instructions. Matthews leaned from his saddle.

"I'll give the signal," he announced. "We've got those cables strung through the ends of the cars. The neck-noose is fastened to the roof with light twine. He'll walk into it as soon as he begins to tug away from the otherariat, when we slip it around his hind feet. I'll wave my hat. Then pull away!"

The engineers returned to their cabs. Canvasmen looped the cables through the drawbars of the engines and fastened them. A menagerie attendant slid to the opening of the car and started to creep within. But Rags, back bristled, teeth showing, blocked him. Mathews raised in his saddle.

"Somebody get that dog away from there!"

Attendants called and cajoled. To no avail.

A driving rain began to patter. Men turned up their coat collars and glanced hastily at the sky.

Rajah's trunk was curled high. His eyes showed white rims and red rims. His forefeet moved restlessly. A blinding flash of lightning creased the sky, and the elephant bellowed excitedly, milling nervously about. Then something tightened on his hind legs, and a shout came from the rear of the car.

"All right, Mr. Matthews! I've got him. He's caught tight."

"Good! Step, alive up there noosemen!"

Figures moved atop the car. Then came a curse.

"The string's slipped—it ain't in position for his head!"

The menagerie superintendent gritted his teeth.

"Have to get in the car and put it around his neck, then. Somebody get that dog away from that door—we'll never be able to do anything with him keeping that bul' stirred up. Here, you!" He turned toward a gaunt man, slinking along at the side of the cars. "You know this dog—get him away from here!"

Jard Bruce stared.

"Is—is—"

"Oh, he's safe enough. Hind legs lassoed. Grab that dog! We've got to go in the car to put on the neck-noose!"

The trainer hurried forward. He called—but the only answer was

(Continued on Page Three.)

ABE MARTIN

On High Tempers



Readin' from right to left: Squire Swallow, Mrs. Licklider, Mrs. Licklider's attorney, Mr. Licklider, and morbid onlookers.

"Both o' you go on back home an' curb your tempers, an' you wash th' paint off o' your mug. After a woman snares a husband there's no longer any excuse fer her daubin' her face up like a Cherokee Injun," roared 'Squire Marsh Swallow this mornin', after listenin' t' Sue Licklider tell her side o' th' story in th' Licklider divorce case. Later 'Squire Swallow said: "Th' outside world is gittin' t' believe my court is a clearin' house fer lopside marriages. I've split up quite a few couples in th' last month, but I'm going t' call a halt. Women are so used t' takin' things home on approval, an' makin' things over, an' exchangin' things, an' taking things back, that they use th' same system with husbands. They jest reason that they kin take a man an' if they don't like him they kin dump him. Sometimes they try t' make him over.

Men don't hanker fer divorces as much as women do. They hain't home much, an' besides they kin git away with a double life better'n a woman. A woman'll see another man she likes better, jest as she sees another hat she likes better, but she rarely tries t' own 'em both. Lots o' men think that if they give their wives plenty o' spendin' money they're doin' their bit, but women want love an' affection an' money, too. Ugly tempers is what mostly splits couples up. I've had couples before me that wuz so homely an' rich that jealousy or money matters would be th' last thing in th' world t' split 'em up, then I'd find out that it wuz her temper or his temper that wuz comin' between 'em. These tempers show up in th' mornin'. If such couples would jest keep away from one another till eight thirty, or nine o'clock, they could

worry thro' th' rest o' th' day all O. K., but it's tryin' t' eat breakfast t'gether that destroys their happiness. I've told this Licklider t' get his breakfast down town till he gets better acquainted with his wife. They wuz only married last Saturday after goin' t'gether three hours. Then there's another trouble—gittin' married too soon. A girl'll git married before she's even seen her husband with his hat off an' a fool boy'll hook up with a girl without knowin' whether she's got any ears or over one eye. This Licklider feller already owes a dental bill o' \$81 his wife contracted since last Saturday. Couples that jump int' marriage should remember that each mus' give up something—he's got t' give up his wages an' she's got t' give up paintin' an' stay at home occasionally. I'm thro' monkeyin' with 'em."