INDIAN BLANKETS

Sumac fires are burning brightly, Ruby-red the embers glow, Indian council fires rekindled From the ash of long ago; And the wind's a runner passing With his feet in deerskin shod. And a chief's tall feather tosses In the dusty goldenrod.

Wild grapes ripen in the thicket, Purple asters edge the stream, And the braves to earth returning By the moon's enchanted beam Hang their red and yellow blankets On the windy maple bough When the frosty night is over, For it's Indian summer now.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

As Tom Crosby rolled westward from New York in the same box car with his four roping horses he was for the first time in his life, lonely; had dawned upon him suddenly that he had no friends.

And that was true. The men of his closely circumscribed world cn the rodeo circuit might smile at him. talk with him, eat and drink with him and appear to be friendly, butthey were not his friends. In his profession he was vastly superior them all: in events where he and Bart Eaton were entered, these alleged friends knew that I'om and his former partner stood between them and the big money provided their luck held.

Secretly they hated him, and when in liquor many of them had admitted it and been thrashed for their pains. Indeed, Tom had fought many a dirty rough-and-tumble battle in defense of Bart Eaton's honor and now, with a lump in his throat he recalled that the prodigal and temperamental Bart had fought as

many in his defense. He wondered what Bart's plans for the future might be. Their casual and strained parting had occurred just after the show at Madison Square Garden. Bart had been crowned the champion roper of the world, noting which the Honorable Cecil Scott-Enderly, a sporty gentleman from the Argentine, had informed Mr. Eaton that the latter could not under three minutes, rope and hog-tie a Ilama. Furthermore, he had offered to bet any amount of money he was right, and had stripped Bart of his last dollar. In fact, Bart had had to sell his roping horses to Tom for a road stake.

Tom Crosby fell to picturing his next meeting with Bart on the circuit—the embarrassment and pain horse's owner to first money in the ing lost to a new man by a fraction roping events. Tom decided he would of a second. not under any circumstances, rent one of his horses to Bart.

could be jealous. But Tom had erred | defeats. Slowly, inexorably, Tom Crosby was his master.

far," Mr. Crosby ruminated. "I'd ing rapidly. ought to have knowed better. Many's the time I could have beat him out for first ropin' money but when I seen we had first an' second money cinched I'd work slow an' let him win first to make the sucker a drawin' card.

"Ain't Bart got no sense? The way him an' me have traded champeenships an' the number we've won. you'd think he ought to suspect they weren't all naturals. I reckon old Bart's conceited thataway."

Well, that was all water over the Well, that was all water over the dam, Mr. Crosby decided. When next they met in action it woud be each man for himself and the devil take man for himself and the devil take. Now albeit Tom Crosby had planned to sell at Calgary the two roping horses Bart had formerly owner ed he suddenly decided not to do so after seeing Bart looking his lost treasures over that day. He made to show to show to show to show to struggle too hard loss at rodeos is, in an' gettin' myself upset," he down in Tom's work. If possible he in the final analysis, no real criterion of skill with a reata. One is not, of skill with a r

had ever permitted his partner to possess. "I was good to him," Tom told himself sorrowfully, "an' he treated me ike a bum. Now I'll make a bum out o' him."

orated him in nine-and-a-quarter seconds, whereat the crowd cheered him wildly. No other contestant re- mad impulse to give the horses to motely approached that record and Tom won first final money, while Bart was not even in the final mon-

At roping Tom made the fastest time on any one calf; won first day money three days in succession and first final money, as a result, and was proclaimed the best all-around dollars.

cowboy in the show. At Salinas he repeated his Livermore performance and removed from Bart Eaton's brow the crown of champion roper of the State of Caliback at him, and added, as he countchampion roper of the State of Cali-fornia. At the two-day Ukiah show he won over Bart in the steer-bucking contest; lost to him in the bull- Shylock!" dogging; won over him in the bucking-horse riding and in the roping money and was again proclaimed the best all-around cowboy in the show.

At the Stampede in Calgary Tom suddenly decided to bulldog no more. He had a feeling that Bart was due Mr. Eaton forcibly on the jaw with to get hurt and he wanted to be his right and in the midriff with his free to enjoy the spectacle. And left. Mr. Eaton countered with left

and Bart had to be carried off the

ocre bucking horse, he was forced to claw leather disgracefully in order to hang on until the pick-up men could take him off. His bruises affected his roping, also, although Tom would have been in second money, had he been riding one of his own old horses.

Bart's spirit must have been broken a little for when he reported at the chutes to rope his first calf and found Tom there, holding the two old horses that had carried him to victory in happier days, he choked and that was no help! Tom thought he was going to cry.

After a while he addressed the latter for the first time since they had by, but when it was over he did not parted in New York.

"How about rentin' me ol' Shiny, Tom?" he half pleaded. "Usual Tom?" he half pleaded. "Usual terms. Third o' what I win; nothin' o' what I lose."

Tom merely stared coldly at him, so Bart rented a half-broken Canadian horse that carried wide with him and was afraid of the rope. He made Juarez. crooning to them.

That year Tom occupied the old not retrograding. room at the Pallister Hotel which he holed up in a fifty-cent rooming man's sport, like fox-hunting.

house and the news tickled him won
Now, when a Mexican promotes a house and the news tickled him wondrously.

He noted also, with satisfaction, that Bart, whose sombreros had always been the wonder and the envy of his fellows (he paid as much as a hundred and fifty dollars for the bart would never occur to him to make it. And in a Charros Club composed of magnificoes, the promotion of an international ropthem), was now wearing a worn old ing contest was bound to transcend hat that could not have cost him all previous events in roping history. mounted spurs were gone, too; a rusty old steel pair had replaced them. His shirts were now cotton them. His shirts were now cotton instead of silk and he rolled his own six days and competition was open cigarets, although for eight years to any roper who could afford to he had luxuriated in "tailor-mades." pay an entrance fee of two hundred All in all, it seemed to Tom, his and fifty dollars. ("That'll keep the enemy was considerably decayed

financially. At the Pendleton Round-up, Tom ging, while Bart was not even in the money. He was first in bronco riding and Bart was second; he was money and proclaimed champion

the Northwest. At Billings he again "wiped Bart's eye" and became champion roper of it. Suppose old Bart should ask and best all-around cowboy of Monhim for the use of one of his horses? tana. He was the heaviest winner Mounted on any one of Tom's horses, and first in roping at Cheyenne, sixth day. They were to rope twelve barse's owner to first was the neavest winner sixth day. They were to rope twelve steers each in the semi-finals.

had broken Bart's spirit. Nothing ter casting his first steer loose, a money. I didn't exert myself today well, he had discovered a new succeeds like success—and Bart's final contestant was allowed two because I didn't have to; I figgered facet of Bart's character. Bart mind was obsessed with memories of minutes in which to gather up his on just bein in the finals, because Tom rea in demonstrating that he knew rop- had given him an inferiority coming tricks of which Bart had never plex. The lack of his old horses was his next steer to come out. heard; at last, deep in his heart, a handicap he could not overcome, Bart had been made to realize that with the result that when the Cheyenne show closed Bart was regarded "I sure strained the old cuss too as a good man who was deteriorat-

He no longer heard through the loud-speaker such phrases as, "Keep | timate limit, it would be a supreme darkened. your eye on Chute Number Five. test of his physical stamina.

Bart Eaton, of California—chambion of champions—coming out on Mexican and Spanish-Californian didn't do it too often in the days pion of champions—coming out on Tornado!" or "Time on the last calf vaqueros are the best ropers in the thirteen seconds flat. Made by Bart world, he realized that the roping wouldn't have been good business, Eaton of California, champion rop-contests in which he had for nine although you'd never figger why." Eaton, of California, champion roper of the world." It was Tom Crospy who was the idol of the public now, monopolizing the honors he had parison with the forthcoming contest of the world. Tom Crospy." once so generously shared with Bart at Juarez. The roping of goats and a trot. "This ain't my day for argyin days agone. There was no let-four-months-old calves at rodeos is, in' an' gettin' myself upset," he

sional pride but no ego, knew that this was so.

Coldiy and resolutely, therefore, he resolved to take from Bart Eaton every championship he. Tom Crosby, the deed, their rentals almost paid the deed, their rentals almost paid the dred-pound bull in twenty-side and frightened, they are in the a paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of Tom Crosby's verbal shafts.

Tom Crosby had once roped, their forders and greatly in demand; indeed, their rentals almost paid the dred-pound bull in twenty-side and frightened, they are in the a paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of Tom Crosby's verbal shafts thrown and tied an eighteen-hundred order the part of their folders are the paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of the paby of their folders are the paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of the paby of their folders are the paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of the paby of their folders are the paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of the paby of their folders are the paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of the paby of their folders are the paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of the paby of their folders are the paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of the paby of their folders are the paby. Bart Eaton did not struggle too hard significantly of the paby of th

portation. loading the horses into a box car, Bart strolled by and paused to stroke the silky noses of the only two living things that loved him.

Have a box car, Bart strolled by and paused to stroke the silky noses of the only two living things that loved him.

He arrived in El Paso two weeks An old hand, Peralta. Doubtless he Miguel Peralta Bart strolled by and paused to stroke the silky noses of the only two living things that loved him. Now, during seven of his eight years of partnership with Bart Eaton, Tom Crosby had resolutely refused to do any bulldogging, because of the hazardous nature of that sport. However, at the Livermore show, when lost partner's lip tremble a little, a field and commenced practicing.

them back from you."
Tom Crosby strangled a sudden Bart, to shake him by the hand and call him partner again, to ask him to let bygones be bygones, to ask him to come on to the Garden show as his partner and again be pro-claimed champion roper of the world. Instead he replied: "They'll cost you fifteen hundred

I got to have a profit!" "Sold!" "Cash." Mr. Crosby reminded him. ed out the money and prepared to gether with ten Mexicans. lead the horses away, "You dirty The fourth day they ro

Instantly Mr Crosby hated himself for his softheartedness. contests; again made the fastest wished now that he had cut those time on any one calf; won first final horses throats before selling them back to Bart. The fellow was dirty beyond words and sweet Christian Nevertheless, Bart was right behind thoughts were absolutely wasted on him. Muttering three words of one syllable each, Mr. Crosby leaped down from the box car and struck

er" toward the other's jaw; the

punches landed simultaneously.
When Bart Eaton regained con-He had no bones broken, but he was badly bruised—so much so that sciousness, the first thing he saw was Mr. Crosby, flat on his back, was Mr. Crosby, flat on his back, arms and legs outspread, his eyelids fluttering a little.
"Double knock-out," Mr. Eaton

murmured hazily. "If there was a purse up on that event we'd sure have split it!" He was gone with his horses be-

fore Mr. Crosby came to; and since there was none hard by to inform

return directly to California. He had heard of a roping show in Juarez, Mexico, that appealed to the last drop of artistic blood in his veins, and thither he slipped.

The show in question was to be an international roping contest under the auspices of the Charros Club of There are numerous Charno time to speak of. Later Tom ros Clubs throughout Mexico, notacaught him petting his old horses, bly in Mexico City, and the sole exlooking at their feet, inspecting cuse for their existence is to promote their teeth, runing his hands over their ribs to the ribs to their ribs to test their condition, artistic levels and demonstrate, by frequent contests, that the art is

A Charros Club contest is not one and Bart had reserved year after in which peons compete. It is sacred year. He ascertained that Bart was to the Mexican rancheros—a gentle-

> party he never does it on the cheap. scale. His gesture must be magnifi-

To begin, the show was the last pay an entrance fee of two hundred peons out," Mr. Crosby grinned, "an' let the topnotchers in. Good! We won't be crowded an' have our time again exerted himself to top the show. He was second in bulldog-puts up that much money for the privilege of competin' just naturally knows he's good.")

There was to be no day money. In second in steer riding and Bart was the final money, first prize was five third; he was first in roping while thousand, second three thousand, Bart was second; he won first final third one thousand. The contest for the first three days called for six roper and best all-around cowboy of two-year-old steers to be roped and hog-tied by each contestant. The next two days constituted the semifinals, out of which three final contestants were to be chosen to compete against one another on the

In the finals, each contestant was to rope and hog-tie twenty-four At Cedar Rapids Tom knew he aged steers in rapid succession. Af-

Tom Crosby had no illusions re- I'm figgerin' to take all the bets garding that drastic final contest. He they offer me. If I'd topped Peralta knew the man who won that would, indeed, find none so ignorant as to mite cagy with their money tomordispute his claim to the champion- row." Thus the Crosby strategy. ship of the world, for in addition to testing his roping ability to the ul-

At Cedar Rapids, as Tom was And he knew full well that in ever, at the Livermore show, when Bart entered for the bulldogging, Tom entered the lists also, merely to compete with Bart to beat the latter out of the final money if he could.

He stopped his first steer and decay to the steep and the stopped his first steer and decay to the steep and the steep

> among the contestants. So this was why Bart had abandoned the Garden grand roping horses! After bigger local gambling hall until midnight hurt any?" and then retired. He awoke with "Left shoulder out, that stared at each other coldly and did a had be deach.

and Eaton roped and tied their six steers daily; then the record was cast up and each discovered he had been elected to the semi-finals, to-The fourth day they roped

fifth day the survivors roped and for the second time in all his roptied eighteen steers each, and on ing experience he saw his enemy Sunday afternoon, the last day of the contest, Tom Crosby and Bart the steer go into it, and a second expectation found themselves alone in a later pile up in a heavy somersault does. stricken field with a handsome blond don, by name Miguel Peralta,

Bart was hurt. A peevish big Brahma steer threw him to the ground, dragged him and walked on him, clinch, each sent a sizzling "haymak ropers is a champion indeed. And the fact that two gringos should run him such a close race augured well for the sport in the final test. It would not be a hippodrome, but a battle to a finish, with the issue in doubt until the last steer should be

When the standing of the three final contestants was announced, Miguel Peralta's enthusiastic admirers, with Latin impetuousity, lifted him from his horse and bore him on their shoulder in triumph to his hotel, there to toast him in champagne. In their minds there dwelt no suspicion that the gringos could

Tom Crosby found himself riding across the International Bridge boot Mexican contingent no longer cheer-to boot with Bart Eaton. "Good ed Peralta; wherefore Bart knew hombre, that Miguel Peralta," he announced casually. "He looks big steer for steer. The latter's comenough to stand the physical strain patriots were grieving for their tomorrow, but I doubt if he's ever champion and the money they had worked enough in his life to make him as hard an' tough as me an' you. I got a notion he'll slow up a little."

Bart looked at him coldly. "Excuse me for talkin' to you, which I wouldn't do outside the line o' business, not even to ask you for a drink o' water if I was dyin' o' thirst, but I noticed he's used the same horse all week."

"Good horse, you scrub. Big, As his horse leaped forward to active as a cat an' as good a the left of the steer to deliver the ropin' horse as I ever see. He must "bust," the steer unexpectedly turnweigh twelve hundred."

"Got to have a big hoss to hustle big cow-brutes, Shylock—an' we draw aged steers tomorrow. Well, our horses weigh eleven hundred an' they're fresh, on account we've changed off every day."
"The last time me an' you tang-

"The last time me an' you tang-practically vie with the horse in led," Mr. Crosby continued without giving themselves the "bust"; only emotion, "you licked me. I claim a one in a thousand varies this pracreturn engagement after this Charros Club show.'

"I'll accomodate you, Senor. On Mexican soil. Nobody'll interfere if in' this thing up Mexican fashion. One of us had ought to retire for keeps an' give the other a free hand to win a decent pot on the rodeo circuit hereafter." "You mean you want to argue it in the smoke?"

Bart Eaton nodded. "I'll play you fair. At noon we'll take our stands at thirty yards with our backs to each other. An' at the first bell o' the Angelus we face did a "Pony Express"—that is to about an' commence firin'. We don't need no witnesses, an' the survivor, if any, drags himself across the Line an' keeps his mouth shut."

"I don't hate you quite that bad,"
Tom Crosby replied thoughtfully,
but since you insist I reckon I'll have to accommodate you. means I got to make my will tonight.'

on your executor makes much o' a fee you'd ought to win third money tomorrow. Me, I'm goin' to win first money. I didn't exert myself today ten thousand Mexicans'll be bettomorrow on their champion—an' today his friends would mebbe be a

"You're a liar an' a braggart,

Tom Crosby urged his horse into

expense of their fodder and trans- onds, only to discover he had been had played with Bart in the matter too slow to win even second money. of that cursed Ilama that had come between them?

Of one thing Bart was certain.

concluded both he and his horses he was to face on the morrow. would be the better for a brief Rich ranchero that he was, the monpostgraduate course on heavier ey prize meant nothing to him; it he said to his enemy. "He's bruised stock. Was the glory and honor of winning. but he ain't badly gored. I was the morning the show started he was surprised to find Bart Eaton drank but two quarts of champagne saved him. I'm sorry to have lowwith his friends and to demonstrate ered your time." to them how lightly he regarded stared at each other coldly and did a bad headache and was just a trifle stale when his first steer came out For threee days Messrs. Crosby of the chute at one o'clock next

out of the chute; as Bart signaled don't seem to have no luck, do you, his tie, Tom Crosby's steer came Mr. Eaton?" tied twelve steers each—and six out. Bart was riding back to his Mexicans were eliminated; on the chute as Tom made his cast—and and lie still.

his figure-eight loop on and somer-saulted—cruel throws but effective, since the harder he "busted" them the more time he saved in tying. Each time he stood erect and waved his arms wild cheers in English greeted his performance, and Bart noted that no gringo cheers greeted his own efforts.

"Third money sure," he solilo-quized bitterly, "unless I can beat Peralta out for second." He observed that, after the first steer, the ed Peralta; wherefore Bart knew wagered on him!

As Bart's sixth steer crossed the dead line, Mr. Eaton made a mighty resolve to tie this one a second quicker than the last. His horse settled with unerring precision over the steer's horns, even as he flipped the bight of his reata over the steer's right side and around his haunches

As his horse leaped forward to "bust," the steer unexpectedly turned sharply to the right and, albeat Tom Crosby by more than though the horse turned him sharps second and as steer after steer cam ly until he faced to the rear, the out his margin of victory dwindled steer did not go down. But Bart Eaton did not notice

But Bart Eaton did not notice and sweat, consumed with appeher this. Steers almost always run sion and anger as he felt himsel straight ahead after the cast, and failing under the terrific strain. this. tice. In anticipation of the regular was two seconds behind Tom Cros routine, therefore, Bart had already by.

left the saddle, and not until his horse had passed him did he realize steer was a thin, gaunt animal the we ride out o' town a bit. Still," that on this particular steer he Bart added, "punchin' each other would do well to make any time at won't settle our hate. I'm for wind- all. He must mount again, circle his quarry swiftly and make certain of

brain a hammer beat: "Time! Time! Time! Time!" To run after his horse, mount him on his left side, with waited to see Tom Crosby's stee or without the aid of the stirrup, come out. would not do. A second—two, per-haps, would be lost that way; so expert trick rider that he was, he say, he ran to his horse, placed both hands on the animal's rump and vaulted over his tail into the saddle.

And at that moment the steer struck the horse at the saddle girth, lifted him and his rider and rolled them in the dirt, while the Mexican horse now, was within casting di crowd roared their approval, for here was work to their liking.

out came Tom's steer.
Straight down the field; as Tom

passed Bart Eaton lying quietly in the dirt, he saw Bart's steer back off about five feet, then lower his that Tom Crosby was not aware and be back at his chute waiting for tin' em as high as a hound's back head for another thrust at the its loss and would not be until t scrambling, screaming horse.

In the fifth of a second Tom's loop was around the beast's head; he swung his horse, rode around the rear of the mad brute to avoid "You mean you been just playin' throwing him on Bart and the lat-with me, too?" Bart Eaton's face ters' horse, "busted" him, tied him, remounted, coiling his reata as he did so and took after his own steer, which was now jogging sedately down the field. Again his figureeight loop dropped; thirty seconds

later he stood erect.

Time! He had made time! His limit was one minute; beyond that the judges would have scored him the judges would have scored him and fled down the field after and fled down the field after the sunk the rowels in his hor and fled down the field after the sunk the fled down the later he stood erect. steer and his own in fifty-eight

seconds. As he came loping back up the field to his chute, the crowd, Mexican and gringo, rose to their feet and cheered him madly. And then the judges stopped the show, al-though, in gringo terminalogy, it was really Tom Crosby who had stopped it!

For five minutes the crowd shouted in a frenzy of appreciation; they demanded his presence closer, so at a sign from the presiding judge Tom leaped his horse over the five-foot woven wire fence that separated the grand stand from the roping field, and rode along at the foot of the grand stand, doffing his sombreno, while the women pelted him

An evil five minutes for Senor

"Thanks for savin' Shiny," of face. "No trouble to make it up," Mr.

"You "Left shoulder out, that's all. Just enough hurt to put me out o' the contest."

"Puts you out o' third money, oo. Accordin' to the rules, any too. contestant that don't finish can't share in the purse an' the remainin' conestants split i t fifty-fifty. You

"The luck runs that way for a while an' then gets worse. But don't waste your sympathy on me. Look after yourself. This ain't no parlor game you're playin'. The un-expected can happen an' generally

"You keep your eye on that blond don, by name Miguel Peralta, whose average time was four seconds faster than Tom's and a second faster than Bart's.

That throw sure jars 'em," Bart Mexican. The judges are Mexican. The judges

judged by the wild cheers that somersault an' most likely breaks broke from the gringo element in the grand stand. The Mexicans Club owns the steers an' they ain' figgerin' on havin' you tie dead of crippled steers in this contest."

The show ran like clockwork. The handlers at the chutes were efficient; the judges active as the steers. Steer after steer Tom Crosby put his forum and somer.

way an' beaten Peralta's time five to ten seconds per steer. That's money in the bank, Mr. Eaton. Yes sir, in our profession time is cer

tainly money." Then his next steer came out and the conversation terminated. A doc tor came over to Bart Eaton's chute and snapped his dislocated shoulde: into place; whereupon, because i was against his code to admit pain Bart mounted his spare horse and sa him with apparent unconcern watching the battle between hi enemy and Miguel Peralta.

As Bart had predicted, Tor Crosby's figure-eight loop was out lawed; whereupon the contest im mediately took on new interest Peralta roped as he had never rop ed before. He was magnificent Tom Crosby was magnificent, too but fast and accurate as he was Peralta was faster. Steer by stee he cut down Tom's time by a sec ond, two seconds, a fraction of second; and once, when Tom Crosb missed and had to resort to his sec and tied hard and fast to the pom- ond rope, Peralta snipped ten seconds off his competitor's early lead

After the eighteenth steer, how ever, the pace began to tell o Miguel Peralta. Thereafter he neve He was tiring, blinded with dus As he finished tying his twenty third steer the judges gave him hi average time on all of them. H

had to be whipped out of the chut lumbered leisurely across th dead line; ten feet beyond it Peralta loop settled over his horns; he wa the "bust."

Unfortunately, the steer had other ideas on the subject. In Bart Eaton's brain a hammer beat: "Time! Time! his steer loose climbed aboard h horse, backed up to the fence ar

Bart Eaton also watched To: Crosby's last steer come out; in deed, for some little time he watched the attendants in Tom chute torturing the animal. Th steer was a four-year old, a buck-sk longhorn, sinewy, in the pink condition and fast. He came out the chute with the speed of a bir leaving its nest, but fast as he cam Tom Corsby, mounted on a free

He added spitefully: "I don't recking your executor makes much o' a gee out o' your estate, although you'd ought to win third money to morrow. Me I'm goin' to win first out came. Tom's stars.

Here was work to their fixing.

Well, a roper never can make time in a mixup like that, and the hind prayed.

Tom's horse leaped to the pursu something dropped from the sadd. It was Tom Crosby's tie rope, which is not to their fixing.

And then the thing occurred for which Bart Eaton had prayed.

Tom's horse leaped to the pursu something dropped from the sadd. It was Tom Crosby's tie rope, which is not to their fixing. following the custom of his profe sion, he carried tucked into his be moment when, kneeling on his fa len steer, he should with one hand while with the oth he drew the dazed steer's feet

ward him. There could be but one answer that devilsh "break." It is a co testant's business to make certa he has his tie rope; if he loses that is just too bad and the judg score against that steer reads: time

"Licked! Ruined! Lost!" Be enemy, just as Tom gave his ste the "bust." Bart saw him les the saddle while his horse was s running; saw the steer roll over, s Tom Crosby on top of him; s him turn, gaze around him blankly A tie rope, hurled by Bart, scended upon him as Mr. Eat scended upon him as Mr. Eat flashed by. He grasped it in mid-tied his steer and leaped erect.

"Twenty-three seconds flat," the verdict of the timekeepers-& then things commenced to happ With the knowledge that the grin had won but only because anothering o had thrown him his tie re after he had dropped his own, populace commenced angrily a blasphemously to protest the de

sion. They swarmed out of the gra stand and onto the field; they s rounded the judges; shrieks, show curses, frenzied protests from th who had lost their money bett on Miguel Peralta prevented judges from being heard, until 1 a dozen Mexican police arrived the scene to preserve order. I when at last it was possible to he Bart Eaton did the talking. "I was settin' my horse in fror

my chute when I saw Crosby ride to his chute for his last steer. his horse swung him in toward fence his tie rope, hangin' at side, caught on a projectin' nail was all but pulled out o' his bel "I've read the rules o' this con carefully an' there's nothin' in to prevent anybody from loanin' tie rope to a contender. Why? tell you. On his twentieth s Senor Peralta decided his tie was gettin' frayed; he concluded oughtn't to trust it, an' as I out o' the contest he borrowed n just before his twenty-first s came out. If I can loan him a rope durin' the contest I guess can. I had Peralta's old tie rop my belt an' flung it to Crosby. "If there's any question to cide, that question is: At v exact moment in a ropin' conte it permissable to loan a contes a tie rope? The rules don't c that point."

That was not a hard nut for judges to crack, but it was a 1 unpleasant one, for, owing to imminence of a riot, they would! liked to rule in favor of their countryman, had there existed the slighest precedent for rulii his favor. But since there was a

(Concluded on Page 3, Col 2)