

"Fill Your Hand!"



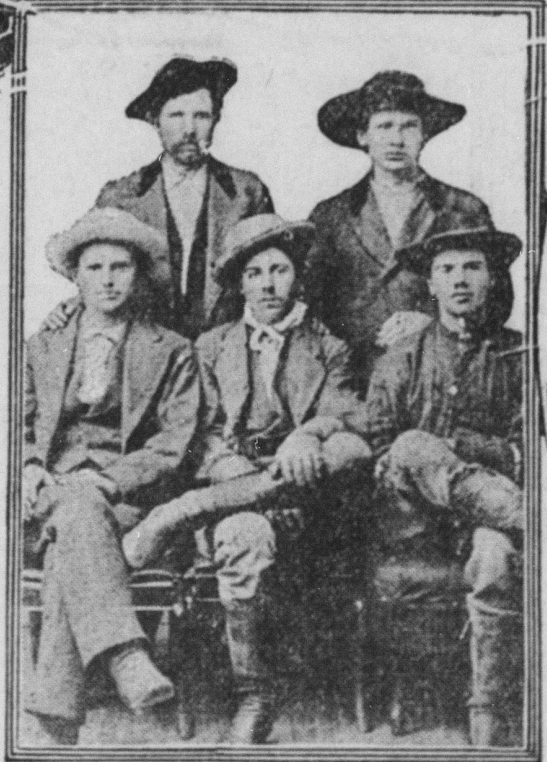
FRED F. SUTTON



HENRY STARR



BAT MASTERSON



GROUP OF OLD-TIME COWBOYS

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
 NCE upon a time a historian of the American frontier set about his task by listing and describing the "instruments of civilization." He named the ax, the rifle, the boat and the horse, and then, having put these instruments in the hands of a restless race of men, he started the protagonists of his tale on their epic of wilderness-breaking. That historian was Emerson Hough, and the book was "The way to the West," published by the Bobbs-Merrill company of Indianapolis.

A quarter of a century has passed and another historian of the frontier has added one more to the "instruments of civilization," which a later race of restless men used in winning the West, after their fathers had found the way to it. This was the six-shooter and it seems particularly appropriate that Bobbs-Merrill are also the publishers of "Hands Up!—Stories of the Six-Gun Fighters of the Old Wild West," as told by Fred E. Sutton and written down by A. B. MacDonald. As the title indicates, this book deals with the final phase of the frontier era, the days when civilization, as exemplified by the westward-pushing white man, had definitely dispossessed the red man, established a home of sorts in the recently-conquered wilderness and set about putting its own house in order.

Insofar as some members of that household found it difficult to break away from certain lawless habits acquired while what Theodore Roosevelt has characterized as the "rough work of conquering a continent" was going on, the task of law-bringing was done in a primitive fashion. Superstitious forms were dispensed with legal technicalities ignored and the dealing out of justice was, in the light of present-day procedure, appallingly simple and direct. For in most cases Old Judge Colt was the final arbiter, and from his decisions there was rarely an appeal.

Mention the word "gunman" and one naturally thinks of the gangsters in our big cities of today. But as Emerson Hough long ago pointed out (in his "The Story of the Outlaw") it is exceedingly unfair to the gunman of the Old West to compare the killer of today with him. "The one is an assassin, the other was a warrior; the one is a dastard, the other was something of a man," said Hough who declared that the nature of some of the crimes committed by the modern type of "gunman" "would cause a hardened desperado of the West to blush for shame." And in that opinion Fred Sutton, who knew some of those old-time desperadoes intimately, seems to concur. In his chapter on "The Border Code" is an illuminating exposition of "the unwritten law of the Old West, which gave to every man a chance." One instance is typical:

In a freighters' camp at Wagon-Bed Springs two men quarreled, and after they were separated and all of us thought the fuss was over, one of them, Arizona Jack, shot and killed the other without warning. We formed what was called a lock-rabbit court. Arizona was put on trial for his life and found guilty. He begged for his life but the executioner, just before he pulled the trigger rebuked him with "You're not as decent, even as a rattlesnake, for it warns before it strikes." It was this same code which caused

Sutton one night at a dance to save the life of the notorious Billy the Kid, "not solely for the reason that I knew him well but simply that I could not see a man murdered from behind," as he explains it. But for all that he saved Billy from being shot in the back, the author of "Hands Up!" has no illusions about that young outlaw. "If ever a man deserved killing, it was Billy the Kid," he says. "He was a human tiger, the most pitiless killer of that period. In his short life of twenty-one years he killed twenty-one men, and the most of those killings were murders done in cold blood."

Thus this old-timer shows a refreshing lack of maudlin sentimentality for those killers which colors the writings of others who have chronicled their dark deeds, the same type of misplaced sympathy which saves the necks of so many murderers today. He knew many of them—Jesse James, Cherokee Bill, Bill Doolin (recent Sam, Belle Starr, the Dalton boys, the Jennings gang, Henry Starr Blacked-faced Charley and Arkansas Tom—and, knowing them and the environment which shaped their destinies, he can account for what they were and what they did. But he does not glorify their crimes. He may have admired them for what good qualities they did possess, but he admires more the type of gunman who drew his six-shooter in the cause of law and order. "Nearly all those peace officers of the old frontier were likable men, but there was nothing maudlin or irresolute about them. They knew that death was the only penalty that would curb those wild men of the border, and when it was necessary to inflict it they did not hesitate," says Sutton. Such were Wild Bill Hickok, whom he characterizes as "unquestionably the fastest and surest man with a six-shooter that the West ever knew." Bat Masterson, Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid. It was men of this type who used the six-shooter as an "instrument of civilization."

"Fill your hand!" was the remark that Wild Bill made when he "got the drop on" a bad man from Texas who had come up the trail to Hays City, Kan., where Bill was marshal, with the announced intention of spilling the Hickok blood. For the border code extended to these exponents of law and order when they set about arresting a desperado and made them "give the other fellow a chance, even when it was exceedingly dangerous to do so." One of the reasons they were willing to do so was explained to

President Roosevelt on one of his visits to Oklahoma City by the veteran Billy Tilghman, as follows: "There's one thing that always counts in a fight of that kind (between a peace officer and a bad man, equally skillful of the 'draw')—the man who knows he is right always has a shade on the man who knows he is wrong."

But that was not all, according to Sutton, who explains just how these peace officers handled their six-guns, and in doing so he does a lot of much-needed debunking of the Wild West, as it is presented by the movies. Sutton got his information first-hand, for he once saw Wild Bill demonstrate the secret of his lightning-like draw and various other matters of Colt technique were explained to him by such masters as Bat Masterson, Billy Tilghman, Al Jennings and others. He learned about this when, as a boy, he first arrived in Dodge City, Kan., in the old days when "there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God, west of Fort Smith," and was taken under the wing of such frontier notables as Masterson, Luke Short, Wyatt Earp, Chalk Beeson and Robert M. Wright, and he added to his knowledge in that turbulent period when Isaac C. Parker was the "hanging judge" at Fort Smith, Ark., and the outlaw gangs, such as the Daltons, the Doolins and others, were making their last stand in what is now the state of Oklahoma.

The sum total of Sutton's observations, as set down in the pages of his book, is a paraphrase of the old saying that "they who take the sword shall perish by the sword." For, as he puts it, "The six-shooter ended the lives of nine-tenths of all the outlaws of the Wild West." And it was almost equally true of those others who took up the six-shooter in defense of the law. Of the four most famous peace officers whom Sutton knew, three went down before a smoking six-shooter. Wild Bill's brief career as "prince of pistol-ers" ended abruptly in 1876, when he was shot down from behind in Deadwood, S. D. Nearly a quarter of a century after Pat Garrett had killed Billy the Kid, he himself was shot and killed. After fifty-one years as a peace officer Billy Tilghman "went out" as he had hoped to do "in smoke and with his boots on." He was shot in an Oklahoma oil boom town in 1924 by a man whom he had arrested and was taking to the police station. Only Bat Masterson, who left the Wild West years ago to become a New York newspaper man died peacefully "with his boots off."

clarify the water and care must be exercised to prevent the accumulation of scum or sediment in the apparatus, as this renders the treatment ineffective.

Cooking Secret

"At sea level water boils at 212 degrees. At 5,000 feet it boils at 200 degrees," says the Woman's Home Companion. "In higher altitudes," adds the vaunted commentator, "housewives probably put it into the refrigerator to boil."

Water Purification

The use of the ultra violet ray treatment for purification of swimming pool water is very effective, but it is more expensive to install and maintain than some other methods. An efficient filter must be provided to

Do Not Force Plants

If a plant has been growing thriftily for some time and then begins to go back, it probably needs a rest, and no amount of forcing will do any permanent good. It will, says Nature Magazine of Washington, do a definite harm. During the resting period a plant is better if left entirely alone in a dry, cool cellar. It will of its own accord, and without any attention of any kind, begin to put out new green

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



HOW IT WAS DONE

Loving Wife—Now that you are ruined, Henry, I will disclose my secret. For years I have been saving up, and now (pouring a shower of coins into his hat) this may tide you over.

Husband—Oh, my darling, how did you manage to do it?

Wife—Easily enough. Every time you said an unkind thing to me I put a shilling into a box.

Sound

News Item—Saxophone playing at girls' college loudly defended by sonorities. (Poor defense.)

Another—Radio reception improved by snoring of loud sleepers.

This recalls little Janet's reply when the overnight guest exclaimed at breakfast, "I'm such a sound sleeper." Janet chimed, "Oh, yes, I heard the sound."

GOT LEFT IN THE RUSH



"Ruth is engaged to be married." "The mischief she is! I intended to propose to that girl myself when I got time."

The Lay of the Land

Remarked the hen: "Undoubtedly some folks are worse than goats; when I don't lay for them, you see, they go and lay me out."

S. R. O.

Lady—Can you direct me to the standing room? My husband is there. Theater Attendant—I don't understand, madam.

"Well, we had two tickets. Mine was in the front row, and my husband had to go back and sit in the standing room."

TOO SLOW



She—Do you believe in fairies? He—Too slow—I use the flying machine in crossing the river every morning.

Words and Music

We see, as years slip on their way, A change in song and story. The song is mostly jazz today—So is the oratory.

Shaking Her Sheiks

Cora—I went to dinner with Jack last night and he's one of Muriel's followers—do you think she'll be mad? Dora—Oh, no, dear—Muriel's just got engaged, you know, so she's breaking up her collection.

Can't Talk

"It's hard to find anyone you can absolutely rely upon not to betray a confidence."

"Very true. I have only one friend I can depend upon for that." "You're lucky to have one." "Yes, my dog."

Likely to Learn

Cleaner in Cage—Let me out! Trainer—That hon isn't so dangerous. He's never tasted raw meat. Cleaner—He acts mighty curious!

Makes 'Em Snappy

"Yes, in teaching stenography we are strong on accuracy." "How are you on speed?" "Well, the last girl we graduated married her employer in three weeks." —American Shorthand Teacher.

Dead Ones

He—We must reduce our living expenses. She—We might cut out the auto. He—But then we wouldn't be living.

DEMAND

BAYER

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetateester of Salicylicacid

Need More Hours in Day

The prophecy that it will be only a few years before the working day in great cities will be 24 hours, is made by an editorial writer in Barron's Financial Weekly. Night trucking, he points out, will be the start, but trucking in the large cities like New York, if carried on at night, means night work for many other businesses. Labor costs, he thinks, would raise, but this would be largely offset by the decrease in loss from slow transit.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

Not Musical

A middle-aged woman rang the bell frantically in an endeavor to stop the bus before the proper stopping place. "It's no use, lady," said the conductor; "it won't play any tune!" —Toronto Telegram.

Denver is said to have the longest public golf course in the United States, measuring 6,767 yards in length.

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To Be Well the Kidneys Must Thoroughly Eliminate Waste Poisons from the Blood.

DOES every day find you lame, stiff and achy? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage? Sluggish kidneys allow poisons to remain in the blood and upset the whole system. Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Doan's has established a nationwide reputation. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

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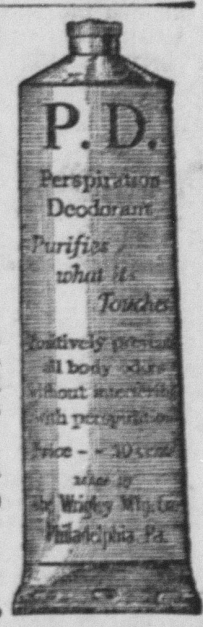
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Stole Flapper's Thunder

The present-day flapper who prides herself on using little more cloth for her dresses than for her handkerchiefs will be horrified to learn from "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century" that their great-grandmothers went even further in out-gingling Eve. "When the Nineteenth century opened, the Empire style," says this new book, "had reduced women's clothing to scantiness more complete than anything modern styles have yet attempted: little clinging frocks with low bodices and high waists which fitted their wearers like gloves and indeed were alleged to have been put on damp."