

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Billy Wheeler, wealthy young cattleman, arrives at the 94 ranch, summoned by his friend Horse Dunn, its elderly and quick-tempered owner, because of a mysterious murder. Billy is in love with Dunn's niece Marian, whom he has not seen for two years. She had rejected his suit and is still aloof. Dunn's ranch is surrounded by enemies, including Link Bender, Pinto Halliday and Sam Caldwell, whom he has defeated in his efforts to build a cattle kingdom. Dunn directs his cow hand, Val Douglas, Tulare Callahan and others to search for the killer's horse. He explains to Billy that the morning before he had come upon bloodstained ground at Short Creek and found the trail of a shod and unshod horse. The shod horse's rider had been killed. The body had disappeared. Link Bender had arrived at the scene and read the signs the way he had. Dunn reveals that because of a financial crisis the ranch may be in jeopardy; his enemies may make trouble, since Sheriff Walt Amos is friendly with them. He says he has asked Old Man Coffee, the country's best trailer, to join them. Dunn and Billy meet Amos, Link Bender, his son "the Kid" and Cayuse Cayetano, an Indian trailer, at Short Creek. Bender has found the slain man's horse, but the saddle is missing. Almost supernaturally, coffee attracted to the scene by the blood-stained ground stamp out all the traces. Dunn is angered when Amos tells him not to leave the county. Following an argument, Bender draws his gun, but Dunn wounds him in the arm. Back at the ranch Old Man Coffee arrives with a pack of hounds. Coffee goes in search of the dead man's saddle. Dunn tells Billy that Marian is incensed at him for trying to settle disputes by bloodshed. He reveals that the ranch is really hers, also that he recently sold his own ranch in Arizona and that his partner, Bob Flagg, is en route with the money. Billy accompanies Marian on a ride to Short Creek. "Kid" Bender, now a deputy, rides up. They have an argument, and by a trick Bender tries to shoot him. Billy saves himself by plunging against Bender's pony and "the Kid" is injured. Coffee returns to the ranch with the saddle and reveals that Cayuse Cayetano is on the trail for Sheriff Amos. The saddle belonged to Lon Magoon, a small-time cattle thief. Billy learns he is to be arrested for assaulting "Kid" Bender.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"I am looking at it. Seems like to me, Horse, the game is a little different from that. He may be laying off of you because his crowd has a little different plan for you. I'll say right here, this sure makes it look to me like they must have a case against you on the murder of Lon Magoon—a case we may be can begin worrying about."

"Then why do they turn and jump on Billy Wheeler?"

"It might be because Billy Wheeler is kind of strong as a cattleman. I'm speaking of bank strength. I don't know anything about how Billy Wheeler stands in this mess. But it may be they think he might work out as an ace card in patching up the finances of the 94. That being the case, naturally they'd like nothing better than to set him aside to cool for 30 days. A man can't read his facts unless he looks a little into the people situation. It sure begins to look," said Old Man Coffee, "as if I'm going to have to go to inspiration for this trial."

"No," said Horse Dunn. "Because there isn't going to be any trial."

Marian Dunn said sharply, "What do you mean?"

For once Horse Dunn failed to wilt before the flare-up of his niece. "I won't stand for it," he declared. "I've stood enough! They'll take Billy Wheeler no place."

"I think," Marian Dunn said, "you must be mad!"

"Mad, is it? Mad or no mad, the coyote pack will never take Billy Wheeler in."

"There's this about it, Mr. Dunn, Val Douglas drawled. "We're coming up against bigger things here than an open fight over whether or not this Wheeler will stand up and take his medicine for busting the Kid's leg. After all, there's something in what your niece says. Tulare says that tonight or tomorrow Amos can raise up a posse of a hundred. We'd look good trying to bronc-stomp a hundred men."

Horse Dunn bellowed, "You stand there and tell me—"

Billy Wheeler cut in. "He's right, Horse."

"What?"

Billy Wheeler looked Val Douglas over coolly. "Val doesn't strike me like a feller that would be right very often," he said at last. "But this ought to raise his percentage, I guess. I'm going to leave 'em take me, Horse."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Horse Dunn told him. "I'm boss here!"

Billy Wheeler sprawled relaxed, as if he were resting, and met Dunn's glare evenly. If the others there did not understand why the Old Man of the 94 turned to this youngster more readily than to any one else in time of need, they could have learned something about that by looking at them now.

"I don't know as you can stop me, Horse," Wheeler said.

The day was hardly breaking when Sheriff Walt Amos came hammering at the door.

CHAPTER V

The sheriff came alone, without show of force. Wheeler's surrender he outwardly took as a matter of course; though a close observer might have detected a certain pleased relief.

It was nearly six in the morning as they rolled down the dusty rut-

toward the first test of strength since the killing at Short Creek. Three cars drove to Inspiration. For Billy Wheeler had reserved certain privileges of free action; and the sheriff returned to Inspiration alone in his own car, as he had come. A second car was driven by Horse Dunn, who took with him Gil Baker, Steve Hurley, and Tulare Callahan; and what seemed more important—Marian Dunn, between Val Douglas and her huge uncle in the front seat. The Old Man of the 94 was possessed by a vague persistent hope that somewhere, some time, Marian would see something which would change her opinions as to the balance of force and justice in the Red Hills ranges.

Old Man Coffee rode with Billy Wheeler, who drove his own roadster.

"There in that one car," said Coffee, watching Horse Dunn's tower of dust, "goes all that's left of the 94 outfit; except for you and me, who don't really belong here."

Billy Wheeler nodded. "I couldn't hardly believe," he said, "that Horse was trying to run 20,000 head of cattle, even through the quiet months, with only four men and himself."

"He's got 20,000 head, has he?" "The book count shows 20,000 head. Allowing for death losses, he supposes he's got 14 to 16 thousand. Short-handed as he is, he can't be right sure."

"I've seen the day," Old Man Coffee said, "two, three years ago,

"It was fired from in front of him, a little to his right-hand side, by a man on a horse."

"What else?"

"The shell was home-loaded. And that's all I know, yet."

Old Man Coffee was regarding Wheeler with a peculiar fixed expression. "Son," he said at last, "I back down; I'm free to admit I had you wrong. You're further along the trail than most of 'em. You got the shotgun right, at least. I suppose you see that one shot pellet bogged into the seam of the leather on Lon Magoon's saddle horn?"

"Yes; I saw it."

"That little pellet is pretty well hid. I guess nobody saw it but you and me. But the rest of your dope's wrong. For one thing—Magoon wasn't killed by no man on a horse!"

"How do you know that?"

"How did you know the shell was home-loaded?"

"Because the charge was weak. The sign showed the horses was close together when the shot was fired. If the charge hadn't been weak that pellet of lead would have plowed a whole lot deeper than it did."

Old Man Coffee nodded approval. "A good catch," he said. "But I think you got it wrong. If the charge had been fired from close like you say, the killer could have rammed the long shotgun barrel plumb against Magoon—there wouldn't have been no shot in the saddle horn. It was distance slowed that pellet. Lon Magoon was shot by a third man, from up on the flat ground above the cut!"

"Seems like," Wheeler objected, "the trail of the third man should have showed up, somewhere about."

"Maybe; if it had been read proper before the cattle pawed out the sign. But—there's one man mixed into this that knows too much about trails to have left one himself—even if he'd been there." They fell silent, while the hard-working engine threw the rack of the road behind them in big spasms and gouts of dust; and far ahead presently showed the faint disturbance on the plain which was Inspiration.

Inspiration consisted principally of a main street, backed by a few score houses, some of them neatly painted, with a tree or two; many simply unpainted shacks.

To a stranger the town would not have seemed so full of people as Tulare Callahan's report perhaps suggested. But Billy Wheeler at once recognized a dozen or more cars which would not ordinarily have been there, and about an equal number of dozing cow ponies. And—as the 94 cars pulled up in front of the little frame building that housed the county office—Wheeler noticed a small inconspicuous stir in doorways, a too casual moving together of spur-heeled loungers at two or three places along the street.

Billy Wheeler caught Horse Dunn's signal as he slid his roadster to a stop. He stepped down from the wheel and walked forward to Dunn's car.

"We want to all kind of keep together, here, as we move into this," Horse Dunn said casually. "I don't think there's going to be any trouble of any kind. Still—I wish Bob Flagg had got here. There aren't so many of us as there has been some years."

The sheriff pulled up and stepped to the sidewalk.

"Court won't open yet for a little bit," he said. "You, Wheeler, park yourself around here close. You're lucky not to be in the lock-up, by God! You, Dunn, I'll speak to you inside. I've got a couple of questions I figure to ask."

"All right," Horse Dunn said. "Come on, folks."

"The rest of you stay outside," Sheriff Amos said. "You're the one I aim to talk to, Dunn."

Horse Dunn looked up and down the street, noting how the groups of booted loungers had grown. Hardly a doorway in that street was empty now. Wheeler saw Dunn run a quick glance along the second story windows across the street. Dunn turned to his car, relaxed, casual.

"Marian, take this here car around the corner, and park it; then wait there, until someone brings word."

Marian glanced once, questioningly, at her uncle, then once more, almost despairingly, at Billy Wheeler. Then she lumbered away in the dust as she obeyed.

Horse Dunn turned with a curious mildness to the sheriff. "I don't figure to give any answers, Amos, that I wouldn't just as leave my outfit would hear."

The Old Man of the 94 stood square-planting—smiling a little, almost bland; but the confidence of a lifelong dominance was in the easy set of his enormous shoulders, so that he seemed then bigger than the town, bigger than the range.

The sheriff hesitated; he knew what he was up against. Abruptly he burst out, "I decide these things here!"

The mild mask fell away. "Then give your orders to people you can boss," Dunn snarled at him.

Walt Amos sized up the situation, then stood for a moment with a blank face. Then—the young sheriff grinned, not sheepishly, and not irritably, but with the interested humor of a man who plays his own game against another's.

"Oh, all right, Dunn," he said; "I don't set any great store on that point. I haven't got any of my fellers with me—I don't need 'em; but maybe you need some. Bring 'em on!"

In effect, Horse Dunn had backed Sheriff Walt Amos down; but Horse admitted afterward that it was here, in the backdown, that the young sheriff had first commanded his respect. He grunted an assent. "Billy Wheeler, Coffee—come on."

The others moved forward, but he waved them back; and Dunn, with Wheeler and Coffee, followed Amos into the little old adobe that held the sheriff's office.

"Dunn," said Sheriff Amos, "you were the first man found out there'd been a killing at Short Creek. That was Tuesday—three days ago. Right off you sent Tulare Callahan here, to wire Old Man Coffee, clear around at McCarnahan. Dunn, why did you send for Old Man Coffee?"

"I sent for Old Man Coffee," said Dunn, "to find out who was making free on my range. To tell you the truth, I didn't figure you numbskulls was equal to handling it."

"Then it wasn't your idea," said the sheriff. "to get him here to seize and suppress evidence?"

"When I want to seize something," Horse Dunn told him, "I won't be sending for some old guy the other side of two ranges of mountains. I'll just seize it."

"Where were you riding Monday, Dunn?"

"Monday I was riding Red Sleep Ridge."

"And when," the sheriff shot at him, "did you first learn that Lon Magoon was camping on 94 range?"

Horse Dunn did not hesitate for a fraction of a second. "Yesterday—when Old Man Coffee found Magoon's saddle."

The sheriff's smooth, cornerless face tightened a little, but Billy Wheeler saw that the man was not surprised. Instantly Wheeler knew two things. First, that one of the Inspiration crowd—perhaps with field glasses—must have seen Coffee pick the saddle up. And second, what was equally important, that the sheriff must have succeeded in tracing out the dead man's horse—and had identified it as belonging to the little cow thief, Magoon.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fish, Not Monkey, Man's Ancestor, Is Claim of Professor of Neuro-Anatomy

This may come as something of a disappointment to monkeys, but it now appears that the human race did not descend from an ape, but from a fish, writes a New York United Press correspondent.

And if all goes well, man's own descendants will not be man as he is today, but gnomelike creatures with undershot jaws, probably spindly legs and an enormous dome-like head.

This information was conveyed to a gathering of 150 learned men at Columbia university, by Dr. Frederick Tinley, professor of neuro-anatomy and an expert on the evolution of the shape of a man's head.

It all goes back to a "crossopterigian"—a kind of fish that did its thinking with its feet. If the crossopterigian had not come along, man might still be a fish, according to the professor.

"Fish," he explained, "possess a limited power to withhold their reactions. They are highly impulsive. One day millions of years ago an

impulsive fish—the crossopterigian—"managed to crawl out of the water," and that was the beginning of brain structure, and ultimately of the human race.

Dr. Tinley advised evolutionary students to study the brain as the real organ of evolution, and he said this would lead back to the "walking fish."

"No scientist today believes that any living monkeys or apes are ancestral to man," he said. "These animals belong to families totally divergent from the human family. Whatever interest there is in evolution therefore should not center in the ape."

"The true line of our ancestry reaches millions of years farther back. Evolution of the human race leads from fish to man."

John Marshall's Training
John Marshall, who became Chief Justice of the United States, had no college training except a few lectures on law and natural philosophy at William and Mary in 1779 or 1780.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio
By VIRGINIA VALE

"THE Prisoner of Zenda" threatens to become everybody's favorite picture. Girls love it because it is tenderly romantic, boys are crazy about it because it is a thrilling adventure story, and the old folks like the pomp and circumstance of the court scenes. Of course, the mere fact of Ronald Colman's presence is enough to bring crowds to the box offices. He plays a dual role and the only complaint is that Madeline Carroll does not play two parts too. She is probably the most utterly charming heroine of the year—any year.

Hollywood had a lot of surprises recently that sent all the girls scurrying out to buy presents.



Miriam Hopkins

Miriam Hopkins up and eloped with Anatol Litvak, the director, and Alice Faye and Tony Martin rushed off to Yuma, Ariz., and got married. Religious differences had caused the breaking of their engagement several times, she being Catholic, he Jewish.

To make matters more complicated both had anti-marriage clauses in their contracts with Twentieth Century-Fox. The studio has forgiven them, but parents are said to be still pouting.

Mr. Litvak, Miss Hopkins' new groom, has just finished directing Claudette Colbert in "Tonight's Our Night," at Warner Brothers'. No one over there will ever forget him. In a scene that took place in a market he insisted on having real geese, turkeys, and chickens. The hot sun got in its deadly work and players had great difficulty going through their scenes without holding their noses. Finally the studio had to replace the poultry every few hours, but all attempts to use papier mache ones failed. Mr. Litvak detected the imitations at once and refused to work until real ones were provided.

Claudette Colbert's good humor made a host of friends for her on the Warner lot and everyone is sorry that she was loaned to them for only one picture. One afternoon almost everyone's nerves were shattered by the many repetitions of a scene. While she was talking to Charles Boyer, a dog was supposed to come in carrying a shoe in its mouth. Over and over the scene was played, but the dog never came in at just the right moment. Finally Miss Colbert, serene and fresh as an April morning, suggested that the director let the dog play the scene with Boyer and she would come in on all fours carrying a shoe in her mouth!

Ever since James Cagney walked out of the Warner studio and went to work for Grand National where he is as happy as can be, there have been battles between the studio and their players. Now Joan Blondell is on strike. She thinks she has been working too hard and refuses to start on the new picture scheduled for her. Kay Francis is trying to break her contract... says that she signed it only because they promised to give her the leading role in "Tonight's Our Night." And after all, they gave her the role to Claudette Colbert.

Bing Crosby's absence from his radio program still leaves a big gap in Thursday night's entertainment, but at last there is a new picture of him to be seen and heard while we wait for his return to the air waves. "Double or Nothing" is pleasant and casual and amiable, just like all Crosby pictures. Three of the songs are real hits—"It's the Natural Thing to Do," "It's On—It's Off," and "The Moon Got Into My Eyes." Martha Raye is there with her frenzied buffoonery, and Mary Carlisle makes the prettiest heroine he ever had.



Bing Crosby

ODDS AND ENDS—Ever since Nelson Eddy joined Ida Lupino and Charlie McCarthy in that goofy spy travesty on the Sunday evening coffee hour, radio and picture fans have been begging him to play in a motion-picture comedy... Phillips Lord is sending out Christmas presents now, because he knows he will be too busy in December with his Gang Busters and "We, the People." He sent Mark Wornos of the Hit Parade a watch with most complicated innards. Four times a day the works whizz around, gaining hours. It came with a guarantee that it would never tell the correct time.

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Cutwork That Is Anything but Work

"Cutwork without bars?" Exactly—and that's the very reason this lovely Wild Rose design for dollies or buffet set is so easy to do. So encouraging, too, for the beginner who'd like to try her hand at it. Aren't they life-like—these roses? Delicate shades of pink would be most realistic, of



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course, but the pattern is no less lovely if worked in thread to match your linen. A refreshment table set with these would be most tempting! In pattern 5503 you will find a transfer pattern of a dolly 11 by 17½ inches and one and one reverse dolly 6 by 9 inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used; color suggestions.

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 plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Uncle Phil Says:

Yes, Somebody Else

When a speaker abuses mankind in general, his hearers approve because they know somebody else "who is just like that."

Laugh at the world, and the world will laugh with you.

You don't have to fool all of the people all of the time. A majority of one is enough.

To every young maiden marriage is a solemn thing; and not to be married still a more solemn thing.

Airplanes "drome" and "zoom," but no word seems to be perfect in its application to an airplane's noise.

Sometimes nothing can beautify the ugly business district of a little town but a big fire.

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For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three decades of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

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