

Uncle Phil Says:

Shame Is on Him
He who stumbles twice over the same stone deserves to break his shins.

Constructive criticism is the kind people don't listen to eagerly. Men who sway the world know what other men's brains are worth in helping them do it.

Environment has much to do with the formation of character, but there were several among the Pilgrim Fathers who were not at all pious.

Is it possible that when men began to wipe the dishes matrimony began to decline?

There Are Two Modes

To be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues are two ways of establishing a reputation.

Presentiments are something you forget completely when nothing happens.

Lies sometimes result from one's being too inquisitive.

Goes for the Autoist, Too

Discreet stops makes speedy journeys.

Some pray for guidance and then do as they please, claiming that that is the guidance they asked for.

GET READY FOR WINTER DRIVING

No section of our population is more dependent upon the automobile as a means of transportation than the residents of the smaller communities and rural districts.

Yet each Fall, many car owners cause themselves a great deal of trouble and expense by neglecting one or all of the simple yet necessary steps to assure proper operation of the car in Winter weather.

A minimum Winter protection program should cover:

1. Complete change to correct grade of lubricants for motor, transmission and differential.
2. Motor tuned up, including adjusting of carburetor, valves, distributor, sparkplugs, generator and all electrical equipment.
3. Drain and flush cooling system. Refill with suitable anti-freeze solution.

Selection of motor oil and greases for Winter driving is particularly important. You must select an oil which will permit easy starting, that will lubricate the motor throughout the entire driving range of speeds and will continue to do so for a reasonable mileage.

For many years Quaker State Winter Oils and Greases have been recognized as the highest quality and most generally satisfactory Winter lubricants on the market.

Through Quaker State's highly developed methods and equipment it is possible to produce a motor oil which will have a satisfying body over the 400-degree range of temperature it will meet. That is, when the motor temperature is way below zero, the oil will still be fluid enough to allow the motor to turn easily and also to flow freely to all the bearings. Yet this same oil has enough body to stand up and to give the motor proper lubrication when the temperature inside the cylinder wall reaches 400° and over.

As with any other product you buy, you get what you pay for. An oil of Quaker State quality is necessarily expensive to make. This does not mean, however, that Quaker State is more expensive to use. Being pure, concentrated lubrication, it stands up longer in service. It gives more miles per quart and at the same time gives the bearing surfaces safer protection.

You will want to step into the car, even when the mercury is hiding in the bulb and press the starter with every expectation that the motor will start off with its usual Summer zest. This sure starting, plus motor protection, is only possible by preparedness.—Adv.

Cconciliation Wins

It is the part of a prudent man to conciliate the minds of others, and to turn them to his own advantage.—Cicero.

HEADACHE

due to constipation

Relieve the cause of the trouble! Take purely vegetable Black-Draught. That's the sensible way to treat any of the disagreeable effects of constipation. The relief men and women get from taking Black-Draught is truly refreshing. Try it! Nothing to upset the stomach—just purely vegetable leaves and roots, finely ground.

BLACK-DRAUGHT
A GOOD LAXATIVE

GUIDE BOOK TO GOOD VALUES

When you plan a trip abroad, you take a guide book, and figure out exactly where you want to go, how long you can stay, and what it will cost you. The advertisements in this paper are really a guide book to good values. If you make a habit of reading them carefully, you can plan your shopping trips and save yourself time, energy and money.

Cattle Kingdom

© Alan Le May

By ALAN LEMAY

WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

The sheriff looked doubtful. "Well, don't suppose an hour or two—" "Thirty hours," Dunn said.

Amos shook his head. "No—I can't do that."

"Amos," said Dunn, "from the first, you've played into the hands of the people that are against the 94. That's your lookout, if you want to do that; I don't figure to make any trouble for you in any way. But I got to have today and tomorrow to put my affairs straight. You give me 30 hours and I give you my word I'll go with you tomorrow night."

"I don't question your word, Dunn," Amos said. "But I doubt if the people of the county will stand for it. They're sure hollering for an arrest."

"It's you that's sheriff," Dunn pointed out. "This is the last thing I'm going to ask of you. But I sure got to have until tomorrow night."

Sheriff Amos studied him, and appeared to consider for a long time. "I want to be fair, Dunn," he said. "Public opinion is awful strong against you—stronger than is reasonable, in a way. This isn't an easy thing for me to do. You know that."

"Tomorrow night," Dunn said stubbornly.

"Tomorrow night, then," the sheriff agreed at last.

CHAPTER XI

Horse Dunn watched the dust of the sheriff's car settle reluctantly upon the dry flats until he was sure Walt Amos was on his way.

"Saddle up," he ordered. "Get a fresh horse, Tulare."

Out at the corrals they roped square - built, hill - running ponies. "Horse," Billy said, "how big a fool is Magoon?"

"Magoon's a queer one, all right. If it weren't for that I'd say he must be clear of the killings, or why ain't he in Mexico by now? But he hasn't got all of his buckles—and that's a break for us. Because we sure need to catch us a witness."

Tulare put in, his mouth full of bread and meat he had grabbed from the kitchen, "Witness, hell! I bet he shotgunned Flagg himself, for the dough he had on him. He probably sold Flagg the horse and saddle in Pahrnagat, then rode along with him, waiting his chance. Then later he downed Cayuse because Cayuse caught up to him. Get it?"

"I can't swaller any set-up that doesn't show the Link Bender crowd at the bottom of it," Horse Dunn said flatly.

He jerked tight his latigo. "Magoon is most likely headed out of the country. But here's what we do: Tulare, you got the fastest horse. You circle to the head of the Tamale Vine, by way of the upper bench, and try to beat Magoon to the Pass." "Billy, you strike northwest into the point country. There's a bare chance that Magoon will skirt along the foothills, picking a pass north of where we're figuring on. Get yourself a good high lookout, and camp there until tomorrow."

"This is as good a try as any," Tulare approved.

"Then let'er buck! And if either of you meet up with Marian, you send her home a-packing. Billy, leave word with Tia Cara where we've gone." He put his horse out of the layout at a sharp jog, Tulare beside him.

Wheeler held back long enough to urge his horse to drink, and get himself a canteen; then he also struck out, northward, along the outer edge of the brush. Two hours before dusk he took his post on a high rocky point far to northward of the 94. He hid his horse, sprawled with his back against a hot rock, and swept the rolling country. Quickly his eye picked out the trails a rider would follow in moving from the Tamale Vine toward the northwest passes. Far out on the dusty flats he could make out dots that were cattle; but in all that vast visible range he could find no mounted man, and nothing moved on the trails he fruitlessly watched.

Dusk came on, cool and clear and utterly still, and after a long time the twilight faded, slowly giving way to the faint light of appearing stars, and Wheeler had sighted no one. An hour before dawn he was watching again, awaiting the first light. But morning showed only the same vast empty range; and three hours after sun-up he knew he must give it up.

He saddled his pony and dropped down from his lookout. One by one he sought out and examined the trails he had picked as the ones Magoon might use. This took time; trails easily visible from his high lookout were many slow miles apart for a rider on the ground. Still he found no sign; and he at last turned toward the 94, disgusted.

It was deep into the afternoon by the time his thirst-fretted pony brought him in, disgusted, to the 94.

Marian came running out to him as he unsaddled.

"In heaven's name," said Wheeler, "where were you yesterday?" "I was out with my horse—what of it? When's Uncle John coming back?"

"He'll be back by tonight; he gave Amos his word. Steve and Tulare sighted Lon Magoon up—"

"Tia Cara told me all that. But look here—where in the world are they hunting for him now? I've ridden all over these hills back here and never saw a sign of them."

"They're probably hunting a little farther than you went."

"Then," she said, "they're hunting too far away! Because I'm sure I saw Lon Magoon—not more than three hours ago."

Much riding and the heat of the day had made Wheeler drowsy, but now he snapped sharply awake.

"What did he look like?"

"A scraggly little man with a rifle in his hands; he was on a good sorrel with a blaze face and one white leg."

"Good lord! Did he see you?" "I don't think so. After he was out of sight I got back here as fast as I could. I was praying some-

sure are going back! What are you talking about?" "I found this trail," she said with an odd, tremulous stubbornness, "and I mean to follow it out."

"Look here, Marian! This man is mixed up somehow with the killing of Bob Flagg. He may even be guilty himself. For all we know, he'll fight like a cornered wolf."

"I'm going on," she said again.

Wheeler saw that the girl was grave, nervous. He said suddenly, "Are you afraid to ride back alone?"

"If you were going back, I would still go up this trail."

"In God's name, Marian, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter with me."

She was pale and quiet, and she sat very still in her saddle; but, strangely, he thought he had never seen her more alive. Suddenly it seemed to him that a great unsuspected strength linked this girl to the desert hills and that behind it perhaps lay fires he had never seen.

The twilight was deepening in the broad reaches of the canyon, and little time was left. Even a work-out horse could get away if the dark closed down. "Take my word for it," he said brusquely, "you're going back—now, right now!"

"Are you ordering me?"

"Call it that."

"I think," she said, "you can't do that."

"You think I can't?"

"What can you do?"

For a moment it seemed to him that there was nothing he could do. In the face of an immediate necessity he found himself helpless. Then it occurred to him that there might, after all, be one way, only one. His mouth and eyes set hard, and he kicked his pony sideways, close to hers.

"You think I can't send you out of this?" he said.

He leaned out of his saddle and with one arm clamped her hard against him. With the other hand he turned her face upward; and he kissed her mouth, certain that she would ride with him no farther.

For a moment she was motionless except that he felt a sharp quiver run through her body, and her lips trembled under his.

Since the first—only—time he had kissed her, two years ago, he had thought that he could never forget the soft warmth of her lips, the fragile resilience of her slim body but now the actuality of the girl in his arms half stunned him, she had been unobtainable as a dream for so long. He thought he swayed in the saddle, and the twilight about them turned suddenly dark and unreal. A strand of her fine hair touched his eyes, lightly as the touch of a breath; he felt the faint pulsation of her breast. He did not know that his arm tightened about her so that he almost broke her in two.

Then her body twisted and she struck spurs to her pony, so that he had to release her to avoid dragging her out of the saddle. His voice shook with the curbed pressure of an emotion he mistook for anger as he said savagely, "Now go on back!"

She sat a little apart from him, and her pony stood head high, very shaky from the sharp unsteadiness of her hand upon the curb. She said, "I suppose that's the bitterest thing that ever happened to me. Can't you ever do anything but hurt and destroy and break up?"

"Will you go back?" he said between his teeth.

"Not I most certainly will not!"

Her voice was repressed, but there was smoky fire in her eyes, and the upward twitch of her eyebrows as she spoke out of her anger was strangely suggestive of Horse Dunn. He looked her in the eyes, and he knew that he could in no way bend her will.

A great sense of fatalism over-

Coconut Palm of Hawaii Yields Food, as Well as Drink, Buttons, Ornaments

Hawaii has a native skyscraper that stands as an excellent example of a self-sufficient economy, notes a writer in the Chicago Daily News. It contains most of the elements—including food, drink, clothing and scenery—that minister to man's physical and aesthetic well-being. The name of the skyscraper is *coccoloba nucifera*. Translated from the scientific this means a coconut palm.

While most of the complexities of modern civilization operate in connection with Hawaii's up-to-date and progressive commercial life, the graceful coconut palm still stands as an interesting contrast to modernity.

In many cases, where tall palms line the walks next to the modern buildings of Honolulu's business district, the two types of skyscrapers stand side by side.

The milk and the meat of the inner nut provide food as well as drink. Hats and other articles of clothing can be fashioned from the tree's leaves. These fronds can also

be woven into thatches for shelters. The outer husk of the coconut and oils derived from it can be used as fuel; and the earliest Hawaiian candle was made by stringing kukui nuts on the rib of a coco frond.

After it has surrendered its beverage and meat, the coconut shell can be highly polished and utilized for making dishes, bowls and other receptacles. Today buttons and small ornaments are carved from this material.

Rope woven from coconut fiber found many uses in the olden days, when island fishermen made many of their nets and lines in this manner.

As an important item of island scenery the graceful, swaying palm has become a regular trade-mark of Hawaii.

For every nimble-footed Hawaiian lad the section rings that circle the palms at regular intervals provide an automatic ladder-type elevator to the top "story" of these island skyscrapers.

Presently, he said in a low voice, "If a gun cracks, go to the ground, and take any cover there is."

They plugged along another mile, while the canyon narrowed. The light was failing fast.

Marian whispered, "Billy!"

He stopped his horse and she came up, stirrup to stirrup. Her eyes were fixed on the high south rim of the gulch. She said almost inaudibly, "There's a rider up there. I saw him cross between those rabbit-ear rocks."

They sat still for a long minute, listening. The gash in the rocks that Marian indicated was no more than a hundred yards away on a high-angle line, and the dusk was very still, but Wheeler could detect no least sound of a walking horse.

"It must have been a trick of the light," Wheeler said.

"Billy, I saw him as plainly as I see you here, now."

He hesitated a moment more, then stepped to the ground.

"Hold my pony."

Billy Wheeler's eyes were sweeping the upper levels as he stepped out of the saddle. In the ragged brush and upthrust ledges above that forgotten, nameless canyon, a thousand horsemen could have been hidden within the quarter mile. His eyes were grim as he passed his reins to the girl.

"Marian, for the last time—won't anything I can say or do make you go back?"

"No!" She smiled, faintly, a little grim stubborn smile. "You can't seem to understand that I—"

A sharp report sounded above, and Marian's pony suddenly folded at the knees. It went down on its side like a great sand bag, and was still before the echoes had died from the rifle in the upper rocks. Wheeler's pony reared, tearing free its head, and bolted down the canyon.

He sprang toward Marian. She had swung herself clear, and was already getting up beside her fallen horse. "Get down—quick, behind the horse!" She hesitated, but he did not. He seized her shoulders, deftly kicked her heels from under her and laid her flat behind her dead pony. "Stay there!"

He pulled his gun and moved five yards to one side, standing up to draw what further fire there might be. A minute passed, two minutes, while he watched for movement on the upper rim; but there was no sound or shot.

The desert hills were as silent and empty as before, except for the dying rattle of hoofs down-canyon from Wheeler's stampeding pony.

Marian's voice came to him. "What in the world happened?"

"Somebody took your pony through the head with a rifle, is all." A crazy red anger was on him. Loose in these hills was a man as dangerous and unaccountable as a wild animal with hydrophobia. For the first time he inclined to Tulare's belief that Magoon was the killer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jiffy Blouse and Skirt Done in Plain Knitting



Here's simplicity itself—a jiffy knit that not only goes fast but is only plain knitting, no purling, throughout. What's more, it's made in two identical pieces (not counting the sleeves), seamed up front and back—no side seams. Make the blouse with long or short sleeves and a plain skirt. Pattern 1568 contains directions for making this blouse and a plain knitted skirt in sizes 16-18 and 38-40 (all given in one pattern); illustrations of blouse and stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 32 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

30 MINUTES AFTER Eating-Drinking ALKALIZE

AFTER A HEAVY MEAL ..



The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your alkaliizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready. Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "over-crowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," over-acid stomach are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own distress—avoid offense to others.



Virtue of Perseverance
Whatever virtue you possess, perseverance in it makes it a double virtue.

How CARDUI Helps Women

Cardui is a purely vegetable medicine, found by many women to ease functional pains of menstruation. It also helps to strengthen women, who have been weakened by poor nourishment; by increasing their appetite and improving their digestion. Many have reported lasting benefit from the wholesome nutritional assistance obtained by taking Cardui. If you have never taken Cardui, get a bottle of Cardui at the nearest drug store, read the directions and try it.

WNU-4 45-37

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. The Doan's Pills, Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS