

Youth Rides West

by Will Irwin

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WNU Service

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beyond. We pulled up beside a freight wagon, and—

The view burst all at once, without preliminary glimpses. I had come out at the top of a cliff, which fell away for a hundred yards below my feet. Across lay the white mother of ranges. It seemed an immeasurable distance away; yet it seemed also to fill a third of the heavens. Far to the right the range which we were traversing curved to meet the divide beyond. In that quarter the whiteness was broken by the composite tints of cliffs and rocky walls too steep for the clinging snow; and over their bases trailed a smoke cloud.

"That's it!" A voice by my side brought my soaring thoughts back to earth. A freighter, his legs bound like puttees with gunny sacks against the cold and snow was pointing; and the less experienced argonauts grouped about him were straining their eyes. I followed the direction of his finger. That cloud, a day's journey away, rose from the fires of the camp, the El Dorado in which some of us were to find our fortune and some to leave our bones. All along the edge of the cliff men and women stood talking in excited exclamations, broken suddenly with a catch of the breath. Buck, having taken one long look, rode back to round up the pack. I shirked and stayed fascinated.

A lone traveler stood, gazing. He was a small man, clad in an enveloping frieze ulster and a battered black hat. He turned on me, as I approached, a bright gray eye. The nose under it was strong at the root, and yet sharp. A long,

thick mustache drooped between spare cheeks shaven only that morning—a detail worthy of comment in those surroundings, where most men wore beards varying in age from four days to thirty years.

"Hello!" he remarked. "Well, what do you think of our West?" At which I bristled within. I had been nearly a year in the man's country; I had just brought a jack train, alive and in good order, up Ludlow's pass; I wondered how much longer I was to suffer the reproach of tender feet. But I managed to answer with what good nature I could summon: "Considerable country."

He laughed pleasantly. "College-bred, too, I'm betting!" he commented. Somehow his friendly manner seemed to strip the offense from his dreadful insinuation.

"How did you penetrate behind my mask of ignorance and vulgarity?" I asked, falling into the spirit of the occasion.

"It's my business," said the stranger, "piercing and penetrating the masks and disguises of the human soul."

"Sounds to me like gambling," said I, matching his impudence with impudence of my own. "What's your line? Three-card monte or the little pea under the little shell?"

"I almost hate to tell you," said the stranger, "lest you shrink from me. It's the greatest gamble of all. And the most squalid and soul-destroying. That peaceful village yonder—" and he waved his hand to the smoke stain amid the whiteness to the north—"has hitherto proceeded on its simple, rustic way, hiding and concealing from prying eyes its microscopic peccadilloes such as murder, highway robbery, brace fero boxes and claim jumping. I came to destroy the golden age. In you lumbering wain repose the sinister tools of my craft—two fonts of nonpareil and seven boxes of assorted job type. Casting your eyes farther to the eastward, you perceive an individual bearing all the marks and characteristics of a tramp printer, temporarily sober. He's conveying a second-hand flat-bed press, warranted not to register in any climate. What you behold, young but sapient sir, is the embryo of that great light-bearer, the Cottonwood Courier."

As suddenly as he began it he dropped our old western game of chaff and rhetoric, laid out his hand. "My name's Marcus Handy," he said. "I've pulled up my newspaper by the roots from Quaker Creek, which is played out as a camp, and I'm looking in Cottonwood—if I get there!"

I introduced myself.

"You're mining, I suppose?" asked Marcus Handy, this ceremony over. "Didn't know," he added.



I Turned in My Saddle Toward That Distant, Gray Mist Which Was Cottonwood Camp.

fastly, "but you were starting some kind of a business, and might want to advertise. I've picked up a few ads along our primrose-dotted wayside."

As we talked we had turned our backs to a shrill, new wind blowing up from the immense depths below, and were facing the picturesque confusion at the summit of the pass. The crowd was growing—none so unimaginative as to grudge ten minutes for a look at the Valley of Fortune. But the earlier arrivals were now reining back, giving the last trim to loads or packs, and disappearing downward around a shoulder of rock. And as they passed from view Marcus Handy, who had been busily gathering items for his first number, described them all with a short phrase or two. It seemed to me that he knew our impermanent caravan as one knows the town where he has dwelt all his life.

Now outfits which had passed even before we reached the stage station had attained the summit. Always the passengers dismounted and labored forward for a view of the promised land.

I knew that he had arranged the pack to his own minute satisfaction, and that the final dash to Cottonwood had begun. Springing time only to wolf two sandwiches of camp bread and frizzled bacon, we rounded the rock. Below us the road zigzagged with many a hair-pin turn down the mountain side.

As we rounded the shoulder of the rock the view burst on us again. I turned in my saddle toward that distant, gray mist which was Cottonwood camp. And my imagination flashed a picture of the town. Kidnulously at variance with Cottonwood as it was, it long persisted, even after I saw the reality. In the foreground, regarding the sights of that rough mining camp with superior but understanding eyes, walked—Mrs. Dean, the lady of the holdup episode. Then, my mind shifting from imagination to speculation, I wondered what she really was doing. She had joined a husband, waiting for her in Cottonwood, doubtless.

Did she know that I had just lived through the pure, magnificent experience of that view across the valley, as she must have lived through it two days before? Did she know that I had safely passed the summit and was coming down the long path of adventure? I suddenly pulled myself up, cursed myself for a sentimental, egotistical young fool, and slapped to action a lagging burro.

(To be continued.)

His Own Fault.

A yardmaster was interviewing applicants for the post of drivers of a motorbus, and among the volunteers was an Irishman.

"Can you drive a car?" asked the yardmaster.

"Can Oi drive a car?" repeated the Irishman scornfully.

"Well, run the bus into the shed."

Pat climbed on the trembling vehicle. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever, and pulled it for all he was worth. Zip, he went into the shed. Pat saw trouble ahead and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever. Out she went—in again—out again. The yard master yelled:

"I thought you said you could run a motor car!" But Pat had an answer ready.

"Oi had it in three times. Why didn't you shut the door?"

Loose Leaf Books. Sentinel Alphabetical Guides. Sentinel.



"Where does all the money go?"

YOUNG Mrs. Henshaw was almost in tears. She had been telling Mrs. Blair something about her failure to "get a few dollars ahead."

"Where does all the money go?" she asked hopelessly.

"Do you really want me to tell you, dear?" Mrs. Blair replied, in the kindly voice of mature experience.

"Like so many other young people," she continued, "you and Jack are 'always broke'—as you say—because you have no systematic, intelligent buying plan. You need to adopt a budget! You should study your problem—know exactly what you must have each week and buy accordingly."

"There comes the big test! Do you know how to buy—what to buy, and when, and where? You simply must learn, and the best way in the world is to study the advertisements in your newspaper. Read the ads carefully; apply their suggestions to your own needs, and you will save money! I know, because for many years I have done so."

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C.J. Breier Co
IN THE WEST

NOW FOR A SMASHING FINISH To Breier's Great Pre-4th Selling Event

Breier's Great Pre-4th Selling Campaign has so far been the greatest event ever seen in the Northwest. Now for the rest of the week we are quoting still more sensational values, just to give Breier's customers additional proof of the great savings Breier stores offer. Fit yourself out for the 4th now, at these prices!

56 STORES
C.J. Breier Co
IN THE WEST



Men's Suits

At big values that we can all afford. New just for the Fourth of July.

If you have only \$11.45 you can have a regular \$15.50 suit at the big value of.....\$11.45

One lot of suits at big values.....\$17.25

One lot of suits at big values.....\$22.00

One lot of boys' suits with long trousers and one pair of nickers, from.....\$11.50 to \$13.50

SHOES

Big values in our shoe department. Every pair of shoes you buy you will be convinced that you have saved money.

One lot of big \$6 values now.....\$4.69

One lot good values.....\$3.85

One lot at big saving.....\$2.45

One lot at bargain for.....\$1.95



Traveling Bags

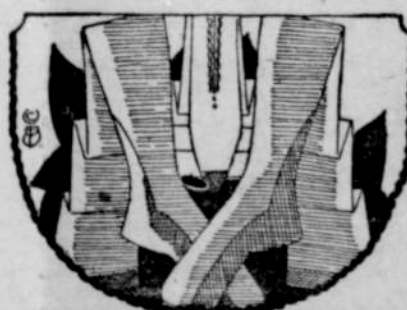
Seeing that you are going to take that trip for the Fourth you will need a new traveling bag. Our big values from.....\$7.50 to \$18.00

Hosiery

A big value in our hosiery department.

\$1.25 values this week for \$1.00

Ladies' silk hose—full-fashion chiffon hose that you pay \$2.50 elsewhere, our price.....\$1.95



STRAW HATS

A big value in straw hats that you will pay a lot more for elsewhere.

Up-to-date dress hats of big values.....\$1.25 to \$3.25



Dress Goods

A big value in our dress goods department. Voiles 50c values, at, yard.....35c

Tissue gingham, in stripes and plaids, 50c value at, yard.....35c

A big value in rayon silk dress goods at a saving.....60c to 95c

Silk dress patterns, a big value three yards in a pattern, no two alike and a big saving from.....\$5.25 to \$7.35



Smart Beautiful Dresses

Fresh from New York at unheard-of prices that will suit you and you will be satisfied when you can buy a \$25 value dress for

\$13

A large assortment of house dresses and aprons are big values from.....79c to \$5.50



SHOES

One lot of shoes at big values, now only.....\$1.95

One lot of slippers \$4.50 values, get a pair for the Fourth of July for.....\$2.95

One lot of children's two-strap, regular value \$1.25, now.....79c



Men's Dress Shirts

A big value in men's dress shirts. Get one of them and be dolled up for the Fourth of July.

Shirts from.....\$1.25 to \$2.25

Get two pairs of our 65c men's silk hose for.....\$1.00



"IT ALWAYS PAYS TO BUY AT BREIER'S"