

CALL of the WEST

By R. G. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER VII
DONA spent a restless first night at the Three Rivers. She sat up waiting for her father until midnight but he did not return. Old Asper was back at the element again. He had reverted to the fighting lumberjack who had been the fear and dread of the country.

In the morning Dudley was up early and had made a round of the timber camp before Dona came from her room. She found him in Swergin's office, which Asper had made his headquarters. Dona was sitting on her father's desk, drumming her heels against the oak boards when Asper entered. She crossed swiftly to her side.

"Dad!" she began reproachfully. "Asper dotted his wide black hat and there was a guilty look on his face as he raised his cheek for her to kiss. She looked tired but there was a tight line of determination at the corners of her red lips.

"Now D," he began gruffly. "You make up your mind to pack and head back right after breakfast. This is the business."

Dona smiled in spite of her determined manner. "You'd think I was a butterfly in the woods and on the range, but you're wrong. You know your girl was once on the place."

"I know, but you're a young woman now, refined with schooling," Asper said to say the thing he was thinking—that Dona was a beautiful girl who had burst into womanhood with the coming of her nineteenth summer and that she was no longer safe in the surroundings, especially with the man he hated hiding on the slopes of Billy Mountain, less than a six-hour ride from camp.

"You think your bad man might get me?" Dona pulled his chin up and settled herself on her father's lap. "If he could get his hands on you he would have me lashed, that's so."

"Well, if you stay, I stay. That is settled," Dona looked unsmilingly at his eyes.

"Think I'm getting too old to have a young skunk like Dad?" Asper's lips clamped tight over his teeth and his words rumbled from between his lips. "You and Dudley are starting back at once."

"Dona slid to the floor and faced her father. "I am staying here and I have a promise of a saddle carbine. I intend to join this hunt and do a little hunting myself."

"Asper got to his feet and towered over her. There was fire in his eyes. "If you'll take a hull slob and hang on good, you're going home!"

In time his mouth was open and his hands fairly shook the light walls of the office.

"No use boasting Dad, I'm staying," Dona's little chin was up and her eyes were dark.

Dudley stepped forward with a grin. "We've all these shooting books in a house." He stroked back his mustache as he spoke.

Asper Devo swung around heavily and his dead eyes tilted sideways. "Young man, you are going back. That is my word. If one of the horses did not kill you some one 'd, he shoot you by mistake." The old lumberjack's eyes glared over Dudley Winter's shoulder, and purchased that morning at the company store.

Dudley flushed but held his ground. "Dad, I came up here to see that you're up to this wild extreme and secured your daughter. Why in the devil does a big business man like you want to go pat hunting for a cowboy?"

"Before his mouth had closed Dudley knew he had said the wrong thing. Asper's jagged jaw thrust out and his black eyes flashed. "Get out of camp!" he bellowed.

Dudley was but he lighted the blow. "I am leaving your office but I'm not leaving camp." He shot the words out sharply. "I'm staying to take care of Dona."

"My daughter will be house bright," Asper yelled. The words rang themselves against the closed door. Dudley was outside.

"Now I'll have to detail a team to haul that young pup," Asper grunted. He towered over Dona. "Young woman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

are you going to obey me?" There was a glint of pride in his eyes. "You are staying, so I'll stay too. You happen to be all the family I have," Dona replied simply.

The Best of the Nation's Humanest and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

"You will not obey the command of Barkoff, but I feex--!"

THE INSOLENCE OF THAT OLD FOOL, PETE PINCHER, TALKING TO ME AS HE DID YESTERDAY. I'LL GET HIS JOB FOR THAT—BUT I MUST BE CAREFUL—AFTER THE HYSTERIA, FOLLOWING THE RESCUE OF HIS CRIPPLED BRAT BY THAT RED-HEADED IMP.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT IS A DANGEROUS THING TO FOOL WITH—BUT THE PUBLIC SOON FORGETS—I CAN TAKE MY TIME—HMM—HMM—I HAVE IT—I'LL GET AT THAT KID THROUGH THE FUTILES—

I'LL FORECLOSE AND EVICT 'EM—I'D DO IT AT ONCE, ONLY I DON'T WANT THAT HOUSE STANDING IDLE—I'LL FIND A TENANT FIRST—HAH! THAT WILL FIX 'EM, I GUESS—

THEN THEY CAN ALL GO TO THE COUNTY FARM—I'LL TEACH FOLKS IN THIS TOWN TO DO AS I TELL 'EM—FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN DOLLARS, INCLUDING INTEREST—AND I'LL MAKE THE CONSTABLE SERVE THE PAPERS, TOO—

By HAROLD GRAY

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

IN THE CENTER OF THE NATIVE VILLAGE, BOOTS NOTICED A HOUSE, SUPPORTED BY POLES, FAR UP OFF OF THE GROUND! SHE SURMISED THAT IT WAS THE CHIEF'S DWELLING

BRINGING UP FATHER

FOUR MEN TO SEE MR. JIGGS— SHOW THEM IN AND TELL THEM TO WAIT—I'LL TELL MR. JIGGS THEY ARE HERE— DON'T RUSH RIGHT DOWN—YOU MUST IMPRESS THEM YOU ARE AN IMPORTANT PERSON—THEY ARE PROBABLY IMPORTANT POLITICIANS— I WISH YOU'D ALWAYS FIND OUT WHO IT IS WHO WANTS TO SEE ME—

TRIMBLE

THEY NEVER COME BACK FOR MORE AFTER I WRAP 'EM AROUND A MAST— I'LL STAND HIM ON HIS FEET AND WATCH HIS LIFELESS BODY SAG TO THE FLOOR LIKE A RAG— YA MUS THINK I YAMA INFINK— GET UP!! LET'S SEE IF YA GOT ANYTHING— WELL—I'LL BE @*#!

THE COUNCIL

HE WAS RIGHT! AND SHE WOULD BE MORE INTERESTED STILL, IF SHE KNEW OF THE POW WOW, TAKING PLACE THERE AT THIS VERY MINUTE BETWEEN THE CHIEF AND THE WISE MEN OF THE VILLAGE, CONCERNING THE WHITE STRANGER.

OUT OUR WAY

COME ON, TOBIE! I'LL LET YOU OUT, OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE COAXING FOR. IT'S JUST MY TOUGH LUCK TO HAVE NOTHING BUT A PIECE OF CROCHET WORK TO HIDE BEHIND WHEN THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE DONE AROUND HERE.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

I DON'T KNOW JUST HOW TO FIGURE THAT FELLOW HOOPLE, DOC! HE SEEMS LIKE SUCH A BLUFF AND FOURFLUSH—BUT THEN, HE'S A WISE OLD CODGER! THERE ISN'T A THING HE DOESN'T KNOW—AT LEAST HE GIVES THAT IMPRESSION— WELL, HE KNOWS HOW TO PLAY POKER—HE TOOK DOWN BUNNY, ERIC, AND THE JUDGE FOR ELEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS! THEY SAID HE COULD DO MORE WITH CARDS THAN THURSTON! GOMF-DRAT IT! EGAD, I'LL NEVER BE A GOLFER, VAN! YOU SEE, PLAYING POLO IN INDIA SO LONG HAS CRAMPED MY STYLE! MAYBE YOU'D DO BETTER ON A HORSE! THE MAJOR ALWAYS HAS BEEN AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY—

By LYMAN YOUNG

REWARD FOR STAN BELL DEAD OR ALIVE \$500.00
The notice was signed, "Gunter Swergin, Deputy Sheriff." There was no picture of the desperado and no description. Dona looked at the several minutes before it. Some strange fascination held her. Finally she turned and swung down the street toward the corral.

By MARTIN

NO WOMAN COULD RIDE THAT BELLOWS, MA'AM, he protested. Dona smiled at him. "Your rope please." When he did not hand it to her she bent low and caught it out of his astonished hands. Before he could stop her she was whirling it and advancing upon the man.

By GEORGE McMANUS

THEY'RE GONE—SO IS EVERYTHING IN THE PARLOR—THEY EVEN TOOK THE PIANO—I'M GITTIN' TIRED OF POLITICS— I THINK I'M GOING TO PAINT—

By E. C. Segar

NOW SHOWING—"THE LAST WRAP" TOMORROW—"HIS 'BOOM' COMPANION"

By WILLIAMS

BLINDERS

By AHERN

HOUSE FLIES CANNOT BITE

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

THE ELECTRIC EEL IS NOT AN EEL, BUT A FISH... AND IT IS FOUR-FIFTHS TAIL.
MINNEAPOLIS
AT A TIME WHEN WHITE PINE LUMBERING WAS AT ITS HEIGHT, MADE IT A POINT TO COVER UP ITS SIDEWALKS AT A CERTAIN TIME EVERY YEAR. SIDEWALKS WERE MADE OF WOOD IN THOSE DAYS, AND IN ORDER TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE CALLED BOOTS OF THE LUMBERJACKS, THE WALKS WERE COVERED WITH THICK PLANKS JUST BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE LOGGING OUTFITS.
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