

CALL of the WEST

R. G. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER XX

Donna sat with her father for an hour. He was plainly agitated by the report but making an effort to conceal his feelings. She kept on thinking of the fact that she had promised to take that ride with Swerlin and his men. She thought of Ball and how she had kept him from riding at her heart whenever she let him. She thought of the fact that she had promised to take that ride with Swerlin and his men. She thought of Ball and how she had kept him from riding at her heart whenever she let him. She thought of the fact that she had promised to take that ride with Swerlin and his men. She thought of Ball and how she had kept him from riding at her heart whenever she let him.

Donna pulled up her horse sharply and a vexed pout came to her lips. "Oh, I forgot my camera! I wonder if you'd ride back and ask Malloy for it?"

"The doctor grinned widely. "Sure, Miss." He turned his horse around, by jerking on one rein, and trotted back up the slope.

Donna watched until he was almost at the corral. Then she touched the roan with her spurs and galloped around the hill. As soon as she was out of sight she doubled back and headed for the timbered slopes of Folly Mountain. A smile parted her soft lips as she thought of her bodyguard searching miles down the canyon for her. Several minutes later she saw him galloping down the slope in mad haste. He disappeared in the canyon and Donna headed the roan for the place where the Blind River trail cut across the ridge.

Dudley was completely forgotten. At first she had been angry with him for not returning and eager to teach him a lesson. Now as she moved up the steep trail she forgot everything except the beauty of the scene.

Her plans were vague, but as she pushed on they began to take shape. She had to admit that the scheme was a wild one and not likely to bear fruit. Still it might work out. At any rate, it would teach Dudley a lesson.

An hour's climb brought her to the saddle in the ridge. True to cow country trails, the Blind River trail wound across the mountain at the lowest point on the watershed. At her back lay the cuttings of the Delo Timber company, while below her and ahead lay a great forest of virgin timber. Donna halted and gazed down over the dark green of the spruce and pine.

Those giant trees were responsible for the trouble in which she found herself. For them the timber cutters had invaded the ancient range of the cow men. Slopes had been denuded and left to erode. Donna realized as she sat there just what cutting meant to these men who had lived in the open and had known the forests all their lives. Then she remembered the ruthless manner in which the chosen scout of those cow men was acting and her lips tightened.

"They think they can run us out," she whispered to the roan. "But it takes more than one long gunman to do that. I'll see that Dad cuts over this slope if I have to order it done myself!"

With a touch of her spurs she headed down into the timber. She would ride to the Blind River headquarters and ask for Stanley Black. If she found him she would try to enlist his aid. She did not allow any other reason for wanting to see him to enter her thoughts. Stanley Black had helped her once and he would likely do it again, she told herself.

Something seemed to tell her that she would find her cowboy, but she did not dream for a moment under what circumstances it would be, or how soon.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

So, It's to Be War, Eh?

By HAROLD GRAY

The Best of the Nation's Human-est' and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

GEE, I SURE LIKE MISS SWEET-SHE'S THE NICEST TEACHER WE EVER HAD-

UH-HUH- BUT I HATE OLD MR. BITTER- MY DAD SAYS THE ONLY REASON HE'S PRINCIPAL IS BECAUSE HE STANDS IN WITH OLD PINCHPENNY-

AH-HA!!! WHISPERING AGAIN- AFTER ALL MY WARNINGS- YOU'RE THE GUILTY ONE- DON'T LIE TO ME- LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU-

HONEST, MR. BITTER, I WASN'T WHISPERIN'- OUCH!

REALLY, MR. BITTER, I AM QUITE SURE IT WAS NOT ANNIE YOU HEARD WHISPERING-

WHEN I NEED YOUR ADVICE, MISS SWEET, I SHALL ASK FOR IT- UNTIL THEN, KINDLY REMEMBER I AM PRINCIPAL HERE-

HE'S JUST MADE UP HIS MIND TO BE AS MEAN AS POSSIBLE TO ME- ALL RIGHT- IF HE WANTS TROUBLE FROM ME, HE'LL GET TROUBLE- HE STARTED IT-

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

STEP ASIDE, NAMBIE!

NO-NO MASSAH ROY- YOU SHALL NOT HARM HEEM!!

I FEEX- I KEEL HEEM-

NO-NO DO NOT THROW ZEE KNIFE!!

DROP IT!!

I FEEX- CRACK

FATHER! YOU SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE--!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Swell!

By MARTIN

WHAT IS IT, BOOTS? WHERE??

LOOK -- OH, IT CAN'T BE TRUE -- OH, JIMMY, IT IS

YEP! IT'S THEM ALL RIGHT! THEY DID GET MY MESSAGE! WHOOPEEEE

QUICK! SET THE PLANE ON FIRE

SURE ENOUGH--IT'S JIM--LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IS WITH HIM--WHY--!!!! BY GOSH --FULL SPEED AHEAD

AYE, SIR

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

WELL YES-I'LL VOTE FOR YOU- MR JIGGS-I HAD INTENDED TO BEFORE YOU SPOKE TO ME ABOUT IT-

THAT'S FINE-BUT I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOUR WIFE TO VOTE FER ME-KIN YOU FIX IT?

WELL-I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO. SHE HASN'T SAID WHICH WAY SHE INTENDS TO VOTE-

WELL-YOU TALK TO HER- AN' PHONE ME AS I'M ANXIOUS TO KNOW-

WELL-THAT'S TWO MORE VOTES-I'M GITTIN' TO BE A REAL VOTE-GITTER-

WHAT? YOUR WIFE SAYS SHE WON'T EVEN LET YOU VOTE FER ME?

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING--"THE SPRINKLING SYSTEM."

TOMORROW--"SUNKEN TREASURE."

By E. C. Segar

HOLDER AS SHE GOES, KING-I SWEARS I SEEN THE TOPS OF OL BUILDIN'S STICKIN' OUT OF THE OCEAN

ALL HAN'S- ON DECK! AHoy!! BUILDIN'S DEAD AHEAD!

DROP THE WHEEL, KING, AN' HELP SNUGGLE THEM SHEETS! WE'RE STOPPIN HERE- CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON GETTIN' CLOSTER, THEY'S A REEF A HUNNED YARDS STABOARD

OSCAR-GO FORD AN' WET THE ANCHOR- WE'RE STOPPIN HERE

I'LL BE -- WELL I'LL BE -- WHAT IN THE BLASTED COOK *AH ARE YA DOIN' OSCAR?

IS THIS WET ENOUGH, SIR?

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

A HORSE'S TEETH ARE NOT FINISHED AND COMPLETE UNTIL THE ANIMAL IS 8 YEARS OLD.

TAILLESS COMETS FAR OUTNUMBER THE FAMILIAR TAILED VARIETY.

"MAGIC FOUNTAINS" THAT TURN ON AT THE SOUND OF A HUMAN VOICE, ARE NOW IN USE IN SEVERAL LARGE CITIES. A PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL DOES THE TRICK.

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

WELL, MOTHER, I GOT A JOB FOR BUD.

TH' BULL O' TH' WOODS SAID FOR HIM TO START IN THE MORNING.

GOOD! GOO OOD!

CLYDE WAS TELLING ME THAT YOU ARE TOTING AROUND A LOAD OF IMPORTANT MONEY-- SAID IT WAS AS BIG AS A JELLY ROLL! YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON US, SQUIRE!-- USUALLY YOU'D BE GOING AROUND WITH TH' BIG HORN, TO LET TH' WHOLE WORLD KNOW IT,--WHY TH' SECRECY?

SECRECY?--WHY, M'LAD, I AH--UM--ER--THAT MONEY IS THE CAMPAIGN FUND OF MY POLITICAL CLUB--YES!

HM-M-AFTER THAT EXPERIENCE OF THE MONEY TROLLING OUT OF MY POCKET, WHEN I WAS NAPPING, I HAVE HID IT-- AND, BY JOVE, THE WHOLE SECRET SERVICE COULDN'T FIND IT!

MAYBE HE HID IT TOO WELL