

CALL of the WEST

By R. G. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER XII

THE cow town of Radiant is known to the struggling riders who come down out of the hills as the "jumping-off place."

It is a short half day's ride from the Mexican border and it is close to the rough country on the north and reaches the edge of the burning desert on the right. In Radiant no one asks questions of strangers, and the test of each resident is a closed book. The test of a man is his ability to ride and rope.

Stan Ball leaned against a plank and watched a half dozen Mexicans playing poker with a deck of greasy cards. He was restless and would rather have been riding in the hills for one of the many big outfits near town, but he had not been able to get a job.

He had wandered from one cow town to another. Now he had only a few silver dollars left and he would have to find a job.

Stan half turned upon one elbow as the swinging doors of the pool room creaked open. Few men of interest came into a place like this in the daytime, but Stan had reason to look every man over carefully. The man who entered was lank and leathery, a cow hand beyond doubt. He was covered with dust and plainly thirsty. He slapped a dollar on the bar and called for a glass of something cold.

The sound of his voice made Stan jump. With one great stride he was at the stranger's side and had slapped him on the back.

"How are you, Malloy?" Stan grasped his friend's hand.

"Hot, dried up and mad," Malloy grinned as he recognized Stan. "But darn glad to see you."

"Want brings you down here?" Stan asked.

"We'll find a corner and I'll tell you why I dragged over all these miles of half-baked grass land." He led Stan to a table across the room.

Stan was eager to ask questions but held his silence and allowed his friend to take his own time.

"I just came down from Three Rivers," Malloy's mouth hardened. "There's a job up there for you." He looked Stan squarely in the eye.

Stan shook his head. "I'll never go back to Folly Mountain."

"No?" There was a glint in Malloy's eyes.

Stan looked toward the swinging doors and his face saddened but he continued to shake his head.

"Then I reckon I'll have to shoot a man for you," Malloy spoke slowly.

"You came all the way down here to find me?" Stan demanded.

Malloy nodded. "And I'd have been on the trail for a month if I hadn't been tricked in here by accident."

Stan hesitated a minute, then asked: "What's up?"

"Svergin is raising the devil. Swears you are back." Malloy leaned an elbow on the table. "The shooting is still going on up there."

Stan's lean jaw shut with a snap. "And I got the blame," he demanded. Malloy nodded. "Old Asper is a crook or a fool."

Stan shook his head. "I can't go back," he said slowly.

"You promised the girl?" Malloy's eyes were sympathetic.

Stan smiled miserably and spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "If I don't get this thing, I'll be around here for a while and then hunt up a bed."

They shook hands silently and parted. Stan hurried out to the town corral and whistled to the black mare. She came running to him and he saddled her rapidly.

"We got a job, lady," he whispered to the mare. "We're going back to God's country," he added as he tightened the cinch.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Just A Guess

By HAROLD GRAY

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

PINCHPENNY SURE BACKED DOWN TO YOU LAST WEEK- YOU MADE HIM TALK MIGHTY SURE- WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU GOT ON HIM?

NOT A THING, ANNIE- I WAS ONLY BLUFFING-

OF COURSE I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS, AND HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE LEADS ME TO BELIEVE MY GUESS MAY BE PRETTY CLOSE- JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES, ANNIE. HERE IS HOW I HAVE IT FIGURED OUT-

LITTLE AUGUSTUS PINCHER, THE CONSTABLE'S SON, WASN'T ALWAYS A CRIPPLE- SEVERAL YEARS AGO HE WAS STRUCK BY A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER- NO ONE, TO THIS DAY, HAS EVER FOUND OUT WHO HIT HIM- SOME TOURIST, EVERYONE SAYS-

BUT, RIGHT AFTER THAT, PINCHPENNY QUIT DRIVING AN AUTOMOBILE- AND HE GOT PETE PINCHER THE JOB OF CONSTABLE- THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TO KEEP FOLKS FROM SUSPECTING HIM- IT'S ALL A GUESS, OF COURSE-

GEE-

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

YOU THINK PANTHER FIGHT MOBO BECAUSE HE THINK MOBO HURT TIM-TIM?

SURE- I PANNY DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS THE THORN YOU PULLED OUT OF MY FOOT THAT MADE ME CRY OUT IN PAIN!

HAD NABBI, THE EVIL-WITCH, DOCTOR OF THE WABAMI TRIBE, NOT BEEN OVERTAKEN BY HER FATHER, BARKOFF, PLANS TO RESCUE TIM WOULD DOUBTLESS HAVE SUCCEEDED

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Pete Will Never Know!

By MARTIN

JOSE, I WANT THIS LETTER MAILED RIGHT AWAY! SCRAM

SI, SENOR

HMMM! BOSS PETE WRITE WHITE SENORITA BACK HOME

SHE SAY SHE MARRY HIM AND LIVE HERE! NO! JOSE KNOW BETTER

SHE MARRY AND TAKE HIM AWAY! JOSE! NO SEE HIM AGAIN! EVERYONE HERE LOVE BOSS PETE! HE STAY WITH US

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

BY GOLLY, THE RADIO IS OUT OF ORDER. SOME-ONE DUGAN WHY DON'T SOME-ONE COME AN' TELL ME HOW THE ELECTION IS GOIN' - THE VOTES MUST BE ALL IN BY NOW-

WELL-HERE IS THE FINAL- MISS LOTTA VOTES ONLY GOT TWO THOUSAND VOTES-

I KNEW SHE WOULDN'T GIT VERY MANY-

YOU GOT TEN THOUSAND MORE VOTES THAN SHE DID- TO BE EXACT- YOU GOT TWELVE THOUSAND- TWO HUNDRED AN' - -

I KNEW I'D GIT ELECTED EASILY-

HUH! YOU WUZNT ELECTED- YOU FORGOT THAT THE FORMER MAYOR WUZ RUNNIN'- HE'S BEEN RE-ELECTED BY FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND VOTES-

O-U!

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING-"A FLIGHTY BIRD"

TOMORROW-"SINKING SHIP"

By E. C. Segar

THIS IS A BAD STORM, KING I AIN'T SEEN A MUCH WORSE ONE

BETTER RELIEVE JONES AT THE WHEEL

ISN'T THIS FUN?!

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST- WHAT'LL WE DO? WE HAVE NO CHILDREN

YOU'D PASS AS A INFINK IN MENTALITY

SAY, THE BLACK PARROT FLEW AWAY- YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING WHEN BLACK PARROTS LEAVE A SHIP SHE'S DONE!

POPEYE, LET ME HELM THE SHIP WHILE- WE'RE GOING TO SINK, ANYWAY

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

HIS LOOKS LIKE A DIRTY TRICK, BUT IT HAINT- I GOT TO GET A HAR CUT THIS TIME. KEEP 'ER BEHIND TH' BUSHES FOR A LONG WAY YIT, BOYS, AFORE WE START 'ER- YUH KIN HEAR THIS THING START FOUR MILES OFF.

I DON'T KEER IF THEY HEAR 'ER START, JEST SO I CANT HEAR 'EM RUSH OUT AN' HOLLER.

THEY GIT THINGS FER ME WHEN THEY GO TO TOWN, BUT THEY CANT GIT ME A HAIR CUT, 'ER HAVE A GOOD TIME FER ME- RIGHT NOW IM SCARFT SOMEBODY'LL POP OUT FROM BEHIND A BUSH AN' YELL, "OH, GOIN TO TOWN? WELL, DO YOU MIND GITTIN A PACKAGE O' HAIR PINS, SOME WRITIN PAPER AN' A- UH- WELL, ANYWAY, I'D COME HOME WITH NO HAIR CUT AGIN.

THE BOYS WERE TELLING ME THAT YOU ARE ON THE VERGE OF INVESTING YOUR MONEY WITH SOME FELLOW, WHO THEY THINK IS SCHEMING TO PLUCK YOU TO THE PINFEATHERS! BETTER TURN YOUR MONEY OVER TO ME FOR SAFETY, BEFORE SOMEBODY TRIES TO SELL YOU THE NORTHERN LIGHTS FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES!

MY WORD-IT APPEARS THAT EVERYBODY IN THIS HOUSE FEELS THAT I AM A BIT INCOMPETENT TO HANDLE MY OWN FINANCES! EGAD! IT WILL BE ANOTHER TUNE, WHEN I SAUNTER AROUND HERE WITH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!

PRIVATE BUSINESS.

Go to it, MAJOR.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

THE NAME HALLOWEEN COMES FROM THE OLD ENGLISH WORD HALVE, MEANING HOLY... THUS HOLY EVENING, THE FESTIVAL WAS CELEBRATED BY THE ROMANS, IN HONOR OF POMONA, THE GODDESS OF FRUIT TREES. LATER ON, IN BRITAIN, THE DRUIDS CELEBRATED IT IN THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST. STILL LATER, IT WAS HELD IN COMMEMORATION OF THE SAINTS AND MARTYRS.

THE TEMPERATURE ON THE MOON GOES DOWN AS LOW AS 400 DEGREES BELOW ZERO!

A MOTHER BAT CAN CARRY HER YOUNG ABOUT, EVEN AFTER THEIR COMBINED WEIGHT EQUALS MORE THAN HER OWN.

flavor tells WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE