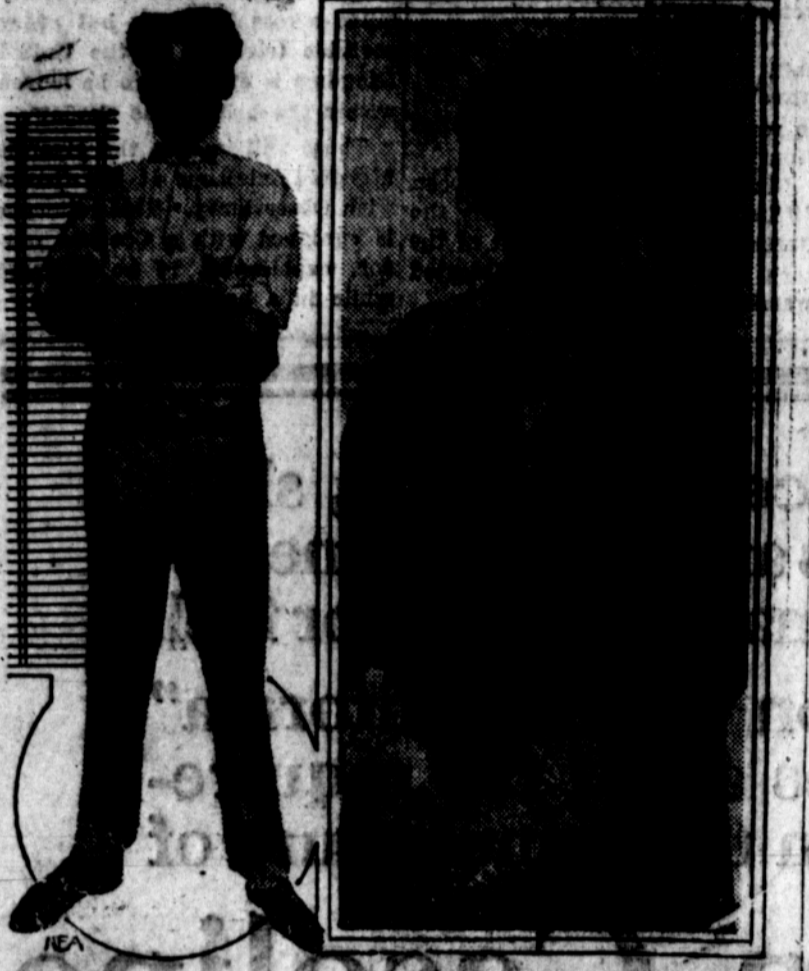


# She's A Real Two-Gun Sheriff

## Woman Captures the South's Most Fabled Killer and Saves His Life by Threats



By NHA Service  
**TEXAS**, Ark. — There were dark, sinister shadows, surcharged with hints of unseen terror, filling the formless shadows of the Red river bottoms. The night was very dark, and a cool breeze rippled the water and made the hidden leaves whisper in eerie fashion. Trees and bushes and hillocks were blurred into fantastic shapes in the dusk. It was a night when fear and terror lay over the lowlands like an impalpable, chilling mist.

Down in the depths of his lonely waste the killer was in hiding. Even for the frontier he was "bad." He had killed six men and wounded three more in a year's time. He had escaped from jail after being captured. A price of \$2500, "dead or alive," was on his head. He was well armed.

Through the dimly lighted glades leading to the river bottoms came a woman. She was placid, almost motherly, in her manner. She looked as though she might be a good-natured, sheltered school teacher, or a calm housewife. But around her waist she wore a six shooter.

**A Woman Sheriff**  
 She was Mrs. Lillie Barber, sheriff of Miller county, leading a posse to the lair of Keenle Wagner, most notorious and desperate bad man of the south.

Last year she was in very fact the quiet housewife that she now appeared. Her husband was sheriff; she stayed at home. Then, one day, her husband was shot to death by bootleggers. And

Gov. Ferral of Arkansas appointed her to fill his unexpired term. The job had been easy. Mrs. Barber had not had to draw her knife. She found being sheriff no more exciting or dangerous than keeping house.

Until the other night, word came that shooting had broken out on the Williams plantation, down the river. Two brothers, Will and Sam Carper, were dead, and a third brother, Bob Carper, lay dangerously wounded. And Keenle Wagner, the notorious "Texas Slim," who had shot them had fled to Red River in the darkness of the night.

"Better not go down there," they told Mrs. Barber. "This Texas is a bad guy. He shoots over his shoulder, and he never misses what he shoots at."

She shrugged her shoulders and laid aside her saying. "I wouldn't send my deputies anywhere I wouldn't go myself," she said. "I've only got a few more months in office, but while I am here I'll do my duty."

So she organized her posse and led them down into the shadow-haunted river bottoms. Bloodhounds picked up the trail of "Texas Slim"; picked it up, lost it, found it anew. The deputies spread out, fan-wise, with their hands on the butts of their guns. Behind any bush or clump of trees, grotesque in the dark, "Texas Slim," who never missed what he shot at, might be waiting.

And at their head walked Mrs. Barber, calm and serene.

All night they beat through the tangled undergrowth, toiled up and down hills and forded muddy creeks, struggled through timber lands. Then the darkness began to give way to a pale light, and the dreary clouds could be seen shooed heavily on the gray sky.

Some of the rangers in the posse had a rope. They said they would hang "Texas Slim" to the nearest tree if they took him alive. "There will be no lynching," Mrs. Barber replied coolly. "The law will take its course. I'll shoot the first man that tries to start a lynching."

The rope was thrown away and they went on.

Mrs. Barber came down a long slope towards the river. The deputies were scattered out behind her. Then, in the slowly gathering light of dawn, a bed-ridden figure emerged from some bushes by the water's edge and waved his arms aloft. The deputies halted their rifles; Mrs. Barber, alone, walked up to the figure.

**"Texas Slim" Gives Up**  
 "I'm Texas Slim," he explained, extending his arms for her handcuffs. "I killed Will and

Sam Carper and shot my way out after they were taken away one by one and started beating me up. I also killed deputy Sheriff Williams and another officer in Miller county, Miss. last year, and a few months ago I killed two other deputies in Kingsport, Tenn.

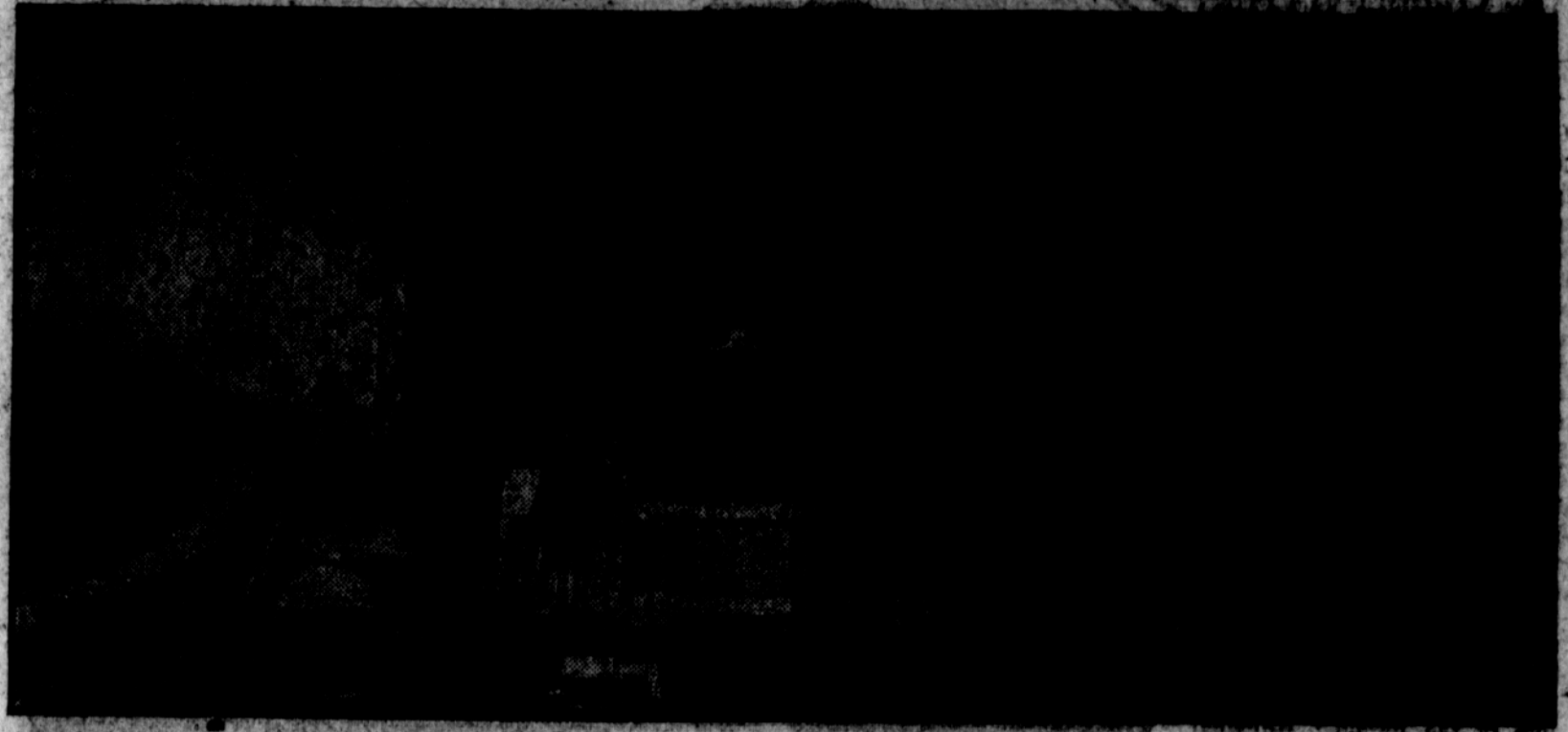
"I give up because I was tired of being hounded like a dog. I could have shot my way out and jumped a freight train you people were closing in on me. But when I saw that a woman was leading the posse I threw up my sponge. I don't fight women."

So now "Texas Slim" is in jail, and Mrs. Barber is preparing to end her term as sheriff. Last month the people of the county elected Fred Mason their new sheriff. But now they're wondering if it wouldn't have been wise to keep Mrs. Barber.

**Cottages Grove—Cottages** is paying and packing \$700 of blackberries daily.

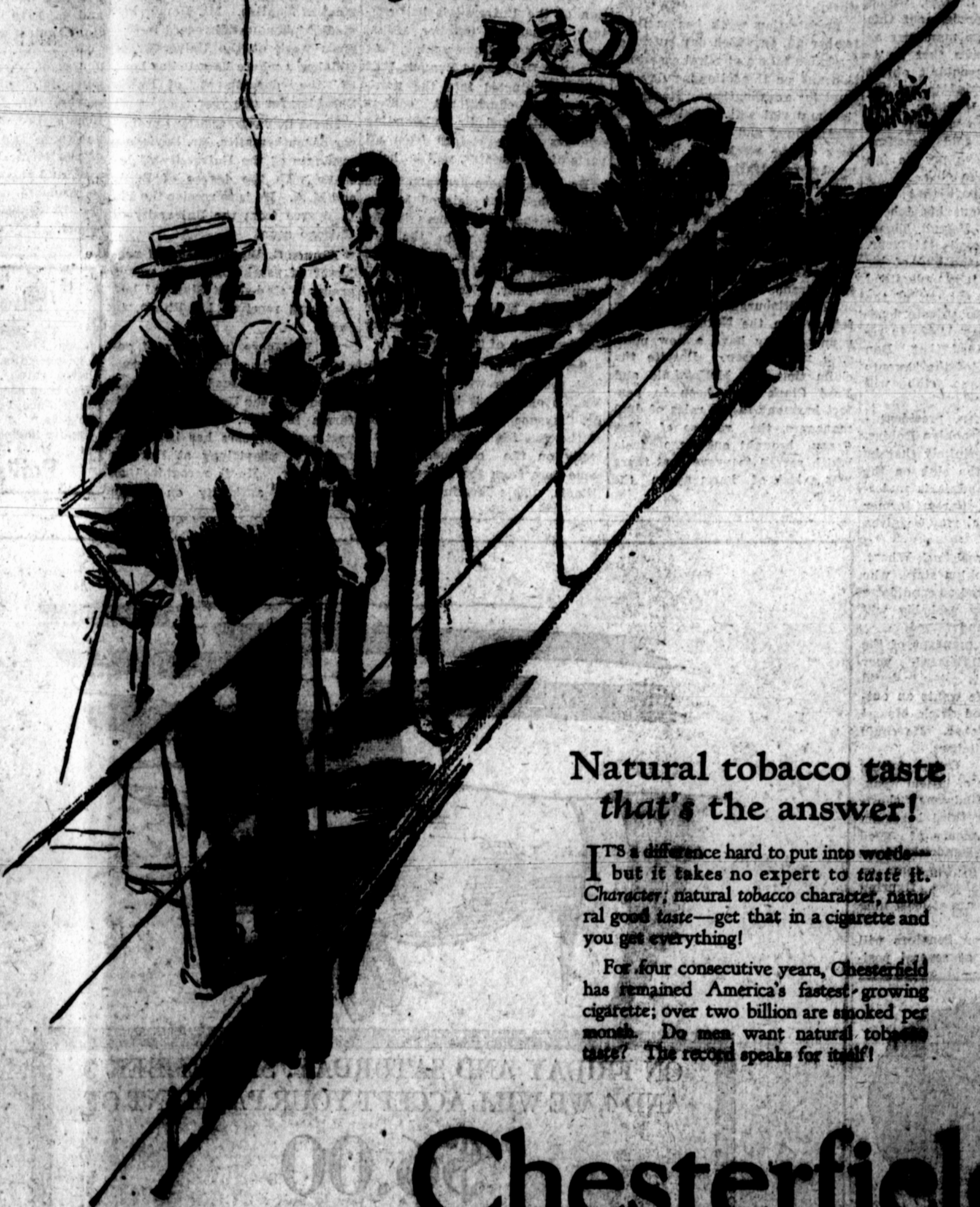
**Gregor's commercial apple crop** this year is estimated at 6,500,000 boxes.

# This Is Where Championship Battle Will Be Held



Here's an airplane view of the mammoth Sesqui-Centennial stadium at Philadelphia, where the championship battle between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney is now scheduled to be staged Sept. 23. The enclosure will seat 105,000 spectators and according to Tex Rickard, promoter of the big match, the removal of the site from New York should increase the "gate" by more than half a million dollars.

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# Mom and Pop

By Taylor

