

WILD AND WOOLY

By STANLEY CORDELL

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IT WAS hard to believe that the thing was actually happening. The Lee MacReadys, who had never been west before, thought such dramas only occurred in fiction. Mrs. MacReady uttered a little suppressed scream of fright and pointed toward the gap. "Lee! They're going to hold up the stage! Oh, why did you ever insist on leaving the main automobile road and driving into this dreadful country?"

"Because," said Lee, "nothing exciting was happening on the main automobile road and we came west looking for atmosphere, didn't we?" He tried to sound jovial, but his lips were white.

Above them and to the right an old-fashioned Concord stage coach, pulled by four horses and with two men perched on the box, had rocked into view and was descending the slope. Beyond, to the left, a band of horsemen, shouting and flourishing guns, had dashed from behind the shelter of a pile of boulders and was racing madly to intercept the vehicle's progress.

Mrs. MacReady screamed when one of the men aboard the stage fired toward the approaching horseman. The driver began whipping up his horses as answering shots came from the bandits. The stage swayed precariously as it swept down the slope.

Mrs. MacReady grasped her husband's arm and squeezed fiercely. "Lee!" she screamed. "We're right in the way! The stage is heading for the road, and we'll likely be shot. Hurry!"

But Lee didn't need to be urged. He had estimated the spot where the final showdown would take place, slightly to the rear of where they were now located. His foot bore down on the accelerator and he bent grimly over the wheel. But speed was something to be wished for and not attained, for the road was unpaved and rutty, much more suited to shod hoofs than rubber tires.

They went bouncing at what seemed a terrific pace, yet couldn't have been more than 20 miles an hour because



They Went Bouncing at What Seemed to be a Terrific Pace, the Stage Tearing Along Almost at their Rear Bumper.

the stage, having gained the roadway, was tearing along almost at their rear bumper. Behind the stage came the bandits, shouting furiously for the coach to halt and emphasizing their demands with volley after volley of shots.

Looking back, Mrs. MacReady suddenly said tensely: "Lee! Something's gone wrong. There's another band of horsemen following after the bandits!"

"Probably the sheriff and his posse!" Lee replied. Abruptly his face brightened. "There's a town!" he cried. "We're safe!"

"Maybe," his wife answered. "If that's a posse the bandits are caught between two fires and we're in the thick of it."

Lee didn't reply. He had jammed home the accelerator, risking broken springs and axles in order to gain the sanctity of the huddle of buildings which loomed ahead, before a careless bullet pierced him between the shoulder blades.

The town was alive with men, all carrying guns and all rushing about aimlessly. As the MacReadys swept down the street, puffs of smoke began to jet out from windows and behind doors. The sound of shooting mingled with the shouts of men, the roar of the MacReady motor and the rumble of the stage, was deafening.

Lee saw a sign that read "Hotel," and skidded to a stop. "Quick. Inside! It looks as though this fight has just begun!"

They raced up the steps. A door opened and they ran for it. Inside a bearded man, holding a rifle and with six-shooters strapped about his waist, grinned at them. "Just made it, eh?"

"Ca—can you hide us?" Mrs. MacReady asked.

The man with the beard eyed them uncertainly a moment. "O. K. Come with me."

He led the way up a flight of stairs. "You'll be O. K. in here," he said, opening a door.

The MacReadys looked around. They were in a scantily furnished hotel bedroom. Two windows faced on the street, and from beneath them came a bedlam of sounds. Already it had begun to grow dark, and the flashes of rifles and sixguns were plainly visible.

"Stay close to the farther wall," Lee said. "I'll close the blinds." He crept across the floor, reached up and pulled down the shades. Then he wriggled back to a position beside his wife. Terrified, clutching at each other, they huddled on the floor there. Hours passed, or a period that seemed like hours. Outside the shooting continued, but as darkness settled it grew less intense and finally ceased. There was the sound of running feet and much shouting. The MacReadys heard someone say: "Lynchers!" And the cry was immediately taken up and repeated by a dozen throats.

Minutes later a dull glow showed against the curtain. Lee crawled across the floor and peeped out. "They've hung three men!" he reported. His face was white. "And they've built a fire and are celebrating!"

Mrs. MacReady gasped and slumped forward. Lee picked her up and carried her to the bed. After a while she regained consciousness, but was too weak to move. Lee lay down beside her and did what he could to be a comfort. A long interval passed, and then the red glow grew faint and died. The sound of shouting diminished and presently there was stillness. For the first time Lee relaxed. He lay for a long time, expecting to hear footsteps approaching their room, or a renewal of the hubbub in the street. At length, overcome by complete exhaustion, the MacReadys slept.

Day had come when they awoke. Lee climbed off the bed and timidly lifted up the curtain. It was somewhat of a shock to discover a quiet, unassuming and peaceful country; hard to believe that the horrors of the night before had actually taken place here. A hundred yards up the street three limp bodies swung in the breeze. Lee shuddered and turned away.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get out of here." Below stairs a pleasant-faced young man was standing behind the desk. It was only when he spoke that the MacReadys recognized their host of last night, without his beard. He smiled at them.

"Enjoy our little celebration?" he asked. "I gave you the only front room we had left, so you could get a good view."

Lee merely stared. "Celebration?" he said, sounding ridiculously like an echo.

The young man nodded. "Of course, being from the East, you wouldn't know about Dusty Rembrandt. Worst bandit this section of the country ever knew. Twenty-five years ago today he was captured and hung with two of his henchmen. We celebrate the event every year by staging a pageant exactly as it happened on that memorable day. Those dummies you see hanging in the square represent Rembrandt and his lieutenants. The old stage is the one used to bait the outlaws into town. Sheriff Wells, the man who made the capture, led yesterday's posse." The young man laughed. "It's a great day here. All the men grow beards and the women wear calico dresses. The affair winds up with a bonfire and then a dance at the circle R ranch."

Lee gulped and stared at his wife. Mrs. MacReady said: "Then—then it wasn't real?"

The young man shook his head. "Looked almost real, didn't it?" he said proudly.

An hour later the MacReadys bumped out of town in their car and on their faces were expressions difficult to describe. Presently they came to a crossroad and Lee pulled up. "We'd better turn here," he said, "and get back to the main automobile route. It'll be easier driving and I guess things of exciting nature are just as apt to happen there as any place."

Mrs. MacReady nodded sadly. There was disappointment in her face. "I guess so," she said.

Always a Son

In China a son never ceases to be a son and a child as long as he lives, for while his parents live he obeys them and when they die, if he is a respectable person, he follows their teachings. The same is true of a daughter, only in her case she follows her husband's family. Everyone is married and therefore fits automatically somewhere into the pattern.—Pearl Buck in Cosmopolitan.

Horses Not Natural Jumpers

Horses, it is believed, are not natural jumpers, although they have been trained to clear 8-foot hurdles with a rider on their back. In Australia they have been known to die of thirst in sight of water-holes from which they were separated only by a very low fence.—Collier's Weekly.

"Dutch Girl" String Holder for Kitchen

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



As a decorative hanger for the kitchen, this little girl will add another smile to your home. It's an attractive string holder and costs only a few cents and a little spare time. An acceptable gift novelty, and after you make up one you will want more of these Dutch Girls to serve you.

This package No. A 1 contains stamped material ready to be cut out, also died out girl's head and shoes printed in colors on heavy board. This material and directions how to make it up will be mailed to you for 15c for one package or four packages for 50c. Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, 19th and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Who Else Can?

A boy can't understand a man who has a dog he wants to sell.

DIETARY HABITS NEED FOSTERING EARLY IN CHILD

Nothing is quite so important to health as food. The wellbeing of a child depends on it, and his future stamina will reflect nutritive discrepancies in babyhood.

The mother who thinks that there is time enough ahead for corrective diet is laboring under a traditional delusion that up until two years of age and sometimes longer, milk is the sum total of everything.

Milk is the warp and the woof of what it takes to get through life, and especially at its beginning. But it needs supplementing, because its chemistry is low in a few needed essentials and the child, set in his all-milk diet, resists other foods.

Doctors Prescribe Varied Foods.

Doctors long ago recognized the value of adding other foods to the diet of milk, early in babyhood, in order to offset future finicky appetites. Thus the infant of six weeks gets his cod-liver oil and orange juice or tomato juice; a little later a spoonful or two of prepared vegetable juice or even the strained vegetable itself. At a period that in the past would have been considered murderous he gets his bit of cereal, part of the yolk of an egg, a snack of baked potato and mashed stewed fruit.

Whatever today's baby is given, should, of course, be absolutely under the doctor's direction. There is a difference in babies.

But the great truth that many mothers do not know is that children with touchy appetites at six or eight or ten years of age, are the results of fixed preference in babyhood.

Caution Must Be Exercised.

Another thing that should be remembered is that as milk must be the alpha and omega of his meal, therefore the amounts of other

food given must not be so great that the willingness to take milk is decreased.

The doctor will give you lists and schedules for feeding. My suggestions here are only for one purpose. That is to show "why" and "how" aversions to needed foods are started. Food habits, which mean flavor habits, have to be cultivated early.

Veil of the Virgin

The veil of the Virgin, treasured possession of the Chartres cathedral in France, for more than eleven centuries, can be seen daily now instead of only on Sundays as heretofore. The change was made in response to increasing requests from all parts of the world to see the veil, which is kept in a jeweled reliquary in the choir behind the master-altar.

44 AWARDS AT ONE STATE FAIR!

Mrs. M. E. Ryerson, whose cakes, etc., baked with CLABBER GIRL, won 44 awards at the 1934 Indiana State Fair.

CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER

DIZZY DEAN pulls a fast one!

BASEBALL TODAY

GOSH, JOE WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE OF BEATING DE KALB! NOT WITH THEM RINGING IN THAT STAR PITCHER FROM CHICAGO ON US!

AND WHAT A SMART MANAGER I AM — LETTING THEM PUT ONE OVER ON ME!

HEY, HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE SERVICE?

YOU BETTER START DUCKIN' NOW, 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR HEAD KNOCKED OFF IF YOU DON'T

YOU HIT 'EM AND I'LL DUCK 'EM

YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO BE PITCHING FOR THIS BATAVIA BUNCH. IF YOU WANT A REAL JOB, LOOK ME UP

THANKS, PAL, BUT I'VE GOT A JOB NOW — DOWN IN ST. LOUIS

GEE DIZZY I WONDER IF I'LL EVER MAKE THE BIG LEAGUE?

WELL, YOU'RE HEADED THAT WAY — WITH YOUR ABILITY. WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO NOW IS BUILD UP YOUR ENERGY, AND I'LL TELL YOU ONE SWELL WAY TO DO IT. EAT GRAPE-NUTS LIKE I DO. IT'S ACES FOR MAKING ENERGY!

SO THEY PULLED A FAST ONE ON YOU, DID THEY? HOW ABOUT LETTING ME PITCH FOR YOUR TEAM?

DIZZY DEAN! WOULD YOU PITCH FOR US? THEY'D NEVER KNOW YOU IN THEM SMOKED GLASSES!

GEE WHIZ, JOE KNOW YOU IN THEM SMOKED GLASSES!

WHAT A PITCHER!

HE MADE MONKEYS OF 'EM!

BATAVIA WINS! 2 TO 0! OH BOY!!

WHERE'D JOE GET HIM?

INNINGS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

DE KALB 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

BATAVIA 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0

Boys! Girls! ... Get Valuable Prizes Free!

Join Dizzy Dean Winners ... get Dizzy Dean Winners Ring

Just send the top from one full-sized, yellow-and-blue package of Grape-Nuts, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of the club manual, containing list of 37 nifty free prizes. And to have loads of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts right away. It has a winning flavor all its own—crisp, nutlike, delicious. Economical, too, for two tablespoons, with whole milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935. Good only in U. S. A.)

Dizzy Dean Winners Membership Pin. Solid bronze, with red enameled lettering. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package-top. In sending for membership pin, ask for Prize 301.

Dizzy Dean Winners Ring. Something you'll prize. 24-karat gold-plate. Free for 2 Grape-Nuts package-tops. In ordering ring, be sure to ask for Prize 307.

Grape-Nuts

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