

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

At night when people pass our house In laughter-trailing motor cars I sit and gaze upon the sky And go for joy rides with the stars.



WNU Service.

Uncle Phil Says:

Two Requisites

First, by intensive training, put self-respect into boys; then put courage—and you've got a man.

Real happiness is cheap enough; yet how dearly we pay for the counterfeit!

The truth can be gossip. Why spread it, if it does 'undeserved injury'?

A clever woman can merely listen to a man in a manner that flatters him.

Carelessness Costly It only takes the careless betrayal of one confidence to lose a friend.

Everybody is likely to be annoying somebody else, more or less. Tolerance is enduring it cheerfully.

Debt may be necessary, but it's no joy-maker. It makes both the lender and borrower worry.

No one can fool the people so completely as they can fool themselves.

On Getting Along Happily wedded consists in letting Friend Wife have her foolish moments and Friend Husband his—and not saying much about it.

Have we the gift of oratory? Then heaven give us the judgment to know when to curtail its exhibition.

How lucid, even simple, a mystery is, after it is solved.

Air castles are not realized because people haven't the courage to try to.

The First Lesson A leader is a person who has first learned to drive himself.

There will be people under the millennium who will point out something wrong with it.

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GUNLOCK RANCH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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SYNOPSIS

Sleepy Cat, desert town of the Southwest, is celebrating the Fourth of July. Jane Van Tambel, beautiful daughter of Gus Van Tambel, hated owner of Gunlock ranch, has arrived from the East for the first time. She watches the Frontier Day celebration in company with Doctor Carpy, crusty, tender-hearted friend of the community, Henry Sawdy of the Circle Put ranch, tricked in a fake horse race the day before by Dave McCrossen, foreman at Gunlock, plans revenge. He enters Bill Denison, a handsome young Texas wrangler, in the rodeo which McCrossen is favored to win, and lays heavy bets on him. Unknown to the crowd, Denison is a champion horseman. McCrossen and the young stranger tie in the various events. Denison then drops a cigarette carelessly, facing down the track full tilt, he picks up the cigarette. The verdict goes to Denison when McCrossen refuses to attempt the stunt. Entreated by the crowd, Denison agrees to perform another trick. Jane Van Tambel is asked for her bracelet and throws it on the track. Just as Denison rides to pick it up a yell from Barney Rebstock, a McCrossen henchman, scares the pony, nearly costing the rider his life. Gun play is prevented by the intervention of Doctor Carpy. Back on Gunlock ranch, after two years in Chicago, because of her father's illness, Jane gets lost riding in the hills and meets Denison, now a neighbor, who guides her home. Not knowing her identity, he speaks bitterly of Van Tambel. She tells McCrossen who brought her home and she denounces Denison as a cattle thief. Later she asks Doctor Carpy why her father is unpopular and he tells her it is because of Van Tambel's ruthless and unscrupulous character. McCrossen tries to woo Jane, but is sharply rebuffed. Once again she loses her way in the hills and meets Denison. On impulse she gives him her bracelet for guiding her home. Their interest in each other growing, she reveals her identity to him.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Carpy laughed his dry little laugh. "Well!" he exclaimed benevolently. "You did pick a real outsider, didn't you? What did you think of the brute?"

In her confusion, Jane hesitated. "Why—I thought him not bad at all," she declared with spirit. "What do you think of him?"

"Why, to speak just offhand, Jane, I'd say Bill Denison had his enemies; but I think he's about as square and open-and-aboveboard a young fellow as lives in the hills. I don't suppose any of your father's following would agree with me."

"He struck me, too, Doctor, as just such a man," interposed Jane impulsively.

"What do you know about things like that?" asked Carpy jocularly. "You're just a kid! He might be a horse thief for all you could tell, girl."

Jane drew herself up. "Don't be so sure about every girl's being a fool—some or them might fool you! He told me he used to work at Gunlock. What was the quarrel between him and Father?"

Dr. Carpy laid his cigar on the edge of the table and braced himself. "It's a kind of long story," he began, not knowing exactly how to tackle a delicate subject.

"I've lots of time," remarked Jane disconcertingly.

"To begin with, your father was always a grabber, Jane. Probably couldn't help it—just built that way. I suppose that hurts your feelings?"

The girl winced a little. "Whether it does or not, Doctor, I want to hear both sides, and I know you are honest. Go ahead, please."

Her appeal was not unheeded. "You're a kind of surprise, Jane," continued the doctor slowly, "for in spite of the fact that the family name is not very popular in this country, everybody is talking about you—how nice you are, and all that."

"Just to show you, Jane, how feeling has been: we've got an ex-sheffit out here, one of the best and biggest-hearted men in the mountains. He's a character. He happened in to the hotel the other day, and we got to talking about you—now don't blush or get confused, girl—you're entitled to a good send-off, and I gave you a good one."

"Old Bill Pardaloe set where you're setting, with his feet on the table, chewing tobacco, listening to every word and never, all the time, saying one word himself. When I got through, I told him about you, and that you had an aunt in Chicago who'd been out here—a regular sport and no fancy airs because she had a rich brother."

"Pardaloe—now I'm telling you this, Jane, only to show you how some of us felt—Pardaloe shifted his quid and says, 'Doc, it's kind of hard for me to believe there's one decent Van Tambel in the world; I'm damned if I'll ever believe there's two.'"

"Oh, Doctor!"

"Don't take it hard, girl. One thing about these frontier men, they're as open-minded and simple as children. Just a word or a smile from an up-'n'-coming girl like you and you'll have 'em eating out of your hand."

"Bill Denison worked awhile for your father; he was foreman at Gunlock. Your father thought Denison was just about right. He could do everything—and do it well. He made so much money for your father that he gave him a share in the cattle, a tenth, I believe it was. When he quit, Denison asked for a settlement on his share. Your father told him he didn't have no

share. They went to law about it. Denison got beat—he didn't have anything but a verbal contract. So Bill went back to live on his own ranch next to the Reservation. It's small, but has plenty of good water from a big spring that makes it valuable. Then he began running off enough Gunlock cattle in small bunches—cattle he claimed belonged to him, anyway—to pay off what your father owed him. There was a great hue and cry. But Bill was too smart for the Indians helped Bill. They swear by him. "So Bill was cussed by your father as a rustler. It made cattlemen laugh, thinking of your father's own reputation in that respect. And the old man brought a lawsuit against Bill to oust him from the little ranch, account bad title. That suit is still pending in the land office at Washington. Now that's just about the story, Jane. If I've hurt your feelings some, I didn't do it because I wanted to. You asked me to tell you the truth. Did I do right or wrong?"

The shock of the doctor's story so humiliated Jane that she wanted only to get back home and hide what she felt to be the shame of her father from everybody. She had promised to ride back the hill trail with Denison; she felt she just couldn't do it. She took a short cut home across the desert. Her mystified and disappointed admirer, after lingering patiently in the hills till dusk rode into town only to learn at McAlpin's barn that Jane had taken her pony out early in the afternoon.

It was a painful night. She realized why the name she bore was so unpopular in Sleepy Cat.

Her depression bore her down; even Quong saw that something was wrong. He cooked special dishes to tempt Jane's appetite, but her appetite could not be tempted.

"Why don't you get out and ride any more?" asked Bull Page one day. "You haven't been on a horse for two weeks—just sit moping around the house, eating nothing, talking nothing, just

reading and reading. Must be your liver. Next time I'm in town I'll buy a bottle of Belcher's Liver Regulator for you."

"Liver regulator!" laughed Jane scornfully.

"Quong takes it," urged Bull, quite serious.

"I don't need any liver regulator, Bull. Just let me alone. I'll be all right."

For another two weeks Bull was worried. Then suddenly Jane relented. She would take a horseback ride if Bull would ride with her—not otherwise.

They rode together. It was afternoon. The air was thick with a soft haze that tempered the sun's rays. The trail led in and out of the thin pine woods.

She began to think her nervous apprehension of meeting Denison again had been a wasted worry. Indeed, she and her guide were homeward bound within a mile of the ranch house when both heard the clatter of hoofs behind them. Jane would not have looked around for a million dollars. Bull told her there were two men coming up.

"Who are they?"

"Looks like Carpy and Bill Denison." Jane's heart raced. However, this seemed not so bad. Three men and one woman were better than one man and one woman. Carpy and Denison approached together.

"Where are you riding to today, doctor?" asked Jane.

"Gunlock ranch." Jane showed surprise. "Who's sick at the ranch?"

"One of the boys," said Carpy. "That's the first I've heard of it," exclaimed Jane. "Who is it?"

"One of the boys that got cut up last night downtown. I sewed him up and want to see how he is. Nothing serious, I guess," said Carpy.

"Any news in town, doctor?" asked Jane, though not in the least interested in Sleepy Cat news.

"Nothing but the brush fires up North. This whole country's dry as tinder. I hope the winds will keep 'em up North. What do you hear from your father?" asked the doctor in return.

"Oh, he's better," said Jane. "He talks about coming home pretty soon."

"Well, that's news," commented Doctor Carpy, noncommittally. "He's got a wonderful constitution, that man," thinking to himself that it was much

too good. "How have you been yourself, girl?"

"Oh, I'm just fine, doctor." "Rarin' to go, eh? Come on, girl, I'll race you through this pine belt."

Jane saw her chance to escape an uncomfortable situation, for Denison hadn't said a word. She dashed gayly ahead and outran Carpy. But Denison followed her, overtaking her and riding alongside.

The spurt couldn't last forever, though Jane prolonged it to the best of her ability. She wondered whether she had jumped from the frying pan into the fire; she was alone now with Denison.

When she slackened her pace, out of breath, her cheeks were aglow.

"I wouldn't push that pony of yours too hard," suggested Denison incidentally. "He's a nervous critter."

"Oh, he's all right," said Jane lightly, "but it does shake one up, doesn't it?" she exclaimed, panting a little.

"It does," agreed Denison. "But I got my real shakeup when I spied you on the trail. I've been staking myself out alone on this trail every day for a month or so, hoping to get sight of you."

"I haven't felt much like riding lately."

"I was afraid you were sick. I watched for the doctor coming out, but I didn't see him. I used to ride up Gunlock Knob every day or two to see if I could see anything of you."

"I wish you wouldn't do such things. Where is Gunlock Knob?"

"It's that peak over by the spring. It's really on your father's ranch, I guess, but I'm always careful not to run into any of your men."

"I'm sorry, but you mustn't look for me any more—please don't." She glanced at him firmly as she spoke. To Denison she had never looked so lovely.

"Why?" he demanded. "Have I—"

"You haven't, but I have—I guess that's the way to put it. I mustn't see you any more. I don't expect to remain in this country very long, anyway."

"What have I done, Jane?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"Somebody's been telling lies about me," he declared with some bitterness.

"No."

"If you'd tell me what they are, I could answer them."

"I said, no! No one has talked about you." His sudden intensity frightened Jane. She burst into tears.

"Now I've made matters worse!" he exclaimed penitently. "I didn't mean to scare you, Jane. I guess my bark's worse'n my bite. But it makes me wild to think I've been lied about to you."

"You haven't," sputtered poor Jane. "Don't you believe me when I say nobody's been talking about you?"

"Please excuse me, then. I do believe you. But if you'd give me a chance to, I'd be willing to tell you every mean thing I've done in my life—and leave it all to you. Don't condemn me without a hearing—that's all I ask."

"Nobody is condemning you. I'm only, if anything, condemning myself."

"For what?" he demanded.

"For ever coming to this country at all, if you must know," she declared in angry desperation.

"But, Jane, that doesn't sound reasonable," protested her companion.

"I can't help that," she said pettily. "I wish I'd never seen this country. And I'm going to leave it, the very first minute I get a chance. Don't see me any more. I don't want to see anybody till I can leave here and forget everything."

"Just as you say, Jane. This is some trouble I don't know about," he said.

"But if I can't see you any more, Jane, please remember that wherever you are, here or ten thousand miles from here, I love you."

Jane got home thinking of how wretchedly she had handled the situation with Denison.

It proved to be her foreman, McCrossen, who had been cut up in a gambling quarrel.

Jane kept Doctor Carpy for supper, and that evening she held him as long as she could. She felt down in the depths.

When he started for town, Jane walked out in the moonlight with him, talking and clinging to his hand. When he mounted, she still asked questions to keep him talking and kept his hand in hers.

"Jane," he said, "there's something hurting your mind, not your body. Do you want to tell me, girl?"

"Not tonight, doctor."

"Sometime, maybe—come to me just the same as if I were your father. You are a lovely young girl, Jane. With what God has given you, you can make or break any man in the world. Use your power mercifully."

Her face fell against his hand. He felt on it the warmth of her tears. "Mustn't worry, my child. And if the load, whatever it is, gets too heavy—you know where to bring it," he added, wheeling away.

She had promised Doctor Carpy to ride every day, and while attending the wounded man he kept close tab on her, but she avoided the main trails and kept to the hills near the ranch house. Carpy brought little news from Sleepy Cat, but he spoke of the forest fires north of town.

"I hope we shan't be bothered here," said Jane.

"No danger here unless they cross the river. You haven't much timber on the east ranch. There's none to speak of over on the range. But you've got a lot scattered around here in the hills. If it should get down into the reservation timber, there would be hell to pay."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shirtwaister for School Girl



1959-B.

Here is the frock for juniors to make for school days. A combination of rhythm in its hemline, rhyme in its color scheme and racy in its style. For late summer wear, try tub silk, linen, cotton or shantung with long or short sleeves. For autumn and winter—"tweedy" silk crepe or broadcloth.

The waist, gathered slightly to the shoulder yoke front and back, has a center pleat and pockets for trimming. Buttons—a matter of choice. A small collar, tie, and belt complete this most effective frock. By way of suggestion, make the collar and cuffs in contrast, and detachable to be readily removed for laundering.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1959-B is available for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 requires two and three-eighths yards of 35-inch material with one-third yard of 35-inch contrasting material and one yard of ribbon for bow. With long sleeves it requires two and five-eighths yards.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Ad rem (L.) To the thing; to the point. A vinculo matrimonii. (L.) From the marriage bond. Bruler ses vaisseaux. (F.) To burn one's ships. Cherchez la femme. (F.) Look for the woman; a woman is usually at the bottom of a scandal. Cui bono? (L.) For whose advantage? Of what use? Colloquially, but inaccurately, what good will it do? Deo gratias. (L.) God be thanked. Exempli gratia. (L.) For the sake of illustration; abbreviated e. g. Laissez faire. (F.) Let matters alone; the policy of non-interference.

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