



My Favorite Recipe
By Mary Pickford

Egg Milady

Red pimientos stuffed with three eggs beaten slightly; add 1/2 pint double cream. Season with cayenne and salt. Put pimiento into mold previously buttered. Pour this mixture into sound red pimiento and fill a pan with water three-quarters the height of mold. Bake in moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Unmold on crouton piece of round toast which is covered with pate de fois gras and serve with Newburgh sauce poured over this. Piece of black truffle on top.

Full House

Instead of putting out a "standing room only" sign when there are capacity houses, Norwegian theaters turn on a red light at their entrance. In former days the light was a lantern, and even today when there are no seats available people say that "the red lantern is out."

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GUNLOCK RANCH

by Frank H. Spearman

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

Sawdy pulled a moment at his mustache. "No hurry," he said reflectively. "It's early yet for him. If he's our man, he's got a pocketful of money to blow." He thought a minute further. "Look here, Scotch! Tell our boys over there at the bar to string out quiet and meet back of the barn. Watch your chance. Speak around to the hitch rack and get the sorrel down to the barn on an old feed-bill claim. I'll tackle Barney in the saloon and see what chance there is to gettin' him down there. Got a rope ready?"

"I have."
"Vamos!"

McAlpin joined the men at the bar. Sawdy slipped out the back door and, half a block down the alley, walked out into River street and down to the Red Front saloon.

But from the moment the big adventurer stepped out of the back door of one saloon and in at the front door of the other, a curious change took place. He had left Spotts' place sober—Sawdy was in fact a very moderate man. He strode into the Red Front reeling.

The bar was well filled. Sawdy sat at a glance that among the men lined up there were a number of town loafers who never drank except at somebody's expense. When Sawdy caught sight of Redstock with the loafers around him, inference was swift and correct. Barney had money.

The saloonkeeper, Harry Boland, foxy-eyed and alert at the head of the bar, saw Sawdy stagger in through the green haze; he watched the big fellow closely. Sawdy zigzagged back towards the loafers among whom Barney was holding forth.

Boland, a man of ripe experience in appraising all stages of intoxication, was suspicious, since Henry Sawdy was no drunk; Boland had never before seen him intoxicated. But Sawdy was an artist and did not make the mistake of the actor who plays the sober man trying to appear drunk. Sawdy was the drunken man trying to appear sober.

He greeted Barney gravely, then ordered drinks for everybody in Barney Redstock's honor. Having lingered over the round, Sawdy cast his eye approvingly upon the thirsty crowd, passed the forefinger of his right hand thoughtfully under each wing of his mustache in turn, drew from a vest pocket a gold double eagle, and made a general proposal.

"I'll match any man here for twenty-dollar gold pieces." It was a fairly safe offer, because he well knew all the loafers put together could not raise twenty dollars. But he had an object in view.

Barney, after some shilly-shallying, accepted the challenge. He asked Boland to lend him a gold piece. When Boland produced a twenty-dollar coin and tossed it out to Barney, it did not take Sawdy long to figure out that Barney had money and that it was in the keeping of the saloonkeeper. Sawdy, notoriously lucky at matching, lost out after several trials; he quit forty dollars to the bad. But he had Barney greatly inflated by his triumph, with the whole room crowding eagerly around the contestants.

After a round of drinks at Barney's charge, Boland brought the talk around to a fine-looking sorrel outside at the hitch rack. Barney claimed it. Sawdy wanted to buy it. Barney demurred—it wasn't for sale.

Boland heard the talk. He drew Barney to the rear end of the bar. "Sell it to him, you fool," whispered Boland. "Don't you see he's drunk as a fiddler? You can get twice what the horse is worth."

Thus encouraged, Barney stepped out of doors with Sawdy, followed by a little circle of the curious.

The horse was gone. This fact caused no great excitement; Sawdy suggested he had got loose and strayed up or down the street and that they take a look around to find him. The curiosity of the crowd weakened, and they re-entered the saloon, hoping for another chance to get a drink. Sawdy and Barney walked down the street together, wrangling as they went over the mischance and the merits of the missing horse. As the pair passed McAlpin's barn it occurred to Sawdy they had better look in and ask for information.

CHAPTER X

A hanging lantern lighted the barn gangway dimly. Sawdy's call for a hostler was answered by McAlpin himself, who, lantern in hand, ambled in his peculiar gait briskly forward.

"Hello, Mac," exclaimed Sawdy, waving like a tall tree in a number four breeze. "We're looking for Barney's horse," he continued gruffly—"got loose up the street just now—seen anythin' of a stray?"

McAlpin, raising his lantern looked at Redstock. "Why, yes, I seen a stray," he admitted sulkily.

"Was it a sorrel?" asked Sawdy with some hope.

"It was a sorrel, Sawdy; saddled and bridled. What about it?"

"It's probably Barney's horse. Let's see it. Where is it?"

McAlpin jerked his head back over his shoulder. "In the box stall. Your horse, Barney?"

"Sure, it's my horse."
"Right this way, Barney," returned McAlpin. "Put out your cigars, boys, and come along with me," he added, lantern in hand. He scuttled down the

gangway, Redstock and Sawdy after him, stopped at the stall box, hung his lantern on a high gangway hook, unlatched the stall door, and pointed within. "There's your horse, Barney. Maybe I better give him a bit of oats before you go. . . . No? Water then?"

Redstock and Sawdy had stepped into the stall with McAlpin. The liverman led the horse out. Redstock started to follow; Sawdy laid a hand on his shoulder. "Just a minute. I want to talk to you, Barney. We'll join you in a minute, Mac. Get out the black bottle. But leave the lantern."

"What's up?" asked Redstock, eyeing Sawdy closely, and always suspicious.

Sawdy was standing backed against one side of the box stall. "Barney," he said in confidential fashion, "I'd like to have just a little horse-to-horse talk with you."

"What d'you mean, horse-to-horse talk?" snapped Barney.

"Just this: Do you feel just exactly right, leavin' your money with Harry Boland?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you feel safe? I ask you as man to man, Barney, and an old friend. Do you feel safe, leaving a roll with Boland?"

Barney fumbled mentally. "Why shouldn't I?" he countered bluntly.

"I'd hate to see you, after this trouble you've had, lose your money with Harry Boland," persisted the cowman. "I'll tell you honest—and you can tell the critter himself if you like—I wouldn't never leave five hundred of my money with Harry Boland."

"Never had it to leave, did you?"

"Well, no foolin', Barney, wouldn't do it. So that's what I say, as man to man—keep your money in the bank, not in a dive. Have you got a receipt for your money?"

"No."

"How much money are you leavin' with him?"

"None of your damned business, that's how much. I'm headin' up the street. Get out of the way."

"Don't get sore, Barney. I'm meanin' the best for you. Just wait a minute an' I'll walk up the street with you—gettin' kind of thirsty myself. Did you



He Could See Redstock's Eyes Flashing Green.

hear, Barney, about Bill Denison's place gettin' burned down?"

"I heard about a fire out that way—what about it?" demanded Redstock.

"Why, nothin'—nothin' at all. But, Barney, this is why I wanted to talk to you: There's folks here in town that don't know you as well as I do, are mean enough to say you know a lot more about that fire than you want to tell. I claim they're wrong—what'll I tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em to go to hell."
"Suppose they won't do it, Barney?" asked Sawdy calmly.

Redstock shuffled angrily. "Look here, Sawdy. You can't bunk me any more. If they don't want to go to hell, you go for 'em."

With this suggestion, Redstock started again for the stall door. Sawdy's hand came down a bit heavier on Barney's shoulder. The slippery fellow tried to jerk away when Sawdy's fingers sank deep into the coat and shirt of his victim. "Barney," he protested solemnly, "I don't like to see an old friendship broken up by thoughtless words."

"A hell of a friendship," snorted Redstock.

"Barney, I want to be friends with you. What's the facts about that fire?"

With a volley of oaths, Redstock tore loose from Sawdy's grasp, backed hurriedly away, and tried to spring over the side wall. Sawdy was too quick. He jumped to him, caught him by the arm, and slammed him halfway across the stall. Barney landed on his hands and knees, sprang to his feet, and faced his old-time acquaintance with wicked eyes. In the dim light of the lantern, high in the gangway, Sawdy caught the flash of the blade of a knife—lying, Mexican fashion, in Barney's right hand.

Both were quick. Redstock, smaller

and lighter, could strike and spring like a wildcat, but he faced a foe who, though larger and heavier, was esteemed among his fellows as one hard to corner. Sawdy held the door side of the stall with his back to the light. He could see Redstock's eyes flashing green. Redstock wanted to get close enough to Sawdy to cut him and jump through the door; but he feared the terrific grip of the cowman's fingers on his wrists before he should get the knife into play.

Sawdy carried his gun—Redstock had left his own with Boland—but he disdained to use it on a partly-armed man. It was no part of his program to get himself embroiled with the law by shooting the criminal; what he and his cronies wanted from Redstock was information.

It took only an instant for Sawdy to perceive that he could not safely hold his stand in front of the stall door. The lantern light was too uncertain—he could not follow Redstock's eyes—part of the time he could hardly follow his jumpy steps.

In a moment, both men, one big, the other small, were jumping about the stall like boxers stripped for the ring. But Sawdy, though big, was the fastest on his feet among the cowmen that rode the Gunlock ranges. He had little alcohol aboard, was naturally as quick as a flash, and knew he was facing the most dangerous man with a knife along the Spanish Sinks. Ten youthful years spent among Mexican bandits, together with a lean and jumpy physical make-up, had given Barney Redstock the name of a mean man with a knife, and Sawdy had no intention of adding to the outlaw's reputation as a killer, if he could help it.

The fight was in the lap of the gods. A misstep or a foot slip might end it any second. Sawdy was hoping his comrades secreted out in the corral would hear the scuffle and come in. But he was just stubborn enough not to call for help.

Barney, enraged at his plight, was breathing hard, and wind was too precious to waste in words. This silent struggle for the one slight advantage that would end the fight went on to the music of jerky breaths and nimble footing. It was soon a question as to whose wind would give out first—Sawdy, heavier, was at a disadvantage in endurance. While they feinted and jumped about, his foot slipped.

Barney saw the opening. He lunged forward. Sawdy instinctively whirled sidewise and threw up his knee to save his stomach. The savage thrust of Barney's knife caught the calf of his leg. As the cowman went down, his fingers gripped Barney's wrist. With a mere twist of the deadly grip learned long ago in Panhandle knife fights, he snapped like matches the two bones of Barney's forearm.

The wry outlaw screamed. He was through; the rear gangway doors were flung open, and the confederates came running in from the corral.

From the darkness of the box stall came only the swish of hard breathing and the ouths and cries of Barney. Lefever grasped the hilt of the lantern and threw the light rays within.

"Henry!" he yelled in alarm. "What's a-matter, pard? What's wrong?" He unlatched the gate of the stall as he called and hastened inside with Scott and Page at his heels. McAlpin ran down from the office. It was a moment before Lefever could make out just what was happening on the floor, as Barney, half choked, writhed under the remorseless grip that closed his windpipe. Sawdy, spread out on his stomach, lay, a huge bulk, with one arm over his antagonist. Only his heavy breathing indicated life. "Henry!" exclaimed Lefever. "What the hell's happened?"

"Nothing's happened yet, John. Look at my leg. Where's his knife?"

"God a'mighty! It's in your leg, Henry."

Lefever started to draw it out. "Hold on, John! Don't touch that till you get a tourniquet on. Who's here?" His heavy bloodshot eyes turned on Scott. "Bob! Look-see whether he's slit an artery or a vein. Hold the lantern there, John."

Scott found blood spurting from the wound. He fashioned a tourniquet from a thong of rawhide.

"Get up and get Carpy, quick!" muttered McAlpin to Page. "What you moonin' about? Henry is bad cut. Run, Ben!"

"All right. You hold Barney," growled Page, turning over his writhing prisoner.

Turning to the prostrate cowman while Scott twisted the tourniquet, McAlpin, gripping Redstock, gave orders to Sawdy; the liverman always took the stage. "Henry!" he shouted, in his excitement. "Lay right where you are. Don't stir till Carpy comes. Why didn't you call for help?" he thundered at Sawdy.

"Ain't never learned how yet," retorted the wounded man majestically.

Carpy reached the box stall ten minutes later.

The doctor held up the lantern. "Hell's bells!" he exclaimed to McAlpin and the hostler. "Don't leave the man lying in this dirt. Henry,"—he knelt at Sawdy's head—"what have they been doing? Who stuck you?"

"Doc," declared the notorious bachelor, "you might say I stuck myself. Sew me up and send the bill to my father-in-law after I get married, will you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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VALIENCE ever defeats its own ends. Where you cannot drive you can always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you.—Hazlitt.

The true past departs not. Nothing that was worthy in the past departs—no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die.—T. Carlyle.

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Uncle Phil Says:

Where He Wants to Be

A man generally shuns an invitation. Why? Simply because accepting, knocks him out of the dull, stupid rut he is always complaining of.

After opportunity has passed on by, it looks three feet taller.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty; I awoke, and found that life was Duty.

A word to the wise may be sufficient, but the wise frequently ask for further enlightenment.

Can't Fool 'Em

Don't argue to young people that the world is all wrong. They know better.

A chronic knocker is angry when everybody agrees with him and he has to dry up.

Two great talkers will not travel far together.

Little at a Time

Everything is to be accomplished bit by bit.

The man who has affection for you may be under an illusion, but, oh, let it never be dispelled.

The dumb animals are the ones that live as wisely as they know how.

Two perfectly useless complaints are of the weather and the fashions. Both are inexorable.

We all help make history; therefore we ought to read it.