

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—arrives at the little lumbering town of Tincup accompanied by Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended. He signals his coming by defeating Bull Duval, "king of the river," and town bully, in a log-birch contest. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence. He tries to force him to leave town and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrested.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Are you guilty or not?" Able repeated and Ben Elliott who had stood at ease before him, stouch hat in his great brown hands, now gave his head a grave twist.

"Well, if pitching a man off the sidewalk into the mud is called assault and battery in Tincup, then I'm about a hundred per cent guilty," he said.

A stir in the room followed that and Able frowned, a convincingly judicial frown.

"Guilty, eh?" He cleared his throat at length. "Now how about this disruption of the peace, anyhow?"

The sheriff spoke: "You see, Able, 'twas this way, Mr.—"

"Now just a minute, Art. This accused has pleaded guilty, as I understand it. I don't see any need of anybody else saying anything. He's thrown himself on the mercy of this court, you might say, and it's regular and proper and according to the spirit of the statute that I question him before passing sentence. Besides," he added, with a twinkle at Brandon, "I'm a little curious."

The sheriff sniffed and subsided. Clearly, there was little friendship between him and the justice.

"Now, Mr. . . . Able glanced at the complainant again. "Mr. Ben Elliott, how come that you go about the country tossing reputable citizens into the mud?"

"Why, he was trying to make a friend of mine do something he didn't want to do. That's all. I butted in, I guess; he got hard and so,—shrug—"I lost my head for a minute and put him in his place."

"In the mud, you mean?"

"Yeah. In the mud."

"Well, go on; go on. Go back to the beginning. I want to know all about this affair."

Elliott drew a long breath. "I started for Tincup several days ago. I was a long ways off, over in Minnesota. This morning I got down to the junction west of here and while I waited for my train got talking to this old timer, Don Stuart, who was in the station. Maybe you know him, Judge. Other folks here do." Able blinked twice; hard. "The old fellow is about all in, I'd say. He's got it into his head that he's about to die and probably his guess isn't such a bad one. Seems this used to be his stamping ground, that he's been away a long time and that

"What's your line of work?"

"I follow the timber. . . Anything."

"Well, just what, for instance? What are some of the jobs you've held?"

Elliott smiled a bit. "Good many. I was a chore boy once; another time I was a road monkey. I've teamed and sawed, worked as millwright and on rivers. Once or twice I've run a camp or two."

"But your avocation, I take it, is looking for hard nuts?"

Brandon spoke now: "Your honor!" His voice was well modulated and yet in its quality was something which suggested iron covered with velvet. "As complaining witness in this case, may I suggest that we are beginning to waste time? This young man has pleaded guilty. Of course, I do not want to be put in the light of one who attempts to dictate to a court of law, but I have pressing matters to attend to and if we can get on. . . ."

Outwardly this was only a suggestion, a plea; really, though, it was one way of demanding, of giving an order. "Yes, you're a busy man, Nick," Able said and nodded. "I'd sort of figured being busy here today, myself. Sort of wondered if somebody wouldn't bring in Bull Duval on a charge of assault and battery. He trimmed my man Harrington so badly that he's gone and my operation's without a boss today. I sort of thought, being interested as you are in law and order, that Duval might be brought in."

"That is something I know nothing about," Brandon said severely. "Likely not. You can't be expected to keep close track of the men who work for you as I do of mine. That is, it isn't reasonable to think a man of your caliber would."

He spoke drily and Elliott, watching the two, could see that his words stung Brandon. The justice straightened in his chair, however.

"But maybe we are delaying things. Now, Mr. Elliott, don't you think it a little out of the way to come into a town, a total stranger, and upset all that town's precedents? If you, instead of one of Mr. Brandon's hired men, had cleaned up on my man Harrington, for instance, it might not have been such a grave offense. But here you come and pick out the one man in Tincup who hasn't been struck or even threatened in longer than I can recall—a man who is regarded here about like most folks would regard a baron of the Middle Ages—and toss him out into the mud! Why, Elliott, that's not ever happened before!"

"Probably it didn't hurt Nick much, but there are his feelings to consider. Aren't you ashamed of giving people a chance to jeer at Mr. Brandon?"

"Because I'd heard Tincup was a tough nut to crack."

A stir in the crowd, then a sharp look from Brandon to Elliott.

"Oh. . . . Fond of nuts, are you?"

Able asked and the look in his eyes was much less severe. "So you'd heard about Tincup and started for it from a long ways off and. . . Now this matter of nuts: You like all kinds?"

"Not all nuts; no." The steel-gray eyes were a bit narrowed, now, as Elliott tried to plumb the old man's mood. "Well, for instance: like peanuts?"

"No. Can't stand 'em."

"Not at all? Almonds, then?"

A twinkle was surely coming to life in the court's eyes but, seeing it, the defendant only frowned. "Can't vote very strong for almonds."

"Or English walnuts or pecans?"

"Never did hold them to be what you'd call irresistible, either."

"Hum-m. . . . How about black walnuts?"

"Now," declared Elliott with a nod, "now, you're getting into real classy nuts!"

Men in the crowd looked at one another, not knowing what to make of this.

"Well, if you like black walnuts, would you say they were your favorite?"

The other considered this question with great, if not wholly genuine, seriousness.

"No, not exactly. I'd put black walnuts high up in the list, all right, your honor, but since you're interested about my preferences in nuts, I'd say that the best nut that ever hung outdoors or offered itself for the cracking was a good old hickory nut."

"Real tough ones, eh?"

"Real tough ones, yea."

Able wiped his face with a palm and wet his lips. The two looked long at one another and that spark passed which will jump from man to man, carried sometimes by a deed, often by a word, frequently by only a glance; that message which says as plainly as though inscribed in black characters against white background: "I like you; I am your friend!" It went from the old man to the young and back again from young to old. Nicholas Brandon understood and the lightnings in his dark eyes played more briskly, more ominously.

"And so you'd figure Tincup as a sort of hickory nut?"

"I had. Tincup has a reputation all through the Lake states. Wherever you go you'll hear it talked about as a hard camp. I'd heard so many times that a good man with ideas of his own, with independence and, maybe, with ambition had better keep away from here that I found myself hankering to get a look at the place."

"What's your line of work?"

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Elliott smiled a bit. "Good many. I was a chore boy once; another time I was a road monkey. I've teamed and sawed, worked as millwright and on rivers. Once or twice I've run a camp or two."

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"Probably it didn't hurt Nick much, but there are his feelings to consider. Aren't you ashamed of giving people a chance to jeer at Mr. Brandon?"

Elliott looked at Brandon, then, deliberately, carefully, inspected him from his glossy black hair to his muddied breeches.

"It wasn't a very smart thing to do, I guess," he admitted. "It's not likely now, that I'll even get a chance to see how hard a nut this town really is."

"And no worse than you deserve!" Able said sharply. "You know better than to carry on that way, Elliott. I've got to give you a fine commensurate with your offense. I'll fine you a dollar and seventy-five cents for costs or send you to jail for a day."

In the rear a sacrilegious titter or two. From the sheriff, a grunt; from Nicholas Brandon a breath of offended dignity and a look that scorched. But on Ben Elliott's face only appeared a foolish smile.

"That's reasonable enough," he said. "but the joker is this: I haven't even got the dollar!"

"Well, our jail's real comfortable, I'm told. A day there'll let you think over the advisability of going around the country muddying up the pants of respected citizens!"

Elliott, though, faced even so short a jail sentence with anything but relish. "I can get the money easy enough," he said. "That is if you, your honor, or somebody else'll send a wire for me."

"That might be arranged. Where to?"

"Here—" He reached for a sheet of paper and pencil lying on the table. Swiftly he wrote the words: "Badger Forest Products company, Beech Ridge, Wisconsin." He handed it to Able. "Will you wire them for twenty-five dollars and sign my name? Send the message collect."

"That's a big outfit," the judge said. "You figure they'll do as you ask?"

"Well, they never have turned me down for anything I've asked. Of course, there's always the first time. If you'll do that. . . ."

"Until that gets back, Sheriff, I suppose it's me for the brig. . . . Is that right, Judge?"

Able was studying the address and when he looked up and grunted an affirmative reply his gaze was far away. Far, far away.

For a considerable interval after his court room had emptied, Able Armitage sat motionless in his chair. His eye still held that far-away look, staring into space, and now and again he picked up the scrap of paper bearing the address young Elliott had written and scanned it closely.

"By cracker!" he said, an hour after being left alone. "By cracker—by jing! It might be, you know. . . . It may be, possibly, perhaps might be!"

Thereupon he rose, went to a wall telephone and put in a call for Nathan Bridger, general manager of the Badger Forest Products company, of Beach Ridge, Wisconsin.

After this he stood for a time in the front window, peering out into the street. A man came along the sidewalk, a man of about Able's years, bearing a limp and rusty bag which stamped him as a physician. He waved a hand to Able and then, as on sudden impulse, changed his course and approached the entry.

"Big day, Able,"—as the justice opened the door.

"Yeah, Big."

"Old Don's back."

"So I heard."

"Bad shape, too."

"I heard that. Real bad, Emory?"

Emory Sweet nodded gravely. "Heart's like a sponge. He can't last long. . . . Nick was all for sending him back to Hemlock but I told him it would be murder to move him now."

"Oh, Nick showed up, did he?"

"Came right from here. Said he'd been providing for Don for these last years and wanted him with somebody or other in Hemlock who'd see he didn't get hold of hooch again. Was quite provoked when I opposed moving him."

"Nicholas doesn't like the notion of Don's being in this vicinity."

"It's about as popular with him as smallpox. When I'd prevailed on him to let Don alone I told him the truth: that he can't last more than a few weeks and Nick looked like a man who. . . well, like one who's heard good news."

Able nodded. "Safer for Brandon to have him in his grave. But when old Don goes, seems like the last chance of ever clearing the thing up's gone too."

"Looks that way. Unless he'll talk before he dies."

"Even so, it wouldn't amount to much. He's an old bum; he was a known drunkard at the time. It happened so long ago, and with the courts controlled by who they are. . . ."

"All but yours."

"And mine without any jurisdiction in sure-enough trouble."

The doctor started out but halted in the doorway.

"Hear Harrington's gone."

"Yes. The Bull ran him out of town."

"Brandon?"

"Don't be simple, Emory. Who else?"

"He certainly can't forget the Hoof

Fastest Dog in World

The whippet, fastest dog in the world, is a cross between the greyhound and the terrier.

Halos of Plaited Silk

The latest halos for evening wear are made of plaited silk in a variety of colors, with moleskin capes and muffs, dyed green, plum or navy.

Black Velvet Favored

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Peasant Influence in Modern Dress

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BIG sleeves, bloused bodices, draw-string necklines, cord and tasseled fastenings, colorful sashes girdling the waistline, rustic linens and cottons bizarre with color and design, ornate embroideries and hosts of other details equally as fascinating and picturesque, all proclaim the romantic, quaint, peasant fashions of mid-Europe as the source from which modern designers are gathering inspiration.

The prologue to this peasant-inspired style program was written months ago when millinery, as we all remember, went so spectacularly and so picturesquely Tyrolean. The movement grew and grew until this season. Through-out all costume design one sees modern interpretation given to peasant themes gleaned from many lands.

To peasant sources may be traced the primitive reds and greens and yellows in beach and sports wear as a change from the subtle pastels, the nautical blues and the softly modulated "faded" tones and tints we loved so well. Peasant-shawl prints enliven the new evening gowns. Self-fringe finishes the edges of rustic fabrics. Raffia accessories is the new note sounded in connection with sports costumes. Starched laces flare about throat and on sleeves. Belts gaily embroidered in peasant colors make costumes look pictorially gypsylike—and so on and so on the story of peasant lore unfolds in modernized version.

Perhaps the most significant reaction to peasant influence is the silhouette which introduces softly bloused bodices and big generous sleeves. The dress on the seated figure in the illustration speaks more eloquently than words of this new movement. Gray jersey fashions this gown, which is a Paris model. Gray, by the way, is accounted as ultravoguish for both day and evening wear by stylists both here and abroad. The huge pleated sleeves are set very high. These, with the gathered-neckline and fullness given to the blouse which is

confined at the waistline with a massive silver belt, give that "different" look which insures a new-this-season styling.

The dress on the standing figure to the right also features the very new and smart bloused bodice, but in a more conservative way. It is fashioned of a handsome fuchsia colored crepe. There is a bit of smocking slightly suggesting a yoke which gives the required blouse fullness. The big sleeves are gathered in at the wrist in traditional peasant fashion. The tulle at the neck also reflects peasant styling.

Bloused bodice backs are made a special point of interest in many of the new dresses. The model pictured above to the left in the group illustrates "lines" that are considered the last word in chic.

Speaking of influences reflected in the newer fashions there is another movement under way which is quite as outstanding and important as that of peasant trends. We are referring to the "Regency" period fashions which flourished in the early Nineteenth century (from 1812 to 1820). The Regency influences in dress versus peasant trends inject a versatility to this season's styling which insures against the possibility of a dull or monotonous moment in realms of fashion the whole spring and summer through.

The former bespeaks a formality and sophistication which is quite foreign to the naive rustic beauty of the latter. The characteristic features in either are easily recognizable. Reminiscent of the Regency period modes are the high waistlines which certain French couturiers are introducing, the long skirts often with decorative hemlines and that which you will see displayed in millinery showings this spring—bonnets, real pike bonnets which of course will interest the ingame and debutante clientele, far more than women of more mature years.

Western Newspaper Union.

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

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The other day I picked up a newspaper which gave an account of a person whose job is to help people to spend their idle time.

Now the only people I know who have any idle time are forced to spend the most of it looking for jobs.

Those who have plenty of work to do don't have enough idle time on their hands to worry about.

It is my belief that a person who has overabundant idle time ought to devote it to finding some useful employment.

A good many widely known millionaires have done that.

When Andrew Carnegie retired from the steel business, with much more than enough money to keep him and his family for the rest of their lives, he didn't send for somebody to portion out his time for him, and show him exactly how he could live in enjoyment for the remainder of his existence.

Not having any schooling in his own youth, he thought of other people who might need it as badly as he did.

So, instead of trying to teach them how to spend their spare time in the lightsome pursuit of mock happiness, he scattered libraries all over the country, so they could at least read and improve their minds when they didn't have anything else to do.

My idea of spending idle time profitably is to devote it to some interesting kind of work.

Why don't these blasé people study another language, or look into a book now and then to see what it contains, instead of hiring a dancing teacher or employing a guide to show them the things they ought to see in a trip around the world?

That would relieve them of the rigors of snail, and when they wanted exercise they could take a walk through the slums of a great city, where idle time combined with little money might do a great deal toward cleaning up the town and making life brighter and happier for those who never will have any idle time as long as they are able to stand and see.

I am not a Bolshevik or a Communist. I don't believe that everybody ought to toil throughout his existence, if he has been smart enough to store up money for a rainy day.

But hiring a professional time-spender looks to me like an extremely useless and futile procedure.

And there still being a high percentage of intelligence in the country, I don't believe that the professional time-spending counselors have hit on the right way to make existence more profitable for people who have more money than brains.

There is no possible way to grow happy and prosperous in this life without now and then taking a chance.

If Christopher Columbus' watch word had been "safety first," America would have had far more to wait.

Coward's considerably longer motto is to be discovered.

Courage deserves the praise which it has had since the beginning of the human race.

Moral courage, which is the highest type of courage, always involves some form of risk.

The instinct of self-preservation is strong, but if it had not been constantly set aside during the race's upbuilding, we would be about as far along our way as the timorous Inuit "Digger" Indian, whose tribe still exists on some portions of the North Pacific coast.

Heroic men have always been able to nerve themselves up to doing things they were afraid to do, and there can be no higher courage than that.

The hero worship bestowed upon men and women who are not afraid to run great risks for the sake of their kin or friends, or for a cause, is always justified.

I can remember a time in this country when party zealots were afraid to defy some political boss who had ordered leaders to nominate notoriously unsound and unfit men for office.

That sort of thing, luckily, is passing. As a race we are improving, because our courage is improving.

No longer demagogues rise in the land to achieve such a following that the rank and file of the country is afraid to take measures to unseat them.

Nobody can accuse young Mr. Lindbergh of being governed by the safety first idea.

End George Washington being guided by such a rule there would today be no United States of America.

We are improving, however.

Every man and woman knows instinctively the right thing to do. But, unfortunately, every man does not possess the grit to do it.

More people recognizing risks take them notwithstanding than ever before. Never credit the contention that civilization is making us softer.

There are more potential heroes in the world than ever before. And when they are needed they will overcome perfectly natural fears, and go out and show the world what they can do.

Fortune favors the brave now as much as it ever has.

But even if it did not, the man who takes a chance in doing some heroic deed is the kind of a man that the whole world will admire.

TULLE TRIMS PRINT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The woman who has to get through an entire season with one evening gown—now there's a problem for you. But it can be an amusing problem if the woman is sufficiently clever and ingenious. The styles are on her side this winter.

All this girl with the collapsed budget need do is watch her colors and accessories. Let her get a white or cream-colored gown built along simple, classic lines in crepe, chiffon, satin or velvet. Then let her change the gown's appearance from time to time with a double capulet of burnt orange tulle, with a naive sequin jacket, with a high-necked deep blue velvet jacket that buttons down the back, even with a lobevel green chiffon scarf whose ends float airy behind.

The call of the evening mode is for masses of frothy tulle used in a trimming way on gowns. The very handsome yellow and black silk crepe gown pictured has a froth of black tulle at each shoulder. The cunning cape which milady holds in hand in readiness to don at sweet will is also of frothy layers of black tulle.

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