

DUDE WOMAN

By PETER B. KYNE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Mary Sutherland, an eastern girl, is lured to Arizona by the advertisements of the Wagon Wheel dude ranch, operated by Ma and Pa Burdan. She is met at the station by Len Henley, rodeo rider, who tells her that the Wagon Wheel has gone out of business. Len takes her to Phoenix, where she meets Len's Aunt Margaret Maxwell. Hearing that the Wagon Wheel is broke, Ham Henley, Len's dad, purchases the Burdan notes from the bank. While at Phoenix Len enters the rodeo, drawing a bronc known as Mad Hatter. Ham Henley bets his son three to one that he won't be able to stay on the horse. At a dance Mary learns that Len loves her.

CHAPTER VII

"I don't know, Ham. I'm not as smart as you on the woman question," she replied with profound irony. He gave her a sharp side-long glance and decided that, like most of her sex, she reasoned with her emotions instead of her head.

After the parade had passed she partook of a quick luncheon with him and they drove out to the rodeo field, arriving in their box in time to see the colorful riders form on the field in a long front. About twenty paces in advance Len sat his horse. "Look at Len," Ham Henley almost moaned. "Right out where everybody can see him. Ain't there no such thing as modesty left in this world?"

Over the public address system the announcer said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the show is about to start with the bronc ridin'. This bein' the first show of the year to be held under the auspices of the Rodeo Association of America, the rules of which will govern all contests at this show, it is customary to announce the champion cowboy of the world for last year. There he is, out in front—Len Henley, of Arizona. Take a bow, Len." His horse genuflected to the audience and Len lifted his sombrero. Instantly the ranks of riders broke and with shrill yells galloped off the field. Mary dismounted and gave her reins to Len, who cantered over to the chutes while she crossed the field and entered a gate under the grandstand. A few minutes later she entered her box and found Ma and Pa Burdan sitting there. She made them welcome and a motion picture camera man came into the box and set up his equipment.

"Mr. Henley is the first rider up, on Mad Hatter," she explained to the Burdons. "It's to be his last professional ride so I thought he might like to have it filmed for a souvenir. The light is excellent and the operator will use a telephoto lens."

Over in chute thirteen, Len Henley and Pedro Ortiz were getting an Association saddle on Mad Hatter. This was an old experience with Mad Hatter and he stood quietly until Len drew the bucking strap tight around him far back toward his flanks and from the top rail of the chute slipped into the saddle and got set, the heavy rope halter shank clasped in his left hand, his sombrero in the other. He wore leather chaps, as required by the rules and his long-shanked spurs were taped until only the tips of the rowels showed, in order that in raking the horse the animal would not be cut. "Ready!" He called to the announcer on a platform built over the chutes.

"Len Henley of Arizona, champion cowboy of the world, is coming out of chute thirteen on Mad Hatter, champion bucking horse of the world. He has never been ridden and you will soon see why? Here they come!"

Mad Hatter made his entrance according to formula. Mary could have ridden him out of the chute. Forty feet out in the field he went into his act. Three jarring jumps high in the air. Len Henley stayed. Then Mad Hatter towered—and Len leaned forward, threw his weight on the horse's withers to overcome any tendency of Mad Hatter to lose his balance and fall over backward—and Mary saw him rake the horse's flanks. Then Mad Hatter was practically standing on his head—and Mary saw Len lean far backward and rake the horse's shoulders. Again the horse repeated his sea-saw tactics and again Len Henley raked him in flanks and shoulder. But—he had five seconds to go before the presiding judge should fire the pistol. He had to "make time"—and Mad Hatter had gone into his whirling dervish routine. Four seconds for that. Len knew because he had often clocked the start and finish of it with a stop watch. . . . He counted the whirrs, leaning right with the force of gravity. . . . At the beginning of the sixth whirl Len leaned to the left and got set, his taped spurs dug into Mad Hatter's hairy sides. Simultaneously the horse jumped to the left and Mary gasped as daylight showed between the saddle and the rider's posterior; then Mad Hatter started to run and pitch and Len got back in the saddle again and the girl heard the sharp bark of the judge's pistol.

During the second trip around the field Mad Hatter began to tire and only pitched half-heartedly every five or six strides; the third time around he loped lumberingly and vented his despair and anger in occasional grunts and squeals. . . . He slowed to a trot and just below the box in which Mary sat with the Bur-

dans, he stopped. The crowd, sensing the horse was conquered, cheered, but Len Henley did not seem to notice the ovation. Mary had expected he might wave his hat, triumphantly; she saw, instead, that he was weaving a little in the saddle, that his head hung low, like Mad Hatter's. It was time to dismount now but he did not seem to realize this until with a supreme effort the horse reared. He seemed to balance a moment on his hind legs—too late Len realized it was time to leave him. He was sliding down Mad Hatter's withers as the horse went over backward.

Len fell clear. Evidently the fall stunned Mad Hatter and he lay supine a few seconds, then turned over and his hind legs lay across Len Henley's body; he commenced kicking and scrambling awkwardly to regain his feet and Mary saw all four feet strike the fallen rider repeatedly. The force of the blows rolled Len over on his face and out of range. He was lying very still when the horse got up and walked away.

Mary climbed over the front of the box, clung a moment at arm's length and dropped five feet into the deep dust below. She landed on her feet and ran to Len, knelt, got her arms under him and lifted him until his shoulders rested across her knee and her left arm supported his head.

He was limp and unconscious and she saw a greenish hue creep over his countenance—blood was trickling from the corners of his slack



"Len Henley of Arizona, champion cowboy of the world."

mouth. Then Ham Henley was kneeling opposite her, his mouth twitching in a spasm of fear and remorse and hate. "Give him to me, you interferin' dude," he cracked. "Between us we've killed my son—for the triumph of winnin' a bet."

"No, no," she said, with amazing steadiness, "I shall not give him to you, because he belongs to me and you don't deserve him. You never did."

She bent and kissed one green-hued cheek; with her bandanna neckerchief she wiped his bloody mouth, she smoothed the black disordered hair, dank with sweat, back from his dusty brow, and she crooned to him: "Well, you rode him to a standstill, darling, and you left him without the aid of the pick-up men. I'm sorry I didn't know you'd be so exhausted you'd drop with weakness and not be able to roll out of his way. You were too much of a man to tell me—and your father wasn't. . . . but we showed him, didn't we? We had to kill you to win but—we won—and now he wants you." She glanced across at Ham Henley and said: "Go away!"

Arrived at the hospital Mary went up in the elevator with him and saw him disappear into the operating room. There was a bench outside in the hall and she sat down on it to wait. . . . In about an hour an interne came out.

"He's pretty badly mauled but not necessarily fatally," he said. "A broken arm, a broken leg, some broken ribs and possibly internal injuries—a rib has punctured his lung, hence the hemorrhage from his mouth. He has a cut alongside his spine but we don't think the vertebra is injured; his collar bone is fractured and he has, possibly, a basal fracture. He is unconscious, of course, and will probably remain so for a long time unless. . . . I'll report again after we've developed more radiographs."

She nodded, descended to the lobby and asked the girl at the switchboard to telephone for a taxi. She went to her hotel and lay face down on her bed and was very quiet when Margaret Maxwell came in and looked at her.

The older woman unbuckled the

waist strap of the girl's new chaps and removed them; she pulled off the pretty little fancy-stitched cowboy boots and untied the scarlet neckerchief and washed the lovely tear-streaked face.

"What time is it?" Mary asked. "Seven o'clock."

"Nearly six hours since he was hurt." She had been oblivious to the passage of time. "Has he died?"

"No, my dear, but he is still unconscious."

"Where is his father?"

"At the hospital sitting by his bed, staring at him."

"It's his right. I left the hospital in order not to embarrass him. I spoke to him rather cruelly this afternoon—please telephone him, Mrs. Maxwell, and say I'm sorry. . . ."

"I found this under your door, Miss Sutherland. It was left at the desk and a bell-boy brought it up."

Mary sat up and opened the long envelope. It contained Hamilton L. Henley's check for three thousand dollars, signed by his executive secretary, Jess Hubbell. She tossed it on the bureau. "We killed him for that," she said drearly. "I'll send it back. It's blood money, but his father's guilt is greater than mine."

"He's a pretty sturdy human being," the other woman defended. "A long time ago I ceased condemning human beings for making normal errors. Len was a party to this. He could have killed your bet by declaring he would not fight that horse to a finish. Had he been able to stand when he left the horse he would not have been hurt. But his legs were numb from gripping the horse; they buckled under him; he wanted to rest a minute and he was, for the moment, unable to think as fast as usual, or he would have rolled clear. It was one of those things, my dear."

Len Henley was unconscious four days, and it was characteristic of him to take up his life at the point where it had, temporarily, been blacked out. Mary was standing beside his bed when he said softly but very distinctly and with some irritation, "Somebody tail that horse off me!" He did not open his eyes.

Mary said: "Here, you men, tail that horse off him."

"Thanks," he murmured. "That's better. Pretty big horse to hold in one's lap."

He did not speak again for an hour. Then he said, "I'll be darned if I'll die."

Mary went to a telephone on the desk of the floor superintendent and called Ham Henley. "This is the dude speaking," she said. "Your son says he'll be darned if he'll die and somehow I think he means it. Anyhow, I'm not going to worry about him further."

"Thanks for tellin' me," he answered coldly. "I'll quit worryin' too. An' I wish you'd accept that check. It ain't blood money now. If I'd won from you I'd have sent your check back but when you won an' sent back mine you got under my skin."

"Very well, send it back, if that will relieve the itching."

He said with vast pride, "That boy's some buckaroo, ain't he?"

"He's a real champion, Mr. Henley. By the way, Mrs. Maxwell tendered you an apology from me at a time I wasn't equal to doing it myself. Now that I am, I want you to know I'm truly sorry I was more or less feline to you when Len was hurt."

"Want to be forgiven, eh? Well, I ain't the forgivin' sort."

"I don't require your forgiveness any more than I'd require your permission to wash my hands. Telling you I'm sorry for my intemperate language merely constitutes a cleansing of my conscience and that's all that interests me."

"At that I'm glad you're salty instead o' sickly sweet. You put over plenty o' mischief in the first twelve hours you knew my son, an' if, as you claim, you got a conscience maybe it could stand some more cleanin'." I submit you'd ought to say good-by to my son, Miss Sutherland. He'll be flat on his back for three months with nothin' to do but think an' I'm bankin' he'll think straight an' realize if he married you, or any woman out o' your world, he'd be messin' up his life for fair."

"Let me get this straight. Do you disapprove of me as an individual or as the representative of a class?"

"Both," he replied firmly. "You're a si-reen."

"You're precious," she said, an' hung up.

The following morning Len was fully conscious and was declared out of danger, whereupon, for the first time since his son had been injured, Hamilton Henley's thoughts returned to business—particularly unfinished business. The rebuff he had suffered from Ma Burdan had not in the least ruffled him, because he understood the reason back of it; indeed, the thought had occurred to him at the time that he had been too precipitate. He should have given her time to cool off, for he knew Ma was peppery and he knew, too, Pa was bound to feel badly at having been refused a helping hand and would unload his grief on sympathetic Ma. Well, they had had five days to think it over, and five days of association with the specter of want should have dulled the edge of Ma's wrath.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for August 6

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POWER THROUGH SELF-DISCIPLINE (TEMPERANCE LESSON)

LESSON TEXT—Proverbs 1:7-10; Jeremiah 35:5-10; I Corinthians 9:24-27; I Thessalonians 5:22.

GOLDEN TEXT—And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—I Corinthians 9:25.

Discipline—that word doesn't sound exactly attractive, does it? It makes us think of punishment for wrongdoing, when in reality it is a very helpful word which means teaching. Disciples learn, and thus are disciplined, so that life becomes safer, simpler, and more efficient.

When the Morro Castle caught fire, there was time for everyone to escape, but 134 out of the 500 on board perished because they fought each other. When the President Coolidge sank in the South Seas 4,500 soldiers escaped alive. What made the difference? Discipline, that's all, but it was enough.

There are many kinds of discipline, and all have their important place in preparing men to live well ordered and useful lives. The disciplined life has power to meet trials and temptations. We find in our lesson three kinds of discipline:

I. Home Discipline (Prov. 1:7-10).

The training received by the child early in life from its parents is of the utmost importance in forming character. Children should learn the true standards of life, and be held to obedience to them if they are later to walk in the right way.

It is here that they most effectively learn the danger of the use of intoxicants and the importance of keeping their bodies clean and strong for the service of God and country.

Some parents (possibly misled by attractive, but false theories of education) think that the correction or punishment of a child is not to be permitted. They assume that they are being kind to a child by not limiting his development, or trying to direct it. These are the people who "curse their children with kindness," which is in fact the greatest of unkindness.

Only a fool (v. 7) will despise the instruction of his parents, and only a fool of a parent will fail to give that training which is like "an ornament of grace" (v. 9) in the life of the young man or woman.

But the discipline of the home needs the support of

II. Social Discipline (Jer. 35:5-10).

The social order, which concerns our relation to our fellow men, disciplines each of us. It makes many and what sometimes seem burdensome demands of us in order that we, as well as those around us, may have the privilege of living ordered and useful lives.

Wise is the man or woman who draws from his fellowship with others that helpful training which gives him stability and grace.

The Rechabites had made a vow that they would not drink intoxicants, and as a tribe they stood by that vow even when tested by Jeremiah. (Note that we say tested, not tempted. He knew they would stand.)

Fine family traditions have great value in guiding and controlling young people. We should, like the good man Jonadab (v. 6), establish a tradition of abstinence from intoxicants which will make all of our descendants say, "No one in our family ever drinks."

The training of home and of society has one great goal and that is

III. Self-Discipline (I Cor. 9:24-27; I Thess. 5:22).

In the life of every one of us there should be that determined purpose that life shall not be lived in careless disorder, or be permitted to run out at loose ends.

We are all running a race (v. 24), and it is for us so to run that we may achieve success. We cannot run with uncertainty (v. 26), we must know where we are going.

We are fighting a fight, and at times it is a desperate, life-and-death struggle. We must not beat the air (v. 26), but strike home the telling blows which will bring victory over our enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

To do this calls for training and self-discipline. It means bringing the body and its demands into subjection. The man who runs in a race does not destroy his chances for victory by using intoxicants, or other detrimental things. Surely we who run the race for Christ must be even more determined that self shall be disciplined for God's glory.

The standard for the conduct of the Christian is higher than is commonly supposed, for he withdraws himself from "every form of evil."

The disciplined believer knows that sin is sin—that what looks comparatively innocent often wears a false face covering real wickedness, or it is the first step on a downward path. To start on that way is to invite disaster. A striking example of this is the social drink—the fashionable cocktail—the friendly glass. Abstinence is the word—"abstain from every form of evil."

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