

DUDE WOMAN

By PETER B. KYNE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Mary Sutherland 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, who tells her the ranch is out of business and who takes her to Phoenix. Here he rides the bronc, Mad Hatter, in a rodeo and wins three thousand for Mary from his dad, who had bet against Len. Ham has bought the Burdan notes from the bank and feels that Wagon Wheel is now his, but Mary has bought an equity in it. She rehires Ma and Pa Burdan and takes up on the ranch, fighting the Wade gang, who after some losses, sell their land to Ham and are released from prison on promise of leaving the country.

CHAPTER XIX

Presently she heard the complaint of tired, hungry, thirsty cattle up on the mesa. The drive was home! In about ten minutes a group of horsemen rode down off the mesa into the little valley where the headquarters stood and down past the dude house to the horse corral—all but Len Henley who dismounted and gave his reins to Lundy, while he strode stiffly over to the young mistress of the Wagon Wheel, waiting in the colonnade to receive him. His face carried a patina of dust caked with sweat and little runnels had been eroded through it by subsequent perspiration; his clothing was dirty and torn, his leather chaps scratched, his shirt and trousers dark with dust and perspiration. She caught the sour odor of his tired, unwashed body and sweat-soaked clothing as he stepped up, hat in hand and murmured very formally: "Good evening, Miss Sutherland."

She extended her hand in welcome and he accepted it eagerly and held it while his eyes, bloodshot from the glare of the pitiless August sun reflected from the parched earth, devoured her. He swallowed twice and said: "That's the dress you wore that night at the Phoenix Country Club."

He had remembered and the knowledge that he had completely disorganized her plan to be the calm and gracious hostess.

"You're so lovely," Don Leonardo went on, "and I'm so happy to be out of your dog-house."

"You were never in it," she managed to answer. "I—I was—crucel to you—but I never meant it. I—I clawed you a little . . . I sent you a message to make believe I didn't care—thought it might help you out—thought, too, if I hurt you a little—you wouldn't stop thinking of me . . . I didn't want to be forgotten—and men—forget!"

Her eyes were going moist and she knew it. With a gallant effort she said aloud and cheerfully, "Do sit down, Don Leonardo and rest your weary bones while I see if I can't rustle you up a drink." She darted into the house and met Margaret Maxwell and Don Hamilton entering the living room from the patio. "He's in the colonnade, Margaret," she gasped and fled to her room.

She had herself in hand in five minutes and came bravely out. Don Leonardo, too, had had time to reorganize himself after the shock of meeting her, and was chatting with his father and Margaret. She stooped beside his chair, picked up a cow-bell and jangled it and instantly, as if responding to the summons of Aladdin's lamp, a lathy, dusky genii appeared with a silver tray on which reposed four mint juleps in tall, lovely old frosted silver goblets. Both Henleys stood up to accept their juleps, both bowed to the ladies and both said "How!" But Len Henley added to Mary: "To your beautiful eyes, my dear," and she went out of control again. She thought: "There he stands, dog dirty, natural, easy, unashamed of the garments of labor, grateful that he has labor to perform. He's so wonderful. He's a man!" She contrasted him with Joe Blanding, and smiled a little and Don Leonardo thought the smile was for him and his somber glance brightened.

into his jail, they clamored to get it over with, figurin' if they pleaded guilty an' saved the county the cost of a trial maybe the judge would go easy on 'em. So that mornin' they had their preliminary examination in the police court, an' was remanded for trial in the Superior Court.

"It was Saturday an' the Superior Court was closed, the court bein' in session over at the Apache Club tryin' a case in equity, to-wit: If a man picks up a full house, consistin' of three dirty deuces an' a pair o' fours; if the man on his left raises before the draw an' another man meets him an' back raises an' everybody else drops out except the dealer, which is the judge; an' if the man on his left stands pat an' the dealer meets the back raise before the draw an' raises a dollar an' the man that stands pat meets him an' raises an' the man that draws one card raises him, what's the answer? Is the feller that's standin' pat bluffin', has he got a flush, a straight or a full house? And did the feller that drew one card fill in an inside straight or a bob-tailed flush or has he a full house or four of a kind or is he bluffin'? The judge decides to find out, so he throws away his fours—an' draws another deuce! So he meets the bets already made an' raises five dollars for only a fool will ignore four of a kind, even if they are deuces. His Honor is in twenty-two dollars when he's called—an' loses the pot to four treys!"

"Murder most foul," his son murmured.

"Well, Miss Sutherland, when are you leavin' us for New York?"

"Some time this winter. I'll run back to see some shows. But I'll be back for Christmas here. Can't stay away too long or I'll get in Dutch with the Spirit of the Hassy-ampa. And why do you address me as Miss Sutherland? You used to call me Dude."

"Because you ain't a dude no more an' r.e an' Len knows it. We was watchin' you steal some cattle back one mornin' a week ago an' so we seen you baptized in the new faith."

Mary flushed with pride. "I wasn't quite certain I had become an Arizonan until my mother came out in May to see to it that I got rid of the Wagon Wheel and returned home to take, as she expressed it, my rightful position in the world. I didn't argue with her because one should never argue with a woman."

"Hear! Hear!" Len Henley murmured. "I'll remember that. Go on."

"I merely bought a motion picture projector and ran about three hundred feet of film I had taken of you and me, Don Leonardo, in the parade to the rodeo grounds last January, and your ride on Mad Hatter. You may recall that I was a little bit crazy about you that day, so when Mad Hatter had kicked you within an inch of your life I dropped down from my box into the arena, picked you up and wept over you and kissed you. Finally I rode off with you in the ambulance—and the camera man I had engaged to make a pictorial record of your last ride just kept on grinding."

Ham Henley commenced a soft howling, an imitation of a broken-hearted dog.

"Mother warned me there had never been any bronco busters in the Sutherland family, that all the women in her clan and all those in my father's had always managed to marry gentlemen, and if I married a bronco buster she'd disown me and disinherit me. So in case I should be disowned and disinherited,

ed, I had to have a place to hide my shame, and I decided to keep the Wagon Wheel."

"If I'd been present when she said that," Ham Henley declared, "I'd have told her about the Henley family." He lifted the tall silver goblet and studied it. "I got a dozen silver goblets like this one," he said, "with the same crest. Maybe if we traced your proud line back to Jamestown, Virginia, around the year 1615 we'd run into kin-folk. The first Henley in America brought them goblets an' a solid silver service. It's been hocked a few times but we always managed to git it out agin an' keep it in the family."

"I daresay," said Mary, "your ancestor was seeking a place where he couldn't be ordered around."

"You're right. The King o' England an' him had a fallin' out, so he left two jumps ahead o' the sheriff."

"Spoke out of his turn, didn't he, Don Hamilton?"

"He did. In fact, that's a habit us Henleys has to the present day. I spoke out o' my turn here a few months back—"

"You don't have to admit error," Mary reminded him, "in order to be forgiven. And nine times out of ten you would have been speaking words of wisdom—out of your turn. I happened to be the odd number."

"Well, anyhow, if I'd been present when your mother spoke her piece me an' her mother most certainly have tangled. I'd ha' told her something about the Henleys, but since she ain't here to receive my blast I'll tell you. We got a record for good citizenship that sort o' nullifies our social short-comin's. Henleys has shed their blood in every war this country has fought; none of us has ever been in jail for dishonesty or immorality, we ain't spawned no half-wits nor fancy women an' we've put food in the mouths o' the hungry, sheltered the homeless an' wiped away the tears o' the unhappy. We're rough an' tough an' proud of it—more particular since we're back where we started—with a gentleman."

His eyes brimmed and he put his hand on Len's shoulder. "My son," he said with profound tenderness, "the woman don't live that can turn up her nose at you."

Don Leonardo and Mary were sitting in the semi-darkness of the colonnade, watching the bats flying around, and Don Leonardo had his guitar which Margaret had brought out to him. From time to time he picked out an air on it . . . Down at the other end of the colonnade his father and Margaret sat, discussing matters that concerned themselves only.

Suddenly Don Leonardo commenced picking out a plaintive melody in a minor key, practiced it five minutes and sang:

"I loved my love by the Hassy-ampa, I loved my love and she loved me. When I lost my love by the Hassy-ampa I thought the Spirit had swindled me!
Oh! Oh! Oh!
The naughty little scamp
Swindled me down by the Hassy-amp
But I wonder if he wonders now how I feel
As I sit beside her at the Wagon Wheel.

"Oh, night of love, oh, wondrous night
Kiss me, darling, and hold me ti—"

After about two minutes of silence Ham Henley explained it to Margaret. "The dude short-circuited him," he said.

[THE END]

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INDULGE in a riot of color in these "South of the Border" tea towels. Make gay caballeros and señoritas in cross-stitch.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Warm feet are assured when one has to wear rubber boots in winter or when wading an icy stream, if woolen socks are first put on and then paper sacks drawn on and snugly folded about the foot. Then put on another pair of socks—heavy cotton does all right for the second pair. Feet dressed in this way get warm and stay so, no matter how cold the day or water that one has to wade.

To save your rubber heels, have the shoemaker reverse them when they get worn on one side.

In laundering, remember the temperature of the water is important. The hotter the water, the whiter the clothes.

A few cranberries added to your applesauce when cooking will give it a delicious flavor.

Cotton corduroys look best if after laundering they are not ironed, but merely brushed along the direction of the ribs while still slightly damp.

When washing windows, add a few drops of kerosene to the water to give added polish. Painted furniture is easily cleaned if a little kerosene is added to the washing water.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER



If you have any doubts about the shortage of new passenger car tires, a recent statement by a government agency that knows the situation should clear your mind. It points out that less than one new tire for each car on the road will be produced in 1944, even if the industry is able to achieve the goal of 22 million passenger car tires.

Tire care is imperative now, particularly with users of truck and bus casings. Stocks are low, and it is estimated that during the latter part of the year there will be a shortage of 25,000 tires a month to meet replacement requirements on vehicles using tires of the 8.25 size and over.

Jerry Shaw

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