

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

# To Ride the River With

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SYNOPSIS

Ruth Chiswick of L C ranch, obsessed by fear of danger to her outspoken and bull-headed father, Lee, from a band of lawless rustlers headed by Sperm Howard, decides to save him by eloping with young Lou Howard, Sperm's son, and comes to the town of Tall Holt to meet him. While in Yell Sanger's store, a crook-necked stranger enters, sizes up the situation, and when a drunken cowboy, Jim Pender, rides in and starts shooting, protects Ruth, while Lou Howard hides. Disgusted with Lou's cowardice, Ruth calls off the elopement, and sends the stranger for her father at the gambling house across the street. There the stranger, calling himself Jeff Gray, meets Morgan Norris, a killer, Curly Connor, Kansas, Mile High, Sid Hunt, and other rustlers, and Sperm Howard. Lee Chiswick enters, with his foreman, Dan Brand, and tells Sperm Howard of his orders to shoot rustlers at sight. Jeff Gray returns to Ruth and coldly reassures her of her father's safety.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"I'm grateful to you for your advice, sir, and I'm sure Father will be," she said, the sting of a small whiplash singing in her voice.

He disregarded her jeer. Apparently he was as oblivious of her annoyance as he was of the pristine glamor of her vital youth.

"Bull-headed was the word you used," he went on evenly. "It suits Lee Chiswick fine. When Pender busted into the Golden Nugget, yore father was reading the riot act to a dozen scalawags waiting for the signal to cut loose at him."

"Whose signal?" she asked, the blood driven from her face.

"Seemed to be Sperm Howard's say-so. Get me right. I'm playing my own hand, and I don't give a cuss whether you smile or snap. I'll tell the old man his dear daughter is here, and you can feed him any story you've a mind to, at any time. If he goes back across the road and gets rubbed out, it is none of my business."

She had lorded it over boys with a high hand. That she could not break through his callousness irritated her. Surprisingly, she felt young and immature, was moved by an impulse to defend herself.

"I'm not ashamed of what I've done," she said, bridling.

"That's nice. Tell him you came to town to buy a paper of pins."

"You're impudent."

"Am I?"

He faced her anger with a long look of amused scorn, then turned away, insolently indifferent. The girl wanted to call him back, to lash out at him with pelting words that would sting, but she was aware that nothing she could say would penetrate his impassivity. His opinion of her had not been swayed by any personal pique.

Gray walked back into the gambling-hall.

Sanger had the floor. "Who did this, Curly?" he asked.

Curly pushed a hand through his black hair. "Couldn't tell you for sure, Yell. Half a dozen of us took a crack at him. He rode in asking for trouble and got it. Blazed away with his rifle and handed in his checks pronto. Maybe you better make yore verdict read, committed suicide while temporarily insane."

Norris volunteered information, slanting a sneer at Chiswick. "No objections anywhere, I reckon. We can be bullied just so far."

"No objections from me," Sanger agreed.

"Pender came in on my horse Black Diamond, so if you want to make the killing more legal you can claim he was a horse-thief," Curly suggested humorously.

"Or self-defense," Sanger amended seriously.

"Who cares how legal it was?" Norris said. "No four-flusher can come in here and hurrah me."

Dan Brand recognized this as a personal challenge flung at his employer. "Only a crazy fool would try, Morg," he answered amiably.

"You don't need to be carrying a chip on yore shoulder, Morg," Howard said, with a warning glance. "If there is rustling going on, we all want to back up Lee."

"Did you say 'if there was any rustling'?" Chiswick inquired, harsh irony in his voice.

Howard laughed without mirth. "You're hard to please, Chiswick. I don't pick my words like a professor. If you're not on the prod, as Brand claims, you sure have a funny way of being pleasant."

"Did I say I was aiming to be pleasant?" The cattleman let his hard gaze shift from Norris to Howard. "Someone ran off a bunch of 50 of my cows last night. If you expect me to grin and say, 'Help yourselves, boys,' you can have another guess. I'm going to fight."

"When a bull gets to pawing the ground he most generally gets accommodated," Norris insisted, not shifting his narrowed gaze from the owner of the LC.

"Shut up, Morg," interposed Curly affably. "Can't expect a man to sit quiet while he is being stole blind. Tell you what, boys. Some of us will be heading into the hills soon. We'll keep our eyes skinned. Like as not some of us will spot this bunch of L C stuff."

"I wouldn't wonder if some of you did," Chiswick said bluntly. The cattleman turned to leave the saloon.

Gray stopped him with a gesture. "Just a moment, Mr. Chiswick."

"What you want?" the ranchman asked.

Gray lowered his voice. "There's a young lady over at Sanger's who says she is yore daughter. She would like to see you right off."

"My daughter? What's she doing here?"

"Better ask her."

The red-headed man had nothing more to say. He turned to the bar and ordered a schooner of beer. Chiswick and his foreman walked out of the place.

Out of the corner of his mouth Mile High said to his chief, "That's the guy I was telling you about."

Howard nodded. He observed that Curly was sauntering to the bar. So was Norris.

The big black-haired man gave an order to the bartender. "A Curly special."

Selecting a bottle, the man in the white apron pushed it across the top of the bar. Curly poured a drink and tossed it down his throat. "Hot enough to melt the tallow



Chiswick offered his hand.

off'n a guy taking a long ride," he said amiably to the stranger.

"Sure is," agreed Gray.

"Expect you're spittin' cotton."

"I can stand a beer."

"In the cattle business?"

"More or less. At loose ends right now. Kinda lookin' around."

"My name is Connor," said Curly. "This is Mr. Norris."

"Glad to meet you. I'm Jeff Gray. A stranger in these parts."

Norris rolled a cigarette. "Tough Nut is a good town," he said. "Booming these days. Mines are doing fine. Plenty of money there."

"I'm not a miner," Gray told him, recognizing the invitation to move on, but disregarding it. "Fact is, I'm not much of a town man anyhow, except when I drift in to blow my savings. I've been in the cow business all my life."

"In Texas?" Norris asked with a casual manner.

"Here and there."

"Noticed when I was outside that you're riding a Brazos saddle. My choice, too, especially when I'm riding a long way."

Gray remarked non-committally that a saddle made a lot of difference to a rider's comfort.

"Been dry in West Texas for quite a spell, I read," Curly volunteered. "So the papers claim."

"Thought maybe you had come from down that way? Try one of my specials, Mr. Gray."

"May I have another beer instead, Mr. Connor?" Gray asked. "I certainly swallowed a lot of dust today."

Norris strolled across to Howard. "This sorreltop is on the dodge, looks to me," he said. "Mighty careful to give no information."

Lee Chiswick caught sight of his daughter standing in front of Sanger's store and strode across the street to her.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Evading his question, she said, "I've been worried about you."

"What for?"

"When I heard the shooting, over in the Golden Nugget, I thought..." Her voice faltered. No need to tell him what she had thought. He knew.

The cattleman spoke more gently. "You knew I was there?"

"Yes, I saw you and Dan go in. I hadn't time to stop you."

"Stop me?" He frowned. "I'm not so feeble I need a girl to look after my doings."

Already Chiswick had jumped to the conclusion that she had followed

him to town because she was afraid he would get into trouble with the rustler group.

"I know, but—you're so bull-headed, Father."

"Nothing of the kind," he protested hotly. "You wouldn't expect me to let these dirty thieves drive off a bunch of 50 cows at one crack without a squawk, would you?"

She shuddered. "When all those guns roared—"

"They weren't shooting at me, honey." His mind harked back to the reproof she needed. "You had no business coming to town—not to Tall Holt. We stay away from this place. You know that."

"You didn't."

"Dad gum it, girl, I'm your father. You don't have to tell me what-all I can and can't do." He slammed his fist down into the palm of the other hand. "You act like you rule the roost. Well, you don't. Not by a jugful. Understand?"

"Yes," she said, with more humility than was customary, since her mind was still full of the crazy thing she had done.

Ruth was still thinking of her escapade with Lou Howard. She could not understand how it had ever gone so far. She knew now she did not love him, never had. That she had not seen through his shallow weakness earlier hurt her pride.

Later she knew she would flog herself with her own scorn. She was a lying little cheat for not telling her father the truth. But she dared not confess without preparing his mind first. It would be like Lee Chiswick to walk across to the Golden Nugget to have it out with Sperm Howard.

"We'll go over to Charley Wong's restaurant for supper," Lee Chiswick said. "Dan is waiting for us over there."

Back of the restaurant they found a bucket of water, a tin pan, a thin piece of dirty soap, and a roller-towel much the worse for use.

The cattleman called Wong. "This towel has half of Arizona on it, Charley. Bring a new one—and another piece of soap."

The Chinaman grinned. "Velly good," he said.

Inside the restaurant Dan Brand was waiting at a table in a corner. Across the aisle from him sat Gray. Ruth touched the cattleman on the arm by way of calling his attention. "This is Mr. Gray, Father. When that drunk man came shooting into Sanger's store he looked after me."

"Looked after you—how?" asked Chiswick.

"Pushed me back of some sacks of potatoes and stood in front of me." Chiswick offered his hand. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Gray. I reckon my daughter has thanked you, but I'll do it again."

"Nothing worth mentioning what I did, but she thanked me proper," the crook-nosed man said dryly.

"Since you haven't eaten yet, won't you join us?" the cattleman invited.

Gray moved to the other table.

"My foreman, Dan Brand," Chiswick introduced. "Dan, this is Mr. Gray."

The two men shook hands, estimating one another with their eyes. Chiswick motioned Gray to the vacant chair beside his daughter.

They fell at first into casual talk of cows, grass, markets.

"Looks like a country of small ranches," Gray said presently.

"Yes," Chiswick confirmed. "Plenty rough in these hills. Cut up by gulches and canyons where nesters have settled."

"Your ranch is lower down?"

"Yes. Runs up from the Sweet Spring valley into the hills."

"From what I heard at the Golden Nugget I gather the L C is a big outfit."

"My brand is on a lot of stock—or was," the cattleman said grimly.

## Logging Great Industry in Canadian Woods; Thousands of Workmen Employed

Logging in the woods in Canada provides employment for about 240,000 workers on a part-time basis, or for an average of about 84,000 men yearly.

Logging operations are generally conducted in unsettled or sparsely settled country at considerable distances from the ordinary routes of travel. In the typical logging camp in eastern Canada there are usually from 50 to 75 men. The buildings are of a temporary nature, built of logs or rough boards, and usually include a cookhouse, sleep camp, stable, storehouse, and blacksmith's shop. The built-in bunks filled with boughs or hay are being replaced by iron double-deck bunks with springs, mattresses and blankets. The houses are heated with large wood-burning stoves, and though the regulations call for provision for ventilation, the lumberjacks are not very fussy about this item. But they do want heat, and since fuel is cheap and abundant, they get it.

The food is generally excellent

"Still is," Brand amended.

"I reckon." Anger flamed in Chiswick's tanned face. "Won't be long unless we can stop this big steal that is going on. A few of those rustlers will have to be strung up as a warning."

"Better not talk," advised Brand in a low voice.

"Why shouldn't I talk?" Chiswick demanded. "This is a free country, and I've never yet seen the color of the scoundrel's hair that could keep me from saying my mind."

"You don't mean red particularly, do you, Father?" Ruth asked, slanting impudent eyes at Gray. "Or do you?"

The cattleman smiled, ruefully. "Figure of speech, Mr. Gray. No, I don't mean red." He turned to his daughter. "You little minx."

"None of my business, Mr. Chiswick," Gray said bluntly. "But what Mr. Brand says is good medicine. Why talk any more? You've said yore little piece. I'm an outsider, and never saw one of those gents at the Golden Nugget before. But there were some present who didn't take yore remarks kindly. I am of opinion that the chuckle-headed false alarm who rode in and got filled with lead did you a considerable service."

"His chunk sure went out sudden," Brand commented. "I wouldn't say you're not right, Mr. Gray. While Lee was on the prod I didn't feel anyways lead immune myself. They're not bad boys, in a way of speaking, but they are some quick on the trigger."

"No, they're not bad," Chiswick replied scornfully. "Practically all of them are thieves, and some are killers, and a few have robbed trains and stages. Maybe 40 per cent of them have shot down Mexican vaqueros who were defending their masters' herds. But what is a Mexican here and there? Remember the Alamo! Yes, sir. Just a bunch of nice cowboys who take no pleasure in killing unless someone gets in the way of what they want."

The summit of Mule mountain had been a crag of fire in the sunset when they had gone into the restaurant. As they came out, Ruth noticed that the crotches between the peaks were lakes of imperial purple. Soon darkness would sift down from the hills.

"We're out of coffee and baking soda," Ruth told her father. "Better get some while we're here, don't you think?"

"Yes. Enough to last us till someone can get to Tough Nut. Anything else you need?"

"I'd like some nutmegs, and a box of matches."

Chiswick asked the foreman to get Ruth's cow-pony and tie it at the hitchrack with the other two. Gray walked with the father and daughter as far as Sanger's store.

"I'll be saying adios," he told them, and added, his ironic smile on Ruth: "Nice to have met up with you."

She said the pleasure was hers, said it very coolly, and turned into the store. The place was lit by two coal-oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. Near the rear something covered by a sheet lay on a cot. Ruth guessed that what was resting there so still had been roaring with drunken life less than an hour ago.

Two customers were in the store. One was a slim, graceful, fishy-eyed man, neatly dressed, with a silk bandanna tied loosely round his brown throat. His companion called him Morg. The other she had met at a dance. He was a fine figure of a man, slender and broad-shouldered, with black, curly hair that had given him his nickname. Connor, she had heard him called, and she knew that Curly was his cognomen among the cowboys.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

## C. Houston Goudiss Discusses CARBOHYDRATES and FATS

### Foods That Provide Motive Power For the Body Machinery ★ ★

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS  
6 East 39th St. New York.

THE human body might be compared to a framework filled with machinery. It takes food to build the framework, food to run the machinery and food to keep it working efficiently and this food must be of the proper type.

Last week, I discussed the body building proteins and explained how to distinguish between those which build and repair body tissue, and those that are adequate for maintenance, but not for growth. It is equally important that you should learn something of the fuel foods which are necessary to fire the body engine and furnish motive power to propel the body machinery.

#### Fuel Foods Keep Us Alive

The body could not function in the absence of fuel foods any more than a machine could run without power, or a car without gas. Every breath requires an expenditure of energy, and so does every movement—from the beating of the heart to the winking of an eye.



Even in repose, the body machinery is kept functioning only by an ever-present supply of fuel. For, as long as life continues—even when you are lying perfectly still—you need fuel to carry on the internal work of the body.

#### Activity Demands Energy Foods

Every type of daily activity, including work and exercise, requires additional fuel. If you walk slowly, you expend twice as much energy as when you sit still. And when you walk fast, you may use up four, five or six times as much energy.

The chief fuel, or energy producing foods, are the carbohydrates—that is, the starches and sugars; and fats. Protein also has some fuel value, but its primary function is to build and repair tissue.

Carbohydrates are quick burning. They might be compared to the flare of a match in a dark room, which gives bright light for an instant, but is soon extinguished. Fat, on the other hand, burns slowly, like a lamp whose wick is turned low.

#### Danger of Inadequate Fuel Supply

Recently there has been a tendency to minimize the importance of the fats and carbohydrates, due to the craze for dieting. Some of the results of disregarding the absolute necessity for these foods are extreme irritability, and a greater susceptibility to fatigue, nervous diseases, tuberculosis and other infections.

#### Too Much Fuel Causes Overweight

It is true, however, that an excess of fuel foods will tend to produce overweight. For if we assimilate them, and do not utilize their potential energy

#### Your Food Is Your Fate

THE third of the series of articles entitled "What to Eat and Why," written by C. Houston Goudiss, the eminent food authority, author and radio lecturer, appears in this issue.

In these articles Mr. Goudiss tells how you can be strong, beautiful, wise and rear healthy children by combining the right food materials in the diet. He points out the vast influence which food wields over one's life.

The housewife and mother who desires to know what foods will benefit her family the most will do well to read these articles week by week and make a scrapbook of them for ready reference.

in muscular effort, they will be stored—as fat—usually in most inconvenient locations! On the other hand, an excess of any food is a detriment. Therefore the goal should be enough, but not too much, of all necessary foods.

Since both carbohydrates and fats are energy foods, one might expect them to play an interchangeable role in the diet. To a certain extent, they do, although fat, being more concentrated, provides two and one-fourth times as much fuel value as an equal weight of carbohydrate.

But because of the variation in the way these materials are handled by the body, it is generally considered that health is best served when 40 to 50 per cent of the total energy value of foods is provided in the form of carbohydrate and 30 to 35 per cent in the form of fats.

#### Carbohydrates Are Quickest Fuel

Carbohydrates, which originate chiefly in plant life, are readily converted into heat and muscle energy. Foods rich in carbohydrates include bread, potatoes, macaroni, rice, cooked and ready-to-eat cereals, peanuts, dried and preserved fruits, sugars and syrup.

Sugar furnishes heat more quickly and more abundantly than any other food. But it has a tendency to dull the appetite and is also apt to cause fermentation. Therefore, a large measure of our heat and energy is best secured from starchy foods such as bread, cereals, macaroni and potatoes.

Quick energy can also be obtained from the easily digested sugars of fresh and dried fruits, such as prunes, apricots, raisins and fully ripened bananas.

Here is an interesting and important point which is frequently overlooked in unscientific reducing diets. Fat requires carbohydrates for its proper utilization by the body. That is why women who try to reduce without following a scientifically planned diet frequently become seriously ill as a result of cutting down on carbohydrates while overlooking the fats contained in milk, butter, and other foods.

#### Relation of Fat To Health

Fats are so necessary to the body economy that it is no exaggeration to say that without fat, life, in its higher forms, is impossible. The noted Arctic explorer, Stefansson, found that he could exist satisfactorily on an all-meat diet, provided he ate liberally of fat. On a diet of all lean meat, he became violently ill within a week.

Besides furnishing concentrated energy values, fats help to create the fatty tissue which cushions the nerves and abdominal organs, and forms the pleasing contours of face and figure.

Because it leaves the stomach more slowly than proteins and carbohydrates, fat retards the digestion of these food groups somewhat, and thus gives staying power to a meal. At the same time it promotes the flow of pancreatic juice and bile, thus helping in the assimilation of other foods. Foods rich in fat include butter, cheese, egg yolk, cooking fats and oils, margarine, olives, pastry, peanut butter, most nuts except chestnuts and lichi nuts, various kinds of sausage and fried foods.

#### Anger Destroys Fat Reserves

Experiments have demonstrated why nervous, irritable individuals are usually thin, while those with a serene temperament often accumulate weight. It has been proven that anger and fright increase the amount of fat in the blood and remove a corresponding amount of fat from its usual stor-

age place beneath the skin. A fit of anger may take off more fat than an hour's exercise, or two or three days of enforced diet. Thus the person who allows himself to become upset continually withdraws the fat reserve from his body. Such persons could profit, perhaps, by taking more of the fat-forming foods.

But whether the members of your family are good natured, or irritable, young or old, they need a constant supply of fuel foods—at every meal, every day. Fuel foods produce energy and energy is the motive power of life and work and thought.

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## "Home-Wrecking" Qualities of Poor Furniture Polish

How often a houseful of fine furniture and handsome woodwork is spoiled by the use of a poor furniture polish! There are many polishes on the market today—some fair, some good, others excellent for luster and long life of the finish! The best is non-greasy, because made with a fine, light-oil base! In time, furniture and woodwork can be ruined by the persistent application of a cheap, poor polish! Such polish will contain kerosene, harsh abrasives and harmful acids—destructive elements, that are unseen and unsuspected! The housewife may use one of these polishes, feeling that she is economically keeping her furniture polished—but this is poorest economy, if she values her furniture (and what housewife does not?). The furniture in a home constitutes the largest part of the furnishings—and will show up like "sore thumbs" when dried out, cracked or checked. This is just what occurs, when other than a reputable oil polish is used! Too, a quality oil polish is less expensive! Less is used at one time—for it's undiluted. The resultant glow is deeper, richer, more lasting! Best of all, the finish of the furniture and woodwork is properly "fed" and kept in prime condition! So beware of harsh, "bargain" polishes—through them, the furniture suffers!

## WHEN YOU CLEAN HOUSE USE O-CEDAR—THE POLISH THAT CLEANS AND PRESERVES YOUR FURNITURE



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WRONG? Well, yes—and no. The arithmetic of your school days taught that if "Mary had five dollars and spent two..." three dollars remained. But that is mathematics—not shopping!

In managing a home... guarding a limited family income... we've simply got to do better than Mary did. We must sharpen our buying wits... ascertain where the dollars of extra value lurk... take five dollars to town and get much more for the money spent.

Fortunately, there are ever-willing guides right at hand—the advertisements in this newspaper. Advertised merchandise is often exceptional value merchandise. It makes dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.