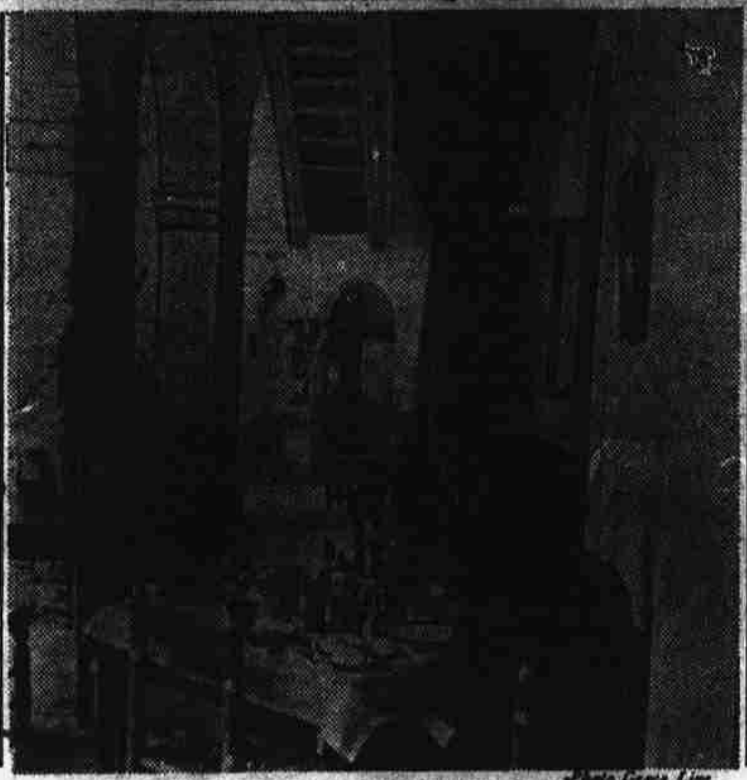




Traveling Around America



Synopsis: — Joe Wilson is traveling by car from Chicago to Capital City in the West to marry his girl, Katherine Grant, a high school teacher, when he is stopped by armed men and taken to the county jail in Saga. There has been a kidnapping. His description fits one of the kidnapers — a man who ate salted peanuts. Joe always carried a bag of salted peanuts. The rumor spreads that one of the kidnapers has been captured. The news comes like a bolt of lightning to the man. Led by a loafer and jail-bird, "Bubbles" Dawson, a crowd of otiose heads for the jail to demand information about the man from the Sheriff.

Chapter Three

THE MOB-MIND IN ACTION

Sheriff Hummell received the delegation in his office. He sat at his desk and faced the half dozen men gravely.

"I'm trying to locate the District Attorney, and we'll get at the truth as fast as possible. Till we do I have no right to make a statement."

"Ordinarily, Sheriff, you" said Burmeister. "But there's a pretty nervous feeling in town—"

"We got a right to know about this kidnaper," out in Dawson.

"I don't know he is a kidnaper yet, and so neither do you."

Dawson bristled. "What're you doing, Hummell? Try to protect this woman!"

The Sheriff slowly draped a leg over the arm of his chair. "That's pretty comical, Dawson you teaching me law and order! You've been stirring up trouble for law and order ever since you got into these seats . . . Anything more I can

gent's right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, lettin' a stranger show us the ropes!"

Amid renewed whistlings, catcalls, and cries of "He's right!" "Let's do something!" "Hop to it!" a youth leaped upon a chair and shrieked: "Come on! Let's have some fun!"

Now possessed of but a single idea, the men hurried out of the bar, walking rapidly, silently for the most part, towards the jail—grim-faced, marching in unison, like a squad of soldiers. As they progressed, other men and boys, with a sprinkling of women who guessed their purpose, joined the group. The crowd gathered courage as it went along and increased in numbers—there were more than a hundred men in it now, half as many women and boys. Cries of hatred, thirst for revenge, thirst for blood, began to be heard.

Sheriff Hummell, warned by Bugs Meyers, was waiting on the top step leading up to the double doors of the two-story frame building with iron bars at the windows. Two deputies, shackled in their hands, flanked him. The Sheriff opened his mouth to speak, but his words were drowned in an outburst of jeers and catcalls from the mob. The stranger thrust himself forward.

"Sheriff, we want to talk to this Wilson guy."

"You" warned the Sheriff, "keep out of this. We don't know yet whether the man's innocent or guilty. The District Attorney is checking on him now. Whoever he is, he's under the protection of the law."

After the jeers that met his words had subsided he continued: "As long as I stand here you can yell yourselves hoarse, but you won't see this man."

"Then you won't stand there long!" "We'll move you!" cried voices from the mob.

"Well, then, I expect to tell you that the militia is on the way here."

The mob suddenly died down.



Cries of hatred, thirst for revenge, thirst for blood, began to be heard.

"There he is! That's him!" he heard voices crying.

do for you gentlemen?"

"No offense meant, Sheriff," said Phippen importantly. "I'm sure we can count on you to keep everything ship-shape. Good afternoon."

All of the delegation except Dawson started to follow Phippen out of the office. Dawson swaggered belligerently to the Sheriff's desk.

"I'll tell you one thing, Hummell, my friends won't be satisfied with what those pillars of society—he nodded towards the retreating backs of Phippen and Burmeister—"tell 'em. An attack on a girl hits us ordinary people where we live. An' we're goin' to see that politics don't cut any ice!"

Hummell's voice heightened with temper. "I'm going to see that a lot of half-baked rumors don't either! Now high-tail out of here. And behave yourself, or I'll have the county take you and all your relatives off to jail!"

The Sheriff put through a call to the Governor and was assured that the militia would be ready in case of an emergency.

Back in the bar, "Bubbles" Dawson was, unconsciously, working himself and his friends and some of the more excitable men in the room into a mob spirit. They started with the reason for ripping up Joe's auto and gradually raised the amount of ransom notes found in it. Bugs Meyers entered the bar and was appealed to for confirmation of their heated imaginings.

Bugs snickered. "I hate to disappoint ya, but we didn't find anything in his car. We ripped it to pieces—"

"We know you found that ransom money in the car," stated Dawson.

"Yah! Ten grand," horned in a stranger, pushing his way up to the bar. "Hid under the seat. That's what the lock-up keeper's wife said."

"What does she know?" demanded Bugs. "I tore up the car myself and I ought to know. All the ransom money this Wheeler—Wilson he calls himself—had was one five dollar bill."

A sudden hush fell upon the crowd, broken by a sneer of triumph from Dawson: "There ya are! Who does she make a liar out of? Wait till I shove that down the Sheriff's throat!"

"Yea, Dawson!" shouted someone. "Attabo! Come on!" Amid whistlings and catcalls, Bugs Meyers, now really alarmed, snatched out, while a man named Garrett, who had been one of those to visit the Sheriff, tried to reason with the mob. "Everybody's getting so excited. The Sheriff's okay. This is none of our business."

"No!" shouted the stranger. "If I lived in this town I'd make it my business. What are you eggs? You ought to be ashamed to let a man like that get away with it!"

In the silence that followed Garrett demanded: "Who are you?"

"That name's Hummell. I been up at Capital City investigating for the past couple of months. Maybe you can tell me what's goin' on here."

"That name's Hummell?" asked Dawson. "That name's Katherine Grant."

the mob looked at one another, started, shocked. The armed guardians of the law remained purposefully alert on the jail steps.

And as yet there had been no sign of the militia.

Parked automobile lights picked out the forms of the Sheriff and his two deputies. Courage came back into the turbulent mob. Dawson, the stranger and a woman drew closer. Garrett followed; he addressed Hummell indignantly.

"Why didn't you tell us about the five dollar bill? You had a chance."

"Now, you'll see 'men act,'" cried Dawson.

"Let him have it!" "Let's go!" "Give it to him!" cried voices, and the mob surged forward.

Katherine Grant, having arranged with her landlady for a sort of wedding supper for Joe and herself, and warned the minister that they would be at his house to be married at four o'clock, had gone to Sycamore Corner to meet Joe. It was now hours past the time he had set for her to be there, and there was no sign of him. A passenger-bus with a crew of newswired cameramen inside stopped for sandwiches and directions to Saga. When they had gone, the owner of the hot-dog stand came in shaking his head.

"The things that happen! They got somebody they suspect of that kidnapin' at Saga. Fella says his name's Joe Wilson. The mob there's tryin' to make him confess."

"Joe Wilson?" said Katherine dazedly. "Joe?" Then she realized what it meant and her voice sharpened in an agony of fear. "He's. He's the man I'm waiting for—to marry! Where's a car? Lend me your car! Please, I've got to get there!"

"The boy's got my car in town, Miss. I'm—"

"When's the next bus?"

"There ain't another one today."

"But I've got to get to Joe! What'll I do?" She looked from the old man to his wife, who had been so sympathetic, in helpless terror. Then she ran out of the hot-dog stand, took the road that the bus with the cameramen on board had taken, running as if Joe's life depended upon her swiftness.

From his second-floor front cell, Joe Wilson, half-crazed with the knowledge that it was he the mob was after, heard the Sheriff say: "Here they come again! Aim at their feet! Don't throw the tear-gas bombs too far!"

Why didn't the Sheriff and his deputies use their guns? Again and again the mob had advanced only to be driven back by the gas, only to reform and return to the attack.

"There he is! That's him!" he heard voices crying, and immediately stones crashed against the wall of the jail, the bars at his window.

Joe crouched down, pressing to the door at his cell, grabbed the bars and shook them wildly, shouting: "Look-up! Look-up! Come here! I want to talk to the Sheriff!"

"No shouting! Get down!" the town marshal, came Hummell's voice.

"Look-up! Look-up! Bring the Sheriff! I can prove I'm all right! Let me talk to somebody! I don't want that mob on me! Tell the Sheriff to phone my girl. She's waiting for me. She'll tell you who I am. Her name is Katherine Grant."

MYTHS ABOUT TAMALES

ONE of the current myths about Mexico is that the main items of diet are tamales and chile con carne. These two dishes as we know them in this country are just about as foreign to Mexico as our chop suey is to China. The native foods in Mexico are delicious and the little native inn like this charming one in Tuxco are frequently popular with travelers visiting the country on the fortnightly rail-water cruiser via the Panama Canal and the Spanish Americas to Mexico.

The tortilla is one of the oldest dishes of Mexico and is made today just as it was in the days of Moctezuma. It is a thin corn meal cake used in countless combinations, among which the general favorite is the "enchiladas"—tortillas rolled round a mixture of cheese, onions, chopped peppers, and shreds of pork, with a red pepper sauce poured over them.

"Prijoles" is another ancient food—a variety of kidney bean cooked several hours to a fine paste then fried until it takes on the delicate flavor of nuts.

"Arroz" is a fried rice that has been soaked first in water then fried with salt, tomatoes, and "flavoring spices."

Barbaraco is a corking concoction of beef, veal, and pork cooked in an airtight underground oven to a blend that is exquisite—a blood sort of a dish which it is difficult to believe gave rise to our "Bar B Q's."

Timely Questions On Farm Answered

Question: How can I tell whether or not my chickens have worms?

Answer: Unless there is a heavy infestation it is difficult to determine the presence of internal parasites, but where the birds are heavily infested there is usually an extremely heavy appetite, the birds are thin and often a leg weakness will appear. Where these conditions appear it is safe to assume that the birds are infested. When the birds appear listless and there is no doubt as to the trouble it is best to open up several of the subnormal birds and examine the intestines for worms.

Question: At what age should I breed my young heifers?

Answer: There is no arbitrary age for breeding heifers. This is usually determined by the maturity of the animal. Heifers that are fed grain liberally in addition to the roughage will mature more rapidly than those on a limited grain ration.

Then, too, the bread has a bearing on the freshening time. Jersey and Guernsey heifers, if properly grown out, should be bred to freshen from 24 to 30 months of age. The Holstein and Ayrshire heifers should freshen when from 27 to 32 months old.

Question: How can I rid my rose bushes of the small lice that are killing the plants?

Answer: The aphid or "plant lice" can be controlled by the application of a 40 percent nicotine sulphate spray, or by applying a dust made by mixing 12 ounces of hydrated lime and eight pounds of dusting sulphur. The 40 percent nicotine sulphate is a commercial mixture and when used as a spray should be mixed with water at the rate of one teaspoonful to three quarts of water. The small insect known as the thrip is also particularly harmful to roses and may be controlled with the same insecticides.

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