Indiana Daily Times

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INDICATIONS continue that it will be harder to corrupt the May primaries. Denny Bush is expected to remain at the penal farm.

POSSIBLY Mr. Seidensticker felt that he had already done enough toward releasing Denny Bush without participating in the parole board deliberations!

WHEN SKIP-STOPS were used in Indianapolis in war time the application was not made in the mile square. Why all this worry about the "long blocks" now?

WITH EVERY INDICATION that the street car company is now ready to surrender some of its "valuable rights" the possibility of better street car service is improving.

OH, WELL! It is interesting to know that Mr. Taggart's policemen knew where to go to stop craps shooting while the administration's candidate made his speech!

PERHAPS that interests of Republicans in getting out Democratic candidates for mayor is prompted more by a desire to see Democrats kept out of the Republican fight than by love of Democrats!

Unnecessary Trouble

Eliminating completely the question of whether it is necessary or desirable to operate on dogs in order to teach surgery, there is much in connection with the present practices of the Indiana University School of Medicine to arouse antagonism in this community.

The college refuses to cooperate with citizens seeking lost pets and thereby givs color to the belief that it preys upon the pet dogs of the community.

The college refuses to permit the presence of any other than its students and faculty at the operations and thereby gives credence to the belief that behind locked doors it perpetrates unknown atrocities on the unfortunate animals that fall into its hands.

The college appears to regard itself as immune from honest criticism and above the necessity of heeding public sentiment in regard to the care of dogs and thereby creates the suspicion that it controls or can control officials who are being paid by the public to protect it against offenses charged against the college.

Day after day the sentiment in this community is reaching a higher pitch in regard to the dogs at the medical college. Three search warrants have been obtained by citizens who refused to stop at the doors of the institution which places so much unnecessary restriction around what it declares to be proceedings without guile. Other legal proceedings are contemplated.

The certain result of the failure of the college authorities to reckon with public sentiment is a tremendous lot of trouble that is made necessary only by a mistaken policy.

All that the public demands of the medical college is certain protection for itself against the theft of pet dogs and certain protection for dogs against unnecessary cruelties.

The only cost of this protection to the college would be the sacrifice of opportunity secretly to practice things its authorities declare they do not desire to practice.

Refusal to sacrifice opportunity to do wrong cannot help create the impression that opportunity to do wrong is defended for the sole purpose of exercising that opportunity.

Oust These Tools!

Illustrative of how conveniently short are the memories of those political writers who are suborned by bi-partisan bosses is the effort now of an Indianapolis newspaper to induce Governor McCray to recall his demand for the resignation of Maurice Shelton as State purchasing agent.

Governor Goodrich announced the appointment of Shelton as his own when it was made. This newspaper now declares that he was not an appointee of the Governor but was selected by the institutional heads. The facts are the selection was subjected to the law that requires approval by the Governor and Governor Goodrich would approve no one else.

This same newspaper says there has never been disclosed anything in the record of Mr. Shelton's administration that would justify removal.

It overlooks the fact that Shelton let a contract for coal for the State institutions to a coal company in which Governor Goodrich's brother was a stockholder and director, rescinded the contract when caught and later let it to another company composed of "close business associates" of the Governor.

It overlooks the fact that Shelton let another coal contract to a company in which Governor Goodrich's son was a stockholder and when caught in that deal arranged with Goodrich that the contract should not take effect until after Governor Goodrich retired from office.

Governor McCray certainly has a right to conduct his administration without the influences of men who can see no impropriety in giving lucrative State contracts to relatives and business associates of the official to whom he owes his appointment.

Whatever success Governor McCray makes of his administration will be dependent on his ability to divorce the Sheltons and the Wrights and other such appointees of Governor Goodrich from the State treasury.

To advocate the retention in public office of these tools of the "financially able" Goodrich is to approve of the continuation of Goodrichism, which has proved so intolerable to the taxpayers of Indiana.

To advocate such retention from honest motives is, of course, possible, but the use of deliberate falsehoods in attempts to cause the Governor to waver in his announced intentions to better the administration of Indiana is certainly indicative of lack of honesty in the movement.

Cement

If progress is made in the next fifty years, similar to that of the past, some people certainly will turn over in their graves. At times it is thought that the noise from cars, automobile trucks and children will cause a turnover anyhow. The introduction of Portland cement into the daily life has occasioned much remarkable progress.

The old stone mason who lived in every community is gone. A quicker way to do his work is used. Perhaps in half a century a brick mason cannot be found, excepting at the bank. Now ships and elevators, houses and roads are made of cement and Europe is to have concrete railroad freight cars. They cost only 70 per cent the cost of steel or iron cars, and in the absence of metal, as in Switzerland, are much in demand.

It is true that had the beauties or the utility of a "poured" foundation or a poured fireproof house been advocated half a century ago, the advocates would promptly have been sent to Bedlam or some more convenient asylum. Likewise would the designer of a concrete elevator or ship, or car.

Happily no one has suggested a concrete breakfast food. Just as all kinds of dishes for the morning repast were in process of thought and some had been marketed, the war came on and stopped that laudable enterprise. Since then the mails to Battle Creek have been poor, but eventually if not soon, cement or some byproduct of it will be sent out from there, as a sure cure for old age or something, done up in proper form with a fine picture of steaming hot pancakes to tempt the appetite.

The Sea Relents

That truth is stranger than fiction is again illustrated in the casting up of two German submarine boats by the sea, near Falmouth, England. Photographs of the ships show them only a few yards apart on the beach.

By law these become treasure trove and belong to the King of England. They will go into the coffers of the empire, however, when reclaimed. The person who suddenly discovered a boat which must have cost $100,000 at least may be just a little disappointed that he cannot keep it.

It is fortunate that these boats, which are 200 feet long or more, did float or swim to shore and strand, before they did any harm to shipping. For a merchant ship to bump into something like a submarine, might so damage the merchantman that it would sink.

The giving up of two boats by the sea, from under the water, is a surprise, as, of course, the parts of the submarine are all metal and in the aggregate weigh many tons. However, the batteries may have given just sufficient buoyancy to cause the entire ship to move along the bottom of the sea, gradually nearing land, until a current or ground swell put it high and dry.

How many treasures of the sea will be cast up, for generations to come, cannot be foretold. None will bother Indianapolis, however.

HYGEIA at the SOLITO

By O. HENRY

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(Continued From Page One.)

bles. "No more dead sure t'ings for me. But Rus Sage himself would have snatched at it. Five to one dat de boy from Cork wouldn't stay t'ree rounds is what I invested in. Put my last cent on, and could already smell the sawdust in dat all-night joint of Jimmy Delaney's on T'irty-seventh street I was goin' to buy. And den—say, telegraph pole, what a gazaboo a guy is to put his whole roll on one turn of the gaboozium!"

"You're plenty right," said the big cattleman; "more 'specially when you lose. Son, you get up and light out for a hotel. You got a mighty bad cough. Had it long?"

"Lungs," said McGuire comprehensively. "I got it. The croaker says I'll come to time for six months longer—maybe a year if I hold my gait. I wanted to settle down and take care of myself. Dat's why I speculated on dat five to one perhaps. I had a t'ousand iron dollars saved up. If I winned I was goin' to buy Delaney's cafe. Who'd a t'ought dat stiff would take a nap in de folst round—say?"

"It's a hard deal," commented Raidler, looking down at the diminutive form of McGuire crumpled against the truck. "But you go to a hotel and rest. There's the Menger and the Maverick, and—"

"And the Fi'th Av'noo, and the Waldorf-Astoria," mimicked McGuire. "Told you I went broke. I'm on de bum proper. I've got one dime left. Maybe a trip to Europe or a sail in me private yacht would fix me up—pa'per!"

He flung his dime at a newsboy, got his "Express," propped his back against the truck, and was at once rapt in the account of his Waterloo, as expanded by the ingenious press.

Curtis Raidler interrogated an enormous gold watch, and laid his hand on McGuire's shoulder.

"Come on, bud," he said. "We got three minutes to catch the train."

Sarcasm seemed to be McGuire's vein.

"You ain't seen me cash in any chips or call a turn since I told you I was broke, a minute ago, have you? Friend, chase yourself away."

"You're going down to my ranch," said the cattleman, "and stay till you get well. Six months'll fix you good as new." He lifted McGuire with one hand, and half-dragged him in the direction of the train.

"What about the money?" said McGuire, struggling weakly to escape.

"Money for what?" asked Raidler, puzzled. They eyed each other, not understanding, for they touched only as at the gear of bevelled cog-wheels—at right angles, and moving upon different axes.

Passengers on the south-bound saw them seated together, and wondered at the conflux of two such antipodes. McGuire was five feet one, with a countenance belonging to either Yokohama or Dublin. Bright-beady of eye, bony of cheek and jaw, scarred, toughened, broken and reknit, indestructible, grisly, gladiatorial as a hornet, he was a type neither new nor unfamiliar. Raidler was the product of a different soil. Six feet two in height, miles broad, and no deeper that a crystal brook, he represented the union of the West and South. Few accurate pictures of his kind have been made, for art galleries are so small and the mutoscope is as yet unknown in Texas. After all, the only possible medium of portrayal of Raidler's kind would be the fresco—something high and simple and cool and unframed.

They were rolling southward on the International. The timber was huddling into little, dense green motts at rare distances before the inundation of the downright, vert praries. This was the land of the ranches; the domain of the kings of the kine.

McGuire sat, collapsed into his corner of the seat, receiving with acid suspicion the conversation of the cattlemen. What was the "game" of this big "geezer" who was carrying him off? Altruism would have been McGuire's last guess. "He ain't no farmer," thought the captive, "and he ain't no con man, for sure. W'at's his lay? You trail in, Cricket, and see how many cards he draws. You're up against it, anyhow. You got a nickel and gallopin' consumption, and you better lay low. Lay low and see w'at's his game.

At Rincon, 100 miles from San Antonio, they left the train for a buckboard which was waiting there for Raidler. In this they travelled the thirty miles between the station and their destination. If anything could, this drive should have stirred the acrimonious McGuire to a sense of his ransom. They sped upon velvety wheels across an exhilarant savanna. The pair of Spanish ponies struck a nimble, tireless trot, which gait they occasionally relieved by a wild, untrammeled gallop. The air was wine and seltzer, perfumed, as they absorbed it, with the delicate redolence of prairie flowers. The road perished, and the buckboard swam the uncharted billows of the grass itself, steered by the practised hand of Raidler, to whom each tiny distant mott of trees was a signboard, each convolution of the low hills a voucher of course and distance. But McGuire reclined upon his spine, seeing nothing but a desert, and receiving the cattleman's advances with sullen distrust. "What's he up to?" was the burden of his thoughts; "w'at kind of a gold brick has the big guy got to sell?" McGuire was only applying the measure of the streets he had walked to a range bounded by the horizon and the fourth dimension.

A week before, while riding the prairies, Raidler had come upon a sick and weakling calf deserted and bawling. Without dismounting he had reached and slung the distressed bossy across his saddle, and dropped it at the ranch for the boys to attend to. It was impossible for McGuire to know or comprehend that, in the eyes of the cattleman, his case and that of the calf were identical in interest and demand upon his assistance. A creature was ill and helpless; he had the power to render aid—these were the only postulates required for the cattleman to act. They formed his system of logic and the most of his creed. McGuire was the seventh invalid whom Raidler had picked up thus casually in San Antonio, where so many thousands go for the ozone that is said to linger about its contracted streets. Five of them had been guests of Solito Ranch until they had been able to leave, cured or better, and exhausting the vocabulary of tearful gratitude. One came too late, but rested very comfortably, at last, under a ratama tree in the garden.

So, then, it was no surprise to the ranchhold when the buckboard spun to the door, and Raidler took up his debile protege like a handful of rags and set him down upon the gallery.

McGuire looked upon things strange to him. The ranch house was the best in the country. It was built of brick hauled one hundred miles by wagon, but it was of but one story, and its four rooms were completely encircled by a mud floor "gallery." The miscellaneous setting of horses, dogs, saddles, wagons, guns and cow punchers' paraphernalia oppressed the metropolitan eye of the wrecked sportsman.

"Well, here we are at home," said Raidler, cheeringly.

"It's a hell of a looking place," said McGuire promptly, as he rolled upon the gallery floor, in a fit of coughing.

"We'll try to make it comfortable for you, buddy," said the cattleman gently. "It ain't fine inside; but it's the outdoors, anyway, that'll do you the most good. This'll be your room, in here. Anything we got, you ask for it."

He led McGuire into the east room. The floor was bare and clean. White curtains waved in the gulf breeze through the open windows. A big willow rocker, two straight chairs, a long table covered with newspapers, pipes, tobacco, spurs and cartridges stood in the center. Some well mounted heads of deer and one of an enormous black javell projected from the walls. A wide, cool cotbed stood in a corner. Nueses County people regarded this guest chamber as fit for a prince. McGuire showed his eyeteeth at it. He took out his nickel and spun it up to the ceiling.

"I ought I was lying about the money, did ye? Well, you can frisk me if you wanter. Dat's the last timoleon in the treasury. Who's going to pay?"

The cattleman's clear gray eyes looked steadily from under his grizzly brows into the huckleberry optics of his guest. After a little he said simply, but not ungraciously, "I'll be much obliged to you, son, if you won't mention money any more. Once was quite a plenty. Folks I ask to my ranch don't have to pay any thing, and they very scarcely ever offers it. Supper'll be ready in half an hour. There's water in the pitcher, and some cooler, to drink, in that red jar hanging on the gallery."

"Where's the bell?" asked McGuire, looking about.

"Bell for what?"

"Bell to ring for things. I can't—see here," he exploded in a sudden, weak fury, "I never asked you to bring me here. I never held you up for a cent. I never gave you a hard-luck story till you asked me. Here I am fifty miles from a bellboy or a cocktail. I'm sick. I can't hustle. Gee! But I'm up against it!" McGuire fell upon the cot and sobbed shiveringly.

Raidler went to the door and called. A slender, bright-complexioned Mexican youth about 20 came quickly. Raidler spoke to him in Spanish.

"Ylario, it is in my mind that I promised you the position of vaquero on the San Carlos range at the fall rodeo."

"Si, senor, such was your goodness."

"Listen. This senorito is my friend. He is very sick. Place yourself at his side. Attend to his wants at all times. Have much patience and care with him. And when he is well, or—and when he is well, instead of vaquero I will make you mayordomo of the Rancho de las Piedras. Esta bueno?"

"Si, si—mil gracias, senor." Ylario tried to kneel upon the floor in his gratitude, but the cattleman kicked at him benevolently, growling, "None of your opery-house antics, now."

Ten minutes later Ylario came from McGuire's room and stood before Raidler.

"The little senor," he announced, "presents his compliments" (Raidler credited Ylario with the preliminary) "and desires some pounded ice, one hot bath, one gin feez-z, that the windows be all closed, toast, one shave, one Newyorkheral,' cigarettes, and to send one telegram."

Raidler took a quart bottle of whisky from his medicine cabinet. "Here, take him this," he said.

Thus was instituted the reign of terror at the Solito Ranch. For a few weeks McGuire blustered and boasted and swaggered before the cow-punchers who rode in for miles around to see this latest importation of Raidler's. He was an absolutely new experience to them. He explained to them all the intricate points of sparring and the tricks of training and defense. He opened to their minds' view all the indecorous life of a tagger after professional sports. His jargon of slang was a continuous joy and surprise to them. His gestures, his strange poses, his frank ribaldry of tongue and principle fascinated them. He was like a being from a new world.

Strange to say, this new world he had entered did not exist to him. He was an utter egoist of bricks and mortar. He had dropped out, he felt, into open space for a time, and all it contained was an audience for his reminiscences. Neither the limitless freedom of the prairie days nor the grand hush of the close-drawn, spangled nights touched him. All the hues of Aurora could not win him from the pink pages of a sporting journal. "Get something for nothing," was his mission in life; "Tirty-Seventh" street was his goal.

Nearly two months after his arrival he began to complain that he felt worse. It was then that he became the ranch's incubus, its harpy, its Old Man of the Sea. He shut himself in his room like some venomous kobold or flibbertigibbet, whining, complaining, cursing, accusing. The keynote of his plaint was that he had been inveigled into a gehenna against his will; that he was dying of neglect and lack of comforts. With all his dire protestations of increasing illness, to the eye of others he remained unchanged. His currant-like eyes were as bright and diabolic as ever; his voice was as rasping; his callous face, with the skin drawn tense as a drum-head, had no flesh to lose. A flush on his prominent cheek bones each afternoon painted that a clinical thermometer might have revealed a symptom, and percussion might have established the fact that McGuire was breathing with only one lung, but his appearance remained the same.

In constant attendance upon him was Ylario, whom the coming reward of the mayordomship must have greatly stimulated, for McGuire chained him to a bitter existence. The air—the man's only chance for life—he commanded to be kept out by closed windows and drawn curtains. The room was always blue and foul with cigarette smoke; whosoever entered must sit, suffocating, and listen to the imp's interminable gasconade concerning his scandalous career.

"The oddest thing of all was the relation existing between McGuire and his benefactor. The attitude of the invalid toward the cattleman was something like that of a peevish, perverse child toward an indulgent parent. When Raidler would leave the ranch McGuire would fall into a fit of malevolent, silent sullenness. When he returned he would be met by a string of violent and stinging reproaches. Raidler's attitude toward his charge was quite inexplicable in its way. The cattleman seemed actually to assume and feel the character assigned to him by McGuire's intemperate accusations—the character of tyrant and guilty oppressor. He seemed to have adopted the responsibility of the fellow's condition, and he always met his tirades with a pacific, patient and even remorseful kindness that never altered.

One day Raidler said to him, "Try more air, son. You can have the buckboard and a driver every day if you'll go. Try a week or two in one of the cow camps. I'll fix you up plum comfortable. The ground, and the air next to it—them's the things to cure you. I knowed a man from Philadelphy, sicker than you are, got lost on the Guadalupe, and slept on the bare grass in sheep camps for two weeks. Well, sir, it started him getting well, which he done. Close to the ground—that's where the medicine in the air stays. Try a little hossback riding now. There's a gentle pony—"

"What've I done to yer?" screamed McGuire. "Did I ever doublecross yer? Did I ask you to bring me here? Drive me out to your camps if you wanter; or stick a knife in me and save trouble. Ride! I can't lift my feet. I could'nt sidestep a jab from a five-year-old kid. That's what your d—d ranch has done for me. There's nothing to eat, nothing to see, and nobody to talk to but a lot of Reubens who don't know a punching bag from a lobster salad."

"It's a lonesome place, for certain," apologized Raidler abashedly. "We got plenty, but it's rough enough. Anything you think of you want, the boy'll ride up and fetch it down for you."

It was Chad Murchison, a cow-puncher from the Circle Bar outfit, who first suggested that McGuire's illness was fraudulent. Chad had brought a basket of grapes for him thirty miles, and four out of his way, tied to his saddle-horn. After remaining in the smoke-tainted room for a while, he emerged and bluntly confided his suspicions to Raidler.

"His arm," said Chad, "is harder'n a diamond. He interduced me to what he called a shore-perplexus punch, and 'twas like being kicked twice by a mustang. He's playin' it low down on you, Curt. He ain't no sicker'n I am. I hate to say it, but the runt's workin you for range and shelter."

The cattleman's ingenuous mind refused to entertain Chad's view of the case, and when, later, he came to apply the test, doubt entered not into his motives.

One day, about noon, two men drove up to the ranch, alighted, hitched, and came in to dinner; standing and general invitations being the custom of the country. One of them was a great San Antonio doctor, whose costly services had been engaged by a wealthy cowman who had been laid low by an accidental bullet. He was now being driven to the station to take the train back to town. After dinner Raidler took him aside, pushed a twenty-dollar bill against his hand, and said:

"Doc, there's a young chap in that room I guess has got a bad case of consumption. I'd like for you to look him over and see just how bad he is, and if we can do anything for him."

"How much was that dinner I just ate, Mr. Raidler?" said the doctor bluffly, looking over his spectacles. Raidler returned the money to his pocket. The doctor immediately entered McGuire's room, and the cattleman seated himself upon a heap of saddles on the gallery, ready to reproach himself in the event the verdict should be unfavorable.

In ten minutes the doctor came briskly out. "Your man," he said promptly, "is as sound as a new dollar. His lungs are better than mine. Respiration, temperature and pulse normal. Chest expansion four inches. Not a sign of weakness anywhere. Of course, I didn't examine for the bacillus, but it isn't there. You can put my name to the diagnosis. Even cigarettes and a vilely close room haven't hurt him. Coughs, does he? Well, you tell him it isn't necessary. You asked if there is anything we could do for him. Well, I advise you to set him digging postholes or breaking mustangs. There's our team ready. Good-day, sir." And like a puff of wholesome, blustery wind the doctor was off.

Raidler reached out and plucked a leaf from a mesquite bush by the railing and began chewing it thoughtfully.

The branding season was at hand, and the next morning Ross Hargis, foreman of the outfit, was mustering his force of some twenty-five men at the ranch, ready to start for the San Carlos range, where the work was to begin. By 6 o'clock the horses were all saddled, the grub wagon ready, and the cowpunchers were swinging themselves upon their mounts, when Raidler bade them wait. A boy was bringing up an extra pony, bridled and saddled, to the gate. Raidler walked to McGuire's room and threw open the door. McGuire was lying on his cot, not yet dressed, smoking.

"Get up," said the cattleman, and his voice was clear and brassy, like a a bugle.

"How's that?" asked McGuire, a little startled.

"Get up and dress. I can stand a rattlesnake, but I hate liar. Do I have to tell you again?" He caught McGuire by the neck and stood him on the floor.

"Say, friend," cried McGuire wildly, "are you bughouse? I'm sick—see? I'll croak if I got to hustle. What've I done to yer?"—he began his chronic whine—"I never asked yer to—"

"Put on your clothes," called Raidler in a rising tore.

Swearing, stumbling, shivering, keeping his amazed, shiny eyes upon the now menacing form of the aroused cattleman, McGuire managed to tumble into his clothes. Then Raidler took him by the collar and shoved him out and across the yard to the extra pony hitched at the gate. The cow-punchers lolled in their saddles, open-mouthed.

"Take this man," said Raidler to Ross Hargis, "and put him to work. Make him work hard, sleep hard, and eat hard. You boys know I done what I could for him, and he was welcome. Yesterday the best doctor in San Antone examined him, and says he's got the lungs of a burro and the constitution of a steer. You know what to do with him, Ross."

Ross Hargis only smiled grimly.

"Aw," said McGuire, looking intently at Raidler, with a peculiar expression upon his face, "the croaker said I was all right, did he? Shoot! I was fakin'; did he? You put him onto me. You t'ought I wasn't sick. You said I was a liar. Say, friend, I talked rough, I know, but I didn't mean most of it. If you felt like I did—aw! I forgot—I ain't sick, the croaker says. Well, friend, now I'll go work for yer. Here's where you play even."

He sprang into the saddle easily as a bird, got the quirt from the horn, and gave his pony a slash with it. "Cricket," who once brought in Good Boy by a neck at Hawthorne—and a 10 to 1 shot—had his foot in the stirrups again.

McGuire led the cavalcade as they dashed away for San Carlos, and the cow-punchers gave a yell of applause as they closed in behind his dust.

But in less than a mile he had lagged to the rear and was last man when they struck the patch of high chaparral below the horse pens. Behind a clump of this he drew rein, and held a handkerchief to his mouth. He took it away drenched with bright, arterial blood, and threw it carefully into a clump of prickly pear. Then he slashed with his quirt again, gasped "G'wan" to his astonished crew, and galloped after the gang.

That night Raidler received a message from his old home in Alabama. There had been a death in the family; an estate was to divide, and they called for him to come. Daylight found him in the buckboard, skimming the prairies for the station. A week or two months before he returned. When he arrived at the ranch house he found it well-nigh deserted save for Ylario, who acted as a kind of steward during his absence. Little by little the youth made him acquainted with the work done while he was away. The branding camp, he was informed, was still doing business. On account of many severe storms the cattle had been badly scattered, and the branding had been accomplished but slowly. The camp was now in the valley of the Guadalupe, twenty miles away.

"By the way," said Raidler, suddenly remembering, "that fellow I sent along with them—McGuire—is he working yet?"

"I do not know," said Ylario. "Mans from the camp come verre few times to the ranch. So plentee work with the leetle calves. They no say. Oh, I think that fellow McGuire he dead much time ago."

"Dead!" said Raidler. "What you talking about?"

"Verree sick fellow, McGuire," replied Ylario, with a shrug of his shoulder. "I theenk he no live one, two months when he go away."

"Shucks!" said Raidler. "He humbugged you, too, did he? The doctor examined him and said he was sound as a mesquite knot."

"That doctor," said Ylario, smiling, "he tell you so? That doctor no see McGuire."

"Talk up," ordered Raidler. "What the devil do you mean?"

"McGuire," continued the boy tranquilly, "he getting drink water outside when that doctor come in room. That doctor take me and pound me all over here with his fingers'"—putting his hand to his chest—"I not know for what. He put little glass stick in my mouth. He feel my arm here. He make me count like whisper—so—twenty, treinta, cuarenta. Who knows," concluded Ylario, with a deprecating spread of his hands, "for what that doctor do those verree droll and such-like things?"

"What horses are up?" asked Raidler shortly.

"Paisano is grazing but behind the little corral, senor."

"Saddle him for me at once."

Within a very few minutes the cattleman was mounted and away. Paisano, well named after that ungainly but swift-running bird, struck into his long lope that ate up the road like a strip of macaroni. In two hours and a quarter Raidler, from a gentle swell, saw the branding camp by a water hole in the Guadalupe. Sick with expectancy of the news he feared, he rode up, dismounted, and dropped Paisano's reins. So gentle was his heart at that moment he would have pleaded guilty to the murder of McGuire.

The only being in the camp was the cook, who was just arranging the hunks of barbecued beef, and distributing the tin coffee cups for supper. Raidler evaded a direct question concerning the one subject in his mind.

"Everything all right in camp, Pete?" he managed to inquire.

"So, so," said Pete conservatively. "Grub give out twice. Wind scattered the cattle, and we've had to rake the brush for forty mile. I need a new coffee pot. And the mosquitoes is some more hellish than common."

"The boys—all well?"

Pete was no optimist. Besides, inquiries concerning the health of cow-punchers were not only superfluous, but bordered on flaccidity. It was not like the boss to make them.

"What's left of 'em don't miss no calls to grub," the cook conceded.

"What's left of 'em?" repeated Raidler in a husky voice. Mechanically he began to look around for McGuire's grave. He had in his mind a white slab such as he had seen in the Alabama churchyard. But immediately he knew that was foolish.

"Sure," said Pete; "what's left. Cow camps change in two months. Some's gone."

Raidler nerved himself.

"That—chap—I sent along—McGuire—did—he—"

"Say," interrupted Pete, rising with a chunk of corn bread in each hand, "that was a dirty shame, sending that poor, sick kid to a cow camp. A doctor that couldn't tell he was graveyard meat ought to be branded with a cinch buckle. Game as he was, too—it's a scandal among snakes—lemme tell you what he done. First night in camp the boys started to initiate him in the leather breeches degree. Ross Hargis busted him one swipe with his chaparreras and what do you reckon the poor child did? Got up, the little skeeter, and licked Ross. Licked Ross Hargis. Licked him good. Hit him plenty and everywhere and hard. Ross'd just get up and pick out a fresh place to lay down on agin.

"Then that McGuire goes off there and lays down with his head in the grass and bleeds. A hem'ridge they calls it. He lays there eighteen hours by the watch, and they can't budge him. Then Ross Hargis, who loves any man who can lick him, goes to work and damns the doctors from Greenland to Poland Chiny; and him and Green Branch Johnson they gets McGuire in a tent, and spells each other feedin' him chopped raw meat and whisky.

"But it looks like the kid ain't got no appetite to git well, for they misses him from the tent in the night and finds him rootin' in the grass, and likewise a drizzle fallin'. 'Gwan,' he says, 'lemme go and die like I wanter. He said I was a liar and a fake and I was playin' sick. Lemme alone.'

"Two weeks," went on the cook, "he laid around, not noticin' nobody, and then—"

A sudden thunder filled the air, and a score of galloping centaurs crashed through the brush into camp.

"Illustrious rattlesnakes!" exclaimed Pete, spring all ways at once; "here's the boys come, and I'm an assassinated man if supper ain't ready in three minutes."

But Raidler saw only one thing. A little, brown-faced, grinning chap, springing from his saddle in the full light of the fire. McGuire was not like that, and yet—

In another instant the cattleman was holding him by the hand and shoulder.

"Son, son, how goes it?" was all he found to say.

"Close to the ground, says you," shouted McGuire, crouching Raidler's fingers in a grip of steel; "and dat's where I found it—healt' and strengt', and tumbled to what a cheap skate I been actin'. Tanks fer kickin' me out, old man. And—say! de joke's on dat croaker, ain't it? I looked t'rough the window and see him playin' tag on dat Dago kid's solar plexus."

"You son of a tinker," growled the cattleman, "whyn't you talk up and say the doctor never examined you?"

"Aw—g'wan!" said McGuire, with a flash of his old asperity, "nobody can't bluff me. You never ast me. You made your spiel, and you t'rowed me out, and I let it go at dat. And say, friend, dis chasin' cows is outer sight. Dis is de whitest bunch of sports I ever traveled with. You'll let me stay, won't yer, old man?"

Raidler looked wonderingly toward Ross Hargis.

"That cussed little runt," remarked Ross tenderly, "is the Jo-dartinest hustler—and the hardest hitter in anybody's cow camp."

KEEPING HOUSE WITH THE HOOPERS

(The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban town, on a limited income, will tell the readers of the Daily Times how the many present-day problems of the home are solved by working on the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and found practical. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.)

"Mother, I think I could make you a very good substitute for a tea wagon that you could wheel the food and dishes from the kitchen to the dining room table," said Roger at breakfast time, "if you will let me have that old baby carriage of Betty's in the attic."

"Well, I intended to give that to some one who needed one in an emergency some time," answered Mrs. Hooper. "That is what I have been keeping it for. When we can give so little money for charity and philanthropy, I always feel as if we must have something on hand to give people less fortunate than ourselves, if they ever need it."

"I know, mother," urged Roger, "but it will make you a brand new piece of furniture that will save you many steps. It has fine rubber-tired wheels. I examined them yesterday. My manual training last year at school turned me out expert enough to make a nicely finished tray from those pieces of hardwood in the basement. Then I'll get the right kind of bolts and rivets from the hardware store and it won't be any trick at all to mount it."

"Well," said Mrs. Hooper, "that does sound attractive and economical, and Helen and I would certainly love to have one."

"I'll make it for your birthday, mother," said Roger, giving her a hug as he passed, "but, of course, you must pretend that you don't know anything about it."

"All right, I'll pretend," agreed Mrs. Hooper, "and a real tea wagon will certainly be a wonderful birthday present."

Mr. and Mrs. Hooper had hardly started for their walk in the afternoon when it began to rain, and they sought shelter in the town library, which was one of the joys of Mayfield, as it was well managed, well patronized and well stocked with good books and periodicals.

"We must take out several of the new magazines when we go," said Mrs. Hooper, "as I want you to read to me this week. I have so much mending to do that I expect to sew nearly every evening and I shall enjoy listening to you read after you have finished your newspapers."

The menu for Sunday is:

BREAKFAST.
Apple Sauce Cereal
Baked Sausages Beaten Biscuits
Coffee

DINNER.
Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb
Browned Sweet Potatoes Lima Beans
Currant Jelly Fruit Salad

SUPPER.
Cold Bean Sandwiches
Stuffed Eggs Banana Layer Cake
Cocoa

WEEKLY STATEMENT FROM MRS. HOOPER'S ACCOUNT BOOK.

Received Henry's Salary.....$50.00

	Budget.			Paid Out	Weekly Balance	Surplus
Shelter	$6.00			Nothing	$6.00	$19.50
Food	20.00	Meat	$2.25			
		Dairy Supplies	3.50			
		Fish	1.25			
		Vegetables	2.00			
		Groceries	7.25			
		Ice	1.00			
		Henry's Luncheon	2.50	$19.75	.25	.75
Clothing	7.00	Trimming for Helen's dress	.50			
		Garters for Betty	.25			
		Hairpins	.15			
		Hair Ribbon	.35	1.25	5.75	11.40
Operating expenses	9.00	House Supplies	2.25			
		Stamps	.10	2.50	6.40	
		Electric Light	1.75			
		Telephone	2.50			
		Deducted from Surplus	20.90			16.65
Advancement	3.00	Helen's Dancing Lesson	.50			
		Church	.25			
		Newspapers	.25	1.00	2.00	
		Henry's Monthly R. R. Ticket	2.25			
		Deducted from Surplus	4.25			1.75
Savings—Live Ins. Prem.	5.00			Nothing	5.00	20.00
	$50.00			$24.60	$25.40	$70.45 $50.00

NATIVE NEW ZEALAND CUT UP

Pauroa, the fat man and cut-up of the Arawa village of Whaka. He is a born comedian and delights in keeping visitors in an uproar with his antics. In garb such as Pauroa is wearing the ancient natives used to go into battle. The men wore long cloaks of woven flax until they had worked themselves into a frenzy by dancing and oratory, then they discarded the cloaks and plunged into the fight.

This is one of the photos W. D. Boyce sent back from New Zealand, where his "West by Southwest" expedition stopped for several days.

Mr. Boyce next week will tell readers of the Times about the Maoris of today, and also describe some of the tribal dances. The Maoris of New Zealand are unlike any other people in the world.

HOROSCOPE

"The stars incline, but do not compel!"

SUNDAY, APRIL 3.

This should be a fairly favorable day. The Sun is in benefic aspect early in the morning and Mercury is friendly later. Uranus is strongly adverse in the evening.

It should be an auspicious time for the usual Sunday pursuits, the stars presaging for the clergy power to impress the minds of men and women.

Forgery and libel will increase, if the stars are read aright. Many scandals that touch persons in high places are forecast.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a happy and successful year. Those who are employed should be promoted.

Children born on this day should be lucky all through life. They should avoid responsibility and indulge their natural tendency toward the line of least resistance.

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1921.

This is read as a doubtful day by astrologers. While Jupiter and Mercury are in benefic aspect, Saturn dominates in evil power.

The stars are friendly to business activities of every sort and there is a most encouraging sway for manufacturing interests, but there is a sign indicating labor difficulties.

Dissatisfaction among workers in regard to the Government attitude on industrial problems is indicated by the stars.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a happy year in which there may be opportunity to exhibit moral courage and to attain local fame.

Children born on this day may be headstrong and iron-willed but fearless and able to carry on large undertakings. Mars is the principal ruling planet of these subjects of Arios.—Copyright, 1921.

RELIGION OF GERMANY.

Q. What is German's religion? J. W. E. B.

A. The state religion of Germany is Lutheran. Central Germany is largely Protestant, the Rhine and Danube portions being Roman Catholic. Germany is about 61 per cent Protestant and 36 per cent Catholic.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing THE INDIANA DAILY TIMES INFORMATION BUREAU, FREDERIC J. HASKIN, DIRECTOR, WASHINGTON, D. C. This offer applies strictly to information. The bureau cannot give advice on legal, medical and financial matters. It does not attempt to settle domestic troubles, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject. Write your questions plainly and briefly. Give full name and address and enclose 2 cents in stamps for return postage. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

VALUE OF GERMAN MARK.

Q. What is the present value of the German mark? W. G.

A. The German mark is worth about one-half cent in American money. The exact amount fluctuates, however, in accordance with the exchange market. The pre-war value was almost 24 cents.

LEADS IN BUCKWHEAT.

Q. Does New York lead in the production of buckwheat? S. W. K.

A. In 1919 Pennsylvania led all States with a production of 5,530,000 bushels of buckwheat. New York was second with 5,126,000 bushels.

WHY BURNING LOGS SING.

Q. What causes the singing noise in wood when it is burning? S. C.

A. The singing of logs while burning is due to the sap in the wood and the pores, which are air space.

CONCERNING GOLD FISH.

Q. Why do some gold fish have black spots, while others do not? H. L. L.

A. The Bureau of Fisheries says that it is natural for young gold fish to have black spots. As they grow older these disappear.

"PUBLISHER'S DOZEN."

Q. What is meant by a "Publisher's Dozen?" G. H. S.

A. A publisher's dozen is thirteen copies. This phrase doubtless arose from the early custom of a baker to allow thirteen rolls to each dozen sold—a custom that later found its way into the wholesale book trade.

SIZE OF MULTITUDE.

Q. In law do ten persons constitute a multitude? A. A.

A. According to some ancient legal authorities "at least ten" were required to make a multitude.

FIVE LARGEST CITIES.

Q. What are the five largest cities in the United States? I. M.

A. According to the 1920 census, the following are the five largest cities in the United States: New York City, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Detroit, Mich., and Cleveland, Ohio.

CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

Q. How is Sinn Fein pronounced