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THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK and PAUL GULICK

Chap. XVIII.—(Continued).

"Damnation, how that boy can ride," exclaimed Harkness. "Hope he wins this race. It will be a feather in his cap after the start he got. And by Jimminy, I think he is going to win, too. There's a lot of speed still in that team and Malloy ain't lettin' it all out yet."

"Too bad we got to arrest him, after what he is doing for Regan and what Miss La Farge did for him. I can't hardly think he's guilty."

"We ain't got no right to think about that. Gee, did you see that? Passed that second team on the back stretch like they was standin' still. Guess they are all run out. And I mind what he did for me. Saved my life in a buffalo stampede and brought me back to the ranch at the risk of his life and liberty. I ain't thanked him for that yet. But orders is orders and its just my luck to have to arrest him."

And now Dan was making his great bid for victory. Gradually, inch by inch he had cut down the lead of the boys. He had run the heads off the second team and they were still floundering in the straight away. They would have to fight it out with the other team for third place. Dan was right on the heels of the flying boys. Would the Palominos have the stamina to stick? They had been responsive to every demand so far. But they had made up forty extra yards and Dan had been forced to make most of his race in the middle of the track instead of on the pole where Morton's team had been all the way.

Dan had passed the second team in time to take advantage of the rail position as he rounded the back turn. Now he swung into the back stretch and out into the middle of the track again as he straightened out for the dash to the wire. Gathering up the lines tighter he crowded still farther forward over the withers of his flying team. The splendid team caught his excitement. Far down the stretch hats were waving and men and women were jumping up and down on their seats or their neighbors' seats in their excitement. The Palominos were creeping up, they were surely creeping up. Now their noses were at the flanks of the boys. No—the shoulders. Hurrah, they were on even terms for the first time in the race. But the boys had plenty of grit and they were not all in yet. By a last mad spurt they forged ahead again.

The din was terrific. Regan was pounding Morton with his hat and Alberta was alternately jumping on the rail and hugging her father. Seventy thousand people were acting like lunatics in their excitement. Never so close a race in all the history of the Calgary Stampede. Would the Palominos be able to make up the half length that the boys had gained? Would the boys be able to maintain the gallant spurt to the wire?

Calling on all his horsemanship, urging his team with voice and rein, Dan fairly lifted the clay banks over the line a neck ahead of the boys. He had won.

As he slowed up at the far turn, and



After every meal

jumped down into the arms of the cheering Bar O cowboys, Dan saw Marie, her face wreathed in smiles and love, trying to force her way through the crowd to him. He also saw two red-coated figures coming from the other direction. They had no difficulty in making progress in the crowd. It opened up for them. As he sank into that bed of upraised hands and faces, Dan felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Dan Malloy, you are under arrest."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Aftermath.
So close was the finish, that many in the stands were undecided who had won, until the official announcement, and the announcer was unable to make that for some moments owing to the cheering of those who thought their team had won. But Regan was almost opposite the judge's stand. He and Morton knew who had won. With a last bang on the head, Regan turned to the man who had urged him into this heart-breaking gamble. It was the first time he had addressed him since the angry speech he had made in answer to the charge of welcher.

Morton was facing him, and as he stood, one step below Regan, he had no words to say, no congratulations, only black looks. Taking a cigar from his pocket, Regan reached out and to Morton's astonishment he grasped his jaw and thrust the cigar deep into his mouth.

"Here, this is what you won, Morton. It's a burning shame, too."

In fury, Morgan grabbed the cigar and hurled it to the floor. Then he ground it savagely under his heel. But Regan had hurried away to the track to congratulate and thank Malloy.

To his astonishment he found him between the two policemen. Undeterred, he pushed and pulled his way through the crush to his side. Grasping his hand, he shook it again and again.

"Malloy, I owe everything to you. I just don't know how to thank you. That was a wonderful ride. I'll say you know something about horses. No one in the world could have done what you did today with those Palominos. Now what can I do for you?"

"Nothin', I guess," said Malloy sadly. "I'm Dan Malloy all right and I'm admittin' it. But I didn't do what they say I done."

The crowd parted to let a slight figure clad in flowered silk through. Alberta made a flying leap and threw her arms around Dan's neck. Pulling herself up to his bent head, she gave him a resounding kiss.

"Oh, Mr. Malloy, and to think we never suspected you," she cried.

"Well, these gentlemen still do," said Dan, with the wisp of a smile.

Marie La Farge had not seen this affecting scene. Otherwise she might have had some misgiving as to the status of Dan's feeling for her. But now she came up intent on telling Malloy the glad news that Neenah had given her. She, too, was surprised at seeing the constables in charge of her sweetheart, surprised but undismayed. She had the little maid by the hand.

"Neenah, tell them what you told me," she ordered.

As Neenah, scarcely five feet tall, looked up at the tall officers, and hemmed in as she was on every side by the crowd that had come rushing onto the track both to see and congratulate Malloy, and also to see what the policemen were doing with him, she expressed the futility of making them understand from the bottom of the well of humanity where she stood, by an eloquent gesture. Regan saw at once what she wanted. Picking her up bodily, he placed her on the railing of the fence above the track, where she could look down, not up at the audience to which she was to make a very momentous statement. As she caught her balance she looked for a moment over the heads of the crowd. Her beady black eyes grew wide with astonishment. Then they snapped with sudden anger.

She was looking directly into the face of Fred Burgess.

Burgess, immensely relieved by the sight of the constables taking Malloy into custody, and impelled by the desire of Nellie to see the fun, had

come down to the track with about a thousand other curious spectators. But he had made the worst mistake of his life. The sight of the wrathful little Neenah, perched up there on the fence, filled him with mingling and before he could move, Neenah had shouted:

"There he is, the man wot keel La Farge. Fred Burgess. I see him on porch. Now I tell, I, Neenah! Malloy no keel nobody."

The accusation was dramatic. Neenah, like an avenging fury, hurled herself from the fence toward Burgess. The policemen jumped up to get a better look, and as they let go of him, Dan made a break in the same direction as Neenah had taken. He cleared the fence at a bound. Following Neenah closely he saw a figure that he recognized by his peculiar run as the one at whom he had shot at back there on the porch of the La Farge ranch.

Burgess stood not on the order of his going. Neither did he take the time or trouble to say good-bye to Nellie. He just went. Tearing through the crowd he passed out of the gate of the paddock on the dead run. Jumping into a wagon he hurried the occupants out on to the ground, gathered up the lines and struck the horse a savage blow with the whip. He went out of the gate of Exhibition Park as though Nemesis was after him, as indeed it was.

Seeing his man escaping, Dan jumped on a horse carelessly left by his rider beside the gate and cut the corner so fine that he took the gate with him, hurling three men who had been using it as an observation post into a struggling pile of arms and legs. Down the road he flew after the corneering wagon. But this horse was no mad horse. He could not gain on the desperate Burgess. Mile after mile he covered holding his own, but unable to close the gap between them, on the road into the hills.

Suddenly, as he dashed around a sharp turn in the road, he plunged slam bang into as motley a crew as ever were let loose on the Canadian highway. Overdressed cowboys with yellow shirts and too deeply fringed chaps. Ladies in short skirts, men in chaps and in leggings. Men with megaphones and a queer assortment of screen and instruments that looked to his startled eyes like galling guns.

As his horse reared and plunged to a stop, he saw the wagon that he had been so madly chasing, going down and over and over a steep bank leading to a swift flowing brook a hundred feet below. Leaping, falling, sliding and rolling, he fetched up at the bottom on his head beside what had been a wagon a moment ago. Beside it was the still form of Burgess.

As he righted himself and set up rubbing his eyes to get the sand out of them, a voice ordered:

"Hold it. Steady now. Look over at your man. That's fine, Cut."

For an instant Dan thought he had gone out of his head. He had heard those words before somewhere, or words like them. And sure enough there was a camera pointed squarely at him and a man in puttees coming over to assist him.

"Gee, that's the greatest flap I ever saw in my life, and every bit of it right in the camera. Worth a million dollars of this firm's money. Sammy couldn't have made it as realistic in a million years. How did you two happen to fall into the picture so opportunely anyway, and who are you? There's a job waiting in Hollywood for a guy like you. Hope you're not hurt," he rattled on as Dan sat there stupefied.

"I used to be an actor once, but I wasn't acting this time. I was after a murderer and I got him. His horse must have got scared of the reflectors."

Then he realized that his own business was not finished. Turning to the figure that had preceded him down the step incline he straightened out the figure of Burgess. As he did so a shout rang out from the road above.

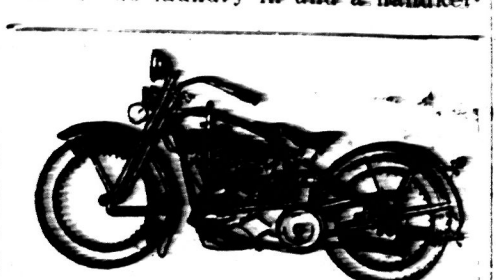
"Have you got him, Dan? I'm coming down."

And there on the bank of the little brook, in the presence of the two policemen and Dan Malloy, who had hunted him a year, and the interested company of actors, camera men and movie directors, Burgess made his confession.

Leaving him there in the care of Callahan, Harkness and Dan Malloy climbed the bank to the road above just as an auto with Regan and Marie La Farge rolled up and stopped.

"Malloy is all clear, Miss La Farge. Burgess confessed everything."

But Marie wasn't even listening to him. A young man in striped trousers such as one wears with a Prince Albert suit, white sneakers such as one wears at tennis, a yellow poker dot shirt such as negro washerwomen wear to do laundry in and a handker-



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chief such as no Roman ever wore to a deer hunting, was occupying all of her attention. Harkness, seeing the futility of official announcement just at that time, turned away with a quiet smile. Not so the ubiquitous movie director. He tapped the young man on the shoulder.

"Say, Kid," he announced. "I'd like to take you back to Hollywood with me to play in Westerns. Can you act?"

"Can he act?" said Regan with scorn in his voice. "Say, that chap just closed a run of three hundred and sixty-five nights playing the role of Chuck Jones in a play that nobody in Calgary will ever forget to his dying day."

"Gee, Whitaker," exclaimed the director, startled for once out of his blasé manner. "That was some performance. And I thought Calgary was a one-week stand-at-most. What play was that, Mister?"

"Spuds."

(The End.)



Nowadays, the well-dressed child's costume is apt to be a miniature edition of her mother's. For it is considered chic for mother and small daughter to present the same silhouette. Of course the cape coat, so important for grown-ups, is a charming fashion for childhood too. The small model pictured here is fashioned on plain straight lines, is single-breasted, with a collar that can be buttoned close up to the neck, and a cape that is finished separately and tacked to the coat under the collar. By no means lacking in style tendencies is the little pantie dress worn beneath this coat, and developed in printed challis. There is a set-in vestee of plain color with round collar to match, and two plaits either side of the front and back. The sleeves may be long or short, and the bloomers are gathered into bands at the knees. The coat, No. 1227, is in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch material; lining 3 3/4 yards 36-inch. The dress, No. 1234, is in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 8 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material for dress with bloomers. Price 20 cents each pattern.

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There are other big beds and small beds. In front room, in west room, in attic. And as I straighten them out I am close to those who have left them. I am filled with their presence and love.

Bed making is a simple homely task That somehow never wears out.

—Lloyd Roberts.

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Minard's Liniment for backache.

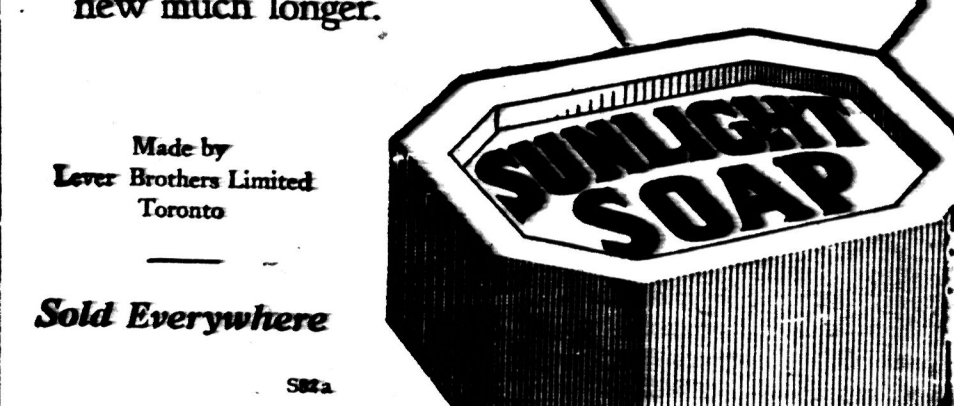


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Bed Making.

I am a maker of beds, morning's tossed beds. When the sleepers have risen and departed I smooth out the clothes, Spank out the pillows, tuck in the blankets and sheets, Draw up the multi-patched coverlid, Stretching it smooth and immaculate.

Sometimes I pause in my labors To gaze on an angle of crimson Slashed from an apron of Granny's. Or a square like a glimpse of blue sky From a petticoat worn in the eighties. Smocks and dresses and little boys' blouses— History is stitched in this bed quilt.

There are other big beds and small beds. In front room, in west room, in attic. And as I straighten them out I am close to those who have left them. I am filled with their presence and love.

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