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TIME TABLE
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GOING WEST
Accommodation, 27 8:44 a.m.
Accommodation, 29 2:45 a.m.
Chicago Express, 31 8:27 p.m.

GOING EAST
Ontario Limited, 46 7:46 a.m.
Accommodation, 28 12:33 p.m.
New York Express, 2 8:00 p.m.
Accommodation, 30 6:16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent Watford

Red Forbes

The Story of His
Latest "Grouch"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Red Forbes sat on the porch of his ranch house and peered through a pair of fieldglasses across the level grassy plain into the distance, where were two moving specks.

"It's her and him," said Red Forbes enigmatically. He tilted his chair down upon its four legs, replaced the glass in the accustomed case on the wall of the house and lurched toward his saddled horse.

"I'll get him today," he muttered as he bent to tighten a girth before mounting. "No man can take my girl away from me without making trouble for himself and her too." And still muttering, he dashed away in the direction of the two specks, which were growing smaller and smaller.

Red Forbes was quite capable of making trouble for any number of people in the short grass country. Indeed, his reputation as a creator of disturbances was county wide, and he was accordingly shunned.

Forbes' latest grouch was directed against Jimmy Pike of the Three Link outfit. Jimmy had assiduously courted the pretty schoolteacher, and even now had just returned from her Ohio home, whence he had brought her as a bride.

Red Forbes had been watching out for them for a week. Now he had spotted them. He had not formed any plan of revenge, but there would be no harm in riding them down recklessly and glowering at them from under his hat. It would make things uncomfortable until he could formulate a plan.

Jimmy Pike knew Short Grass from one end of the country to the other, from corner to corner. He was aware of the weaknesses of Red Forbes. Moreover, he was weary of the perpetual stir-up caused by the red hair-



"MAYBE YOU'LL LET ME HAVE A DANCE," said one of the girls. In fact, there had not been a peaceful courtship and marriage in the region since Forbes' appearance there six years before.

Therefore Jimmy Pike, who was naturally a peace loving citizen, made up his mind that Red Forbes should find an affinity that would be lasting. He returned from his wedding with every preparation made for the rapid cure of Red Forbes.

On this particular day he and his bride had gone near enough to the Forbes ranch to be recognized. Then they headed for home, and by the time the red headed one had galloped himself into a state of profuse perspiration Jimmy and Mrs. Jimmy had disappeared.

There was nothing for Forbes to do save to ride on over to the town and see if there might not be a letter for him. He hoped for various reasons that there would not be anything.

There was a letter, and it proved to be an invitation to a dance in the schoolhouse the following night. "Ladies, Refreshments and Gen's-Music," it said in one corner.

Forbes grinned seditiously. This would suit his purpose admirably. He would publicly denounce Jimmy Pike as a rustler and demand satisfaction for alienation of affections. Forbes

strengthened this resolve with several drinks and then went to Fiederman's clothing store and purchased a pale blue satin necktie.

The schoolhouse was well filled when Red Forbes arrived. Ben Dickson was playing a racy piano in one corner, and several couples were dancing.

Forbes glanced fiercely around, nodding moodily in response to the pleasant greetings that met him on all sides. He felt a bit puzzled and more resentful. Here was a great gang of fellows he had known for years, and many of them had their wives with them.

Jimmy Pike and his bride were standing temptingly near. When he caught

Jimmy's eye that calloused young cattleman nodded pleasantly and beckoned him over.

"I haven't heard you congratulating me on marrying the nicest girl in the hull world," grinned Jimmy.

"Huh!" Red Forbes grew redder and redder until his presence seemed to cast a roseate sunset glow upon the company. The azure necktie was like a glimpse of blue sky in the sunset.

Mrs. Jimmy shook hands with Red Forbes and tried not to wince when he crushed her fingers.

"Maybe you'll let me have a dance with the bride," growled Red Forbes hoarsely.

"Of course it's up to Mrs. Pike," acquiesced Jimmy cheerfully.

"With pleasure," agreed Mrs. Jimmy, with a reproachful glance at her husband.

Then the racy piano swung into a waltz tune, and Red Forbes swore softly. He was a wretched waltzer, and he knew it. Square dances were his salvation. Now he trampled all over the little feet of Mrs. Jimmy Pike and scowled villainously whenever he met a pleasant smile among the company.

This wasn't having his revenge upon Jimmy Pike. They were certainly getting the laugh upon him. As he shuffled around in dizzying, aimless circles he pondered whether he would shoot up the dance or let them go home in peace and pick out a quiet moment when he should find Jimmy Pike alone on the plain, shoot him dead and then marry the widow.

This latter plan appealed to him, and as he danced he came to think of the newly made bride as "the widow" and called her so in his mind.

After the dance was over and as he leaned against the wall, a wallflower indeed, there was a flurry of arrival at the door.

Lamson Culver, boss of the Three Link outfit, came in with another man and two women. One of the women was Mrs. Culver. One could recognize her sharp features through the thick veil she wore, but the other woman could not be identified. She, too, was thickly veiled in pale blue calico. She was plump and gave evidence of prettiness. There was a loop of gold colored hair visible.

"We can't stay but a minute," said Culver genially as he introduced his friend as "Mr. Jackson, a friend from Tucson."

Mr. Jackson immediately approached the prettiest woman present, who was none other than Mrs. Jimmy Pike, and invited her to dance.

Fiercely jealous, Red Forbes glanced around for new fields to conquer. The strange woman, still veiled, was talking to Jimmy Pike in a vivacious manner. Mrs. Culver, also veiled and cloaked, was dancing with her husband.

Red Forbes marched up to Jimmy Pike and his companion. His leg body stiffened and then bent like a bladed jackknife in the accepted short grass fashion.

He was asking her to dance in the very face of Jimmy Pike. That was an open insult to Pike.

To his delight, she accepted at once and, slipping her hand upon his arm, turned away from Jimmy Pike.

It was a square dance, and Ben Dickson was calling the numbers in punctuated yells.

Red Forbes was in his element. He balanced to corners with upward flings of his long legs and ungainly jerks of his elbows. He swung his partner off her very solidly placed feet time and again, but she did not murmur. He joined in all hands around with hilarious merriment, and his spirit of mirth seemed to be infectious. Everybody was very jolly.

"All sashay!" yelled Ben Dickson. "Gracious, but it's warm here!" cried his partner breathlessly as they stood still for a moment.

"We'd all be mighty more comfortable if you'd tip off that there veil," insinuated Red Forbes delicately.

"Would you?" demanded the veiled partner coolly, and thereupon she put up her hands and unfasted the pale blue veil that matched Forbes' necktie. A momentary hush fell upon the room. Everybody stopped dancing, but Red did not notice it. He was absorbed in the conquest he had made. If his other attempts at gallantry had been unsuccessful here was some one who appreciated him at last. Now,

he didn't care about revenge upon Jimmy Pike or any of the others.

"A girl with golden hair for mine," he muttered in her ear as she removed the veil.

"I'm yours, all right," said his new affinity rather grimly. She was. It was none other than the young wife he had deserted six years ago. True, her prettiness was now bolstered up by those arts that may be obtained for a price in the stores with colored water bottles in the windows, but she was his, and he was hers.

Mrs. Red Forbes stood there with one plump hand on her husband's arm and a look of reposition on her face.

"Well, Red, here we are again," she said meaningly. "There's plenty to do between now and tomorrow if we're all going to pack back to Tucson. Mr. Jackson there, my lawyer, will tell you the three children are waiting for you to come back and take care of 'em. I'm tired of keeping boarders."

Red Forbes went gladly. It was nice to get away from quizzical glances and reproachful ones, for he had tried to court many of the fair ones there—and he was married, after all. It was rather a pleasant change to find a sprightly lady with golden hair who really appeared to want him. So Red Forbes went, and Short Grass knew him no more and was thankful.

THE PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY.

He Must Be a Diplomat, and His Position Is Not an Easy One.

The duties of a secretary to a president of the United States are not considered at all secondary in importance to those of a cabinet officer. He is the man who first meets the thousands of visitors to the president. He must know just whom the president desires to see or should see without bothering the president. These visitors come from all parts of the United States on all sorts of missions, some important, but mostly of a very trivial character, and they come bringing all sorts of letters of introduction from all sorts of people.

Were the president to see all these people and pick out a quiet moment for anything else, and the secretary must winnow the wheat from the chaff and send the chaff away actually delighted because they haven't seen the president. The president's secretary is a buffer between his chief and the United States senators and members of the house of representatives with myriad axes to grind. He must be a diplomat with the most famous diplomats of the world when they call at the White House to take up the time of the president. Indeed, it has been often said in Washington that the president's secretary must be as much of a diplomat as any member of the diplomatic corps if he is to be of substantial value to his chief.

Again, the secretary must have relations with the hundreds of correspondents who represent the great newspapers of the country. Public opinion is molded by these correspondents, and they are keenly affirmative in their characteristics. In their ambition to serve their newspapers they always know exactly where they visit the White House. Frequently matters are not exactly ripe, and it is one duty of the president's secretary to parry the incisive and probing questions of these alert correspondents. This must be done smilingly and in good form.

Then, too, invariably the president's secretary accompanies his chief on trips through the country. Hundreds of details come up on these tours of which the president is not expected to know, but it is the absolute duty of his secretary to be familiar with them.—New York Sun.

There is nothing repulsive in Miller's Worm Powders, and they are as pleasant to take as sugar, so that few children will refuse them. In some cases they cause vomiting through their action in an unsoiled stomach, but this is only a manifestation of their cleansing power, no indication that they are harmful. They can be thoroughly depended upon to clear all worms from the system.

The farmers and fishermen in the vicinity of Port Alma have petitioned the government to stop the operations of the Glenwood Oil and Gas Co., an American concern, which is drilling for gas in the waters of Lake Erie. Their plea is that the salt and sulphur discharged from the wells will ruin the fishing industry.

Nearly four solid pages of the Saskatoon Phoenix are taken up with an advertisement of "sale of lands for taxes" in that city. In other words, there are about 3,000 lots in that city for sale because the present owners cannot afford to pay the taxes, or don't think it worth while doing so.

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