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New Kind of Supreme Judge

Permit us to especially introduce Justice J. E. Robinson, of the supreme court of North Dakota, a very remarkable supreme court judge.

When the farmers of the state aforesaid set out to capture their own state, they took especial pains to elect a supreme court to their liking, thereby showing foresight and prudence remarkable in farmers and much more remarkable in other folks.

Now, Justice Robinson rattles the whole judiciary by announcing that supreme judges are lazy and take too long vacations.

Our idea of sweet revenge is to write an enemy's name in on the ballot and elect him to the political eminence of a constableness.

EDG COLYUM About this leak investigation: The investigators have to be careful. Kookoos of a feather all sit in on a poker game.

Let's Go! Freddie Welsh dishes out the alibi that his bum showing with Mitchell was because he was sick.

UPPER BERTHS The Upper Berth is not, primarily, a place of rest. It's a gamble. Like poker, and marriage, and storage eggs.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF... OR! BOY, DIS IS SCANDALOUS! THE DULMAN PORTER WHO DIDN'T HAVE A WHISK-BROOM.

E. D. K.'S NOVEL Bailed "Give her to me!" The villain cried.

TO OPEN BRIDGE PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 27.—The intricate bridge spanning the Columbia river, between Vancouver, Wash., and Multnomah county, Oregon, will be opened to the public February 15, according to plans to day.

A Novel! "Polly of the Hospital Staff" A Week! BY EMMA C. DOWD

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

The deepest rattlesnake eye of Dunbar rolled hatefully at the man on his back. He crooked his neck and twisted his malformed head, and Bowles felt him swelling like a lizard between his knees.

The man never lived who could ride him—Bowles realized that as he clutched for the horn—and then his pride rose in him and he sat limber and swung the quirt. One, two, three times, he fell himself, jarringly to the center, as the blood burst suddenly from his mouth and nose.

He blinked and opened his eyes as he fetched up against the fence—and there was Dixie Lee, with a big, smoking pistol in her hand, striding after him out of the dust.

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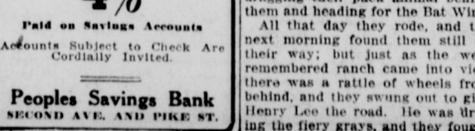
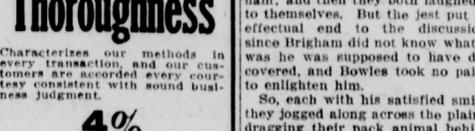
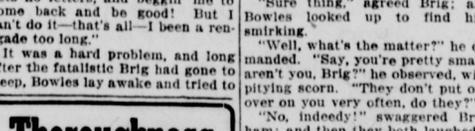
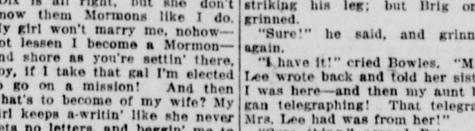
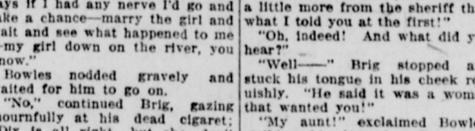
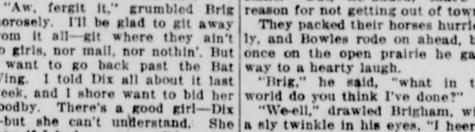
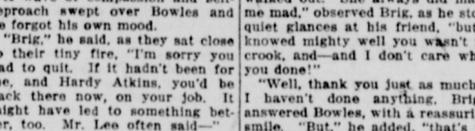
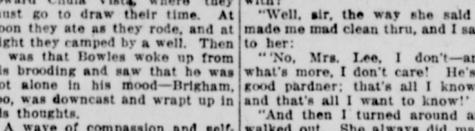
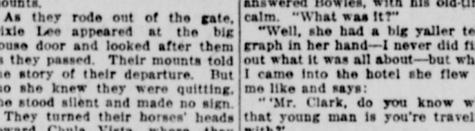
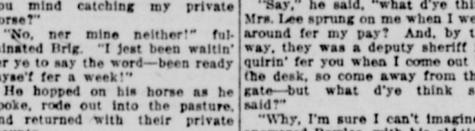
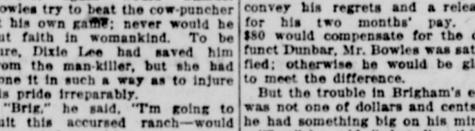
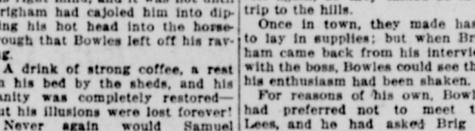
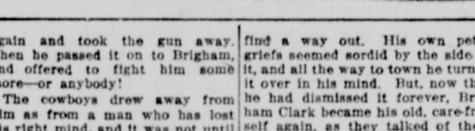
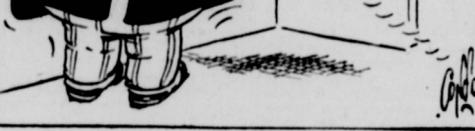
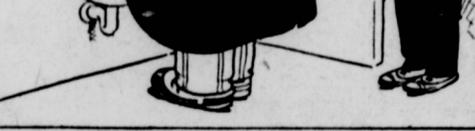
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A Novel! "Bat Wing Bowles" A Week! By—Dane Coolidge Copyright, 1914 By Frederick A. Stokes Co.

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Outbursts of Everett True



A Novel! "Bat Wing Bowles" A Week! By—Dane Coolidge Copyright, 1914 By Frederick A. Stokes Co.

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

gently against the delay, but he pulled them down to a walk while he hunted Bowles a note.

"Telegram for you, Mr. Bowles," he said. "Brig, stop at the ranch when you go by—I want to talk with you."

There was much more that might have been said, and Mrs. Lee smiled approvingly at Bowles, but the grays cut the talk short with a jolt.

"My aunt—" he began, and as the grin on Brig's face widened, he stopped short, and fell into a snarl.

"No use telling you anything, Brig," he said, at last. "You can guess by the color of my eye."

"Sure!" said Brig, after a moment of baffled silence. "Your aunt seems to think a whole lot of you. And, speaking about women folks, what's this comin' down off the hill?"

He nodded at the foothills to the west, and as Bowles gazed he saw Dixie Lee coming down the broad slope like an arrow.

"Wah-lote, too, and at sight of that noble charger the heart of Bat Wing Bowles became sad—or perhaps it was at sight of Dixie. However that may be, he continued on his way with melancholy resignation; while Brig viewed her coming with alarm."

"Here's where I hetch hell for something!" he muttered, as she sighted him from afar; and when she rode up and faced him he hung his head like a truant.

"You Brig!" she said, at last, whipping the hair from her eyes with one hand, "you haven't got git-up enough in you to win an Indian squaw! You'll make a lovely husband for somebody, and that's a fact—the way you do your courtin'."

"Who do you think is up to the big house waiting for you?" "Huh?" demanded Brig, now suddenly all attention.

"Well, she's been there for more than a day. What she sees in you is more than I can say, but—" "Who're ye talkin' about?" barked Brigham, throwing loose his lead-rope.

"I'm talking about your girl," answered Dixie, with Spartan directness. "Here, I'll lead your pack—go ahead and show her your dust."

"I'll do that," said Brig, leaning forward as she spoke; and passing over the rope, he went spurring up the hill.

Dixie Lee gave Bowles a level look from beneath her tumbled hair, and touched Wah-lote with the spur.

"Well, look at that crazy fool ride," she observed, as Brig disappeared in his own dust. "You'd think from the way he travels he was the woman's lover in the world!"

"Yes, indeed!" responded Bowles, with a certain brotherly pride. "Old Brig thinks a lot of that girl."

"Well, maybe he does," conceded Dixie, "but he certainly makes me provoked. I declare, the way some of these men—" she paused again and bit her lip. Mr. Bowles was one of those men, too.

"I reckon it's all right," she continued, resignedly, "but when a woman has to ride clear over to the Gila, and propose for a man, and steal his girl for him, and then round him up and send him in the grays, she has some excuse to speak her mind. Don't you think so, Mr. Bowles? Well, then, if your friend Brigham had had his way, he would have hit for the summit of the White mountains, and his girl would have been married to a Mormon!"

It makes me mad, Mr. Bowles, I declare it does. The idea of leaving that poor little girl over there and never going near her, when all the time she was begging him to come back, and her folks were reading her letters. She couldn't write it to him—she had to tell him—and he never showed up at all. Please don't apologize for him, Mr. Bowles; I'm sure there's not a word to be said."

Mr. Bowles bowed his head and felt very humble, indeed, as he thought in his mind. "You're right, Mr. Bowles," she said, "but you're not the man to be ashamed of, but—do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't," answered Dixie May. "And I don't care, either," she added, glancing across at him with clear-seeing eyes. "And say, what's the matter with that pack?"

"She dismounted quickly as she spoke, and Bowles dropped off to help. Then, after ropes had been tightened they stood silent within the circle of their horses."

"Mr. Bowles," began Dixie, with sudden frankness. "You've done well out here, but there's one thing I'm disappointed in—you don't keep the color of the country!"

"Why, what do you mean, Miss Lee?" inquired Bowles.

"It was talking to a man a few days ago and the high cost of living was mentioned and the man said that the price of butter had gone so high he could not afford to buy it; that he had bought some oleo, but when his children were going to school and carried their lunches, were eating their bread and oleo they were twisted by some of the other more fortunate children. This humiliation of these poor children was caused by our legislature placing a mark of distinction on the poor man's food."

Allow the coloring of oleo, Mr. Legislator, and you will do something that will prove a Godsend to the poor people of this state.

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