

Red River Prospector.

RED RIVER, NEW MEXICO.

HAD NO MONKEY RANCH.

Swede Had G. of Idea of the Inhabitants of the Country.

A story told is illustrative of the Swedish dialect and the possibilities thereof anent the recent visit here of a clever traveling man who fooled the members of the Board of Trade and the representative of a newspaper so completely that the reporter took him to a photograph gallery and had his picture taken for the paper, wrote a column story about the advent on the board of Senator Swanson of Minnesota, who had come here in the interest of the anti-option bill.

Mr. Keene's story was of a man who was riding on his bicycle through a thinly settled section of Minnesota. Something went wrong with his wheel and he had to dismount and trundle it along for several miles before he came to a house. He hastened up and rapped at the front door. A tall, rawboned Swede appeared.

"Have you got a monkey wrench?" asked the wheelman.

"No," said the Swede. "Ay not have monkey wrench."

"Do you know where I can find one?"

"Vel, Ay don't know. Nels Nelson, seven, eight miles up the road, he got cattle ranch; Ay got sheep ranch; Ay tank a man must have a dam fool to hav monkey ranch on deas country."

SCOTLAND'S LAW FORBIDS GOLF.

Some Facts That Derogates of the Game May Not Know.

Scotland, as everybody knows, is the land where golf originated and the land where it most flourishes. But if the law was strictly enforced north of the Tweed it would go hard with the players of the royal game in "Bonnie Scotland." Golf players there may not know it, but they are liable to a sentence of death for their indulgence in their favorite sport. Technically this is literally a fact. In ancient times, when Scotland always had work for her soldiers to do, all young men were required to perfect themselves in archery. They preferred to play golf, and so serious a rival did the game become that it was for a time suppressed and made a capital offense. That curious law never has been repealed, and may still be found on the statute book. There seems to be no record, however, of the law ever having been enforced. This legislation in regard to golf reminds one of Kipling's charge that football and cricket are occupying the attention of the youth of England to the exclusion of the more serious business of fighting—his attack on "The flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddled oaf at the goal."

SHE KEPT HER WORD.

Mr. Martin Is Not as Anxious as He Was for His Wife's Endorsement.

A few days ago the usually clever Mr. Martin was talking at the dinner table in his usual clever manner about the inconsistency of women.

"These young ladies who protest that they are never going to marry," he broke out. "Everybody knows they will belie their own words at the very first opportunity."

He paused and evidently hoped that Mrs. Martin would come to the rescue of her sex, but that discreet woman held her tongue.

"Why, Mary," he continued, "you remember how it was with yourself. I have heard you say more than once you wouldn't marry the best man alive."

"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Martin.

Why Tramps are Tramps. A university professor, during his summer holiday, has been traveling about England asking every tramp that he met why he didn't work, says a London exchange.

He interviewed 2,000 vagrants, and, classing them according to the various reasons they gave for not earning their daily bread in an orthodox manner, we get the following:

Six hundred and fifty-three said they were willing to work, but could not obtain any.

Four hundred and fifty-five could not give any reason that would hold water.

The Ring or the Man

By F. H. LANCASTER. Copyright, 1921, by Daily Story Publishing Company.

The trouble all began in Gus Holden doing the unexpected thing. Everybody predicted, and with reason, that if Molly Cartwell got engaged before the season was over it would be to young Maxwell Barton, the broad-shouldered newspaper man from Mississippi. And up to that momentous afternoon it is fair to say that Molly and Max shared the common conviction. They were great friends. Everybody also said that it would be an excellent match. "For Molly," some of the women added. But that was only a spurt of feminine meanness over which the men shrugged their shoulders. They knew the state of Max's finances.

And now Molly had sent down word that she was sorry, but that she would not be able to go boating this afternoon, and Max had swung off to the wharf, covering his disappointment with one of Righter's songs: "Oh, my Mexican Juanita, In the moonlight I will meet her, Way down upon the silver Rio Grande."

Molly heard, and the hand that held the beautiful ring twitched nervously. "What a voice he had! And everything about him is as big as his voice," she added regretfully. "I wonder if he would care much. I would hate to hurt him. He's such a happy hearted fellow in spite of his bad luck." Her eyes went back to the ring.

For this was the unexpected thing Gus Holden had done. He had written Miss Molly Cartwell a business-like offer of marriage and backed up his offer with a perfect love of a diamond. "If I see the ring on your hand tonight, I shall understand that you have decided to make me one of the happiest of men," had been the formal ending of that formal letter.

"I suppose I will have to get married some day," she reflected. But of a truth, this was not exactly the way she had intended to be made love to by the man she would eventually marry. Heaven knows what she had intended should happen. Most girls crave a romantic love affair, and there was no romance about this straightforward and thrust letter; nothing but the ring.

Ob, that ring! What a beauty it was. How the other girls would go on over it. Everybody knew Gus Holden had more money than he could spend. That was all they did know about him.

The idea of marrying a man she had not met a dozen times! Why under the sun had he taken it into his head to be in such a hurry!

"The happiest of men." How cold it looked on paper. No doubt he had written it because he considered it the correct thing, like the "Yours truly" at the bottom of a business letter.

For a minute she gave place to pettishness and wished with all her heart that Gus Holden had kept his old letter and his old ring to himself, and that she was out on the water having a good time with Max. Dear old Max, with his huge head and deep voice, and best of all, honest, happy heart.

All very charming attributes, no doubt, but yet not much in the way of assets when looked at from the dollars and cents point of view.

"And I'll have to get married some day. Gracious knows I don't want to be an old maid." She picked up the ring and looked at it lovingly.

"You are a beauty, aren't you? Why, Max would have to sell everything he owns, down to his golf clubs, before he could give a girl such a thing as this. But, then, Max is a man, and he does work hard. My goodness, how gloriously he could make love to a girl, if only he could afford it." And Molly pushed aside the ring and dropped her face into her hands, that she might the better recall a certain delicious afternoon she and Max had spent together tramping over the hills with their kodaks. The huskiness that had come

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