

Illustrated by
Russell Patterson

Making A

The famous cowboy star con-
for a fortune and relates how he be-



"I went to bed an' dreamed I was bein' pursued by wolves with gleaming eyes like camera lens an' buffalos with three legs like movie camera tripods"

CHAPTER II

MAKIN' a million dollars ain't much of a job as jobs go nowadays, but at the time of which I'm a writin', an' to me, the trail a leadin' to my million looked a long an' rough ridin' road.

Still, I didn't feel downhearted because my first million in killin' wolves for a movin' picture concern hadn't turned out so well.

I just naturally figured that I'd taken the wrong fork of the trail an' been ridin' along the river road when I should have been higher up, a headin' over the hog-backs.

After I got rested up from my bad-resultin' an' money-losin' wolf killin' contract, concernin' which I have already wrote, somehow I felt that notwithstandin' all the young feller's talk about millions in the movin' picture business, it was a goin' to be mighty hard an' tough sled-din' to get at. So, I hunted up this studio gent again.

He was glad to see me, he said, an' hoped I hadn't been so badly chewed up by the wolves after all, declarin' it was exactly his fault, an' promis-in' nothin' like it would ever happen again. He said he'd have another job in a few days an' for me "just to stick around."

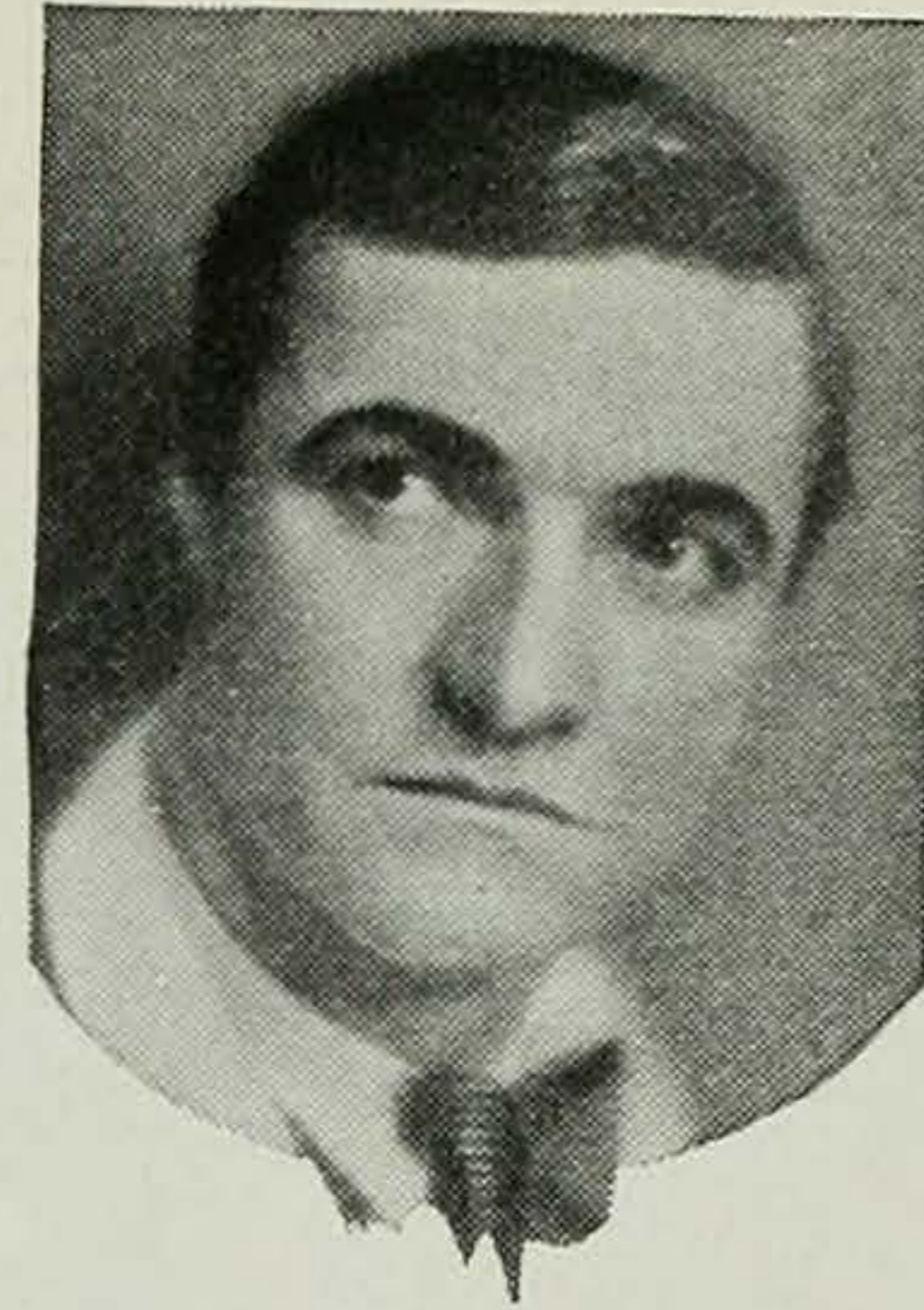
In passin' I might add that in all movin' picture history from the first film ever made down to the last one finished yesterday there ain't no advice that's been so freely handed out as that one single phrase, "just stick around."

So far as I was concerned the picture game hadn't been so good, an' starin' me in the face was my job to get that million an' head back to Texas where I belonged an' where I promised my mother I'd fetch it. About this time I did a heap of thinkin' as all the time the idea kept a sneakin' in that mebbe this young studio gent wasn't so heavily bankrolled as his partner had promised.

"Have you got a million dollars?" I busted in cold when the next day, he offered me another job, a doublin' his leadin' man.

"Got what?" he says, surprised like, "sure I ain't got

Million



By
Tom Mix

tinues the story of his quest came sheriff of Dewey, Oklahoma

a million. If I had a million, I wouldn't be stickin' around here—but I'm a aimin' to get a million before I quit."

Here I was hopin' to get a million out of a bird who hadn't even got one for himself. Like me, he was only a hopin'. That settled it an' night found me on a trail a headin' for Oklahoma. I still had enough money to buy a good saddle horse an' a fair outfit, so I decided I'd punch cows again until the next step toward the million had been figured out.

My first job was to ride over in the Osage country with an old friend of mine, Mike Cunyan, after some cattle he'd bought. One day, a ridin' along with the herd, we pulled up under a cottonwood tree for a little shade an' to rest our horses.

"Mike," says I, "where can you an' me get ourselves a million dollars?"

"Well, Tom," he finally says after thinkin' a bit an' brushin' some dirt from his chaps, "it's thisaway. I got an idea if you an' me will just sit here an' wait long enough, some feller will ride up an' give it to us. All we got to do is be patient an' wait."

I THOUGHT Mike was funny, an' Mike thought I was crazy, an' we rode on after our cattle. The funny part of it all an' why I mention this conversation at this time is that Mike was right—dead right—only he didn't know it. That talk took place up in a corner of what Oklahomeans today know as the Osage country—land allotted by the government to the Osage Indians. If Mike an' me had just waited on that spot an' waited long enough an' in the meantime acquired title to ten or a dozen acres of it, today we'd have many millions.

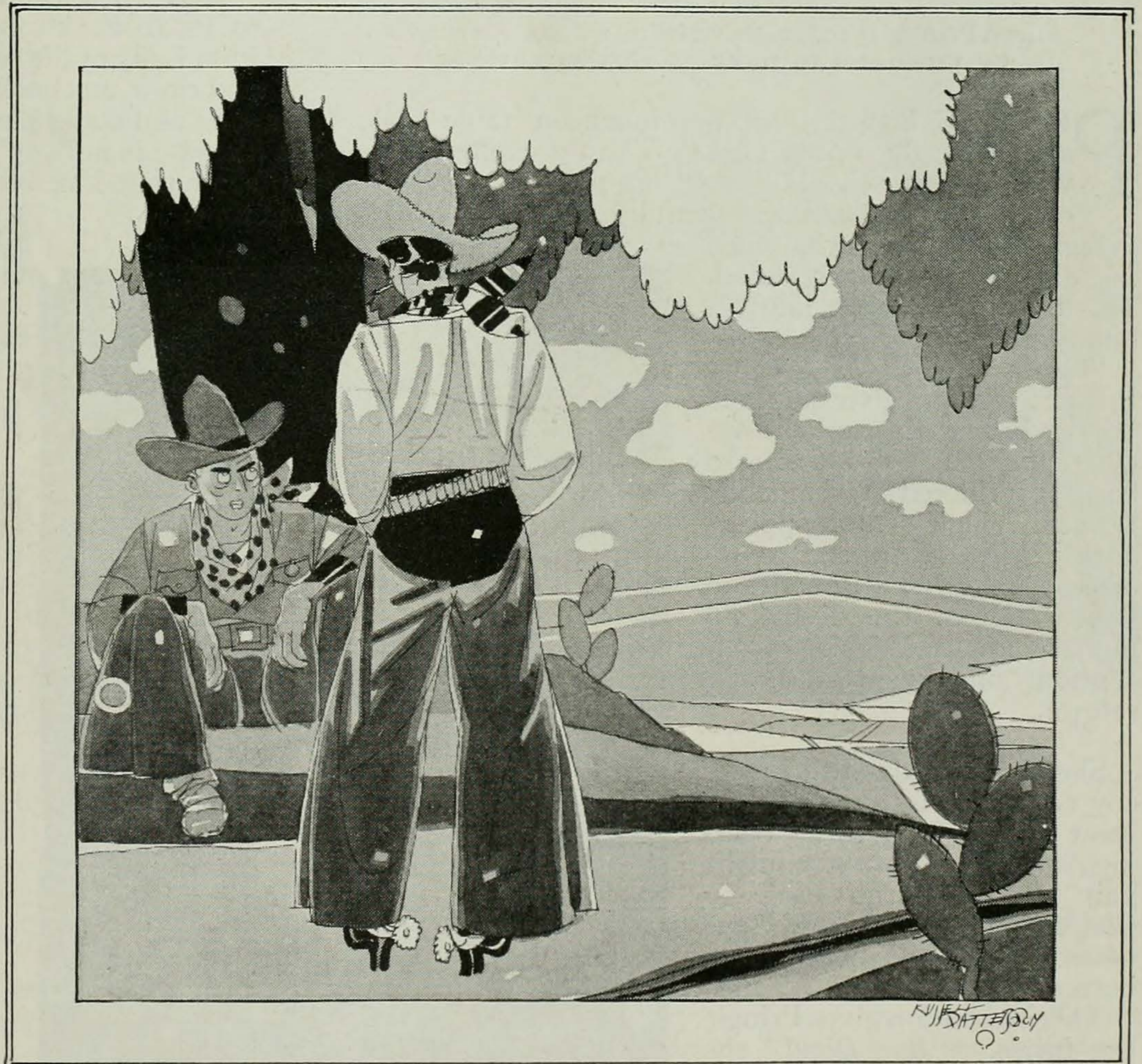
That day Mike an' me was a talkin' that funny talk, we was a sittin' right on top of millions—on land that later proved the richest oil field of the Osage country, which means

richer territory than any other section of all Oklahoma.

We was right on top of millions, an' as many another man unknowin'ly has done, gone wildgoose chasin' somewhere else an' in another direction a leavin' the million behind him. Many a man is rich an' don't know it.

Next day in a little town in the Osage called Grey Horse, Mike an' me sighted a coupla fellers who reined up as they saw us an' turned their horses down toward the Hominy Flats. We noticed that one of 'em was a ridin' a light sorrel an' the other a black horse. At the time, their turnin' seemed sort of queer, but we didn't pay much attention to it.

When we got back into Ponca, a feller at the corral told how two men, the day before, had stuck up the bank in Dewey, Oklahoma, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



Mike said, "If you and me just sit here and wait some feller will ride up and give us a million." He was right. If we only knew, we were right on top of the richest oil fields in Oklahoma

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

an' rode away with \$8,500 in cash. One of the men, he said, was a ridin' a dark horse an' the other a sorrel. Instantly, I figured that in not meetin' the gents, I'd missed a good chance to add \$4,250.00 to my own bankroll, a leavin' only \$995,750 necessary. About that time a lot of banks had been held up in Oklahoma an' the banks an' express officials was a payin' fifty per cent of all the money that was recovered as a reward.

Then it was that I got a letter from a man askin' me to come to Dewey, so I rode over to that town. This gent, whom I'd known for a long time, told me the Dewey bank had been twice held up, each time for a considerable sum. The people around Dewey, he went on to explain, was a withdrawin' a lot of their cash from the bank, an' others seemed to be afraid to put more in for fear they'd lose it, as in those days there was no money insurance for banks like they have today.

"Now, Tom," this Dewey man said, "when you lived down in Texas, you always turned out when they needed a posseman, an' gave a good account of yourself. The job of town marshal of Dewey is vacant. Me an' the mayor are good friends an' from what I've told him about you, him an' the bank folks are satisfied that you can keep law an'

order in this town. Besides, it's a steady job."

"What became of the feller who had it last?" I broke in.

"Well," says the man, "he had a little bad luck an' quit. He ain't here any more."

"Where did he go to?" I inquired.

"I think," says he, talkin' kind of slowly, "that they buried him either in Arkansas City or Wichita as he had friends in both places an' some of 'em looked after the remains."

"Just what did he die of?" I kept on, askin' more to see if Dewey was a healthy place to live in than anything else.

"Tom," announces my friend, "there ain't no use in my a deceivin' of you, but this here last marshal got killed. You see, he wasn't a very good shot anyway an' a coupl'a fellers beat him to the draw."

Further inquiry disclosed that the last town marshal had held down the marshalin' job for about three months. The one before him lasted seven weeks an' one feller wasn't there long enough to draw his first month's pay. It seemed a steady job as my friend had said, but not steady for one man. Still it paid \$90 a month, which was a heap better than cowpunchin' an' from all accounts, a heap more excitin'!

I told my Dewey friend that I'd think

the thing over an' decide durin' the day. Walkin' around the town I dropped into the postoffice to mail a letter to a feller in Chicago. Tacked in front of the writin' desk in the postoffice I saw a big circular, announcin' a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest an' apprehension of a feller who, when last heard of, was a bearin' the temporary moniker of Henry Morgan, an' more generally known as Buck Morgan.

It seemed that this here Buck Morgan had dropped into a bank just as it was a closin' up an' overdrawed his account somethin' like \$27,300, an' the sheriff of El Paso county stood ready to pay out the \$5,000 so Buck could come back an' help get the books of the bank straightened out.

I had a sneakin' idea about this time that I knew this gent, Mr. Buck Morgan, havin' seen a bird who looked like the man in circular's picture a punchin' cows around Amarillo, Texas, an' who was called Buck by the rest of the boys in his outfit. In my mind came a question—should I go marshalin' an' round up this overdrawed gent? If he had less than \$5,000 when I found him, I figured I'd probably claim the reward, but if he was still a carryin' the \$27,300 it was hard to say what I might consider was the next best step.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

Winners of Idea Contest in the March Issue

Because of the difficulty in making a choice among the many excellent ideas submitted in the PHOTOPLAY-Paramount-Famous-Lasky Co. \$15,000 Idea Contest, the judges are unable to announce the winners this month.

Thirty thousand manuscripts were received and the judges wish to give the ideas the careful consideration that they merit.

In the March Issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine you will find the complete list of winners. Watch for the March PHOTOPLAY on the newsstands February 15th.

me that I had the key to Pandora's Box. A pretty thought. But my particular brand of magic results from reading books—good books."

Lambert's sole paraphernalia for wizardry, then, is a marvelous memory and books.

He tells you that Cleopatra was five feet, two inches tall. And you're properly astonished. But he doesn't tell you that it took him weeks to pore through sufficient data to reach this conclusion. Nor does he mention that Jules Verne and Edgar Allen Poe were pikers compared with any scenario writer. But he will tell you that he is thankful that the average human life isn't constructed like a movie scenario.

Even Michelangelo may be in Mr. Lambert's employ for all that I know. For in leaving his office I saw Mike's motto on a placard, which read:

"Trifles Make Perfection. Perfection Is No Trifle."

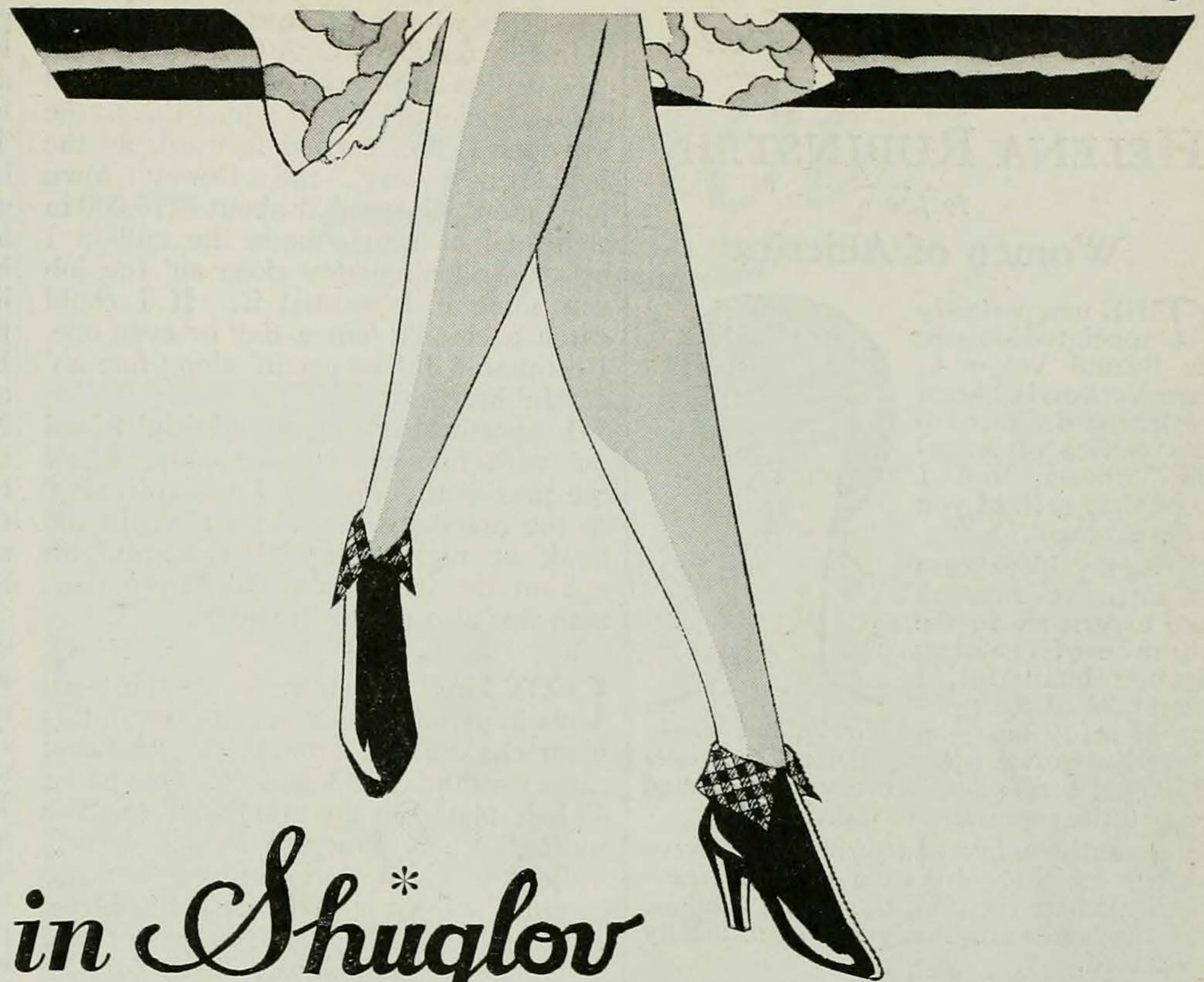
Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

From the postoffice I went down to a buildin' occupied as the Dewey City Hall. I saw "City Marshal" painted on a door an' walked in. The room looked sort of lonesome an' deserted. There was an old fashioned wooden desk, a coupl'a chairs an' nothin' else in it. Tacked on the wall I saw a lot of printed circulars, like the one in the postoffice, announcin' rewards for young fellers who'd disappeared without a leavin' forwardin' addresses. The rewards run anywhere from \$50 an' \$100 to \$5,000 an' \$10,000. In the top drawer of the marshal's desk, I found mebbe two hundred postcards, likewise givin' details of missin' an' much wanted gents, with similar rewards. Quite a few, an' in fact, many of the circulars stated it was believed these gents were a headin' out Oklahoma way.

"Tom," says I to myself, "it would be a smart trick to take stock on this here town marshalin' job an' see what's in sight." I spent the rest of the afternoon figurin' up the posted rewards. They toted up exactly \$87,650. Cards in the desk footed up about \$40,000 more. From what the rewards read, the money these birds had extracted from banks, trains, express companies, stage coaches, merchants an' trustin' individuals made a nice total of more'n \$105,000, to say nothin' of jewelry, general merchandise, two hundred an' five head of horses an' three span of mules, all worth a grand balance of \$252,650 in sight or somethin' like that, all a waitin' to be grabbed. It seemed a heap more'n the movin' pictures had to offer or probably, from the way things looked at that time, ever would have.

BACK in the postoffice I read about Buck Morgan an' that \$5,000 again. From the fact he was a ridin' a sorrel when last seen, I was satisfied he was one of the two birds me an' Mike Cunyan had seen a ridin' toward Hominy Flats over in the Osage an' likewise, one of the



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*Pronounced Shoe-Glove

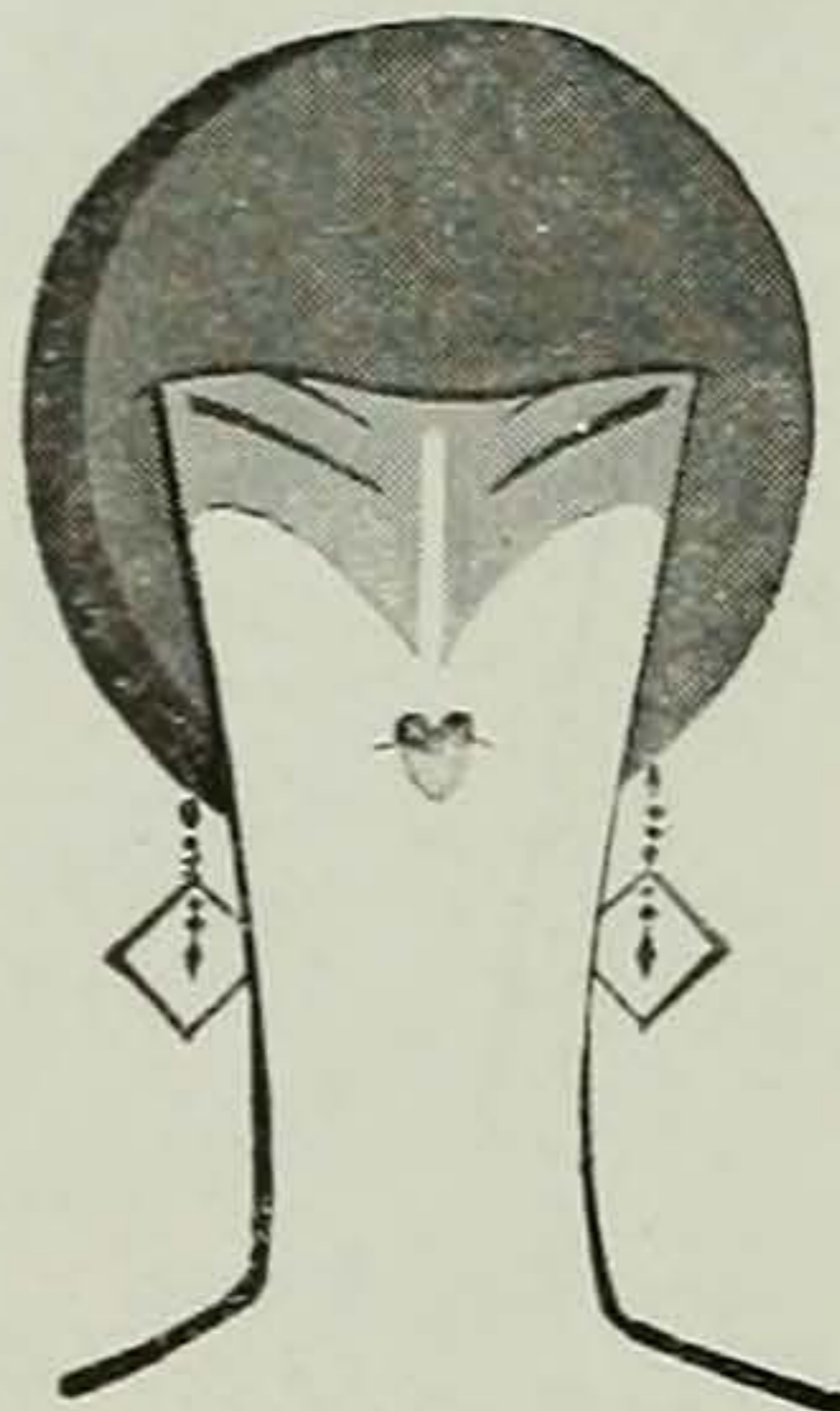
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<input type="checkbox"/> Wrinkles	<input type="checkbox"/> Flabbiness
<input type="checkbox"/> Crowsfeet	<input type="checkbox"/> Tan, Freckles
<input type="checkbox"/> Sallowiness	<input type="checkbox"/> Pimples, Acne
<input type="checkbox"/> Blackheads	<input type="checkbox"/> Hollows

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Dealer's Name.....

two gents who had turned off the Dewey Bank for the \$8,500. A talk with a man who had seen the bank hold-up confirmed this suspicion. When I added this to the previous figure, carried forward, as the bookkeepers say, the Dewey town marshal's job stood at about \$275,000 in sight, all of which made the million I was after look pretty close an' the job was mine if I wanted it. If I could catch a coupl'a 'em a day or even one, I estimated I'd be gettin' along fine an' makin' headway.

I reported back to my advisin' friend an' with him visited the bank, where the president said they'd add somethin' to the marshal's pay if I'd sleep in the bank at night, thereby a keepin' an eye on the institution. This president man was also the town mayor.

I GOT hired an' swore in by the town clerk. After administerin' the oath, this town clerk fished around an' produced three town marshal's badges. One had a 45 hole plumb in the middle an' another sported a .38 puncture in one corner, while the third had escaped damage exceptin' a few round dents on the edges. These badges didn't look lucky for me, an' certainly hadn't been lucky for the gents who had been a wearin' of 'em. I told the mayor if it was the same with him, I'd send up to Wichita an' get me a new marshal's badge on my own account.

My new badge came in a coupl'a days an' after a few days a marshalin' around, I slipped in an' told the bank president an' cashier that I was satisfied this here Buck Morgan had robbed 'em an' that I had a good line on his whereabouts. I also added that I thought it a good thing if I slipped out an' brought him in. As he had shorted them plenty, they thought it would be about the right thing for me to do. Another thing that appealed to me was that this Buck Morgan reward had been offered by the sheriff of El Paso county, an' as I originally came from Texas, I felt it my duty to go an' get that reward by bringin' in this bank robbin' gent.

I was a ridin' a mighty good horse an' I headed straight into the Osage country, figurin' as I rode along the first night, on where I'd get my next hundred thousand or so after I'd finished up the town marshalin' an' run out of rewards, or if the rewards would come in fast enough to keep me busy, once I had got caught up on the job.

FROM Dewey I struck south, crossin' the Canadian river at Appalachia station. There I found a man who recalled seein' the two men. He said they had bought a packhorse at that point an' headed straight into the west. I knew from the packhorse an' provisions they had bought that they were a aimin' to keep away from civilization. That suited me, for I like nothin' better'n an open country. I also found that the man a ridin' the sorrel fitted Buck Morgan to a "t."

At Stillwater, I had my bridle fixed an' a rip in my chaps sewed an' picked up another trail, skirtin' north of Guthrie an' got into Kingfisher. I reckoned now I was mebbe a week or ten days behind 'em. At a Kingfisher corral I found the

pair had put up there for a night an' kept on west, but pickin' up at that point an Osage squaw, who seemed to have been a waitin' for the man on the sorrel. Then I discovered that when the party left Kingfisher, it consisted only of the man on the sorrel an' the Osage squaw, her now a ridin' the black horse an' leadin' the pack. I reckoned the other gent had taken his share of the money and took a train out, probably east or north. But as I wasn't wantin' him, I kept on after Mr. Morgan an' the pro tem Mrs. Morgan. The indications to me was that the pair was a makin' for the Texas border an' this puzzled me, as I naturally thought he'd want to keep out of the state where the big reward was offered for him.

At Watonga, I found Morgan an' the squaw had purchased more supplies an' again crossed the Canadian at a little out of the way ford, but had gone around Arapaho, the county seat. As I rode along, followin' this trail seemed so easy, I wondered what eminent bank robber I'd go after next, after I'd got Mr. Morgan an' the squaw back in El Paso county—that is, if I took him back, it all dependin' on how much of \$27,300 he had left when I got him, as I reckoned that him an' his partner had split the bankroll when they parted near Kingfisher.

BUT I was a ridin' a mighty good buckskin horse, and restin' him proper, an' makin', I guessed ten or fifteen miles a day better'n they were, especially hampered as he was by a Osage squaw an' a pack horse. So I took the trip carefully, stoppin' at good water holes along the way for a coupl'a hours at a time so my horse could get plenty to drink. You know a horse don't get watered right if you just stop for a drink. He's got to drink an' rest an' then drink again, to keep in good condition. I did a lot of ridin' at night to help my horse an' also, you can spot camp fires mighty easy after dark.

Roger Mills county, Oklahoma, is on the Texas border, an' along about dusk one evenin' an' after coverin' somethin' like 340 miles an' my horse a gettin' a little footsore an' needin' a coupl'a shoes to be re-set, I came in sight of a little shack on the banks of the Washita river. I found later that the shack had been built by a homesick nester, who'd decided that he had enough of homesteadin' an' departed for his wife's folks back in Missouri. If he had a had my experience, he'd a headed in most any other direction. From behind a bunch of river willows I watched. Hobbled an' grazin' near the shack was the sorrel, the black an' the pack horse. Then I knew it wasn't goin' to be long before me an' Mr. Morgan got acquainted. I stached my horse about a mile back around the river bend, where he could get plenty of grass an' water an' rest up, as I calculated I'd probably be a needin' a good horse before long.

FOR two days I kept back in the brush a watchin'. At night, I'd ride three or four miles up the river before lightin' a fire to cook the one meal a day I was now a livin' on. Durin' the days I watched, I saw Morgan an' I saw the squaw.

From the way they moved around an' knew where the spring was, I calculated either the squaw or Morgan had lived there before. Later, I found that it was the squaw's second housekeepin' job in the same place. Each mornin' about sun-up Morgan would come out, turn the horses from the little corral so they could graze, an' himself pick up a little brushwood to get breakfast with. Next mornin' long before day break, I stretched myself behind a little old hayrick where I couldn't be seen from the shack an' waited.

Morgan came out. Twice he started toward the corral an' then turned back. I wondered. Somehow, he seemed to look a heap over toward the hayrick where I was a hidin'. Then he went back in the house. I wondered if he had a rifle an' how good a shot he was. He seemed to stay in the house for hours, although the sun didn't get more'n fifteen minutes higher while he was gone. Then he came out. I couldn't see any rifle. I was willin', six shooter for six shooter, to take a chance, askin' nothin' better'n an even break. Morgan walked slowly toward me. Twice he stopped an' shifted his belt. I reckoned he was afraid to come, gun in hand, for fear I'd start it. Then he walked into the barn with his back toward me an' I sure breathed easier, for that told me he didn't know I was there. It was a cool mornin' but he sure had me a sweatin' a little.

AT last Morgan walked toward the hayrick, lookin' right at it, an' to me it appeared as if he was expectin' somethin'. I waited until he was not more than a rod away an' then I threw down on him. He took it quite cool, stuck up his hands an' said nothin'. I took his gun an' tied him to a cottonwood near the shack. While Morgan didn't talk, the squaw wasn't exactly pleased an' she kept a mutterin' to herself or me in Osage—part of which I understood, an' some parts of what she said concernin' me, an' which she knew I savvied, wouldn't bear printin'.

I searched the pair an' went through their belongin's. The man had \$135 an' the squaw was a carryin' \$12 in a beaded bag. Incidental, I've got that bag yet, an' it's a hangin' on the wall of my Beverly Hills home, but I gave her back the \$12. In the shack I found a 12-gauge shot gun, an' threw all the shells into the river. They had no other fire arms except his six shooter, which I had.

MORGAN wouldn't talk. The squaw brought him his meals, but wouldn't cook for me, but I could manage that myself. I put in two days an' more tryin' to find where Morgan had stashed that money, but could locate nothin'. After I searched the shack an' found nothin', I looked for hideaways, such as woodchuck an' gopher holes. Nothin' doin'. A search made for fresh dirt, where somethin' might have been buried, brought no better results. I turned over old logs an' brush heaps. Then I started to dig on my own account, selectin' what I thought might be likely spots. I turned over enough ground around that river bottom an' shack to seed a pretty good crop of corn. I kept the squaw

Lysol

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with me, leavin' Mr. Morgan still tied to the cottonwood, but so he could sit down an' use his hands a little.

The fourth day, I must have grown careless like, for suddenly the squaw jumped from the shack door an' let go the double barreled shot-gun at me, a usin' shells I didn't know she had or I had overlooked. Three or four small buckshot lodged in the fleshy part of my shoulder an' arm, but none of 'em went in deep enough to do any worryin' damage. I threwed the shot gun in the river, an' tyin' his feet to the stirrups, Mr. Morgan, Mrs. Squaw an' me pulled up stakes an' set out for the little town of Red Moon, about fifteen miles away.

THE marshal in Red Moon, who was one-fifteenth of the town's population, got much excited when I came in with my prisoner an' insisted he ought to get half the reward because Morgan had been found near his burg. That wasn't to be considered, so I pulled out an' by ridin' most of the night got into Strong City, county seat of Roger Mills county, an' then the end of the railway. The town had a calaboose an' in it I locked Morgan, a lettin' the squaw go, which she did pronto, takin' the bay horse, the pack horse an' beatin' it back to the Osage. Years later while in Kansas City, I saw that same squaw, a ridin' around in a \$5,000 automobile an' dressed to kill with nothin' less than \$25,000 in diamonds on her. I found she was a drawin' \$3,000 a week oil money. Funny thing, the more money a squaw's got, the more clothes she'll put on; the more money a white woman's got, the more clothes she'll take off—but then the squaw's only a savage an' don't know any better.

Meanwhile a doctor in Strong City fixed me up pretty well an' the next day I decided to notify the sheriff in El Paso that I was ready to come on with his much wanted Mr. Morgan, an' to have the \$5,000 reward handy, as I was a goin' to be in a hurry to get away an' back to my marshalin' job in Dewey.

At the telegraph office I took out the old reward circular to get the sheriff's name in El Paso. Then it was that for the first time I made a discovery of somethin' that set my heart a sinkin' down to the bottom of my bootheels. The man I was to wire was Charles Cantaberry, sheriff of El Paso county, COLORADO, an' not El Paso county, Texas. That was the first time I ever knew there was an El Paso county in Colorado but it seemed there was. Lookin' at the reward circular I just read El Paso, an' bein' a Texan, I naturally supposed there could be but one El Paso on earth, an' that was in the Lone Star State.

All this was a facin' me, an' me knowin' I couldn't go into Colorado until a little matter between me an' the sheriff of Fremont county, at Canon City, Colorado, was adjusted to the satisfaction of several interested parties, all of which I explained in the previous chapter of this story.

IT was pretty tough to find my man I wasn't wanted in Texas at all, but the fact there was a warrant for Mr. Morgan

in Colorado, made me an' that gent members of the same lodge.

Next day I figured out a plan to play safe an' sent Sheriff Cantaberry a wire that the town marshal of Dewey, Oklahoma, would deliver his man to him in a little town called Benda, just on the Oklahoma side of the Colorado state line. I reckoned he'd know that my official authority as a marshal ended at the Oklahoma state line, an' that was why I didn't want to cross with my prisoner.

I waited at Benda for a week an' finally turned Mr. Morgan—him an' me had got to be pretty good friends by that time—over to a coupl'a deputies who'd been sent after him. They gave me a receipt for my man an' took him back as he had waived extradition. Lucky for me, the two deputies had never heard of me, an' knew nothin' about Canon City or its troubles, a part of which had been me at least so they said although personal, I couldn't see how that could be. Anyway, then I sold the horse I'd been a ridin' to a young feller I thought would give him good care as he was a mighty fine horse an' I hated to lose him, an' took the train back to Dewey.

ABOUT the first gent I saw when I got off the cars was a husky young chap a wearin' a new shiny badge which read "Town Marshal—Dewey, Oklahoma." "Where's the old marshal," I asked, unconcerned like.

"Oh, that feller," says the new official, "he was a young feller named Mix, kind of a slicker, so they said, an' about a month ago he went off a bank robber huntin' an' ain't never come back an' he ain't sent no word. We reckon the bank robber out-smarted him an' beat him to it, so I got the job."

"Sort of a steady job, I reckon?" I went on.

"That dependin'," says he, "some says it is—some says it ain't."

All this didn't look so good for me an' my marshalin'.

I hunted up Earl Woodward—an' who's still a livin' down there—an' related my experiences. He said hearin' nothin' from me, they'd been obliged to put in a new man as marshal. After the bank folks an' Mr. Woodward found that Morgan didn't have any money from their bank on him when arrested, their interest just naturally faded away an' so far as Dewey was concerned, Mr. Morgan was at liberty to come an' go.

I hung around Dewey for a week waitin' for the Colorado sheriff to send me my reward an' then one day I got a telegram which read: "Tom Mix, Dewey, Oklahoma: Jury today acquitted Henry Morgan of bank robbery. Officials and citizens here fail to positively identify him as the right man. Morgan send his regards to you, and says in appreciation of your many kindnesses to him, you may keep the squaw. Charles Cantaberry, Sheriff, El Paso county, Colorado."

An' that was how my \$5,000 reward faded away an' likewise about sunk my second start to get that million I was after. I felt pretty blue. Then I went to my room, gathered up the big bundle of reward circulars an' post cards that I'd put away for safe keepin', an' burned 'em up in the back yard. I felt at least that

I was a doin' the new town marshal a favor—I was a givin' him a clean start an' puttin' temptation out of his way. An', just sort of incidental—wrapped in a buckskin strip, tucked away in a corner of a drawer in my room in Beverly Hills is somethin' still slick an' shiny an' without a scratch on it. Once in a while I take it out, look at it an' think how proud it once made me—it reads "Town Marshal—Dewey, Oklahoma."

THE day followin' the bonfire of the circulars, I got a telegram from Chicago. It read:

"Tom Mix, Dewey, Oklahoma. Can you bull-dog a buffalo for an important scene in moving picture stop we will pay liberal price for this work stop can you meet me in Dewey Saturday morning please answer (signed) George W. Walrath."

I went to bed early that night to think it all over, an' dreamed I was a bein' pursued by a pack of hungry wolves an' a big herd of buffalos. The wolves all had gleaming eyes that looked like a camera lens, an' the buffalos a chasin' me were a runnin' on three legs, just like the legs under the tripod of a movin' picture machine. Then I dreamed I saw a man a comin' toward me carryin' great sacks of money, which I took to be a million or more. About sun-up, I got out of bed an' wired Mr. Walrath to come to Dewey an' to bring on his buffalos.

Next month Tom Mix will tell how a motion picture concern employed him to bulldog a buffalo. "Up to that time," says Mr. Mix, "I had considered this fairly easy of accomplishment but, unfortunately, the buffalo didn't give me even reasonable co-operation."



The long hidden ear becomes conspicuous. This ear-let is to replace the old-fashioned ear-ring, according to Vera Reynolds

SHE KNOWS

the secret of being

POPULAR

in spite of a tendency towards drab, lifeless hair

"You are almost sure to see her, no matter where you go. Find the most attractive group of men—and, sure enough, there is Helen—bright, youthful, glorious, with sparkling eyes and radiant hair that the girls all envy. I can hardly make myself believe she's the same drab, little school teacher I used to know . . ."

* * *

OFTEN the difference between plainness and popularity lies in some slight, unaccented feature. A complexion, flawless perhaps—yet not properly rouged; a style of coiffure that is unkind to profile; or, so frequently the hair itself is plain and drab and lifeless.

What a pity! For your face may be as pretty as a picture—but if your hair is dull—a shadowy gloom will dim its loveliness like an ill chosen picture frame!

And, how easy it is to be guilty of this neglect! These modern days we live so fast and play so hard that Nature, unaided, often fails to combat Time's dulling touch. Dullness creeps in—lustre fades—in spite of ordinary shampooing.

Fortunately there's a *special* shampoo—Golden Glint. It was created especially to combat dullness—to add new life, new lustre—or prevent hair fading! "The shampoo-plus" it's often called—for it does more than cleanse. In one shampooing dullness flees—those youthful lights return.

Rich copious lather—faintly fragrant—removes the film that hides the nat-



ural color of your hair. Two lathers and your hair is *clean*, gloriously immaculate.

You rinse—remove all trace of soap and your hair will be shades lighter.

Then you apply the *extra touch*—a *special* rinse—the "plus" that makes this shampoo *different*. Your hair takes on new gloss—new finish. Its natural color, now revealed, is enhanced by sparkling lights! You are reminded faintly of your childhood's tresses—soft, silky—exquisitely fragrant and lustrous. *Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames!*

Millions today use this modern shampoo-plus. It brings much of the skill of the master hairdresser to your own boudoir. No harsh chemicals to bleach or change the natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—plus an extra touch that brings back youth! Your nearest toilet goods dealer can supply you. Money back if not delighted.

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* * * * *

If you have never before tried Golden Glint—and your dealer cannot supply it—send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Department B, 604 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Please mention dealer's name—and if you choose, mention also color and texture (or send sample) of your hair, and a letter of valuable advice will be sent you.