

Tom continues his quest for a fortune, telling how he threw an elderly, but game, buffalo, for \$500

Out on the Oklahoma ranch the studio staff had spread ten barrels of salt mixed with mica, producing the effect of winter. Here Tom, doubling for the leading man, was to throw the buffalo, thereby saving the pioneer hero's starving wife and child



*Illustrated by
Russell Patterson*

Making A

MAKIN' a million when I first started, didn't seem like it was a goin' to be difficult. But, I'd discovered, like I suppose many other men have, that the groupin' together of a million ain't so easy.

Cipherin' the whole thing out, I'd found that for me to get a million, I'd have to take it away from some gent who had already gathered a million for himself, an' I knew that a bird smart enough to have already accomplished that job wasn't a goin' to let go of it without somebody havin' to give him gas or mebbe somethin' worse. Before me was the task of outsmartin' some gent, already smart enough to outsmart some other feller who was smart enough to grab himself a million.

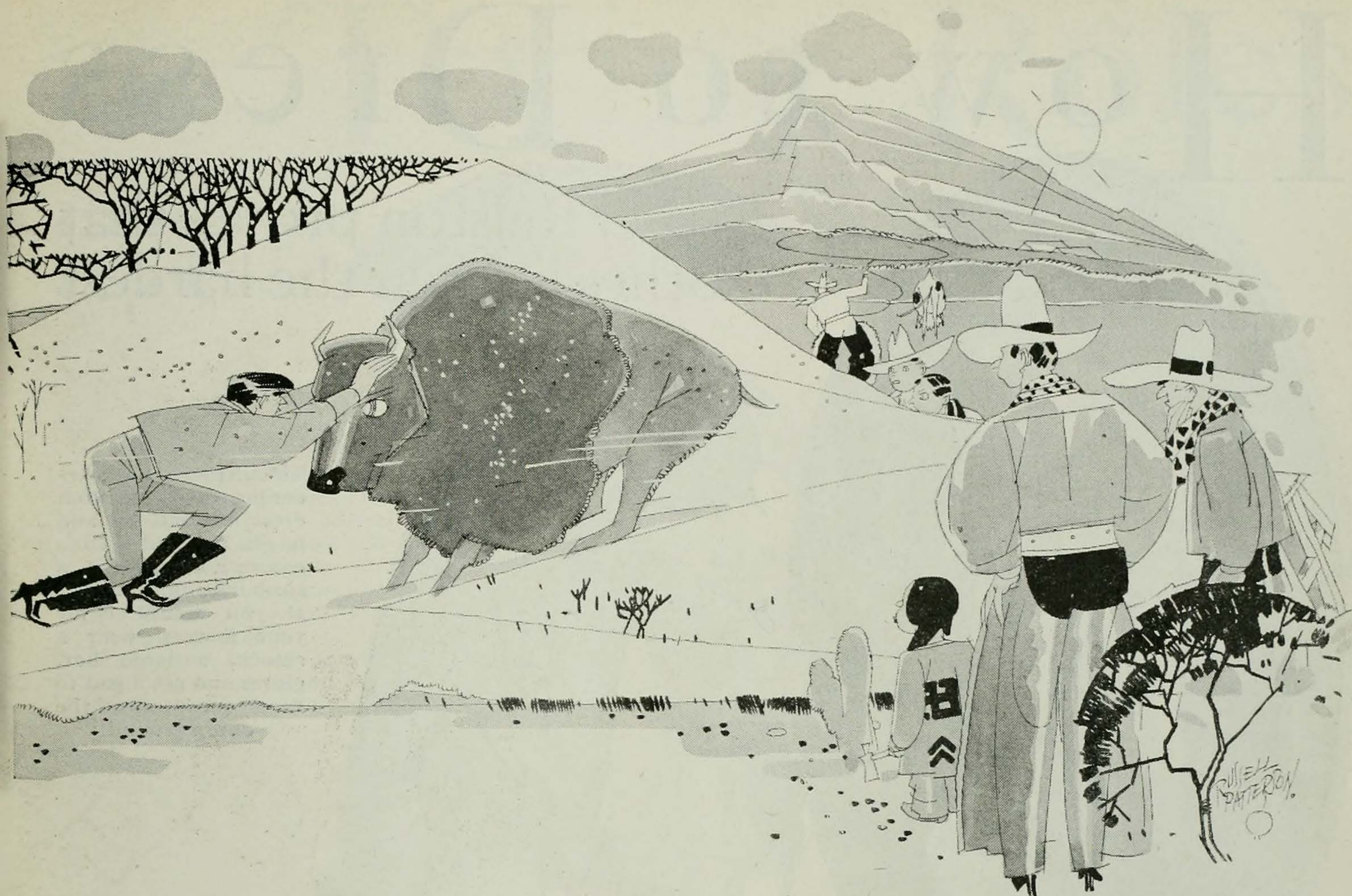
My first effort in gettin' the million through workin' in the movin' pictures hadn't turned out so well. My second endeavor, where I was town marshalin' in Dewey, Oklahoma, had failed to increase the Mix bankroll. The \$500 gold Madera had paid me in Mexico had dwindled down to less than two hundred. Which way I'd have turned I don't know, but along came this telegram askin' if I was in the market to bulldog a buffalo as one of the big scenes in a movin' picture.

I recalled that I hadn't done so well stranglin' wolves for a movie concern in Chicago. But, I reasoned that I didn't know much about wolves in the first place, an'

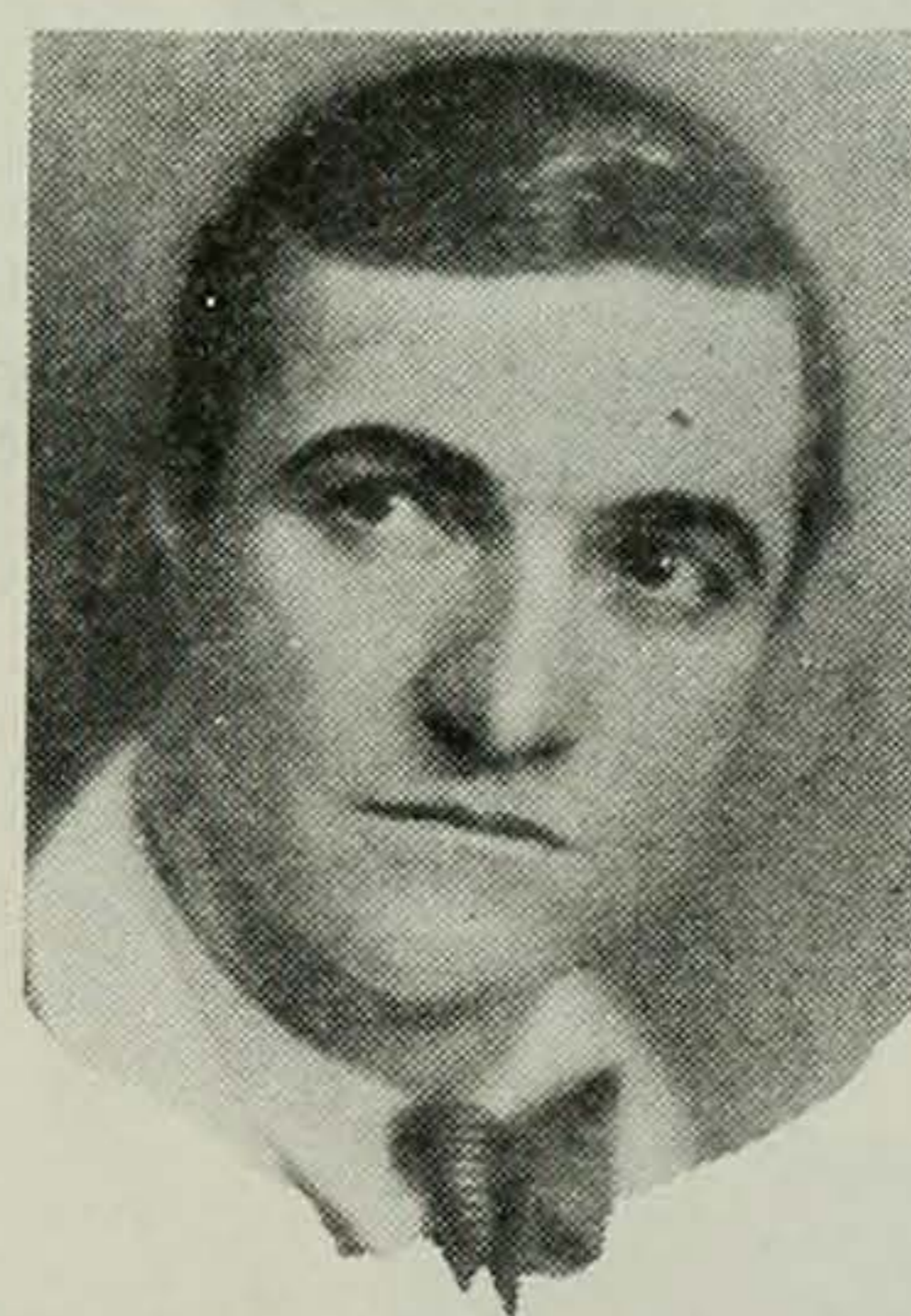
I did know a lot about buffalos an' besides, I was out here in Oklahoma, where I was at home. You see, over on the 101 Ranch, at Bliss, where I'd been foreman, they had a herd of buffalos an' I was pretty well acquainted with 'em an' their ways. An', besides, I might as well confess that I'd always entertained an idea that I could bulldog a buffalo, only the Miller boys, who owned 101 would never let me try it, sayin' they didn't want me to break the spirit of one of their buffalo bulls.

I MIGHT put in now for the information of the general public which probably don't know a heap about buffalos, but nothin' in the world will fight harder, longer or more desperately than a buffalo bull. At the same time, nothin' will give up so easy, once he knows he's whipped. A lot of folks, probably, will think I'm misstatin' facts, but I'm not, when I tell you that if you rope a buffalo bull an' throw him, an' he realizes that you've got him where he can't do nothin' to help himself, Mr. Bull will just lay right down there on the prairie and die—pass out from a broken heart. He's been humbled an' he can't live an' remember that.

Well, to get back to my story about the million. Commencing where I left off, I had this telegram askin' me to bulldog the buffalo, an' I wired 'em to come on, a bringin' their buffalo with 'em.



Million



By
Tom Mix

Saturday mornin' I went down to the railway station an' saw the outfit get off the train. The director in charge introduced himself as Otis Turner, an' he will be recalled by old time picture folks as "Dad" Turner. He had with him a cameraman, named Tom Persons, a mighty fine feller an' me an' him became good friends an' are to this day. There were some other actors, but I didn't notice 'em particularly. It was a week, mebbe, before the leadin' lady arrived in Dewey. She was introduced to me as Miss Myrtle Stedman an' I considered her about the niftiest young person that ever struck Oklahoma. After lookin' her carefully over, I decided then an' there that if Miss Stedman was a goin' to keep on the movin' picture business, permanent, it was as good a trade as any for me to follow.

DAD TURNER took me up to the hotel an' read the story we were to make. I don't know who wrote it an' I hope I never find out. This understandin' author, who had probably lived all his life around Times Square, New York, an' thought there were Indians a runnin' around the streets of Indianapolis, Ind., an' that the citizens of Buffalo, New York, were used to havin' the street traffic tied up with animals of the same name a roamin', promiscuous like, around the town. I told Dad

the story wouldn't do. Then, says he, it's up to you an' me to sit down an' make up one, so we started in.

In the first place, we had to have some good reason why the buffalo was to be bulldogged an' not shot. If we went back to the early days, the Injuns would have killed the buffalo with bow an' arrow—they'd never heard of bulldoggin'. After much sittin' up nights, me an' Dad threshed a yarn something like this.

A young fellow comes out of the east—he is an engineer, plans bridges an' buildin's an' such stuff. He gets adventurin' down in the Injun country an' meets up with a mighty pretty young squaw—an' we make her so pretty an' attractive that I don't mind addin' that if there really had been that kind of young squaw down there, I'd still be in Texas or Oklahoma. Well, this Easterner gets plumb crazy over young Miss Squaw. She'd had a little education an' savvied English. I think we made her name Go-Wan-Shosho, which is Osage for Flamin' Arrow. So our young engineer ups an' marries her. The Osages, accordin' to our literary masterpiece, didn't take kindly to this white man a bustin' into their tribe by marryin' the niftiest lookin' squaw they had an' one who had already been looked at admirin'ly by some of the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

Making a Million

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richest young bucks in the tribe. Besides, the engineer hadn't followed Injun tradition—he had brought with him no ponies nor cattle, nor sheep, which facts, from the Injun viewpoint, marked him as not much good. The head tribesman or chief thereupon told Mrs. Engineer that she'd have to take her squawman an' get off the reservation an' live elsewhere.

The couple then moves into a little neighborin' town where they discover the white folks had put the Injun sign on both of 'em an' that no one would have anythin' to do with a squawman or his wife, an' particularly since both of 'em had been throwed out of their tribe.

So it was, turned down by the Injuns an' ignored by the whites, the pretty squaw, who was to be the leadin' woman of our story, had her troubles from the start an' had to suffer right down to the last 300 feet of the picture. I wanted Dad to let up on her about the middle of the story as I'm naturally soft hearted, but Dad said "no." Why, when we got her starvin' in the snow, I pleaded all one evenin' with Dad to bring her into town an' give her one square meal an' send her back, but he wouldn't do even that. I got where I felt so sorry for this young an' good lookin' Osage squaw who didn't exist, I couldn't eat any food myself.

Well, to go on, this young feller an' the squaw take up some land out on the

prairie, build a sod house an' start homesteadin'. I don't know how much the public knows about homesteadin', but it's thisaway. Homesteadin' is a game where the government bets you one hundred an' sixty acres of land against \$31.65, the same bein' the land office filin' fees, that you can't live on the place for five years—an' the government usually wins.

WELL, our young folks is a homesteadin'. They romp the summer through, breakin' a little land, raise a little corn an' plan to buy some livestock next year. Bein' husky an' a good shot, the young engineer figures with deer an' bear a plenty an' a few buffalo roamin' around, he will be able to keep his family in meat durin' the winter. But the winter proves tough, the snow deep an' the ice thick. In fact, me an' Dad made it the worst winter ever known in Oklahoma. I wanted to put a coupla stoves in the sod house, a feelin' sorry for the nice young squaw, but old Dad said the cookstove was enough, an' she'd have to go on a sufferin' an' a freezin' without my help.

Dad burned up all their wood; it got scarcer an' scarcer until they got to burnin' corn to keep warm. So Dad picks out the most terrible day of that awful winter an' sends the young engineer out a huntin' for meat—everythin' else is eaten up an' there's a baby now, an' it's a

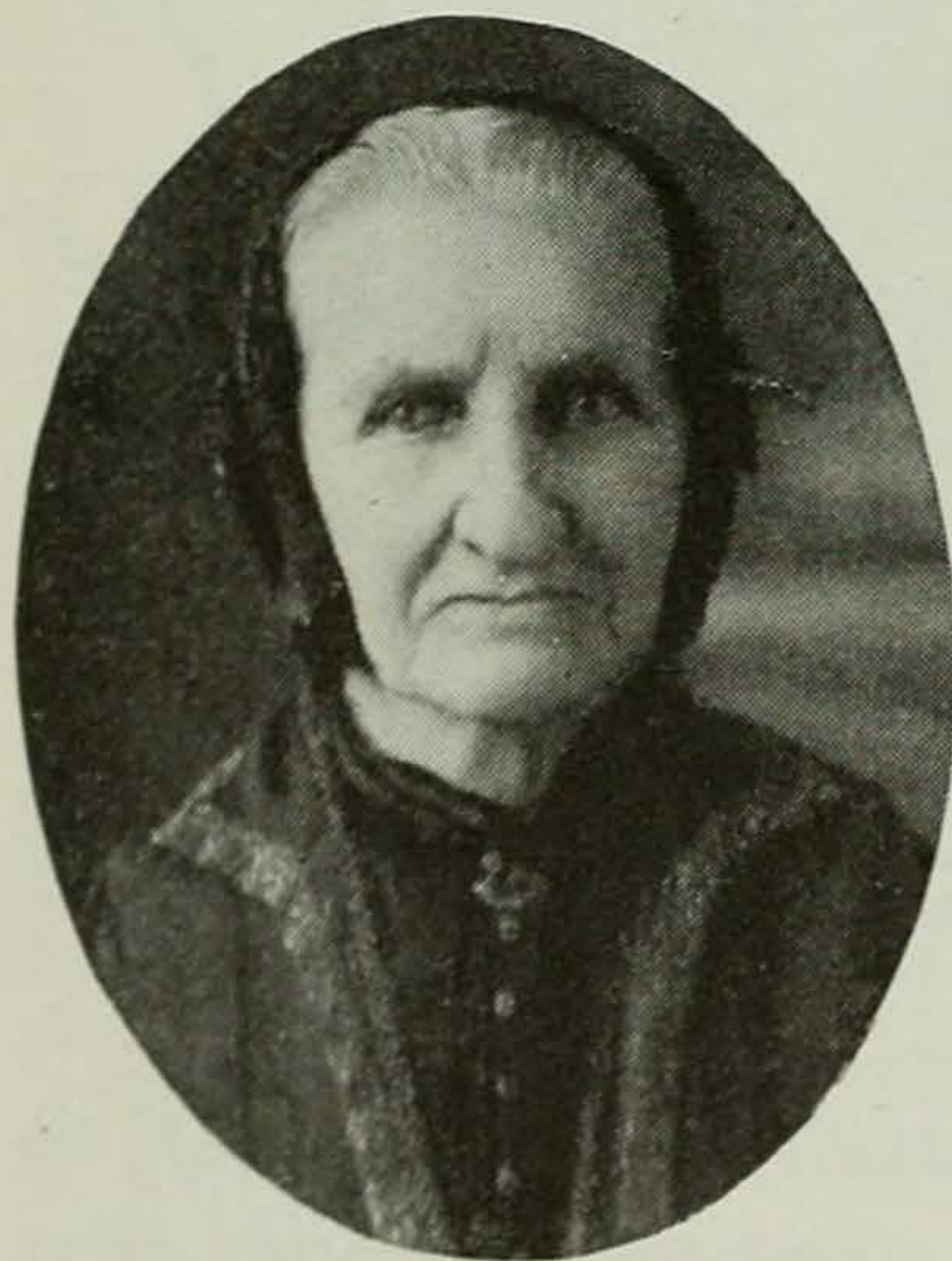
cryin' for meat. The squawman gets out in front of the sod house in the blindin' snow an' kisses the nice lookin' squaw an' baby good by, an' bids 'em be brave until he gets back with the meat. Incidental, in creatin' this young squaw, even if he did let her do a heap of sufferin', Dad let her keep her good looks; in fact, she kept gettin' prettier each day, which was all right with me as long as Miss Stedman was to play the part.

While this squaw an' the baby shiver an' suffer an' burn up the last bushel of corn they've got, the hero braves the elements an' goes over the bleak an' snow covered prairie a lookin' for deer. I argued with Dad that even a squawman would have more sense than try to find deer on the prairie, as everyone knew a deer would seek shelter, in the timber an' along the creek bottoms, but Dad stood pat—this hunter must look for 'em in the deep drifts.

But he don't find 'em. Dad wanted to have a bear come along, but I insisted on havin' my own way about that. Bears, says I, at this time of year—it bein' the dead of winter—have all gone to bed with their alarm clocks set for next spring an' there ain't a bear in all Oklahoma foolish enough to get out of bed an' go out in a storm like we got. In fact, argues me, there ain't no one or nothin', that I know

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The Most Faithful Fan



Grandma Alff of Cherokee, Iowa, hasn't missed a movie in eight years

By
Earl
B.
Douglas

"There goes Grandma Alff," they say and know it's time for the first show.

Two thousand nine hundred and twenty-one nights in succession Grandma has gone to the movies, unaware that such loyalty is making her a celebrity.

It's all quite simple to Grandma. The seat over by the register is always reserved for her and until the organist sees her there, her white hair gleaming beneath her knitted cap, her work-worn hands folded on her lap, he won't begin the overture.

Until her seventy-second birthday Grandma was much too busy for happiness. Born in Germany she was trained like all proper little German girls in her duty to church, kitchen and children.

Yet the spark of adventure was in her. She was thirty when her husband proposed their going to America but she did not demur. Her babies were coming regularly. They continued to arrive on the Iowa farm until there were twelve of them, but Grandma liked that. She accepted life as serious and her lot was no harder than other farmers' wives.

As the children grew up and left the farm, they whispered of cities outside the corn belt. When Mr. Alff died, Grandma wasn't through with life. She determined to go to the city herself.

She sold the farm and came to Cherokee with its paved streets, Tin Lizzies, bright lights and its movie theater. Grandma bought a house, a modern house with brass plumbing, hardwood floors, a tiled kitchen. And then she made her first trip to the movies and life was never the same again.

NOT that she changed. Grandma takes her movies as she did her duty—straight. Neither are slacked. She cleans house mornings, knits hooked rugs afternoons. That is, she does until four-thirty. After that she can't keep her eyes on the rugs. They're on the clock. The movie theater opens right after supper and Grandma doesn't want to miss anything. So she begins to bustle around in a right frivolous manner when twilight falls, getting supper, getting dressed.

Eight years of it. Spring nights with their sweetness, hot midwestern summer nights with their fierce thunder storms, autumn nights, when leaves crackle softly in gutters, white winter nights with creaking snow underfoot. None of them deter Grandma. At the movies, like her fellow fans throughout the world, she touches youth, romance, adventure, love. Mere weather can not hold her back.

"There goes Grandma Alff," they say in Cherokee and the whole town knows it's time for the first show.

NIGHT after night in the same seat in the movie theater of Cherokee, Iowa, there sits a little white-haired old lady, gazing raptly at the screen.

She is Mrs. Wilhemine Alff of Cherokee, Iowa, probably the world's most faithful movie fan.

Certainly she hasn't missed a night at the movies in the last eight years. In Cherokee they set their clocks by her.

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of, foolish enough to go out in this storm except a movin' picture hero.

Besides an' what's more, I kept on now that I'd got started, I may as well tell you that this squaw being a Injun would have pounded up the corn, made it into cakes, cooked 'em over a corn-cob an' corn husk fire, fed herself an' the meat hungerin' baby an' gone back to bed, keepin' warm with what quilts, comforters an' blankets they happened to have. But Dad stood pat, made the poor girl burn up the corn for heat, go hungry an' keep on sufferin'. He even let that poor little half-breed Osage baby cry through the long nights, a moanin' for meat.

OUT in the drifts, our hero is a huntin'. Sudden, he sees buffalo sign. He tracks 'em. I tried to tell Dad the horse the man was ridin' would a smelled the buffalos three miles away, but Dad wouldn't listen. The hero, seein' meat in sight for his steak-demandin' baby, tightens his belt, digs in his spurs an' goes ahead. The buffalo trail crosses the Salt Fork of the Canadian river, now frozen over—he tries to cross—the ice busts—in they go. How, says I, interruptin' again, could the ice bust when it's this cold an' the snow's this deep, but Dad replies that the play has got to go as it lay, so into the icy water goes the hero an' the horse. They scramble for the bank, but the horse gets out first an' to save himself, throws his cartridge belt into the river, it containin' the last shell he's got an' none nearer than Ponca City, sixty miles away an' tough roads.

The hero crawls up the bank an' shadin' his eyes with his hands for the closeup, looks back to where the sufferin' squaw an' meat insistin' baby are a freezin' an' sufferin'. He grits his teeth an' swears he'll have that meat for the baby or he'll never go back. He has nothin' to aid him now but his hands and an' abidin' faith in the Presbyterian church.

Then it was that the old bull buffalo, who really should have been somewhere else a mindin' his business, was to come in from behind the snow drift. Naturally, he was a foolish buffalo, or he'd stayed behind the drift where he'd be out of the wind an' storm. The buffalo sees the hero an' charges him an' it looks like the undertakin' shop for the young man, and then the horse comes back, havin' more sense than the buffalo, decidin' it's time to get out of there an' find shelter. The hero leaps into the saddle an' would have started for home but in his ears comes the piteous wail of a half-breed Osage baby cryin' for meat. Meat he had to have.

I told Dad if the hero knew as much about buffalo meat as I did, he'd a gone on home an' passed up the bull. There ain't ever been a steam meat chopper made yet that a hunk of buffalo meat wouldn't stall. Anyway, the hero spurs up the cow-pony, rides straight for the buffalo, leaps from his saddle an' with his bare hands bulldogs him. The struggle is fierce—it's a struggle to the death. The hero would a lost, but above the din of the



Lina Basquette

says:

Hollywood, Calif.

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Passenger Traffic Manager,
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Lina Basquette

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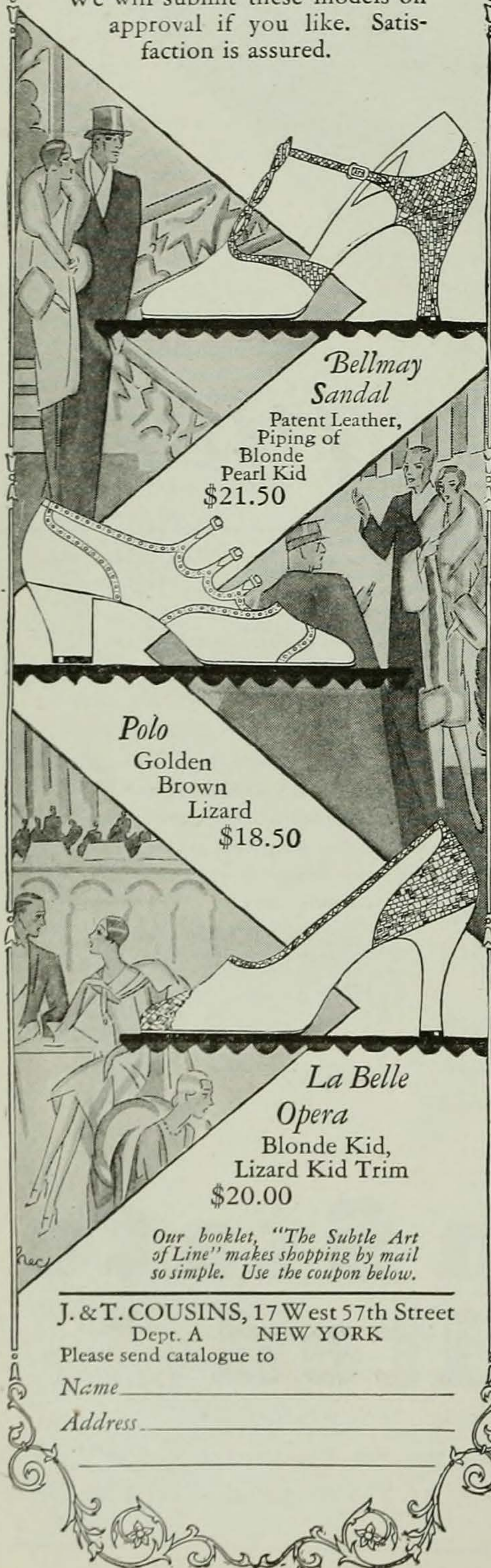
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storm he can hear the sobbin' of his Osage wife an' Osage kid an' it spurs him on. He makes a mighty effort; his muscles strain; they stand like whip cords from his arms an' shoulders; his chest heaves—Dad insisted on the heavin'. Another tussle—the strong right arm of the hero is triumphant—the big buffalo bull is thrown an' dies with the count of ten a ringin' in his ears.

AN', ladies an' gents, I was the bird slated for the buffalo battle. My part of the job was to subdue the mighty monarch of the frozen prairies, "an'," says I, when we had got to this point, "for what?"

"For what?" says Mr. Turner, "for \$250.

"You claim," he went on, "that you got to raise a million dollars. Well this will be your first legitimate start an' \$250 is a heap of money, especially out here in Oklahoma an' for ten minutes' work." Me an' Dad argued. I wanted \$1,000, but he laughed an' I finally agreed on \$500. The fact he promised me a part in the picture for which I'd get paid extra an' the further fact Miss Stedman was also in the film, probably influenced the compromise.

Miss Stedman was delighted when she heard about our fine story. "I suppose," says she, "that you'll put wires on the buffalo—you won't do this with your hands, will you?" "Ma'am," I told her, "there'll be no wires on this here buffalo an' the dispute is strictly between Mr. Mix and the buffalo, an' no one else will be allowed to butt in."

THE story bein' finished, we next had to find a location for the prairie scene. I worried at first about the snow, this bein' summertime, but Dad said he would attend to that. I knew Mike Cunyan had a little ranch over on the Salt Fork he'd let us use, providin' we gave the tenant somethin'. Everything bein' fixed, they ship the buffalo in—two of 'em.

While always certain in my own mind that I could bulldog a buffalo, I didn't put in any loud protests when the picture folks apologized an' explained the two buffalo bulls were aged—that they'd been able to buy 'em cheap on that account. When it come to lookin' this pair of bulls over, an' decidin' which one I'd use, I sure took my time. I bought a coupla bales of good alfalfa hay an' I certainly was good to them two old buffalos. I give 'em more hay an' grain than they ever knew was harvested, an' all this tryin' to find out which one had the kind an' friendly disposition.

An' this is just as good a place as any to say that as a buffalo psycho-analyst, I wasn't so good. Age may slow a man up—added years may take the elasticity of youth from him an' dim his eyesight, but none of those things affect a buffalo that-away. The older a buffalo gets, the tougher he grows; years increase his speed an' makes him more an' more unsociable; I don't blame the rest of the buffalos from keepin' away from him. Not knowin' then as much as I know now, I still thought I could throw either of those old bulls. Reckonin' from horse an' cattle sign, I figured the oldest bull was about thirty. Long about then, I was

thirty myself, but the buffalo was better at thirty than I ever hope to be.

OVER at Cunyan's place me an' other cowhands looked on with much interest while the property men spread about ten barrels of salt mixed with mica over a two-acre pasture lot, to make the winter snow. They produced a tougher winter day than Oklahoma ever saw. They made some snow drifts that Oklahoma's best January wind couldn't improve upon. That was the set.

I've always had a lot of respect for horse sense. At that time I was ownin' an' ridin' a horse named Old Blue—I used him in the pictures until Tony grew up—an' when I took Blue over to this buffalo pen, he didn't like either of 'em, particularly the oldest, which I had selected for the scene. To this day, I've always trusted the horse sense of Tony—when he an' I don't agree, I change my mind an' string along with him.

Finally, the great day for the buffalo scene came. Turner had already shot the scenes with the hero, the squaw an' kid around the sod house. Miss Stedman was there a waitin' to see me do my stuff. I figured that after she'd seen me throw the buffalo, there'd be nothin' to it an' that thereafter instead of spendin' the evenin's walkin' around with the good lookin' leadin' man, she'd go horseback ridin' with me. I didn't know at that time, but learned it years later, that Dad Turner had told her to keep me pepped up, so I'd go ahead with the scene. It also was a good thing that I didn't know then that the part he promised me in the picture was that of an old Injun chief who appeared an' done nothin' in the pow-wow of the tribe when they throwed the good lookin' young squaw out, an' Miss Stedman wasn't even in the scene. Anyway, she had me steamed up to a point where I was willin' to fight one buffalo or a carload, so long as she was watchin' me.

MEANTIME, I had made all kind of secret preparation. Night after night, I had fed my old buffalo baled hay an' grain and talked kind an' soothin' words to him. I didn't see how anythin' could go wrong unless the buffalos died before we got to the scene. I discovered that the salt an' mica, used for the snow, made the ground slippery, which won't do when you're a bulldoggin', so I got me the iron ridges from the palms of a coupla pair of corn huskin' gloves an' put 'em on my boots along with the cleats that I'd taken from a pair of old baseball shoes that I owned. I figured that I couldn't slip.

A bunch of cowhands had driven the old buffalo into a little pen just behind the big snow drift an' give him some hay on my suggestion. About this time Mike Cunyan drove up in a buckboard. Mike had lived in Oklahoma since it was first settled an' knew a heap about buffalos; an' was a good friend of mine. He first walked over an' looked at the buffalo an' next came over to me.

"Tom," says he, "are you sure a aimin' to bulldog this buffalo?"

"Why not?" I told him, "I can bulldog any old buffalo."

"Well," he said kind of slowly, after thinkin' a minute, "a few weeks ago you

left a good saddle, a Winchester an' a slicker over at my house in Ponca; what do you want us to do with 'em?"

"Do with 'em?" says me, "why keep 'em an' I'll come an' get 'em." Somehow, I didn't like the way Mike looked as he walked away.

I GOT on Old Blue an' rode in where Dad Turner told me the scene was to be shot.

He cautioned me to keep in the snow an' that if the buffalo got out of the scene, to coax him back in again.

I waved to Miss Stedman, an' yelled so the perfumed leadin' man could hear me, that she'd probably never see another bulldoggin' of a buffalo, unless she saw me do it again, an' that probably would be a long time from now.

I told 'em to turn the old buffalo loose.

He sure came around the corner pretty an' me an' Old Blue started right for him, but the horse required considerable spur-rin' to keep him headed in the right direction, but he was game an' in he went.

I had figured out just where I was to leave the saddle, grab the buffalo by the horns an' twist him on the ground.

But Mr. Buffalo got in front of the drift and stopped, watchin' us out of his funny little eyes. Then he whirled an' charged in our direction. Me an' Blue hadn't figured on that an' before I knew what had happened, the bull tossed Blue up in the air, which naturally threw me to the ground an' left me afoot an' the buffalo started after me. It was probably sixty yards to the end of the enclosure which had been fenced in by a nine-high barbed wire fence. To this day I still think an' some of my friends still think that I done the best sixty yards ever hoofed by livin' man, with or without spurs.

I also climbed that nine-high wire fence without stickin' myself or tearin' my clothes.

Dad Turner said he never supposed before that anything but a railway train could move that fast.

I CAME around an' Miss Stedman was laughin' to beat ninebands. I explained to her an' Dad an' the rest of 'em that I had just been testin' the buffalo out to see how good he was an' to get him riled an' het up so he'd make the scene good.

"Now," says I, "I'm goin' back an' throw this buffalo bull. The only thing I hope is that I don't do it too cruel or too rough or break its neck."

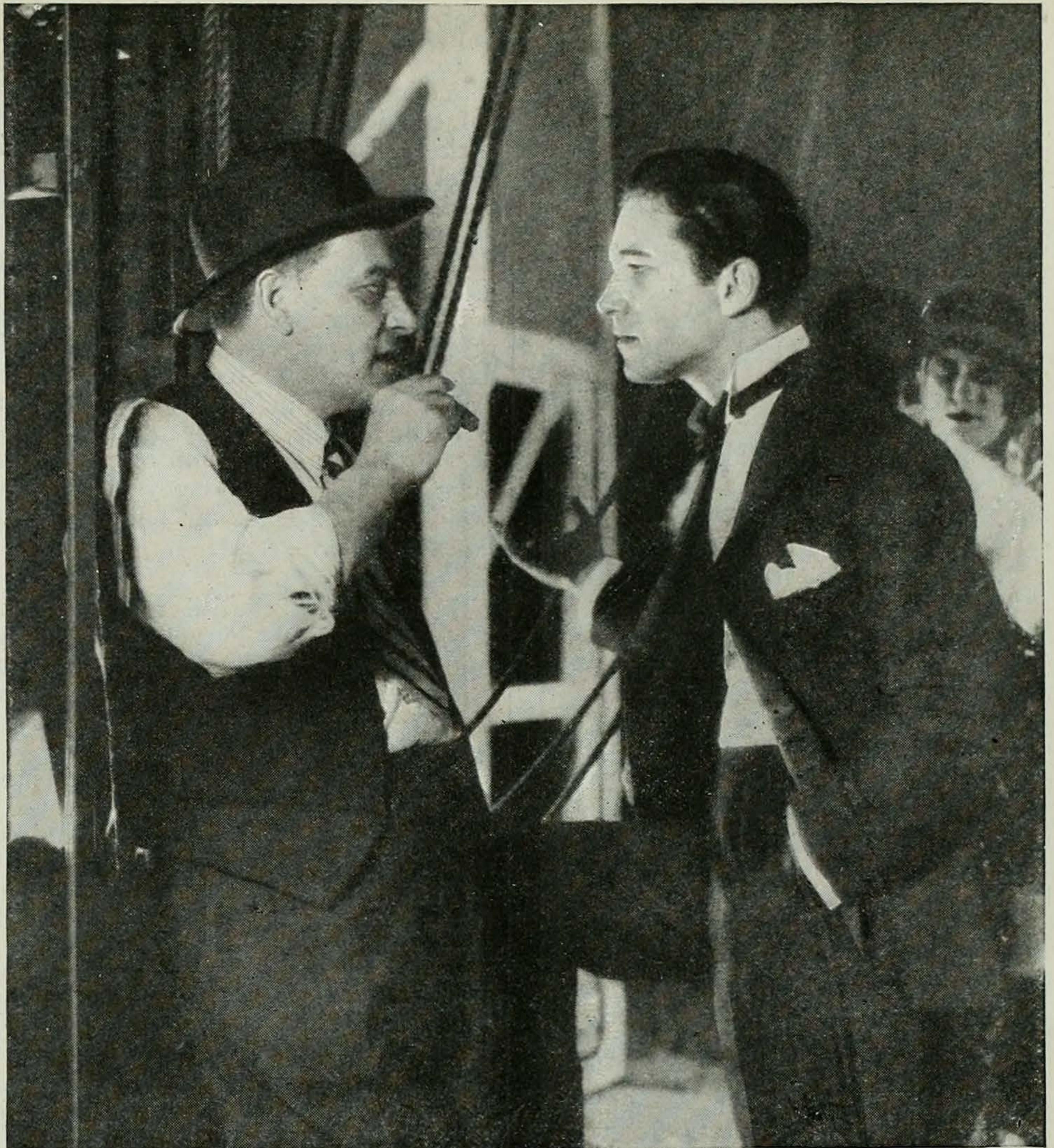
Miss Stedman wished me luck an' begged me not to be too hard on the buffalo. I promised.

I think that when Old Blue an' me rode in again an' started right for the buffalo, it sort of surprised him, for he stood there doin' nothin' but pawin' the movin' picture snow.

Just as we rode past, with the horse on a good run, I jumped an' grabbed the buffalo by the horns. A buffalo's horns are shorter than a steer's but I'd counted on that.

I didn't know it then, but I know now that a buffalo has got ten times more strength in his short thick neck, than the best long horn that Texas ever produced, dreamed of havin'.

Anyway, I had the buffalo by the horns



"... the audience would have a fit!"

Make it nobody's business!

ACTOR: "Just listen to the coughs in the audience—interrupting every line of the play. Suppose I should constantly cough between words—the audience would have a fit."

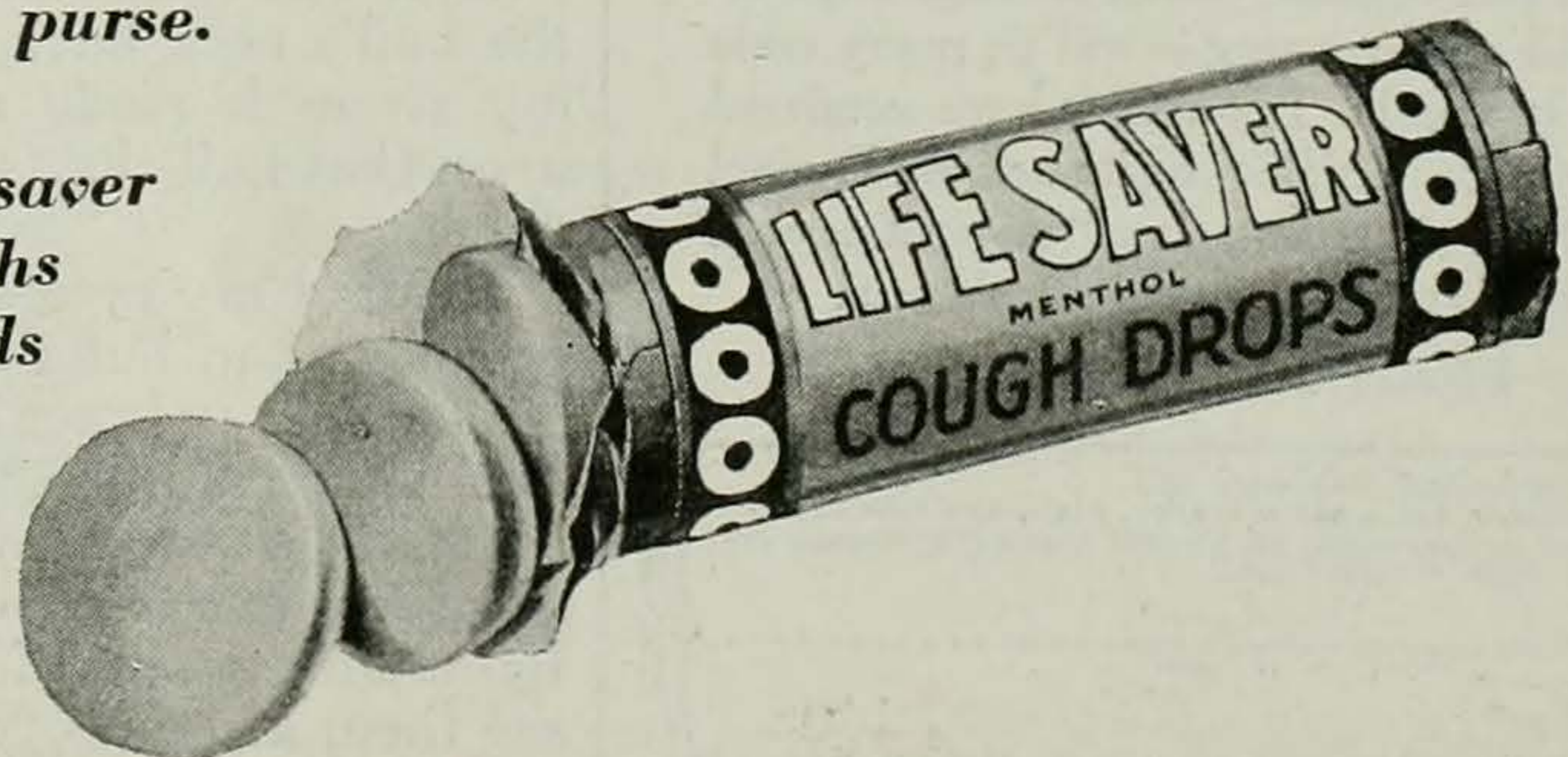
STAGE MANAGER: "Well, it's part of the game, I guess—what are you going to do about it?"

ACTOR: "Can't do a thing except rely on Life Saver Menthol Cough Drops to prevent my own coughing and hope to high heaven the public gets next to the fact that they certainly do soothe the throat and relieve coughs."

MORAL

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an' it didn't take more'n a second for me to find out that it was already a question as to whether I had him or he had me, with odds in favor of the buffalo.

I could tell he was holdin' somethin' back—wasn't doin' his best. By this time he had me pretty well on the defensive an' I was a heap more concerned about how I was goin' to get out of there than I was about what the picture folks wanted.

In fact, my interest in the picture business was slippin' fast. I remember I did hate to have Miss Stedman an' the good lookin' leadin' man, who used perfume an' oil on his hair, see me get the worst of it.

More than anything on earth, at that moment, I craved liberty—the broad prairie, a good horse an' not a fence or house in sight.

IN the middle of the drift me an' the bull tussled. Dad Turner shouted encouragin'ly. "Don't throw him too quick," he yelled, "hold him thataway for a few minutes until we can get the footage on him."

Dad didn't know it, but he should have done his talkin' to the buffalo, because it was him that was runnin' things an' not me.

The old bull braced himself, forced me to my knees an' then commenced to slowly bend me backwards. I dug my iron cleats into the salt covered ground and pushed the other way—but the buffalo was gainin' an' both of us knew it. Slowly, I was losin'.

I knew the buffalo had me an' I knew as well that with his sharp horns, once he got me on my back, I wasn't goin' to last long. Further and further, the buffalo shoved me.

Dad yelled encouragin'ly—"you're doin' fine," he shouted, "keep it up."

I found myself sinkin', an' knowin' that would be the end of me, a lot of things started to run through my mind. I remembered a coupla horse trades I wished I'd never made an' I thought of a horse or two that I'd like to hand back to their owner, who still thought they were strays.

I recalled \$10 I owed to a guy in Colorado for a stack of red checks lost in a stud game an' which I thought now I'd like to pay back, although I hadn't hurried much about settlin' durin' the past few years.

FURTHER an' nearer to the ground the buffalo slowly shoved me. I knew it wouldn't be long now. I felt the buffalo's neck muscles tighten. I knew he was about to make his final effort—an effort I knew I was powerless to stop—an effort that I knew would end the scene. I made one final attempt myself to twist the bull's neck back or on one side, but my strength made no more impression upon that bull than a child's would have done.

I closed my eyes decidin' to make the best of a bad buffalo deal, an' I felt the old bull try to brace his front feet for the final shove an' finish things, but the old boy's hoofs were smooth with thirty years of adventuresome buffalo life—I felt the tightenin' again of muscle and sinew, an' then, as he shoved his feet deep into the glazed salt an' mica, he slipped.

I felt him goin' down an' guessed what had happened. I dug the old baseball cleats deep into the prairie sod an' gave the best an' mightiest heave I ever throwed in my life, before or since. I gave a twist—the old bulldoggin' twist—an' the old bull, still strugglin' for a firm foothold, went down, fightin' to the last. I landed him on his back an' then—I left. I still claim my exit was made in better time than any big leaguer has ever stole second from first. Anyway, they had the picture.

DAD TURNER, Tom, and everyone complimented the scene, an' Miss Stedman said she thought it just wonderful, which pleased me fine.

The leadin' man didn't say anythin', which also pleased me.

"How did you ever do it?" she asked. Assumin' a modest demeanor, I replied that it was easy, "nothin' for me, in fact." But I told no one about the old bull's front feet a slippin' an' no one saw it except Mike Cunyan. "It's a mighty good thing for you, Tom," he told me later, "that the old boy's hoofs were slippery and he couldn't get a hold on the ground, otherwise my boy, Bob, would a had a good saddle, a Winchester an' a slicker."

I mentioned to Mike there was no need of tellin' anyone else about it.

The picture folks were pleased and gave me my check for \$500. I rode over to Ponca and at Burke's drug store bought a beautiful white mirror, comb an' brush in a lovely red plush box an' presented it to Miss Stedman an' she seemed pleased with it.

The next day, the picture company's Eastern manager—from the old Seelig Polyscope Company—who'd just come out, called me to one side an' said:

"Tom, we got a great picture in mind—it's called 'Quo Vadis,' an' in it you are to play *Ursus*, the hero who rescues the hapless maiden from the horns of a wild bull."

IS the hapless maiden a goin' to be Miss Stedman?" I wanted to know.

"Sure," he said, "none other."

"Then I'm hired," I put in, at the same time I asked him to write down the name of the piece, so I could show it to the rest of the cowboys.

"Sure'y you fellows know about 'Quo Vadis,' don't you?" says he.

"No," says I, "we don't." When I was sheriffin' I once arrested a cattle rustler, whose lawyer got the case so mixed up that it became quo warranto an' I'd heard of fellers gettin' statue quo an' I knew what quo animo meant in Mexican, but the quo he was talkin' about was a new one on us.

"Young man," said the manager, "you've got a great future, you're a goin' to play the outstandingest rôle of the year—you an' the bull. You will become famous overnight."

"That's great," I put in, "but how much money will there be in it?"

"Money?" says the Eastern gent, "money? Why, my boy, there's millions in sight for you—millions."

"Millions," thought I, "he says millions, an' I only need one of 'em."

[TO BE CONTINUED]