Men of the Mounted

by Captain G. Elliott-Nightingale

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BATTLE AT McDONALD'S FARM

HOW four youthful Chicago criminals started out to give Canada a few thrills by staging a cross-country crime wage, and how these conceited young punks finished up as riddled corpses inside of two weeks, makes one of the best police stories in years. They had had such a long and uninterrupted career in their old home town that they thought that criminal freedom was plentiful everywhere else. Equipped with pistols and ammunition, several bottles of hair oil, a few shirts, and a fine big shiny automobile that had a powerful engine under its hood, the squad set out for the Dominion. Sneaking into Saskatchewan unobserved, the first act was to get the right sort of license plates. This done, and traveling mostly at night, they headed northward and were soon in the heart of the prairie country.

Here their projected crime wave was held up a bit, for they took in too much alkali water and were quite ill for several days. Two of them almost died, it was later learned. However, a day or so later they were in the west central part of the province and had "holed up" to get their bearings and to see what could be done thereabouts in the way of pulling a profitable job. They finally discovered something that looked promising and sat down to do a bit of planning.

Meanwhile, a lone member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was fighting his way along a slippery buffalo trail in an old crate of a car that happened to be one of the three in the whole region. And, as he side-slipped and lurched along, he saw the dim lights of oil lamps burning in the homestead cabins of the Smiths, the Joneses, and the Browns.

Further on a bit he would pass the MacDonald homestead in which was kept the only safe and strong box in all the vast prairie territory. Hector MacDonald, which isn't his real name, of course, was a polished, cultured gentleman in whom scores of outlying settlers placed full and complete trust to the extent that they deposited their valuables, without charge, in the great big old-fashioned safe. And, as the lone Man of the Mounted passed, he noticed the MacDonald home in total darkness and decided to investigate.

Moving cautiously over to the homesteader's cottage, he peeked into a window to discover four men hovering over and about the great big safe. Two were standing upright, holding flashlights, and the other two were busy with the knob and dial. As the Mounted Policeman backed away from the window, however, one of the two flashlight-holders spotted him and at once fired a bullet at his head. Being an old timer, he had a bag of tricks ready at hand, so he crumpled up, dropped to the ground, and lay still. Out came the safecrackers, and a moment later they were standing around the body of the dead Mountie. That is, three of them were, for their expert was still working on the safe.

"Well, dat's one of 'em outa der way, by cripes," said one.

"Y-e-a-h . . . We'll rub 'em out like dis as we go along," said another. "No we won't do nuttin' of der kind," spoke the third. "We'll do no killin' less'n we hev ter. They hang fer a killin' up here. 'Tain't like ol' Chi, an' there ain't no 'Snorky' up here ter help y'out of a jam." Meanwhile the lad inside worked feverishly but unsuccessfully on the safe, and the three began discussing ways and means of hiding the policeman's body. And then when the crooks were absolutely off guard the lone Man of the Mounted moved ever so carefully until his gun hand was in the clear. In that split-second, the crooks saw him moving, and pulled their guns. Two of them fired point blank, but the Man of the Mounted was faster, in spite of the fact that he was the last to draw. He fired three times, and hit each one of the three in the forehead. The safecracker inside, knowing that their plans had gone haywire, lit out through the east door and disappeared into the Saskatchewan gloom.

Leaving the dead where they lay, the lone Man of the Mounted set out after the fourth, and after hours of searching, finally gave it up. A few days later, the safe-cracker, cornered by another Man of the Mounted, tried to shoot his way out, and lost. The Man of the Mounted fired once, while the safe-cracker fired four times, and died. No one can say they didn't get a "break," for the Men of the Mounted draw their weapons only after the criminal has drawn his. At any rate, these poor, misguided lads had been on Canadian soil less than a fortnight and were now dead.

Monkey Steals Baby

Stealing a baby from its cot in Kalawila, Ceylon, a monkey climbed to the roof and rocked the infant to sleep as it had seen the mother do. The simian was lured from the tot and shot. The baby was rescued unharmed.

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA She Has a House Guest

By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP— Pop Can Handle Any Emergency

By C. M. PAYNE

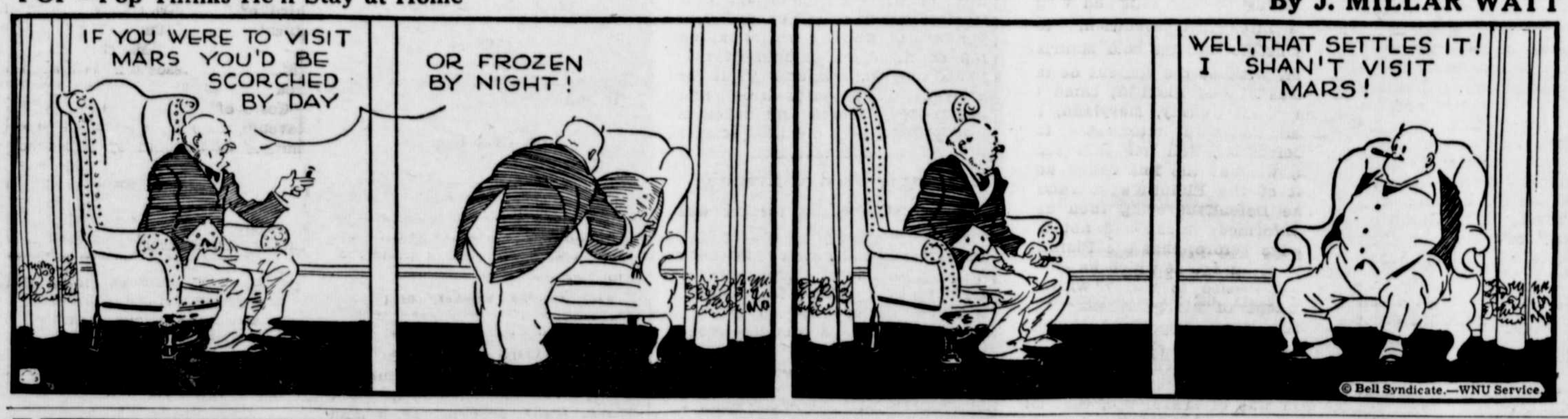
MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

There's One in Every Family

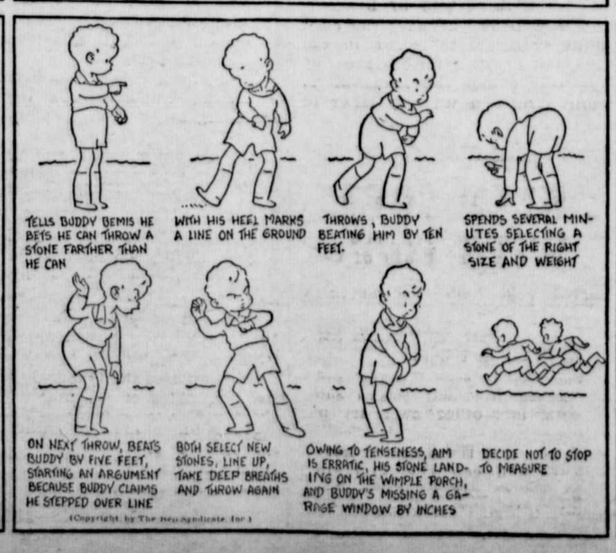
POP—Pop Thinks He'll Stay at Home

By J. MILLAR WATT



CONTEST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ALMOST PERSONAL

"I understand," said a young woman to another, "that at your church you are having unusually small congregations. Is that so?"

"Yes," answered the second girl, "so small that every time the rector says, 'Dearly beloved,' you feel as if you had received a proposal."

Got Left

Fitzjones—Did you go to the theater last evening, Percy?

De Brown — No; I attended a sleight-of-hand performance.

Fitzjones—Where?

De Brown—I went to call on Miss Le Smythe, and offered her my hand, but she slighted it.

Back-chat

Him—Take my uncle now—there was a man! He left everything he had to an orphan asylum!

Her—Yes. Twelve kids!—Washington Post.

No Change

"A husband like yours must have been hard to find."

"He still is."

Curse of Progress