

entertain a sense of satisfaction in a consciousness of having done our best in so far as our many other labors permitted us. We accepted the editorial responsibilities with many misgivings for the welfare of the magazine under our direction, and if we have achieved any measure of success in sustaining the high reputation of "Red and White," we feel that it must be attributed largely to the unselfish co-operation of the Staff and the kindly assistance of the Students and Faculty. We also feel much indebted to our extra-mural contributors and assure them that their efforts have been sincerely appreciated. To our advertisers, who stood by us so generously during this year of financial stress, we tender our heartfelt thanks. In conclusion we hope that whoever may be chosen to guide the destinies of the next volume of Red and White will be accorded the same indulgent treatment as has been our portion with the volume just closed.



The Cattleman's Trouble

THE sun, a glittering orb, cast its rays on Jim Haley, rancher, as he sat with tilted chair on the low verandah which surrounded the ranch house. Jim Haley was troubled and perplexed. For two weeks bunches of his cattle had been run across the border from under the very eyes of his guard, and now as his gaze roamed over the sun-baked front he racked his brain in an endeavour to devise some means of putting a stop to this wholesale rustling.

The rancher's troubled thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of his foreman, a stoop-shouldered, squint-eyed man of forty, commonly known as Wild Bill Haggert. Haggert had been in Haley's employ for two years and though the rancher had sometimes doubted his employee's honesty, he could in no way find fault with his foreman's work or confirm any suspicion of him.

"What's the word?" asked Haley, as Haggert mounted the steps. "There's fifty heifers missin this

mornin" answered the foreman. Haley opened his mouth to curse all rustlers in general, and this particular band who were victimizing him, in particular. Calming himself, however, he inquired the names of those on guard during the night. Haggert supplied the names of two of the cowboys and his shifty eyes swept the face of the ranchman for an instant.

Haley ordered his horse and as Wild Bill hurried away the rancher turned to greet his son, just returned from an eastern college, who came galloping up.

"Good morning Dad!" called Bob Haley as he jumped from the saddle. He was a tall athletic young fellow and as he swung over the verandah rail his father's eyes betrayed an inward pride as he surveyed the manly physique of his son.

Bob had soon learned the cause of his father's trouble and as he had never liked the foreman his suspicions seemed to fasten on him.

"Dad, I think I'll ride over to Harry King's," he said. "I'll likely be gone a day or two but you need'nt worry." His father assented and Bob entered the house to prepare for the journey. He put up provisions to last him for the day, and buckling on his belt and revolvers left the house. Ten minutes later he was riding slowly away but in an opposite direction to the ranch of his friend King.

When Bill Haggert saw Bob Haley riding towards the border something told him that Bob had an inkling as to who the cattle rustlers were. "I'll fix the young pup if he gets prying around too much," he muttered, as he turned towards the stables.

A couple of hours later Bob Haley riding slowly along saw an object on the ground and pulling in his horse dismounted and picked up a heavy pocket-knife. Turning it over he started as he saw carved deep into the handle the initials "B. H." "But" he soliloquized, "he may have dropped it when down here on a round up!" Nevertheless he could think of no work which would take Haggert so near the border, as the cattle had shown no inclination to stray, there being plenty of water on the southern range.

About sunset he found himself in a clump of

bushes, and picketing his horse, he ate his supper and reclined on the grass to think. Would there be another raid tonight, was the thought which interested him most. He was now directly south of his father's range and at a point where the little river, which marked the international boundary, was very shallow and hence was used as a ford.

As he lay absorbed in thought, he did not notice in the bushes to his rear, the slinking figure which watched his every movement. Suddenly he heard a rustle behind him, and, as he started to turn, the butt of a "forty-five seven-shooter" connected with his head and consciousness faded. Bill Haggert looked down at the unconscious form and his lips twisted into a snarl. "No need to tie him up" he muttered, "he's good for two hours anyway."

The darkness had closed in as Wild Bill hurried to join his confederates who waited a short distance away. "He'll not trouble us for a while so let's get that bunch started" he said, and mounting, the three rode off to the extreme end of the range where a bunch of heifers was quietly feeding. This man who was robbing his employer surely and swiftly, and who did not stop at killing to accomplish his ends, was the worst cut-throat and cattle-thief in the country. But he had made one mistake in not tying up Bob Haley.

Bob sat up in about an hour's time and with his head in his hands groaned aloud. Suddenly he listened. Across the river he heard the tramp of cattle being hurried along and he remembered the rustlers. He got to his feet and finding his revolvers still with him, he bridled his horse which Haggert had left that he might get home when everything was safe.

What had he better do? He knew he could never get the men if he crossed the river and pursued them, so he determined to ambush them as they returned. But would they return? Well if not, he would be sure that Bill Haggert was not the man. He rode along the river's bank for a quarter of a mile and came to the ford. A long line of trees ran parallel with the river opening only at the entrance to the ford. Here was the spot to risk everything on an ambush. From

across the river he could hear occasional sounds which grew fainter and finally ceased. Bob knew it would be an hour, at least, before the men returned, if they intended to return, so he composed himself for the anxious wait.

When the allotted time had nearly passed he heard sounds which convinced him that the men were returning. He had an excellent view of the spot the rustlers must cross, and the moon would throw enough light for him to see them as they came up the slope.

The men were nearing the river now. A voice which he recognized as Haggert's was wafted to him on the calm night air, saying, "One more run boys and we'll skip out. That poor fool Haley is beginning to smell a rat, and this business is beginning to look mighty dangerous."

The horses were now splashing through the shallow water of the ford and the young man in hiding steeled himself for the ordeal. As the three horsemen reached the summitt they were met by a sharp command of "hands up," and Bob Haley confronted them with a shining revolver in each hand. Taken by surprise the two cowboys threw up their hands but not so Bill Haggert. With an oath he whipped forth his revolver but as he did so, the gun in Haley's right hand spoke and Wild Bill pitched forward from the saddle.

At this moment another horseman appeared and shouted "Hold them Bob, I'm comin." It proved to be Jim Haley who dashed to his son's side. He then took charge, and in a minute the two cowboys were securely roped. Turning to Haggert, they saw at a glance that all was over. Putting the body on a horse and tying it securely they started with it and the two captives for the ranch.

Neither father nor son slept that night, and next morning taking the two rustlers to the county jail, they notified the authorities of Haggert's death. The officials returned with them and took charge of the body, and as father and son turned towards the house the father grasped his son's hand and said, "Bob, I need a new foreman and I guess you will fill the bill."