

THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY

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INSTALLMENT 17

THE STORY SO FAR:

Dusty King and Lew Gordon had built up a vast string of ranches. King was killed by his powerful and unscrupulous competitor, Ben Thorpe. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, was determined to avenge his death in spite of the opposi-

tion by his sweetheart, Jody Gordon, and her father. After wiping Thorpe out of Texas, Roper conducted a great raid upon Thorpe's vast herds in Montana. Both Thorpe and Lew Gordon placed heavy rewards upon Roper's head. He

was captured by Leathers and Kane, two of Thorpe's men. Leathers' girl, Marquita, loved Roper. She made a desperate but futile effort to save him. The men were preparing to hang Roper when they heard the sound of running horses.

Bill Roper started to say, "Jody, how on earth—"

CHAPTER XXII—Continued
Jim Leathers, in spite of his warning to Kane, made no effort to move out of the light. Standing square in the door, he drew his gun. A bullet splintered into the casing beside him as the report of a carbine sounded from somewhere beyond. Jim Leathers fired twice; then stepped inside, closed and barred the heavy door.

Jody did not seem to see him; she appeared to be thinking only of the slim youngster whom the cowboy carried. The cowboy laid the limp figure on the floor of the kitchen, ripped off his own neckerchief and spread it over the youngster's face. Jody Gordon methodically shut the door. Then she dropped to the floor beside the fallen youngster, lifted his head into her lap, and gave way to a violent sobbing. The high-keyed nervous excitement that had sustained her through the hard necessities of action was unstrung abruptly, now that her work was done; it left nothing behind it but a great weariness, and the bleak consciousness that this boy was dead because of her.

downed Jim Leathers. The sobs that convulsed her were dying off now, leaving her deeply fatigued, and profoundly shaken.

"You might as well get up now," Marquita said. Her soft Mexican slur gave an odd turn to the blunt American words she used. "The fight's over; and that boy you've got there is dead as a herring."

Roper and the King-Gordon cowboy stood uncertainly for a moment. Then the cowboy picked up Leathers where he lay struggling for breath, carried him into the back room and put him down on a bunk. For a moment he hesitated; then closed the door between the two rooms, leaving Jody alone.

With a visible effort Jody Gordon pulled herself together, and gently lowered the head of the dead boy to the floor. She got up shakily, and for a moment looked at Marquita.

"Why did you come here?" Marquita asked at last. Her voice continued gently curious—nothing more.

"I knew Billy Roper was alive," Jody told her. "Because I was watching when Leathers left Fork Creek with him. I already knew they meant to take him to Ben Thorpe at Sundance, for the reward. That would be death, to him. And I knew they meant to stop over here on the way. So I got the boys, from our Red Butte camp, and I came on—"

"Seems like the kid got Jim Leathers; but Jim Leathers got the kid."

"Daid?" Old Joe asked. "Deader'n hell! Jody takes it awful hard."

The cowboy cut loose Bill Roper's hands, and together they lifted Old

Joe onto the other bunk. Roper cut Marquita free.

"Get me that kettle of water off the stove," Bill Roper ordered Marquita; and when she had brought it he said, "Now you go and keep Miss Gordon company for a little while."



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Marquita left them, closing the door behind her.

Old Joe kept talking to them in a gaspy sort of way, as they did what they could for his wound.

"The kid was scared to death to come. Jody seen that, and tried to send him back, with some trumped-up message or something. Naturally he seen through that and wouldn't go. Now most likely she blames herself that he's daid. Lucky for us that Leathers' main outfit wasn't here."

"You mean just you three was going to jump the whole Leathers outfit, and the Walk Lasham cowboys, too?"

"Not three—four," Old Joe said. "Don't ever figure that girl don't pull her weight. We been laying up here on the hill since before dusk. She aimed we should use the same stunt you used at Fork Creek—bust into 'em just before daylight. Then somebody fires off a gun down here, and she loses her haid, and we come on down. It was her smashed her horse against the door, trying to bust it in. She blindfolded him with her coat—threw it over his haid—and poured on whip and spur, and she bangs into the planks. Broke his neck, most like; can't see why she wasn't killed—"

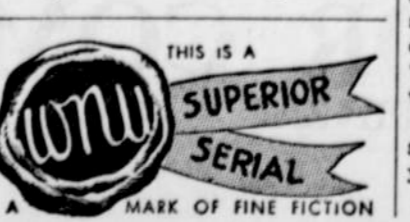
"Just you four," Roper marveled, "were going to tackle the whole works, not even knowing how many were here?"

"We tried to tell her it couldn't be done. But you can't talk any sense into a woman, once she gets a notion in her nut."

CHAPTER XXIII

Marquita, closing the door of the storeroom behind her, for some moments stood looking down at Jody Gordon.

Jody still sat on the floor, upon her lap the head of the boy who had



(TO BE CONTINUED)



VITAMINS AND WORKERS

"A Minneapolis factory has been feeding its workers vitamin and halibut oil pills to protect their health and give them more pep."—News item)

A happy factory is ours—
We do not mind the daily toil;
We like the boss and he likes us—
It's largely done by liver oil;
We work and do it with a song;
Our faces are a sea of grins;
No task is ever hard for us—
We do it all through vitamins!

A carefree family we are—
We skip and frolic to our work;
We chortle as we punch the clock—
And never feel the urge to shirk;
We gaily sing, tra la, tra loo,
And do our tasks quite merrily—
We feel affection for the boss
Through vitamins from A to Z.

We thrill to hear the wheels go 'round—
We dash around like busy bees;
The corporation can not do
A single thing that will not please;
We hate to hear the whistle toot;
To tell us that it's time to quit;
The little pills we daily take
Make each one love to do his bit.

An extra hour doesn't count—
We feel no urge to watch the clock;
When there's an extra task to do
We have the wallop and the sock;
What if we labor overtime?
What if the perspiration flows?
A little oil of halibut
At noontime keeps us on our toes.

What if the time for lunch is brief?
There is the thrill of getting back
And finding vitamins to give;
To us the vigor that we lack;
The joy of honest toil we feel,
Reacting to its many thrills—
A worker isn't quite himself
Without his capsules and his pills.

To agitators we are deaf—
We pay no heed to what they say;
Their arguments are quite unheard—
Thanks to the vitamin called A;
Should we be urged to call a strike,
The impulse we proceed to kill
By paying no attention as
We blithely take another pill.

So three cheers for our gracious boss!
And three more for the good old shop!
We find that working is such fun—
It pains us when we have to stop;
In vitamins we put our trust
Instead of union concepts new;
How happy would we workers be
If all our leaders took 'em too!

CANDIDATES FOR THE FIRING SQUAD
A heavy round of shot and shell
I favor for the lubber
Who in the rain steps on my heel
And thus removes my rubber.
—Malcolm Burdette.

"Jimmy and I are adults. So we talked it over like grown people and decided to stay trifles instead of being married."—Mrs. Betty Compton Walker.

You married folks all understand how it is, don't you?

L. B. Cruden says that Mussolini is conducting an all-out (of Africa) war.

"Don't forget the Scouts' annual banquet Tuesday night. Now that you know the date and that you are to bring your sweetheart or somebody else's sweetheart, we will tell you all about the big affair."—Boy Scout Pioneer.

Is that a nice way to talk to a Boy Scout?

Yehudi Menuhin, famous violinist, gave his last concert in New York recently before being called in the draft. We feel that before it takes the concert violinists the government should take some of the saxophone players.

By the way, does a bull fiddler get exemption on the ground his fiddle is dependent on him?

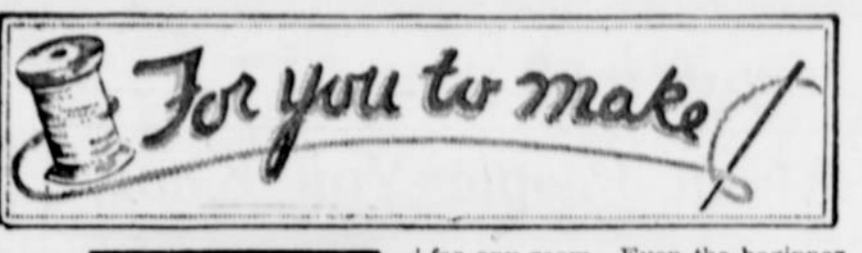
PORTRAIT OF THE DIZZY ZONE
"Crowds packed Lincoln Road to see the presentation of the new film. Many notables were introduced. Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom got terrific applause. Everybody knew him. Then came a courtly old gentleman from Indiana. He, too, was introduced but the applause was mild. His name was George Ade."—Miami Herald.

Cuba has just had a near-revolt. It had been getting along so peacefully that it was beginning to lose prestige in the modern world.

RACE CHART STUFF
Pony Ballet..... Can Step.
Coffee-spoon..... May be taken out.
Pair of Dice.....
..... Always dangerous anywhere.
Silent Witness.....
..... Coupled with Yes or No.
Cherry Jam..... Looks like a spread.
Ship Biscuit..... Hard to crack.

"Wanted—Stenographer; personality, good looks and brains. 521 Herald Building."—Phoenix Republic.

Man wants little here below.



EASY stitchery—a little time—and this appealing panel is ready to be hung up—a brightener

Common Friendship

Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air, common to all the world; but tyrants, and evil customs, wars, and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar. — Jeremy Taylor.

for any room. Even the beginner will find this simple and pleasant to do.

Pattern 2797 contains a transfer pattern of a 15 by 20 inch hanging; illustrations of stitches; color chart; materials required. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
117 Minna St. San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
Name
Address

Perhaps His Neighbors Were Only Keeping Time

Wilkes had a serious complaint to make to his landlord.
"It's the people in the flat above me!" he stormed. "They won't give me a minute's peace. This morning at one o'clock they were jumping up and down on the floor as hard as they could. I won't put up with such behavior. It's an outrage!"
The landlord looked sympathetic.
"They woke you up, I presume?" he inquired.
The victim shook his head.
"No, I hadn't gone to bed."
"Ah! You were working late?"
"Yes. I was practicing on my saxophone!"

"The Self-Starters Breakfast"
helps keep me ready to go!"
says AL MCKILLIP
Fireman

It gives you...
FOOD ENERGY!
VITAMINS!
MINERALS!
PROTEINS!

plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that fastes so good it sharpens your appetite, makes you want to eat.

Swift Growth
Report, that which no evil thing of any kind is more swift, in increases with travel and gains strength by its progress.—Vergil.

Paying Debt
There are but two ways of paying debt—increases of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

If you bake at home, use **FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST**

RICHER in VITAMINS

The Household Favorite of Four Generations!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
All the benefits of fresh yeast.
High vitamins of fresh yeast.
Vitamins A—200 Units (Per 1/2 oz.)
Vitamins B—400 Units (Per 1/2 oz.)
Vitamins C—400 Units (Per 1/2 oz.)
With Candy or Tapioca Flour and added Vitamins A.

Are Women Better Shoppers than Men?

GRANTING a woman's reputation for wise buying, let's trace the methods by which she has earned it. Where does she find out about the advantages and details of electrical refrigeration? What tells her how to keep the whole household clean — rugs, floors, bathroom tiling — and have energy left over for golf and parties? How does she learn about new and delicious entrees and desserts that surprise and delight her family? Where does she discover those subtleties of dress and make-up that a man appreciates but never understands?

Why, she reads the advertisements. She is a consistent, thoughtful reader of advertisements, because she has found that she can believe them — and profit thereby. Overlooking the advertisements would be depriving herself of data continuously useful in her job of Purchasing Agent to the Family.

For that matter, watch a wise man buy a car or a suit or an insurance policy. Not a bad shopper himself! He reads advertisements, too!