

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

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

For a moment the eyes of Kane and Leathers questioned each other. "Dry Camp Pierce," Kane said. "Naturally."

"If it don't beat hell that they should land in at just this minute-Leathers was very cool and quiet now. Deliberately he pulled on his sheepskin. "Get out the back, untie the ponies and get your man aboard.'

"Jim, seems like we stand a better chance here, way we are, than running in the open, what with-" "They'll burn us out if we try to hold. Get going, you!"

Dragging Roper after him, Kane plunged into the dark of the back room. He swore as he rummaged for his rifle, his sheepskin.

Leathers neither swore nor hurried. Moving deliberately, he blew out one lamp, hobbled across the room to the other. Then all hell broke loose at once.

The single frosted pane of the teninch window at the end of the room smashed out with a brittle ring of falling glass. In the black aperture appeared the face of a boy, pale and wild-eyed, so young-looking that he might almost have been called a child. The heavy .44 with which he had smashed the window thrust through the broken pane; it blazed out heavily, twice.

Jim Leathers, staggering backwards as if he had been hit with a log ram, fired once, from the level of his belt. The face vanished, but a moment after it was gone the hand that held the gun dangled limp within the room. Then the gun thudded on the floor, and the lifeless hand disappeared.

As Leathers went down, a broken roar of guns broke out in the storeroom. Leathers groped for his gun, tried to rise, but could not.

Roper, who had been dragged into the dark storeroom by Red Kane, felt the swift sting of the wind as the back door was smashed open, and was able to tear free as the guns began. He stumbled over piled sacks, and flattened himself against the wall. The blind blasting in the dark of the back room lasted long enough for three guns to empty themselves. Their smashing voices fell silent with an odd suddenness, as suddenly as they had opened. In the dark a voice said, "In God's name let's have a light!"

After what seemed a long time a match flared uncertainly, and Roper's quick glance estimated the changed situation. In the back room now two men were down-Red Kane and another whom Roper immediately recognized as an old King-Gordon cowboy called Old Joe.

The dim flicker of the match was augmented to a steady glow as a lantern was found and lighted. Roper did not recognize the other man in the room-the cowboy who had lighted the lantern with one hand, his smoking six-gun still ready in the other.

The stranger stooped over Old Joe. "You hurt bad?"

"It's only my laig, my laig." The other stepped over the inert here." body of Kane to the door, and surveyed the silent kitchen.

"Jim Leathers! Somebody got Jim Leathers, and got him hard!"

He stepped back into the rear room. "You're Bill Roper, aren't you? Where's the others?"

"There aren't any others. They all went out on Dry Camp's trail, after his raid day before yesterday." "No others here? You sure?"

"Kane and Leathers are the only ones here."

Old Joe, both hands clasped on his smashed leg, spoke between set teeth. "Where's Jody? For God's sake find Jody!"

The King-Gordon cowboy whom Roper did not know, went out, his spurs ringing with his long strides. "Jody isn't here," Roper told Old Joe disgustedly. "She got loose two

days ago." "The hell she isn't here! She come here with us!"

"With you? But you're from Gordon's Red Butte camp, aren't you? I thought Jody went to Miles City with Shoshone Wilce."

"She never went to Miles. She knew Leathers was bringing you here, from what she'd heard him She come to us, because we was the K-G camp nearest here, and she wouldn't hear of nothing but we come and try to crack you loose. Shoshone Wilce-he's daid."

Bill Roper was dazed. "I thought

-I thought-" The other cowboy now came tramping back into the cabin, an awkward burden in his arms; and this time Jody Gordon herself followed close upon his heels. Her face was set, and the sharp flush across her cheekbones did not conceal her fatigue

INSTALLMENT 17 THE STORY SO FAR:

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

how on earth-'

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 highkeyed 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.

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.

"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





"Now you go and keep Miss Gordon company.'

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." Marquita left them, closing the

door behind her. Old Joe kept talking to them in a gaspy sort of way, as they did what how for that foolish house in Ogallathey could for his wound.

"The kid was scared to death to come. Jody seen that, and tried to send him back, with some trumpedup 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

"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 the doorposts and it seemed to Jody, pull her weight. We been laying up here on the hill since before dusk. She aimed we should use the same been Jody's, and that she had lost ment should take some of the saxostunt you used at Fork Crick-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 haidand poured on whip and spur, and she bangs into the planks. Broke his neck, most like; cain'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 no-tion in her nut."

CHAPTER XXIII

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

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



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, | 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."

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 Mar-

"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 come

"You are a very foolish little girl," Marquita said. "Luck saved you; but if this camp had been full of men, it would have been suicide."

"Wouldn't you have done the same?" Marquita shrugged impatiently. "I

feel very sorry for you," she said. "Why?"

"Because I think you are in love with this Billy Roper."

"Why do you say that?" "Es claro," Marquita said. "It is plain. And it's a pity; because this kind of man is not for you."

At first Jody Gordon did not answer. But behind the softness of Marquita's voice was a cogency as strange as her American words-a cogency that would not be ignored. Here Jody found herself facing a woman whom she could not possibly have understood. Marquita's careless, even reckless mode of life, her uncoded relationships with menthere was not an aspect of Marquita's life which did not deny every value of which Jody was aware. Marquita appeared to thrive and flower in a mode of life in which Jody incorrectly believed she herself would have died. "I don't understand you."

Marquita's glance swept the room -the bare chinked walls, the dead boy. Her glance seemed to go beyond the door, where they were dressing Old Joe's wound; beyond the walls, to the cold wind-swept prairie, where men still rode this night, though morning was close.

"What do you know," she said-'what can you know of the lives of these men?

Jody lifted her head, then, and looked at Marquita; and again the simple words and the mask-like face of Marquita seemed to have a meaning for which she groped. In the silence that followed, it came to Jody that the night's fighting was not yet over, that she must still fight for herself and for Bill-and somela, with its tall tower overlooking the plain.

"Do you ride with them?" the gentle, inexorable voice went on. 'Do you share their blankets? Do you ride under their ponchos in the rain? Where are you when their dawn, knees down in this God-forsaken snow?"

Marquita paused, and her body swung, lazily assured, across a Scout? shadowy angle of the room toward the closed door that had hid Roper, working now over the wounded men. watching her, as if Marquita were a barrier between what might have

"You don't have to bar the door," she said.

Marquita's hands came away from the doorposts. "I know I don't."

The words were so indolently cadenced that they might have been spoken in Spanish. And at their soft . Something was still worth fighting for. Perhaps it had flowed deep into the roots of her life; deeper than her life with one man-with any man--could ever

As Jody looked at Marquita, strange things came to her, that she words. She knew that Marquita and all her kind would presently pass. Perhaps Bill Roper, like all the rest of his bold riders, must also pass; but now suddenly Jody knew that whatever else might vanish from this prairie, what she herself stood for would remain. When she spoke at last, she scarcely recognized her own voice. "I guess I was wrong," she said. Her words had a strange echo of Marquita's own directness. 'You're Bill Roper's girl-is that

what you wanted to tell me?" The dance hall girl's words fell softly. "Si, that is what I wanted

you to know." (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!

11 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;

Make each one love to do his bit. IV An extra hour doesn't count-We feel no urge to watch the

The little pills we daily take

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.

VI 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.

VII 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;

If all our leaders took 'em too! CANDIDATES FOR THE

How happy would we workers be

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.

"Jimmy and I are adults. So we talked it over like grown people and decided to stay friends instead of being married."-Mrs. Betty Comp-

-Malcolm Burdette.

You married folks all understand how it is, don't you? L. B. Cruden says that Musso-

lini 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 someguns speak? Who prays for them at body 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

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 governphone 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. assurance something awoke in Jody Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom got terrific applause. Everybody knew him. Then came a courtly old gennothing to do with Bill Roper, but it tleman 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 peaceherself could not have put into fully that it was beginning to lose prestige in the modern-world.

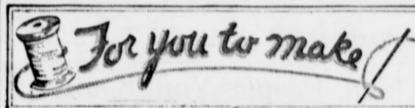
RACE CHART STUFF

Coffeespoon.....May be taken out. Pair of Dice..... .Always dangerous anywhere.

Silent Witness.....Coupled with Yes or No. Cherry Jam....Looks like a spread.

"Wanted-Stenographer; personality, good looks and brains. 521 Herald Building."-Phoenix Repub-

Man wants little here below.





EASY stitchery—a little timeand 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

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

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. 117 Minna St. San Francisco, Calif. Enclose 15 conts 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.

saxophone!"

"No. I hadn't gone to bed." "Ah! You were working late?" "Yes. I was practicing on my

Self-Starter Breakfast* helps keep me ready to go!" says AL MCKILLIP Fireman A big bowlful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some fruit and lots of Or gives FOOD ENERGY VITAMINSI you - MINERALS! PROTEINS! plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that tastes so good it sharpens your appetite.

Swift Growth Report, that which no evil thing of any kind is more swift, in- ing debt-increase of industry in creases with travel and gains raising income, increase of thrift strength by its progress.—Vergil. | in laying out.—Carlyle.

Paying Debt There are but two ways of pay-



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!