

INSTALLMENT 19 THE STORY SO FAR:

Dusty King and Lew Gordon had built her father. Roper conducted a series of 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 opposition of his sweetheart, Jody Gordon, and

#### CHAPTER XXVI

They buried Lew Gordon at Miles City. That dot upon the northern prairie marked, in effect, the farthest north reached by that great and dramatic upthrust of power which had welled up out of Texas, carving new trails, opening new vast countries, driving herds unnumbered, under the name of King-Gordon. Jody thought that her father would have wanted to lie there.

After that was done with, Jody went back to Ogallala.

All through the spring news kept trickling in. A swift bankruptcy was sweeping Thorpe's loosely grouped organizations. Wiped out of Texas by the so-called Rustlers' War, broken in the north by the Great Raid-the shaken power of Ben Thorpe crumbled fast, now that Thorpe himself was dead. A once unbeatable organization, powerful from border to border, was going down in such utter debacle as no man could check.

And as Thorpe's power vanished into the gunsmoke in which he had died, a strange new prestige began to attach itself to the name of the man who had destroyed him. Only a little while ago Bill Roper had been an outlaw, a hunted man with a price on his head, in whose behalf few men ever dared speak a good word. But now that his enemies were down, it seemed that the whole length of the Long Trail held men who professed themselves his lifelong friends. Like coyotes after a killing, like worms after rain, Bill Roper partisans were rising up, a Jody said. "I want to tell you I apscore here, a hundred there, where not one friend had been, during those smoky hours of his greatest need. Already men were less ready to remember what weapons he had used in fighting fire with fire than to remember simply that he had won. Three governors had issued blanket pardons for what he might or might not have done. He could have had almost any position he wanted near the top of any one of three or four of the great cattle companies. He could have had almost anything he wanted, then,

But Bill Roper-where was he? Nobody seemed to know. His own er would not leave the Ogallala raiders-Tex Long, Hat Crick Tommy, Dave Shannon-now swaggering wherever they pleased amid a curious acclaim, did not know. And if Dry Camp Pierce, that one most trusted of all Bill Roper's men, knew where his leader was, he held his tongue.

Jody Gordon was making every effort to find out Bill Roper's whereabouts.

The weeks passed, and the new grass came on the prairie, and still there was no word. Two or three times a week, after the first spring flowers began to show, Jody Gordon rode out to the pile of stone with its wooden cross that marked Dusty King's grave, putting there little handfuls of blue Indian hyacinth and white anemone.

And then suddenly one day as she sat her horse before Dusty King's cross she knew that Bill Roper was alive, that he was near, that he had come. The notch that she had seen Bill Roper cut in the arm of Dusty's cross to mark the death of Cleve Tanner was well weathered by this time; but now, sharp and freshly cut in the opposite arm of the cross, was a second notch that had never been there before.

A choking lump rose instantaneously in Jody's throat, and she spun her pony in its tracks as instinctively her eyes swept the plain and the low hills. So freshly cut was the new notch upon the cross that it seemed Bill Roper must still be no more than a few minutes away.

In the clear light of the late afternoon she could make out every detail of the rambling little town of Ogallala, but nowhere was there to be seen any horseman. She turned her pony and rode home with a strange, empty, gone feeling, because for a moment Bill Roper had seemed so near and now was nowhere in sight.

When she had unsaddled she went into the tall white house by the back way, and walked through it slowly, preoccupied, wondering what she should do.

Then, as she came into the front room, her hand jumped to her throat, for someone was waiting for her there-a woman who stood up as Jody came in.

For a moment Jody Gordon hardly recognized Marquita. Only a little time had passed since they had faced each other in a remote cabin set in Montana snows, yet Marquita looked unmistakably older; and the live, sultry fire behind her dark,

slanting eyes was gone. "I lied to you," Marquita said at last. "I'm not sorry for that. I'd lie to you again, for the same reason, or for less reason. But this time it didn't do any good. So I thought I might as well tell you."

"You lied to me?" "I told you I was Bill Roper's girl. You naturally thought I was at Walk Lasham's camp because Bill Roper was there." Marquita's voice sounded curiously metallic and great raids upon Thorpe's vast herds,

first in Texas, then in Montana. Jody was deeply shaken when Marquita, a saloon hostess, convincingly explained that Roper loved Marquita, and not her. Believing that her love was unanswered,

it up. "Well, that wasn't so." "You mean-you mean to say-" "Well." Marquita said, "he did

not belong to me, not even for one minute, in all my life. How do you place?"

"But-at the Lasham camp you said-"

"I know I did. I would have got him if I could, in any way I could. I even came here because I knew he was coming here. But now I can just as well tell you it's hopeless, and I'm through. After all, I don't need to run after any man; not any more."

"You mean-you're willing to let him go-even if-"

"Let him go? I never had him." An odd edge of contempt came into Jody said. Marquita's voice, but whether for Jody or herself was not plain. "Can't you get that through your head?" She turned toward the door impatiently.

Jody Gordon supposed that she ought to thank Marquita for having come here, for having made the confession which she had made, but she was confused, and the words would not come. Instead she said, "Do you know where he is? Is he

well? Is he safe and all right?" Marquita's smile was mocking. "You want me to find him and send him to you?" "I think," Jody said, "he'll

come." "Okay," Marquita said, and she

pulled open the door. "I want to tell you something,"

preciate-your letting me know-Marquita flashed a queer, hard smile; there was bitterness in it.

more bitterness in her smile than in her words. "Keep your thanks to yourself." Then she was gone. After a moment Jody heard the

hoofs of a team, and the wheels of the carriage in which Marquita had come-and gone-slicing the deep mud Yet, Bill Roper did not come.

When two days had passed a panic caught Jody Gordon, and she began to haunt the vicinity of Dusty King's cross. She believed that Ropcountry without visiting once more the grave of Dusty King.

But it was the evening of the fourth day, before Roper came.

#### CHAPTER XXVII

Sitting her quiet pony beside Dusty | you'll stay by me." King's pile of stone, Jody Gordon he was still a long way off. Roper was not alone. Beside him rode a little grasshoppery figure in disreputable clothes which Jody recognized as that of Dry Camp Pierce. Somehow Dry Camp had managed to rejoin his chief when the others could not. It was typical of Dry Camp that he was riding beside Bill Roper now; would always be typical, so long as both of them should live.

The two riders hesitated at the five hundred yards. Roper said something to Dry Camp Pierce and after a moment or two Dry Camp turned his horse and went back. Bill Roper came on alone. Perhaps he feared this meeting more than anything he had ridden into yet-but she knew he would not turn.

It seemed to Jody Gordon that

Jody left the man she loved. Lew Gordon finally realized that Roper was right in fighting Thorpe and Lasham, and went gunning for them. Roper met him shortly before the two gunmen appeared. This was the moment Roper had been fighting for during the smoky years.

old, without that sultry fire to back | time lagged forever as Billy Roper's pony slowly approached; it seemed to her that that slow approach was characteristic of all that had happened to them-delay, and delay, while wars were fought, and raids think you would like that, in my struck in, all through those smoky years in which they had been apart

And yet, at last, when he stopped his horse beside her, and they looked at each other, there was something between them still, as if the smoky years themselves had built a wall. Bill Roper said, "Hello, Jody.

Jody said, "I'm all right." There was a pause, curiously awkward; in the pause, Jody's horse

You're looking mighty well."

struck at the cinch with a hind foot, tormented by an early fly. "You didn't come to see me,"

"Well," Bill Roper said slowly-"I

didn't know if you'd want me to." "Don't you know that you're half of King-Gordon? And I'm the other half."

"Jody-people like you and me can't go by things like that-things like legacies and wills."

Jody's voice was very quiet, yet it must have seemed to Bill Roper that she cried out. "You're going to leave me to carry all this, just by myself?"

"Lew Gordon left a sound organization," Bill Roper said, his voice dead. "You have many men, and good men, too. The works will roll, I think, with Thorpe gone."

Once more the long, strangely poignant silence. And to Jody it seemed a terrible thing that what they both wanted was the same thing, and that yet the smoky years somehow managed to stand be-

Jody Gordon turned away from Bill Roper, and faced Dusty King's cross, clean-limbed and slender, and there was something in her face that was enduring. It was the face of a woman who turned to the future without trace of doubt or fear; and she was the loveliest thing that Bill Roper would ever see

"Jody," Bill Roper said uncertain-"I want to tell you something. Other men will have to fight other wars; but my part of all that is finished. I'm not sorry my gun is hung up. I hope it's hung up forever. Once I thought that when Thorpe was smashed, my work would be through-but now I see it's only begun. I think we're going to build something pretty fine, if

Jody smiled a little. Without taksaw Roper riding toward her when ing her eyes from the cross she reached her hand toward him, and took his.

"All the anger and the hate has gone out of me," Roper said; "and if you can only some day understand that my riding with the wild bunch was-was what I had to do-" He fumbled for words, and stopped.

"Give me your knife," Jody said. "My-my what?"

She turned, and herself drew his skinning knife from the sheath at his belt. Then she stepped to the ground.

"In justice," Jody said; "in justice, and in memory of courage." With her own hands she cut the third notch upon the cross, deep and clean.

[THE END]



The Maguires, a lovable, modern American family, met the Depression head-on. It wrought havoc in their lives, but they found more than one rainbow after the storm had blown over.

Here is a story of American youth of today whose security is menaced by economic upheaval, and of a mother who guided her family to happiness against all odds.

# IN THIS NEWSPAPER



A Guarantee Of Good Reading

Beginning Next Week





WHEN it was decided that the new Garbo picture would get under way on Fri-

day the thirteenth, the assistant director called the cast together to see if anybody's superstitions would get in the way. Melvyn Douglas said that Friday was a lucky day for him, and the fact that it was

the thirteenth would make it so much the better. Ruth Gordon, who gave up a number of summer stock engagements to take this one in pictures, declared that she deliberately walks under ladders, and loves black cats. Roland Young said that

he'd bring along one of his china penguins, to break the evil spell of the jinx. As for Miss Garbo, she said nothing-just showed up on time.

Janet Blair used to be the featured vocalist with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra; now she has a Columbia contract and one of the top feminine roles in "Three Girls About Town." She'll play the younger sister of Joan Blondell.

David Niven not only went back to England to serve his country, but

he's been made a major. Bing Crosby had a letter from him in which he mentioned the promotion. He heads a squadron of defense troops which is stationed on the English coast opposite France. In his letter he said that no less than 20 invading Nazi bombing planes had been

previous night.

knocked down above his sector the

The March of Time's newest release, "New England's Eight Million Yankees," shows how the six northeastern states are making themselves invasion-proof. It is the first of a series of regional films, and will be followed by releases on the Midwest, Texas, and other sections of the country.

Penny Singleton, who's been "Blondie" on the screen and on the air for so long, is hard at work now in her first film musical. It's called "Cowboy Joe" temporarily, and Glenn Ford plays opposite her. She'd made a name for herself as a singer and dancer on the Broadway stage before she went to Hollywood. and her nine "Blondie" comedies have made one for her in Hollywood.

The office of Heinrich Himmler. chief of Nazi SS men, is as authentic a reproduction in Warner Bros.' "Underground" as following actual photographs could make it. Himmler does not permit photos of his office to be released; however, Kurt Schmidt, technical adviser on "Underground," made some when he was in favor with the SS head, and smuggled them out of the country when he escaped two years ago. The film shows Himmler's dreaded office for the first time.

Bob Hope, who soared to film popularity with the song "Thanks for the Memory," will have another opportunity to warble an outstanding number, when he sings "You Can't Brush Me Off" in "Louisiana Purchase," which Paramount will produce. Lately he's been content merely to be one of the funniest men on the screen. His "Caught in the Draft" is hilarious, though the script writers dug up some of the oldest jokes in existence for it. Eddie Bracken hangs up a few laurels for himself in this one too.

weekly cast additions, all the regular roles on the new "Hap Hazard" radio series, the summer replacement for "Fibber McGee and Molly," have been assigned. It stars Ransom Sherman, and features the singing of Edna O'Dell and Billy Mills' orchestra. Nowadays people in radio have begun to take these summer replacement shows seriously. The "Blondie" program started as one three years ago-now it tops all CBS half-hour shows in popularity, according to the latest Crosley report.

ODDS AND ENDS—Ona Munson wound up work in "Wild Geese Calling" at 20th Century-Fox, got a vacation from radio when Edward G. Robinson's "Big Town" show left the air for the summer, and headed for Santa for the summer, and head for some Barbara and a rest...Ruth Hussey and Robert Young will be teamed in "Married Bachelors," a comedy of a young married couple who are always just two jumps ahead of the sheriff . . . lane Wyatt has the feminine lead oppoite Dennis O'Keefe in RKO's "Week End for Three" . . . Myrna Loy and William Powell will be at it again before long, in "The Shadow of the Thin Man."



YOU'RE A STIR-CRAZY DRAFTEE IF-

You're always raving how the girls went nuts over you at home and you never receive any boxes of

You think you're the "big boss" as soon as you become the First Sergeant.

3. You start forgetting what details you were supposed to finish before you're half started. 4. You believe the only-girl-in-

the-world when she says she's staying alone at home pining for you. You're dressed in denims most of the day and you call yourself a yardbird 326 times a day and expect

it always to fetch a laugh. You're in the outfit three weeks and believe the Top Kick when he says he'll get you a first and third.

You are tent corporal, and you get the idea the whole tent must bow to your whims about loud radio plays and blaring news reports.

8. You believe old-timers when they say this is the worst army they've ever been in; and will never again join up.

9. You believe all the wondrous tales about the greener pastures to be found in "other camps."

10. You think anything will ever come from trying to get into a conversation with telephone operators, 5-&10-cent store dames, and canteen girls.

LINES ON DUTY

("It is not enough for us merely to trim the wick and polish the glass in the lamp of victory."-President Roosevelt.) With the lamp on the floor

'Neath a volley of bricks, Let no man offer help As a trimmer of wicks.

With the light almost out

And the oil low, alas! Would you bellow, "One side! Lemme polish the glass!"?

Would you toss him a book On "The Right Way to Swim"? If he slips 'neath a wave And there isn't much hope,

Would you cry, "Your address!-

When a swimmer yells "Help!"

With his chances quite slim,

I will mail you a rope!"? When a man's on a raft As the sharks near him swish. Do you think it's enough To denounce all such fish?

To be brief, in a war Such as this frightful one, Are you just one who says "Something OUGHT to be done!"

Add similes: as unwelcome as an invitation to come to Berchtesgaden.

. . . WHY IS IT-

That there seem to be more lefthanded eaters in cafeterias than in other restaurants?

That, if she has a dog and you have a dog, you can speak to a strange girl without offense?

That the coffee at breakfast always seems to be better than the coffee at supper and that the scrambled eggs at supper seem to be better than the scrambled eggs at breakfast?

-Gardiner S. Dresser.

Toto, the gorilla that has become the mate of Gargantua, is now with the Ringling circus. It's an even bet that both gorillas spend most of the time looking at each other and thinking, "I hope I never get to look as terrible as that."

Probably the Ringling outfit is now wondering about the old adage that two gorillas can live as cheap as one.

William McChesney Martin, youthful head of the New York Stock exchange, has been called by his draft board. Any training for war that he will get in camp will be super-With the exception of a few minor ficial compared with what he has gone through as head of the ex-

> What Elmer Twitchell wants to know is whether Mr. Martin is going into the army for the long pull or a quick turnover.

> The Louvain library, restored largely by America after the Germans destroyed it in the last war, was again wrecked by the Germans in this war, it develops. It seems the Nazis couldn't bear the report that there was a book in it.

> > . . .

APPEAL Life is real, life is earnest,

So away with all pretence!

Come! Let's cut out playing marbles And speed up with that defense! -B. A. S.

In occupied countries the Nazis are rationing dogs, but word comes from Belgium that this applies only to dogs that can be shown to have German blood. A smart dog over there is one that knows enough to goose-step to his meals.

#### Mistakes to Be Avoided In Summer Care of Dogs



Baths, Clipping Can Be Harmful.

DOG DAYS" are coming, but they needn't bother your dog. With simple, right summer care he'll be healthy and cool as a cucumber!

Do not clip him, for he sheds his undercoat, leaving his outer coat to protect him against the hot sun, flies and mosquitoes. Comb and brush him regularlybut do not give him too many baths, as this removes the oil he needs to keep his coat healthy.

Our 32-page booklet gives the simple allyear-round care that keeps a dog healthy. Tells how to choose your pet, feed, house-break and groom him; how to train him to do clever tricks. Advises on dog sick-nesses; has information on rables. For your copy send order to:

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of HOW TO CHOOSE AND CARE FOR YOUR DOG

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## INDIGESTION

When Men Want

Men will not bend their wits to examine whether things wherewith they have been accustomed be good or evil .- Hooker.



Merit and Luck

Our merit wins the esteem of honest men, and our lucky star that of the public.-La Rochefoucauld.



Joyous Children The house without children is a cemetery.

# Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doon's Pills. Doon's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation—wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your nsighbor! of Harmful Body Waste

WNU-13

### **BEACONS** of SAFETY

·Like a beacon light on the height—the advertisements in newspapers direct you to newer, better and easier ways of providing the things needed or desired. It shines, this beacon of newspaper advertising-and it will be to your advantage to follow it whenever you make a purchase.