

complete

hi-292
b1

MCCALL'S

TEN
CENTS

November
1928



A. A. M.

*Mrs. Henry Morgenthau Jr.
and
Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt
on*

HOW WILL THE WOMEN VOTE ?

also a New Story by **ZANE GREY** *p. 22*

The Camp Robber

2,570,000 COPIES OF THIS ISSUE

MRS. FLORENCE DANFORTH
R. D. 1
TUNBRIDGE VT
I NA 40 AB 12-8



"My muvver's dead . . . I never had a daddy," she said

THE CAMP ROBBER

Gold gleams in a little girl's hair and in the heart of an old man at the end of the trail

By Zane Grey
Illustrated by
GRATTAN CONDON

THE boys of the Selwyn Ranch were home from the spring roundup. It had been an early and wet spring, therefore a very muddy event. One by one they fed their horses, and hanging up their equipment, slouched a weary and jingling way toward the bunkhouse, exceedingly cheerful, however, because the hard, dirty job was ended.

Slab Jacobs, the tall, flat-framed foreman, reached their quarters first, and he found the door open.

"Hey, Nevers," he yelled, looking back at the nearest cowboy, who was whistling *Home Sweet Home*. "You left this hyar door open."

"Hope to die I never did," shouted Nevers, indignantly.

Jacobs had been scared before he pushed the door wide and looked in. Disaster of this kind had befallen once before, when the trusting range riders had left the door unlocked. The inside of the bunkhouse was in a worse mess than Jacob's wildest fears had conjured up. The boys of the Selwyn outfit had taken pride in the cleanliness and neatness of their well-appointed and lighted quarters.

"Thunder an' blue blazes!" ejaculated Slab, as he stepped in to survey the disorder.

Nevers halted at the door. "Slab, you ain't got no eyes. This heah lock has been busted."

"Wal, that saves your life. What do you make of it?"

After surveying the deranged beds, the contents of handbags and packs that were strewn all over the floor, the pile of books, papers, letters and magazines scattered about, and the tangled mass of cowboy paraphernalia

on the big table, Nevers let out a loud yell of pain. "Thet low-down bunch of cowpunchers have played a trick on us."

"What bunch?"

"Why, who else but that Clay Flat outfit? They're gettin' even for what we did at the dance."

"We didn't do nothin'."

"Wal, some of us did."

Heavy footfalls and jangle of spurs outside preceded the entrance of little Charlie Stone, almost hidden under his huge sombrero and the armload he carried. But manifestly he could see, for he dropped his burden, and shoving back his sombrero to reveal a dirty, boyish face, he burst out:

"Some of you fellars was drunk before we rid off on the roundup."

"Looks like it, by golly," said Slab. "But I happened to know none of us was."

Charlie poked his head out of the door and called:

"Cyclone has struck this heah bunkhouse."

Presently the remaining cowboys entered, to stand staring beside their comrades at the scene of confusion. Brick Williams' brick-colored face took on a deeper

hue, and he indulged in some characteristic profanity.

"I knowed my gurl would sure get her picture an' letters back," groaned Seth Stanley, a young blond giant.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed Hoof Manchester, the last of the bunch to come in.

"Boys, it ain't no joke," announced Slab Jacobs, impressively. "No cowboy trick. The lock was busted. Shore as the Lord made little apples we been robbed."

With that commenced a scramble, punctuated by an infinite variety of cowboy speech, as each individual tore around and searched for his possessions.

Slab found his long-accumulated roll of greenbacks under his mattress, but not where he had left it. The intruder had merely changed its position. Brick's fine gold watch that had been his father's and was so priceless a treasure that he seldom risked wearing it, lay in his bed. Nevers was the dude of the outfit, and his showy adornments were intact. What little money he possessed, which was in gold coin, clinked in his pocket. Seth Stanley's guns, which were all he owned of any value, lay on the table. Charley Stone made a bee line for his silver-mounted Mexican spurs, and acclaimed their presence by a glad shout. Manchester found his diamond stickpin, of which he was inordinately proud.

"Aw!" he breathed aloud, and his relief was shared by all.

"Wal, we ain't been robbed after all," spoke up Charley. "Seth, did you find your gurl's picture an' letters?"

"By golly, I forgot to look. I was so worried aboot them guns," replied Seth, rummaging [Turn to page 72]



DUST
weathers the skin

This time of year be *extra* careful
... *protect your skin from dust*

RIGHT now in the early fall, the dust blows in clouds. And dust—plain ordinary street-blown dust—is one thing that makes faces grow old. Because, you see, it grinds into the pores. Robs the skin of its natural moisture. Clouds its brilliance.

That's why the face is older than the shoulders. The face weathers, dries—through constant day-by-day exposure. The shoulders—protected—stay young.

See for yourself

Take a mirror to a window. Examine your face. Then your shoulders. Quite a difference in the texture of the skin, isn't there? Protect your face and it will stay as young as your shoulders. You can do it easily—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It protects the skin.

Hinds Cream is the liquid cream with the heavenly almond fragrance. It sinks deep, deep—freshens the skin. Keeps it as sweetly soft as a baby's. It prevents dust-weathering—all weathering.

*Just pat it on ...
the oftener the better*

Especially before you go outdoors

—pat it on as a powder base. But don't stop there. Pat it on at night. In the morning. Smooth it into your skin after your bath. Use it on your hands. (Marvelous for hands!)

Then your skin will be safe. It will stay soft, and silken, and young, regardless of how much you are outdoors.

Try Hinds Cream. It comes in a blossom pink bottle. You can buy it anywhere. Or if you wish, we'll be glad to send you a free sample bottle. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us today.

© L. & F., Inc., 1923



HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. 388, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.

(Print name and address)

Name

Address

This coupon not good after Oct., 1929
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited,
9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8

THE CAMP ROBBER

[Continued from page 22]

around in his bag. "Heah are the letters . . . But cain't find thet picture . . . Son-of-a-gun if it's heah . . . Gone."

"How about you, Hoof?" inquired the foreman, stimulated, no doubt, by the expression on Manchester's face.

"Wal, fellars, you know them little bones I had. Vertebrae from a cow's backbone. You know how I cut them, an' dab a little paint on for eyes an' mouth an' make them look like a cow's haid. My kid brother has a lot of bone toys I made for him. These last ones are gone."

"Hoof, the laugh's on us. What's your idee?" returned Stanley.

"By gum, I think we've had a visit from the camp robber."

"Who's this heah camp robber?" asked one of the cowboys.

The foreman answered him:

"Wal, I reckon the camp robber always has been a joke round this range. But I can conceive of thet joke wearin' out. He's been crackin' them jokes for a good while now. I've heard them from all over, an' this heah is no slouch of a range. But for the most part such stealin' seems to have been confined to Clear Creek, Cottonwood, an' the Verdi. Whatever or whoever this thief is, he comes in the day time, when there's nobody home, an' he takes some fool thing or other, leaving articles of real value. This bird sure is a slick one, whoever he is. Last year he stole two dolls we know of."

"Dolls?"

"Yes, dolls. Stimpson over heah on Clear Creek has a little girl. She lost a doll. Mrs. Stimpson said the kid was sure she never lost it—that it was *took*. Wal, they got her another doll, an' by golly, not long after, when the family was all away, thet doll disappeared, too. Now I tax myself, I can remember the darndest lot of things the loss of which was laid on thet locoed thief. Comb an' brush, silver buckles, beads, handkerchiefs, socks, cough medicine, face powder, lace curtains, towels, mirror, bell, clock,—O, Lord, there's no end to them. Yet nothin' worth much, so to speak. Everybody jest laughs an' says, 'wal, by gosh, the camp robber has been heah'."

STIMPSON pushed back his papers on the desk and looked up at the rider with a keen interest.

"So your name's Wingfield?"

"Yes, sir," was the quiet reply.

The rancher surveyed the lithe figure, dusty and worn, the dark, lined face and its piercing eyes, with appreciation of the strong impression they gave. Here was a range rider, no longer a boy, with hard experience in every line of him; yet it was impossible not to be attracted by his striking presence.

"Where have you been ridin'?" Stimpson asked presently.

"I rode for Stillwell durin' the spring roundup. But he didn't need me longer. I got on at Brandon's. Lasted only one pay day. Next got a job at Hall's. Couldn't stay there. Then Randall's . . . An' as I told you I've been ridin' a grub line since."

"Wingfield, tell me just why you couldn't hold a job?" asked Stimpson, curiously, but withal, kindly.

"It was my fault, sir."

"You don't look like a drinkin' man." "Well, I hit the bottle pretty stiff some years ago—just after . . . But I tapered off—an' lately I haven't drank at all."

"Because you were broke?"

"No. I've a little money left. I just got sick of it."

"I can understand that. Now see here, Wingfield, I am in need of a good man who can handle a big job. Not only cattle an' cowboys, but construction work, roads and buildin'. Are you up to it?"

"Yes, sir."

"So I reckoned. All right. Now if you want to work for me, come clean about this trouble you've been havin'. Tell me why a man of your evident intelligence an' ability can't hang on here."

Wingfield looked out of the window, across the Summer range, where the heat veils were rising. His face twitched. It was somber and sad. And when he turned again, Stimpson saw that the dark lightening of his eyes had dimmed.

"Seems, sir, that I can't stay anywhere long. I've been restless, an' I reckon I'm irritable. Can't make friends. I don't care about anythin'. But I realize now that I've got to correct that. An' I promise you, if you'll take me on, I'll try to overcome it."

"I'll take you on, Wingfield. Thanks for your confidence. I appreciate it. I'd like to know more, though. What happened to such a fine fellow as you—that you don't care for anythin'?"

Stimpson had trusted to his knowledge of range men. He divined that this cool, careless, bitter, reckless rider might be reached through faith and kindness.

"Some years ago I—I lost my wife—an' it knocked me out," replied Wingfield.

"Ahuh. Too bad! . . . I didn't take you for a married man. How old are you, Wingfield?"

"I'm twenty-nine."

"Well, that surprises me. You look older . . . All right, Wingfield, you're on. An', let us hope, to your advantage as well as mine. Report to Neff, an' ask for quarters, by yourself, if you prefer. Later today we can talk wages an' what this particular job is."

THAT deal was consummated in July. Wingfield made a valiant effort to prove worthy of the opportunity Stimpson had placed in his way. And he succeeded so far as the construction work was concerned. He overcame much to stick to that job, but he could not correct his taciturn habit, his aloofness, and sharpness of tongue, when he did speak. Naturally he had not made friends with Stimpson's foreman, Neff. Signs were not wanting, however, that some of the riders looked favorably upon him. He had even been asked to accompany them to town this Saturday night, which was the end of August, and pay day.

Late that afternoon Wingfield rode back to the ranch, and before he dismounted in front of Neff's cabin he sensed trouble. All the riders were in. They looked pretty blue. The teamsters and Mexican laborers stood around in groups. Wingfield went in without greeting any of those who regarded him curiously.

"Wingfield," spoke up Stimpson, "the payroll is missin'."

"It is, sir? . . . Well!—How you mean—missin'?" replied Wingfield, flashing his eyes from Neff to the rancher.

"I don't know how," rejoined Stimpson, slowly, guarded in his speech. "I just got here . . . Speak up, Neff."

"It—it was this way, boss," replied Neff, hurriedly. "Reckon I got here about ten o'clock. Straight from the house, when you gave me the money. Wally Peters over there, helped me [Continued on page 75]

THE CAMP ROBBER

[Continued from page 72]

count it. Didn't you, Wally?"

"Yes, I did," answered a cleancut young cowboy, stepping forward to confront the rancher. "There was two thousand, three hundred an' sixty dollars. Neff put it in the desk here, shut the drawer—this one, sir, but he didn't lock it. Then we went out together."

"Had there been anyone about the place?" inquired Stimpson.

"Yes, sir. Wingfield must have been in—I found the paper—here it is—shows the time of his outfit. I always pay from his figures . . . This paper was here when I came back. But not when I left," offered Neff.

Wingfield spoke up instantly. "That is correct, sir. I left my time paper here about noon. There was no one in."

A silence ensued that developed from embarrassment to a strained suspense.

Then Stimpson, seeing that Neff would not or could not accuse Wingfield to his face burst out impatiently:

"Wingfield, I'm sorry I have to explain. Neff has charged you with theft of the payroll!"

Wingfield gave a gasp that sounded like suppression of a cry of pain. His dark face went ashen. With one swift lunge he struck Neff a terrific blow, knocking him over a chair, to crash into a corner. Then Wingfield leaped clear drawing his gun.

The spectators of that move waved in noisy pellmell to one side, leaving Stimpson standing his ground. With a long stride he got in front of Wingfield.

"Hold on!" he called, sharply. "There's no call for gun play."

Indeed there did not appear to be, at least at the moment, for Neff had been completely knocked out. Wingfield slowly sheathed his gun. The fury that had actuated him seemed to shudder out.

"My God—you don't believe I stole that money!" he implored Stimpson.

The rancher took one long look at the man's convulsed face.

"No, Wingfield, I don't," he replied, feelingly. "But Neff does, an' no doubt he's not the only one. Something must be done about it."

"Thank you, Stimpson," rejoined the other huskily. "I swear to God I didn't take the money."

"You need not deny that to me," replied the rancher. "But you can see, Wingfield, if you're to stay on here, you must try to prove you didn't."

"Yes, I see. An' I've fallen pretty low—when any range rider dares think me a thief," muttered Wingfield.

"Circumstantial evidence has hanged many a man. Don't let it beat you here. You're valuable to me. An' it's sure plain, Wingfield—either you crack an' lose out, or you prove what I think you are."

Wingfield raised his bowed head and the harshest of the bitter darkness left his face. He made no move to reach the rancher's half proffered hand.

"I'll take your hand when I show these men your faith in me is justified."

THAT night Wingfield lay dressed on his bed in the darkness and silence. All hands had gone to town for the dance.

Lying there in the blackness he waged the battle. If he had not become a sore and strange outsider all over the range, if he had hid the secret of his misery in wholesome labor and friendliness, he would never have been accused of theft. That was the last straw. He did not choose to sink under

that. He would disprove the charge, and thereafter regulate his conduct to harmonize with his environment. Stimpson had been right—he must mend his character or crack for good.

But there could never be any mending of his broken heart. In the five years since the catastrophe there had never been a single night, when he was sober, that he had not lain awake, thinking, remembering, suffering. He had wronged his wife, and in the fiery shame of his unworthiness he had augmented the quarrel that had ended in her leaving him. It all came back mockingly, and he lived over again his fruitless search for her, and then his despair.

He beheld for the thousandth time a vision of the bonny head, with its curly golden locks, and the flower-like blue eyes, and the frail graceful shape. Long ago he divined she was dead. She could never have borne grief and privation together. She had never been strong, though she had gained somewhat after he took her from school teaching and married her. He recalled with agony his fear, his panic, his joy, his pride, when she shyly imparted a secret, and how zealously from that moment he had guarded her health.

Then came his fall, a natural though despicable thing. There had been extenuating circumstances, which she had never learned. He had not been wholly treacherously guilty. If he had not lied, if he had confessed, she would have forgiven. Vain regret! Sleepless and eternal remorse! But these pangs were softening with the years. He knew that before she died she had forgiven him, and that if he could have found her they would have been reunited. His penance had not been manly, but it had been poignant. There in the dead hour of midnight he struggled for faith to believe she might hear his whisper and give him strength to live better the life that had to be lived.

Sunrise found him out behind Neff's cabin, studying in the clear light of day some strange tracks he had found.

A faint long flat depression of grass and dust and on each side of it a small round mark, scarcely a hole.

Outside the ranch fence in the dusty road he found the two queer little dots, but no long flat dim depression, such as had caused him curiosity. Across the road, however, he discovered it again, without any sign of the accompanying round marks. Blades of grass had been bent down. The evidence was unmistakable. Wingfield followed the tracks at a walk into the woods.

In places, where the pine needles formed thick springy mats, devoid of grass or flowers, he passed quickly on in the direction in which the trail headed, and sooner or later, on more favorable ground he would find it again. There were times when he had to crawl on hands and knees. Often he was baffled. But as he warmed to the trailing, and the pains of the robber to hide his tracks grew perceptibly less, the intervals when Wingfield was at a loss grew fewer and shorter. And finally they ceased. Once more he could follow the trail at a walk. It led deeper and deeper into the woods.

In the afternoon on the first clear spot of soft ground that he had encountered in miles he found the well-defined print of a large flat foot. Close on each side was the accompanying little round mark.

"Ahuh! He's slipped off that long thing which gave me such trouble," soliloquized Wingfield, as he surveyed the trail. "Quit on me, huh? Feelin'

[Continued on page 76]

Colds

and 3 things to do for them



INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

If you use these treatments tonight, your cold will be better in the morning. Know the 3 stages of your cold. Then apply the common-sense Mentholatum treatment for each stage.

In the **FIRST STAGE** your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

In the **SECOND STAGE** your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the **THIRD STAGE** the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.



FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to Get Rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon. The book is free. Dept. D-91, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

Even scientists do not fully understand its health-giving property

A precious food element, believed to be a safeguard against many common ailments has been found in simple Japan green tea

A DISCOVERY of deep interest to countless men and women! A new, simple safeguard that may help many protect themselves against common maladies!

The full importance of it is not yet known—even to scientists. But much is clear. A precious food element, entirely absent from the most of the foods we eat, has been found in familiar Japan green tea.

Thousands are now believed to be missing the happiness of perfect health for lack of this one element—Vitamin C.

"It now appears," writes one eminent scientist, "that this condition is rather common among grown people. Ill health characterized by certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. These symptoms are: loss of energy, a muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism."

A simple precaution

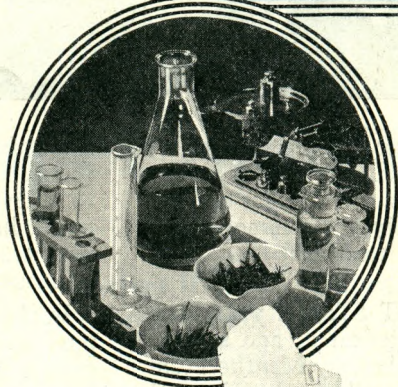
What trials and hardships loss of energy may bring in its train: needless fatigue, poor appetite, sleeplessness, lethargy, nervousness! For those who tire easily, who are "run down," the day is often spoiled before it has fairly begun.

How many there are, too, whose skin is lifeless and sallow! How many who are troubled with so-called rheumatic pains.

Of the men and women who suffer from these ailments, some can probably be helped by this simple precaution. Old familiar Japan green tea is certainly no cure-all. But in it there is now known to be a safeguard—a health-giving abundance of Vitamin C.

Only a few foods, aside from this favorite tea, spinach and a small number of fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. Cured in Japan without fermentation, the Japan green tea we buy at the grocery is rich in this all-important element.

If you feel below par, try this easy, pleasant plan: Drink flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea regularly. Profit by its rich supply of Vitamin C. Probably you will feel and look more vigorous—more joyously alive in a few weeks. Whenever you drink tea, simply



Today it is known to have a remarkable health-building value—old familiar Japan green tea

Scientists have found a rich source of precious Vitamin C in the leaves of simple Japan green tea



be sure that it is Japan green tea.

Japan green tea has been for years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country. It comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names and in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

THE CAMP ROBBER

[Continued from page 75]

pretty safe now! . . . One foot-track! . . . By thunder! I've got it. He's a cripple. A one-legged man! An' these little round tracks were made by crutches . . . I'm a locoed son-of-a-gun!"

With renewed enthusiasm and stronger resolve and curiosity, Wingfield pressed on; and now owing to the slackened vigilance of the man he was trailing he made fast time.

Almost at his feet showed a narrow trail leading down the precipitous wall. And the tracks he was trailing stood out like print on a page.

Five hundred feet down, the trail emerged from the shade into the open canyon, where Wingfield's advent scarcely disturbed the turkeys and deer. A sandy trail wound down the canyon; and as Wingfield hurried along the plainly defined tracks it appeared that all the striking attributes of this beautiful gorge magnified. Presently, around a great corner of wall he came to an intersecting canyon, narrow, rugged of cliff, so massed with foliage that he could scarcely see the sky. And the tracks led up this way.

Wingfield proceeded slowly and cautiously. A little gray burro grazed in the one open glade. Beyond this, a jutting wall shut off extended view.

He kept close to the wall, under cover, and soon peeped around the yellow stone corner. He was amazed to discover a child playing in front of an old weatherbeaten cabin.

Wingfield sheathed his gun and stepped out, to approach the little girl. She saw him before he spoke.

"Hello, little girl. Do you live here?"

"Who's oo?" she asked, without alarm, though she ceased her play.

"I'm a cowboy. Where's your mother—an' your daddy?"

"My muvver's dead . . . I never had no daddy," she said.

She could not have been more than five years old. She was very pretty, with eyes as blue as cornflowers. How unaccountably they touched Wingfield! He could only stare, conscious of a stricture of his heart. It needed not a second glance at her crude strange garments for even Wingfield to see that no woman had made them. Her little dress had been fashioned from a cowboy's shirt. Her rather delicate legs were bare and tanned a golden brown. Upon her feet were moccasins made from sheepskin, with the wool outside; and Wingfield believed that material had come from a range rider's vest. Then the thought that had been dammed by his consciousness burst through—he had stumbled upon the retreat of the camp robber.

"My grandad's sick," said the little girl, seriously.

"Where is he?" asked Wingfield, thickly.

She pointed toward the cabin. The door was open and the sunlight poured in.

AN old man, with face as gray as his hair and beard, lay upon a bed. His bright eyes fixed in terrible earnestness upon the visitor.

"Well, old timer, who are you?" burst out Wingfield, taking in the gaunt form and the wooden leg strapped to a short thigh.

"Did you ever—hear—of Peg-leg Smith?" came the husky response.

"Sure I have. Old prospector—traveled round with a burro. I've heard the cowboys talk . . . Ahuh! Are you that hombre?"

"Yes . . . Did you trail me?"

"I did—old timer. I'm sorry. The little girl said you were sick."

"Aye, I am indeed . . . Sick unto death."

"Aw, no. Don't say that. Maybe I can do somethin'. What ails you?"

"Old age. Love an'—fear," he returned.

"I don't just savvy the last," said Wingfield, approaching the bed in quandary. But pity was paramount.

"Did you trail me?"

"Yes, but you needn't fear me. Only tell me, old timer."

"You trailed me to get back the money I stole from Stimpson's ranch?"

"I did, Smith. You see they accused me of stealin' it."

"It is here—every dollar," hurriedly returned the man, and laboriously fumbling under his head he found a packet, and held it out with shaking hand.

"Thanks, old timer. That'll help a lot," said Wingfield, huskily. "How'd you come to—to take it?"

"Stranger, I never stole a cent in my life until then. All I stole was for the child. But that day—when was it?—yesterday? When I saw the money I had a wild idea. I would steal that—and with it—I'd take my little darling away—and find a home and comfort for her—some one to love her . . . So I stole it. And when I got back—I fell here—it's the end . . . Thank God, you came. I can die in peace."

"Is this child related to you?" asked Wingfield.

"No. Five years ago—over on the mountain range—I happened to find a woman along the road . . . She was a crazed thing—ill—suffering. I put her on my burro. Fetched her here. She gave birth to a child. . . Then she lingered a few days—and died. The child lived. Meant to take her—somewhere—to a home. But I loved her. I kept her. All these years I've kept her. No cowboy or hunter ever found me until now. No one ever dreamed old Peg-leg Smith had a little angel in his canyon . . . I stole for her. I became the camp robber of the range. Many's the time I have laughed over my other name . . . The camp robber!"

Wingfield fell on his knees beside the bed.

"Old timer, tell me—her name?" he begged, hoarsely, his lean hands clutching at the blanket.

"Her name is Fay."

"No. Not the child . . . the woman—her mother . . . her name?"

"I never knew. She never told. But in her delirium she would cry out: 'Lex—Lex! O, Lex, my husband! . . . An' she died crying that name. I've never forgotten.'"

"Merciful God!" moaned Wingfield, sinking down. "Man—I was that husband . . . this is my baby."

"Who are you?" queried Smith, rising upon his elbow, with hope illuminating his face.

"Lex Wingfield. . . Her name was Fay Kingsley . . . We were married in Denver . . . It was here in Arizona—on this range—at Springer that I—I drove her from me."

"Kingsley—Denver—Springer, yes, she mentioned those names," replied Smith eagerly and softly. "How strange! I never wanted to leave this canyon. Something chained me here . . . I gave up prospecting . . . I took to stealing . . . Aye, it was the camp robber who found little Fay's father."

Wingfield leaped up with a start. The child had come in.

"Is oo better?" she asked, with sweet solicitude.

"No, little Fay . . . You are losing grandad . . . But you—are gaining—your daddy."



LIVES AND LETTERS

Our New Department of Human Relations

Conducted by Margaret Severance

THOUGH every page of this magazine belongs to all of our two and a half million readers, this particular page is the only one to which every man, woman and child among them can be a contributor. Your problems and your solution of them are making the social history of this age and are, therefore, vital to all who live in it as well as to those who will build upon it in ages to come. Nothing of importance to any of us can be trivial to any of the rest. Address Margaret Severance, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

FEWER in number than that careless company of women who marry anything masculine available but more numerous than is generally supposed, is the sisterhood of the hesitant, who are never pleased with anything or anybody. Various psychological undercurrents make up the stream of such action. One of the chief of these is sentimentality, sentiment smothered under saccharine and whipped cream. Some women reject suitor after suitor because they expect love to come galloping up on a snow-white charger to capture their imaginations as well as themselves, or to strike them down with an ecstatic bolt of lightning, leaving them henceforth in a delightful daze, unable to think at all.

A brilliant woman who has had many opportunities to marry told me sadly not long ago that she expected to go husbandless to her grave because none of the men she knew or ever had known measured up to her *Ideal*—her voice was always awed to italics whenever she used the word. This ideal had been gained during a childhood literally steeped in yellow-backed romances. Ever since she has been searching vainly for shadow-knights come to life. She does not reason that those men wooed shadow-damsels whose hair was never out of curl in spite of weather, whose dispositions were angelic even on satanic provocation, who were ravishingly beautiful in the throes of wasting illness, women, in short, who were intended to live happy ever after, after no matter what. She did not see the inconsistency of a union between a normal, fallible, thoroughly-alive

Husband Material

business woman of today and a hero who would be as much out of place in the modern world as King Arthur would be in a Wall Street office. To herself she is the same imprisoned princess-in-a-tower that all proper little girls are at the age of ten. Authentic romance is rooted in deep reality which has greater reach and richness than the most fantastic imagining. Men, like women and religion and life itself, have to be taken on faith as much as on fact. Not careless blindness and misinformation but faith that believes beyond the physical and expects the best from other folk without trying to dissect them and put them together again as a child would a tin toy.

A woman should certainly not anaesthetise her intelligence when she chooses a husband. But the doubting Thomasinas, to whom these lines are addressed especially, should not confuse critical intelligence with fault-finding and preconceived prejudice.

What is good husband material? Whoever attempts to give a standardized answer to that, would be like our friend of the yellow-backed novels who can reel off dozens of palpitating characteristics for her Ideal and never actually find one of them. The question has many answers. There is, I think, one *don't* to which a wo-

man should make up her mind about man in the abstract. Love can triumph over clashing opinions, differences in religion and social background, over jealousy and temper and illness. But it cannot survive contempt. A girl has written lately that she is trying to get her own consent to marry a man for whom she is apologizing even to herself. Everything about him offends her. She is almost ashamed to appear on the street with him and yet she seems on the verge of becoming his wife. She thinks she can change him, though he is now approaching middle age! Love does not necessarily gallop up on a snow-white charger but it certainly cannot come ambling upon an ass.

My dear Margaret Severance: Do all women really want to marry? I have been engaged three times and each time had no intention of going further. Later other women found these men attractive enough to marry. I feel ambitious to accomplish things. I cannot be satisfied with what a husband has to offer. —D. G.

Successful marriage is not made up of what a husband alone has to offer, but of what both husband and wife bring to it together in willing effort. If we become engaged by mass epidemic just as we catch measles, we can expect to recuperate from the two with equal rapidity. I strongly advise this young woman to travel all she can and to accomplish everything possible before she contemplates men again, though what she wants to accomplish seems as vague in her mind as the image of the man she would be willing to marry. The greatest value of travel lies in making us prize home more and the steady affection we find there.

Another young woman, avowedly cynical about marriage and its lasting success, asks if a woman who cannot find "the right man," should be contented with a second best. Certainly not. A husband must seem the best to his wife, no matter how hopeless he may appear to other women. "We needs must love the highest when we see it," but the highest as created by God, not by the cheaper fictionists.

NOVEMBER

CONTENTS

Nineteen Twenty-eight

POETRY

TEN YEARS AFTER 29
JOSEPH AUSLANDER

FICTION

DAWN 13
FREDERIC VAN DE WATER
BURNING BEAUTY—II 16
TEMPLE BAILEY
ONE DAY IN AUTUMN 20
MAXWELL ALEY
THE CAMP ROBBER 22
ZANE GREY
PARADISE POACHERS—V 23
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW
GOOD OLD UNCLE HOMER 24
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
GATE MARKED PRIVATE—IV 28
ETHEL M. DELL

ARTICLES

JOAN OF ARC 7
DR. S. PARKES CADMAN
ANY GIRL CAN BE A GOLFER 8
GLENN COLLETT
AN ARGOSY OF YOUTH 15
DALE COOPER
A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO INTELLIGENT VOTING 18
ALFRED SMITH
MRS. HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.
HERBERT HOOVER 26
MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT
THE STAR LADY—III 26
JESSIE BONSTELLE AS TOLD TO HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT
THE ARMY'S ON THE MOVE 29
MARY PETTON

COVER DESIGN, PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA MCMEIN

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD... 30
A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES BY LORD GREY, COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE, ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, STARK YOUNG, DEEMS TAYLOR, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.
THE BOOK CORNER 32
LAURENCE STALLINGS
WHAT MUSIC FOR THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD? 35
JOHN TASKER HOWARD
GIVE GIFTS FOR BEAUTY 36
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE
HOUSE HEATING SYSTEMS 38
ELIZABETH HALLAM BOHN
WOMEN AND RADIO IN POLITICS 40
STUART HAWKINS
BRING ON THE ROAST 42
SARAH FIELD SPLINT
HOME MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF PAPER 45
WHO CAN'T MAKE PIE? 46
LILLIAN M. GUNN
CHILD HEALTH 50
CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.
NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN 52
REVIEWED BY MARIAN VAN RENSSELAER KING
WHAT ARE YOUR AUTOMOBILE OPERATING COSTS? 55
DOROTHY C. REID
DON'T SAY "DON'T" TO THE EAGER CHILD 58
ALIDA E. DE LEEUW

CHRISTMAS GREENS THIS YEAR—AND NEXT 60
ETHEL W. EVERETT
CHOOSE YOUR OWN BREAKFAST 65
E. V. MCCOLLUM AND
NINA B. SIMMONDS
McCALL'S SERVICE BOOKLETS 66
LIVES AND LETTERS 148
A PAGE FOR CHILDREN 150

FASHIONS

FASHION TALKS 128
THE POSITION OF WAISTLINES REMAINS A SMART PROBLEM 128
WINTER AFTERNOON FASHIONS BECOME MORE FORMAL 129
FRENCH FROCKS INTRODUCE NEW WAYS OF MAKING HEMLINES UNEVEN 130
PARIS APPROVES YOUTHFUL FLARES AND DIGNIFIED DRAPERIES 131
BELTS AND GIRDLES ACCENT SLENDER HIPLINES 132
NECKLINES CONFORM TO ELABORATE REQUIREMENTS 133
CLEVER DETAILS AND SIMPLE LINES FORM A SUCCESSFUL UNION IN TAILORED FROCKS 134
NEW FULNESS AT THE HEMLINE IS ACHIEVED BY PLEATS OR CIRCULAR CUT, OR BY BOTH COMBINED 135
NEW WINTER COATS ARE KNOWN BY THEIR BECOMING COLLARS 136
CLEVER LINES GIVE AN AIR OF SIMPLICITY TO ELABORATE COATS 137
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS 138
PRINTED PLACE CARDS READY TO PAINT 146

