

ROBBERS' ROOST p26

5¢ a copy
November 1, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★



With
MORROW
in **MEXICO**

By Walter
Davenport

More than 2,250,000 Circulation



Next Week

IF NATIONAL prohibition has affected to some extent the outlook of everyone in this country, consider what it must have meant to a small grocer and wine merchant like Martin Nolan. He had never sold any but the best liquor. When prohibition came, he stopped selling and ordered bootleggers out of his shop. His friend John McCue protested. "They'll be kings in this country, fellows like that," he said. "How are they to be kings?" Nolan asked.

"By paying for it," said John. "They'll have to buy the cops and the courts. When you own them, sure you own the country."

"The sensible people will put a stop to this nonsense," said Martin. He placed his trust in sensible people and in Judge Costello and refused to have anything to do with Herzog, the crooked ward boss, or with Vaccarelli, the bootlegger, or his brother the racketeer. That is, at first. What finally happened to him is a history in brief of prohibition, for all its aspects appeared in "Mr. Nolan's World." Mary C. McCall, Jr., has written about it.



WE'VE always contended that the surest way of capturing truth is to go to the source of things and ask a few direct questions. Thus while Congress and many patriotic societies were combining in the hot hunt for the wellspring of all this Communist propaganda, we asked Owen P. White to fare forth and to follow our recipe. He did so. In no time he was back, haggard from listening to Russian propagandists who were overjoyed to have him for an audience, and from carrying the many pounds of Soviet literature they had thrust upon him. We've called his article "The Red Racket."

WHEN Kennedy and Shultz took off in the monoplane Mississippi Valley to establish a new endurance record, they were strangers. But to fly for fifteen hundred hours under terrific pressure is no way to maintain indifference toward your co-pilot. Hate and envy and fear flew in the cabin along with Kennedy and Shultz. And, outside, tragedy hovered about the wings of the monoplane. Guy Gilpatric who, in addition to being a distinguished writer, was one of the pioneer flyers, has written about it in "The Long Grind."

WHEN the freighter Eleanor Bolling, carrying the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, reached Balboa, there was only one man aboard who looked with indifference upon the welcoming crowds and sighed for the icy wastes that lay behind. That man was Bernt Balchen, called by Clarence Chamberlin "the greatest pilot in the world, bar none." Charles J. V. Murphy, who flew with Balchen and Bennett to the relief of the Germans at Greenly Island, tells the story of Balchen in "Big Man from the North."

THERE will be stories by Alan LeMay and Jerome Beatty. Ruth F. Wadsworth, Knute Rockne and Grantland Rice contribute articles. P. G. Wodehouse and Zane Grey continue to entertain eager throngs.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

November 1, 1930

Cover—Anita Parkhurst

Page 7—Walter Davenport

WITH MORROW IN MEXICO: How a difficult job was done well.

Page 10—George Creel

THE TOUGH BREAK: Prison drama in a short story.

Page 12—The Short Short Story

STRAIGHT MACARON: By Hope Hamlin.

Page 13—Grantland Rice

FIT TO FIGHT: Looking over Mr. Stribling of Georgia.

Page 14—Knute K. Rockne

THE FOUR HORSEMEN: Described by the man who made them.

Page 16—John B. Kennedy

WORKING GIRL: Marie Dressler, a personal appearance.

Page 17—Don Marquis

NOT THE NICEST PEOPLE: Not were they in a nice business.

Page 19—Richard Connell

THE DUCHESS OF YORKVILLE: The Cinderella motif, very well done.

Page 21—Bruce Butterfield

DECORATED BY THE QUEEN: Victoria comes back.

Page 22—P. G. Wodehouse

BIG MONEY, Part VII: Comedy and romance—prescribed for everybody.

Page 24—Murney Mintzer

"WALK BACK THE CAT": A navy story, very salty.

Page 26—Zane Grey

ROBBERS' ROOST, Part IV: Western adventure.

Page 30—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 42—Sol Metzger

DARTMOUTH FOR TEAMWORK: With a diagram, just to make sure.

Page 46—Word Hunt

Page 59—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

MAN OF THE WORLD: Mr. Henry P. Fletcher.

Page 66—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 70—Editorial



Any Week

EXAMINING our pockets carefully we find, to our amazement, several dollars. Not many, mind you, but enough to buy a complete dinner with enough left over to see any reasonable person through a pleasant evening and home. We could use this modest sum ourselves but we will gladly turn it over to Mr. James Dunlap of Birmingham, Alabama, if he will produce evidence supporting the opening paragraph of his letter to us.

"It seems," writes he, "that the staff reporters of Collier's Weekly hold a grudge against all Alabamians because they are not willing to eat, sleep, dance and associate with the Negro."

ANOTHER protest arrives from Mr. Harry R. Wilbern, Minneapolis, who complains that he hustles home on Friday night determined to get into bed and read Collier's. Dinner over, he goes to the library table, where his copy should be. It is not there. He looks in Mrs. Wilbern's room. She is innocent of the theft. Then he tries his son's room and searches through all the piles of football equipment and so forth without which no boy's room is habitable. No luck. His daughter's room produces no solace.

"But Saturday morning," writes he, "my daughter nonchalantly inquires if we have read the 'marvy' new Collier's—which she has secreted under her mattress. . . . You've got to quit printing such readable material or I shall be obliged to buy four copies weekly. . . ."

There is nothing we can do for Mr. Wilbern, whose troubles are about to multiply because Collier's is going to be even better from now on.

FOR S. Rise of Sutton, North Dakota, we started something. Mrs. (or is it Mr.?) Rise, being a conscientious reader of Collier's, inquires about our recent editorial on insurance, wherein we wrote that one might buy insurance even against the birth of twins.

"I would like to know," continues the letter, "where one can get such insurance and what company handles it. Please have them send me the details."

We like to keep this column free of commercial advertising, but in this emergency we suggest that the Rises consult any of the local insurance brokers. There is at least one such company—and a strong and fearless house it is too.



MRS. CURTISS U. FLINTE of New Orleans owns a young orang-utan named Oscar. In a recent survey of the voters' registration lists in her ward it was discovered that Mr. Oscar Flinte was down for one vote—Democratic naturally. Mrs. Flinte tells us that her husband was all for protesting and for writing to the newspapers that here was evidence of fraud.

"But I dissuaded him," she says. "Having been familiar with registration lists for some years I could see no reason why Oscar should be declared ineligible. If they discriminate against him then I shall indicate other intelligences which should be stricken from the rolls. In addition Oscar looks intelligent."



In rough going, Herrick could not keep to the English saddle. He had a jarring fall

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

The Story Thus Far:

IN CONSTANT danger from gunmen and cattle rustlers, Herrick, wealthy Englishman and owner of the Star Ranch, does a surprising thing: he hires the desperadoes! Among his new employees are Hank Hays and one Heeseman, conscienceless crooks and bitter enemies. Herrick makes the former his superintendent.

Meeting a young man whose gameness impresses him, Hays offers him a job. The young fellow (who gives his name as "Jim Wall" and who admits he is a fugitive from Wyoming) accepts the offer.

Almost immediately the newcomer proves his courage. By bluffing a noted gunman, who is about to kill Hays, he not only saves the life of his chief but, in addition, demonstrates conclusively his ability as a fighter. At the ranch, Wall meets a motley crew. Led by Hays—as Hays has quite frankly informed him—they are preparing to rob their employer; and, looking them over, Wall (who, whatever his past may have been, is not a scoundrel) feels sorry for Herrick.

Until he meets Herrick and talks with him, he suspects that the man is a simpleton. When he is introduced to the Englishman, however, he changes his mind. He sees at once that the owner of the Star Ranch is a splendid fellow: resourceful, energetic and fearless—a thoroughly capable man.

Wall likes Herrick; and Herrick takes a great fancy to his new employee, who presently learns—to his horror—that Herrick's sister, a twenty-two-year-old girl, is due to arrive in a few days.

A girl in that wild country—among those fierce bandits! Wall does not like the idea. . . . He wonders what plans Hays is making—for he feels sure the man is not to be trusted. . . .

Hays calls a council of war, at which ways and means of robbing Herrick are discussed. And then comes the unexpected. Six mysterious riders approach the ranch. Wall eyes them apprehensively. Then, getting his rifle, he goes to the front porch, and fearlessly advances to meet them.

IV

WHEN the group of riders reached the point where the lane crossed the brook, just out of pistol range, they halted, and one, evidently the leader, came on to the bridge.

"Hi, thar," he yelled, reining his horse.

"Hi yourself," shouted back Jim.

"Is this your day fer visitors?"

"We're at home every day and Sundays."

The man, whom, of course, Jim took to be Heeseman, walked his horse half the intervening distance and stopped again. Jim's swift eye ascertained that the caller's rifle-sheath was empty, a significant fact. It was still too far away to see what he looked like, but he had stature and the figure of a man used to the saddle.

At this juncture Happy Jack emerged from the cabin and carelessly propped a rifle against the wall.

"Who's callin'?" he boomed.

"I don't know," replied Jim.

"I'm Bill Heeseman, an' I come over to talk," called the visitor.

"Friendly talk?" queried Jim.

"Wal, if it ain't you'll be to blame."

"Come right over."

The five men left behind over the brook puffed their cigarettes and turned dark faces to watch their leader dismount and walk unconcernedly along the path.

Jim leaned his rifle against the rail

and stood aside. Heeseman did not look up as he mounted the steps. He took off an old sombrero to disclose the tanned, clear-skinned face of a man under forty with narrow, blue eyes reddened by wind and dust. It was a more open visage than Jim had expected to see. Certainly Heeseman was a more prepossessing man, at first sight, than Hays.

"Mind if I set down?" he asked.

"Make yourself at home," replied Jim, and while the other sat down Jim took a less suspicious posture.

"Air you Wall?"

"Yes, that's my name. And this is Happy Jack, another of Hays' outfit."

HEESEMAN nodded to Jack, who replied with a civil "Howdy," and went back into the cabin. Then Heeseman leaned against the wall and treated Jim to a frank, shrewd gaze, which yet was not unmixed with steely speculation. Jim did not feel any revulsion toward the man, but he knew the cold, curious glint of that look.

"You're Hays' right-hand man, just late from Wyomin'?"

"Last is correct, anyhow."

"Old pards? Hays has roamed around a good bit."

"Not so old."

"Do you know him?" queried Heeseman, in lower voice.

"Perhaps not so well as you," replied Jim, who suddenly reminded him-

self that he knew Hays but slightly.

"I'm goin' to tell you somethin'."

"Heeseman, you'll only waste your breath," declared Jim, impatiently. That was the thing to say, but he was impatient with himself.

"Wal, I don't waste much of thet," drawled the other. "But if you wasn't new to Utah I'd save myself this trouble. An' you're goin' to believe what I tell you."

"Why will I?"

"Because it's true."

No argument could gainsay that; moreover, the man had truth in his blue slits of eyes and in his voice, especially in the slight unevenness which hinted of resentment of injustice.

"Did Hays tell you I was a rustler?"

"I think he mentioned it."

"Did he tell you we was pards once? . . . Thet he double-crossed me?"

"No."

"Can you swear honest thet what I say doesn't make you think?"

"I couldn't swear that honestly," returned Jim, intensely interested despite the antagonism he had determined upon.

"Wal, I'll let it go at thet," returned Heeseman, coolly. "Much obliged for lettin' me come up. An' if you get curious just ride over to see me."

He rose, stretched his long length, and walked off the porch to mount his horse, leaving Jim about as surprised as he had ever been. Happy Jack came out in time to see him join his comrades and ride back with them toward the corrals.

"Short visit. Glad it was. What'd he want?" (Continued on page 28)

(Continued from page 26)

"Darn' if I savvy, altogether. Didn't you hear any of our talk?"

"No. I reckoned the less I heard the better. Then Hank couldn't razz me. But I had a hunch of what he was up to."

Jim did not press the question. He carried his rifle back into the cabin, rather ashamed of his overhaste, and feeling already curious enough to call on Heeseman. Later Happy Jack went hunting in the hope of packing in a haunch of venison. Jim had the place to himself until sunset, when the cook returned staggering under his load.

"Like shootin' cows," he said, depositing his load. "Got a nice, fat buck. I skinned out a ham an' hung up the rest. We'll take a hoss tomorrow an' pack it down."

They had supper, after which Jack smoked and talked, while Jim listened. Evidently Happy Jack had taken a liking to him. Jim went to bed early, not because he was sleepy, but to keep from calling on that fellow Heeseman.

HOW many nights Jim Wall had lain down under the dark trees to wakefulness, to the thronging thoughts that must mock the rest of any man who has strayed from the straight and narrow path! It tormented him at certain times. But that never kept the old concentrated pondering over tomorrow from gaining control of his consciousness. Men of his type made a complexity of self-preservation.

There had been no hesitation about Hank Hays declaring himself in regard to Heeseman. Callous, contemptuous, Hays had indicated the desirability of ridding the range of Heeseman. But Heeseman had been subtle.

Unquestionably his motive had been to undermine Hays in Jim's regard. And a few questions and an assertion or two had had their effect. Jim made the reservation that he had not accepted Hays on anything but face value. Still the robber had gradually built up a character of intent force, cunning, and strength. These had crashed, though there was no good reason for that. Jim had not accepted Hays' word for anything.

Reduced to finalities Jim found that Heeseman's last suggestive statement was at the bottom of the trouble. Not that Hays had been a rustler partner of Heeseman, not that he had been or

was still a Mormon, but that he was not a square partner! This stuck in Jim's craw.

Why this seemed true puzzled Jim. He knew nothing about Mormons. And now he guessed they were secretive. Heeseman had simply verified a forming but still disputed suspicion in Jim's mind—that Hank Hays had evil designs upon Herrick's sister. Heeseman and Hays had probably known for weeks that this English girl was expected to arrive.

Suppose he had! What business was that of Jim's? None, except that he now formed one of Hays' band and as such had a right to question activities. Rustling cattle, at least in a moderate way, was almost a legitimate business. Ranchers, since the early days of the cattle drives from Texas, had accepted their common losses. It had been only big steals that roused them to ire and action, to make outlaws out of rustlers. Nevertheless, it was extremely doubtful, out here in the wilds of Utah, that even a wholesale steal would be agitating. To abduct a girl, however, might throw Western interests upon the perpetrators. Hays' object assuredly was to collect ransom. In that case he would be pretty much of a hog.

Still that had not been Heeseman's intimation, nor had it been Jim's original suspicion. He gave it up in disgust. Time would tell. But he did not feel further inclined to call upon Heeseman. He would stick to Hays, awaiting developments.

The ensuing day passed uneventfully. No one of Smoky's outfit showed up, nor did Hays return. Jim waited for Herrick to give him orders, which were not forthcoming. The rancher was chasing jack rabbits and coyotes with the hounds.

Next morning Jim made it a point to ride over to the barns. The rancher came down in a queer costume. The red coat took Jim's eye. A motley pack of hounds and sheep dogs was new to Jim, as he had not seen or heard any dogs about the ranch. Jim was invited to ride along with Herrick and the several cowboys. They went by Heeseman's camp, which was vacant. Jim was to learn that the rancher had put the Heeseman outfit to work on the cutting and peeling of logs up on the slope, preparatory to the erection of a new barn.

Jack rabbits were as thick as bees. The cowboys led the dogs, which soon became unmanageable and bolted. Then the race was on. Where the ground was level and unobstructed by brush or cut up by washes Herrick did fairly well as to horsemanship, but in rough going he could not keep to the English saddle. He would put his horse at anything and he had a jarring fall.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, Herrick finished out the hunt. He was funny, and queer, but he was game, and Jim liked him. On the way back Jim amused the Englishman by shooting running jack rabbits with his revolver. He managed to kill three out of five to Herrick's infinite astonishment and admiration.

"By Jove! I never saw such marksmanship," he ejaculated.

"That was really poor shooting."

"Indeed. What would you call good shooting, may I ask?"

"Well, riding by a post and putting five bullets into it. Or splitting the edge of a card at twenty feet."

"Let me see your gun?"

Jim Wall broke his rule when he handed it over, butt first.

Herrick looked at it with mingled feelings. "Why, there's no trigger!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment.

"I do not use a trigger."

"Thunderation, man! How do you make the pistol go off?"

"Look here. Let me show you," said Jim, taking the gun. "I thumb the hammer. . . . Like that."

"By Jove!—But please explain."

"Mr. Herrick, the cocking of a gun and pulling the trigger require twice as much time as thumbing. For example, supposing the eyesight and the draw of two men are equal, the one who thumbs his hammer will kill the other."

"Ah!—Er—Yes, I see. Most extraordinary. Your American West is quite bewildering. Is this thumbing a common practice among you desperadoes?"

"Very uncommon. So uncommon that I'll be obliged if you will keep it to yourself."

"Oh!—Yes, by Jove! I see. Ha! Ha! Ha! I grasp the point. . . . Wall, you're a comforting fellow to have round the place."

Herrick was evidently a free, careless, impressive man who had been used to fulfilling his desires. His eccentric-

ity was not apparent, except in the fact of his presence there in wild Utah. He liked horses, dogs, guns, the outdoors, physical effort. But he had no conception whatever of his remarkable situation in this unsettled country.

When they arrived at the barn he asked Jim to ride up to the house where they would have a brandy-and-soda and look over some English guns.

The big living-room had three windowed sides and was bizarre and strange to Jim, though attractive. Herrick had brought with him a quantity of rugs, skins, pictures, weapons and less easily named articles, which, along with Western furniture and blankets, an elk head and a bear skin, made the room unique.

"I've sworn off drinking," said Jim, lifting his glass. "But one more, Mr. Herrick. To your good luck!"

The heavy English guns earned Jim's solemn shake of head. "No good at all here, Mr. Herrick. Not even for grizzly. Get a forty-four."

"Thank you. I shall do so. I'm fond of the chase."

Herrick had his desk near a window, and upon it, standing out in relief from books, papers, ornaments, was a framed picture of a beautiful, fair-haired, young woman. The cast of her features resembled Herrick's. That was a portrait of his sister.

JIM carried a vision of it in his mind as he rode back down the bench. He cursed the damned-fool Englishman who was idiot enough to bring such a girl out to Utah. This was not Africa, where a white woman was safe among cannibals and Negroes, so Jim had read. Then he cursed Hays. And lastly he cursed, not himself, but the predicament into which he had allowed himself to become inveigled.

"I'll have to stick it out," he muttered, that fair face and shining hair before his inward eye. "I might have chucked this outfit."

"Wal, I run into Smoky's outfit over the divide," announced Hays, complacently. "Dammie if they wasn't drivin' over two thousand head."

Jim had nothing to say, though there were strong queries on his lips. Hays' plans were carrying through. The robber had a peculiar radiance.

"Dumplin's!—Dog-gone, Happy, but I'm a hawg. Gimme some more."

"I'll have to hoof it up to see the boss tonight," he said, after finishing the late supper. "Put me wise to what's come off in my absence."

"We've had no sign of Smoky's outfit. So we don't know where his camp is."

"I do. It's not more'n a mile from where I showed you the brakes of the Dirty Devil."

"Up or down?"

"Up. Back up in a canyon. Good place an' out of sight. I gave Smoky orders to pack supplies back from Grand Junction every trip."

"Hank, reckon you're figger'n up a long hole-up somewheres," said Happy Jack, with a grin.

"Have you run into Heeseman?" went on Hays, ignoring Jack's hint.

"Yes. He called on us," replied Jim, casually.

"What?"

"I told you, Hank. Heeseman came down to see us."

"Hell you say!" ejaculated Hays, certainly astounded. "Did he say anythin' about me?"

"He never mentioned you," replied Jim, frankly lying.

"Humph! I don't savvy that dodge. It's no good. Heeseman is the slickest customer in Utah. Just tryin' to scrape acquaintance, eh?"

"I think so. It struck me that he

(Continued on page 46)



In a few moments the dust and heat of Grand Junction were left behind, and the red and black ranges lifted

YOUR SKIN



YOUR BEARD

double action

coddles them both

IF EVERY hair in your beard fights against the razor, take the fight right out of it. Lather up with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

The first action of Squibb's makes your beard meek and mild. Squibb's not only softens the hair but it also protects the skin from the razor's rasp with a shielding balm.

And Squibb's Shaving Cream has a unique second action. It contains a special ingredient that is particularly designed to keep your skin feeling soothed, supple and naturally comfortable. Instead of absorbing the natural oils of the skin like most shaving creams, Squibb's conserves them . . . and what a difference that makes!

Use Squibb's Shaving Cream for shampooing. Double action makes it fine for the scalp and excellent for the hair.



might be wanting to throw his outfit with yours."

"Ahu. I had thet hunch. It might wal be," replied Hays, meditatively. "Won't hurt for us to lay low, lettin' him make advances. Heeseman's a slow cuss. But he's as sure as a rattler."

"Herrick put Heeseman's outfit to cutting and peeling logs. He wants more horses and a barn for them."

"Thet's good. It'll keep thet outfit from ridin' down Limestone way. An' the cowboys—where have they been?"

"Plenty of work around, but little riding, except after the hounds. I had a chase after jack rabbits with the boss."

"Hounds an' jacks!—What next? However, it's not so bad. Anythin' for us but regular ranchin'. Haw! Haw!"

"Herrick took me up to see his guns," went on Jim, easily, with furtive eyes on Hays. "Have you seen them?"

"Shore. Cannons, I'd say. Worse than the old buffalo needle gun."

"I'd hate to be bored by that five hundred express, I think he called it."

"Humph. If I gotta be bored the bigger the bullet the better."

"That's a beautiful living-room of Herrick's. Have you been in there?"

"Yes. He makes thet his office. Funny lot of knickknacks. There's one thing I'm agoin' to own, though."

Jim laughed. He did not need to ask any more. Suddenly then a tigerish sensation shot through his vitals. It was like an unexpected attack.

"I'd like to own all that stuff," he said, carelessly. "Well, what's on the cards now? You're back. Smoky's outfit is on the job. Heeseman is stalled, I think, though I'll not swear to that."

"We'll aim to keep everybody workin' hard around this neck of the woods. An' we'll pitch in ourselves. Thet's all on the cards for the present."

THREE days of genuine labor around the ranch, more especially in construction of the new barn, left Jim so happily tired each night that he would have liked it to go on indefinitely. Work was good. Jim could handle tools, and that soon became manifest. But on the fourth day, toward the close, Herrick approached Jim.

"Wall, I want you to go to Grand Junction tomorrow after my sister," he said. "Take the cowboy Barnes with you. His home is in Grand Junction. Have him hitch the black team to the buckboard and start early. My sister will not arrive until the following day or the next. Usually that stage gets into Grand Junction before ten o'clock. Start back at once and come speedily."

"Yes, sir," replied Wall, resuming his work. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Hays.

"Boss, I reckon I'll go along with Wall," he said, coolly.

"Hays, I did not ask your services," returned Herrick. "You are needed here." His tone as much as his words settled the matter.

Jim purposely delayed his hour of quitting, in order to avoid Hays. His state, not improbably, was identical with Hays', but Jim did not care to have the robber know that. By the time he had arrived at their cabin, however, he had himself well in hand, though still perplexed and vaguely startled that he had been chosen by Herrick. He sustained some other feeling, too; and if it were not a crowing over Hays he failed to interpret what it was.

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 28

After supper Hays lighted his pipe. Then, without facing Jim, he said:

"Jim, had the boss mentioned this here trip before?"

"No. I was as surprised as you."

"Wal, suppose you make some excuse an' let me go instead?"

"What?" exclaimed Jim, blankly.

"I could use a couple of hours in Grand Junction," rejoined Hays. "There was one buyer I didn't see. So this offers a good chance."

"But Herrick won't like that, Hays," protested Jim. "He turned down your proposal cold."

"Shore. He did. Damn funny, I take thet, too. But if you wouldn't or couldn't go, I'd be next choice."

"He'd think it strange," said Jim, sharply, trying to pierce through Hays' thoughts.

"What'n hell do I care what Herrick thinks?" retorted Hays, losing patience. "If you'll do what I say I'll get to go."

"Hays, you surprise me. Here you are on the eve of a big deal—the biggest of your life. And you risk angering Herrick at this stage. Man, can't you think? It would be a bad move. A mistake. For heaven's sake, why are you so keen on going to Grand Junction? What for?"

"I told you," snapped Hays, taking refuge in anger.

"Hays, I refuse," declared Jim, shortly. He must keep up his pretense of cautiousness for all their sakes, but he wanted to flash out stingingly with the truth. "Herrick ordered me to go. And I'm going."

HAYS puffed his pipe. He was beaten. And now he must save his face.

"Wal," he said, finally, "I reckon mebbe you're right, Jim. Only it didn't seem so."

By sunrise next day Jim Wall was

(Continued on page 48)



In the English language there are only eleven words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters R-E-V-E. One of them is REVERY. You supply the others.

1	R	E	V	E	R	Y
2	R	E	V	E		
3	R	E	V	E		
4	R	E	V	E		
5	R	E	V	E		
6	R	E	V	E		
7	R	E	V	E		
8	R	E	V	E		
9	R	E	V	E		
10	R	E	V	E		
11	R	E	V	E		

(One of two forms) Listless musing; daydream; state of being lost in thought.

To return; go back; recur. Also, one who returns to a former faith.

(Same as REVET) To face, as an embankment, with a revetment.

To reinstate; to reinvest; to revert to a former owner.

To disclose; divulge; make clear; display; show.

(Rare) Variant of REVEILLE.

To venerate; to reverence.

(Rare) In fact; really.

To vend again.

To vent again.

In dressmaking, tailoring, etc., a part turned or folded back so as to show the inside.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for October 25th

- | | | |
|------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. Clearly | 5. Cleanly | 9. Clearer |
| 2. Cleaver | 6. Cleaner | 10. Cleaned |
| 3. Creamer | 7. Cleared | 11. Cleaved |
| 4. Cleanse | 8. Cleated | |

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 46



Use that last ounce of power

In the fast and furious battle for baskets, no college cage star feels safe to extend himself unless he is wearing an approved athletic supporter. A violent leap, swerve or lunge may expose him, he knows, to a crippling wrench or strain if the muscles and delicate cords of back, abdomen and groin are left unguarded.

When you play basket ball, rackets, hand ball or squash... when you swim, bowl or take a "gym" workout... the security and freedom assured by *Bike* or *Pal* will add to your speed and improve your performance.

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on his way to Grand Junction. Young Barnes, the cowboy, had his hands full with the spirited team.

"Are the horses gun shy?" asked Jim, his lips near the driver's ear.

"No. But they're feelin' their oats an' I reckon you hadn't better shoot yet, leastways fer nothin'."

Jim had to wrap the robe about him and then he felt uncomfortably cold, until a rising grade slowed down the team and the sun began to warm his back. Then he applied himself to a twofold task—that of winning the driver's confidence and gaining what information was available.

"I LIKE the country powerful well," said Jim, frankly, "but I'm not so crazy about my job."

"Bet you was a cowboy once," replied Barnes, with a grin.

"You bet. And sure wish I was still. But I got to going wrong, and first thing I shot a man. . . . Heigho! I wasn't any older than you."

"What's yer job hyar?" asked the boy, emboldened by Jim's confidence.

"Say, didn't you know why Herrick hired Hays and Heeseman?"

"All us fellers had idears."

"Well, I think Herrick wanted some hard-shooting riders as a sort of protection."

"You ain't long in Utah."

"You're right there. So I don't know the ropes."

"Wal, Mr. Jim, I'll say this: It was a good idear of Herrick's if you fellers play square. This neck of Utah is bigger'n all outdoors, an' it's overrun with varmints, two-legged as wal as four-legged."

"Barnes, you've hit the thing plumb center," replied Jim, soberly. "Thanks for speaking right out."

"Nobody much in Utah knows who's a rustler an' who ain't," went on Barnes. "Your neighbor might be one, an' your boss might be the boss of a rustlin' outfit. That's the worst of it."

"How about Heeseman?" asked Jim. "Don't talk against your good sense, Barnes. I'm just asking. I don't know anything about this game up here, as you can see. And what you choose to tell me I'll keep to myself."

"I had a hunch thet way. . . . Wal, some people says Heeseman's outfit rustles an' some don't believe it. He has a brand, H bar, an' a range over back of Montecello."

"That's straight talk. How about Hank Hays?"

"I'd be up a stump if the boss asked me thet. I'd shore have to lie. Everybody between the Green an' the Grand knows Hank Hays, an' what he is. But nobody ever whispers it."

"Ahuh. Darned interesting. I sort of liked Hank, first off. Rustler, then? Or just plain robber?"

"I ain't sayin', Mr. Wall."

"You can call me Jim," returned Jim, and thought it time to change the subject. "Let me drive a little."

Presently Jim's ever-watchful eyes caught dust far ahead, and dots of riders getting off the road into the cedar thickets. They would be Smoky's outfit, Jim calculated, and gave them credit for seeing the buckboard first. They did not appear again, and Jim knew they were hiding on their way back to Star Ranch.

At four o'clock they drove into Grand Junction, which was considerably larger and busier than Green River. Like all Western hamlets it had a single, wide street, lined by stone and frame buildings.

"Barnes, here we are," said Jim. "This is a metropolis, compared to Green River."

"Fust I've been home fer long," rejoined Barnes. "I'll take care of the team at my paw's. An' say, Mr. Wall—Jim, will you come home an' stay with us or hyar at the hotel?"

"Thanks, but I'll stay here. Is this the hotel?"

"Yeh. It ain't much on looks, but the grub's good an' beds clean."

"Fine. Now, Barnes, you and I are getting along. Do you give me any hunch on how to conduct myself?"

"Haw! Haw!—Jim, you'll be looked over a heap, but nobody won't ask no questions. See you later."

Barnes drove off down the road and Jim leisurely entered the lodging house, which, it turned out, was run by a buxom woman, who made herself agreeable and certainly was not above making eyes at him. As far as any curiosity on her part was concerned, he might as well have lived there always. She was loquacious, and very shortly Jim gained the surprising information that no cattle herds had passed through Grand Junction this week.

After supper Jim turned in early.

Awakening early he got up and leisurely shaved and dressed, paying more than usual attention to his appearance. This occasioned him a bitter smile. Jim Wall, erstwhile cowboy, bank-bandit, train-robber! What was he now? He could not define it. But he was there to escort an English girl fifty miles across the wilderness to Star Ranch. One thing he was sure of, and that was that it would be vastly better for Miss Herrick than if Hank Hays had been sent. Suddenly this fact struck Jim as singular. Was he any better than Hank Hays? He conceded that he was.

After breakfast he went out and found a boy to shine his high-top boots and brush his dark, worn suit and his black sombrero. Presently, then, he encountered Barnes.

"Howdy, boy. Did you have a nice time home?"

"Gee, I did," grinned the cowboy. "I was with my gurl last night an' she wouldn't let me off."

"Right she was. You sure look bright this morning."

"Wal, you look kinda spick an' span yourself, Jim," drawled Barnes. "Funny how the idear of a gurl gets a feller."

"Funny? You mean terrible, my friend. A woman is as terrible as an army approaching with banners."

"Gosh, who'd ever dreamed you had seen inside a Bible?" exclaimed the cowboy.

"IT'S funny, though, how I happened to remember that. Now, Barnes, listen. This Miss Herrick might take me for an honest, decent fellow like you. But if I let that pass I'd be sailing under false colors. I don't do that. And as I can't very well tell her myself you must."

"Tell her what?" queried Barnes, with a puzzled grin.

"You know. . . . The kind of a man I am."

"I sort of like you myself. So if you want me to tell her anythin' you must say what."

"Well then, tell her about Herrick hiring all the desperadoes in Utah, and that I'm one of them. Make me out worse than Hays and Heeseman thrown together."

"Shore. Thet's easy. But what's the idear, Jim?"

"I wasn't always an outcast. . . .

And I think it'd hurt me less if this girl was scared and repelled. If she took me for a real Westerner, you know, and talked and laughed—well, I'd go get powerfully drunk and probably shoot up Star Ranch. So you fix it for me, will you, Barnes?"

"Shore, I'll fix it," replied Barnes, with a sly glance at Jim. "You jest give me a chanst when the stage rolls up. She's due now. I'll run down an' drive the buckboard up."

But the stage did not show up for an hour—a long, nervous, dragging one for Jim Wall. Grand Junction was no different from other Western points remote from civilization—everybody turned out to see the stage come in. It was a gala occasion for the youngsters, of whom there was a surprising number. The women onlookers, Jim observed, rather hung in the background.

The four-horse stage came rolling up in a cloud of dust. The driver, a grizzled old frontiersman, brought it to a stop with a fine flourish, and bawled out: "Grand Junction! Half hour fer lunch."

There were six passengers, two of them feminine. The last to leave the stage was a tall, veiled young woman, her lithe and erect figure encased in a long linen coat. She carried a small satchel. Expectantly she looked around. Jim stepped before her, baring his head.

"Are you Miss Herrick?"

"Oh!—Yes," she exclaimed in relief.

"Your brother sent us to meet you," went on Jim, indicating Barnes, who stood to one side.

"He did not come!" The full, rich voice, with its foreign intonation, struck pleasantly upon Jim's ear.

"No. There's much work at Star Ranch. But it's perfectly all right, Miss Herrick. We will drive you safely over before dark."

JIM could not see clearly through the tan veil, but he discerned well enough that big eyes studied him.

"Didn't he send a letter or anything? How am I to know you men are employed by my brother?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to take my word," replied Jim, gravely. "But, Barnes, here, he can prove his identity. He lives in Grand Junction, and of course there are responsible people who will vouch for him."

"Miss, the boss did send word," spoke up Barnes, touching his hat, and stepping closer he added in lower tone: "He told me last night you was to fetch what come by Wells-Fargo."

"Then it is all right," she replied, heartily relieved. "My luggage is inside, on top and tied on behind. The name is on every piece. Helen Herrick."

"I'll attend to the baggage, Miss Herrick," rejoined Jim. "Meanwhile Barnes will show you where to eat. It might rest you to walk a little. We have an eight-hour drive."

"Thank you. I've been riding steadily for two weeks and I'm stiff."

Whereupon Jim set about collecting the pieces of baggage marked "Herrick." It appeared that the stage had been loaded down with them. Nineteen in all! Manifestly Miss Herrick had come to stay. To find room for all of them in the buckboard was going to be a task. He set about this methodically, his mind at once busy and absent. By packing carefully under the seats and on them too, Jim got the bags all in. He went to the store and bought rope to tie some of them on securely.

(Continued on page 50)

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"Wonder what she looks like," he thought! He had felt vaguely uncomfortable when she looked him over through that veil. His task completed, Jim stood beside the restless horses, waiting. And it seemed he was waiting for he knew not what.

Presently Barnes returned, wearing an excited grin. His eyes were important.

"Jim, I fixed it. I shore gave her an earful," he said.

"Did you? Much obliged, cowboy."

"She took off that coat an' veil. Lordy! Utah never seen the likes of her. Red lips, pink cheeks, hair like gold, an' eyes like violets! Jim, for a minnit I went plumb back on my gurl!—But shucks, that's crazy. She asked me to set at table. I did. She's just as nice an' free as Herrick. It was while we was eatin' that I had the chanst to tell her about the notorious Jim Wall. Mebbe I didn't spread it on. An' she looked—gee, such eyes! She said, 'So Bernie Herrick sent a desperado to be my escort? How perfectly rippin'!'—Honest, Jim, that's what she said. So I shet up pronto. . . . When I jest come away she said she'd walk a little in the orchard an' after goin' into the Wells-Fargo office she'd be ready."

"Have you double-crossed me?" queried Jim, suspicious of this boy. "You were to make me out low-down."

"Jim, honest to Gawd, if that gurl ain't scared to death of you she's a new one on me," declared Barnes. But there was fun and evasion in his keen, hazel eyes. Somehow he had failed to follow instructions.

"I'll go in the Chink's here and get a bite to eat. You watch the horses."

Upon his return Jim espied Miss Herrick emerging from the yard of Mrs. Bowe's lodging house. She carried the linen coat on her arm, and without it did not appear so tall. She had a wonderful step, a free, swinging, graceful stride, expressive of health and vitality. She did not look slender, as in the long ulster, but superb, broad of shoulder. She wore a half-length coat over her brown dress. It had a collar of dark fur which presented vivid contrast to her exquisite complexion. The veil was tucked back and now permitted sight of a wave of shining, golden hair. At a little distance her eyes looked like great, dark holes set in white. But as she approached Jim saw that they were violet in hue, warm, beautiful, fearless.

"Are we ready to go?" she asked, gayly.

"Yes, if you have seen the Fargo people," replied Jim.

"I have it in my satchel," she returned, indicating the half-hidden receptacle under her linen coat.

JIM tried to interest himself in that satchel because he was in league with robbers, but it did not work. Suddenly he had a murderous desire to kill Hays. This girl—for she appeared a girl in vivid freshness of youth—seemed not in the least frightened, absolutely free from revulsion. Indeed she was regarding him with undisguised interest and delight.

"Mr. Jim Wall, you're not in the least what my brother's letters have led me to believe," she said.

"Letters!—Why, Herrick has not had time to write about me," exclaimed Jim, incredulously. "It takes long for a stage letter to go. . . . I've been at Star Ranch only a few days."

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 48

"Oh, he did not write about *you*, individually," she laughed. "But from his letters about bandits and desperadoes I had evolved a rather frightful conception."

"Thank you, Miss Herrick," he replied gravely. "Don't trust appearances on our Western border. . . . Will you get up? We must be going."

And he attempted to assist her inside the back seat of the buckboard.

"If you are going to drive I want to sit in front," she said, frankly.

WITH a bow he helped her up the high step, cursing inwardly at Hank Hays and Herrick and the inscrutable fate that had brought this about. For some way or other he was lost. He almost forgot to wait for Barnes, who was saying good-by to a red-cheeked, wide-eyed girl in the crowd. Barnes came running to leap into the buckboard, and then Jim got in. Owing to the way he had packed the baggage there was not a great deal of room in the front seat. His heavy gun and sheath bumped against Miss Herrick.

"Rather tight quarters, with that gun there," he remarked, and swung the sheath round in his lap.

"Do you sleep in it?" she asked, quizzically.

"Yes. And never am dressed in the daytime till it's buckled on."

"What startling folk, you Western Americans!"

"Some of us are indeed startling. I hope you won't find us unpleasantly so," he replied, and loosening the reins let the spirited team go. In a few moments the noise, dust, heat and the staring populace of Grand Junction had been left far behind, and the red and black ranges lifted above the meadows and sage.

"Oh, glorious!" she cried, and gazed raptly ahead as the curving road brought into view a wonderful sweep of Utah.

Jim was hard put to it to keep the blacks from breaking out of a brisk trot. He thought grimly that he would have liked to let the team run off and kill them both. Far better that than what might be! Miss Herrick's photograph on her brother's desk fell infi-

nitely short of doing her justice. It failed to give any hint of her color, of the vivid lips, of the glory and gleam of her hair, of the dancing, laughing violet eyes, of her pulsing vitality. Jim Wall felt the abundant life of this girl. It flowed out of her. It got into his veins. It heated his blood.

"The wind makes me cry," she said, merrily. "Or maybe it's because I'm so happy. You say we'll get to Star Ranch before dark?"

"Surely."

"Oh, it's been such a long, slow, dusty, cramped journey," she exclaimed. "But now I want to see, to smell, to feel, to gloat."

"Miss Herrick, this is fine country. But tame compared to that all about the Henrys. You will see them when we top the next hill. I've seen most of the West. And the canyon desert below Star Ranch is the wildest and most sublime of all the West, probably of the whole world."

"Indeed. You speak strongly, not to say surprisingly. It never occurred to me that a gunman—that is what you are, is it not?—could have any appreciation of the wonder and beauty of nature."

"A common mistake, Miss Herrick," rejoined Jim. "Nature develops the men who spend their lonely, hard, bloody lives with her. Mostly she makes them into beasts, with self-preservation the only instinct, but it is conceivable that one now and then might develop the opposite way."

"You interest me," she replied, simply. "Tell me of this canyon desert and such men."

JIM talked for a full hour, inspired by her unflagging interest. He described the magnificent reaches and escarpments ending in Wild Horse Mesa, and the unknown canyoned abyss between it and Navajo Mountain, and lastly, the weird, ghastly brakes of the Dirty Devil.

"Ugh, how you make me shiver!" she ejaculated. "But it's wonderful. I'm sick of people, of fog, rain, dirt, cold, noise. I'd like to get lost down in those red canyons!"

(To be continued next week)



"Please sit erect, Aubrey—you're attracting attention"