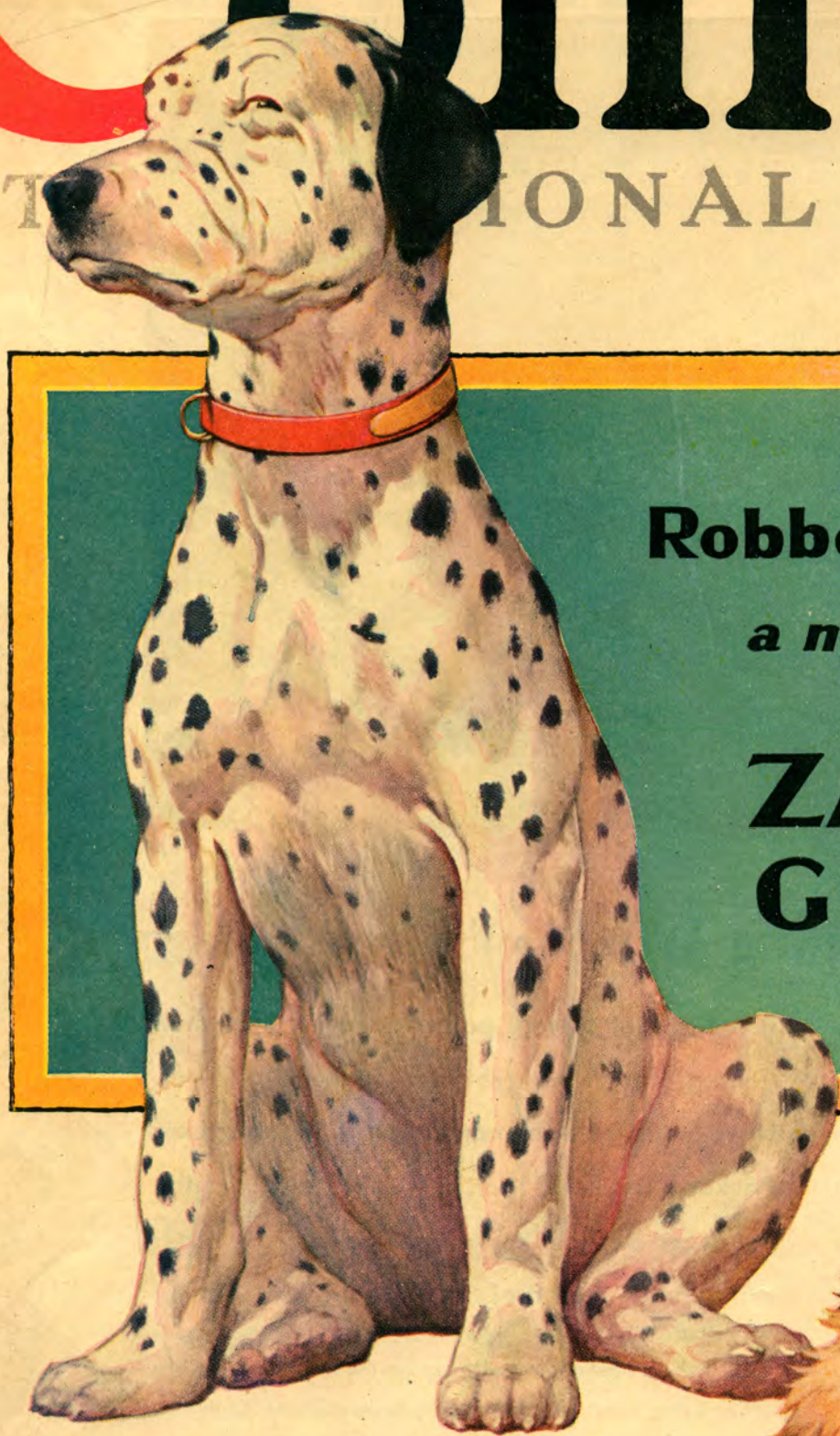


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October 11, 1930

Collier's

ATIONAL WEEKLY ★



Robbers' Roost

*a new novel
by*

**ZANE
GREY**

P. 7

Is it Measles?

AWSON
WOOD



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Next Week

VISITORS at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 were amazed one day to see among the black-haired papooses on the miniature Indian reservation a blond and unmistakably Nordic head. The child to whom it belonged seemed in perfect understanding with his Indian friends, but anyone who addressed him in English would have received no more than a puzzled look. If, however, the inquirer had tried calling him Knute K. Rockne, there would have been an immediate and lively response. Young Rockne was enjoying one of the pleasant detours in his amazing course from Voss in Norway to the football field of Notre Dame. Next week Collier's begins a series of eight articles which comprise the saga of Knute Rockne. In the first one Mr. Rockne tells the exciting story of his early life: it is called "From Norway to Notre Dame."



"SO IT was thrust and twist, a flash to the right and to the left, almost in silence, with only the grunting of the three assailants in front—the swish of the thin rapier like the whistling of a little wind, and the panting of breaths in the darkness." That's the situation Don Constanzio is in when the gypsy girl finds him. It is, alas, only the prelude to dark intrigues devised against him by hot-blooded hidalgos and court beauties in the favor of the Spanish king. Emma-Lindsay-Squier tells you about it in "Don Constanzio Dares."

FROM time to time Collier's has brought you detailed reports of the working of prohibition in various parts of this country. You have watched it grow in importance, politically, and have heard it praised and damned in a hundred different ways. The issue is now overgrown with prejudice and private interest which distort and magnify it. In some states it is in a fair way of becoming the political issue. This new development finds a striking exemplification in Montana, where Senator Thomas J. Walsh, whose abilities as a statesman are unquestioned, is faced with the possibility of defeat at the polls because of his attitude toward prohibition. Mr. Shepherd tells you about it in "Prohibition's Too Wet."

WEBSTER STRANGE held decided views about a father's attitude toward his children. He explained them to his daughter Lola one night, after her mother had deserted him. He would at no time, he said, consider himself justified in interfering with her life or attempting to influence her decisions. He stuck to his principles, too, even on the night when Lola leaned over the balustrade of their penthouse terrace and tried to make up her mind whether it mightn't be best to lean just a little farther. Hagar Wilde has written about it in "Don't Wait Up for Me," a very modern love story.

P. G. WODEHOUSE and Zane Grey will once more hold millions spellbound by their serials. There will be stories and articles by Alan LeMay, John B. Kennedy, Uncle Henry, Grantland Rice, and others. Lack of space, not of enthusiasm, stops us.

THIS WEEK

October 11, 1930

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ROBBERS' ROOST, Part I: Western romance—a future best seller.

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"LET NO MAN THEREFORE JUDGE YOU IN MEAT, OR IN DRINK": A wet's view of Ontario.

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GHOST STORIES: Inspired by Mr. Michelson.

Page 74—Editorial



Any Week

AVOIDING controversy whenever possible, we are compelled to agree with Mr. Henry MacNair of New York, who begins an excellent letter this way: "Collier's has always been preeminently right, editorially, morally, politically and orthographically, as far as my humble intellect can discern." Mr. MacNair was therefore pained to read that we had received a letter from Mr. Bouterse of Bradentown, Florida, and tells us that there is no longer a "w" in the name of that town, the removal having been effected painlessly a few years ago.

Our agreement with Mr. MacNair, already complete, becomes enthusiastic as we reach his last sentence: "But, after all, right or wrong, my Collier's every week." A noble sentiment, well expressed.

BUT Mrs. Cora E. McCrory has other ideas. "I do not think Collier's Weekly," she writes, "a paper respectable people should buy. Any magazine that brags the wets all the time and slurs the dries should be stopped by the government." And the government even now with too much to do! We hope Mrs. McCrory never meets Mr. MacNair. They wouldn't get along well.



THE issue of Collier's bearing Hugh Kahler's short story "Long Odds"—about the self-conscious thief—had hardly made the news stands when Constable Archambault, standing in the Place d'Armes, Montreal, saw a passing stranger drop a ten-dollar bill. Always courteous, the constable returned the money. But the stranger had just robbed a bank and that guilty feeling was so strong that he fled and became at once, therefore, a suspicious character. He was pursued and captured. Obviously, the thief had not read Mr. Kahler's story, and we rejoice with Constable Archambault, who came out of the affair with two black eyes, a chewed ear and great glory.

Mr. Ralph G. Faris of Danville, Illinois, pointed out the coincidence, but we are beholden to Mr. Andrew Paterson, himself of Montreal, for the details. Twenty-four hours after the capture the offender had received his sentence—ten years and ten lashes—and Mr. Paterson with pardonable Canadian pride notes that we do not dispose of our criminals so quickly, if at all. To which we make no more reply than to say it isn't Mr. Kahler's fault, nor ours. Our record of swift convictions in fiction is nearly one hundred per cent.

WHEN we announced that now famous gambling story by Don Marquis, "The Crack of Doom," we said reformers would be pleased. They were. But we were surprised to hear also from some of the reformed. Several gentlemen who, after reading the story, swore off gambling, have written us that this is now a better world. Mr. Marquis, whose evangelistic impulses are very strong, is as pleased as we are. He now affects to believe we paid him too little for the story and has offered to cut for high card, double or nothing.

Trying to reform us, of course.

Beginning a stirring story of the West—the romance of a girl who left a land of quiet convention, and was forced to prove her mettle in a land where might was right



"Throw up your hands!" yelled Hays harshly. "I'm not in the habit of saying that twice!"

Robbers' Roost

Illustrated by
Harold
Von Schmidt

By

ZANE
GREY

ONE afternoon in the spring of 1877 a solitary horseman rode down the long, ghastly desert slant in the direction of the ford at Green River.

He was a young man in years, but he had the hard face and eagle eye of one matured in experience of that wild country. He bestrode a superb bay horse, dusty and travel-worn and a little lame. The rider was no light burden, judging from his height and wide shoulders; moreover, the saddle carried a canteen, a rifle and a pack. From time to time he looked back over his shoulder at the magnificent, long cliff wall, which resembled a row of colossal books with leaves partly open. It was the steady, watchful gaze of a man who had left events behind him.

At length he rode into a trail and soon came in sight of the wide band of green cottonwood, willow and arrowweed, and the shining, muddy river, which had evidently broken through the great wall of stone. On the far side, up on the level, stood a green patch and a cluster of houses, strangely lonely in that environment. This was the town of Green River, Utah.

The rider needed to reach that town before dark. His food supply had run out two days ago. But unless there was a boat in which he could row across he would most likely not make it. His horse was too lame to risk in the eddies

of that heavy, swirling, sand-laden river.

He rode on down the trail to enter the zone of green. In the thick dust he noted fresh horse tracks. Dust rose in clouds from under his animal's hoofs. The arrowweed reached to his saddle and was yellow with it. And when he came to the willows and cottonwoods he found their fresh green similarly powdered. It had not rained for a long time in that section. Yet now the odor of dust appeared to yield to that of fresh, cool water.

UNDER a cottonwood, some distance ahead, the rider espied a saddled horse, head down, cropping the grass. He proceeded more slowly, his sharp eyes vigilant, and was certain that he saw a man on the river bank before that worthy espied him.

Presently he rode out into an opening from which he could see a place where a ferry touched. A rude cable above

his head, attached to a cottonwood, stretched across the river. Moored to the opposite bank was the ferryboat.

The rider sat his horse, aware that the man he had observed had stepped behind some willows. Such a move might have been casual. Then the man moved out into plain sight.

"Howdy," he said, laconically.

"Howdy," replied the rider. He became aware of a penetrating scrutiny which no doubt resembled his own. Chance meeting at that period was productive of obvious though not offensive curiosity. The rider saw a striking figure of a man, gray with dust, booted and spurred, armed to the teeth. His wide sombrero shadowed a sharp, bold face, the only distinct feature of which was a long, sandy mustache. From the shadow, which resembled a mask, there came a gleam of pale, deep eyes.

"Aimin' to cross?" he queried.

"Yes. I see a ferryboat over there." But on the moment the rider was watching his questioner. Then he swept a long leg over the pommel and slid to the ground, without swerving in the slightest from a direct front. "Lucky for me if I can cross on it. My horse is all in."

"Noticed thet. Fine hoss. Wal, I've been hangin' around for an hour, waitin' to go over. Reckon he'll be along soon."

"Town of Green River, isn't it?" "Thet's the handle. You're a stranger hereabouts?"

"I am that."

"Where you hail from?"

"I suppose I might as well say Wyoming as any place," returned the rider, casually.

THE other man relaxed with a laugh. "Shore. One place is good as another. Same as a name. Mine is Hank Hays." He spoke as if he expected it to be recognized, but it brought no reaction from his listener.

"You know this country?" queried the rider, and he too relaxed.

"Tolerable."

"Maybe you can tell me whether I ought to stop or keep on traveling?" inquired the rider, coolly.

"Haw! Haw! I shore can. But thet depends," he said, pushing back his sombrero. The action brought into view a bold visage.

To the rider it was like a printed page, with only the narrow, gray, searching eyes presenting any difficulty. "Depends on what?" he asked.

"Wal, on you. Have you got any money?"

"About ten dollars."

"Huh. You can't go in the ranch business with thet. Not regular ranch-in'. Lots of cattle between here an' the brakes of the Dirty Devil. Henry Mountains, too. Some outfit over there."

"Mormons?"

"About half an' half. This is Utah, but we're not strong on Mormons over here. Air you a cattleman?"

"No," replied the rider, thoughtfully.

"Wal, thet's straight talk from a stranger," replied Hays, who evidently took the blunt denial as something significant. "Hullo, another rider. . . . Shore the desert is full of strangers today."

BACK up the trail appeared a short, heavy man astride a horse and leading two pack animals.

"I saw him a while back. And here comes our ferryman. Looks like a boy."

"Huh. You haven't them eyes for nothin'. Wal, we'll get across now."

The rider, after another glance at the approaching man with the horses, took note of the ferry. The boy had pushed the boat off, and was now rowing it into the current. Soon it came gliding across on the pulley. Boat and third traveler arrived at the bank about the same time. Hays appeared interested in the newcomer, and addressed him civilly. He got but a short answer.

Meanwhile the rider led his horse down the sandy bank and onto the big, flat boat. It was crudely thrown together, out of rough hewn planks, but apparently was safe enough. The bay horse appeared nervous.

Hays, after a sharp look at the man with the three horses, led his animal aboard. The ferryboy grinned all over his freckled face, in recognition of Hays.

"How much is the fare?" queried the newcomer. He was a bearded man under fifty, rather abrupt and authoritative.

"Two bits."

"For man or beast?"

"Well, sir, the regular fare is two bits for each man an' horse. But travelers usually give me more."

Whereupon the stout man threw the packs off his horses and carried them upon the boat.

"Wal, now, whatin' hell is this fussy old geezer about?" queried Hays, much interested.

It was soon manifest. He tied the halter of his lead pack horse to the tail of his saddle horse. The second pack animal was similarly attached to the first. Then, bridle in hand, he stepped aboard.

"All right, boy. Go ahead."

"But, sir, ain't you fetchin' your hosses on, too?"

"Yes, but I'll swim them over behind the boat. Get a move on now."

THE ferryboy pushed off with his pole, and dropping that for the big oar he worked the boat out into the current, which caught it, and moved it across quite readily into the slack water on that side. The rider had to hold his impatient horse to keep him from jumping before the boat was beached.

"Didn't like that, did you, Bay?" the rider said, as he led the animal ashore.

Hays slapped his mount, driving him off the ferry, while he watched the stout man lead his three horses along the gunwale of the boat, until they could touch bottom. Heaving and splashing they waded out, and their owner followed, carrying one pack.

"Fetch my other pack, boy," he called.

"Johnny, don't do nothin' of the kind," observed Hays.

"I reckon I didn't intend to," said the boy, resentfully.

"Many travelers lately?"

"Nope. First I've had for three days. Then a couple of cowpunchers. We've only had the boat in about two weeks. River too high. Dad reckons Green River will boom this summer."

Puffing hard the stout man carried his second pack ashore.

"You're not very obliging," he said, gruffly, as he felt in his pocket for loose change. The ferryboy came ashore, followed by Hays.

Presently the stout man, grumbling, and evidently annoyed at the necessity of producing a fat pocketbook, took out a one-dollar bill.

"Here. Give me seventy-five cents change."

The boy produced it, like a flash, and replied disgustedly, "I'll bet you don't play that trick on me if you ever come back."

The rider, amused and interested from his stand on the bank, saw something that made him start. Hays whipped out a gun.

"Hands up!" he ordered.

The stout man stared aghast.

"Throw up your hands!" suddenly yelled Hays, harshly. "I'm not in the habit of sayin' thet twice." And he stuck the gun square into the plump abdomen before him. The stout man, gasping and turning livid of face, hastily complied.

"Wha-at's this? R-robbers!" he gulped.

Hays reached inside the man's coat

for his wallet, and extracted it. Then he stepped back, but still with gun extended.

"Get the hell out of here now," he ordered. And apparently he paid no more heed to his frightened victim. But the rider had his idea that Hays watched him, nevertheless.

PRETTY well heeled, thet old bird," observed the robber, squeezing the fat wallet.

"If there's law in this—country—you'll pay for this," burst out the traveler, working like a beaver to repack his horses.

"Haw! Haw! You ain't lookin' for law, air you, grandpaw? . . . Wal, the only law is what you see here in my hand—An' I don't mean your money."

Hays slipped the wallet in his inside vest pocket. Then, with the same hand—and all the while covering the traveler with his gun—he drew a bill from his pocket.

"Thar, Johnny, thet's for all of us," he said.

"But I— Oh, sir, I oughtn't take so much," faltered the boy, who was somewhat scared himself.

"Shore you ought. It's not his money, you noticed," drawled the robber, forcing the bill upon the reluctant youth. Then he addressed the traveler: "Say, Mormon, when you get up town or wherever you're goin'—jest say Hank Hays paid you his respects."

"You'll hear from me, you glib-tongued robber," replied the other, furiously, as he rode away.

Hays sheathed his gun. He did not need to turn to face the rider, for singu-

larly enough he had not done anything else.

"How'd thet strike you, stranger?" "Pretty neat. It amused me," replied the rider.

"Is thet all?"

"I guess so. The stingy old skin-flint deserved to be touched. Wasn't that a slick way to beat the boy here out of six bits?"

"It shore was. An' thet's what riled me. Reckon, though, if he hadn't flashed the wallet I'd been a little more circumspect."

"Is there a sheriff at Green River?"

"I never seen him if there is. Wal, I'll be ridin' along. Air you comin' with me, stranger?"

"Might as well," returned the other. "But if you don't mind, I'll walk."

"It's only a little way. Good lodgin's, though I never do nothin' but eat an' drink in town."

"That'll suit me for more than one reason."

"Stranger, what'd you say your name was?"

"I didn't say."

"Ex-cuse me. I'm not curious. But it's more agreeable, you know, when a feller has a handle."

"Call me Wall, Jim Wall," rejoined the rider, presently.

"Wall? Wal, thet's enough for me. Kinda hard to get over. Haw! Haw!"

They went up the slow ascending, sandy lane between the cottonwoods towards the town, while the ferryboy watched.

Hays' nonchalance reassured Wall as to the status of Green River. They came, at length, into a wide space,



"I meant what I said. Hays, you palmed them three ten-spots," declared Stud hotly. Then there was quick action

which was more of a square than a street, upon the far side of which stood several low, wide buildings, some of which sought the dignity of height with false, wooden fronts rising above their single story. The hitching rails and posts were vacant. There was not a vehicle in sight, and only a few men, lounging in doorways. Above and beyond this town of Green River stood the great cliff wall, not close, by any means, and now red in the sunset flare, except for the mantle of snow on top.

"Any dance hall in this burg?" asked Wall.

"Nary dance hall, worse luck. Any weakness for such?"

"Can't say it's a weakness, but the last two I bumped into make me want to steer clear of more."

"Women?" queried the robber, with a leer.

"It wasn't any fault of mine."

"Haw! Haw! Reckon you might take the eye of women, at thet. Wal, you're out of luck here, 'cause the only women in Green River air old hags an' a couple of young wives thet you can't git within a mile of."

"Not out of luck for me. But you talk as if you regretted it."

"Wal, women ruined me," returned Hays, sententiously.

"You don't look it."

"Men never look what they air."

"Don't agree with you. I can always tell what men are by their looks."

"How'd you figure me?" demanded Hays, a little more gruffly than humorously.

"I don't want to flatter you on such short acquaintance."

"Humph! Wal, here we air," replied the robber, halting before a red stone building.

"What do you suppose became of the fat fellow you relieved of cash?" inquired Wall, who kept this personage in mind.

"I reckon he's gone on his way to Moab," replied Hays. "Thet's a Mormon settlement down on the Green. An' there's a Mormon ranch out here a ways. We won't run into thet geezer here, I'll gamble."

"Quiet town," murmured Wall, as if talking to himself.

A RED-WHISKERED man appeared in the doorway that led into a saloon and lodging house. A rude sign in letters, faded and indistinct, attested to this.

"Howdy, Red."

"Howdy, Hank."

"See anythin' of a fat party, sort of puffy in the face? He was ridin' a roan an' leadin' two packs."

"Oh, him. Sure. He rode through town yellin' he'd been robbed," returned the man called Red, grinning.

"Hell he did! Who was he, Red?"

"I dunno. Mormon, most likely. Leastways thet's what Happy said. He was standin' out here, an' when the feller stopped bellerin' thet he wanted the sheriff 'cause he'd been robbed, why, Happy up an' says, 'Hey, my Latter Day friend, did he leave anythin' on you?' Then the feller up an' rode off to beat hell."

It was this pregnant speech of Red's that decided several things for Jim Wall.

"I want to look after my horse," was all he said.

"Take him round back to the barn. If Jake ain't there, you can find water, feed an' beddin' yourself."

Hays dismounted laboriously, indicating that he had ridden far that day.

"Wal, I'm dog-tired. Send thet lazy Jake after my hoss."

This edifice was the last one on the street. Wall made note of the grove of cottonwoods just down the slope a few hundred yards. The barn mentioned was some distance back, at the end of a pole fence. Upon turning a corner to enter the corral he encountered a loose-jointed young man.

"Say, are you Jake?" he asked.

"You bet. Want your hoss looked after?" returned the other. His protruding teeth were his salient feature.

"Yes. But I'll take care of him. There's a man out in front who calls himself Hank Hays. He wants you to come get his horse. Do you know him?"

The stableboy's reply to that was to rush off, his boots thudding.

"Enough said," muttered Wall to himself, as he looked round the place for what he required. "Mr. Hays stands well in Green River, as far as this outfit is concerned."

Wall's mind was active while he ministered to his horse. It had long been a familiar thing for him to ride into a strange camp or town; and judging men quickly had become a matter of habit, if not self-preservation. Utah, however, was far west and a wilder country than that he had roamed for years. He liked the looks of it, the long reaches of wasteland, the vast

bulge and heave of the ranges, the colored walls of stone, the buttes standing alone, and the red and black mystery of the mountains.

"Bay, old boy, you haven't had a stall for a coon's age," he said to his horse. "Enjoy it while you can, for it may not be long."

WHEN Wall sauntered back the whole west was one magnificent blaze of red and gold. He would have enjoyed being high up on the cliffs behind, just to gaze out toward those Henry Mountains he had seen all day. But the houses and trees blocked that view. Eastward across the river he could discern the speckled slope of yellow that climbed up to the book-cliff wall, now fading in the dusk.

Jim Wall never turned street corners without knowing what was ahead of him. So that before Hank Hays and the two individuals with whom he was talking were aware of his presence he had seen them. They turned at his slow, clinking step. Neither of the two with Hays was the man called Red.

"Hullo, here you air," spoke up Hays. "I was speakin' of you. Meet Happy Jack an' Brad Lincoln. . . . Fellers, this stranger to Green River answers to the handle Jim Wall."

Greetings were exchanged, but not one of the three offered a hand. Their glances meant infinitely more than the casual few words. To Wall the man called Happy Jack fitted his name. The only contradictory feature lay in his guns, which it was not possible to overlook. Like Hank Hays, he packed two. This, however, signified little to Wall. The other, Lincoln, was someone to look at twice—a swarthy, dark, restless-eyed man, who, like Hays and his companion, had nothing of the cowboy stripe in his make-up.

"Let's have a drink," suggested Hays.

"Don't care if I do," responded Wall. "But I haven't had anything to eat for two days."

"Red's havin' supper cooked for us," said Hays, pushing open the door.

THE interior, bright with lamplight, proved to be more pretentious than the outside of the saloon. It had a flagstone floor, a bar with garish display of mirrors, paintings of nude women, bottles and glasses. Several roughly clad men were drinking, and ceased talking as Hays and his companions approached. In the back of the big room three cowboys lounged before an open fireplace where some fagots burned. There were several tables, unoccupied except for a man who lay face down on one. From an open door came the savory odor of fried bacon.

The men lined up at the bar, to be served drinks by Red, who was evidently bartender as well as proprietor. Wall missed nothing. Hays took his whisky straight and at a gulp; Happy Jack said: "Here's lookin' at you," and Lincoln sipped lingeringly. Whisky was not one of Wall's weaknesses; in fact he could not afford to have any weakness. But he drank on politic occasions, of which this was more than usually one.

"Cowpuncher?" queried Lincoln, who stood next to Wall.

"Yes. But I've not ridden the range much of late years," replied Wall.

"You've the cut of it. Where you from?"

"Wyoming."

"Long ways. Don't know thet country. Where you aimin' for?"

"No place in particular," replied Wall, guardedly. "Might try riding here, if I can get on some outfit."

"On the dodge?" queried Lincoln, after a pause.

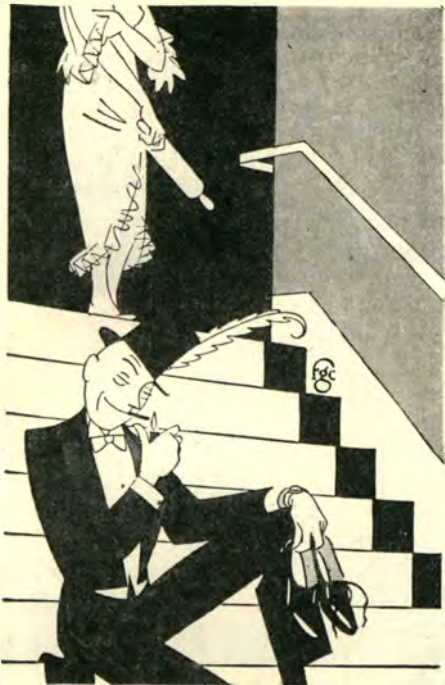
Wall set down his glass and turned
(Continued on page 69)



and the rasp of scraping chairs, and the tumbling over of a box seat. Stud and Hays were left alone at the table

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 9



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to his interrogator. Their glances locked.

"What might you mean by 'on the dodge'?"

"Anybody particular lookin' for you?"

"I daresay. More than one man." "So I thought. Friend, you have the cut, the eye, the movement, the hand of a gun-fighter. I happen to know the brand."

"Yes? Well, if that's so I hope it isn't against me in Utah."

Here Hays, who had heard this bit of dialogue, interposed both with person and speech:

"Wall, thet's agin a man anywhere in the West, generally. So many damn' fools wantin' to try you out! But I reckon it's a ticket for my outfit."

"Your outfit," declared rather than questioned Wall, as if to corroborate the robber's direct statement of something definite.

"Shore. Don't mind Brad. He's a curious, blunt sort of cuss. Let's go an' eat. . . . Fellers, we'll see you later."

WALL followed Hays into a back room, where a buxom woman greeted them heartily and waved them to seats at a table.

"Red's woman, an' she shore can cook," said Hays. "Wal, fall to."

No more was said during the meal. At its conclusion Jim Wall had to guard himself against the feeling of well-being resulting from a full stomach.

"Have a cigar?" offered Hays.

"Don't care if I do."

"Wal, let's go in an' talk before we join the other fellers," suggested Hays. They returned to the big room. It was empty except for Red, who was filling a lamp.

"They've all gone down to meet the stage. It's overdue now."

"Stage! From where?"

"West, so set easy," laughed Hays. "Thet one from east won't git in till—wal, now, let me see what day this is."

"Saturday."

"Wal, so it is. Then it gits in next Wednesday. By thet time you won't be here."

"No? Where will I be, since you seem to know?"

"You may be in the garden of Eden, eatin' peaches," retorted Hays. "See here, Wall, you're a testy cuss. Any reason why you can't be a good feller?"

"Come to think of that, yes, there is," returned Wall, thoughtfully.

"All right. Thanks for thet much. I reckon I understand you better. An' I don't want to know why," he said, with deliberation. He kicked the smoldering fire, and picking up a chip, he lighted his cigar, puffing clouds of smoke. "Aahh! Makes me think of a store I used to run in West Virginia, years ago. . . . What were you, Wall, once upon a time?"

Wall laughed musingly. "A country school teacher once, for a while, before I was twenty."

"Wal, I'll be dog-goned!" ejaculated Hays. "It do beat hell what a man can be, at different times in his life. But I'm concerned with now. An' I'd like to ask you some questions."

"Fire away."

"You didn't hold it agin me thet I held up the old geezer at the ferry?"

"No. He was about the stingiest man I ever ran across."

"All right. Would you have done thet yourself?"

"Possibly."

"All right. I'd have done it without provocation. Does thet make any particular difference to you?"

"Not any—in particular. It's none of my business."

"Wal, make it your business."

"Hays, you're beating around the bush," returned Wall, deliberately.

"Come clean with it."

"I reckoned so," mused Hays, eying his cigar and flicking off the ashes with a slow finger. Then he veered his gaze to the brightening embers in the fire.

Wall felt that this was the first really unguarded moment Hays had showed, although he had appeared nothing if not sincere. It somehow defined his status, if not his caliber.

"You said you was broke?" Hays began.

"I will be when I pay for this night's lodging."

"Thet's on me. I'll stake you to some money. You'll want to set in the game with us?"

"Any strings on a loan?"

"Hardly thet. With me, it's come easy, go easy."

"Thanks, then. I'll take fifty dollars. That'll do me until I can get located."

"Wal, friend, the string is thet I want to locate you."

"Bend over here, so I can get your ear," went on Hays, confidentially, and when Wall had complied he said: "I run true to form today when I held up thet Mormon. But it was a blunder, considerin' the iron I have in the fire. If he wasn't a Mormon, I'd feel uncomfortable about thet. . . . Now, listen. Lately I've got in with a rancher over here in the Henry Mountains. He's an Englishman with more money than sense. Fact is, he's rich an' crazy as a bedbug. It's beautiful country an' he got stuck on it. Bought ten thousand head of cattle an' a lot of hosses. There's some tough cowboy outfits over there, an' more'n one real rustler outfit. Wal, this Englishman—his name is Herrick—got the idee of hirin' all the hands available, cowpunchers, range-riders, gun-toters an' plain out-an'-out bad men. An' to throw this select outfit agin the whole country. What do you think of thet idee?"

"Original, to say the least. But not practical, unless he can reform bad men," replied Wall, much interested.

"WAL, exactly. But I'm not concerned with the practicability of it. Herrick took a shine to me, made me what he calls his superintendent, an' sent me off all over lookin' for hard-shootin', hard-ridin' men. An' thet's how you happened to run into me. I call it good luck for us both."

"You've taken me for one of the hard-shooting, hard-riding kind, eh?"

"Shore. I only need to clap eyes on a man. . . . An' don't overlook, Wall, thet I'm not askin' questions."

"I haven't missed that. Go on."

"Wal, I want you in my outfit," resumed Hays. "Brad didn't cotton to you, I seen first off. But he's a gun-thrower himself, a suspicious, jealous, queer sort, as most of them fellers air. He's done for I don't know how many ambitious-to-be killers. All the same he's in my outfit an' I reckon you might get along. It's Heeseman who sticks in my craw."

"Heeseman. Who's he?"

"You'll take this as confidence, in case you don't want to throw in with me?" queried Hays, earnestly.

"Yes. I'll regard it all that way."

"Wal, Heeseman is the rustler of Dragon Canyon. None of the ranchers even 'round here know thet, but I know

(Continued on page 70)



A TIP TO HEARSE-DRIVERS

It has been forced to our attention that the world is full of gloomy fellows whose only satisfaction is in never being satisfied. Many of them are writing sad, pitiful novels. Others are painting mystic, angular pictures designed to immortalize on canvas the truth that all is lost save honor. To these fellows a flower is only a hiding-place for a bee.

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BUNTE BROTHERS
CHICAGO

(Continued from page 69)

it. He's got a small outfit, but shore enough bad. An' in some way he got wind of Herrick's scheme. Damn me if he didn't pack over to the Henrys with his outfit an' start ridin' for him."

"Heeseman saw the same opportunity as you?" queried Wall, quietly.

"Wal, yes, I was comin' to thet," resumed Hays, gruffly. "I got the upper hand, though, an' I'll be the boss. Thet'll lead to friction, shore as hell. There'll be two factions sooner or later, an' the sooner thet fight comes off the better."

"I see. Less of a division of spoils."

"Wal, I'm no rustler," snapped Hays, annoyed.

"Excuse me. If it isn't impertinent, may I ask just what you are?"

"Ever hear of Henry Plummer?"

"Can't remember if I did."

"WAL, Plummer flourished some ten an' more years ago, first in Montana an' later in Idaho. He was the greatest robber the West ever developed. Educated man of good family, born in the East. But the gold fever called an' he was not the kind of a man to dig. He operated on the placer mines. Was an officer of the law while he was head of the biggest robber gang the frontier ever knew. From Bannock to Lewiston he kept the miners, the stages, the Wells Fargo in terror for years. . . . Wal, I seen Plummer hanged. I was one of his gang, a young man then in years."

"Thanks for the confidence, Hays," returned Wall, in surprise. "You must have strong interest in me to tell that."

"Shore I have. But I don't care to be classed as a rustler."

"Too low down, eh? Well, then, what's your plan with Herrick?"

"It certainly ain't any two-bit cattle stealin'. . . . However, thet's not the point between you an' me. What I want to know is, will you take a job in my outfit?"

"That depends, Hays," returned Wall, ponderingly.

"Any scruples about it? Remember, I come clean with you."

"No. I broke jail in Cheyenne."

"What was you in for?"

"Shot a man. They were goin' to hang me."

"Ahuh. Was thet square?"

"I didn't think so. . . . Had to kill the jailer to get out."

"When was all this, Wall?"

"Some years ago."

"An' since then?"

"Been shooting my way out of one jam after another. I just couldn't steer clear. So I've come far out West where no one ever heard of me."

"Much obliged," replied Hays, feelingly. "I feel better, now you've returned the compliment. I've a hunch you haven't sunk to stealin'. Am I right?"

"Not yet. But I've been on the verge often," replied Wall, bitterly.

"Wal, you're a hunted man. You're broke. It's about where you cross the divide."

"ONE more question. What about this Herrick's family?"

"Wal, he ain't got any," rejoined Hays. "We heard somethin' about a sister comin' out, but she never turned up."

"Sister? It'd be a hell of a note if she did."

"Wal, this shore ain't no country for women."

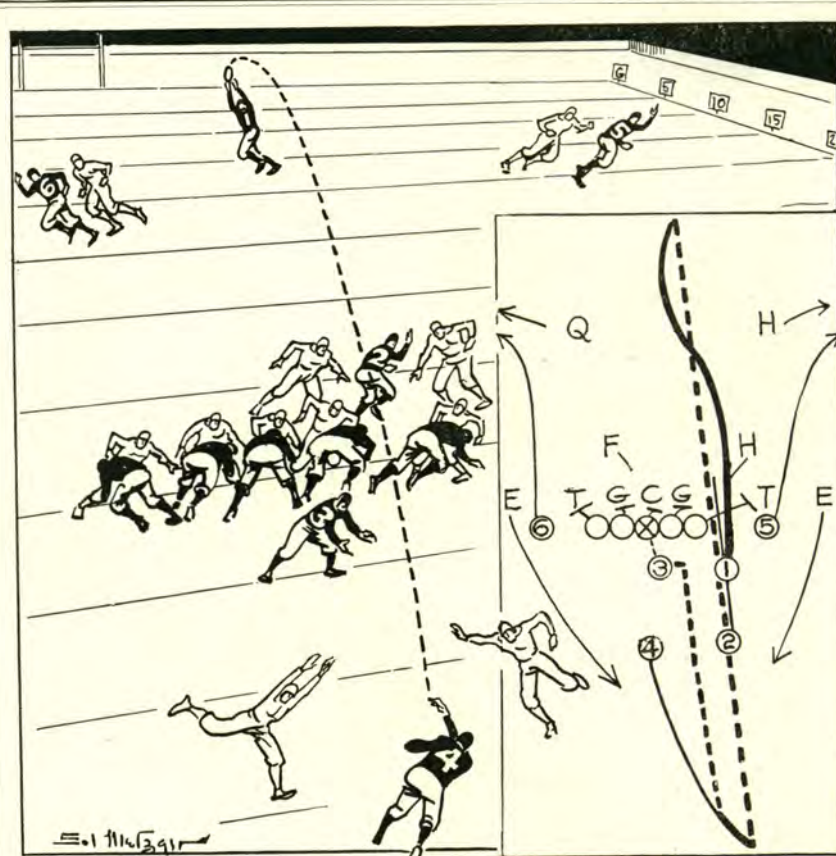
It seemed to Jim Wall that this sally completed a definite conscious feeling in his mind toward the self-confessed robber. If it had not been dislike and disgust before, it certainly fixed at that now. Wall sensed a gathering interest in the situation he had happened upon.

A thirst for adventure had played no small part in the event which had started him on his rolling-stone career.

Hays called for drinks and insisted on a handshake which he executed solemnly, as if it were a compact which implied honor even among thieves. Shortly afterwards the saloon gradually

began to fill with loud-voiced, heavily-booted men.

Among them were Happy Jack, Lincoln and a giant of a man with a russet beard, whom Hays introduced as Montana. He might have been a miner once, but his hand, which he offered agreeably, was too soft to have been



Purdue Stages a Comeback

By Sol Metzger

DECEPTION plays an important rôle in football. And Jimmy Phelan's Purdue team sorely needed it, starting the final quarter of its first Conference test last season, the Michigan game. There had been a feeling the Boilermakers were primed and ready.

But starting that final quarter the Wolverines were ahead, 16 to 6. Hope seemed lost as Michigan had effectively changed its defense between halves from a diamond-shaped backfield set to a square one to stop Purdue's off-tackle smashes and end runs, plays that had netted five first downs in the opening periods—five more than Michigan itself had made.

But a football game is not over until the last man is downed, the last kick dead. Big Yunevitch got his pile-driving legs under way. His line smash carried along a ton of opponents for twenty yards. A defense worries over such things.

Three plays later, with the ball on Michigan's thirty-five-yard line, he started on another bull-like stampede. Pest Welch (1) led him through the secondary defense and kept on going. Exactly as before, Johnny White (3), quarterback, went through the motions of handing Yunevitch the ball. Exactly as before, Harmeson (4) faded to the rear, not an unusual move of backs who can be of no aid in a plunge.

That was the decoy, the bait. Michigan hungrily seized it. Behold then the fast flight down-field of the Purdue ends (5 and 6), then out toward their respective sidelines.

This latter move, the tip-off for a forward pass, split the Michigan defense wide open. Its two rear backs of necessity covered these ends. Its two front ones were already engrossed with the lunging Yunevitch, whose arms, to all appearances, hugged the ball.

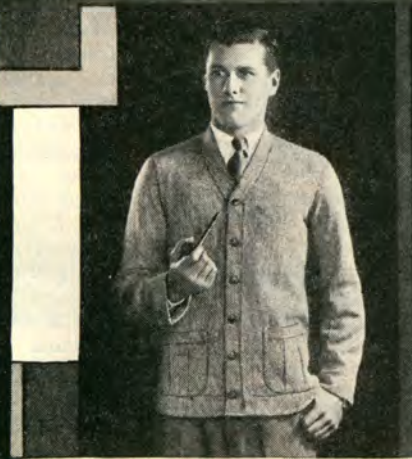
But the ball went back to Harmeson. And into the wide gap in Michigan's secondary defense streaked a runner—Welch. Five, ten, twenty yards he ran. Then his head turned, his arms went up and into them fell the perfectly thrown forward pass from Harmeson. He was downed ten yards short of a touchdown. Welch was up and the next play saw him rip off-tackle for the score.

Michigan 16, Purdue 12. This was a football game. But this play had cracked Michigan. And then the landslide—three more touchdowns by Purdue. Twenty-four points in the quarter! More than ever before scored on the Wolverines in a like span of time. Shades of "Hurry Up" Yost! Ghost of the old-time point-a-minute machines! Here was a record almost doubling the proudest boast of Michigan athletic lore.

That quarter, and chiefly this deceptive play, was the turn in the tide that swept Purdue through to its first Conference title and put a high price on the head of that gay young deceiver, Jimmy Phelan. He is now coaching at the University of Washington.

Next issue—the forward pass Notre Dame used to beat the Navy, the most bizarre play of 1929.

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By tacit acceptance of a situation not vague to Wall, these men kept off to themselves, and were quiet and observing. Brad Lincoln had the hawk eyes of a man who was not going to be surprised.

Jim Wall sat back with interest and a certain enjoyment long unfamiliar. Saloon and gambling halls were well known to him, from the notorious Dodge City to Kalispell, but he had not seen any like this of Green River, Utah. There was not a typical black-frock-coated gambler present, nor a half-naked dance-hall girl, nor a long-haired four-flush gunman looking for an easy mark to add another notch to his gun.

COWBOYS were conspicuous by their absence, although before supper Wall had seen three. Teamsters, prospectors, cattlemen were there to the number of a dozen, and the others, making a score in all, had to remain problematical to Wall's keen observance. Then a man, undoubtedly a trapper, entered. He wore buckskin and seemed out of place in that crowd. The bartender, Red, did a thriving business, selling only whisky, at four bits a glass.

"Seems to be no lack of money," observed Wall to the watchful Hays. "Where do they get it?"

"Wal, you're surprised, I see. So was I. This burg here is a stage stop for points in Utah an' west. Lots of travel. But there's big cattle ranges off toward the Henrys. South is most Mormons."

"I see. But at that bar there are half a dozen men who are not travelers or ranchers or riders."

"Wal, for that matter, all men in these diggin's have got to be riders. It's a long way from one waterin' place to another. But you hit into things at thet. There's four or five fellers I never seen before."

"Who's the tall one, with his hat pulled down, so you can only see his black, pointed beard?"

"That's Morley. Claims to be a rancher. But if he ain't the boss of the Black Dragon outfit, I'll eat him."

"And the loud fellow—the one with thet plaid vest?"

"His name is Stud somethin' or other. Seen him before an' ain't crazy about him."

At this juncture the door slammed open, propelled by a vigorous hand and a stout woman entered with a fierce mien. She had a red shawl tied round her head, and she tramped like a man in heavy boots.

"Sam Butler, you come out of this," she shouted, peremptorily, to a man in the front rank of drinkers. He detached himself with alacrity from his fellows and, amid their boisterous bantering, followed the woman out.

"Now thet's the kind of a wife I oughta had," observed Hays.

"Let's play poker."

"Shore, but not just among ourselves."

"Got any money, Hank?" asked Happy Jack.

"Did you ever see me broke? Brad, go dig up some suckers. But not thet hombre they call Stud. He didn't get thet name playin' solitaire."

There were only two large gaming tables, one of which was in use. Lincoln went among the men to solicit players, returning with Morley and the russet-bearded giant, Montana. There was no formality or greeting between Hays and these men. It was dog eat dog, Wall grasped.

"Make it six-handed. Come an' set in, Wal," said Hays. "Friendly little game of draw. Sky limit."

Wall laughed. "I couldn't play penny ante."

"Wal, I'll stake you."

"No, thanks. I'd rather watch."

"Excuse me, sir, but we don't care for watchers," interposed Morley. No sooner had they seated themselves than the man Hays had called Stud strode up. He was a little fellow, but forceful, not one who would be good to meet in a narrow, dangerous place.

"Am I bein' left out of this on purpose?" he demanded, and evidently he addressed Hays.

"Lincoln got up the game," replied Hays, coolly, returning glance for glance.

"You ask my friends to set in, an' not me."

"Wal, if you're so damn' keen about it, why set in with us," went on Hays, fingering a deck of cards. "But if you want to know bad, I'm not stuck on playin' with you."

"Mean thet to insult me?" Stud queried, sharply, his right hand rising to the lapel of his open vest. If Wall had not observed the bulge of two guns inside this vest he would have divined from Stud's action that there was one at least. Probably this fellow was a surly, cross-grained type whom contact with the bottle made unreasonable.

"Not at all," replied Hays, leaning back in his chair. That significant movement of Stud's had not been lost upon him. A little cold glint appeared in his pale eyes. "Reckon you're too slick a poker player for Hank Hays. I want a run for my money."

"Slick, eh? Wal, I don't mind bein' called thet. It's a compliment. I've yet to see the gambler who wouldn't be slick if he could. But when you ask my pards to play an' not me—thet's different."

"Set in, Stud," rejoined Hays, civilly, as he began to shuffle the cards. "I feel lucky tonight. Last time you had it all your way."

The game began then with Happy Jack and Wall looking on. Morley made rather a pointed move and remark anent Wall's standing behind him.

"Shore I'll change seats with you," replied Hays, obligingly, but it was plain he felt irritated.

"Never mind, Hays," interposed Wall, deliberately. "The gentleman evidently fears I'll tip off his cards. So I'll stand behind you, if I may."

FROM the very first deal Hays was lucky. Morley stayed about even. Brad Lincoln lost more than he won. The giant Montana was a close, wary gambler, playing only when he had good cards. Stud was undoubtedly a player who required the stimulation and zest of opposition. But he could not wait for luck to change. He had to be in every hand. Moreover, he was not adept enough with the cards to deal himself a good hand when his turn came. He grew so sullen that Wall left off watching and returned to the fireside.

But presently he had cause to attend more keenly than ever to this card game. The drift of conversation, if it could be called that, and especially from the gambler Stud, wore toward an inevitable fight. These men were vicious characters. Wall knew that life out here was raw. There was no law except that of the six-shooter. Back in Wyoming and Montana, where it was tough enough, Wall thought, there were certain restraints bound to affect any man. There were sheriffs, courts, jails, and something wonderfully calculated to check outlaws, desperadoes and cowboys run amuck—and that was the noose. Wall had seen many a man strung up to the limb of a cottonwood.

While he bent a more penetrating gaze upon Stud, to whom his attention gravitated, Wall saw him perform a trick with the cards that was pretty

(Continued on page 72)

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ALL STAR — ALL ACTION — ALL AMERICA

(Continued from page 71)

clever, and could not have been discerned except from Wall's position.

Nevertheless, fickle fortune most certainly had picked on Stud. He bet this hand to the limit of his cash, and then, such was his confidence, he borrowed from Morley. Still he could not force Hays to call. He fell from elation to consternation, then to doubt, from doubt to dismay, and from this to a gathering impotent rage, all of which proved how poor a gambler he was. When at last he rasped out: "Wal, I call! Here's mine."

HE SLAMMED down an ace full. Hays had drawn three cards.

"Stud, I hate to show you this hand," drawled Hays.

"Yes, you do! Lay it down. I called you."

Whereupon Hays gently spread out four ten spots, and then with greedy hands raked in the stakes.

Stud stared with burning eyes. "Three-card draw! . . . You come in with a pair of tens?"

"Nope. I held up one ten an' the ace," replied Hays, nonchalantly. "I had a hunch, Stud."

"You'd steal coppers off a dead nigger's eyelids!"

"Haw! Haw!" bawled the victorious gamester. But he was the only one of the six players who seemed to see anything funny in the situation. That dawned upon him. "Stud, I was takin' the crack of yours humorous."

"Was you?" snapped Stud.

"Shore I was," returned Hays, with congealing voice. His pale eyes took on a greenish cast.

"Wal, I didn't mean it humorous," Stud retorted.

"Ahuh. Come to look at you I see you ain't feelin' gay. Suppose you say just what you did mean."

"I meant what I said."

"Shore. I'm not so awful thick. But apply the crack to this here card game an' my playin'."

"Hays, you palmed them three ten-spots," declared Stud hotly.

Then there was quick action and the rasp of scraping chairs, and the tumbling over of a box seat. Stud and Hays were left alone at the table.

"You're a — of a liar!" hissed Hays, suddenly black in the face.

Here Jim Wall thought it was time to intervene. He read the glint in Stud's eyes. Hays was at a disadvantage, so far as drawing a gun was concerned. And Wall saw that Stud could and would kill him.

"Hold on there!" called Wall, in a voice that made both men freeze. He stepped clear of the chimney, against which he had been leaning.

Hays did not turn to Wall, but he spoke: "Pard, lay off. I can handle this feller."

"Take care, stranger," warned Stud, who appeared to be able to watch both Hays and Wall at once. They were, however, almost in line. "This ain't any of your mix."

"I just wanted to tell Hays I saw you slip an ace from the bottom of the deck," said Wall. He might as well have told of Hays' irregularities.

"Wot! He filled his ace full thet way?" roared Hays.

"He most certainly did."

"All right, let it go at thet," replied Stud, deadly cold. "If you can say honest thet you haven't pulled any tricks—go for your gun. Otherwise keep your shirt on."

THAT unexpected sally exemplified the peculiar conception of honor among thieves. It silenced Hays. The little gambler knew his man and shifted his deadly intent to a more doubtful issue. Such fascination of uncertainty had been the death of untold Westerners.

"Jim Wall, eh?" he queried, insolently.

"At your service," retorted Wall. He divined the workings of the little gambler's mind. Stud needed to have more time, for the thing that made decision hard to reach was the quality of this stranger. His motive was more deadly than his will, or his power to execute. All this Jim Wall knew. It was the difference between the two men.

"I'm admittin' I cheated," said Stud, harshly. "But I ain't standin' to be tipped off by a stranger."

"Well, what're you going to do about it?" asked Wall, while the spectators of the drama almost held their breath.

(To be continued next week)



"Now this is the stroke."