

ROBBERS
ROOST
P 21

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November 29, 1930

ollier's

THE WEEKLY



"This Football"

The Short Story of the Season

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

November 29, 1930



Next Week

EVER since "All Quiet on the Western Front" appeared at the top of best-seller lists everywhere, the world has been wondering about Erich Maria Remarque's next novel. Would it fulfill the promise of the first book or would it reveal the author as a one-hit man who had told the single story each of us is said to have in his system?

Well, that part of the world which reads Collier's—and it's no insignificant fragment, either—will answer the question very speedily, for Herr Remarque's new novel begins in the December 13th issue. It's a sequel to "All Quiet," written by the same Remarque who reached the heart of the world with Paul and Tjaden and Kat and Müller.

It's a simple, honest, frank story of young men trying to find their places in a demoralized world. It will be read and talked about by millions.

We tell you about it now, blandly ignoring the heading of this column, so that you may have lamps repaired, locate your extra pair of glasses, buy some new toys to keep the children quiet and otherwise prepare for a spell of reading.

NOW, looking at next week, which we should have done some two hundred words ago, we find what is, even for us, an excellent assortment of short stories.

Frank Condon, the globe trotter, takes you to the Capital Club in Guatemala City, where, in "Blatherskite," you meet, among others, Mr. Leonard Higginbotham, who is a windbag and the club pest. When Mr. Higginbotham finally gets his you will want to clap Mr. Condon on the shoulder. But you will not be able to find Mr. Condon because he will be in another county trying to lift a little white ball out of a sand trap.

GEORGE WESTON, in "Girl Missing," tells a harrowing but satisfying tale of love and adventure disclosing the happenings that led to a honeymoon trip to Europe for Detective Eddie Bannigan and a young woman with dark eyes. Eddie is staying long enough to study art, too.

JAMES HOPPER'S "Sweet, Wild Romance" is the story of Runty, a Yellowstone Park bear who tires of the artificial life of the park and goes back to nature. Amusing and, though we hate to say it, instructive enough to add three or four bear yarns to your after-dinner repertoire.



MENTIONING last a story which we hold in higher esteem than this would indicate. It is "City Simple," by Hugh MacNair Kahler, in which you will meet again the refreshing Lebbeter twins, Clem and Bert, whose air of rustic stupidity is somewhat deceptive. Mr. Clinton W. Gilbert talks about the coming Wickersham report. Grantland Rice, Knute K. Rockne, Zane Grey, P. G. Wodehouse and others satisfy. Reach for a copy.



Any Week

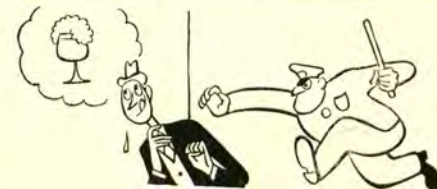
YOU are quite right; we were guilty of a slight error in Collier's for November 8th. Under Mr. Bernt Balchen's photograph we said that his fan mail was prodigious, but his heart interest was practically nil, that "he is a bachelor in fact and in instinct."

The presses that produce this matchless weekly were still red hot from printing those words when we were notified that Pilot Balchen had just married his childhood sweetheart, Miss Emmy Boerlie. There was nothing for us to do but blush with confusion. But how were we to know? Mr. Balchen either had forgotten to warn us or had regarded the impending nuptials as none of our business.

It serves us right. Who are we to jump at such uncertain conclusions?

WE PUBLISH what we believe to be the truth. So, we feel sure, does Mr. Tom Blackwell, editor of the Olathe, Colorado, Criterion. But Mr. Blackwell can never convince us that he believes as he writes that Collier's is "one of the worst of the publications against the Constitution and laws of the country." And of course he doesn't. He simply doesn't like what our writers on prohibition enforcement discover. We wouldn't be so positive about this if we hadn't met Mr. Blackwell and discovered thereby that he is a pleasant gentleman and a clever journalist. Tremendously zealous, too. But we wouldn't give a whistle in the wind for an editor who wasn't.

WHICH makes us wonder what Mr. Blackwell will think of a suggestion we received from Mr. William A. Van Benschoten of West Park, New York. Mr. Van Benschoten advocates a Twentieth Amendment to read: "After one year from the ratification of this article, the desire for intoxicating liquors is hereby prohibited."



"DURING this political campaign," writes Mrs. Margaret Kelly Beamish from Buffalo, New York, "our local and state aspirants to office deplored our lack of enthusiastic interest in politics. They don't quite dare say that the greatest lack is among women, but that's what they mean. "But they were wrong as usual. We women are intensely interested in politics. The reason we didn't attend the meetings of our own candidates and get delirious over their milkweeds of oratory was because we were reading the intelligent logic of a man in New Jersey—Mr. Dwight W. Morrow—and regretting we didn't live in that state, where we would have that rare opportunity of voting for un-muddled brains."

AND that we may not be accused of a political bigotry we gladly publish Mrs. E. H. Morgenstern's letter. She writes briefly from St. Louis and nominates, without the usual heartbreaking preamble, Mr. Newton Diehl Baker of Cleveland, Democrat, for President.

Any other nominations?

Cover—E. M. Jackson

Page 7—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

THIS FOOTBALL: The story behind the victory.

Page 10—Winston Churchill

TIGER OF FRANCE: A portrait in ink.

Page 11—Grantland Rice

"TINKER TO EVERS TO CHANCE": Combination shot.

Page 12—Richard Connell

MIDNIGHT AT TONY'S: Notes taken in a speakeasy.

Page 14—John T. Flynn

PROXY'S ARMY: Manners and customs of stockholders.

Page 16—P. G. Wodehouse

BIG MONEY, Part XI: Romance and laughter, well mixed.

Page 18—Hagar Wilde

RECKLESS DRIVING: A short story of love and golf, or vice versa.

Page 20—William MacHarg

GREEN PAINT: Detective O'Malley at work.

Page 21—Zane Grey

ROBBERS' ROOST, Part VIII: A Western novel.

Page 23—Word Hunt

Page 24—The Short Short Story

NO TIME TO WRITE: By David Thibault.

Page 25—Betty Thornley Stuart

FETCHING FURS: The thing for you.

Page 26—Knute K. Rockne

TO SHIFT OR NOT TO SHIFT: We hear about the rules.

Page 28—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 44—Sol Metzger

YALE'S JACK RABBIT: None other than Mr. Booth.

Page 46—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE CRACKED KEYSTONE: The pillars tremble.

Page 66—Editorial

EVERYBODY'S JOB

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

USING the name of "Jim Wall" (obviously assumed), a young man who admits that he is wanted by the authorities in Wyoming gets a job at the Star Ranch, in a wild section of Utah.

Singular conditions exist at the Star. Almost all the employees are gunmen and cattle-rustlers, deliberately hired by the owner—Bernie Herrick, a wealthy Englishman—in the belief that he can thus insure himself against depredations. And that trouble is imminent Wall is well aware.

Hank Hays, gunman and superintendent of the ranch, has informed the young man that he, Hank Hays, and his followers at the ranch are plotting to steal Herrick's cattle, sell them and make their get-away. And war between the forces of one Bill Heeseman—the superintendent's bitter enemy, likewise employed by Herrick—and Hays may break out at any moment.

Wall is young, strong, fearless. He resolves to await developments. . . .

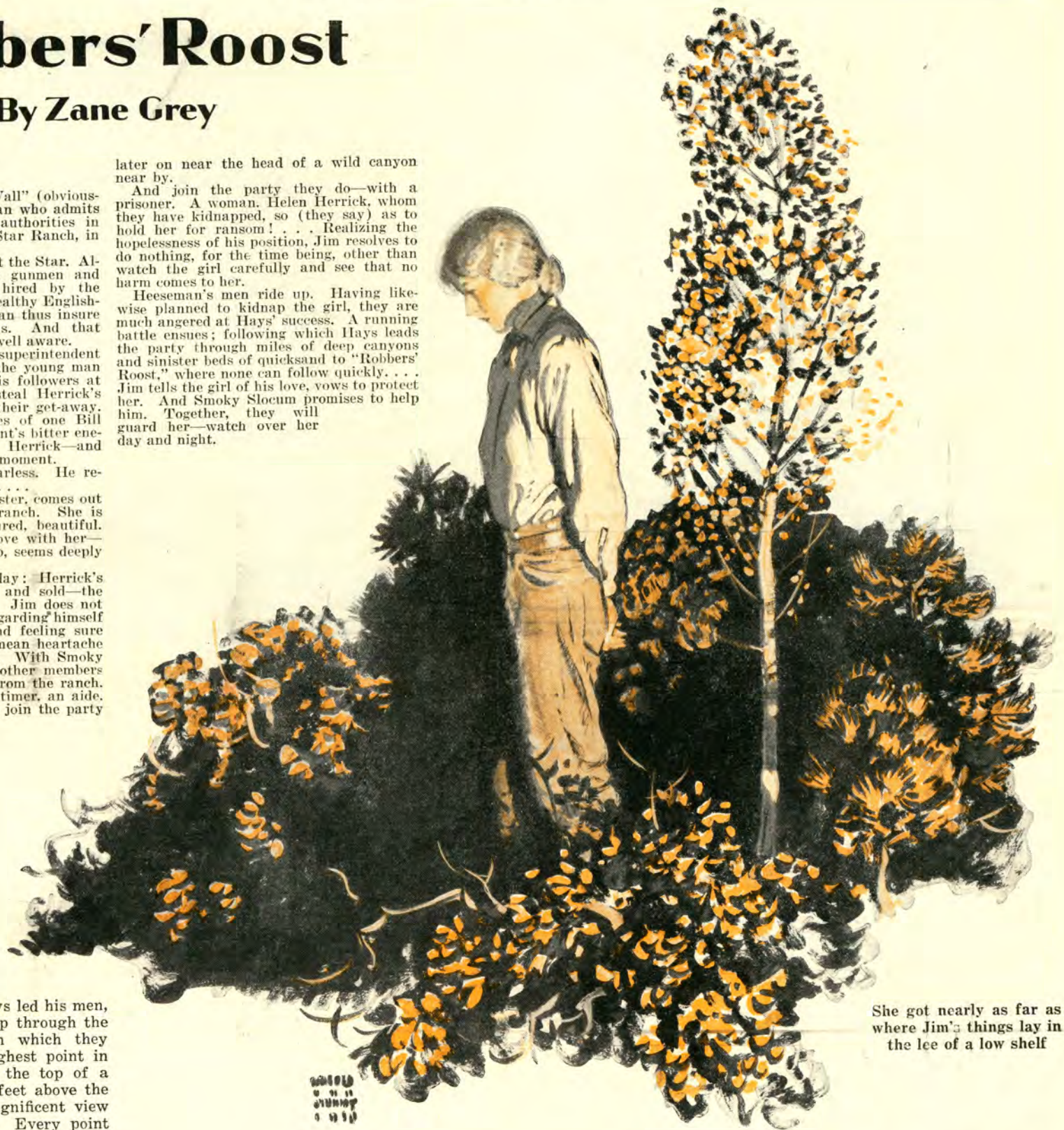
Helen Herrick, Bernie's sister, comes out from England to visit the ranch. She is twenty-two years old, cultured, beautiful. Soon Jim is hopelessly in love with her—and, to his horror, Hays, too, seems deeply interested.

Then comes the great day: Herrick's cattle have been driven off and sold—the time for flight has arrived! Jim does not wish to leave Helen. But, regarding himself as no fit match for her, and feeling sure that to remain would only mean heartache for her, he decides to do so. With Smoky Slocum, Brad Lincoln and other members of the gang, he rides away from the ranch. Hank and Sparrowhawk Latimer, an aide, remain behind, promising to join the party

later on near the head of a wild canyon near by.

And join the party they do—with a prisoner. A woman, Helen Herrick, whom they have kidnapped, so (they say) as to hold her for ransom! . . . Realizing the hopelessness of his position, Jim resolves to do nothing, for the time being, other than watch the girl carefully and see that no harm comes to her.

Heeseman's men ride up. Having likewise planned to kidnap the girl, they are much angered at Hays' success. A running battle ensues; following which Hays leads the party through miles of deep canyons and sinister beds of quicksand to "Robbers' Roost," where none can follow quickly. . . . Jim tells the girl of his love, vows to protect her. And Smoky Slocum promises to help him. Together, they will guard her—watch over her day and night.



She got nearly as far as where Jim's things lay in the lee of a low shelf

VIII

AFTER breakfast Hays led his men, except Latimer, up through the west outlet, from which they climbed to the highest point in the vicinity. It was to the top of a bluff fully five hundred feet above the draw. It afforded a magnificent view of this baffling country. Every point of the green hole was in plain sight. Every approach to it, even that down the dark gully, lay exposed; and a sharp-eyed scout with a field glass could have detected pursuers miles away, and have caught their dust long before they came in sight.

"No use talkin'," was Smoky's comment.

Others were loud in their encomiums.

Brad Lincoln said sarcastically: "So you been savin' this roost for your old age?"

They all laughed. Then Jim put in his quiet opinion: "A band of men could hang out here for twenty years—unless they fought among themselves."

"Ha!" Slocum let out a single sharp exclamation, impossible to designate as containing mirth or censure, yet which was certainly corroborative.

"Wal, I never give it no name," concluded Hays, "an' we'll let the future do that. I'll gamble every dollar I got that some outfit will last hyar twenty years. If Heeseman does fer us, then Morley will do fer him. An' so it'll go. None of us will ever live to see cowboy posses ride into these brakes."

They left Jim on the bluff to keep the first watch, and he was well pleased to

be alone. The die was cast now. Hays had made his bed and must lie in it—no doubt to a last long bloody sleep. He had betrayed his loyal allies, not only in the matter of making way with the girl, but in regard to honest division of stolen gains. Jim had Miss Herrick's word as to the amount taken from her.

IT WAS a certainty that Hays had also robbed her brother. But he had not reported the truth as to amount; and this was another singular proof of the disintegration of the chief's character. Only by strict, fair dealings could he ever have gained the confidence and loyalty of that hardened crew.

In all likelihood Sparrowhawk Latimer was aware of this omission on the chief's part, for men of his type were not easily fooled. Probably he had been bribed to keep his mouth shut. Jim resolved to lose no time being kind and solicitous to the wounded man. Whatever there was to learn Jim meant to learn.

While his thoughts ran in this fashion, skipping from one aspect to another, Jim's keen manipulation of the

field glass followed suit. He would study the white-ridged draw by which Hays had entered the hole, and try to follow its devious wanderings till he lost it in the brakes. He would bend his magnified sight upon the dark, seamed gorge heading under the terrace of cottonwoods. And the two other exits to that rendezvous came in for their share of attention. In this way he gradually became acquainted with them. And after each survey he would shift the glass back to the oval bowl where the robbers were at work.

Some were carrying water, brush, stones, while others were digging post-holes. Hays was apparently a mason, for at once he began to lay a square fireplace of flat stones. The stone, sand, water were fetched to him, but he did the building himself. An hour or so after the start the square grate appeared to be completed, and the chimney was going up. Four cottonwoods formed the four corner posts of the shack. Poles of the same wood were laid across for beams. Probably Hays would construct a roof of brush, and give it pitch enough so that it would shed water.

That growing structure became fascinating to Jim Wall. What was going to happen in it? Three times Hays left off work to walk across the green to the tent where Miss Herrick kept herself. No doubt the robber called to her. The third time he peeped in.

"Go in, you—scurvy bloodhound!" ejaculated Jim, fiercely. There was a hot joy at the ring of his words in his ears. He need not even deceive himself. He could roar like a bull if he wished.

But Hays did not attempt to enter the tent. Certain it was, however, that he glanced back to see if any of his men were watching him. They were, though perhaps to his estimate not at all obtrusively.

JIM, however, with the strong field glass, could actually catch the expression on their faces. Smoky spoke to Lincoln, and his suggestive jerk of his head toward Hays and the tent added a volume of meaning. Then Hays retraced his steps back to the job.

Long after noonday, and when Jim had spent at least six hours on watch, Jeff Bridges detached himself from his

"We walked round the house, an' Hank showed me the gurl's winder, which was open. . . ."



Illustrated by
Harold
Von Schmidt

comrades and laboriously made his way out the west entrance and up the long, gray-green slope to the red bluff, upon the top of which Jim was stationed.

Jeff was a heavy man, not used to climbing on foot. His red face was wet with sweat. "Jim, we most forgot you," he panted, good-naturedly. "The boss had us—a goin'. He's shore—enthusiastic over makin' a roost of thet hole!"

Jim relinquished the glass and his seat to Bridges. "I don't mind," he said. "Sort of like it up here." He left and made his way leisurely down off the smooth red ledges to the slope, and eventually to the valley floor. Cottontail rabbits scurried out from under his feet, to crouch in the grass or under a bush not far off. Jim drew his gun, and selecting a favorable shot he put out the eye of a rabbit; and presently he repeated the performance. With the rabbits dangling, one from each hand, he turned into the oval, amused to find not a single man in sight. They had heard his shots and had taken to cover.

As he approached, one by one they reappeared out of the earth, it looked to Jim, and when he reached Happy's camp site they were all back.

"Huh! You scared the very hell out of us," declared Hays, forcibly. "How'n hell could we know you was shootin' rabbits?"

"Young rabbit for supper won't go bad," rejoined Jim.

"They shore won't," agreed Smoky. "Lemme see, Jim." He took the rabbits and examined them. "Look ahyar, Brad. He shot the eye out of both of them."

"Durned if he didn't," said Brad, enthusiastically. "How fer away, Jim?"

"I didn't step it off. Reckon one was about twenty paces and the other farther," returned Jim, stretching the truth a little. He knew such men, how their morbid minds centered about certain things.

"Ahuh, you're a poor shot," declared Lincoln.

"Hank, fer Gawd's sake don't let's give Jim Wall a chanct to shoot at us!" ejaculated Smoky, with a loud laugh.

The robber chieftain did not see any levity in the circumstance.

"Hell no. We don't want Jim shootin' at us any more'n he wants us shootin' at him." That was a distinction with a difference. But Smoky was sincere, Lincoln was dubious, and Hays was deceitful.

"Can you hit a bottle in the air, Jim?" queried Smoky.

"Whenever you want to bet I can't, come on."

"Hey, save your ammunition, you cowboys," interrupted Hays, gruffly. "We'll git all the shootin' you want, mebbe. . . . Jim, take a snack of grub, an' then come to work with us."

While they were at it Smoky suggested they erect a sun and rain shelter for the prisoner, and Jim casually seconded the proposition. Hays consented with a bad grace. So before dark they built one for Miss Herrick that would add materially to her comfort.

"Reckon this cottonwood grove is her private grounds, fellers," added Smoky.

In the main they were kindly disposed and amenable. Lincoln's bitterness toward the chief, however, rather augmented, if anything. He said: "I got it figured that Hank reckoned this grove was *his* private grounds."

"WAL, he figgered wrong then," snapped Smoky. "It ain't no fault of our'n if this gurl is hyar. But since she is, we'll see she gets treated like a lady."

That was strong speech, yet passed over by Hays. He had resourcefulness, after he had accomplished his design in getting the girl there.

The shelter extended from the edge of the grove, where her tent stood, out far enough to permit of other conveniences. A tiny stream ran out from under the trees. Jim banked it up with clean red rocks, forming a fine little pool of clear cold water. Smoky, who had skill and artistry, deftly fashioned a rude armchair, which, when covered with saddle blankets, made an acceptable chair. Hays, not to be wholly outdone, cut

and carried a great armload of ferns. "Come out, miss," he called into the tent. "We're makin' you comfortable. An' heah's some ferns to put under your bed."

Helen emerged quickly enough, her eyes suspiciously red, but that did not mar the flash of them.

"Hays, am I to gather from this kindly service that my enforced stay here with you will be indefinite?" she queried.

"Wal, it looks like thet. But what else can I do?" returned Hays, avoiding her gaze.

"You can send Jim Wall and another of your men back to Star Ranch. I'll write a letter to my brother to pay and ask no questions or make no moves."

"Shore, I reckon Jim would go. It's easy to see thet. But none of my regular men would risk it," returned Hays.

"There's a better way, Hank," spoke up Smoky. "Send Jim an' me back with the girl. If she'll promise it we'll get the money."

"I give my word," swiftly agreed Miss Herrick.

"It ain't to be thought of," returned the robber, dryly.

Jim watched his opportunity to give Helen a warning look when Hays could not see. She had forgotten his cautioning her. And that halted whatever retort she had on her lips. Smoky, however, was making good Jim's estimate of him—that he was deep, and would answer unexpectedly to any situation.

"Hell you say, Hank. It *is* to be thought of," he rejoined coolly. "You nor nobody else can think my thoughts."

"Wal, I mean I'm not thinkin' that way, an' as I'm boss of this outfit what I say goes. Do you savvy?"

"Shore. Thet's short an' sweet."

"Wal, then, let's have no more to say. When it suits me—which is when it's safe to send fer thet ransom money—I'll do it an' not before."

He stalked away toward the cook shelter, evidently to secure a bucket and basin for Miss Herrick. As he walked away Helen appealed to Jim with eyes so eloquent of fear and hope that he almost threw up his hands in despair.

"You—what's your name?" she asked, turning to Smoky.

"Wal, you can call me Smoky,"

drawled that worthy, with an inscrutable smile. But something in her, beauty or purity or spirit, had reached his depths.

"Jim has made you a friend—to help me?"

"I reckon so, but fer Gawd's sake don't talk so loud. Try to savvy this deal, an' what's your part in it." Smoky wheeled to his task as Hays strode back into earshot.

Miss Herrick entered her tent, and after that little more was spoken between the men, and presently, at Hays' suggestion, they quit for the day.

"WHAR you bunkin', Smoky?" inquired Hays.

"Under the cliff with Sparrow. Thet poor devil needs nursin'."

"Sorry about him. But we could have got in a hell of a jam over there. Figger it out, if we'd been a quarter hour later."

"Wal, thet'd been the end of Hank Hays an' outfit," remarked Smoky, caustically.

"An inch is as good as a mile. . . . Jim, whar you sleepin'?"

"There's my bed and pack and saddle," replied Wall, pointing. "I'll leave them there till it rains."

Hays made no comment. They repaired to Happy Jack's shelter and to their evening meal. Later by the light of the campfire Jim saw Helen come out of her tent to walk up and down in the dusk. And she got nearly as far as where Jim's things lay in the lee of a low shelf. He wondered if she was keen enough to calculate that he would be nearest to her, and that he was the lightest of sleepers.

Darkness soon settled down, and with it the robbers, worn out with their labors. Jim stayed up long enough to see Hays stretch in his blankets under Happy's shelter. So far, so good! A heavy breath of oppression eased off Jim's chest. It could have been far worse. His impulse to appeal to Smoky had been an inspiration. Still he had intuition. Smoky was probably as great a rogue as any unchanged, yet he had the subtle qualities that men like Jim felt in extremities. Before this game was far spent Smoky would loom splendidly, of that Jim was certain.

He went to bed, and for a long hour kept himself awake with poignant thoughts, while he listened and watched.

The next day came, and was like the preceding, with its camp tasks and improvements, the guard duty, attendance upon Sparrow, and the universal if covert observance of Miss Herrick. To do her credit she kept out of her tent, ate, exercised, and watched with great anxious eyes that haunted Jim.

After that, day after day, full of watching and suspense for Jim, wore on. Every morning dawned with a sense of something about to happen. And he divined that suspense would go on and on. Yet it could not last forever. In the clear light of day, during his watches up on the bluff, he had gone sternly and finally over the situation. He would not attempt anything radical until something happened. And he would adhere to that.

The seventh day, during the heat of the afternoon, while some of the men were asleep and others absent and Jim was on the lookout from the bluff with his field glass, Hays began carrying things from the grove to the shack he had built. It had been set some distance away, on a level gravel flat, just out from a notch in the south wall. A deep wash separated it from the camp.

Jim's field glass brought things close—too close for his peace of mind. Hays' first bundle was his own pack, which he took into the cabin. Jim cursed. On the second trip Hays fetched his bed roll. Like a hawk Jim watched. It was certain that cold sweat broke out all over Jim.

His hour was about up and leaving the lookout he ran down the slope and into the oval, slowing up when near camp. He came upon some of the men arguing.

"Hell no!" ejaculated Smoky, as Jim arrived.

"Hell yes!" returned Lincoln.

"Fellers, it'd be too low-down," went on Smoky, with passion. "We're a lot of bad eggs, but Hank ain't thet bad. . . . Collect the ransom an' send her home to her brother after degradin' her!"

"Smoky, you're a faithful cuss," rejoined Lincoln, admiringly. "When air your eyes goin' to open?"

"They're open all right," replied Smoky, doggedly.

"Cheese it. Hyar comes Hays now."

JIM was satisfied with the slow wearing away of their faith.

"Fellows, I heard you, and I'm agreeing with Lincoln," he said hurriedly. "Looks as if Hank is bent on dragging Miss Herrick over to his shack."

There was an intense silence.

"I've been watching through the field glass," added Jim.

"Wal, by Gawd!" burst out Smoky, convinced against his will. "I been hopin' we was hard on Hank. . . . Jim, if he does fer me, you take it up."

"Let me face him first," demanded Jim, harshly.

"What the hell, Smoky!" ejaculated Lincoln.

"Shet up. Hyar he comes. Keep out of it now."

When the chief reached the shelter he would have passed on without noting them, so great was his abstraction.

"Hays, come hyar," called Smoky, ringingly, as he stepped out. The robber swerved off his course, startled. "We been arguin' aboot you. Wal, you know me. I'm askin' you damn' straight. Do you mean bad by this Herrick woman?"

"Bad!" echoed Hays, his face changing from red to white.

"Thet's what I ast," retorted Smoky.

"Wal, an' suppose I say I do," demanded Hays, "if it's any of your damn' bizness!"

"Then you can shoot it out with me, right hyar an' now!"

"Smoky!" gasped the chief, incredulous.

"An' if you do fer me you've got Jim to take on," snapped Smoky.

"More double-crossin'!" bellowed Hays, suddenly wild.

"Shore. More from you, Hank."

THE leader spat in his fury; and then it was remarkable to see him pull himself together.

"I jest wanted to know how fer you fellers would go," he declared. "An' you've shore give me a cud to chew. . . . As fer thet gurl, I've no more bad feelin's toward her than any one or all of you. Savvy! An' let me say if I heah any more sich talk I'll be bustin' up this outfit."

"It's busted now, Hank," replied Smoky, betraying the bitterness of the disillusioned.

Jim sought seclusion until sunset, fighting through one of the most horrible hours he had ever lived. Hays would not fight. Jim's hands were tied

until further complications untied them. When he returned, Smoky came to meet him.

"Sparrow's been askin' fer you," he said, moodily. "I'm afear'd he's lots wuss."

When Jim bent over the wasted Latimer it was indeed to feel a cold apprehension.

"What is it, Sparrow? I've been on watch," said Jim, taking the other's thin hand.

"Am I a-goin' to croak?" queried Latimer, calmly.

"You've a fighting chance, Sparrow. While there's life there's hope."

"Wal, I've been shot before. But I never had this queer feelin'. . . . Now, Jim, if I git to sinkin' don't keep me from knowin'. If I'm dyin' I want to tell you and Smoky somethin' thet I'd keep if I lived. Savvy?"

Smoky, kneeling at Latimer's other side, nodded sadly.

"Sparrow, I couldn't honestly ask for that confession yet," replied Jim. "You

might pull through. But I promise you, and I'm shaking your hand on it."

"Good. Thet eases my mind. Gimme a drink of cold, fresh water."

Smoky took up the dipper and strode down to fetch the water.

"Jim, I like you—a heap," said Latimer.

"Thanks, Sparrow. I'm sure I return it," replied Jim.

"Fellers like me can only expect to die this way. I always knowed. . . . But it's different—now it's hyar. . . . Jim, did you ever think it'd be better to go—back to honest livin'?"

"Not lately," replied Jim, gloomily.

"Wal, you're younger'n most of us."

Smoky returned with the water, and the two men helped Latimer to drink.

"Sparrow, you can't gain strength on water," complained Smoky, earnestly. "I'm gonna fetch you somethin'."

On the walk across the oval Smoky said very seriously: "Jim, I reckon we better have Sparrow tell us tomorrer—whatever he has on his chest. Thet is, if we want to know it. Do you?"

"I sure do, Smoky. If it's something Latimer must confess it's something we ought to know."

THAT night Jim took his time at supper, and afterwards he lingered around the campfire long after Hays had stalked off into the gloom with a significant parting speech: "Good night all. I'm turnin' in."

"Reckon Hank's tired of layin' awake nights listenin' to thet gurl cry," said Mac.

"Looks like thet."

"Thet's what it 'pears to me," replied the cook. "I fixed up her supper before callin' you-all. Hank took it over. He was late comin' fer his own supper, as you saw."

"Wal, it's decent of him."

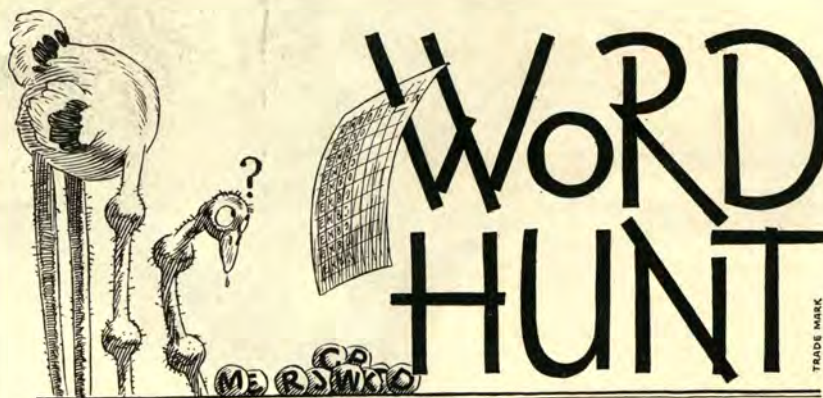
Jim moved his bed closer to the grove, farther from the campfire, and it commanded a view of the rise of ground where anyone passing could be detected above the horizon. And he sat on his bed watching until he was too tired to sit up any longer. But even after he had crawled under his blankets he watched.

But nothing passed. The hours wore on until the utter loneliness of the deep pit weighed heavily upon Jim's oppressed breast. Even the crickets ceased to chirp. The wind failed. He might have been lying in a stone sepulcher. He was fixed in a solitude that seemed to be working upon him. But Jim Wall did not believe in ghosts, and always he had scoffed the few intimations of spirit that had whispered to him from nature. Bent unalterably upon dealing death to the robber who had befriended him, he did not listen to the still, small, inward voice.

He fell asleep and dreamed that he was riding a gigantic black horse with eyes of fire, and that there was a white flower growing out from a precipice, and in a strange, reckless desire to pluck it he fell into the abyss. Down, down he plunged into blackness. And suddenly a piercing, terrible cry rose from the depths.

He was sitting upright in bed, his brow clammy with sweat, his heart clamped as in a cold vise. What had awakened him? The night was silent, melancholy, fateful. He swore that a soul-wracking cry had broken his slumber. Then he remembered the dream. How absurd that he should dream of plucking a white flower and plunging to hell! Nevertheless it disturbed him. There were things hard to explain. He was not subject to dreams. The rest of the night he dozed at intervals, haunted by he knew not what.

One by one the members of the gang appeared at Happy Jack's calls to break—
(Continued on page 59)



In the English language there are exactly ten words (each having just eight letters) that begin with the letters E-M-B-O. One of them is EMBOLISM. You supply the others.

1	E	M	B	O	L	I	S	M
2	E	M	B	O				
3	E	M	B	O				
4	E	M	B	O				
5	E	M	B	O				
6	E	M	B	O				
7	E	M	B	O				
8	E	M	B	O				
9	E	M	B	O				
10	E	M	B	O				

Insertion of days, months, or years, in an account of time, for regularity. Also (Medical) the occlusion of a blood vessel by an embolus.

Invested with a body. Also, rendered concrete and definite. Also, incorporated.

(Zoölogy) A narrow piece on the costal margin of the wings of bugs.

(Mining) Native chloride and bromide of silver.

Bending in a bow; hence, forming into an arch.

One that embosses.

One that embodies.

(Rare) To bottle.

To encourage.

Raised in relief from a surface, as an ornament, head on a coin, print, or the like.

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 November 22d

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Embattle | 5. Embanked |
| 2. Embarked | 6. Embarrel |
| 3. Embaying | 7. Embalmer |
| 4. Embarred | 8. Embalmed |

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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They have set up a Managers Security Company in which all the executives hold stock—the directors and officials of all their numerous companies. The holdings of these executives thus pooled form a powerful bolus of stock capable of controlling the company.

There is a wide distribution of stock in General Motors. But there is no wide distribution of control. The executives are in a sense partners in a company which controls General Motors. They have the same stake in General Motors therefore that private owners would have. Control of the company is centralized and is therefore visible and obvious. Responsibility is also definite.

"Buying Capital"

Then there is the employee-ownership plan. Few large corporations have made any effort to centralize the ownership of stock in the hands of their employees. But they have set in motion the machinery which has turned their employees into stockholders. More than a million men and women now own more than a billion dollars' worth of stock in the companies for which they work.

It was freely said up to last year that the first big market crash would shatter two of our popular business institutions. One was installment selling. The other was employee ownership. The business depression has affected neither. Installment accounts were paid up amazingly and employee ownership has come through the test actually strengthened. It was said that a serious stock decline would see employees unloading their holdings in a panic. They did not do so. However, employee ownership has not yet progressed far enough, save in a very few companies, to give the employees anything even remotely resembling control. But there is a powerful movement among certain economists and sociologists to press this as the solution of the stockholder problem.

Owen D. Young has uttered one of the most revolutionary proposals com-

ing from any business man on the subject. About a year ago he talked about the cultural wage. In the extensive publicity given that pronouncement a far more serious proposal by him was completely lost. Here are his words:

"Perhaps some day we may be able to organize the human beings engaged in a particular undertaking so that they truly will be the employers buying capital as a commodity in the market at the lowest price. It will be necessary for them to provide an adequate guarantee fund in order to provide their capital at all. If that is realized, the human beings will then be entitled to all the profits over and above the cost of capital. I hope the day will come when these great business organizations will belong to the men who are giving their lives and their efforts to them. I care not in what capacity. Then they will use capital as a tool and they will be all interested in working to the highest economic advantage."

There is still another plan. It is hardly a plan at all. It is a drift. In 1927 the Treasury found that one third of all dividends of corporations were paid to other corporations. This means that one third of the stock in all our corporations is owned by other corporations.

In other words, little by little, very large, very powerful and highly specialized investment concerns are becoming stockholders in various business concerns. They are not weak or ignorant or helpless or timid stockholders like our individuals. The time perhaps is not far distant when they will be so numerous and so strong that they will be able to walk into the office of any big corporation and ask for facts. Are they to be the giants who will represent the stockholder as against management? Are they actually to be the only stockholders?

Here are a group of movements and forces pushing forward for the control of our great corporations which in turn control our business and, in a sense, our lives. Which of them is to attain the mastery? Which of them is to give its character to our society?

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 23

fast. With no work to do, no horses to find or rides to make, the robbers were lazy.

Jim was the last to arrive, except Hays, who had not yet appeared.

"Darn good thing we ain't in an Injun country," observed Mac.

"Humph! Fer a feller who lays ten hours in bed I sleep damn' little," rejoined Smoky, moodily. "I hear things an' I'm always waitin' fer somethin'."

"Yell fer the boss. My voice is gone," said Happy Jack.

Nobody took the trouble to comply with this request. The men fell to eating. Brad Lincoln had not spoken and he kept his eyes lowered. But Lincoln was always morose in the mornings.

After the meal Jim, as was his custom, hurried toward the shelf where Latimer lay. He had gotten about halfway when Slocum caught up with him.

"Jim, you look like the wrath of Gawd this mornin'."

"Smoky, I didn't sleep well. I'm cross, and I reckon I need a shave."

"Wal, if thet's all . . . Say, Jim, did you hear the gurl scream last night?"

"Scream . . . did she?"

"Huh. If she didn't, I've shore got the jimjams. . . . My Gawd, look at pore Latimer!"

Their patient had wrestled off his

bed out into the grass. They rushed to lift him back and make him comfortable. He appeared to be burning up with fever and alarmingly bright-eyed, but he was conscious and asked for water. Jim hurried to fetch some.

"How'n hell I rolled out there I don't know," said Latimer, after he had drunk thirstily.

"Reckon you was delirious, Sparrow," replied Smoky.

"No, sir. I was scared."

"Scared! You? Thet's funny," rejoined Smoky, looking across at Jim.

"WHAT scared you, old man?" queried Jim, bathing Latimer's hot face with a wet scarf.

"It was after I got my sleep. Must have been late, fer I always am dead to the world fer five or six hours. I was wide awake. It was shore a lonesome, still night. Mebbe my sins weighed on me. . . . But all of a sudden I heard a cry. It scared me so I jumped right off my bed. Hurt me, too, an' I didn't try to get back."

"Maybe it was a coyote right by close," returned Jim.

"Fellers, I'll bet you'll find thet gurl dead . . . murdered!" concluded Latimer hoarsely.

"Wal, I'll be darned!" ejaculated Smoky. *(Continued on page 60)*



It's your move, Mr. Smoker!

Does your pipe-stem clog? Does your pipe smoke hot? Does the taste fall short of that rich "pipey" fragrance that old pipe-smokers insist on? Then, Mr. Smoker, it's your move!

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Mennen Christmas Box. Five products in a beautiful English box, at \$1.25.

(Continued from page 59)

"Sparrow, you don't look flighty," replied Jim, gravely. "But your talk is. Else you've a reason to think it."

"Shore, I have," rejoined Latimer, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Hays beat an' robbed Herrick!... Thet's part I wanted to tell you, if I was goin' to croak. But I gotta tell it anyhow. An' I ask you both, as pards, to keep what I tell you secret till I'm dead."

"I swear, Sparrow," said Smoky, huskily.

"You can trust me, too," added Jim. "Wal, thet's why I feel Hank must have done fer the gurl too."

"Robbed Herrick!" exclaimed Slocum, incredulously. "Was there a fight?"

"Yes. But Hank might have avoided it. He drove the man crazy. Fellers, Hays'd steal coppers off a dead nigger's eyes—shore. But what he said he wanted was the gurl fer ransom. Yet he picked a fight with Herrick an' beat him with a gun."

"SPARROW, how come you didn't tell us before?" asked Smoky, sternly.

"I'm beholden to Hank. But I will say thet if I'd knowed his game I'd never have gone with him. After it was too late—wal, I stuck. An' I'd kept it secret. But I feel in my bones I'm done fer. So I'm squealin', an' I'm doin' it because Hays double-crossed you all."

"Reckon I'd have done the same, if Hank had a hold on me," conceded Smoky, generously. "Suppose you take a nip of whisky an' tell us what happened."

"I'm hot enough without liquor. But I'll tell you... Gimme some more water."

After a moment Latimer drew a long breath and resumed: "Hank picked me because he had a hold on me... After you fellers left thet night Hank went out an' got another hoss. He had a saddle hid somewhere. We took them hosses up the bench back of the house an' tied them. Then we went down toward the house."

"Ahuh. He'd had this deal in mind all the time," said Smoky, nodding his head.

"Yes. Before we got to the house he told me he meant to hold Herrick up fer what money he had on hand—then steal the gurl fer ransom. I opened my trap to kick again' the gurl part of it, anyway, but he cussed me somethin' fierce. I seen then he was blood set on it, so I shet up... Herrick was in the livin'-room. We walked round the house, an' Hank showed me the gurl's winder, which was open... Wal, we went back, an' up on the porch, an' into the livin'-room."

"When Herrick looked up Hank threw a gun on him. 'Keep quiet an' shell out your money,' Hank ordered. Thet didn't faze the Englishman. He jumped up, thunderin' mad. Hank hit him over the head, cuttin' a gash. Thet didn't knock Herrick out, but it made him fight till Hank got him good an' hard. Then he opened his desk an' threw out some packages of greenbacks. After thet he slid to the floor. Next Hank ordered me to go out an' round to the gurl's winder. It was bright moonlight, but I didn't locate thet winder quick. An' at thet I was guided to it by the gurl's voice... Gimme another drink."

Latimer quenched his inordinate thirst again, while Jim and Smoky exchanged thoughtful glances over him.

"Wal, where was I?... When I straddled thet winder-sill I seen the gurl sittin' up in bed, white as the sheets about her. Hank had a gun pointed at her head, an' he was sayin' if she yelled, he'd shoot. Then he told me to look around fer money an' jewels. I started thet, keepin' an eye on them. The room

was as moonlight as outdoors. Hank told her to git up an' dress fer ridin'. She refused, an' he yanked her clean out of bed, splittin' her nightgown half off. 'Gurl,' he said, 'yore brother is hawg-tied down in the livin'-room, an' if you don't do as I tell you, I'll kill him... I'm takin' you away fer ransom, an' when he pays up you can come home. So long's you're quiet we won't hurt you.'... At thet she got up an' ran into a closet. I heard her sobbin'. He made her put on ridin' clothes an' pack what else she wanted. Meanwhile I found a heap of gold things an' diamonds, an' a package of money, still with the Wells-Fargo paper on it. These I stuffed in my pockets, an' I shore was a walkin' gold mine."

"How much was there?" asked Smoky, curiously, when Latimer paused to catch his breath.

"I'll come to thet... We went out the winder, an' Hank hustled her into the woods, with me follerin'. Soon we come to the hosses, an' Hank put the gurl up on the gray. He blindfolded her an' told me to see she didn't git away. Then he run back down the hill. The gurl talked a blue streak, but she wasn't so damn' scared, except when we heard a shot, then someone runnin' on hard ground. Hank come back pronto, pantin' like a lassoed bull. He said he'd run plump into Progar an' another of Heese-man's outfit."

"Miss Herrick," he says, 'them fellers—was bent on robbin' your brother—mebbe killin' him. I shot Progar, but the other got away.'... He tied the bundle on his hoss, an' leadin' the gurl's hoss he rode up the mountain. We rode the rest of the night, stoppin' to rest at daylight. Hyar I turned the money an' trinkets over to Hank. He counted the money Herrick had turned over—some-thing more'n sixteen thousand—but he never opened the Wells-Fargo package I'd found in the gurl's trunk... Thet's all, fellers. We rode till noon, meetin' you as agreed in the cedars."

"What was in thet Wells-Fargo package?" asked Smoky, after a long pause.

"Money. Hundred-dollar bills. I tore a corner of the paper off. It was a thick an' heavy package."

"Ahuh. So Hank went south with thet an' the jewelry?"

"Yes. When he made the divvy hyar he give me his share of thet sixteen thousand. It's hyar in my coat. You an' Jim air welcome to it. 'Cause where I'm goin'—I won't need any."

"Sparrow, it was a long story fer a sick man—an' hard to tell," said Smoky, feelingly. "Jim an' me will respect your confidence. An' if you pull through—as I hope to Gaud you do—we'll never squeak... But, pard, don't be surprised at what comes off."

FIVE days later Sparrowhawk Latimer died during the night, after a short interval of improvement which gave his comrades renewed hope. He passed away alone, evidently in agony, to judge from his distorted face. When Slocum found his body in the morning it was stiff and cold.

"Wal, I don't know but thet Sparrow's better off," remarked Smoky, with pathos. "Thet hyar game ain't hardly wuth playin'."

They buried him in his tarpaulin on the spot, and divided his effects among them by drawing lots.

"What'd you do with the money you found on him?" queried Hays.

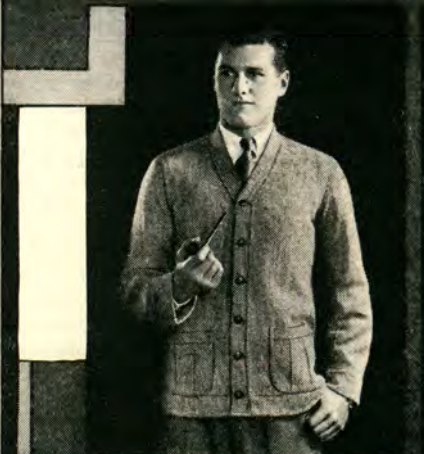
"We didn't find none. Sparrow gave it to me an' Jim some days ago," replied Smoky.

"Reckon you better divide it."

"Ump-umm," rejoined Smoky, nonchalantly, his beady little eyes on the chief.

"Why not?"

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WUZ SAYIN'"



"One o' the slickest hold-ups o' the week took place Sunday.

"A masked bandit stuck up Si Harned in his store an' escaped with a box o' rocky fords before Si could git his feet out o' the rotygravure section.

"The work of an experienced smoker who liked 'em mild an' knew they'd keep fresh, says Constable Newt Plum.

"An' since all brands cost the same to a bandit, he wuz probably a man o' means who didn' have to worry about price.

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Rocky
Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
© P. Lorillard Co. . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

"Wal, Sparrow wanted us to have it. not, I reckon, because we took care of him when you forgot, but jest because he cottoned to us."

"Smoky, tell Hays the other reason," spoke up Jim.

"Thet'll wait, Jim. No hurry. An' I'm not so shore Sparrow wanted us to tell."

Hank Hays turned livid of face and the gaze he flashed upon his two cool subordinates held nothing if not the lightnings of a desperate soul.

"Ahuh. Mebbe you'd both be wise to stay shet up," he said and left.

Brad Lincoln was the first of the others to voice intense curiosity.

"What's all this gab?" he demanded.

"Keep your shirt on, Brad," returned Smoky, provokingly.

"FELLERS," continued Lincoln, turning to the others, "I've had a hunch all along there was a stink in this deal. Air you with me in demandin' a show-down from Smoky an' Jim?"

"We shore air," rejoined Bridges, and Mac and Happy Jack expressed like loyalty.

"Smoky, you're square. If there's anythin', we want to know."

"Wal, there's a hell of a lot. It's due you. Jim an' me have no mind to keep silent, now Latimer's gone. But we're stuck hyar in this hole, an' we don't want to fight among ourselves."

"Right you air—but no matter," snapped Lincoln.

"It'll bust up the poker game, Brad. You're behind, an' so long as there's a chanet to win Hays' roll, why not take it?"

Lincoln made a passionate gesture. Smoky had hit his weakness. He was the top gambler of the outfit. They were all gamblers when they had money and leisure, but Lincoln had the distinction of winning most.

"Smoky, you're sluggin' me one below the belt. You know damned well I'd pass up anythin' to beat Hank. I'm game. Keep your mouth shet till it's gotta come out. An' you can bet your life if it's as serious as you hint there'll be a hell of a row."

"Mebbe we can slick it over," replied Smoky, smoothly. "If we win all the boss' money—an' he'll shore be easy now with that gurl on his mind—I reckon there won't be any sense in tellin' at all. Eh, Jim?"

"I don't make any rash promises, Smoky," returned Jim. "I admire you a lot, Slocum, but I'm thinking you run this into the ground. In all justice these men ought to be told something."

"Damn you, Wall," flashed Smoky, but he was not venomous.

Lincoln leaped up and hissed like a snake. His rage was confirmation of suspicions. Smoky laid a restraining hand on him.

"It sorter riled me, Brad. But take my word fer it, it's a case of choosin' between the cards an' bein' told."

"I say cards. You fellers can't keep it forever," rejoined Lincoln, darkly.

From that hour dated the grim and passionate gambling in which they all participated. With one man on lookout duty the others spent most of the daylight hours sitting at Happy Jack's table of cottonwood poles. Hays was a gambler by nature; he gambled with everything, particularly life and death.

Jim had separated his money into two parts—one consisting of the bills of large denomination, and the other of small. The former was very much in excess of the latter. While on guard up on the bluff Jim sewed this considerable sum in the lining of his coat and vest. He had a premonition that he would need it some day. The other he kept out for gambling, intending to quit when it was lost.

But fortune was fickle. He did not

lose it. Instead, he won steadily. There was no hope of his getting out of the game so long as he was ahead. He wanted to watch, think, plan. Luck changed eventually, and he lost all he had won. Then he seesawed for a day, before he struck another streak of losing, and lost everything.

"I'm cleaned," he said, rising. "But, by gosh, I gave you a run."

"Jim, you shore had rotten cards lately," replied Hays. "But you can't be clean busted."

"No. I've saved out a little, and I'm going to hang on to it."

"I'm way ahead. I'll lend you some," offered Hays, generously.

"No, thanks. I'm glad to get off this well. I'll go up to the rock and send Mac down. From now on I'll do most of the lookout work. I like it."

"Thet's civil of you, Jim. . . . How many cards, Jeff? . . . Say, Smoky, don't you ever talk no more? I can't read your mind."

"Hell of a good thing you can't," replied Slocum, grimly. Gambling roused the worst in him, as indeed in all of them. Hays was loud, merry, derisive when he won, and the reverse when he lost.

Jim was glad this phase of his connection with the outfit was past. He had played for days, won and lost, all in the interest of the scheme fermenting in his mind. He wanted to be alone. If nothing else intervened, this gambling would lead to the inevitable quarrel. Whether Hays won all the money or lost what he had, there would be a fight. Daily the stakes had grown higher, the betting more reckless, the bitterness or elation more pronounced. There was too much cash in the possession of these robbers. It had been begotten in evil and only in evil could it end.

Mac was so glad to be relieved of his lonely duty in the hot sun that he ran like an overgrown boy down the slope and back to camp.

But Jim welcomed the change. The sun had no terrors for him. Nevertheless he had packed up a bundle of thick brush and three long trimmed poles, with which he essayed to erect a shelter. This proved not an easy job, for the reason that there was no place to stick the poles. However, by carrying up stones he finally accomplished his design, and took his well-earned seat in the shade.

AND at once a restless, baffled, harried condition of mind seemed to leave him. To face those men hour after hour, day after day, hiding his thoughts, had engendered irritation. Happy Jack was an agreeable and likable man, who really had no business among these robbers. He had no force. He veered like the wind, and the person who last had his ear convinced him. Smoky Slocum was the salt of the earth, if such tribute could be paid one of Hank Hays' band. The others, however, had palled upon Jim. When the split came and the shooting began Jim wanted to be around. He would help it along considerably.

He plied the glasses as diligently as before, sweeping all the hazy distances, the purple canyons, the white washes and valleys of green from which heat veils rose like smoke, and the mounds and ridges of red stone. Then he would watch the gamblers for a while. Often he would take a long look at the tent shelter where the girl spent her weary days. Savage as Jim was to precipitate eruption and catastrophe, here he had the sagacity and stamina to wait. Time was a conspirator with him. As surely as the sun shone blazingly down upon Robbers' Roost by day and the stars pitilessly by night, just as surely would tragedy decimate the gang. Every day brought that hour closer.

(To be continued next week)

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