

ROBBERS
ROOST
P25

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October 18, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



**"From Norway
to
Notre Dame"**
The first of a series -

-by
**KNUTE K.
ROCKNE**

175
45
220

102
40
80
222

JACKSON

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

October 18, 1930



Next Week

MEN, we have heard it said, go straight to their goal, boldly pushing obstacles aside, whereas women take a detour and not infrequently get there first. It's probably true. In fact we've come to expect something of that sort from our heroines; but Maribell Mead surprised us. Not every young woman—not even every young woman with red hair—would undertake to reorganize a moving picture company. And surely very few young women would put that company in a position to earn forty million dollars simply in order to save Bob Hutchinson's sixty-five-dollar-a-week job for him. But that's what Maribell, with her unobtrusive talent for bossing the works and her highly visible red hair, did. And she seemed to think it worth the trouble. Jerome Beatty tells you about it in "A Bracelet for Maribell."



MR. GRUNDY of Pennsylvania gave expression to his views about backward states and became famous. Nobody doubted that Mr. Grundy meant what he said: there was the ring of sincerity in his voice. But a good many people thought that he would have done better to have left it unsaid. In Pennsylvania certain persons of importance decided that the thing to do was to ditch Mr. Grundy. The confusion that resulted resembled a whirlwind. When it subsided, it became evident that Mr. Grundy had been the motionless point at its center; he was just where he had been before, but everything else in Pennsylvania had changed. Mr. Davenport takes the whirlwind apart for you in "Double Cross Marks the Spot."

THE Lebbeter twins were famous in the Glen for the perfect division of labor in their every effort. When Clem talked, Bert thought; and together they were unbeatable. It was only natural that when Finn & Dorner wanted to fleece them the first thing these shysters did was to force them to separate. Hugh MacNair Kahler tells what happened to the wolves when they got the Lebbeters apart. The story is called "Just a Couple of Lambs."

"IF YOU are the summit of a volcano the least you can do is to smoke." And that's what the ex-Kaiser was and did—until the volcano exploded and the top was blown into Holland. Winston Churchill, famous British statesman, draws a vivid picture of this weak and pretentious imperial sham in "The Truth About the ex-Kaiser."

KNUTE ROCKNE continues the story of his varied and amazing career as player and coach in "Beginning at End." Gilbert Frankau tells of the strange experience of Deirdre Summers at the altar. Others may have had moments of hesitation when they heard the wedding march, but no one ever saw the vision Deirdre saw. There are stories and articles by David Thibault, George Creel, Glenna Collett and Grantland Rice. And Zane Grey and P. G. Wodehouse will continue to play to capacity audiences.

Cover—E. M. Jackson

Page 7—Knut K. Rockne

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Any Week

WHENEVER life falls short of our expectations we shall think gratefully of Mrs. Robert Hansen of Racine, Wisconsin. Collier's has been read in her home for years and years. The earliest number in her treasured file of the weekly is July 5, 1902. Our only fear is that Mrs. Hansen is being slowly crowded into the woodshed and that she will, perforce, stop reading us one day. Rather than that, move into a larger house, Mrs. Hansen.

LEST solitude affect us as it has Mr. George Pilcher, of Fortuna Ledge, Alaska, we stop yearning for it. He sends us our May 3d cover picturing a young married woman (she had a ring) regarding with dismay a broken pipe, presumably her husband's, which she has knocked to the floor while swinging a feather duster. Mr. Pilcher thinks she is looking at a book and notes that the book is upside down. Mr. Pilcher has been isolated on the Yukon for thirty-two years and, we suspect, knows nothing of the trivialities which sometimes breed domestic storms. There will be those who envy Mr. Pilcher.

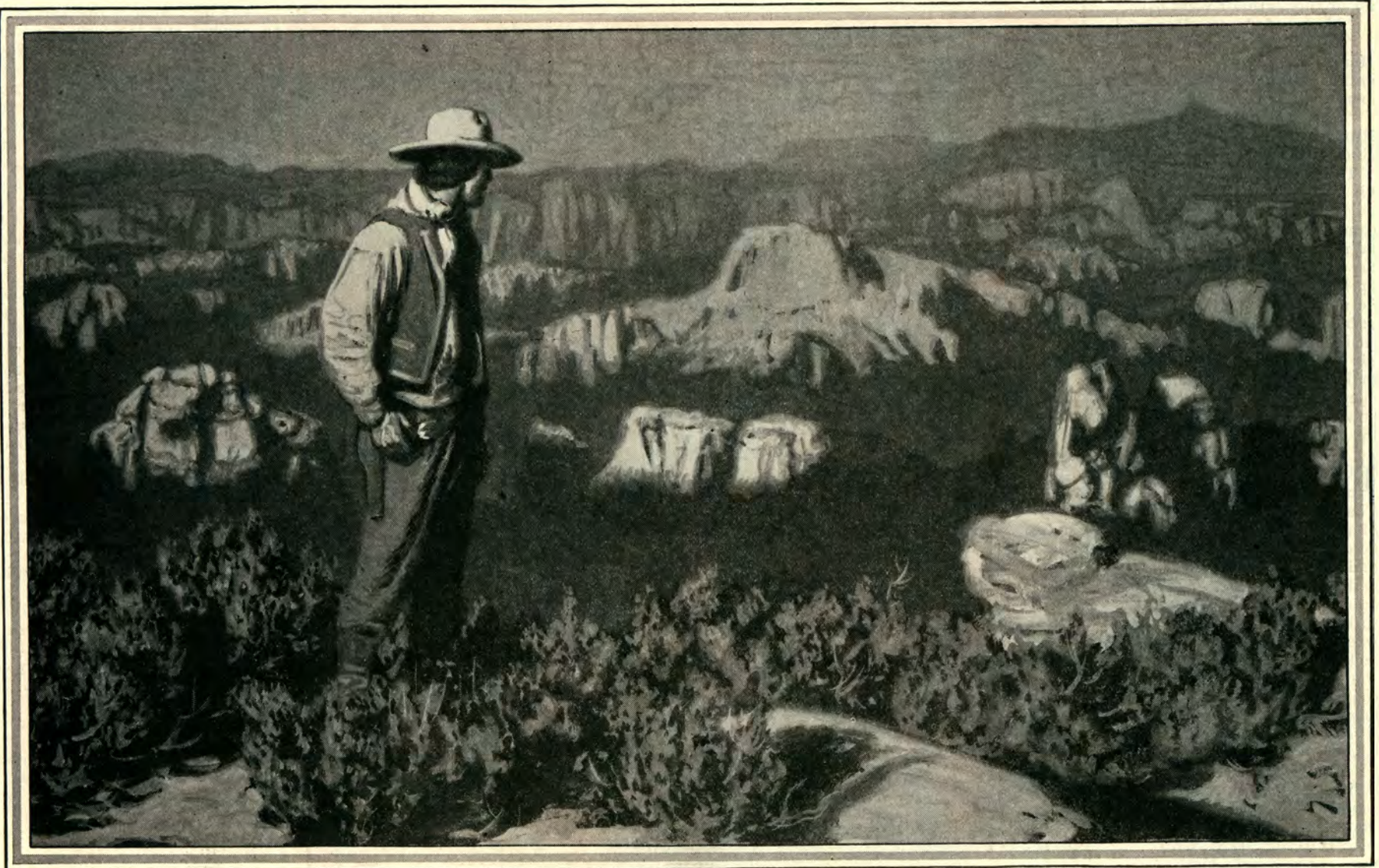
IT HAS been several weeks since we were last accused of having an itching palm and no conscience. Now it is Uncle Henry's turn and the old gentleman is quivering with indignation. It is Pastor Pittenger's fault. Mr. Pittenger shepherds the Normal City Methodist Episcopal Church of Muncie, Indiana. Addressing Uncle Henry as "Wet Hen," in itself a severe blow, he says: "I read with interested disgust your 'Thunder Clouds of Incense.' . . . We certainly hope your wet check for the article was large. A man who sells his integrity and intelligence for money ought to be largely rewarded."

"What money?" asks Uncle Henry, and goes off muttering. He comes back to say that if the Reverend Pittenger knows of any parties who may owe Uncle Henry any substantial, or even unsubstantial, sums of money he wishes the reverend wouldn't be so darned mysterious about it.



MR. J. C. McARTHUR writes from the Elks Club in San Antonio, Texas, that if we want to make about a hundred thousand dollars we can make a book of our prohibition articles. Mr. McArthur predicts it would be a tremendous success. We might turn the idea over to Uncle Henry. We'll have to do something if the Reverend Pittenger puts more notions in his head.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS M. PARSONS, of Hartford, Connecticut, are at home every Friday evening "because that is Collier's night" and Mr. Parsons, whose agreement with us is practically solid, slaps our back with one of the best letters we've seen lately. But lest we grow uppity we pick up a note from W. L. Mattis, who teaches history in Dayton, Ohio. He begins his letter of disagreement this way: "The older I get the more I am consoled by the fact that editors and other important personages can say just as darn' fool things as I can." Well, there's something in that.



The hour hung suspended between dusk and night. He felt an overpowering immensity of mountain, gorge, plain and butte

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING come out to Utah and bought a large ranch, near the town of Green River, Herrick, a wealthy Englishman, finds himself surrounded by cattle rustlers, gunmen and others of evil repute. Whereupon, he tries a novel experiment: Instead of fighting the desperadoes, he hires them!

Among the cleverest, and the worst of the lot, are Hank Hays and one Heeseeman—bitter enemies. Herrick makes the former his superintendent. . . . Riding alone one day, near Green River, Hays meets two strangers: one, a young man who gives his name (obviously assumed) as "Jim Wall," the other, a fat, avaricious fellow to whom Hays takes an instant dislike, and whom he promptly, and with the utmost audacity, proceeds to hold up.

The robbery does not shock Jim Wall. It merely amuses him—much to the delight of Hays, who, impressed by the young man's coolness and his evident desire to avoid the authorities, invites him to join his gang.

Hays actually says little; but it becomes obvious to Wall that he is plotting to rob his employer on a gigantic scale—is merely awaiting the opportune moment to act. And the young man is not a cattle rustler, nor has he ever, thus far, been dishonest. Nevertheless, he accepts Hays' invitation—agrees to work for him. . . .

In Green River men eye the new arrival questioningly. He appears to be a fellow with plenty of nerve—a gunman possibly. But can he live up to his looks? Is he a fighter? He himself gives the answers, and quickly.

During a poker game Hays—whom Wall sincerely likes—becomes engaged in an altercation with one "Stud," a card-shark. The gambler accuses Hays of cheating. "You're a liar!" says Hays. Then—before either can draw a gun—Wall steps forward.

"Hays," he says calmly, "I just want you to know I saw that rat slip an ace from the bottom of the deck."

Stud glares at the intruder. "I'll admit I cheated," he snarls, "but I ain't going to let no stranger tip me off!" Wall smiles. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he says—and the spectators, ready for a killing, hold their breath.

II
STUD did not know what he was going to do. And just as plain was the fact that he wanted to annihilate. On the other hand Wall had no desire to kill this testy, loud-mouthed little gambler. These things were manifest. They were Wall's strength and Stud's weakness.

Wall's deliberate query ended Stud's vacillation. His body shrank ever so slightly. His lean, dark, little hands lifted quivering from the table.

"Don't draw!" yelled Wall. "The man doesn't live who can sit at a table and beat me to a gun."

"Hell—you say," panted Stud. But that ringing taunt had cut the force of his purpose. There were beads of sweat on his face.

"You've got a gun in each inside vest pocket," said Wall, contemptuously. "Men of your stripe don't live long in my country."

The gambler let his nervous, claw-like hands relax and slide off the table. Then the tension of all broke.

"Come on, Stud," spoke up Morley. "Let's get out of here."

Stud shuffled to his feet, malignant and beaten for the moment.

"Hays, you an' me are even," he said, gruffly. "But I'll meet your new pard

some other time and then there'll be a show-down."

"Shore, Stud. No hard feelin's on my side," drawled Hays.

The little gambler stalked to the bar, followed by Morley and the russet-bearded giant. "Buy me a drink," said Stud, hoarsely. "I'm cleaned out." They drank and left the saloon.

Not until then did Hank Hays turn round, and when he did it was distinctly noticeable that he was pale.

"Jim, that feller did have two guns inside his vest. I never saw them, till you gave it away. The — would have killed me."

"I think he would, Hays," returned Wall, seriously. "You were sitting bad for action. You ought to have got to your feet before starting that argument."

"Right you are, Jim, and I'm much obliged to you. I'd have hated shufflin' off at this particular time. You can gamble I won't forget it. . . . I'd like to know somethin'."

"What's that?"

"Did you bluff him?"

"Hardly. I had him figured. It was a pretty good bet he wouldn't try to draw. But if he had made a move—"

"Ahuh. It'd been all day with him. . . . This gambler Stud has a name out

here for bein' swift on the draw. He's killed—"

"Bah!" cut in Wall, good-humoredly. "Men who can handle guns don't pack them that way."

"Wal, he's the first I ever seen out here, at thet," replied Hays. "He could have bored me easy!"

"No, he couldn't with me standing here. . . . Let's go to bed, Hays. I'm sleepy."

"Good idee. We'll all go. Have a drink on me."

They lined up at the bar. "Jim," said Hays, poisoning his glass. "Funny how a man figgers another. Not only you figgerin' Stud. But down at the ferry, when I met you, I had sort of a hunch you'd be a feller to tie to. Here's lookin' at you!"

PRESENTLY they bade Red good night and went outside.

"Where you sleepin'?" asked Hays.

"Left my pack in the stall out back with my horse."

"You don't call thet pack a bed, do you? Come sleep in a real bed."

"I'll make out all right. What do we do tomorrow?"

"I was thinkin' of thet. We'll shake the dust of Green River. It might not be healthy for us, seein' this is Morley's hangout. Besides, I'm flush with money. I'd only lose it. So I reckon tomorrow we'd better stock up on everythin' an' hit the trail for the Henrys."

"Suits me," replied Wall.

"How about you, Brad?"

"I'll go, Hank, but it's only because nothin' else offers. This new deal of yours, as I size it up, will come to just

about the awfulest mess ever."

"Ahuh. An' you, Happy?"

"Sounds turrible good to me, Hank," replied Jack, with the enthusiasm to be expected from one with his nickname.

"Wal, then, good night. Breakfast here early," concluded Hays.

They parted. Jim Wall bent his cautious steps back to the barn. Presently his eyes became used to the darkness and he made better progress. But he was not passing any trees or bushes or corners, nor did he enter the barnyard by the gate. Nothing intervened to occasion more caution. He found his pack where he had left it, and carrying it out into the open he made his bed and lay down in it, after removing only his gun belt.

THEN he reviewed the events of the day and evening. That brief occupation afforded him no pleasure. Nevertheless he decided that he was glad he had fallen in with Hank Hays and his cronies. He had been a lone wolf for so long that the society of any class of men would have been relief. Well he knew, however, that soon he would be on the go again. He could not stay in one locality long, though there had been several places where he would have liked to spend the rest of his life. At least he was not indifferent to beautiful and peaceful country. The rub was that no place could long remain peaceful for Jim Wall. It would be so here in Utah.

Sometimes, rarely however, his thoughts impinged upon the distant past when for him there had been zest and thrill of adventure. He had grown callous. It so happened that tonight he seemed on the threshold of another and extraordinary experience, even for him, and it kept him thought-provokingly awake, with only resentment and disillusion as reward.

A red sunrise greeted Wall upon his awakening. He rolled his bed and carried it back to the corral. There was a thin skim of ice on the water in the trough. As it had not been broken he believed that he was the first up. Bay whinnied to him from the stall.

When, a little later, he presented himself at the back of Red's house for breakfast he was to find Hays, Happy Jack and Brad Lincoln ahead of him.

"Mornin'," said Hays cheerily. "Do you smell spring in the air?"

"Howdy, everybody," replied Wall. "I guess I like this country."

"Only bad thing about this end of Utah is that you hate to leave," observed the robber. "Usually we winter here an' go somewhere else in summer. It's hotter'n hell here in July an' August. But I always want to come back. Gets hold of a feller. An' that's bad."

They had breakfast. "Brad, you fetch your pack hosses round back," ordered the leader, when they got outside. "Happy, you get yourself a hoss. Then meet us at the store quick as you can get there. . . . Jim, you come with me."

"Hays, I'm in need of some things," said Wall.

Hays drew out a handful of bills and pressed them upon Wall without any interest in how much or little was there.

"Shore. Buy what outfit you need an' don't forget a lot of shells," replied Hays. "If I don't miss my guess we'll have a smoky summer. Haw! Haw! . . . Here's the store. Run by Josh Sneed. Hasn't any use for us. But he'll take our money, you bet, an' skin the pants off us, if we let him."

The store proved to be similar to most Western stores dependent upon the stage line for their supplies. It consisted of the whole floor of a stone-walled building, and general merchandise littered it so that moving around was not easy.

A bright young fellow, who looked to be the son of the proprietor, took charge of Wall. A new saddle blanket was Wall's first choice, after which he bought horseshoes and nails, a hammer

and file, articles he had long needed, and the lack of which had made Bay lame. After that he selected a complete new outfit of wearing apparel, a new tarpaulin, a blanket, rope, and wound up with a goodly supply of shells for his .45 revolver, bearing in mind the cardinal necessity of constant practice, a habit neglected of late for the very good reason that he had had no funds. Likewise he got some boxes of .44 rifle shells.

After this stocking up he was surprised to find that he had considerable money left. Hays had been generous. Whereupon Wall went in for some luxuries, such as a silk scarf, razor and brushes and comb, towels and soap, and finally, amused at himself, some boxes of nuts and candy.

All these purchases he rolled in the tarpaulin, which he threw over his shoulder. Starting out, he passed Hays, who was buying food supplies.

"I'll need a pack horse," said Wall.

"Ha, I should smile you will," replied the other, with a grin. "Take your pick. We got five or six extra hosses. . . . Did you buy saddlebags an' a canvas waterbag?"

"No. I didn't think of them."

"Wal, I'll fetch them things round for you. Rustle Happy an' Brad over here, will you? An' throw the pack-saddles on. We want to be hittin' the trail."

Wall met the two men on the way to the store.

"Hays wants you to rustle," he said.

"We're moseyin' along. You're a fust-rate pack hoss, Wall," returned the genial Happy Jack.

JIM thought so himself by the time he had reached the corral. He was glad he no longer needed to make a pack animal of Bay. There were six or eight horses in the corral, several of which took Jim's eye. Still they could not compare with Bay.

Spreading out his possessions he packed them in one small and two large bundles. By the time he had finished Happy Jack and Lincoln arrived, staggering under burdens. While they rested Hays came along, and the pack he carried attested to the fact that he was no shirker.

"Hank, you look like a thundercloud," observed Brad Lincoln, chuckling.

"Wal, I feel like one. What do you think, fellers? That fox-faced Sneed always did make me pay cash, but this time I had to produce beforehand."

"These Mormons are slick business men," said Happy Jack.

"Hank, it ain't only your credit that's bad here in Green River," added Lincoln.

"Wal, I'll tell you what," growled Hays. "If we didn't have this Star Ranch deal on we'd take every damn' thing Sneed has."

"Let's do it anyhow."

"Nope. At least not now. Mebbe this fall. . . . I'd like to have a shot at Sneed's sharp nose. . . . Rustle an' pack now, fellers. We're behind."

Half an hour later the four men, (Continued on page 74)



The tracks Hays was following failed and he got lost in a labyrinthine maze of deep washes impossible to climb

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 26



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driving five packed horses and two unpacked, rode off behind the town across the flat toward the west. Coming to a road, Hays led on that for a mile or so, and then branched off on a seldom-used trail which appeared to parallel the wonderful, gray-cliffed mountain wall that zigzagged on to the purple-hazed distance.

They went down a long hill of bare clay earth, dotted with rocks and scant brush, at the bottom of which ran a deep, wide, dry wash. Green River with its cottonwoods dropped behind the hill, to be seen no more.

Gradually the pack horses settled into single file on the trail, and required little driving. The riders straggled along behind. Jim Wall brought up the rear. When the opposite, endless, slow-rising slope had been surmounted, he saw all around him country that wrenched a tribute from him. Texas, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana left much to be desired in comparison with Utah. Jim had not ridden over Arizona, so could not judge. But Utah was stunning.

TOWARDS sunset they drew down to the center of a vast swale, where the green intensified, and the eye of the range rider could see the influence of water. Gradually the black Henry Mountains sank behind the rim of this bowl, and the zigzag wall, growing crimson, appeared to lose its lofty height. Only one of the buttes showed its blunt crown of gold and red. For the rest all was sunset flare, a blazing sky of rose and salmon, with gold clouds in the west. And the huge, circular swale was bathed in an ethereal, violet light.

Hays halted for camp at a swampy sedge plot where water oozed out and grass was thick enough to hold the horses.

"Aha! Good to be out again, boys," said Hays, heartily. "Throw saddles an' packs. Turn the hosses loose. Happy, you're elected cook. Rest of us rustle somethin' to burn, which is shore one hell of a job."

Jim rambled far afield to collect an armload of dead stalks of cactus, grease-wood, sunflower; and dusk was mantling the desert when he got back to camp. Happy Jack was whistling about a little fire; Hays knelt before a pan of dough, which he was kneading; Lincoln was busy at some camp chore.

"Wal, I don't give a damn for store bread," Hays was saying. "Give me sour-dough biscuits. . . . How about you, Jim?"

"Me too. And I'd like some cake," replied Jim, dropping his load.

"Cake! Wal, listen to our new hand. Jack, can you bake cake?"

"Sure. We got flour an' sugar an' milk. Did you fetch some eggs?"

"Haw! Haw! . . . Thet reminds me, though. We'll get eggs over at Star Ranch. None of you ever seen such a ranch. Why, fellers, Herrick's bought every durn' hoss, burro, cow, steer, chicken in the whole country."

"So you said before," returned Lincoln. "I'm sure curious to see this Englisher. Must have more money than brains."

"Hell, yes. He hasn't got any sense, accordin' to us Westerners. But Lordy, the money he's spent!"

Jim sat down to rest and listen. These riders had accepted him and they were out in the open now, where one might expect frankness.

"Rummy deal—a rich Englishman hirin' men like us to run his outfit,"

pondered Lincoln, in a puzzled tone. "I don't understand it."

"Wal, who does? I can't, thet's shore. But it's an honest God's fact, an' we're goin' to be so rich pronto thet we'll jest about kill each other."

"More truth than fun in thet, Hank, old boy, an' don't you forget it," rejoined Lincoln. "How do you aim to get rich?"

"Shore, I've no idee. Thet'll all come. I've got the step on Heeseman an' his pards."

"He'll be aimin' at precisely the same deal as you."

"Shore. We'll have to kill Heeseman an' Progar, sooner or later. I'd like it sooner."

"Humph! Thet ain't goin' to be so easy, Hank."

"Wal, Brad, don't jump your ditches before you come to them," advised Hays, philosophically.

"I don't like the deal," concluded Lincoln, forcibly.

Presently they sat to their meal, and ate almost in silence. Darkness settled down; the staccato cry of coyotes came on the night wind; the little fire burned down to red coals. One by one they sought their beds, and Wall was the last. He did not lie awake long.

Dawn found them up and doing. Wall fetched in some of the horses; Lincoln the others. By sunrise they were on the trail, which about mid-afternoon led down through high gravel banks to a wide stream bed, dry except in the middle of the sandy waste, where a tiny ribbon of water meandered. It was a mile across this flat to the line of green brush.

"This here's the Muddy," announced Hays for Jim's benefit. "Bad enough when the water's up. But nothin' to the Dirty Devil. Nothin' at all!"

"What's the Dirty Devil?" asked Jim. "It's a river an' it's well named, you can gamble on that. We'll cross it tomorrow some time."

NEXT camp was on higher ground above the Muddy, and as it was a protected spot, in the lee of rocks, the riders were not sorry to halt. Here Hays and Lincoln renewed their argument about the Herrick ranch deal. It proved what Wall had divined—this Brad Lincoln was shrewd, cold, doubtful and aggressive. Hays was not distinguished for any cleverness. He was merely an honest, unscrupulous robber. These men were going to clash. That was inevitable, Jim calculated; and for that matter he had never ridden with an outfit of hunters or cowboys some of whom did not clash. It was the way of men in the open. Jim remembered a posse with which he had once ridden, in pursuit of rustlers, whose members had argued and fought so much among themselves that they failed to catch their quarry. And certainly it was common knowledge to Westerners that gangs of robbers were continually at strife. Hank Hays was evidently a robber of some degree, though scarcely an outlaw yet. It was difficult to define an outlaw in a country where there was no law.

Early the next day Jim Wall had reason to be curious about the Dirty Devil River, for the descent into the defiles of desert to reach it was a most remarkable one. The trail, now only a few dim old hoof tracks, wound tortuously down and down into canyons of gray, yellow, brown, violet, black earth where stone appeared conspicuous for its absence.

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and men perspired tremendously, and suffered from thirst, and choked with acrid dust. The tracks Hays was following failed and he got lost in a labyrinthine maze of deep washes impossible to climb, and seemingly impossible to escape from. Their situation became serious, and they halted for a conference.

"Hellhole!" gasped Happy Jack.
"How much more of this, Hays?" asked Wall, seriously.

"I wish I was shore. If we get off down into the brakes proper it's all up with us. For this ain't nothin' to the seventy miles between here an' the canyon country. I've heard of men bein' chased down in there, an' of prospectors goin' in thet nothin' was ever known of them again."

"We've walked round and round a good many miles," said Wall.

LINCOLN got off his horse and went down the canyon, evidently searching for a place to climb up to the rim above. But he did not find it. Nevertheless he returned in an assertive manner and, mounting, called for the others to follow.

"No. That's the wrong way," shouted Hays. "Thet's south an' if we keep on we'll never get out."

"Wal, I hear the river an' I'm makin' for it," returned Lincoln.

Jim had heard a faint, low murmur, which had puzzled him, and which he had not recognized. They all followed Lincoln, who halted at the mouth of every intersecting gorge to step away from his horse and listen. Eventually he led them into a narrow, high-walled canyon where ran the Dirty Devil. The water was muddy, the current mean, the sand-bar treacherous, but as it was shallow the riders, by driving the pack animals on a rim, and plunging after themselves, forded it without more mishap than a wetting. The great trouble with the horses was that they were so thirsty they would have mired down had they not been forced on. At last a gravelly bar afforded solid enough footing for the animals to drink, and the men to fill their water-bags.

Still they were lost. There was nothing to do, however, but work up a side canyon, which fortunately did not break up into innumerable smaller canyons, as had those on the other side of the river. Eventually they got out, when Hays at once located himself, and soon led them to a camp-site that never could have been expected there.

"Fellers, I'll bet you somethin'," he said, thoughtfully, before dismounting. "There's a roost down in thet country where never in Gawd's world could anybody find us."

"Ha! An' when they did it'd be only our bleached bones," scoffed Lincoln.

"Wal, mebbe you won't need such a place," returned Hays, curtly. "Jim, what do you think?"

"I never saw such a place in all my riding. Nothing would surprise me," replied Wall. "When will we get up high where we can see?"

"Tomorrow. Just before we reach the foothills. Wonderfulest country I ever seen, an' different. Thet's what fetched the Englishman. He's plumb crazy over the view. Wal, it's grand, shore as shootin'."

"Hank, you always had the same weakness."

"Ahuh. A man has to have weaknesses, hasn't he? Yours is whisky, hard feelin' an' greediness," returned Hays, deliberately.

That sally did not set well with Lincoln, though it effectually silenced him. There never had been any love lost between these two men, Jim conjectured.

A good camp-site left the men more leisure, except Happy Jack, who evidently liked to work as well as talk and laugh. He was capable, too. After

supper Jim strolled away from camp, down to where the canyon opened upon a nothingness of space and blackness and depth. The hour hung suspended between dusk and night. He felt an overpowering sense of the immensity of this region of mountain, gorge, plain and butte, into which he was traveling.

While Jim Wall meditated there in the gathering darkness he was visited by an inexplicable reluctance to go on with this adventure. A blank, impending fate seemed to stand up, vague, indefinable, yet more bitter than a fugitive life. He could not laugh it away. It needed daylight, and clear view of this calling wilderness, to dispel unrealities. He had had presentiments before, all of which had turned out incredibly true, but this clamped his soul somehow. He seemed to catch a glimpse of that soul, in the shape of a naked man, driven to and fro across the sand and the rock, tormented by horrors that were not physical, tortured by a spirit within.

Next morning he remembered something like a distorted dream, but he could not recall details. He had smoked too much these several days, and the strong drink Hays had brought along was not conducive to quiet nerves. Jim found himself confronted by a choice of drifting on in the ways of these men or returning to the lone wolf character which had long been his. For the time being he chose the former.

Despite the abundance of water and feed thereabouts some of the horses had strayed. Lincoln came in with the last few and he was disgruntled. Hays cursed him roundly. They got a late start. Nevertheless Hays assured Jim that they would reach Star Ranch towards evening.

The trail led up a wide, shallow, gravelly canyon full of green growths. Like a black cloud the mountains loomed ahead and above. Jim was glad to ride up at last out of that interminable canyon into another zone—the slope of the foothills. At last the cedars! Was there ever a rider who did not love the cedars—sight of their rich, green foliage and purple berries, their sheathed bark hanging in strips, their dead snags, their protection from wind and cold, their dry, sweet fragrance?

But upon looking back Jim forgot the foreground. Had he ridden out of that awful gulf of colors and streaks? Hays caught up with him. "Come on, Jim. This here ain't nothin'. Wait till we get around an' up a bit. Then I'll show you somethin'."

THEY rode on side by side. The trail led into a wider one, coming around from the northeast. Jim did not miss fresh hoof tracks, and Hays was not far behind in discovering them.

"Woods full of riders," he muttered.

"How long have you been gone, Hays?" inquired Jim.

"From Star Ranch? Let's see. Must be a couple of weeks. Too long, by gosh! Herrick sent me to Grand Junction. An' on the way back I circled. Thet's how I happened to make Green River."

"Did you expect to meet Happy Jack and Lincoln there?"

"Shore. An' some more of my outfit. But I guess you'll more'n make up for the other fellers."

"Hope I don't disappoint you," said Jim, dryly.

"Well, you haven't so far. Only I'd feel better, Jim, if you'd come clean with who you air an' what you air."

"Hays, I didn't ask you to take me on."

"Shore, you're right. Reckon I figured everybody knew Hank Hays. Why, there's a town down here named after me, Hankville."

(Continued on page 76)



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(Continued from page 75)

"A town? No one would think it."

"Wal, it ain't much to brag on. A few cabins, the first of which I threw up with my father years ago. In his later years he was a prospector—before thet a Mormon. I never had no Mormon in me. We lived there for years. I trapped fur up here in the mountains. In fact I got to know the whole country except thet Black Dragon Canyon, an' thet hellhole of the Dirty Devil. . . . My old man was shot by rustlers."

"I gathered you'd no use for rustlers. . . . Well, then, Hays, how'd you fall into your present line of business?"

"Haw! Haw! Present line. Thet's a good one. Now, Jim, what do you reckon thet line is?"

"You seem to be versatile, Hays. But if I was to judge from our meeting with the fat Mormon at the ferry, I'd say you relieved people of surplus cash."

"Very nice put, Jim. I'd hate to be a low-down thief. . . . Jim, I was an honest man once, not so long ago. It was a woman who made me what I am today. Thet's why I'm cold on women."

"Were you ever married?" went on Jim, stirred a little by the other's crude pathos.

"Thet was the hell of it," replied Hays, and he seemed to lose desire to confide further.

JIM revolved in mind a story to tell this robber, if only to please him, and establish some kind of background.

"Well, Hank, my story isn't anything to excite pity, like yours. And sure not friendship."

"Ahuh. I had you figgered, Jim," replied Hays, wagging his head. "Shore, Jim Wall ain't your right handle. Wal, any handle will do out here. . . . Don't be afraid to tell me about yourself, now or some other time."

"Thanks, Hank. A man gets to be cautious. A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Wal, I'd rather trail with enemies than alone. I can't stand bein' alone much."

"That accounts for Lincoln. He rubs you the wrong way, Hank."

"Brad's a cross-grained cuss, but he has his good points. They don't show in times like this."

They rode into the zone of the foothills, with ever-increasing evidence of fertility. The blue, cloudy color of the still pools of water in rocky beds gave proof of melting snow. But Jim's view had been restricted for several hours, permitting only occasional glimpses up the gray-black slopes of the Henrys

and none at all of the low country. Therefore Jim was scarcely prepared to come round a corner and out into the open. Stunned by the magnificence of the scene he would have halted Bay on the spot, but he espied Hays waiting for him ahead, while the others and the pack animals disappeared round a gray rock-wall bend.

"Wal, pard, this here is Utah," said Hays, as Jim came up, and his voice held a note of pride. "Now let me set you straight. . . . You see how the foothills step down to the yellow an' gray. Wal, thet green speck down there is Hankville. It's about forty miles by trail, closer as a crow flies. An' thet striped messy pot of hash beyond is the brakes of the Dirty Devil. Reckon a diameter of seventy miles across thet circle wouldn't be far wrong. Thet's the country nobody knows. My father told me of a hole in there I'd shore like to see. Wal, where the green begins to climb to them red buttes—there you're gettin' out of hell. An' beyond lays grassy plain after grassy plain, almost to Green River."

Jim's silence was eulogy enough. In fact he could not think of adequate expression.

"Now shift an' look across the canyon country," went on Hays, stretching a long arm. "There's two hundred miles of wind-an' water-worn rock. You see them windin' threads, sort of black in the gray? Wal, them's rivers. The Green runs into the Grand to make the Colorado, less'n sixty miles from where you're sittin' your hoss. An' look at the threads meetin' the Colorado. Canyons! I've looked down into Escalante, San Juan, Noki, Pinte. But thet was when I rode with my father. I couldn't take you to one of them places. We heard of great stone bridges spannin' the canyons. But only the Injuns know of them. . . . Thet round-top mountain way across there is Navajo."

"An' now, look, Jim. See thet high, sharp, black line thet makes a horizon level as a floor. Thet's Wild Hoss Mesa. It's seventy-five miles long, not countin' the slant down from the Henrys. An' only a few miles across. Canyons on each side. It reaches right out into thet canyon country, which makes our Dirty Devil here look like a Mormon ranch full of irrigation ditches. Nobody knows thet country, Jim. Think of thet. My father said only a few Mormons ever got on top of Wild Hoss Mesa. . . . What you think of it?"

"Grand. . . . That's all, Hank."

"Ahuh. I'm glad you ain't like Lincoln. We'll get somewhere together, Jim. . . ."



An' now, comin' nearer home, there's the Black Buttes, sometimes called Bears' Ears, an' here's Gray Bluff—the wall that dances toward us from the gray out there. . . . An' this mess of rocks across the valley is Red Rocks. An' so on, as you'll come to know. Round the corner here you can see Herrick's valley an' ranch. It's a bit of rich land thirty miles long an' half as wide, narrowin' like a wedge. Now let's ride on, Jim, an' have a look at it."

But Jim elected to stay behind, trying to realize what it was that caused him to stare blankly, to feel his temples throb. . . . Had he ridden half across the wild West to be made to feel like this?

Jim tried to grasp the spectacle that his eyes beheld. But a moment's sight seemed greater than a thousand years of man's comprehension. It would take time and intimacy to make this Utah his own. But on the moment he trembled, as if on the verge of something from which he could never retrace his steps. His sensations were not his to control.

ACROSS the mouth of Herrick's gray-green valley, which opened under the escarpment from which Jim gazed, extended vast level green and black lines of range, one above the other, each projecting farther out into that blue abyss, until Wild Horse Mesa, sublime and isolated in its noonday austerity, formed the last horizon. Its reach seemed incredible, unreal—it called one of exceeding allurements. Where did it point? What lay on the other side? How could its height be attained?

Nearer and to the left there showed a colossal space of rock cleavage, walls and cliffs, vague and dim as the blank walls of dreams, until still closer, they began to take on reality of color, and substance of curve and point.

All that lay beyond the brakes of the Dirty Devil.

Here was a dropping away of the green-covered mountain foothills and slopes to the ragged, wild rock and clay world, beginning with scarfs of gray wash and rims of gorge and gateways of blue canyons, and augmenting to a region that showed Nature at her most awful, grim and ghastly, tortuous in line, rending in curve, twisting in upheaval, a naked spiderweb of the earth, cut and washed into innumerable ridges of monotonous colors, gray, drab, brown, mauve, and intricate passageways of darker colors, mostly purple, mysterious and repelling. Down in there dwelt death for plant, animal and man. For miles not one green speck! And then far across that havoc of the elements which led on to a boundless region of color—white jagged rents through miles of hummocky ground, and streaked by washes of gray and red and yellow, on to vast green levels, meadow-like at such a distance, which stretched away to the obstructing zigzag wall of stone, the meandering White Bluffs along the base of which Jim had ridden for many days.

"Down in there somewhere this Hank Hays will find his robbers' roost," soliloquized Jim, and turned his horse again into the trail.

Before late afternoon of that day Jim Wall had seen as many cattle dotting a verdant, grassy, watered valley as ever he had viewed in the great herds driven up from Texas to Abilene and Dodge, or on the Wind River Range of Wyoming. A rough estimate exceeded ten thousand head. He had taken Hays with a grain of salt. But here was an incomparable range and here were the cattle. No doubt, beyond the timbered bluff across the valley lay another depression like this one, and perhaps there were many extending like spokes of a wheel down from the great hub of the Henry Mountains. But where was the market for this unparalleled range?

Herrick had selected as a site for his home what was undoubtedly the most picturesque point in the valley, if not one that had the most utility for the conducting of a ranch business. Ten miles down from the head of the valley a pine-wooded bench, almost reaching the dignity of a promontory, projected from the great slope of the mountain. Here where the pines straggled down stood the long, low cabin of peeled logs, yellow in the sunlight. Below, on the flat, extended the numerous barns, sheds, corrals. A stream poured off the mountain, white in exposed places, and ran along under the bench and out to join the main brook of the valley.

Somewhat apart from both the corrals and outbuildings on the flat stood a new log cabin, hurriedly built, with chinks still unfilled. The roof extended out on three sides over wide porches, where Wall observed three or four beds, a number of saddles and other riders' paraphernalia. The rear of the cabin backed against the rocks. Jim understood that Hays had thrown up this abode, rather than dwell too close to the other employees of Herrick. From the front porch one could drop a stone into the brook, or fish for trout. The pines trooped down to the edge of the brook.

Naturally no single place in all that valley could have been utterly devoid of the charm and beauty nature had lavished there, but this situation was ideal for riders. Hays even had a private corral. As Jim rode up to this habitation his quick eye caught sight of curious, still-eyed men on the porch. Also he observed that there was a store of cut wood stowed away under the porch.

"Wal, here we air," announced Hays. "An' if you don't like it you're shore hard to please. Finest of water, beef, lamb, venison, bear meat. Butter for our biscuits. An' milk! An' best of all—not very much work. Haw! Haw!"

"Where do we bunk?" asked Jim, presently.

"On the porch. I took to the attic myself."

"If you don't mind I'll keep my pack inside, but sleep out under the pines," responded Wall.

When at length Jim carried his effects up on the porch Hays spoke up: "Jim, here's the rest of my outfit. . . . Fellers, scrape acquaintance with Jim Wall, late of Wyoming."

That was all the introduction Hays volunteered. Jim replied: "Howdy," and left a return of their hard scrutiny until some other time.

HAYS went at once into low-voiced conference with these four men. Happy Jack hauled up the supplies. Brad Lincoln occupied himself with his pack. Jim brought his own outfit to a far corner of the porch. Then he strolled among the pines seeking a satisfactory nook to unroll his bed.

Jim, from long habit, generated by a decided need of vigilance, preferred to sleep in coverts like a rabbit, or any other animal that required protection.

At length he found a niche between two rocks, one of which was shelving, where pine needles furnished a soft mat underneath and the murmur of the brook just faintly reached him. Jim would not throw his bed where the noise of rushing water, or anything else, might preclude the service of his keen ears. There was no step on his trail now, but he instinctively distrusted Lincoln, and would undoubtedly distrust one or more of these other men.

Hays exemplified the fact of honor among thieves. Jim had come to that conviction. This robber might turn out big in some ways. But could even he be trusted? Jim resolved to take no chances.

(To be continued next week)

When You Go To Bed Can You Go To Sleep?



*Now there's a way without drugs
—that not only brings instant sleep;
but builds new energy while you sleep!*

WHEN you go to bed do you have trouble going to sleep? Do you wake up in the morning feeling dragged out—nervous, irritable, unable to concentrate—your vitality drained by afternoon?

This, authorities say, keeps thousands of people below par. Never capable of their best.

Now modern medical science has found a natural way to combat this. A way without drugs. A way that usually brings instant, restful sleep and creates new vitality in mind and body while you sleep!

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You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but

build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

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Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

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