

C **ollier's**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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**All-
America
Football
Team**



Dana Burnet · Arthur Somers Roche · Zane Grey
Elsie Singmaster · Gus Edwards · Fr

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BY

The Shepherd of

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having by various crooked methods succeeded in acquiring the Forrest wealth and home, Cottonwoods.

Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love though they do not admit it to each other.

Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who has control of Mr. Lundeen's property. She refuses. Later she finds that Malpass is responsible for a fire which destroys Cliff's store and its new stock. She also finds that Malpass is determined to marry her or will ruin her father.

She decides that the only way out is to marry Cliff and to save her he readily agrees, and they are secretly married, both being happier about it than they will admit. They separate immediately after the ceremony but their secret comes out when Cliff gets into a fight with Malpass and Malpass taunts him with his coming marriage with Virginia. Cliff's father turns him out because of the marriage and Virginia's father turns her out.

On the day on which this fight occurs Virginia and her cowboys inspect the so-called silver mine from which her father and Malpass have made so much money, and they find no trace of silver. What they do find seems to be gold planted there. Virginia swears the cowboys to secrecy until she does some more investigating.

Her father having told her to get out, Virginia goes to visit Ethel, having first sent her cowboys to another range with her horses. While visiting Ethel she engages a mining engineer to investigate the mine.

IX

EARLY in November Virginia returned to Las Vegas and took up her abode at the Castanedo. She had been so engrossed in her project to investigate the Padre Mine that she quite forgot circumstances likely to accrue when she arrived. It was a small town, and in half an hour everybody apparently had heard of her return. When she had answered the telephone a dozen or more times she realized that she had achieved a popularity that was almost notorious.

"Well, this is the limit," she said, resignedly, as she sat down by the window. "I ought to have let Ethel come with me. Where was my head, anyhow?"

When she answered the telephone the next time she heard a familiar gruff voice that made her jump with surprise.

"Hello! Is this you, Virginia?"

"Yes. Who's speaking, please?"

"Lundeen," came the answer.

"Who?"

"Your father. . . . Don't you know my voice?"

"Oh—Father! Excuse me. I didn't credit my ears. How are you?"

"Not any too damn' good," he growled.

"I always knew you weren't. . . . How is Mother? Have you heard' from Mother lately?"

"Yes. An' I heah she's some better."

"That's good. I'm very glad. She was always in better health in Atlanta."

"An' how're you, Virginia?"

This was an amazing prelude to something, Virginia reasoned, and it sent a tingle over her.

"Me? Oh, I'm fine. Thank you for inquiring."

"Reckon I'll run down to see you," he replied.

"You needn't. I wouldn't see you if I bumped into you on the street."

"Ahuh! Waal, I sort of had a hunch you wouldn't. So I called you up."

"Pray, why should I?" inquired Virginia, with faint sarcasm.

"Virginia, I'm shore sorry about it all."

"Indeed. What a pity! But it's too late."

"Lass, I'm not gettin' any younger. An' Mother's gone. She'll never come back. I've a hunch I'll never see her again. An' I'm sort of lonely."

"But you have your slick Señor Malpass," returned Virginia, cruelly.

She heard him curse under his breath. "Virginia, I'll take you back if you'll divorce Forrest."

"Divorce Clifton!" she cried, as if amazed. "I couldn't think of that. How can you ask?"

"But you don't care for him!" expostulated Lundeen.

"Why, Daddy darling, I just worship Clifton," rejoined Virginia, tantalizingly.

"My Gawd! An' I've lived to heah a Lundeen say that!"

After a long pause Virginia continued: "Well, is there any more I can tell you? I'm very busy."

"Hold on. . . . Virginia, aren't you hard up for money?"

"Indeed I am. But don't let it worry you."

"Waal, it does worry me. You never knew the value of money. You'll be borrowing from the hotel, or the taxi drivers—anybody."

"Oh, so you think anybody would lend me money?"

"Shore. I reckon you'd be good at the bank for what you wanted. But I don't like the idea, Virginia."

"So you want to save your face by sending me some?"

"Waal, if you put it that way."

"Dad, I'd starve before I'd take two bits from you. Presently I'll get a job here. Oh, I can do most anything from stenography to millinery. I might borrow some money and start a millinery store. But, if I'm not so much as I think I am, I could at least be a waitress. Reckon I'd be an attraction at the Harvey lunch-room here. Or—"

"Shut up. I'd buy the place an' close it. Do you think I'd stand for a Lundeen—"

"Listen, Papa," interrupted Virginia, sweetly. "You forget I'm no longer a Lundeen. . . . I'm registered here at the hotel as Mrs. Clifton Forrest."

Crash! He had slammed up the receiver. Virginia fell away from her end of the line breathless, excited and exultant.

"That'll do him for a spell. . . . Poor Dad—ready to crawl! If I can get anything on Malpass—Oh! what can't I hope for?"

VIRGINIA unpacked and then went out walking down to the business section of town where she met Richard Fenton, who happened to be coming out of the bank.

"Howdy, Dick," she said, brightly.

"Virginia!—Well, of all people!" he exclaimed, in delight. "Wherever did you come from?"

"Denver; I got in this morning. Hadn't you heard? I might as well have had a brass band."

"No, I hadn't. But I'm sure glad. Say, Virginia, you just look wonderful."

"Thanks. It's the air. I looked like the devil in Denver."

"Impossible. You've been with Ethel. How is she?"

"Fine. Announced her engagement. Nice little chap."

"You don't say. Ethel! Well, that accounts. She certainly had something up her sleeve. . . . Where are you bound for, may I ask?"

"Back to the hotel."

"Suppose you have lunch with me there?"

"Thanks. It'll be jolly. You can tell me all the news. . . . But, Dick, hold on, I forgot. I'm a respectable married woman."

"By gosh! I forgot, too. Mrs. Clifton Forrest. . . . That lucky son-of-a-gun! But do you know, Virginia, as I

couldn't have you myself, I was glad Clifton was the man? None of us could stomach Malpass. And believe me we were all scared stiff. We were afraid if Malpass didn't get you, some one of those Eastern galoots would. Clifton is Western and the real goods."

"Dick, I like you for that speech," returned Virginia, warmly. "Come, I'll take you to lunch."

IT WAS only a step round the corner to the Castanedo, where Virginia presently found herself in the well-filled dining-room, sitting with Richard, and not unaware of the interest she aroused.

"So you didn't go to Reno?" queried Fenton, with good humor, though he was curious.

"Reno! Why there, for goodness' sake? Denver is bad enough."

"It was rumored you went to Reno to divorce Clifton. Pretty generally believed, Virginia."

"Well, there's absolutely no truth in it. I suppose I have Father and Malpass to thank for that gossip. As if there weren't scandal enough!"

"Personally I didn't believe it," went on Fenton, after he had given the waitress an order. "Your friends were ready to gamble that if you married Clifton, even to get rid of Malpass, you'd stick to him."

"Dick, did they roast me for it?"

"I don't think so. Sure, no one ever did to your friends. You've had us guessing though. Spoiled the romance by leaving Clifton behind."

"Did I? . . . Dick, I'm ashamed to ask

"No. I didn't see Clifton that day."

"Then there was neither an elopement nor a divorce. . . . Virginia, I fear the tongues will begin to wag again."

"Let them wag. I'll give them some more to wag about, presently. . . . Dick, do you think I'll be able to borrow some money?"

"From me? I should smile. How much do you want?"

"Child, not from you. But the bank. You're supposed to work there."

"Well, I imagine you could knock down any reasonable sum."

"I haven't any security. Of course I have my jewelry, Dick. I had to pawn some diamonds in Denver. Ethel was furious. But I couldn't touch her."

"You can touch Father all right, even if he is a hard-headed banker. He always had a soft spot for you. Shall I ask him, Virginia?"

"Yes, if you'll be so good. I don't need any money right now, but I will soon. . . . Dick, I'm afraid I never valued my friends."

"Better late than never," he rejoined lightly; and then, after a more general conversation, they finished lunch and parted.

She entered the lobby and a bell boy accosted her.

"Call for you, madam."

"Telephone?"

"No. There's a man here who says his business is too important to be phoned or told to bell boys."

"Indeed. Where is he?"

"He's waitin' inside. I'll call him."

In a moment he returned escorting an



Jarvis stared in consternation. Malpass, releasing Virginia, whirled like a wolf at bay, reaching a hand into his hip pocket

you. Do you know anything about Clifton? Where he is—how he is?"

"Virginia, don't you know?" queried Fenton in surprise.

"I—I—haven't the least idea," replied Virginia, her voice trembling a little.

"By George! The story went that Clifton got fired out of his home the same day you got yours. He disappeared. Naturally we all thought you had it planned to meet somewhere."

awkward rough-garbed man who bowed to her, embarrassed but earnest, and said: "Are you Mrs. Clifton Forrest?"

"Yes," replied Virginia, annoyed that she blushed.

"My name is Smith. I'm a sheepman. Today I was in San Luis an' I had a talk with Don Lopez. An' jest now I happened to hear you was in the hotel. So I made bold to ask for you. I reckon I've somethin' interestin' to tell you, if you can spare a minute."

Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey

"Certainly. Let us go inside where we can sit down."

She scanned his weatherbeaten face with the scrutiny of an eager and hopeful, yet fearful interrogator. He was middle-aged, and his coarse garments reeked of tobacco and sheep. His boots were muddy. He had great hairy hands, that rimmed his sombrero nervously. His strong chin had not come in contact with a razor for some time. He had keen blue eyes that met her gaze steadily.

"Malpass is dickerin' with Don Lopez to buy his big flock of sheep," said Smith, as if the matter was one of vital interest to her.

"Yes?" returned Virginia, encouragingly, though she had no glimmering as to how this circumstance could affect her.

"I heerd of this a month ago, an' when I got back I went over to see Lopez. He an' me have had lots in common, an' I was shore he'd tell me. Yes, he says, ever since young Forrest went south with the big flock, Malpass had been dickerin' to buy it. An' Lopez wouldn't sell then because the offer was low. Waal, considerin' the market jest now Lopez will sell, but not too low. Now my errand here is a tip to you. I'm advisin' you to forestall Malpass an' buy that flock from Lopez pronto."

"And why do you advise me to do this?" inquired Virginia, too interested to be aloof.

"Waal, I was the last to see them sheep," resumed Smith. "It was some four weeks an' more ago, when I was goin' out to a ranch. We run across

your husband an' a Mexican lad drivin' this flock south. I had a good look at the sheep. An' sheep is my business. I'm tellin' you thet flock will come back mebbe a third more in number. If you buy from Lopez now you'll not only beat Malpass to it but make a big profit. It's a pretty big deal for me to swing, as I'm aboot as deep in as I want to get, but if you don't jump at it I'm goin' to see what I can do."

"You say—you saw my husband?" queried Virginia, trying to appear calm when she was very far from it.

"Yes, an' I talked with him. He looked pretty sick, an' I advised him to give up thet long drive to Guadaloupe Springs. I told him what Malpass was up to."

"What is that?"

"WAAL, I had the idee when I first heerd Malpass was dickerin' for the sheep. An' today I shore nailed it. Malpass never overlooks a deal to make money, but you can bet his prime motive in buyin' them sheep is to send a couple of herders down there an' fire Forrest. Like as not turn him loose without grub or tent! An' as I was sayin', Forrest didn't look so well to me. I reckoned he took this job sheep-herdin' on account of his health, an' it was a blamed good idee. For if he doesn't kill himself on the way he'd shore get cured at Guadaloupe. It's jest the finest medicine in the world. So, findin' you was here, I jest made bold to give you this hunch. It jest shot through me, strange-like, an' I hope you see it my way."

"I do. You are very good and I thank you. How many sheep are there in this flock and what are they worth?"

"I watched them cross the road, an' me an' my partners gambled on the count, as we always do. We didn't agree, natural-like. But there's around three thousand head. An' ten thousand dollars will buy them. They're worth a good deal more right now. In the spring after lambin' there'll be—waal, I won't risk a figger, but I'll say it's a big buy. An' Malpass will grab it pronto."

"We will beat him to it, as you say," declared Virginia, emphatically, and held out her hand. "I shall lose no time. And I'd like you to call on me again—to tell me more about—my husband."

"Waal, I'd be most proud, Mrs. Forrest," he returned. "But I'm leavin' today, an' I don't know no more than I've told you. I'll gamble, though, if you block Malpass' deal Forrest will come home in the spring as husky an' strong as any young feller around. Why, thet's the perfect place in the world. The water an' the air—they'd fetch a dead man back to life, almost."

"Good-by, then, and don't forget you're a friend of the Cliff Forrests," returned Virginia, earnestly.

Ten minutes later she sat facing Richard Fenton's father, president of the Las Vegas Bank.

"I want to borrow ten thousand dollars," she announced, after greetings had been exchanged.

"So Dick was telling me," replied the elder Fenton, smiling.

"But when I mentioned borrowing to him I had no idea I would come so soon or ask for so much."

"He guessed it then. For he sure said ten thousand. May I ask, Virginia, what you want with so much money?"

Virginia told him briefly.

"That's different. You must forgive me, Virginia. I imagined you wanted it for your usual luxuries. This is good sound business, outside of your desire to help Clifton. I'll lend you the money. The sheep will be ample security. I'd like to make that buy for myself."

"Give me something to sign, then, and a certified check. And if you'll be so kind—a little advice about the purchase of these sheep."

"Take Dick with you. He's our attorney, and he'll draw up a bill of sale to protect you."

Next morning Virginia awakened rested, cheerful, eager. At breakfast she found an item in the morning paper, on the front page, anent the return to Las Vegas of Mrs. Clifton Forrest, who, aside from seeing many welcoming friends, had found time to run over to San Luis and buy from Don Lopez one of the largest flocks of sheep on the range.

Not so long after breakfast the hotel clerk rang her room, and said: "Your father calling. Shall I send him up?"

"No. I'll come down," hastily replied Virginia, surprised into that much of an armistice. She had wit enough, even though flustered, to think that her father could not very well bully her in the hotel parlor. As she went downstairs, however, she decided if he did try that, or if he had Malpass with him, she would promptly beat a retreat. And with that in mind, and a freezing dignity, she swept into the parlor.

LUNDEEN was alone and rose at her entrance. Pity had been farthest from Virginia's emotions, but the instant she saw his altered face and manner she felt it. His greeting seemed less stilted than hers. Perhaps he was less aware that others were present.

"I thought I'd better run down an' see you," he said, motioning Virginia to be seated.

"Yes?" answered Virginia, interrogatively. She looked penetratingly to see what purpose hid behind this unfamiliar front. There was none. He seemed strange, but as composed as she forced herself to be.

"I reckon I never seen you look better. Like your mother when I met her. Only handsomer." He sighed, and then tapped the newspaper he held. "I see you're goin' in the sheep business."

"Yes. But I was as surprised as anyone to see that in print."

He scanned the page. "Mrs. Clifton Forrest! Where'd you get the money, Virginia?"

"I borrowed it."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand."

"You're no fool, that's shore. But I reckon you weren't lookin' to make money. Why'd you buy them?"

Virginia told him bluntly. His astonishment was not feigned. Then his expression changed and she could not gauge him so well, but she divined something of resentment, either at her or Malpass. Next his troubled gaze sought the floor, and he twisted the newspaper in vise-like hands.

"Virginia, I can take a beatin'," he said.

"Can you? First I ever knew of it," she returned, with a laugh.

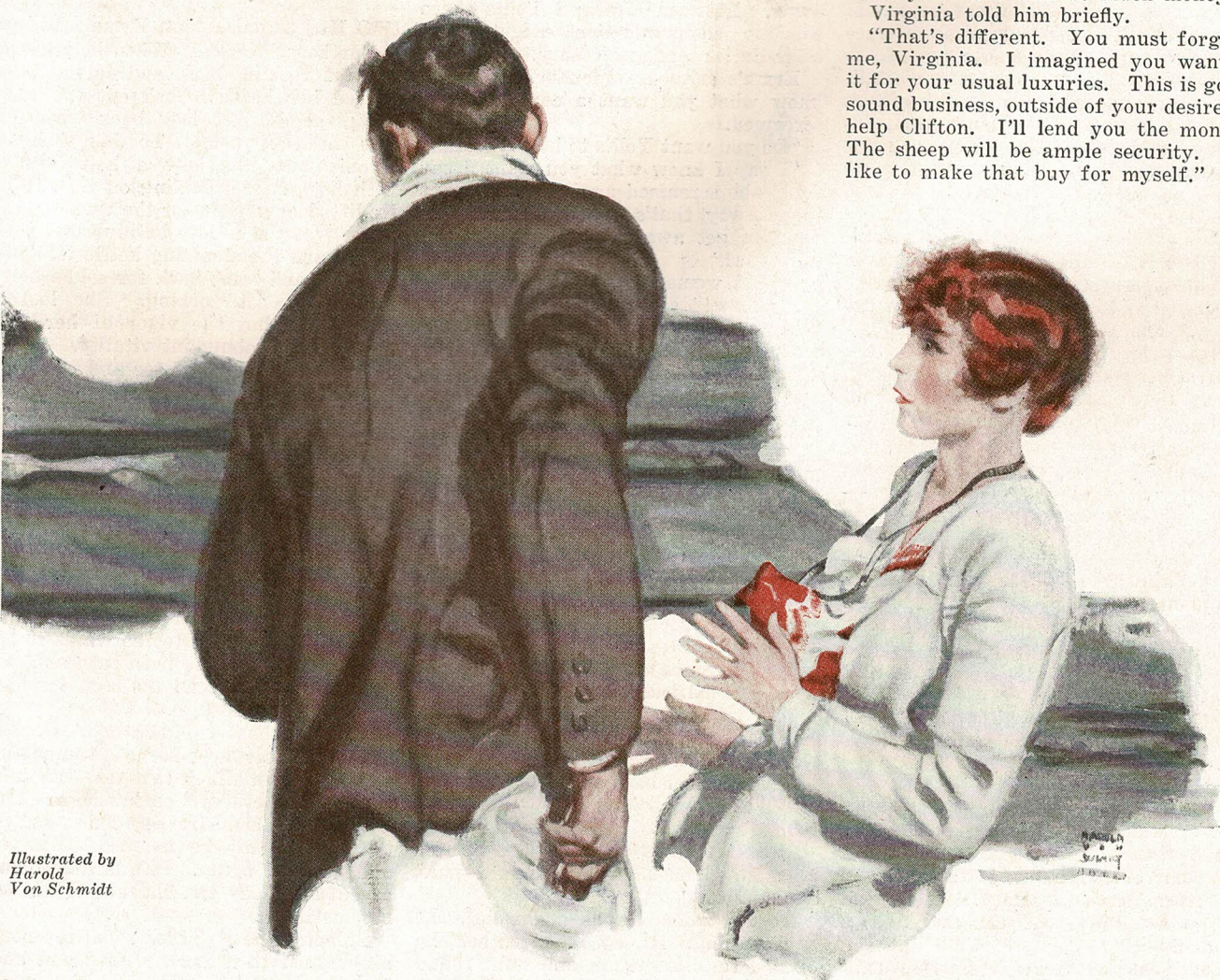
"Waal, I shore can. An' I reckon you've beat me aboot this young Forrest. Will you tell me a few things—honest?"

"Yes, Dad, since you make such an amazing statement as that last," returned Virginia, thawing in spite of herself.

"You didn't marry Forrest only just to fool me an' Malpass?"

"Indeed, no. But I couldn't truthfully say that wasn't included in my motive."

(Continued on page 45)



Illustrated by
Harold
Von Schmidt

The Shepherd of Guadalupe

Continued from page 31

"You care genuine for him?"

"Yes, Dad."

"You love him like—like your mother did me?"

"I hope it's that well. Mother has loved you wondrously, Dad. Infinitely more than you ever deserved."

"I reckon it makes a difference," he rejoined, ponderingly. "You see, I never had any idea you really loved Forrest. Not till yesterday. Somethin' you said on the phone. It got me. An' it struck me that I hated young Forrest only because of his father. . . . So I've come down to surrender. If you'll make up with me I'll take back my demand about the divorce."

"Oh, Dad—you surprise me!" she exclaimed, gladly. "That's good of you. It's big. It makes me think better of you."

"Waal, it's not easy to come to. But that's my stand. Will you forgive me an' come home? This means for him, too."

SHE touched his hand, almost overcome. "I do forgive you, Dad. And I will come home on one condition: that you break with Malpass."

He jumped as if he had been struck by a stinging whip.

"Reckon I feared just about that," he returned, his voice breaking a little. "Virginia, I can't do it."

"Why not? Even if you had to sacrifice money it would be better for you in the end."

"It's not money, lass, though I'd hate to let Malpass get any more of mine. But I'd sacrifice it, if that was enough. . . . Virginia, he hasn't ever given up expectin' to get you."

"The conceited jackass!" ejaculated Virginia, in angry amaze.

"So he'd hang on to me like grim death."

"But, Father, he's crooked."

"Shore. An' there's the rub. He has made me crooked, too. I was easy to lead, though, an' can't brag. But if I'd break with him it'd be my ruin."

"Father, has it ever occurred to you that Malpass might have been crooked with you?"

"What you mean, girl?" he demanded, gruffly.

"Might he not have cheated you?"

"No. That never occurred to me. I'd swear by him."

"But suppose he had. Would that make any difference? Would you break with him then?"

"Ha! I'd not only break with him, but—" he growled, and rumbled the rest in his cavernous breast.

Virginia shivered, but she had committed herself to this supposition, and would not heed a warning. He rose to glare sadly down at her.

"Waal, then we split on Malpass again, an' for good?"

"Dad, we don't split at all," she replied, rising to face him, and to speak eloquently and low. "I can't come back to you yet, but I'll live in hopes. You've given me back something of respect for you—perhaps more. That means a great deal to me. I thank you for it. . . . Let's not split. Don't be angry with me any more. I'm sure I can help you. Oh, Dad, I know it. . . . Let's be friends—until—"

"Waal, I'll think about it," he returned, and strode away.

Next day at an early hour Virginia telegraphed Jarvis, the mining expert, to come on at once.

That done, she anticipated calm, but she was in a fever of impatience, hope and dread. What a step to take! But

the plan had been conceived in cold stern reasoning. She would abide by it, come what might. Her return home, all the news about Clifton Forrest, and her father's incredible capitulation had stormed her emotions.

It helped somewhat to write to Ethel—a letter she dared not read over for fear she would never sanction such raving. This act, however, was keeping faith with her staunch friend; and the mere expression of the facts, fancies and fears occasioned by her return mitigated in some degree their dismaying power.

In the afternoon she went to see a motion picture. It happened to be a Western melodrama of ancient vintage, and in spite of a cherub-faced hero and a doll of a heroine, a plot that had no semblance to any possible life on the range, a villain who was a perfect counterfeit of Malpass, miraculous hair-breadth escapes from flood, fire, avalanche and the glass-eyed pursuer, it diverted her mind, amused, disgusted and thrilled her.

Dinner was an ordeal, and to woo sleep seemed futile. Yet at length she dropped away and dreamed Clifton returned well and strong and handsome, but would have none of her. Helen Andrews, after the manner of dreams, appeared from nowhere, ravishingly lovely and mad about Clifton. Dispensing with the formality of marriage they were building a marble palace above Cottonwoods when Virginia awakened to the blast of a factory whistle. "Whew!" she breathed, grateful for rationality.

Her face was damp and her body cold. What fiendish power some dreams had! Weird, grotesque, impossible life seen through an opaque distorting veil, it was yet appallingly real.

Virginia was out before breakfast to meet the train from the East, and to her great satisfaction Mr. Jarvis alighted from it.

She was not insensitive to the fact that every move of hers in Las Vegas was sure to be seen by somebody. She had become public property, and though she believed the populace championed her it did not seem politic to invite speculation about this delicate venture.

THE quiet-eyed Jarvis might have been a detective who saw all yet gave no sign. Virginia was spared the necessity of speaking to him obtrusively. He carried a grip which he set down before the news stand. And presently Virginia found opportunity to address him.

"I've had breakfast," he said. "Can I change clothes out at the mine?"

"Yes. Meet me in ten minutes back of the station. I'll be in a car."

Those were all the words exchanged and these swiftly in passing. Virginia walked uptown to a garage and engaged a car, in which she rode back to the station. When she opened the door Jarvis appeared as if by magic and stepped in. With that, Virginia's tension relaxed. She was practically certain no possible observer would have reason to telephone out to Cottonwoods, and that contingency was all she feared. At her order the chauffeur speedily drove away. Jarvis gave her a knowing look accompanied by a slight motion toward the driver.

"No fear now," she replied, in relief that was pleasant. "I was afraid someone might phone out home."

"How far is the place?" he asked.

"About twelve miles. The old road

(Continued on page 46)

When pearls lose lustre ••beware of Acid Perspiration

*and what it
may mean...



ACIDOSIS, in its more common form, not only makes the body susceptible to various common ailments but often causes conditions that are personally disagreeable. One of the most annoying is acid perspiration.

This form of Acidosis produces "sweat-burn" under arms and on the feet and usually carries with it an objectionable odor. Silk hose and undergarment manufacturers state that "sour sweat" causes the rapid deterioration of good silk. It is also scientifically known that pearls lose their lustre when worn by people suffering with acid perspiration. Any one of these danger signals should be instantly heeded.

Acidosis may be arrested by correcting faulty diet. Eat less acid-forming foods such as meat, fish, eggs, bread, and cereals and eat more alkaline-reaction oranges and other fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and milk. If you follow this advice from a high medical authority you will preserve the body's necessary balance. Otherwise an Acidosis condition is certain.

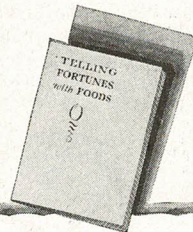
Fresh California Orange Juice or Lemon Juice with water (sweetened or unsweetened)—and plenty of it—will not only correct the average Acidosis condition but is a safeguard against the malady. Oranges, like lemons, while acid to the taste, are alkaline in their reaction and serve to balance foods eaten unwisely. Three glasses each day of either fresh Orange or fresh Lemon Juice will not only give you protection against Acidosis but protect your entire system in other ways because of valuable vitamins and mineral salts.

Any family can readily use simple but effective anti-acidosis measures. Drink delicious, refreshing California Orange Juice or Lemonade in liberal quantities daily; use orange salads (with other fresh fruits if desired); fruit cups and orange desserts frequently.

If you are half well most of the time, "loggy," tired long before the day is done, take the advice of Medical Science. Drink fresh Orange Juice or Lemon Juice. If your case is of long standing consult a physician.

California Sunkist Oranges have richest juice and finest flavor. They are uniform in quality and entirely dependable. Look for the trade-mark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper.

You should know what Acidosis means. It is interestingly and clearly discussed in "Telling Fortunes with Foods" a booklet approved by an eminent diet authority. We will send it free if you mark and mail the coupon. This booklet contains a chapter on Safe Reducing diets and normal and anti-acidosis diets and gives a list of alkaline reaction and acid-forming foods. Send the coupon for your copy immediately.



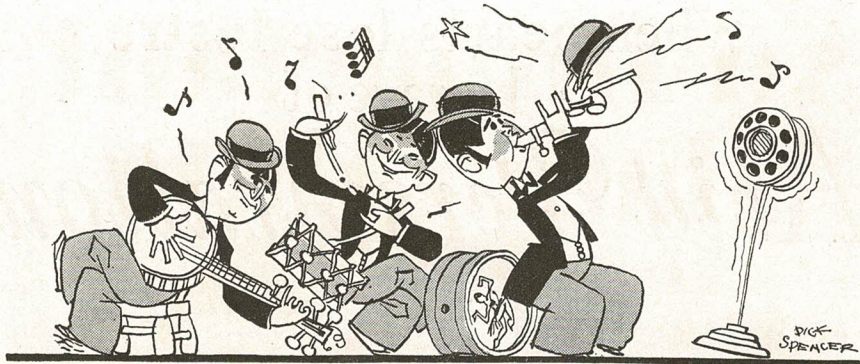
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The Minority Rules

By Jack Binns

A MILWAUKEE paper, after conducting a survey in surrounding territory, comes to the conclusion that radio fans prefer classic music and old folk songs in the ratio of about six to one.

Probably most of the radio sets I hear won't bring in the stations featuring classics—or else the studio managers of the majority of stations have read those ratios backward.

Gilding Two Lilies

The announcer of a popular Ohio station said: "The orchestra will now play two classics set to music."

If only Liszt and Tchaikowsky could have heard the finish put to the work they started!

The Hardest Way

A short time ago I waxed a little sarcastic over the "You Can't Stump Us Night" put on by KOA at Denver. Now comes to me a very enlightening letter from Freeman H. Talbot, studio manager of that station. Aside from the fairness of doing so, it is quite a pleasure to present his case because of the very splendid and consistent work he has done in program preparation for the Rocky Mountain area. Says he:

"I could find no complaint with your article if our program had been the usual request program. Our presentation that particular night was the most unusual and, so far as I know, the only one of its kind ever attempted in America. In other words, it not only wasn't the 'easiest way' but probably about the hardest way. In the first place, we had to secure over 100 persons to organize the program. We em-

ployed one concert orchestra, a jazz orchestra, grand opera singers, church singers, old-time fiddlers, foreign groups of various kinds, singers of popular songs; and in addition we assembled a very large number of unusual or rare musical instruments.

"Moreover, we assembled over 125,000 musical compositions. In addition to these, we had access to almost unlimited libraries of various musical stores, clubs and private sources. We employed 25 persons to re-



ceive requests by telephone and telegraph, with auditors to compile records of the requests we received, as to kinds, sources and so on. It was also found necessary to place several automobiles in service to transport music and musicians from sections of Denver and near-by towns, as occasion demanded.

"Rehearsals of the organization staff, days in advance, enabled us to render selections or portions of selections at the rate of one every 90 seconds. As the program lasted over four hours, with innumerable requests coming in from almost every section of this country and Canada, and with several days of organized work previous to the event, one would scarcely call it the 'easiest way of preparing a radio show.'

"The unique thing about the program was that we sincerely made an effort to fulfill every request. We didn't just produce the things which we might happen to have on hand. In that sense, I think, this 'You Can't Stump Us Night' was the most original program of its kind ever produced in the country. We are planning to give another similar

program some time this winter for which we plan to make even more elaborate preparations, and expect to assemble at least a half-million musical compositions.

"I believe this will give you quite a different viewpoint on this particular program."

Let's Dam This Talk

So far no radio broadcasting "mike" has invaded the sacrosanct Senate chamber, and it will be necessary to pass a special act of Congress before any installation can be made there. Such is the inference to be gained from a special report from the National Broadcasting Company, whose microphones are almost everywhere else in the Capital City.

Seems to me it is about time to submit to the states an amendment to the Constitution forever prohibiting microphones in Congress.

There should be prompt ratification of this amendment by the states before our national legislators wake up to the possibilities.



(Continued from page 45)
up the last hill has washed away in spots. We shall leave the car and walk up."

Outside of town the chauffeur slowed up where the road forked. "Which one?" he asked.

"Left hand. Then about five miles out take the road to the right. It's up hill and rough. Go slow."

As the climb grew steeper it did not appear possible to Virginia that trucks and cars had ascended this road. It would have been a hard haul for horses. At length they came out on the west bank of a great ravine, at the head of which and on the opposite side lay the Padre Mine. Jarvis remarked that a good deal of earth had been dug out and dumped on the ugly slope.

A long gradual ascent led to a short steep one which when surmounted landed them on the bench before the unsightly, weathered structures.

"Now let's step out a little way on that trestle," said Jarvis.

FROM this vantage point, which did not appear wholly safe, the slash in the mountain side could be seen in its entirety.

"I don't know how many tunnels and shafts had been dug," said Virginia, when she had caught her breath. "But the big hole there, with the track coming out, is where my cowboy Jake went in and found the gold."

"That's our objective then," replied Jarvis, his keen eyes snapping. "Most interesting place. There's been a tremendous lot of labor here. . . I wonder what that big shaft was sunk for." He pointed to a black brush-lined hole. "Queer sort of mining. But there probably was silver here."

He surveyed the several apertures that led into the hillside, particularly the one Virginia designated, and the endless dump-heaps of clay and gravel and shale, the rotting trestles and the rusty pipes, the dilapidated smelter below, half buried in deposits that had washed down from above, the shacks with their brown galvanized iron roofs.

"Mistakes are easy to make in anything that pertains to mines," he said, seriously. "But all this does not have a legitimate look."

"You raise my hopes," rejoined Virginia, with an anxious smile. "Please hurry. I must know."

"You won't have to wait long. I suppose I can get in one of these shacks to put on my overalls."

"We'll try the office. It's up here a little way—the last house. When I was last here the door was open. . . Seems to me not a soul has been here since."

"Desolated and decaying—the story of so many mines!" he returned. "Money is not the only thing sunk in mines."

They found the office building as Virginia had expected, the door half broken from rusted hinges, and her little boot-tracks still visible in the dust on the floor. After a curious peep inside Virginia withdrew to stroll up and down the hard gravel bench between the rude structures. What a desolate place! She peeped through cracks in boarded windows and doors. Usually it was all too easy for her to weave romance, but here she could not. Even the indefatigable Ethel would have failed. All concerning this ghastly place in the past and now, was grim, nude realism. Greed had fostered it. No wonder it had brought misfortune to her father. What would it bring to Malpass? Retribution and justice had prompted Virginia to this course, but now there looked the possibility of somber tragedy which she could not dispel. Padre Mine seemed under its spell.

Jarvis came out to interrupt her meditations. He had on blue jeans much

the worse for wear. He carried a small pick, a lantern, and other instruments which gave him a formidable look.

"Better go inside and wait for me," he advised. "There's a chair. You can't be seen by a chance rider above. I don't believe I'll be long."

"Take all the time you need. Don't hurry. It means so much to me."

"If I were a gambler, I'd say you'd win this deal," he returned, a bright gleam in his eye. "But I'm a professional mining engineer and jealous of my reputation. So I can't make rash promises. Nevertheless, be patient and hopeful."

"Thank you, I will," responded Virginia, calmed by his kindly words. He was sure, but he wanted physical proofs. She watched him disappear down the bank and then she crossed to the office building and went in.

It was a single, large, bare room, well lighted by the open door and a broken window. The floor was thick with dust and dirt, and in one place where rain had entered there was caked mud. An old iron stove leaned crazily on its legs. Sections of stove pipe were missing, but one piece projected down from the ceiling. There was an old chair, which obviously Jarvis had cleaned off for her, and some rocks in a corner, pieces of wood scattered here and there, a closet, empty except for Jarvis' coat, a rude board table in the farthest corner, and lying on it a rusty iron poker, considerably bent.

Virginia walked round and round the room, trying to still her nervousness and find occupation for her mind. But she was not very successful. Here in this interior stalked the same skeleton which haunted the rest of the Padre Mine. She sank into the old chair and waited.

Suddenly Virginia heard something in the direction of the slope. Jarvis had not gone that way. She listened—heard the thumping of her heart. Then the thud of hoofs!

Violently she started up, to sink back in the chair, cold as ice, quivering in every muscle. She heard a low exclamation, then the solid footfalls of a man dismounting hurriedly.

Quick sharp footsteps on the porch! A shadow entered. Following it a man crossed the threshold. Malpass!

"For God's sake! . . . Virginia!"

SHE kept her seat because she did not have the strength to rise. But with certainty upon her, the icy inward clamp was released and she burned.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted, almost incoherent in a staggering amaze.

"That's no—concern of yours," she found voice to reply. Her mind grasped at straws.

"You're on my land. What do you mean? . . . You're up to something."

"Your land! That's another of your lies," she returned, with scorn. With rising battle she strengthened. He must be deceived and, if not that, held off as long as possible. Jarvis would return, perhaps was on his way now.

"Have you made up with your father?" he demanded, as if suddenly accounting for her presence and her apparent assurance.

"Yes. And this property is as good as mine."

It was a falsehood, but served its purpose. Malpass turned from red to white and cursed Lundeen in impotent fury. Virginia gathered that all had not been so well between her father and this usurper. It gave her more nerve and cunning. Anything to blind him!

"So that's the trick? I've been double-crossed, eh?" he burst out, at the conclusion of his profane tirade.

"We are the ones who have been double-crossed, Señor Malpass."

"We?" he snarled.

"Yes. My father and I—and others interested in Cottonwoods."

"Your shepherd husband included. To hell with him! . . . I want to know what you're doing here?"

"I told you—none of your business," retorted Virginia.

"I'll make it mine."

"You can't do it, Señor Malpass."

"Cut that Señor stuff," he flashed, his black eyes hellish. "I told you once before. If you call me that again, I'll slap your impudent face."

"Evidently it fits you well—Señor," she returned, contemptuously.

He fairly bounded at her, and cuffed her sharply across the lips. Virginia realized her blunder. She had overdone her part. She realized also that the blow roused the Lundeen in her.

"That will cost you something," she said, rising with her handkerchief to her lips, which were stained with blood.

"This deal is liable to cost you something," he rejoined, with a menacing glance at her, that no woman could mistake. "Are you alone?"

"Certainly not. Do you imagine I'd come here without protection?"

HIS glance was one of doubt and suspicion. "Who's with you?"

"I advise you not to wait and see."

"You came in that car I saw below?"

"Did you see only one?" she countered.

He was no match for her in finesse and he gave that up in disgust. He peered out of the window, surveying all the ground possible. Then he went to the door to do likewise. Following this he began to scrutinize the dust on the floor of the porch, and like a hound he trailed Jarvis' footprints into the room. When he raised his eyes Virginia recoiled.

"Liar! You've got only one man with you."

"I have two men. But one would be enough," retorted Virginia.

"Some Las Vegas masquerade. He'd better steer clear of me. Are you going to tell me what you're up to?"

"Padre Mine has always had romance for me. Don't you think it natural I'd like to see it again?"

"Anything would be natural to you," he growled, his gimlet eyes boring into her. Manifestly he could not satisfy himself either with her speech or her look.

Suddenly his roving gaze caught sight of the coat hanging in the closet. Leaping forward he pounced upon it, shook it, and searched the pockets. Presently he pulled out letters and a notebook. Avidly he scrutinized them.

"George Jarvis, Mining Engineer, Denver, Colorado," he read aloud. "Mining engineer!"

When he wheeled to Virginia he was livid green. "You—you . . . is that the man you fetched here?"

"I didn't say so," returned Virginia, coolly. His reaction to this name seemed damning evidence of his guilt.

"You meddling hussy! Talk, or I'll choke it out of you."

"Stand back!" cried Virginia. "If you dare to lay your vile hands on me—"

"You proud white trash!" he hissed, and the half-breed in him showed as he backed her across the room until the table stopped her. "I'll do more than lay my hands on you. Tell me your business here."

"If I had any I wouldn't tell it."

She saw that he could hardly restrain himself from seizing her. And primitive fear mounted in her, equaling her anger. All of a sudden he snatched at her, over her raised arms, and catching her with iron clutch he let out a savage cry. Virginia screamed for help. Wrestling with him she saw Jarvis run into the room. He halted stock-still to stare in utter

consternation. Then he seemed to comprehend.

"Let go that woman," he shouted, and ran at them.

Malpass whirled like a wolf at bay, releasing Virginia, and reaching a hand for his hip pocket. Virginia in a flash caught his arm. Then Jarvis was upon him, punched him in the face, tore him free and swung him against the wall. Malpass' body, but not his head, struck so solidly that the jar floored him. Not enough to stun him, however, for he scrambled erect, facing Jarvis, his eyes deadly with the evil of a snake.

"Oh, Mr. Jarvis—look out," panted Virginia, noting that Malpass sidled round between them and the door. "It's Malpass."

"Malpass, eh? I thought as much," replied Jarvis, wrathfully. "Explain your attack on this girl."

"So you're Jarvis?" rejoined Malpass, low and harsh.

"Yes, I am," flashed Jarvis, slowly edging toward him. Then as Malpass stood like a sullen statue he half turned to Virginia. "If he meant ill by you I'll beat him to a pulp. Tell me."

"He wanted—to know—why I came here," returned Virginia. "Swore he'd choke it out of me."

"That's that," snapped Malpass, curtly. He had made up his mind. "You tell it, Mr. Mining Engineer."

"You know damn well why she fetched me here," retorted Jarvis, not in the least influenced by Malpass' subtle change. "It was to have a look at your crooked work in this mine. And you can bet I found it. Of all the clumsy fool jobs of planting a mine this is the worst."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Malpass, with the insolence of one who knew he commanded the situation.

"Malpass," continued Jarvis, "I've got the goods on you. You or your tools planted this mine with every grain of gold that has been taken out. The silver mining was a bluff. There was silver ore here once, but it played out long ago. . . . You're a cheat, a thief—if you're not worse, and I can prove it."

"You could, but you won't," replied Malpass, bitingly cold, and pulling an automatic gun he deliberately leveled it at Jarvis.

HE SHOT three times in quick succession. Virginia heard the bullets strike something, the last with a soft sickening spat.

"My God—he's shot me," huskily whispered Jarvis, in immense surprise. His hand fell away from his breast dripping with blood. His face changed, and then he crumpled in a heap on the floor.

Terror-stricken and mute Virginia wrenched her startled gaze from Jarvis to Malpass. He was in the act of pocketing the smoking gun. Striding to the door he guardedly looked out, to left and right. He stood there a moment, and nodded, as if to convince himself that Jarvis was the only man about the mine; then, like a cat in his movements, he made again at Virginia.

"Murderer!" What her voice lacked in strength it made up in horror. She extended shaking hands at full length to ward him off.

"Do you want me to kill you too?" he demanded, halting before her, his face pasty white, his eyes inhuman.

"Merciful God! . . . Would you—murder me too?"

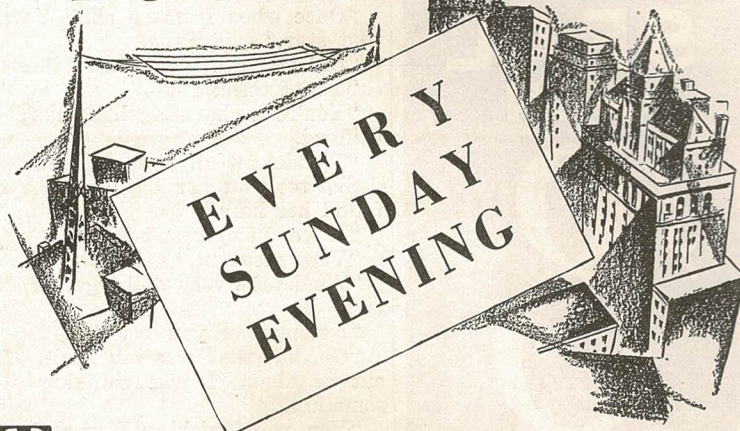
"I'll do worse unless you swear you'll hide what's happened here."

"Worse!" she echoed, and live fire seemed to touch her every raw nerve.

"You know what I mean," he rejoined, thick with passion, as he tore his tight collar loose from a black bulging neck.

(To be continued next week)

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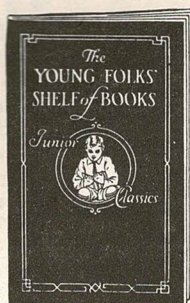
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