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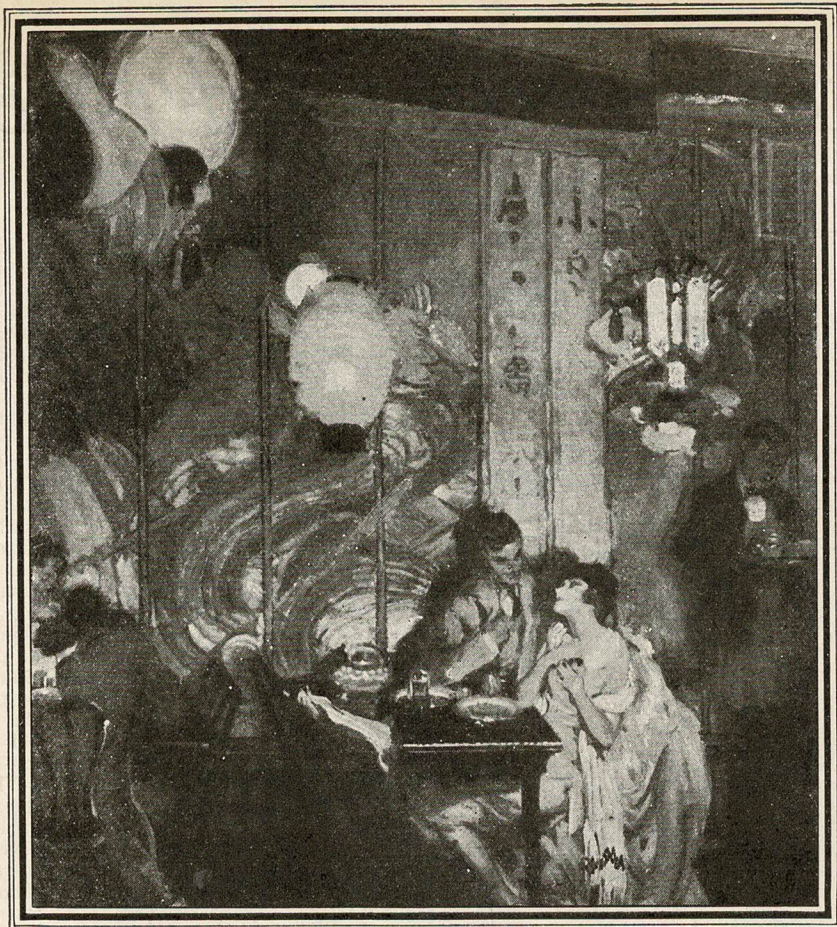
AUGUST 1926



LADY HAMILTON—Painted by Neysa McMein
One of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love
stories of the world being painted for McCall's. See Page 18.

IN THIS ISSUE ❁❁ A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

❁❁ By ZANE GREY ❁❁



TO BE AFRAID OF SAM SEEMED MONSTROUS. SURELY HE WAS HER HUMBLE ADORER
A SCENE FROM "THE BLACK KNIGHT" PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY CHARLES DE FEO

Does Every Woman Really Cherish An Unknown Launcelot In Her Dreams?



DOES every woman cherish in her heart an ideal lover—a dream knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*—who alone holds the key to the secret sanctuary of her heart wherein no lover of actual flesh and blood can ever hope to enter?

Psychologists and poets, together with such novelists as Thackeray and Hardy and Conrad, have sought to plumb the unfathomed recesses of a woman's heart—have tried to solve the elusive secret of that wistfulness of which all men feel the lure and which no man completely understands; and they have given us on paper the imperishable portraits of women, who, loving men on earth and loving them truly, yet owned to a loyalty higher still than this, *a loyalty to the unknown Launcelot of their dreams.*

It is a woman such as this—a woman of fire and of ice, like Thackeray's Beatrix Esmond—wilful, imperious, yet withal tender, too; changeful as an April morning, but innately loyal to the unknown lover of her dreams that **ETHEL M. DELL** has chosen for the heroine of her latest and finest novel since Charles Rex—**THE BLACK KNIGHT**

This dramatic and brilliant romance of modern English country life and of the gaily colorful French Riviera, which will be published in five long instalments—of which the first will appear in the **SEPTEMBER McCALL'S**

In it the readers of McCall's will find the full harvest fruit of this most popular novelist's ripened genius.

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The eighth of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love-stories of the world.

PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

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WITH jingling spurs a tall cowboy stalked out of the post-office to confront his three comrades crossing the wide street from the saloon opposite. "Look heah," he said, shoving a letter under their noses. "Which one of you long-horns has wrote her again?"

From a gay, careless trio his listeners suddenly grew blank, then intensely curious. They stared at the handwriting on the letter. "Tex, I'm a son-of-a-gun if it ain't from Missouri!" ejaculated Andy Smith, his lean, red face bursting into a smile.

"It shore is," declared Nevada.

"From Missouri!" echoed Panhandle Ames.

"Wal?" queried Tex, almost with a snort. The three cowboys jerked up to look from Tex to one another, and then back at Tex.

"It's from *her*," went on Tex, his voice hushing on the pronoun. "You all know thet handwritin'. Now how about this deal? We swore none of us would write again to this heah schoolmarm. Some one of you has double-crossed the outfit." Loud and unified protestations of innocence emanated from his comrades. But it was evident Tex did not trust them, and that they did not trust him or each other. "Say, boys," said Panhandle, suddenly. "I see Beady in there lookin' darn sharp at us. Let's get off in the woods somewhere."

"Back to the bar," replied Nevada. "I reckon we'll all need stimulants."

"Beady!" ejaculated Tex, as they turned across the street. "He could be to blame as much as any of us."

"Shore. It'd be more like Beady," replied Nevada. "But Tex, yore mind ain't workin'. Our lady friend from Missouri has wrote before without gettin' any letter from us."

"How do we know thet?" demanded Tex, suspiciously. "Shore the boss' typewriter is a puzzle, but it could hide tracks. Savvy, pards?"

"Gee, Tex, you need a drink," returned Panhandle, peevishly.

They entered the saloon and strode to the bar, where from all appearances Tex was not the only one to seek artificial strength. Then they repaired to a corner, where they took seats and stared at the letter Tex threw down before them. "From Missouri, all right," averred Panhandle, studying the postmark. "Kansas City, Missouri."

"It's her writin'," added Nevada, in awe. "Shore I'd know thet out of a million letters."

"Ain't you goin' to read it to us?" queried Andy Smith. "Mister Frank Owens," replied Tex, reading from the address on the letter. "Springer's Ranch. Beacon, Arizona.... Boys, this heah Frank Owens is all of us."

"Huh! Mebbe he's a darn sight more," added Andy.

"Looks like a low-down trick we're to blame for," resumed Tex, seriously shaking his hawk-like head. "Heah we reads in a Kansas City paper aboot a school teacher wantin' a job out in dry Arizonie. An' we ups an' writes her an' gets her ararin' to come. Then when she writes and tells us she's *not over forty*—then we quits like yellow coyotes. An' we four anyhow chook hands on never writin' her again. Wal,

somebody did, an' I reckon you-all think me as big a liar as I think you. But thet ain't the point. Heah's another letter to Mister Owens an' I'll bet my saddle it means trouble. Shore I'm plumb afraid to read it."

"Say, give it to me," demanded Andy. "I ain't afraid of any woman."

Tex snatched the letter out of Andy's hand. "Cowboy, you're too poor educated to read letters from ladies," observed Tex. "Gimme a knife, somebody . . . Say, it's all perfumed."

Tex impressively spread out the letter and read laboriously:

Kansas City, Mo.,
June 15.

Dear Mr. Owens:

Your last letter has explained away much that was vague and perplexing in your other letters. It has inspired me with hope and anticipation. I shall not take time now to express my thanks, but hasten to get ready to go West. I shall leave tomorrow and arrive at Beacon on June 19, at 4:30 P. M. You see I have studied the time-table.

Yours very truly,
Jane Stacey.

Profound silence followed Tex's perusal of the letter. The



"THE FACT IS, THIS HEAH RANCH IS A DIFFERENT PLACE SINCE YOU CAME," WENT ON TEXAS

FROM MISSOURI

A Compelling Novelette of Far Western Life Complete in this Issue

BY ZANE GREY

PAINTINGS BY
FRANK STREET

DRAWINGS BY
OSCAR HOWARD



cowboys were struck dumb. But suddenly Nevada exploded: "My Gawd, fellars, today's the nineteenth!"

"Wal, Springer needs a schoolmarm at the ranch," finally spoke up the practical Andy. "There's half a dozen kids growin' up without any schoolin', not to talk about other ranches. I heard the boss say this hisself."

"Who the mischief did it?" demanded Tex, in a rage with himself and his accomplices.

"What's the sense in hollerin' aboot thet now?" returned Nevada. "It's done. She's comin'. She'll be on the Limited. Reckon we've got five hours. It ain't enough. What'll we *do*?"

"I can get awful drunk in thet time," contributed Panhandle, nonchalantly.

"Ahuh! An' leave it all to us," retorted Tex, scornfully. "But we got to stand pat on this heah deal. Don't you know this is Saturday an' thet Springer will be in town?"

"Aw, confound it! We're all goin' to get fired," declared Panhandle. "Serves us right for listenin' to you, Tex. We can all gamble this trick hatched in your head."

"Not my haid more'n yours or anybody," returned Tex, hotly.

"Say, you locoed cow-punchers," interposed Nevada. "What'll we *do*?"

"We'll have to tell Springer."

"But Tex, the boss'd never believe us about not follerin' the letters up. He'll fire the whole outfit."

"But he'll have to be told somethin'," returned Panhandle stoutly.

"Shore he will," went on Tex. "I've an idea. It's too late now to turn this poor schoolmarm back. An' somebody'll have to meet her. Somebody's got to borrow a buckboard an' drive her out to the ranch."

"Excuse me!" replied Andy. And Panhandle and Nevada echoed him.

"I'll ride over on my hoss, an' see you all meet the lady," added Andy.

Tex had lost his scowl, but he did not look as if he favorably regarded Andy's idea. "Hang it all!" he burst out, hotly. "Can't some of you gents look at it from her side of the fence? Nice fix for any woman, I say. Somebody ought to get it good for this mess. If I ever find out—"

"Go on with your grand idea," interposed Nevada.

"You all come with me. I'll get a buckboard. I'll meet the lady an' do the talkin'. I'll let her down easy. An' if I cain't head her back to Missouri we'll fetch her out to the ranch an' then leave it up to Springer. Only we won't tell her or him or anybody who's the real Frank Owens."

"Tex, that ain't so plumb bad," declared Andy, admiringly.

"What I want to know is who's goin' to do the talkin' to the boss?" queried Panhandle. "It mightn't be so hard to explain now. But after drivin' up to the ranch with a woman! You all know Springer's shy. Young an' rich, like he is, an' a bachelor—he's been fussed over so he's plumb afraid of girls. An' here you're fetchin' a middle-aged schoolmarm who's romantic an' mushy! Shucks! . . . I say send her home on the next train."

"Pan, you're wise on hosses an' cattle, but you don't know human nature, an' you're daid wrong about the boss,"

rejoined Tex. "We're in a bad fix, I'll admit. But I lean more to fetchin' the lady up than sendin' her back. Somebody down Beacon way would get wise. Mebbe the schoolmarm might talk. She'd shore have cause. An' suppose Springer hears about it—that some of us or all of us played a low-down trick on a woman. He'd be madder at that than if we fetched her up. Likely he'll try to make amends. The boss may be shy on girls but he's the squarest man in Arizonie. My idea is we'll deny any of us is Frank Owens, an' we'll meet Miss—Miss—what was that there name? . . . Miss Jane Stacey and fetch her up to the ranch, an' let her do the talkin' to Springer."

During the next several hours, while Tex searched the town for a buckboard and team he could borrow, the other cowboys wandered from the saloon to the post-office and back again, and then to the store, the restaurant and all around. The town had gradually filled up with Saturday visitors. "Boys, there's the boss," suddenly broke out Andy, pointing; and he ducked into the nearest doorway, which happened to be that of another saloon. It was half full of cowboys, ranchers, Mexicans, tobacco smoke and noise. Andy's companions had rushed pell-mell after him; and not until they all got inside did they realize that this saloon was a rendezvous for cowboys decidedly not on friendly terms with Springer's outfit. Nevada was the only one of the trio who took the situation nonchalantly.

"Wal, we're in, an' what the mischief do we care for Beady Jones, an' his outfit?" remarked Nevada, quite loud enough to be heard by others beside his friends.

Naturally they lined up at the bar, and this was not a good thing for young men who had an important engagement and who must preserve sobriety. After several rounds of drinks they began to whisper and snicker over the possibility of Tex meeting the boss. "If only it doesn't come off until Tex gets our forty-year-old schoolmarm from Missouri with him in the buckboard!" exclaimed Panhandle, in huge glee.

"Shore. Tex, the handsome galoot, is most to blame for this mess," added Nevada. "Thet cowboy won't be above makin' love to Jane, if he thinks we're not around. But, fellars, we want to be there."

"Wouldn't miss seein' the boss meet Tex for a million!" said Andy.

Presently a tall, striking-looking cowboy, with dark face and small bright eyes like black beads, detached himself from a group of noisy companions, and confronted the trio, more particularly Nevada. "Howdy, men," he greeted them, "what you-all doin' in here?"

He was coolly impertinent, and his action and query noticeably stilled the room. Andy and Panhandle leaned back against the bar. They had been in such situations before and knew who would do the talking for them. "Howdy, Jones," replied Nevada, coolly and carelessly. "We happened to bust in here by accident. Reckon we're usually more particular what kind of company we mix with."

"Ahuh! Springer's outfit is shore a stuck-up one," sneered Jones, in a loud tone. "So stuck-up they won't even ride around drift-fences."

Nevada slightly changed his position. "Beady, I've had a couple of drinks an' ain't very clear-headed," drawled Nevada. "Would you mind talkin' so I can understand you?"

"Bah! You savvy all right," declared Jones, sarcastically. "I'm tellin' you straight what I've been layin' to tell your yaller-headed Texas pard."

"Now you're speakin' English, Beady. Tex an' me are pards, shore. An' I'll take it kind of you to get this talk out of your system. You seem to be chock full."

"You bet I'm full an' I'm goin' to bust," shouted Jones, whose temper evidently could not abide the slow, cool speech with which he had been answered.

"Wal, before you bust, explain what you mean by Springer's outfit not ridin' around drift-fences."

"Easy. You just cut through wire-fences," retorted Jones.

"Beady, I hate to call you a low-down liar, but that's what you are."

"You're another," yelled Jones. "I seen your Texas Jack cut our drift-fence." Nevada struck out with remarkable swiftness and force. He knocked Jones over upon a card-table, with which he crashed to the floor. Jones was so stunned that he did not recover before some of his comrades

rushed to him, and helped him up. Then, black in the face and cursing savagely, he jerked for his gun. He got it out, but before he could level it, two of his friends seized him, and wrestled with him, talking in earnest alarm. But Jones fought them.

"You blame fool," finally yelled one of them. "He's not packin' a gun. It'd be murder."

That brought Jones to his senses, though certainly not to calmness. "Mister Nevada—next time you hit town you'd better come heeled," he hissed between his teeth.

"Shore. An' thet'll be bad for you, Beady," replied Nevada, curtly. Panhandle and Andy drew Nevada out to the street, where they burst into mingled excitement and anger. Their swift strides gravitated toward the saloon across from the post-office. When they emerged sometime later they were arm in arm, and far from steady on their feet. They paraded up the one main street of Beacon, not in the least conspicuous on a Saturday afternoon. As they were neither hilarious nor dangerous, nobody paid any particular attention to them.



JANE LOOKED HARD, BUT SHE COULD NOT RECOGNIZE THE RIDER. ONCE SHE IMAGINED IT WAS TEX AND AGAIN ANDY. IT DID NOT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE



Springer, their boss, met them, gazed at them casually, and passed without sign of recognition. If he had studied the boys closely he might have received an impression that they were hugging a secret, as well as each other. In due time the trio presented themselves at the railroad station. Tex was there, nervously striding up and down the platform, now and then looking at his watch. The afternoon train was nearly due. At the hitching-rail below the platform stood a new buckboard and a rather spirited team of horses.

The boys, coming across the wide square, encountered this evidence of Tex's extremity, and struck a posture before it. "Livery shable outfit, by gosh," said Andy.

"Thish here Tex spendin' his money royal," agreed Nevada.

Then Tex espied them. He stared. Suddenly he jumped straight up. Striding to the edge of the platform, with face as red as a beet, he began to curse them. "Whash masher, ole pard?" asked Andy, who appeared a little less stable than his comrades.

Tex's reply was another volley of expressive profanity. And he ended with: "—you—all yellow quitters to get drunk an' leave me in the lurch. But you gotta get away from heah. I shore won't have you about when thet train comes."

"Tex, yore boss is in town lookin' for you," said Nevada.

"Tex, he jest ambled past us like we wasn't gennelmen," added Panhandle. "Never sheen us atall."

"No wonder, you drunken cow-punchers," declared Tex, in disgust. "Now I tell you to clear out of heah."

"But pard, we just want shее you meet our Jane from Missouri," replied Andy.

Just then a shrill whistle announced the train. "You can sneak off now," he went on, "an' leave me to face the music."

I always knew I was the only gentleman in Springer's outfit."

The three cowboys did not act upon Tex's sarcastic suggestion, but they hung back, looking at once excited and sheepish and hugely delighted. The long gray dusty train pulled into the station and stopped. There was only one passenger for Springer—a woman—and she alighted from the coach near where the cowboys stood waiting. She wore a long linen coat and a brown veil that completely hid her face. She was not tall and she was much too slight for the heavy valise the porter handed to her.

Tex strode grandly toward her. "Miss—Miss Stacey, ma'am?" he asked, removing his sombrero.

"Yes," she replied. "Are you Mr. Owens?"

Evidently the voice was not what Tex had expected and it disconcerted him. "No ma'am I—I'm not Mister Owens," he said. "Please let me take your bag . . . I'm Tex Dillon, one of Springer's cowboys. An' I've come to meet you—an' fetch you out to the ranch."

"Thank you, but I—I expected to be met by Mr. Owens," she replied.

"Ma'am, there's been a mistake—I've got to tell you—there ain't any Mister Owens," blurted out Tex, manfully.

"Oh!" she said, with a little start.

"You see, it was this way," went on the confused cowboy. "One of Springer's cowboys—not me—wrote them letters to you, signin' his name Owens. There ain't no such named cowboy in this county. Your last letter—an' here it is—fell into my hands—all by accident, Ma'am, it sure was. I took my three friends heah—I took them into my confidence. An' we all came down to meet you." She moved her head and evidently looked at the strange trio of cowboys Tex had pointed out as his friends. They came forward then, but not eagerly, and they still held to each other. Their condition, not to consider their immense excitement, could not have been lost even upon a tenderfoot from Missouri.

"Please return my—my letter," she said, turning again to Tex, and she put out a small gloved hand to take it from him. "Then—there is no Mr. Frank Owens?"

"No Ma'am, there isn't," replied Tex miserably, and waited for her to speak.

"Is there—no—no truth in his—is there no school teacher wanted here?" she faltered.

"I think so, Ma'am," he replied. "Springer said he needed one. That's what started the advertisement an' the letters to you. You can see the boss an'—an' explain. I'm sure it will be all right. He's the grandest fellow. He won't stand for no joke on a poor old schoolmarm." In his bewilderment Tex had spoken his thoughts, and that last slip made him look more miserable than ever, and made the boys appear ready to burst.

"Poor old schoolmarm!" echoed Miss Stacey. "Perhaps the deceit has not been wholly on one side." Whereupon she swept aside the enveloping veil to reveal a pale and pretty face. She was young. She had clear gray eyes and a sweet, sensitive mouth. Little curls of chestnut hair straggled from under her veil. And she had tiny freckles.

Tex stared at this apparition. "But you—you—the letter says she wasn't over forty," he ejaculated.

"She's not," rejoined Miss Stacey, curtly.

Then there were visible and remarkable indications of a transformation in the attitude of the cowboy. But the approach of a stranger suddenly seemed to paralyze him. This fellow was very tall. He strolled up to them. He was booted and spurred. He had halted before the group and looked expectantly from the boys to the young woman and back again. But on the moment the four cowboys appeared dumb. "Are—are you Mr. Springer?" asked Miss Stacey.

"Yes," he replied, and he took off his sombrero. He had a dark, frank face and keen eyes.

"I am Jane Stacey," she explained hurriedly. "I'm a school teacher. I answered an advertisement. And I've come from Missouri because of letters I received from a Mr. Frank Owens, of Springer's Ranch. This young man met me. He has not been very—explicit. I gather that there is no Mr. Owens—that I'm the victim of a cowboy joke . . . But he said that Mr. Springer won't stand for a joke on a poor old schoolmarm."

"I sure am glad to meet you, Miss Stacey," responded the rancher, with the easy western courtesy that must have been comforting to her. "Please let me see the letters." She

opened a hand-bag, and searching in it presently held out several letters. Springer never even glanced at his stricken cowboys. He took the letters.

"No, not that one," said Miss Stacey, blushing scarlet. "That's one I wrote to Mr. Owens, but didn't mail. It's—hardly necessary to read that." While Springer read the others she looked at him. Presently he asked for the letter she had taken back. Miss Stacey hesitated, then refused. He looked cool, serious, business-like. Then his keen eyes swept over the four cowboys.

"Tex, are you Mister Frank Owens?" he queried sharply. "I—shore—ain't," gasped Tex.

Springer asked each of the other boys the same question and received decidedly maudlin but negative answers. Then he turned again to the girl. "Miss Stacey, I regret to say that you are indeed the victim of a low-down cowboy trick," he said. "I'd apologize for such heathen if I knew how. All I can say is I'm sorry."

"Then—then there isn't any school to teach—any place for me—out here?" she asked, and there were tears in her eyes.

"That's another matter," he replied, with a winning smile. "Of course there's a place for you. I've wanted a school teacher for a long time. Some of the men out at the ranch have kids an' they sure need a teacher."

"Oh, I'm—so glad," she murmured, in great relief. "I was afraid I'd have to go—all the way back. You see I'm not so strong as I used to be—and my doctor advised a change of climate—dry western air. I can't go back now."

"You don't look sick," he said, with the keen eyes on her. "You look very well to me."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not very strong," she returned, quickly. "But I must confess I wasn't altogether truthful about my age."

"I was wondering about that," he said, gravely. There seemed just a glint of a twinkle in his eye. "Not over forty."

Again she blushed and this time with confusion. "It wasn't altogether a lie. I was afraid to mention I was only—young. And I wanted to get the position so much . . . I'm a good—a competent teacher, unless the scholars are too grown-up."

"The scholars you'll have at my ranch are children," he replied. "Well, we'd better be starting if we are to get there before dark. It's a long ride. Is this all your baggage?"

Springer led her over to the buckboard and helped her in, then stowed the valise under the back seat. "Here, let me put this robe over you," he said. "It'll be dusty. And when we get up on the ridge it's cold." At this juncture Tex came to life and he started forward. But Andy and Nevada and Panhandle stood motionless, staring at the fresh and now flushed face of the young school teacher. Tex untied the halter of the spirited team and they began to prance. He gathered up the reins as if about to mount the buckboard.

"I've got all the supplies an' the mail, Mr. Springer," he said, cheerfully, "an' I can be startin' at once."

"I'll drive Miss Stacey," replied Springer, dryly.

Tex looked blank for a moment. Then Miss Stacey's clear gray eyes seemed to embarrass him. A tinge of red came into his tanned cheek. "Tex, you can ride my horse home," said the rancher.

"That wild stallion of yours!" expostulated the cowboy. "Now Mr. Springer, I shore am afraid of him." This from the best horseman on the whole range!

Apparently the rancher took Tex seriously. "He sure is wild, Tex, and I know you're a poor hand with a horse. If he throws you, why you'll have your own horse." Miss Stacey turned away her eyes. There was a hint of a smile on her lips. Springer got in beside her and, taking the reins without another glance at his discomfited cowboys, he drove away.

AFEW weeks altered many things at Springer's Ranch.

There was a marvelous change in the dress and deportment of cowboys off duty. There were some clean and happy and interested children. There was a rather taciturn and lonely young rancher who was given to thoughtful dreams and whose keen eyes watched the little adobe schoolhouse under the cottonwoods. And in Jane Stacey's face a rich bloom and tan had begun to warm out the paleness. It was not often that Jane left the schoolhouse without meeting one of Springer's cowboys. She met Tex most frequently and, according to Andy, that fact was because Tex was foreman and could send the boys off to the ends of the range. And this afternoon Jane encountered the foreman. He was clean-shaven, bright and eager, a superb figure. Tex had been lucky enough to have a gun with him one day when a rattle-

snake frightened the school teacher and he had shot the reptile. Miss Stacey had leaned against him in her fright; she had been grateful; she had admired his wonderful skill with a gun and had murmured that a woman always would be safe with such a man. Thereafter Tex packed his gun unmindful of the ridicule of his rivals. "Miss Stacey, come for a little ride, won't you?" he asked, eagerly.

The cowboys had already taught her how to handle a horse and to ride; and if all they said of her appearance and accomplishment were true she was indeed worth watching. "I'm sorry," replied Jane. "I promised Nevada I'd ride with him today."

"I reckon Nevada is miles an' miles up the valley by now," replied Tex. "He won't be back till long after dark."

"But he made an engagement with me," protested the school mistress.

"An' shore he has to work. He's ridin' for Springer, an' I'm foreman of this ranch," said Tex.

"You sent him off on some long chase," averred Jane



find that mired steer."

"Miss Stacey, you're shore not goin' to ride off alone. Savvy that?"

"Who'll keep me from it?" demanded Jane, with spirit.

"I will. Or any of the boys, for thet matter. Springer's orders."

Jane started with surprise and then blushed rosy red. Tex, also, appeared confused at his disclosure. "Miss Stacey, I oughtn't have said that. It slipped out. The boss said we needn't tell you, but you were to be watched an' taken care of. It's a wild range. You could get lost or thrown from a horse."

"Mr. Springer is very kind and thoughtful," murmured Jane.

"The fact is, this heah ranch is a different place since you came," went on Tex as if emboldened. "An' this beatin' around the bush doesn't suit me. All the boys have lost their haid over you."

"Indeed? How flattering," replied Jane, with just a hint of mockery. She was fond of all her admirers, but there were four of them she had not yet forgiven.

The tall foreman was not without spirit.

"It's true all right, as you'll find out pretty quick," he replied. "If you had any eyes you'd see that cattle raisin' on this heah ranch is about to halt till somethin' is decided. Why, even Springer himself is sweet on you."

"How dare you!" flashed Jane, suddenly aghast.

"I ain't afraid to tell the truth," declared Tex, stoutly. "He is. The boys all say so. He's grouzier than ever. He's jealous. He watches you—"

"Suppose I told him you had dared to say such things?" interrupted Jane, trembling on the verge of strange emotion.

"Why, he'd be tickled to death. He hasn't got nerve enough to tell you himself."

This cowboy, like all his comrades, was hopeless. She was about to attempt to change the conversation when Tex took her into his arms. She struggled—and fought with all her might. But he succeeded in kissing her cheek and then the tip of her ear. Finally she broke away from him. "Now—" she panted. "You've done it—you've insulted me. Now I'll never ride with you again—even speak to you."

"Shore I didn't insult you," replied Tex. "Jane—won't you marry me?"

"No."

"Won't you be my sweetheart—till you care enough to—to—"

"No."

"But, Jane, you'll forgive me, an' be good friends again?"

"Never!" Jane did not mean all she said. She had come to understand these men of the ranges—their loneliness—their hunger for love. But in spite of her sympathy and affection she needed sometimes to be cold and severe.

"Jane, you owe me a good deal—more than you've any idea," said Tex, seriously. "You'd never have been here but for me," he said, solemnly.

Jane could only stare at him.

"I meant to tell you long ago. But I shore didn't have nerve. Jane, I—I was that there letter writin' fellar. I wrote them letters you got. I am Frank Owens."

"No!" exclaimed Jane. She was startled.

That matter of Frank Owens had never been cleared up. It had ceased to rankle within her breast, but it had never been forgotten. She looked up earnestly into the big fellow's face. It was like a mask. But she saw through it. He was lying. He was brazen. Almost she thought she saw a laugh deep in his eyes.

"I shore am thet lucky man who found you a job when you was sick an' needed a change . . . An' thet you've grown so pretty an' so well you owe all to me."

"Tex, if you really were Frank Owens, that would make a great difference. I owe him everything. I would—but I don't believe you are he."

"It's a sure honest gospel fact," declared Tex. "I hope to die if it ain't!"

Jane shook her head sadly at his monstrous prevarication. "I don't believe you," she said, and left him standing there.

It might have been mere coincidence that during the next few days both Nevada and Panhandle waylaid and conveyed to her intelligence by divers and pathetic arguments the astounding fact that each was Mr. Frank Owens. More likely, however, was it the unerring instinct of lovers who had sensed the importance and significance of this mysterious correspondent's part in bringing health and happiness into Jane Stacey's life. She listened to them with anger and sadness and amusement at their deceit, and she had the same answer for both: "I don't believe you."

And through these machinations of the cowboys, Jane had begun to have vague and sweet and disturbing suspicions of her own as to the real identity of that mysterious cowboy, Frank Owens. Andy had

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TWICE AGAIN . . . SHE FOUND HERSELF DANCING WITH JONES. . . . HE JUST TOOK HER, CARRIED HER OFF BY STORM

severely. "Now didn't you? Tell me the truth."

"I shore did. He comes crowin' down to the bunk-house—about how he's goin' to ride with you an' how we-all are not in the runnin'. I says, 'Nevada, I reckon there's a steer mired in the sand up there an' pull him out.'"

"And then what did he say?" inquired Jane, curiously.

"Why, Miss Stacey, shore I hate to tell you. I didn't think he was so—so bad. He just used the most awful language as was ever heard on this heah ranch. Then he rode off."

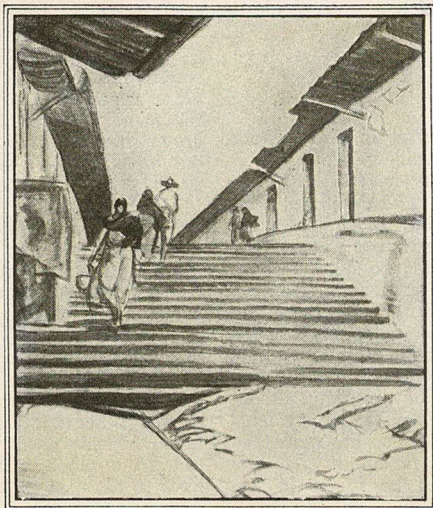
"But was there a steer mired up in the Wash?"

"I reckon so," replied Tex, rather shamefacedly. "Most always is one."

Jane let scornful eyes rest upon the foreman. "That was a mean trick," she said.

"There's been worse done to me by him, an' all of them. An' all's fair in love an' war . . . Will you ride with me?"

"No. I think I'll ride off alone up Cedar Wash and help Nevada



FROM MISSOURI

[Continued from page 7]

originality as well as daring. He would have completely deceived Jane if she had not happened, by the merest accident, to discover the relation between him and certain love letters she had begun to find in her desk. She was deceived at first, for the typewriting of these was precisely like that in the letters by Frank Owens. She had been suddenly aware of a wild start of rapture. That had given place to a shameful, open-eyed realization of the serious condition of her own heart. But she happened to discover in Andy the writer of these missives, and her dream was shattered, if not forgotten. Andy certainly would not carry love letters to her that he did not write. He had merely learned to use the same typewriter, and at opportune times he had slipped the letters into her desk. Jane now began to have her own little aching, haunting secret which was so hard to put out of her mind. Every letter and every hint of Frank Owens made her remember. Therefore she decided to put a check to Andy's sly double-dealing. She addressed a note to him and wrote: "Dear Andy:—That day at the train when you thought I was a poor old schoolmarm you swore you were not Frank Owens. Now you swear you are! If you were a man who knew what truth is you'd have a chance. But now—No! You are a monster of iniquity. I don't believe you." She left the note in plain sight where she always found his letters in her desk. The next morning the note was gone. And so was Andy. She did not see him for three days.

IT came about that a dance to be held at Beacon during the late summer. Jane was wild to go. But it developed that she could not accept the escort of any one of her cowboy admirers without alienating the others. And she began to see the visions of this wonderful dance fade away when Springer accosted her. "Who's the lucky cowboy to take you to our dance?"

"He's as myterious and doubtful as Mr. Frank Owens," replied Jane.

"You don't mean you haven't been asked to go?"

"They've all asked me. That's the trouble."

"I see. But you mustn't miss it. It'd be pleasant for you to meet some of the ranchers and their wives. Suppose you go with me?"

"Oh, Mr. Springer, I—I'd be delighted," replied Jane.

"Thank you. Then it's settled. I must be in town all that day on cattle business—next Friday. I'll ask the Hartwells to stop here for you, an' drive you in." He seemed gravely, kindly interested as always, yet there was something in his eyes that interfered with the regular beating of Jane's heart.

Jane spent much of the remaining leisure hours on a gown to wear at this dance which promised so much. The Hartwells turned out to be nice people whose little girl was one of Jane's pupils. On the drive toward, through the crisp fall gloaming, while listening to the chatter of the children, and the talk of the elder Hartwells, she could not help wondering what Springer would think of her in the new gown.

They arrived late. "Reckon it's just as well for you an' the children," said Mrs. Hartwell to Jane. "These dances last from seven to seven."

"Well, I am a tenderfoot from Missouri. But that's not going to keep me from having a wonderful time."

"You will, dear, unless the cowboys fight over you, which is likely. But at least there won't be any shootin'. My husband an' Springer are both on the committee an' they won't admit any gun-totin' cowpuncher." Here Jane had concrete evidence of something she had begun to suspect. These careless, love-making cowboys might be dangerous.

Jane's first sight of that dance hall astonished her. It was a big barn-like room, roughly rafted and sided, decorated enough with colored bunting to take away the bareness. The volume of sound amazed her. Music and trample of boots, gay laughter, deep voices of men, all seemed to merge into a loud hum. A swaying, wheeling horde of dancers circled past her. No more time, then, was accorded her to clarify the spectacle,

for Springer suddenly confronted her. If Jane needed assurance of what she had dreamed of and hoped for she had it in his frank admiration. "Sure it's somethin' fine for Bill Springer to have the prettiest girl here," he said.

"Thank you—but, Mr. Springer—I sadly fear you were a cowboy before you became a rancher," she replied archly.

"Sure I was. An' that you may find out," he laughed. "Of course, I could never come up to—say—Frank Owens. But let's dance. I shall have little enough of you in this outfit."

So he swung her into the circle of dancers. Jane found him easy to dance with, though he was far from expert. Jane felt strange and uncertain with him. Then soon she became aware of the cessation of hum and movement.

"Sure that was the best dance I ever had," said Springer, with something of radiance in his dark face. "An' now I must lose you to this outfit comin'." Manifestly he meant his cowboys Tex, Nevada, Panhandle and Andy, who presented themselves four abreast, shiny of hair and face. "Good luck," he whispered. "If you get into trouble let me know."

What he meant quickly dawned upon Jane. Right then it began. She saw there was absolutely no use in trying to avoid or refuse these young men. The wisest and safest course was to surrender, which she did. "Boys, don't all talk at once. I can dance with only one of you at a time. So I'll take you in alphabetical order. I'm a poor old schoolmarm from Missouri. It'll be Andy, Nevada, Panhandle and Tex."

Despite their protests she held rigidly to this rule. Each one of the cowboys took shameless advantage of his opportunity. Outrageously as they all hugged her, Tex was the worst offender. She tried to stop dancing, but he carried her along as if she had been a child. He was rapt, and yet there seemed an imp of mischief in him.

"Tex—how dare—you!" panted Jane, when at last the dance ended. "You ought to be—ashamed. I'll not dance with you again."

"Aw, now," he pleaded.

"I won't, Tex, so there. You're no gentleman."

"Ahuh!" he ejaculated, drawing himself up stiffly. "All right, I'll go out an' get drunk, an' when I come back I'll clean out this heah hall."

"Tex! Don't go," she called, hurriedly, as he started to stride away. "I'll take that back. I will give you another dance—if you promise to—to behave." Thus she got rid of him, and was carried off by Mrs. Hartwell to be introduced to ranchers and their wives, to girls and their escorts. Her next partner was a tall, handsome cowboy named Jones. She did not know quite what to make of him. He talked all the time. He was witty and engaging, and he had a most subtly flattering tongue. Jane could not fail to grasp that he might even be worse than Tex, but at least he did not make love to her with physical violence. She enjoyed that dance and admitted the singular, forceful charm about this man. Jones demanded, rather than begged, for another dance, and though she laughingly explained her predicament in regard to partners, he said he would come after her anyhow. Then followed several dances with new partners, between which Jane became more than ever the centre of attraction. It all went to her head like wine. She was having a perfectly wonderful time. Jones claimed her again, in fact whirled her out on the floor; and it seemed then that the irresistible rush of the dances was similar to her sensations. Twice again before the supper hour at midnight she found herself dancing with Jones. How he managed it she did not know. He just took her, carried her off by storm. Jane did not awaken to this unpardonable conduct of hers until she discovered that a little while before she had promised Tex his second dance, and then she had given it to Jones.

Then came the supper hour. It was a gala occasion, for which, evidently, the children had heroically kept awake. Jane enjoyed the children immensely. She sat with the numerous Hartwells, all of

whom were most kindly attentive to her. Jane wondered why Mr. Springer did not put in an appearance, but considered his absence due to numerous duties. When the supper hour ended Jane caught sight of Andy.

"Andy, please find Tex for me. I owe him a dance, and I'll give him the very first, unless Mr. Springer comes for it."

Andy regarded her with an aloofness totally new to her. "Wal, I'll tell him. But I reckon Tex ain't presentable just now. An' all of us are through dancin' tonight. There's been a little fight."

"Oh, no!" cried Jane. "Who?"

"Wal, when you cut Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put our outfit in bad," replied Andy coldly. "At thet, there wouldn't have been anythin' come of it here if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' thet sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too, I'm sorry to say. Wal, we had a dickens of a time keepin' Nevada out of it. But we kept them apart till Springer come out. An' what the boss said to thet outfit was sure aplenty. Beady Jones kept talkin' back, nasty like—you know he was once foreman for us—till Springer got good an' mad. An' he said: 'Jones, I fired you once because you was a little too slick for our outfit, an' I'll tell you this, if it comes to a pinch I'll give you the blamest thrashin' any smart-aleck cowboy ever got.' You can bet that shut Beady Jones' loud mouth."

After that rather lengthy speech, Andy left her unceremoniously standing there alone. Jane looked for Springer, hoping yet fearing he would come to her. But he did not. She had another uninterrupted dizzy round of dancing until her strength failed. At four o'clock she was scarcely able to walk. Her pretty dress was torn and mused; her slippers were worn ragged. And her feet were dead. From that time she sat with Mrs. Hartwell looking on, and trying to keep awake.

At length the exodus began. Jane went out with the Hartwells, to be received by Springer, who was decidedly cool to Jane. All through the long ride out to the ranch he never addressed her. Springer's sister, and the matronly housekeeper were waiting for them, with cheery welcome, and invitation to a hot breakfast.

Presently Jane found herself momentarily alone with the rancher. "Miss Stacey," he said, in a voice she had never heard, "your flirtin' with Beady Jones made trouble for the Springer outfit."

"Mr. Springer!" she exclaimed, her head going up.

"Excuse me," he returned, in cutting, dry tone that recalled Tex. Indeed, this westerner was a cowboy, the same as those who rode for him, only a little older, and therefore more reserved and careful of speech. "If it wasn't that—then you sure were much taken with Mr. Beady Jones."

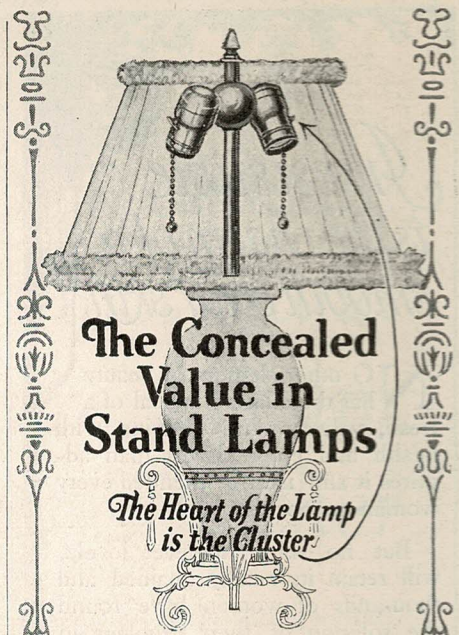
"If that was anybody's business it might have appeared so," she retorted, tingling all over with some feeling she could not control. "He was a splendid dancer. He did not maul me like a bear. I really had a chance to breathe during my dances with him. Then, too, he could talk."

Springer bowed with dignity. His dark face paled. It dawned upon Jane that there was something intense in the moment. She began to repent of her hasty pride. "Thanks," he said. "Please excuse my impertinence. I see you have found your Mr. Frank Owens in this cowboy Jones, an' it sure is not my place to say any more."

"But—but—Mr.—Springer—" faltered Jane, quite unstrung by that amazing speech. The rancher, however, bowed again and left her. Jane felt too miserable and weary for anything but rest.

About mid-afternoon Jane awakened greatly refreshed and relieved, and strangely repentant. She dressed prettily and went out into the courtyard, and naturally, as always, gravitated toward the corrals and barns. Springer appeared, in company with a rancher Jane did not know. She expected Springer to stop her for a few pleasant words as was his wont. This time, however, he merely touched his sombrero and passed on.

Then she went on down the lane, very thoughtful. Jane's sharp eyes caught sight of the boys before they espied her. And when she looked up [Turn to page 56]



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again every lithe back was turned. She went back to her room, meaning to read or sew, or do school work. But instead she cried.

Next day was Sunday. Heretofore every Sunday had been a full day for Jane. This one bade fair to be empty. Her attention was attracted by sight of a superb horseman riding up the lane to the ranch-house. He seemed familiar, but she could not place him. What a picture he made as he dismounted, slick and shiny, booted and spurred, to doff his huge sombrero! Jane heard him ask for Miss Stacey. Then she recognized him. Beady Jones! She was at once horrified, and something else she could not name. She remembered now he had asked if he might call Sunday and she had certainly not refused. But for him to come after the fight with Tex and the bitter scene with Springer! What manner of man was this cowboy Jones? He certainly did not lack courage. But more to the point—what idea had he of her? Jane rose to the occasion. She had let herself in for this, and she would see it through. She would let Springer see she indeed had taken Beady Jones for Mr. Frank Owens.

To that end Jane made her way down the porch to greet her cowboy visitor. She made herself charming and gracious, and carried off the embarrassing situation—or Springer was present—as if it were perfectly natural. And she led Jones to one of the rustic benches down the porch.

Manifest, indeed, was it that young Jones felt he had made a conquest. He was the most forceful and bold person Jane had ever met. Soon he waxed ardent. Jane was accustomed to the sentimental talk of cowboys, but this fellow was neither amusing nor interesting. He was dangerous. When Jane pulled her hand, by main force, free from his, and said she was not accustomed to allow men such privileges, he grinned at her. "Sure, sweetheart, you have missed a heap of fun," he said. "An' I reckon I'll have to break you in."

Jane could not feel insulted at this brazen lout, but she certainly raged at herself. Her instant impulse was to excuse herself and abruptly leave him. But Springer was close by. She had caught his dark, wondering, covert glances. And the cowboys were at the other end of the long porch. Jane feared another fight. She had brought this upon herself, and she must stick it out. The ensuing hour was an increasing torment. At last it seemed she could not bear the false situation any longer. And when Jones again importuned her to meet him out on horseback she stooped to deception to end the interview. She really did not concentrate her attention on his plan or take stock of what she agreed to, but she got rid of him with ease and dignity before Springer. After that she did not have the courage to stay out and face them. Jane stole off to the darkness and loneliness of her room.

THE school teaching went on just the same, and the cowboys thawed out and Springer returned somewhat to his kindness, but Jane missed something from her work and in them. At heart she grieved. Would it ever be the same again?

There came a day when Jane rode off alone towards the hills. She forgot the risk and the admonitions of the cowboys. She wanted to be alone to think. Her happiness had sustained a subtle change. Her work, the children, the friends she had made, even the horse she loved, were no longer all-sufficient. Something had come over her. It was late fall, but the sun was warm that afternoon. Before her lay the valley range, and beyond it the foothills rose, and above them loomed the dark beckoning mountains.

She rode fast until her horse was hot and she was out of breath. Then she slowed down and for the first time she looked back toward the ranch. It was a long way off—ten miles—a mere green spot in the gray. And there was a horseman coming. As usual, some one of the cowboys had observed her, let her think she had slipped away, and was now following her. Today it angered Jane. She wanted to be alone. She could take care of herself. And as was unusual with her, she used her quirt on the horse. He broke into a gallop. She did not look back again for a long time. When she did it was to

FROM MISSOURI

[Continued from page 55]

discover that the horseman had not only gained, but was now quite close to her. Jane looked hard, but she could not recognize the rider. Once she imagined it was Tex and again Andy.

Jane rode the longest and fastest race she had ever ridden. She reached the low foothills and, without heeding the fact that she would at once become lost, she entered the cedars and began to climb. At times her horse had to walk and then she heard her pursuer breaking through the cedars. He had to trail her by her horse's tracks, and so she was able to keep in the lead. It was not long until Jane realized she was lost, but she did not care. She rode up and down and around for an hour, until she was thoroughly tired out, and then up on top of a foothill she reined in her horse and waited to give this pursuer a piece of her mind.

What was her amaze, when she heard a thud of hoofs and cracking of branches in the opposite direction from which she expected her pursuer, to see a rider emerge from the cedars and trot his horse toward her. Jane needed only a second glance to recognize Beady Jones. Suddenly she knew that he was not the pursuer she had been so angrily aware of. Jones' horse was white. That checked her mounting anger.

Jones rode straight at her, and as he came close Jane saw his bold, dark face and gleaming eyes. "Howdy, sweetheart," sang out Jones, in his cool devil-may-care way. "Reckon it took you a long time to meet me as you promised."

"I didn't ride out to meet you, Mr. Jones," replied Jane, spiritedly. "I know I agreed to something or other, but even then I didn't mean it."

"Yes, I had a hunch you was playin' with me," he returned, darkly.

He reached out a long gloved hand and grasped her arm. "What do you mean, sir?" demanded Jane, trying to wrench free.

"Sure I mean a lot," he said, grimly. "You stood for the love-makin' of that Springer outfit. Now you're goin' to get a taste of somethin' not so mushy."

"Let go of me—you—your ruffian!" cried Jane, struggling fiercely. She was both furious and terrified.

"Shucks! Your fightin' will only make it interestin'. Come here, you deceitful little cat." And he lifted her out of her saddle over in front of him. Jones' horse, that had been frightened and plunging, ran away into the cedars. Then Jones proceeded to embrace Jane. She managed to keep her mouth from contact with his, but he kissed her face and neck, kisses that seemed to pollute her.

"Jane, I'm ridin' out of this country for good," he said. "An' I've just been waitin' for this chance. You bet you'll remember Beady Jones."

Jane realized that Jones would stop at nothing. Frantically she fought to get away from him, and to pitch herself to the ground. She screamed. She beat and tore at him. She scratched his face till the blood flowed. And as her struggles increased with her fright, she gradually slipped down between him and the pomel of his saddle, with head hanging down on one side and her feet on the other. This was awkward and painful, but infinitely preferable to being crushed in his arms. He was riding off with her as if she had been an empty sack. Suddenly Jane's hands, while trying to hold on to something to lessen the severe jolt of her position, came in contact with Jones' gun. Dare she draw it and shoot him? Then all at once her ears filled with the tearing gallop of another horse. Inverted as she was, she was able to see and recognize Springer ride right at Jones and yell piercingly. Next she felt Jones' hard jerk at his gun. But Jane had hold of it, and suddenly she had her little hands like steel. The fierce energy with which Jones wrestled to draw his gun threw Jane from the saddle. And when she dropped clear of the horse the gun came with her.

"Hands up, Beady!" she heard Springer call out, as she lay momentarily face down in the dust. Then she struggled to her knees, and crawled to get away from proximity to the horses. She still clung to the heavy gun. And when, breathless and almost collapsing, she fell back on

the ground she saw Jones with his hands above his head and Springer on foot with levelled gun.

"Sit tight, cowboy," ordered the rancher, in a hard tone. "It'll take mighty little to make me bore you."

Then, while still covering Jones, evidently ready for any sudden move, Springer spoke again. "Jane, did you come out to meet this cowboy?" he asked.

"Oh, no! How can you ask that?" cried Jane, almost sobbing.

"She's a liar, boss," spoke up Jones, coolly. "She let me make love to her. An' she agreed to ride out an' meet me. Wal, it sure took her a spell, an' when she did come she was shy on the love-makin'. I was packin' her off to scare some sense into her when you rode in."

"Beady, I know your way with women. You can save your breath, for I've a hunch you're goin' to need it."

"Mr. Springer," faltered Jane, getting to her knees. "I—I was foolishly taken with this cowboy—at first. Then—that Sunday after the dance when he called on me at the ranch—I saw through him then. I heartily despised him. To get rid of him I did say I'd meet him. But I never meant to. Then I forgot it. Today I rode for the first time. I saw some one following me and thought it must be Tex or one of the boys. Finally I waited and presently Jones rode up to me. . . . And Mr. Springer—he grabbed me off my horse—and handled me most brutally—shamefully. I fought him with all my might, but what could I do?"

Springer's face changed markedly during Jane's long explanation. Then he threw his gun on the ground in front of Jane. "Jones, I'm goin' to beat you half to death," he said grimly, and, leaping at the cowboy, he jerked him out of the saddle sprawling on the ground. Next Springer threw aside his sombrero, his vest, his spurs. But he kept on his gloves. The cowboy rose to one knee, and he measured the distance between him and Springer, and then the gun on the ground. Suddenly he sprang toward it. But Springer intercepted him with a powerful kick that tripped Jones and laid him flat.

"Jones, you're sure about as low-down as they come," he said, in dark scorn. "I've got to be satisfied with beatin' you when I ought to kill you."

"Ahu! Wal, boss, it ain't any safe bet thet you can beat me," returned Jones, sullenly, as he got up. As they rushed together Jane had wit enough to pick up the gun, and then with it and Jones', to get back to a safe distance. She wanted to run away out of sight. But she could neither do that nor keep her fascinated gaze from the combatants. Even in her distraught condition she could see that the cowboy, fierce and active and strong as he was, could not hold his own with Springer. They fought over all the open space, and crashed into the cedars and out again. The time came when Jones was on the ground as much as he was erect. Bloody, dishevelled, beaten, he kept on trying to stem the onslaught of blows.

Suddenly he broke off a dead branch of cedar, and brandishing it rushed at the rancher. Jane uttered a cry, closed her eyes and sank down. She heard fierce imprecations and sudden blows. When at length she opened her eyes in terror, fearing something dreadful, she saw Springer erect, wiping his face, and Jones lying prone on the ground.

Then Jane saw him go to his horse, untie a canteen from the saddle, remove his bloody gloves and wash his face with a wet scarf. Next he poured some water on Jones' face. "Come on, Jane," he called. "Reckon it's all over."

He tied the bridle of Jones' horse to a cedar, and leading his own animal turned to meet Jane. "I want to compliment you on gettin' that cowboy's gun," he said, warmly. "But for that they'd sure have been somethin' bad. I'd have had to kill him, Jane. . . . Here, give me the guns. . . . You poor little tenderfoot from Missouri. No, not tenderfoot any longer. You became a westerner today."

His face was bruised and cut, his dress dirty and bloody, but he did not appear the worse for that fight. Jane found her legs scarcely able to support her, and she had apparently lost her voice. "Let me put you on my saddle till we find your horse," he said, and lifted her lightly as a feather to a seat [Turn to page 86]

singers, dancers, Ziegfeld Follies girls, Keith circuit acrobats—for the diversion of his guests. For children's parties the star clown from a Broadway success is sometimes employed.

Most entertaining is done at home in the cottages, though there are Thursday night dances on the Horse-Shoe piazza of the Casino, and recently Mrs. Astor inaugurated weekly dances at the Country Club. The Casino is really a corporation with three hundred and eighty-seven shares of stock divided among a hundred and sixty-eight stockholders who represent about all America has in the way of ancient lineage. Beside the Country Club and the Casino there are Bailey's Beach, several historical, literary and art societies, and a Clambake Club where men of the colony hold dinners and banquets and an annual clay-shooting contest. And now there is the Embassy Club, started last year by a noted sportswoman in the recently defunct but once notorious and flourishing Canfield gambling house bordering upon the Casino grounds.

Over and above all these various means of entertainment, there is, nearly every year, some fairly diverting wedding. Last year witnessed the marriage of Miss Muriel Vanderbilt to Frederick Church, Jr., of Boston. This afforded a very special diversion because, up until the last moment, it was undecided whether the ceremony should be Protestant or Catholic. In the end the two families compromised by having first one ceremony and then, later, the other performed.

All summer, yachts are drifting in and out of Newport harbor, a nice old basin which still retains its Colonial flavor reminiscent of the time, long before the Revolutionary War, when the little town rivalled Boston as a seaport. The great modern castles along the shore are hidden amid parks of trees with green deserts of lawn between, so that, as you round the breakwater and come to anchor in the harbor, you see only the century-old houses along the water-front and rising behind them, thinly like a note of music, the beautiful white spire of Old Trinity. Here, at the time of the Astor Cup Races, assembles the white-winged fleet of the New York Yacht Club: yawls, schooners, sloops, fast clipper-bowed racing craft, with here and there among them some ocean going ship such as Commodore Vincent Astor's "Nourmahal," Ogden Mills' "Alcázar" or Miss Anne Morgan's great black "Corsair."

YOU may recall that, in the opening stanzas of this article, the young lady of the diary referred to the yachts "moving north to their Maine rendezvous." That takes place at Bar Harbor. Not so long ago, Newport stood alone as the only smart Atlantic resort; but lately two rivals have arisen, Bar Harbor and Southampton, Long Island.

"So glad to see dear land again," writes our flapper diarist. "Steaming up Frenchman's Bay we passed two British cruisers and an American dreadnaught. Ashore and just in time for the International Maritime finals—our naval officers playing the officers of the British cruisers. Rather mild after Bill Tilden, but met so many people we know. After dinner to the Rockefeller's dance . . ."

Bar Harbor too has its Tennis Week, enlivened with a masquerade and an Officer's Ball. Life here is more communal and less urban than at Newport, but, on the whole, the pastimes are as similar as the two colonies. Its colonists include, among others, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Edward B. McLean of Harding fame, Henry Morgenthau, ex-ambassador to Turkey, Cortlandt Van Rensselaer; Frederick W. Vanderbilt; and Edsel Ford. There are, too, a great many resident, and from time to time visiting educators, writers and musicians. President Angell of Yale, President Lowell of Harvard, and Henry Van Dyke of Princeton spent last summer on the island. Arthur Train, Jane Addams, and Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony, are old colonists; and Fritz Kreisler and Ernest Schelling sometimes give recitals in the Greek temple of arts overlooking the Kebo Valley golf links. You can see that this is, if not a very, very exclusive, at least a very distinguished

HIGH HAT BEACHES

[Continued from page 9]

colony, inhabited by well known men and women of affairs. Unfortunate as it is that Bar Harbor has no real bathing beach—or rather that its only stretch of sandy shore is in the possession of a private person—nevertheless the need has been met by the Swimming Club's large salt water pool, where the facilities for diving and fast swimming are even better than on a shallow beach.

Horses—the riding, showing, and racing of them—play a much more important rôle here than at other shore resorts, largely because there are, on the island, over four hundred miles of splendid bridle-paths and back-woods wagon roads. The gymkhana and horse show are perhaps the most popular sporting features of the season. And although there is hurdle racing, open and bareback jumping, these people still take an interest in old-fashioned harness turnouts. Last year Henry Ford and his brother won a special gymkhana prize, dressed as farmers, driving a hayrick made expressly for the event. And exhibited at the horse show were sporty harness pairs, high rumble carts, little fast dogcarts, suave victorias, and dashing spider phaetons. Other popular sports among these hardy social lights are hiking, fishing, and mountain climbing. There's a large world on this island: sixteen mountains, twenty lakes, a hundred miles of mountain trails. And strange it is to see flappers and flapper matrons climbing, in the morning, up some raw precipice by means of spikes and hand rails and casting blithe laughter a thousand feet over their shoulders. These are the people who have learned, not how to make money, but, more difficult still, how to be rich. Sport is at once their bracer and their pleasure—a sort of medicine these bored babies cry for.

WE have now been pretty well through the summer season; there is remaining only one alternative to "roughing it" at some inland resort, languishing in New York, or shopping in Paris. That alternative is Southampton. In all probability our flapper friend, deserting Chauncey and the yacht, will skip down there for a week or so—just to finish her summer off with the September Carnival and the meeting of the Suffolk Hounds. Fan-shaped Southampton lies very near the remotest tip of Long Island. From New York it is reached by a drive—a fast drive—of a couple of hours and a half along a fine concrete speedway. You stop for luncheon or tea at the Canoe Place Inn, for years summer headquarters of the late Tammany boss, Charles F. Murphy, and his shrewd associates. It is an easy drive then to the Hamptons over a flat country fanned by salt winds that sweep to you from across the barren sand dunes. Crossing Suffolk Downs and driving in a wide circle, you flash past the million-dollar structure of white brick which, when finished, is to be Henry du Pont's summer home. And away off, lonely on the shore, you can see St. Andrew's Dune Church, once a life-saving station but now the colonist's place of worship, in which officiate, on summer Sundays, bishops and canons from distant cities.

The little village itself is the prettiest of all the resort towns—partly because it has no unsightly local business center such as Newport, and partly owing to the encouragement of the fashionable colony. Colonel Henry H. Rogers—famous for the daughter who married Count Salm—has done much for the town, contributing a library and an art museum. Southampton is the oldest English settlement in New York State—or so its local historians claim—and the streets bear them out with such names as Job's Lane, Gin Lane and Ox Pasture Road.

Now, early in September at the time of our hypothetical arrival, many chief features of Southampton's season are

past. The tennis and golf matches have been played; the flower show is over. Five hundred little dogs have been put in cages, blue ribbons tied around some of their necks, and all taken home again. But we're in time, at any rate, for what is known variously as the Carnival, block party, and street fair. It is, in words of the goggle-eyed society reporter, the "crowning event of the season." The proceeds, some thirty thousand dollars, go to the Southampton Hospital. Several blocks along Main Street are fenced off with walls of oak leaves and laid out in little aisles of painted booths and canopied amphitheatres. In a large buying, selling, auctioneering, chattering crowd, you see faces of people who seem just to have stepped out of Sunday's brown rotogravure. Secretary Andrew Mellon of the Treasury; Clarence W. Mackay, who is not very proud, apparently, to be Irving Berlin's father-in-law; James A. Stillman, now reunited with his wife; Josiah Thaw, the Armours of Chicago; and the dozen and one "Vans," Vanderbilt, Vanderpoel, Van Rensselaer, Van Ingen, Van Lennep, and so forth.

The days and nights of the Carnival are laced with luncheons, dinners, and small informal dances. Each year one patroness imports a number of Coney Island features with all their paraphernalia and there is dancing, too, at the fair to the music of an orchestra from the "Lido Venice," one of New York's smartest supper clubs. After dark festoons of colored lights dim the stars over Southampton and the thunder of two more jazz bands drowns out the distant rumor of the surf. Groups of strolling singers, Gipsies and Italians, parade the streets; the gaiety reaches its height. And from a distance, what a strange night flower the Carnival appears, blooming down there amid the dunes and lonely night winds and emitting the drone of five thousand bees—gathering honey for the hospital!

There is, now, only one more event worthy of mention: twice a week, from now until the end of October, the Suffolk Hounds will meet on the farm of the Long Island squire who is Master-of-the-Hunt. When the huntsmen assemble the air will have an early morning, early fall, tang in it and words will make a little fan of frost before the speaker's lips. There will be thin little girls in loose habits, riding great snorting hunters; and handsome matrons who make their mounts prance and rear before the young men with sleek polished boots and sleeker, more highly polished hair. There will be, too, the old-timer smoking his pipe in no hurry, and the young first-timer, who wants the hunt to begin right away. Then there is invariably, the "lean, sun-burnt man of thirty-five," who looks as though he had just galloped out of the pages of some English novel; as well as the Mr. So-and-so who sits on his horse like a sack of meal. And, finally and lastly—there won't be any fox at all. Instead, one of the grooms will ride on ahead, dragging the mattress from a fox's bed in and out of all the places he thinks a normally intelligent fox might go if it were hotly pursued.

Presently the hounds are unleashed; they pick up the scent and the hunt is on. Right away, at the first fence, a few people fall off their horses—notably, with a great thud, Mr. So-and-so of the above paragraph. But the frail little flappers jump their hunters cleanly and gallop off across the meadow, coat-tails and bobbed hair flying behind them in the wind. Naturally, leading the field, is a sun-burnt sportsman and close behind rides a young matron with the same gleam in her eyes that the horses have in theirs. From time to time, tired riders drop out and half of them are already at table, when at last the hunt completes the circle in which the fox, very thoughtfully, has run. Breakfast is the important part of the hunt anyway. There are country sausages, waffles, steaming German coffee and hot biscuits.

Thus the season finally passes. The scene shifts from the great outdoors to the great indoors. The lean sportsman dons evening clothes; the little flapper writes in her diary: ". . . a duck of a summer! New York so dreary after it. Dear, dear! How thankful we'll be when things begin to happen down at Palm Beach!"

FROM MISSOURI

[Continued from page 56]

"So far?" Then presently he lifted her up and stood beside her with a hand on her horse. He looked up frankly into her face. The keen eyes were softer than usual. He seemed so fine and strong and splendid. She was afraid of her eyes and looked away. "When the boys found you were gone they all saddled up to find you," he said. "But I asked them if they didn't think the boss ought to have one chance. So they let me come."

Something terrible happened to Jane's heart just then. She was overwhelmed by a strange happiness that she must hide, but could not. It seemed there was a long silence. She felt Springer there, but she could not look at him. "Do you like it out here in the west?" he asked, presently.

"Oh, I love it! I'll never want to leave it," she replied, impulsively.

"I reckon I'm glad to hear that." Then there fell another silence. He pressed closer to her and seemed now to be leaning on the horse. She wondered if he heard the weird knocking of her heart against her side.

"Will you be my wife an' stay here always?" he asked, simply. "I'm in love with you. I've been lonely since my mother died . . . You'll sure have to marry some one of us. Because, as Tex says, if you don't, ranchin' can't go on much longer. These boys don't seem to get anywhere with you. Have I any chance—Jane—?"

crosswise. Then he walked with a hand on the bridle.

Jane saw him examining the ground, evidently searching for horse tracks. "Ha! here we are." And he led off in another direction through the cedars. Soon Jane espied her horse, calmly nibbling at the bleached grass. In a few moments she was back in her own saddle, beginning to recover somewhat from her distress. But she divined that as fast as she recovered from one set of emotions she was going to be tormented by another. "There's a good cold spring down here in the rocks," remarked Springer. "I think you need a drink, an' so do I."

They rode down the sunny cedar slopes, into a shady ravine, and up to some mossy cliffs from which a spring gushed.

Jane was now in the throes of thrilling, bewildering conjectures and fears. Why had Springer followed her? Why had he not sent one of the cowboys? Why did she feel so afraid and foolish? He had always been courteous and kind and thoughtful, at least until she had offended so egregiously. And here he was now. He had fought for her. Would she ever forget? Her heart began to pound. And when he dismounted to take her off her horse she knew it was to see a scarlet and tell-tale face, "Mr. Springer, I—I thought you were Tex—or somebody," she said.

He laughed as he took off his sombrero. His face was warm, and the cuts were still bleeding a little. "You sure can ride," he replied. "And that's a good little pony."

He loosened the cinches on the horses. "Won't you walk around a little? It'll rest you. We are fifteen miles from home."

He possessed himself of her gloved hand and gave her a gentle pull. Jane knew it was gentle because she scarcely felt it. Yet it had irresistible power. She was swayed by that gentle pull. She was slipping sideways in her saddle. She was sliding into his arms. A little later he smiled up at her and said: "Jane, they call me Bill for short. Same as they call me Boss. But my two front names are Frank Owens."

"Oh!" cried Jane, startled. "Then you—you—"

"Yes, I'm the guilty one," he replied happily. "It happened this way. My bedroom, you know, is next to my office. I often heard the boys poundin' the typewriter. I had a hunch they were up to some trick. So I spied upon them—heard about Frank Owens an' the letters to the little schoolmarm. At Beacon I got the postmistress to give me your address. An' of course I intercepted some of your letters. It sure has turned out great."

"I—I don't know about you or those terrible cowboys," replied Jane, dubiously. "How did they happen on the name Frank Owens?"

"Sure that's a stumper. I reckon they put a job up on me." "Frank—tell me—did you write the—the love letters?" she asked, appealingly. "There were two kinds of letters. That's what I could never understand."

"Jane, I reckon I did," he confessed. "Somethin' about your little notes just won me. Does that make it all right?"

"Yes, Frank, I reckon it does," she returned, leaning down to kiss him.

"Let's ride back home an' tell the boys," said Springer, gayly. "The joke's sure on them. I've corralled the little schoolmarm from Missouri."