

THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY W.N.U. Release

INSTALLMENT 15
THE STORY SO FAR:

Dusty King and Lew Gordon had built up a vast string of ranches. King was killed by his powerful and unscrupulous competitor, Ben Thorpe. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, was determined to avenge his death in spite of the opposi-

tion of his sweetheart, Jody Gordon, and her father. After breaking Thorpe in Texas, Roper conducted a great raid upon Thorpe's vast herds in Montana. Unable to reconcile her father with Roper, Jody set out with Shoshone Wilce to

find him. They were attacked by some of Thorpe's men hiding in Roper's shack. Wilce escaped, but Jody was captured. Roper was looking for Jody when he accidentally met Wilce. Together they prepared to rescue her.

CHAPTER XX—Continued
Bill glanced at Shoshone to make sure that the man was at his elbow; then, his gun out, he flung wide the door. The slab door resisted, wedged in the ice of the sill; then shuddered open with a noisy violence.

Roper stepped in with a sidewise step that at once made room for Shoshone and brought Roper within the wall, clear of a possible shot from behind him in the dark.

"Don't anybody move!"
The uncertain and flickering light of the little fire seemed to fill the room with ample light, compared to the heavy darkness without. A man who sat upon a keg by the fire sprang up, his clawed hand reaching out to a gunbelt that lay upon the crude table; but the reaching hand rose empty in a continuous motion as the man put up his hand. Three crude bunks ranged along the rear wall. From the first of these, the one nearest the fire, a man came out with his hands up; one of his arms was heavily bandaged, and its upward motion carried its sling with it.

Now Shoshone, whose heel had kicked the door shut behind him as he came in, made a headlong dive into the second of the three bunks. In that instant the thing happened that Roper most dreaded, so that in a single split fraction of a second their chances were irrevocably hurt.

As Shoshone Wilce sprang, a gun smashed out from within the shadowy bunk. The blast of its explosion was magnified in the close quarters, leaving the ears ringing in the instant of stunned silence that followed.

The barrel of Shoshone's .45 had crashed upon the skull of the man in the bunk almost in the same instant that the shot was fired. A lean hand, gripping a six-gun, dropped out over the side of the bunk, relaxed slowly, and the six-gun slid to the floor from long, dangling fingers. Shoshone Wilce held absolutely motionless for a moment, half crouched, then straightened slowly.

"Shoshone—you hit?"
"It's only—!" Shoshone began. His face was ghastly and his voice quavered; but when he had fully straightened it steadied again into the same dead flatness as before. "It's only—a kind of scratch along the ribs. I'm all right."

"Jody! Jody, is it you?"
Jody Gordon had been curled up in the corner of deepest shadows. She stood up now, white-faced, her movements uncertain. Then suddenly the firelight caught the glint of the instant tears which overbrimmed her eyes.

"Bill! I thought they'd kill you!" She flung her arms about his neck and with the swift impulse of a child, kissed his mouth.
The man nearest the table made a sidelong movement toward the holstered gun that lay there; Bill Roper smashed a shot into the wall beside him, and the man jerked backward. "Shoshone, can you ride?"

There was a curious strain in the flatness of Shoshone's voice. "I'm okay, I tell you."
Bill Roper caught up a sheepskin coat with his free hand, and flung it over Jody's shoulders. "Get gone!" he snapped. "Shoot free the ponies' tie-ropes, and ride like hell! Here—take this!" He thrust the gunbelt from the table into Jody's unready hands. "I'll see you—where I said."

"Bill," said Shoshone, "if it's the same to you, I'd rather hold them here while you ride with her."
"Get gone, I said! You—"
"Bill, I tell you, I—"
Bill Roper bellowed at him, "You want to die?"

"Okay," Shoshone said, in that same strained, lifeless tone. He seized Jody's wrist, tore open the door with the hand that still held his gun, and was gone into the dark.

When they were gone Bill Roper stood listening. Outside two shots rang, a moment apart, as Shoshone shot the tied ponies free; then sounded a swift crackle of the ice crust under their hoofs as two horses galloped down-valley, and Roper knew that Shoshone and Jody Gordon were on their way.

Bill Roper estimated that he had a few seconds left. Unhurriedly, almost leisurely, he picked up the gun dropped by the man in the bunk, and thrust it in his own belt. After that he collected three or four other weapons in a brief search that seemed perfunctory, yet was effective because of his own practiced knowledge of where a range rider is apt to put his gun. These he kicked into a little heap beside the door, so that he would know where they were.

The man with the wounded arm spoke thickly. "You'll never get out of here alive," he told Roper.
"I wouldn't worry about that, was I you," Roper said. He slammed another harmless shot over the speaker's head, interestingly close to the man's scalp. He needed a continued sound of action at the cabin to draw the outposts in, so that Shoshone and Jody Gordon would have their chance to get clear.

After that a full minute passed and stretched to a minute and a half. Evidently the outposts had been farther away from the cabin than Shoshone had calculated; but Roper heard none of them fire.

He thought, "If I can keep them interested just ten minutes more—"
Now a furiously ridden horse was coming up. Roper flattened himself against the wall beside the open door, and waited until he heard the man drop from his pony just outside. He stepped to the door, fired once; and a man crashed face downward upon the door sill itself to lie utterly motionless.

With his boot Roper pushed the inert heap off the door sill, so that the door might be closed at need. Because there were only two more shots in his gun, he picked up one of the weapons he had collected, and checked its loading.

"I'd stand real still if I was you," he warned the two who stood with their hands up. He fired one more shot between them, for purposes of general discipline. "I ought to kill you; maybe I will in a minute—haven't decided yet."

Now another horse was coming in fast; in another second or two it



"I'd stand real still if I was you."

would string into view around the corner of the cabin.

Roper cast a quick glance to see that his captives were where he thought they were. They had not moved. He dropped to one knee beside the door and fired twice quickly as a shape, dark on darkness, whirled around the corner of the cabin.

That was all—the end of the one man war he had started to cover the retreat of Shoshone. He never remembered the shock of the blow that downed him. All consciousness ended at once, as sharply as if cut off with a knife.

He never knew which of the two men behind him sprang forward to smash him down; but he knew as soon as he knew anything at all, that a long time had passed—more time than he could afford to lose.

CHAPTER XXI

Nobody but an old range rider could have located in the dark the brush corral where Shoshone Wilce and Jody Gordon were supposed to wait for Bill Roper. What would have been a simple problem by daylight, in darkness became a test of scouting ability and cowman's instinct. Yet somehow, by the throw of the land, and by his deep knowledge of the habits of thought of cowmen, Shoshone Wilce nosed out that circular corral of brush, in a darkness so thick that he was uncertain he had found the landmark until he had touched it with his hands.

A faint line of grey was already appearing on the rim of the world, and a whisky-jack was calling raucously somewhere in the scrub pine.

"It's almost daylight already," Jody Gordon said, fear in her voice. "If he doesn't come soon—if he doesn't come—"

She broke off, unable to go on. "Half an hour," Shoshone Wilce said. "We'll wait half an hour."
"And then—?"
"We've got to go on."
"I can't! Not if he doesn't come. We'll have to go back. We'll have to try—"

"He said go on. We have to do like he said," Shoshone's voice dropped to a curious fierce whisper. "Whatever happens—you remember that! You have to go on!"
They waited then, while five min-



THIS IS A SUPERIOR SERIAL A MARK OF FINE FICTION

Handsome Wools Are New Style For Town, Travel and School

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A "HONEY" of a jacket suit in deep honey-colored wool is pictured at right above. The round yoke of the dress ties in a bow under the chin. The all-over embroidered or braided effect is important news for fall.

This jacket subscribes to the new technique in an all-over embroidering, in matching honey-colored yarn. Brass buttons artfully blend to the color scheme. The modish off-face tailored brown felt hat has a corded brim.

Perfect for fall travels is the simple slim black wool dress topped by a plaid jacket in red, black and white as pictured to the right. We have never seen such gorgeous plaids as those out this season. The fashion edict is "plaids for everything," skirts, blouses, jackets, suits. Dresses also have plaid accessories with monotone costumes.

Interesting clips fasten it, in line with the sentiment that prevails for spectacular buttons and gadget-clips of all sorts. The dashing up-swept hat of black felt has a colorful pheasant feather.

Soft two-toned wool makes the goodlooking dress to the left. Here is a model to delight any career girl. It is destined to be a campus favorite too. It flaunts several outstanding fashion trends that college girls adore. Huge patch pockets as shown, register in the list. Then there are the simple straight sleeves. The belt is studded with simple nailheads and there are more nailheads being used this season than you can count. Watch nailheads! Silver buttons fasten it and the big emphasis is on buttons for fall. Note the pheasant feather on the hat! Hats are being be-feathered as they have not been for years and years past.

Speaking in general, there is lots of jersey being used for everything, from jenkins to hats, daytime dresses and formal evening modes. Designers are trimming silks and wools with velvet also a vast amount of fringe is being used in versatile ways. Buttons are spectacular and

Lipstick on Lapel



Your lipstick worn at your lapel! Here it is, swinging from a bar-pin on this perfect date dress for the teen age. No more rummaging about in your purse when you have that impulse to wield woman's most effective weapon. This adorable dress with the lipstick gadget attached is in deep peacock blue velvet, with bright wool embroidery, accenting the square neckline.

Feathers and Veilings Popular for Fall Hats

You will be in fashion whether you wear a very large hat or a provocative little confection that plunges forward in a saucy tilt. The little hat is keeping veils in the picture. The newest arrangement calling for veils that mass at the back so as to accent the new back-coverage treatments.

Most of the little hats have snoods to get that back-coverage look that milliners tell us is such an important style feature. If not snoods, then some other novelty that conceals the hair at the back. Larger brims are also shaped downward or curtained with ribbons so as to achieve the back-coverage look.

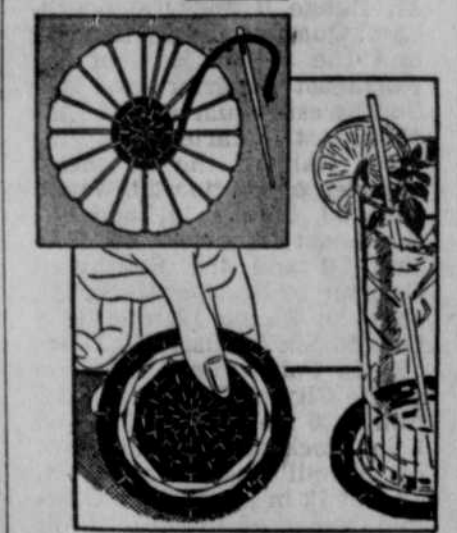
It is a season for fine feathers of every description. Entire feather hats will be worn and on most of the felts gay quilts and pheasant feathers flaunt their bright colors.

'Little Black Dress' Is Still One Favorite

The dressy afternoon black dress will be repeating its triumphs all over again this fall. Very charming types are fringe-trimmed. Others have wide bands of velvet as trimming. Then again very ultra types are made of fine fabric cut along the newest dolman-sleeve, loose-fitting blouse lines. They are classics in simplicity.

The dressier blacks are enhanced with lace trims or with jet embroidery. However be the styling dressy or conservatively practical, the big news is that black remains steadfastly in the new autumn style picture.

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Fringe on Our Flag

There is no significance attached to the yellow fringe on the American flag. According to the war department it may be regarded as "fringe only, and is of no value or significance as a part of the flag."

The use of the fringe has long been a debated question, although the war department sanctions it, and the United States Flag association does not consider the use of the fringe as improper. Nevertheless, the first flag adopted by the Continental congress in 1777 bore no fringe, and many patriotic citizens feel the American flag needs no decoration.

The men in the service themselves have solved the problem of what they want in the way of gifts from the folks back home. First hand information from enlisted men on shipboard, in camps and barracks indicate that tobacco is first choice in the gift line-up. Actual sales figures from service stores show that the favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard is Camel. Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco is another special favorite. Local dealers feature Camels by the carton and Prince Albert in the pound tins as doubly welcome gifts to the men in the service from the folks back home.—Adv.

Seeing a preview of fashions as recently staged by The Style Creators of Chicago, one is especially impressed with the exquisite fineness and workmanship. And the lavish yet subtle use of intriguing surface decoration that marked the styling of the hundred or more coats, dresses and ensembles presented at this gala occasion, by exhibiting members of this noteworthy organization. The foursome of fashions shown here were especially selected from this galaxy of smart fall costumes, selected because of their adaptability for smart town, travel, school and office wear.

Don't say Pork and Beans
SAY
Van Camp's
PORK and BEANS
Feast-for-the-Least

FIRST WITH MEN IN THE ARMY...CAMELS!
BELIEVE ME, WHEN YOU REALLY WANT A SMOKE, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CAMEL
'I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL' ANY TIME, MAN, WHAT FLAVOR!
* BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN ARMY POST EXCHANGES AND SALES COMMISSARIES

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