

THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY W.N.U. Release

INSTALLMENT 6 THE STORY SO FAR:

Dusty King and Lew Gordon had built up a vast string of ranches which stretched from Texas to Montana. King was killed by his powerful and unscrupulous competitor, Ben Thorpe. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, undertook

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Presently it began to appear that the tough, notoriously trouble-making outfits under Cleve Tanner were not holding together as they always had before. Here and there men were beginning to desert the Tanner outfits—sometimes fired because they had failed, sometimes voluntarily deserting to the ranks of the raiders who were now almost openly phoning the Thorpe-Tanner holdings.

Mid-August, in the season of driest heat—

Into the Potros, by a little used trail, a black-sombreroed horseman rode. He was a tested gunman, a proved man whose name was known and feared half the length of the Great Trail. Trouble-shooting for Cleve Tanner now, he was moving into the Potros to find out what had gone wrong with some of Tanner's choicest herds. He had come fast, changing horses frequently, riding far into the night.

Loping down the almost invisible trail through the dark, his horse suddenly dropped from under him, headlong into nothingness. The pony might have stepped into a prairie dog hole—or it could have been the loop of a rope. But as the dazed rider struggled up, his mouth full of dirt, a rifle was prodding his belly, and a voice was saying, "Don't you think you might have took the wrong way? . . ."

West Texas, far up the lonely Pecos—

One of Cleve Tanner's outfit bosses was talking to the Ranger stationed at Mustang Point.

"Such a damn' outburst of lawlessness has cut loose here as I never seen before," he said.

The ranger here was Val McDonald. He had gone out nineteen times in battle, sometimes against Mexicans, sometimes against the Comanches, and he had hunted white renegades galore.

"Awfully tough," he said in his own sympathetic way.

The foreman of the outfit that was busted up was fit to be tied. "I tell you, we're being stolen blind," he raved. "Not just a calf here and there, either—they take 'em in swoops and bunches. It's the boldest thing I've ever seen. Even when there's no chance of getting clear with any cattle, they're game to stampede a cut herd that it's took weeks to round up, and scatter it from hell to—"

"This is one of Ben Thorpe's outfits? No?"

"Does that mean—"

"Well? How many times has Cleve Tanner passed out the word, 'The Rangers be damned?' He's put more obstructions in the way of things we was trying to do than any other one man. Who was it had the legislature cut down our pay until we practically ride for nothing, and furnish all our own stuff?"

"The question here is whether we're going to have any law, or are we going to have—"

"From what I heard," McDonald said, "Cleve Tanner has left it to the law himself. Go talk to Cleve Tanner if you want law."

"My understanding is," the foreman argued, "that the Rangers are supposed to—"

"I'll move out and straighten up your little old range," McDonald said. "I'll be glad to. Just as soon as I get orders from headquarters. I'm waiting for them right orders now!"

But the weeks rolled by, and headquarters was curiously still . . .

End of summer; a welcome end—

Cleve Tanner himself, the Cleve Tanner who represented Ben Thorpe in the south, master of breeding grounds, the man who controlled the roots of all Ben Thorpe's plains organization, was talking to the United States Marshal at San Antonio.

"There hasn't been such a wave of outlawry since the horse Indians was put down. Damnation, man! It's set us back ten years . . . I know what your policy has been. Your idea is to let us fight it out for ourselves, against Mexico, against the Indians, against all hell. But I tell you, this thing comes from inside; this thing might be something that I couldn't beat without help."

The United States Marshal at San Antonio smiled to himself a little smile; and he said, "Seems like this must be a terrible bad thing for you, Cleve?"

"I'm telling you—"

"Go ahead and tell me. You're a Ben Thorpe man, ain't you? A right leading Ben Thorpe man. Well—maybe I'll tell you a couple of things, some day . . ."

There was law in Texas, even in those days; but there was no such law as could stand against the combined renegades of the long trail, with behind them a lawyer who could delay forever in the courts; and a reckless expenditure of money, the source of which some suspected, but which was not definitely known.

to break Thorpe's power. His first step was to start a cattle war in Texas. He made this decision against the opposition of Lew Gordon and the tearful pleading of his sweetheart, Jody Gordon. With the aid of Dry Camp Pierce and

CHAPTER IX

With the fall, Lew Gordon, now in sole charge of the far-scattered cattle holdings he had shared with Dusty King, came to Texas to inspect the southern holdings of King-Gordon—the breeding ranges from which all the King-Gordon holdings drew their essential sustenance.

Reports kept coming to Bill Roper at his constantly shifting bases by way of the many riders who kept him in touch with his far-spread wild bunch. Inevitably he knew that Jody was at the headquarters of the old Two-Circle, not far from Uvalde. The Two-Circle had been the original Gordon stand; from this camp had been driven the first trail herd that Dusty King had pushed north.

Roper knew that she was there. Yet the fall dragged on, and November passed into December before he went to see her.

He had told himself that there was no use in his going to see Jody Gordon; but in the end, of course, he went.

He rode up to the Two-Circle ranch house in late afternoon of a cold



He pulled up his horse a few yards from the kitchen gallery.

December day. The sky was low and heavy, and the bitter northern had brought a scud of hard snow a long way to throw it sharply in his face.

He pulled up his horse a few yards from the kitchen gallery, then sat there looking at the house, his sheepskin hunched about his throat. Even now, having come this far, he almost made up his mind to go away.

Then Jody Gordon stepped out on the gallery in a whippy woolen dress and stood estimating the uninvited horseman through the dusk. Something like the strike of a buffalo lance went through Bill Roper; it was so long since he had seen that one slim little figure that could so change everything under the sky, for him.

A split pole fence separated them; and after a moment she came across the few yards of space, leaning sideways against the bitter wind, and stood gripping a bar of the fence as she peered up into his face.

"I knew it was you," she said. "Child," said Bill Roper, "you get back in that house. You'll freeze!"

"Then you put up your horse and come in."

"Is your father here?"

"He's in San Antonio."

"I don't think he'd want me here, Jody."

"Lew Gordon has never turned away any rider without a cup of coffee; not yet."

He gave in then, and stepped down. He tied his horse to the fence, and followed her into the house.

The fire in the big wood range made the room a dazing contrast to the cold sweep of the prairie; he threw his coat open, but did not take it off.

"Of course," Jody said, "we keep hearing about you."

"That's too bad. I expect you wouldn't be hearing anything good."

"No."

Silence again. He didn't know why he had come; there wasn't anything he could say. He stood by the stove, his eyes brooding on the iron.

Deep in the pockets of his coat there was a trembling in his slack fingers, not caused by cold. It was a strange and uncomfortable thing to be so near this girl again, and yet to be so far away.

"Still," Jody said, "you seem to be getting done what you set out to do."

other outlaw gunmen, Roper conducted raid after raid upon Thorpe's herds. Cleve Tanner, manager of Thorpe's Texas holdings, seemed helpless to stop him. Gunmen drove off cattle by the thousands.

"Sometimes it looks like I'm not even doing that."

"If you haven't accomplished anything else, you've astonished my father. He's said himself, over and over, he wouldn't have supposed it could be done. No question but what Cleve Tanner is shaken; he's shaken clear down to his roots. Nobody knows what's what any more, or what will happen. People who thought a year ago that Cleve Tanner was invincible—they're saying now that he's coming to the end of his string; that if this thing goes on, Tanner will be through."

"What else do they say?"

"They're saying that the worst renegades of the trail are working together, for the first time—the killers, the men who don't care if they live or die. They say they have money back of them now, and that even Cleve Tanner, with all his string of outfits, can't stand up against the everlasting raiding and stampeding, and mysterious loss of cattle. They say he's lost twenty outfits, just because he couldn't spare the gunmen to hold the range."

"Eleven outfits," Roper said.

"Then it was really you?"

"Those eleven outfits they speak of—those were outfits roughed away from little lonely men, on pretenses that hadn't any justice or any true law. Those outfits are back with their owners now."

"But—you admit your wild bunch is behind all this?"

"Call it that if you want to. I guess there isn't anybody knowing as well as you do what I'm trying to do."

She said in a dead voice, "I never believed it; I couldn't believe it—until now."

"Didn't I tell you about it? I told you about it before I began. I set out to break Cleve Tanner; and by God, he'll be broken—if I live."

"You know Cleve Tanner has put up five thousand dollars for your arrest?"

Bill Roper chuckled crazily. "All right. I'll put up ten thousand for his arrest. There isn't going to be any arrest, and he knows that, too."

"I can't believe it," she kept saying over and over. "I can't believe it even yet."

"You can't believe what?"

"That you're an outlaw—a wild bunch boss—thrown in with the ugliest killers this range has ever seen, or any range—"

He said ironically, "Don't hardly see how I could use second rate men."

"Reports have come in," Jody said wonderingly, "from over eight hundred miles of country; they're beginning to call it a rustlers' war, a final showdown between the wild bunch and lawful men. And you—"

"What about me?"

"Oh, Billy, it's unbearable! That you—you've turned yourself into the festering point of all that struggle, and hate, and lawless gunning—"

He had to grin at that, unhappy as he was. "Didn't realize I was festering," he said.

"You had everything," she said, "and you threw it away . . ."

He had only heard her say that once before; but, in memory, he had heard it so often since that her words had the ring of a familiar song.

"I'm sorry that we can't ever see things the same," Bill said. "I started out to get Cleve Tanner, and I'll get him. After Tanner, Walk Lasham; and after Walk Lasham, Ben Thorpe. But when it comes to saying I had everything before I started in, I guess maybe that isn't so."

Jody said hotly, "There wasn't one thing in all the world you didn't have—or couldn't have had—before you chose this crazy way!"

"I didn't have you," he told her. "If I had had you, I guess I would have you yet. Things don't shift and change so easy as that—not in the part of the world I know."

He was pulling on his gloves now, buttoning his sheepskin coat. In what was left of the light, the shadows lay heavy upon his face. As he stood there, he could have been Dusty King himself—the man who had broken a hundred long and weary trails; except that Dusty King had perhaps never looked so old.

Her voice came to him as if from a distance. "And when you're through," she said—"what are you going to have left?"

"Far as I know," Bill Roper said, "I'm not going to have anything left. God knows I've got very little left now." He was glad she didn't know how his resources had dwindled, how close to the end he really stood.

Her voice rose sharply. "Can't you see there's no hope in this ghastly thing? Thorpe's grip is unbreakable." She came close to him, and her words came through her teeth. "It's your very life you're throwing away!"

Perhaps he misunderstood her then; for he grinned. "Maybe," he said, "that would be the least I could lose; the very least of all . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Woolknit Swim Suit Should Be Included in Vacation Plans

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT IS very evident that women are becoming increasingly impressed with the value of swimming for health and beauty. Not only do crowded beaches at seaside and lake resorts testify to the enthusiasm felt for water sports, but many inland towns have created attractive and pretentious modern swimming pools that offer infinite enjoyment to their communities. Then, too, most private estates have picturesque swimming pools where guests may indulge in water sports.

Which all goes to show why smart bathing suits together with a goodly supply of beach togs and accessories have become a positive "must" in the plans for the summer vacation. As to this season's swim-suit fashions, they surpass all that has gone before in way of smart, versatile fabric, clever styling, eye-appeal in color and all the dramatic accents that add to the picture of Miss America as she takes off for a merry swim on a summer day.

Outstanding news in regard to current swim-suit trends is the strong revival of woolknits and woolknit fabric for both sculptured form-fitting types and that which is ultra chic this season—the suit that is cunningly dressmaker styled. New to the scene this summer is the jacquard woolknit suit such as is shown to the left in the illustration. Note the sleek front-paneled skirt in shadow plaid of brown and green on yellow. The back is cut very low for sun-tanning.

Bright red and white diagonal striped woolknit fabric makes the smart stylizing princess (a favorite styling this season) bathing suit pictured to the right. The V-neckline is banded in the solid red knit, continued into cross straps at the back. Panties are separate so there is nothing to break the flattering smooth line of the suit.

Machine woolknits that look like handknits are also staging a big comeback in simple sculptured types such as adept swimmers love to wear. You will find handknit technique of heavy cable stitch in stunning colors, the stripe effects such as white with red or with navy being especially intriguing.

There is also a strong revival of wool jersey. These stress dressmaker styling which now is so pronounced throughout the entire swim suit program. Most of the jersey suits have practical zipper fastenings.

Designers are turning out perfectly charming suits dressmaker-fashioned after the manner of the Balmain type of waffle pique centered in the group. Note the coin dot banding. Dot trimmings are very smart this season.

Floral prints and various cotton weaves make front page fabric news for swim suits and beach togs. The more audacious the coloring, the more daring the patterning, the smarter! This is especially true of the gay and fascinating Hawaiian prints now so fashionable. The sarong drape skirt in exotic prints with bra top showing bare midriff is a leading style. Novelty types are often styled with "grass skirts" inspired by Hawaiian native design. A lei necklace of flowers added, is the final glamour accent.

Bathing suits of elasticized fabric are to be had by the score. The newest thing in these types is two-color effects done in white with bright colored godets or inset vertical bands. All-over shirred lastique insures a sculptural figure fit. Bright applique of gorgeous flowers on white jersey is especially effective with a long matching beach cape. There are endless cunning dressmaker-styled gingham shantung and crinkled seersucker suits. In knits and lastiques girls love the suit that zips up the back from the waistline to give a perfect fit.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Chic Plus Glamour



In a blaze of glory, lovely neckwear comes into its own this season. Women of fashion are enthusiastically playing up the vogue with appreciation of what magic frothy, snowy lingerie touches perform in way of accentuating feminine charm. Fine lace insertion, tiny tucks, dainty lace edging and eyelet embroidery combine for sheer femininity in this dainty collar and cuff set designed or the new V-neckline. In fine permanent finish Swiss organdy famous for its washability, this set provides a practical way to add glamour to a simple frock.

Cool Summer Outfits Of All Black Are New

You can dress in all black from head to foot and still look cool and summery. This is the miracle style creators have wrought. Briefly outlined the plan is sheerest of sheer black frock, hat of black sheer, gloves of the lace sort and black stockings so cobwebby sheer they are almost transparent.

The newest black sheer dresses are finished off with edgings of fine black lace. This use of black lace trims is being played up to the point of being recognized as a most important vogue. Not only are dress-up black sheer frocks feminized to a most fascinating degree with lace frilled at throat and sleeves, on pockets and here, there, and everywhere to add glamour but the movement has been taken up by milliners who either make the entire hat of lace or trim with it. Big brims edged with lace frills are one of the new and entrancing lace expressions.

Enormous Brims Versus The 'Pretty' Little Hat

The problem is up to millady whether she will go hatted this summer in the flattering little frivolous flower concoctions she loves to wear or whether she will top her costume with a hat of enormous brim and look chic and sophisticated. Each type is attractive and the fashion-right way is to include both in this summer's wardrobe of hats.

Operations On Elderly Individuals

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

WITHIN a very short space of time I had three elderly patients undergo operation, two for gallstones and one for an enlarged prostate gland situated at neck of bladder. All three made good recoveries despite the fact that their ages were 72, 74 and 79, respectively.

Dr. A. W. S. Hay, Winnipeg, in the Canadian Medical Association Journal, states that the expression "too old for operation" is heard too often; that age is not a question of years but of the physical and mental condition of the patient.

"No one can say of a man of 75 that he is too old for operation until one has studied that patient not only from the standpoint of the disease to be removed but also from the general standpoint. And without making such a study, one is not justified in condemning the old gentleman to continued misery by refusing surgical aid solely because of the added risk due to his age. A death rate of 10 to 30 per cent is very much less to be dreaded than months or possibly years of misery."

Favorable Conditions. Of course, most elderly individuals should not undergo operation to remedy slight defects or discomforts but there are conditions which cause misery and suffering which can be corrected with a great degree of safety under hospital conditions.

What operations may justly be advised for elderly people? Dr. Hay names the following groups:

1. Emergencies (to save life from immediate danger).

2. Operations where the patient can make his own choice between trying to withstand pain, such as gallstone colic, by use of quieting drugs, or by operation.

3. To overcome some severe physical disability such as a large hernia (rupture).

4. Malignant disease—cancer.

One fact that has been brought out by investigations into the results of operations on elderly patients is that in "emergency" operation the death rate is not greatly higher than it might have been in younger patients having the same conditions present.

Heart Symptoms On Slight Effort

TWO things can cause the heart rate to increase while you are at rest: holding your breath or getting nervous about the increase in the rate.

Sometimes you find that after an effort that is really not severe—parking your car, or other effort—you are breathless and wonder if your heart is failing. The cause of your breathlessness is not due to the mental and physical effort of parking your car or lifting an object but because you "held your breath," breathed in no air and did not breathe out the already "used" air in your lungs.

Army medical officers are finding that a number of recruits are afflicted with "heart" symptoms on slight effort. These symptoms are called "effort syndrome" (combination of symptoms) which consists of nervousness, exhaustion, discomfort in left side of chest, palpitation, giddiness and breathlessness on exertion. Most of these cases are due to nervousness and the balance due to lack of oxygen.

Middle and long distance runners and swimmers learn to regulate their efforts so that so many strokes or strides are done between breaths. A 100-yard runner or swimmer takes a deep breath before his race and takes no further breaths till the race is over or the distance covered.

The point then is that while the pulse rate should, under ordinary circumstances, be at 72 or 84 at rest, holding your breath or nervousness can send it up to over 100 beats. Similarly, breathlessness can be due to nervousness and holding the breath.

A cold in the head or eating too much acid food can likewise cause an increased heart rate and breathlessness due to inability to get enough oxygen to the lungs, or too much oxygen is being used to burn up acid foods.

QUESTION BOX

Q—I am worried about my weight. Everything I eat seems to make me fat. I am not a heavy eater. I eat nothing but fruit until dinner in the evening.

A—Your best plan would be to eat a good breakfast and a light lunch and dinner. You can thus work off the breakfast during the day. Taking the big meal at night gives you no chance to work off the fat. Try this for a month and cut down on all your liquids.

FARM TOPICS

HOT HAY MOW IS FIRE HAZARD

Spontaneous Ignition May Cause Large Losses.

By W. C. KRUEGER
(Extension Agricultural Engineer, Rutgers College of Agriculture, Rutgers University.)

United States farms suffer a loss of more than \$15,000,000 annually from the spontaneous ignition of hay in barns. Foresighted farmers can take several steps to guard against this menace, and one of the most important is to inspect their mows frequently during the two to six-week period immediately following storage—the most critical period for fires.

Legume hay, such as alfalfa, the clovers, and soybeans, is particularly susceptible, although the firing of other hay materials stored chopped or unchopped is not uncommon.

The wetting of hay due to leaky roofs or through open doors or windows and the slower heating of especially dense and green material may result in dangerous heating months after crop placement.

The temperature in hay mows may be determined quickly and easily by means of a homemade thermometer probe. This consists of a small diameter pole, preferably round, having a thermometer fitted in a groove just above the sharpened end. Since probe holes left in the hay may conduct air to hot spots and encourage combustion, as few holes as possible should be made and these should be plugged with a similar sized stick between readings. The plugs serve as markers for subsequent readings in the same location.

Temperatures under 150 degrees Fahrenheit may be considered safe but above this point the hay should be inspected frequently, since dangerous situations may develop. Temperatures above 175 degrees are definitely critical. Fire Department standby service should be arranged, and when temperatures approach 190 degrees it is time to consider removing the hay from the barn. It is well first to remove all tools, implements, and livestock, however, since the action of removing hay and admitting oxygen to hot spots may result in ignition and flash fires.

Disinfectants Help Cure Calves With Foot Rot

Calves often get infected with foot rot when they are allowed to run in yards that are low, dirty and muddy. This is an infectious disease which usually starts in a crack between the toes.

Lameness is the first symptom. The foot swells and the flesh at the base of the hoof and between the toes becomes very sensitive. The infected foot should be washed with a tincture of iodine and bandaged to keep it clean. It is sometimes necessary to soak the foot twice a day in a disinfectant solution and to trim away the diseased or infected tissue. The calf should be kept in a clean, dry place until all signs of the disease have disappeared.

To prevent the occurrence of this infection, keep yards and lots clean and well drained. If a low, wide box of lime is placed so the calves will have to walk through it in going to and from the barn, it will aid in preventing this trouble.

Japanese Beetle Traps Chiefly for 'Scouting'

Traps for Japanese beetles, now widely utilized by federal entomologists, are not intended primarily as beetle destroyers. These traps are for "scouting."

They are baited with a mixture of chemicals that attract beetles from a distance, and are set to give information as to the presence or absence of beetles in the neighborhood.

The bureau of entomology and plant quarantine does not recommend beetle trapping as desirable for individuals. The bait is likely to attract beetles from a considerable area, but many of these beetles may not enter the trap, with the result that the lawn or garden near the trap may have more beetles than it would without a trap—although neighbors at a distance may have fewer. To be effective, trapping should be systematic and on a community basis, covering a square mile or more—and the larger the area the better.

Stomach Worms

To treat sheep for stomach worms, the North Carolina State College Extension service recommends drenching them with the following solution: Dissolve four ounces of copper sulphate (blue stone) in one pint of boiling water, then add enough water to make a total of three gallons. Next add three ounces of a 40 per cent solution of nicotine sulphate (Black Leaf 40). The three gallons makes enough to dose 100 mature sheep.