

THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY W.N.U. Release

INSTALLMENT 18
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-

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued
Jody stood up. She felt suddenly tired and numb.

"I still think a world can be made where decency can live," she said. "Some day, decent things will live on this prairie, whatever happens to us. But meantime—I guess he belongs to you."
She held Marquita's stare for a moment, then turned and walked to the door. Opening it, she saw that the first forlorn cold gray of the winter dawn was coming into the sky east of Montana.

The black bulk of the horse whose neck she had broken lay at her feet. She pulled from under it the coat with which she had blinded it when she charged the door, and pulled it on; the bitter cold of the dawn was enough to penetrate to the bones.

Slowly she uncinched and worked the saddle free, then the bridle. She staggered a little as she shouldered the saddle, and walked out toward the corral where other, living ponies stood, dark humped-up shapes against the snow.

CHAPTER XXIV

Bill Roper and Bob Stokes—the King-Gordon cowboy whom Roper had not known—had finished their makeshift dressing of Old Joe's wound, and were working on Jim Leathers. Jim Leathers lay perfectly still; only his eyes seemed alive.

"How's she feeling?" Bill Roper asked.
"The Gordon girl? She's all right. She went out to look over the horses or something."

"Bob, you better go see nothing's happened to Jody."

"I'll go in a minute, soon as we're through here."
But Jody came in of her own accord, before that. She went straight to Old Joe.

"Are you terribly uncomfortable, Joe?"

"I feel great," Joe said with spirit. "I been hunting for a vacation for fifteen years, and this is my first excuse!"

"I'm sorry, Joe. You'll never know how sorry I am. I tangled things up pretty badly, I guess."
"You done wonderful," Joe told her. "You saved Bill's neck, all right. They had him hog-tied like a mooshorn, and the girl, too, when we busted in."

Jody shot Marquita a glance in which the only light was a faint contempt, but she did not comment.

"I'm riding back to Miles," she told Joe. "On the way I'll send help back, and everything you'll need. And I'll see that you're moved in a spring wagon, soon as you feel like moving. I appreciate what you've done, Joe."

"Hey, look," Bob Stokes began. "You can't be riding off like this in the middle of the night!"

"It's coming daylight, fast. I'll be all right."

Outside, in the gray light that seemed colder than the air, Jody Gordon had mounted as Bill Roper came to her stirrup.

"You mustn't go yet," he told her gently. "These boys are fixed as comfortable as they can be; there's no hurry to get help. You'll be wanting some coffee; and I have to talk to you, Jody."

"I'm not interested in talking to you," Jody said without expression.

"Why, Jody—look here—"
"I got you into this," Jody said. "I got you into this because I was a fool. So I had to get you out. That's all over now. I don't want to talk to you, now, or any time."

She whirled her horse sharply, so that his hoofs sent up a scurry of dry snow; then she was gone, her retreat covered by the cabin as she swung toward the trail.

For a moment Roper stood looking after her. Then he stepped inside.

"You'll stay here, Bob," he said. "I'll saddle and ride after her; I'll see that she gets to Miles."

"Wait a minute," Old Joe said. "You got to wait a minute! There's something else you got to know."

"There's nothing else I need to know."

"Lew Gordon ain't in Miles!"

"Then where the devil is he? His daughter—"

"Somebody — Jim Leathers, I guess—sent a note to Lew Gordon that his daughter was all right, but couldn't be sent home just yet. Nobody signed that note. But it was plain to be seen from it that some war party of Ben Thorpe's was holding her some place. So Lew Gordon—"

"You mean that Lew Gordon is going on the warpath himself? Hunting for Jody?"

"He's going after it straighter than that. Everybody knows Ben Thorpe is at Sundance. Lew Gordon has gone to Sundance to tie into Ben Thorpe, and his old gun is hammering away at his side."

"He figures to fight Thorpe?"

"Bill, it sure looks that way to me. What's strange about that? Thorpe has punished away at Lew Gordon all his life. He's stole his cattle and killed his trail bosses, and fought

tion of his sweetheart, Jody Gordon, and her father. Roper conducted a great raid upon Thorpe's vast herds in Montana. He was captured by Leathers and Kane, two of Thorpe's men. Leathers' girl, pretty Marquita, loved Roper and him in the market fit to break them both, and finally he kills Lew's partner, and still he keeps on."

"Joe," Bill Roper said, "Joe—Walk Lasham himself is with Ben Thorpe!"
"Well—I ain't surprised."
"But God Almighty, Joe, if he walks into a fight with those two, all hell can't save him! He's as good as dead, the minute he walks in there!"
"That," said Old Joe, "is what I figured you ought to know."

CHAPTER XXV

It was very early; the sun was only just breaking over the winter-starved prairie, that Sunday morning as Bill Roper splashed through the creek that runs by Sundance, and rode into the little town.

Overhead the sky was such a clear crystalline blue as Bill Roper had not seen since he left Texas, and underfoot his tired pony was sinking fetlock deep in thawed mud. The mud itself was predicting a spring which Roper believed now he would never see.

Without sign from the rider, Roper's pony drew up before the Palace Hotel and Livery.

With some difficulty Bill Roper roused a sleepy and resentful individual.

"Feed this pony, and feed him well."

Casually Roper strolled along the corral where stood the loose horses

which were being boarded here. He was chewing a straw as he came back to the sleepy man who was now shaking down hay.

"I see you have a 9B horse there—a good one."

"Yeah?"

"I figure Lew Gordon rode that horse in?"

"And supposin' he did?"

"Where is he stopping?"

"How should I know? This dump is good enough for his horse, but it ain't good enough for him. He went to sleep with some friend or something, out at the edge of town."

"I'll take a room facing on this street," he said.

A little while later Roper sat at last with his heels caught in the window sill, resting as he regarded the empty street.

That Ben Thorpe was here was known to every cattleman in the north country. Ben Thorpe had been here many weeks; it was to Thorpe that Bill Roper was to have been delivered, here, if a kid horse wrangler following Jody Gordon had not shot Jim Leathers down. But, by the fine, hard-ridden 9B horse which Lew Gordon had ridden in, Bill Roper knew that Gordon had not been here long. He judged that he had got here in time.

Bill Roper sat there a long time. Seven o'clock passed, and eight, and nine, while he smoked and waited. Ten o'clock passed, and ten-thirty.

Then upon the quiet main street of Sundance appeared a figure—the one he had been waiting for.

It seemed to Bill Roper that Lew Gordon walked like a younger man than Roper had remembered. Bill Roper knew Lew Gordon by the flash of silver in his short beard, by the old hat, curiously like Dusty King's, which Lew Gordon had never changed. But he had to look twice to be sure that this man with the springy stride and erect bearing was the Lew Gordon he had known.

When he was sure, Bill Roper stood up and stretched; he filled his lungs with air, and at last let it go again, with a whoof like that of a

pony which knows that it has come to the end of the long trail.

He drew a last drag from his cigarette, and strapped on the gunbelt which he had laid aside. Unhurriedly, he three or four times drew the iron from its leather, to be sure that it was running free. Then, with a purely unconscious motion, he cocked his hat over one eye and went down into the street.

He knew that Lew Gordon had gone into the Red Dog Saloon, and he walked toward it now.

For a moment Bill Roper, raider, night-rider, gunfighter—dreaded name of the Long Trail—experienced a twist of the heart, terrible, unbelievably acute. Then he shrugged, and walked into the Red Dog Bar.

Lew Gordon stood at the bar of the Red Dog Saloon. The hard line of his jaw was blurred by a silver shag of whisker now, and his mustache was silver, and his hair; but the clear blue eyes were unbelievably young, younger than Bill Roper had ever seen them before. His hands were folded quietly, one elbow on the bar; and so greatly did this silver-haired man dominate the space in which he stood that it was minutes before Roper realized that there was a bartender there at all.

"So you came," Lew Gordon said.

"Of course, Lew. Didn't you know I would come?"

"In one way," Lew Gordon said, "I'm glad you came. I want to say a couple of things to you, Billy, my boy. I done something wrong, Billy." "You was right and I was wrong. You fought him; I tried to smooth things out. I'm glad I've lived to tell you this: you was right and I was wrong!"

"Lew—" Bill began.

"I should have killed him, Billy," Lew Gordon said.

"Lew! What are you telling me?"

"I know I was wrong," Lew Gordon said. Yet, somehow he did not seem unhappy. "Always I stood for law, for order—the decent thing, the thing that would build this country into something my kid could live in. But—I guess it wasn't meant to be. I should have swung with you when you tied into him in Texas, and again when you tied into him in the north! But I aim to square it all up today!"

"You mean—?" said Bill Roper.

"He's coming to meet me here."

"With how many men?" Roper asked again.

"What does it matter?" Lew poured himself a drink.

made a desperate but vain attempt to save him. Thorpe's men were attacked by some of Roper's cowboys, led by Jody. Her joy at finding him was short lived, because Marquita told her that Marquita, not Jody, was Roper's girl.

By **PAUL L. MALONEY**
(Extension Service, University of Nevada Agriculture Service.)

Culling herds of all undesirable cattle and sheep is excellent insurance against the time when there may be less demand for meat products.

By selling off the undesirable animals now, the livestock producer can realize good prices, and, when more cattle are needed, they should be bred through the introduction of high quality sires.

The U. S. bureau of agricultural economics reports that there is an increase of more than 2,000,000 head of cattle and that the index price of beef is 125 per cent.

The question naturally arises, How can the livestock man protect himself from these extremes in the cycle of low and high prices and large and small numbers of stock? How can he prevent the calamity which has followed the rise in price and subsequent increase in numbers?

By vigorously culling the herds at this time producers will be enabled to put their financial houses in order, to get rid of their mortgages and find themselves with surplus funds.

All thinking stockmen who have gone through extremes in numbers of livestock and price cycles will advocate a straightening out of the cycle by knocking a little off the peaks and boosting up the bottom of the curve. This will prevent, to a great extent, the confusion which exists after every break in prices when there is a surplus of stock on hand.

While it is natural for stockmen to desire to keep every heifer and every cow which will produce him a calf to sell at the high prices, yet in the operation of any successful business enterprise it often requires the careful analysis of the past experience in order to make the best use of the present and future of the business.

During the first World War livestock prices skyrocketed to a very high figure; these prices encouraged the producer to expand his operations and at the same time encouraged the consumers to substitute many other cheaper, yet less desirable, foods for meat.

FARM TOPICS

THIN OUT HERDS TO CUSHION DROP

Suggest Meat Producers Insure Future.

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AGRICULTURE IN INDUSTRY

By **Florence C. Weed**

(This is one of a series of articles showing how farm products are finding an important market in industry.)

Cellulose for Plastics

Hairbrush bristles from wood, buttons from milk, fountain pens from soybeans. These are commonplace articles in everyday use, chosen from the 1,000 or more articles being made from plastics.

The word "plastic" describes a new chemical process whereby certain farm products are ground to a powder, mixed with chemicals and color, then hardened in molds into the shape of articles in everyday use. In this material, the color penetrates each molecule and does not have to be surface finished.

You have seen these objects many times—pencils, ash trays, toy animals, buckles and inexpensive jewelry. Soybean plastics make standard parts of Ford automobiles such as door and window frames, horn buttons, light switch levers. From wood and cotton plastics come colorful handles for tools, radio cases, lamp bases and telephone receiver sets.

Wood, cotton, soybean and casein plastics are being commercially produced, and a pilot plant in Louisiana is making cheap plastics from sugar cane on a small scale. Still in the experimental stage are plastics made from corn, known as zein. In Maine, experiments are under way to develop potato plastics which resemble clear glass. Other good possibilities which have not been developed are corn stalks and grain straws, pig and cow hair and poultry feathers.

While plastics are still in the gadget stage, research has started to adapt them to automobile and airplane bodies and housing materials. Sheets of proper strength and color have been perfected and are waiting for someone to find a practical scheme for fastening the sections together.

Agricultural Notes

Gathering eggs frequently will reduce the number of dirty eggs.

Cooling eggs as soon as they are gathered, to as near 50 degrees as possible, will prevent spoilage.

Top-dressing haylands with manure or fertilizer after the first cutting will help produce a good crop of second cutting hay.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

- The Questions**
1. What country originated chile con carne?
 2. What American university was once called King's college?
 3. In the United States what is a burgee?
 4. In what year did the first ocean steamer pass through the Panama canal?
 5. Can you name a presidential power under the Constitution which has never been exercised by a President?
 6. What are the two most northern countries of South America?
 7. What American naval vessel was called "a cheese box on a raft?"
 8. The Cape of Good Hope is the southernmost point of which continent?
 9. What poet wrote the lines, "Under the wide and starry sky, did I die and glad I lie; glad did I live and glad I die, and I laid me down with a will?"

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action
Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Doan's Pills
Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

- The Answers**
1. Mexico.
 2. Columbia.
 3. A flag with swallow tails.
 4. In 1914.
 5. Power to adjourn congress.
 6. Colombia and Venezuela.
 7. The Monitor.
 8. Africa.
 9. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Harmful Curiosity
Idle curiosity needs to be deflated.

WE FOUND A BETTER WAY



A BETTER WAY TO MAKE FIRE WAS ACHIEVED BY DR. CHARLES SAURIA WHO INVENTED THE FIRST PHOSPHORUS MATCH IN 1831.

THE BETTER WAY TO TREAT CONSTIPATION DUE TO LACK OF PROPER "BULK" IN THE DIET IS TO CORRECT THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE WITH A DELICIOUS CEREAL, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN... EAT IT EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER.

Full or Empty
The wise man is like a drug-gist's chest, silent but full of virtues; and the blockhead resembles the warrior's drum, noisy but empty.—Sadi the Persian.

LOOK! YOU CAN SAVE 9¢ OR 10½¢ A CARTON ON CIGARETTES!

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DON'T PASS UP this easy way to save money. Raleighs are the popular-priced cigarettes that give you a valuable coupon on every pack—coupons good in the U.S.A. for 9¢ each in cash, or even more in luxury premiums well worth owning.

Buy Raleighs by the carton and get ten coupons, plus two extra each carton of Raleighs cork-tipped, or four extra with Raleighs plain. That makes a total coupon saving of 9¢ or 10½¢ a carton! Ask for Raleighs today—a fine-quality cigarette, plus a worthwhile dividend.

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- Zippe Pocket Lighter of satin chromium. Wind guard. Plain or initials.....175 coupons.
- Kerosene Lady's Umbrella. New style. Rustless frame. Choice of colors.....250 coupons.
- Smoking Stand. Solid Walnut top: 8" x 10", 22" high. Two-way drawer.....350 coupons.
- Premium Catalog. 60 pages. Full-color illustrations and complete descriptions.
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- Argoflash 35mm. Candid Camera. Fixed focus. 6.3 lens. 1100 coupons. Case.....250 coupons.

For new premium catalog, write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

Next time get the pack with the coupon on the back

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