



Eleventh Installment SYNOPSIS: Slim Loyale is paroled from prison after serving 18 months for a crime he did not commit. He returns to his Circle L ranch to find his father dead and sinister forces at work, trying to make him violate his parole so that he can again be railroaded to prison.

The Brockwells and their gang are plotting to gain possession of Circle L ranch and the property of Mona Hall, a neighbor and lifelong friend of Slim Loyale. Slim discovers that Sheriff Starbuck has joined that plot against him. With the help of Dakota Blue and his cowboys, Slim Loyale defies the land-grabbers to do their worst.

Even Starbuck himself began to realize the futility of things. He also began to retreat slowly, throwing lead steadily at those mocking, fiery flashes, Dakota, singling him out, closed in. At ten paces, he shouted, "Starbuck yuh crooked rat, this way. Its Blue who's calling you."

Starbuck twisted in his saddle, snarling, and flung two lightning shots. One drew a crimson brand across the side of Dakota's neck. The other socked heavily into one of the bucking rolls of Dakota's saddle.

Dakota let loose one careful shot. Starbuck gasped, his snarling curses cut short abruptly. His guns thudded to the dusty earth. He loaded both hands about the horn of his saddle, his shoulders hunched, his bitter face draining white.

He drove home the spurs, trying to ride past Dakota. But the first frenzied leap of his mount sent him swaying. Quite suddenly, he slithered head foremost from his saddle.

Instantly Dakota also swung to the ground, leaping apart from his bronco, crouching low. He knew that a hail of lead would be searching for him. In that he was right. The animal he had just left collapsed in its tracks shot through the head. Dakota went flat on the ground, alert and waiting.

Lead whispered over and around him, one slug kicking his eyes full of dust. Still he held his fire, gambling that without Starbuck to lead them the remaining members of the posse would break and run for it.

In this he was also right. Realizing that their leader was down, the posse gave back faster and faster, then finally turned and thundered away into the night. For a time Steve Owens and Charley Quinn warmed them on their way with the Winchester. But presently Slim's voice, calling, out stopped all shooting.

Slim came through the darkness warily. "Dakota, yuh all right?" he called.

"Sittin' pretty, Slim," was the laconic answer. "They've all slooped. Bring the boys out, I've got Starbuck."

Slim exclaimed in surprise. "Leo Brockwell's back in the corral," he vouchsafed, as he came up. "Tisdale stopped a slug somewhere, but it can't be very bad; he's still cussin'." He raised his voice to a shout. "Hi, gang; come on over. They've pulled out."

Tisdale was the first to reach them. "Got a furrow from my wrist plumb to my elbow," he explained with profane punctuations. "She's bleedin' some, but I've got my neckerchief wound around it. It'll keep for a time."

Steve, Charley and Oscar reported, unhurt, except that Oscar had had one boot heel shot off. He walked with a queer hitchy-hop that caused Steve to chuckle. "Ole step-an'-a-half Oscar."

As Dakota scratched a match and bent over Starbuck, he was surprised to see that Starbuck's eyes were open. The sheriff groaned. "Listen close," he whispered. "I'm done for an' I know it. Don't hold it agin yuh, Blue, you're a pretty good man."

"Time was when I was a square-shooter myself. But the glitter of money an' a lot of slick talk made a sucker outa

me. However, I aim to get some of the dirt off my shriveled soul. I ain't got long, but I'll do my best.

"Loyale, yuh were railroaded on perjured evidence. Arthur—George Arthur, he's got all the dope. Get holt of him an' make him talk. He's a coward, an' he'll come clean. An' yuh better skin out to town. Sarg Brockwell an' some more of his crowd are aimin' to rob the bank tonight. Arthur's idee—to keep yuh from 'oamin' money to the Hall girl. "Arthur an' Brockwell been runnin' this thing. Schemed to make a cleanup on them Big Bend herds. But they made a mess of things, an' got me into it. Leo Brockwell's the man who's been holdin' up the Vasco stage." His voice turned drowsy and plaintive. "I'm cold—cold as hell. Get me a blanket, somebody."

Steve Owens, subdued and a little awed ran into the bunkhouse. But when he returned with a blanket, there was no need



Starbuck twisted in his saddle and flung two lightning shots.

for it. Slim Loyale made swift decision on the information Starbuck had given before he died. The bank hold up did not exactly surprise Slim; for that matter, none of the information did. But it rendered his position all the more secure, to know that his conjectures had been right.

He had guessed that an attempt might be made to loot the bank. For that reason he had detailed Roy O'Brien and Stoney Sheard to guard it. But he knew the odds would now be greatly against them. They would need help, ferocious fighters though they were. So Slim turned to Dakota.

"Yuh an' me go to town, as quick as we can get there, Dakota," he snapped tensely. "Tisdale, yuh stay here an' let Oscar fix up that arm of yores. Steve an' Charley, get some lanterns an' clean up things around here. But keep yore guns handy. There's no tellin' but what that 'crowd, bein' desperate, might make another try. Grab a bronc, Dakota."

Dakota's own horse was dead, but he soon secured another, as there were several riderless ones stamping and snorting around. In fact a fast, ground-eating gallop, he and Slim headed for town.

Slim knew human nature, and he knew that unless this full exoneration was made, there would always be some who would believe his incarceration had been legitimate. The only way to completely wipe out the stain against him was to get that confession from Arthur, Slim's face was grim as he considered it. He'd get what he wanted if he had to resort to Apache tricks to do it.

When Slim and Dakota reached crooked little devil is poison with a gun."

Advertisement for Scott's Itch Treatment. Text: "Don't use smelly, greasy salves that stain and ruin garments and bed clothes! Scott's Itch Treatment Soothes instantly. Kills the tiny mites that burrow under the skin and cause the itching. Clean, quick, cheap and sure. All drug stores—50¢"

ed Pinnacle, it was after midnight. The town seemed quiet enough. However, they took no chances, circling well around to one side and leaving their mounts ground-reined some two hundred yards away from the town limits. They went the rest of the way on foot, stealing in through the shadows carefully.

"Roy an' Stoney will be some where close to the bank," muttered Slim. "but by this time Brockwell an' his crowd are in town an' on the watch. Best thing we can do is jus' lay out quiet here in this alley and wait developments. What d'yuh think?"

Dakota grunted assent. So they squatted down their backs against a friendly wall close to the mouth of the alley. From time to time Slim would stick a careful head around the corner and survey the street. The bank was some fifty yards away, on the opposite side. Two doors from it was a Mexican cantina. The windows of the Mexican joint glowed yellow and there were quite a few broncos slouching at the hitching rail in front.

"Brockwell an' his gang are in that greaser joint," observed Slim softly. "I recognize that buckskin boss of Cinder Alton's Hope Roy an' Stoney don't take any chances with Alton. That

"C'mon," he snapped to Dakota. "They got Stoney an' Roy cornered."

Slim and Dakota went up the street at a run. With half the distance gone, Slim halted and began to shoot. Dakota stepped apart from him and followed suit. Someone in Brockwell's crowd yelled a warning. Immediately Slim and Dakota became the center of a lashing hail of lead. Dakota Blue grunted, cursed and went down in a heap.

Behind Slim came a bawl of warning. "Get him inside! Get him inside, Slim. I'll help yuh!"

The next moment, fat Spud Dilton, still encased in his white bartender's apron, was bending over Dakota, juggling at his shoulders.

"It's my right laig," snapped Dakota through set teeth. "Get me up, Spud, an' I can hobble inside. Give 'em hell, Slim, an' back up with us."

Quick to grasp the idea, Slim shot with smooth precision, backing up a step at a time. Just as his guns snapped empty, his shoulders struck the wall of a building. Then hands grabbed him, jerked him to one side and through an open doorway. The door slammed shut. He and Dakota were inside the Wild Horse Saloon. Old Joe Reoney was the man who had guided Slim to safety.

As Slim began hurriedly re-loading his guns, Spud barked an order. "Git me ole double-barreled Greener, Joe, an' fashen yoreself to that front window. Spray those buzzards by the bank with buckshot. That'll keep 'em shuffled up."

It did. With the initial bel-low of the shotgun, Brockwell's crowd scattered wildly. Slim, edging in beside Rooney, snapped shot after shot at this one and that. He saw two of them go down. From the livery stable corral came a whoop of triumph and sputter of words, thick with the brogue of old Ireland.

"Whurroo! Give it to the spalpeens! Away with 'em the robbin' murderin' devils. Smoke 'em out!"

Surprised and confused, the bandit crowd were quick to realize that there was nothing to be gained by trying to fight matters out along this line. Any chance of looting the bank was entirely gone now.

In another minute or two, the entire town would be about their ears. The only thing to do was ride and ride fast. As this idea caught hold, they raced for their horses which were rearing and plunging with fright. They split, some riding north, some south.

In the lead of those passing the Wild Horse, came Cinder Alton, crouched low over his buckskin's neck. Slim tried two shots, but missed both. Joe Rooney clamly spat, cradled the Greener against his shoulder and pulled both triggers. Concluded Next Issue

down in nervous tension, after the long day of momentous happenings, found him weary. Several times his head began to nod, his eyelids growing heavy.

And then, like a thunderclap, a single report echoed down the street. Following it came a shrill, yammering, high-pitched yell. A pair of guns began a staccato rumbling, in such cadence that it was easy to tell that one man with a practised pair of hands was wielding them.

Thrump thrump! Thrumpthrump! Thrumpthrump!

Slim and Dakota were on their feet in a bound, guns drawn, poised in the alley opening. The measured roll of those first reports was now shattered to bits by a ragged roar of other gunfire. Slim saw shadowy figures darting about the bank in what appeared to be aimless confusion.

Then a stentorian yell echoed in a voice easily distinguishable as belonging to Sarg Brockwell. "Close in! Close in! There's only two of 'em. Close in. I tell yuh!"

By the answering massing of those shadowy figures, Slim got Stoney Sheard and Roy O'Brien located. They were beyond the bank in the corral of the livery stable.

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Nancy Hart Home News

The General Federation of Women's Clubs is joining with the Public Health Service in the campaign against syphilis. The Surgeon General of the United States, Thomas Parran, Jr., has said: "Our children will hold us criminally careless and incompetent if, with the means at hand, we fail to end this scourge of syphilis within our generation."

The Federation has decided that participation in the conquest of this disease shall be the next objective in their Health Conservation Program and they invite women everywhere to join in the campaign for the following reasons:

- 1. Syphilis is a destroyer of mankind in the prime of life. 2. Syphilis can be passed on by a syphilitic mother to her unborn child. 3. Over one-half of primary syphilis infections occur between 16 and 30 years of age. 4. The disease is very frequently contracted and spread innocently. 5. Practical scientific weapons are at hand to attack and conquer this plague. 6. Women can be of great service to humanity by enlisting in this great public health battle.

Syphilis can be conquered. Learn! Tell! Work!

Now science has turned against the old-fashioned rain-water barrel and the "soft" water cistern. Chemists have found that most of the supposed advantages of the rain-water barrel and the cistern were only illusions. Tests of hundreds of samples of water from them showed 5 to 15 grains of hardness, and in addition there were numerous forms of bacteria and decayed organic matter collected from roofs and drain pipes and blown in by the wind.

Most cisterns are lined with concrete or brick containing the same elements as the rocks in the soil which give ordinary water its hardness. Few cisterns are

so tight that hardwater from the surrounding soil does not seep in to add the undesirable "lime," and as a result cistern water in many hard water areas is harder than any known to residents of such soft water regions as New England. Mechanical and chemical water softeners are very much more efficient than cisterns.

Joan Blondell has her own original beauty treatments. Here is one she uses to keep her skin smooth: Cover the face and neck with mineral oil; then cover it with salt, and on top of that pat on some olive oil. Rub it very gently around the nose or any rough, dried sunburn spots. After the skin is thoroughly saturated with it, remove the mixture, first with tepid water, then with an ice cold

rinsing. Two or three of these oil treatments will remove the Summer tan, says Joan.

Household Hint: Small fires may be extinguished by sprinkling ordinary baking soda on them as quickly as possible. The fire is extinguished by smothering and the generation of carbonic acid gas which excludes the oxygen in the air.

Among the newer bathing accessories are "loofah mitts" made from the dried insides of a tropical cucumber. They are used for a stimulating rub-down after bathing.

The Epsom Salts bath is very relaxing, and at the same time most stimulating to the blood. Drop a few tablespoons of Epsom salts into a streaming tub—as hot as you can stand it—and soak for about 15 minutes.

Advertisement for Camel cigarettes. Text: "CREDIT HIM WITH HEALTHY NERVES". Image of a man. Text: "MARSHALL WAYNE, High-Diving Champion and Olympic Winner, Gives His View on Smoking". Text: "HEALTHY nerves are a diver's mainstay," says Marshall. "Mine are healthy and I try to keep them healthy. I never hesitate to enjoy a Camel whenever and wherever I want. For mildness, tastiness, and downright pleasure, Camels are 'way out in front.'"

Advertisement for Mennen Antiseptic Powder. Text: "CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!". Text: "use the BABY POWDER that FIGHTS OFF GERMS". Text: "Don't let germs infect your baby's delicate skin. Instead of using ordinary baby powders, use Mennen Antiseptic Powder. It's definitely antiseptic and fights off germs. This famous powder is as soft, as smooth and fine as a baby powder can be. But, in addition—IT KEEPS YOUR BABY SAFER—protected against his worst enemies, germs and infection. It costs no more. See your druggist today."

Advertisement for Ingersoll watches. Text: "YANKEE \$1.50". Image of a watch. Text: "HAS-TIMED 150 MILLION LIVES".

Advertisement for Pursang hair product. Text: "I'M A NEW WOMAN THANKS TO PURSANG". Text: "Yes, Pursang contains, in properly balanced proportions, such proven elements as organic copper and iron. Quickly stimulates appetite and aids nature in building rich, red blood even in cases of simple anemia. When this happens, energy and strength usually return. You feel like new. Get Pursang from your druggist."

Advertisement for Alka-Seltzer. Text: "Now My Dear DON'T LET THAT HEADACHE SLOW YOU DOWN". Image of a woman. Text: "I WISH I WERE BLESSED WITH YOUR LOVELY HAIR, MARY." Text: "BUT JEAN, THE ONLY BLESSING ON MY HEAD IS FOM-OL!". Text: "STOP IT WITH Alka-Seltzer". Text: "Does Headache 'slow you down?' You are a rare exception it it does not. One or two tablets of ALKA-Seltzer in a glass of water makes a pleasant alkalinizing solution that usually brings relief in just a few minutes. ALKA-Seltzer is also recommended for Stomach, 'Morning After', Acid Indigestion, Colds, and Muscular Pains. You will like the tangy flavor and the results when you take Alka-Seltzer. Alka-Seltzer, when dissolved in water, contains an analgesic (Sodium Acetyl-Salicylate). In addition, the alkalinizing agents in Alka-Seltzer help to relieve those everyday disorders associated with hyper-acidity. Small package 30c Large package 60c".