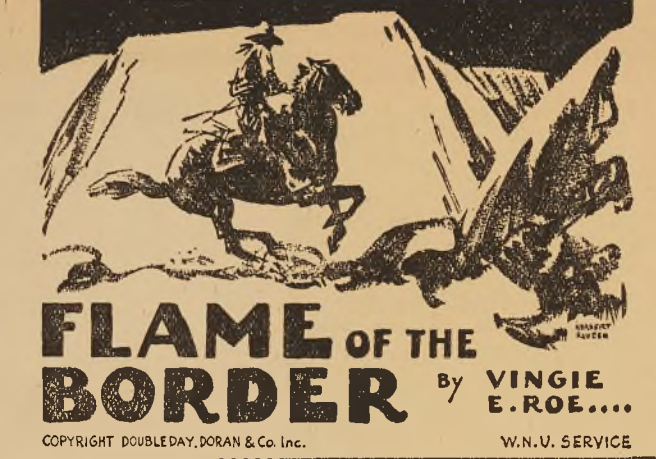


Flame of the Border

By VINGIE E. ROE

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FLAME OF THE BORDER

By VINGIE E. ROE... W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Seeking death by throwing herself from the summit of Lone Mesa, she had thrown at the hands of a drunken desperado, Sonya Savarin allows herself to be rescued by her suddenly aroused and repentant attacker. The girl is a self-appointed physician to the Navajo Indians, living on an Arizona sheep ranch with her brother Serge, his wife, Lila, and their mutual daughter, Babs. For a year she has been engaged to Rodney Blake, wealthy New Yorker, but her heart is with the friendless Navajos and she evades a wedding.

CHAPTER II—Sonya pulls Little Moon, wife of Two Fingers, a Navajo, through the crisis of an illness. Two Fingers is deeply grateful.

CHAPTER III—In the desert village, shopping, Sonya again meets the man whose advances she had repulsed on Lone Mesa. He tells her he bitterly regrets his action and has never had a minute's peace since that day. Sonya is affected, but unforfeiting. She hears rumors of a Border bandit named "Captain Diablo," who crucifies his "double-crossers" and has a dire reputation as a despoiler and murderer, vaguely connecting him with her attacker.

CHAPTER IV—Sonya pays a visit to Little Moon and finds her well on her way to recovery. On her return she rides to the top of Lone Mesa. There she meets a young man, the strange young man, but she no longer fears him. When he tells her of his sorrow over his misconduct she indicates forgiveness and assures him a man can always change for the better.

CHAPTER V—Befriending the wife of Hosteen Nez, a Navajo, she adds him to her circle of devoted friends. It is a neighboring Navajo, the mysterious stranger of the Mesa and whom she had told that he had killed her father. Finally he confides to her that his right name is Starr Stone, that his mother believes him dead, and that he goes by a different name in this region. He departs with a tall, fierce Mexican, with whom he mysteriously associated.

CHAPTER VI—Sonya, with a feeling of shame, realizes she is falling in love with a man who has been her enemy as a renegade and outlaw, knowing that under the circumstances she can never marry Blake. From an odd character of the desert, known as the servant of the Navajo, Sonya learns that Stone is alive and safe. Rodney Blake, a new Navajo, demands an explanation of her silence. She answers evasively.

CHAPTER VII—An influenza epidemic among the Indians keeps Sonya busy for many days. Stone greatly helps her in her care for the stricken Navajos. Sonya and Stone declare their love for each other, all doubt in the mind of the girl being ended.

CHAPTER VIII—The Mexican bandit, surprising the pair at a meeting place, takes Stone away, and warns the girl hereafter to let his "lieutenant" alone. Sonya is surprised by the unannounced arrival of Rodney Blake from New York.

CHAPTER IX—With Blake is an easterner, Marston, who tells himself as a secret service operator, on the trail of Mexican opium smugglers who are believed to be working in the vicinity of the Savarin ranch. Serge, remembering the romance at a dance they had all attended, connects Stone with the smugglers whom Marston is seeking. He is forced to admit to himself that the man she loves is involved in the nefarious trade of opium. On her way home she is seized and carried away in an airplane.

CHAPTER X—Sonya realizes she is in the power of El Capitán Diablo, in his stronghold she is committed to the care of an elderly Spanish woman, to await the arrival of the chief. A younger woman, Concha, who has a pension on the arrival of Stone, whom she loves, evidently a prisoner, with El Capitán Diablo.

CHAPTER XI—At the Savarin ranch there is dire consternation over the disappearance of Sonya. Searching parties, working diligently, are unable to find any trace of the girl. Her horse, arriving home, indicates the first indication of harm having come to her. With Serge, Marston visits the village store, the last place where Sonya is known to have been, but find no clues. Lila Savarin, knowing the romance of Sonya and the mysterious stranger, brings herself to believe Sonya has gone away with Stone, though she does not admit this to her husband. The Navajo, who take the trail, find evidence of the presence of an airplane where Sonya might presumably have been seized.

CHAPTER XII—Sonya bravely faces the bandit chief as he questions her concerning her knowledge of his smuggling activities. Stone, who had not known of Sonya's kidnapping, is brought before her. He tells her of his "double-crossing," and denial is futile. Firm in the mutual love, the pair listen to the pronouncement of their doom. Stone to a lingering death and Sonya to be the plaything of Manuel, Diablo's favorite lieutenant. The girl is recommitted to the care of the Spanish woman who has been her jailer.

CHAPTER XIII—Sonya's plea to her keeper for a means of escape from the horror awaiting her, by self-destruction, is unavailing, but Concha, her love for Stone overcoming her hatred for her successful rival, which she knows Sonya to be, arranges for the escape of the pair. They flee to camp in an airplane, but as they leave they realize that Concha has paid, with her life, for their chance of escape.

CHAPTER XIV—With Diablo and Manuel in close pursuit, the pair fly in the direction of the girl's home. Stone, unarmed, realizes that capture means a cruel death for both of them, but is helpless. Approaching Lone Mesa, he determines to attempt a landing on its summit. He succeeds, but Diablo and Manuel also land. Resigned to their fate, Stone and Sonya are rescued by the girl's devoted Navajo, whom she has so greatly befriended. Informed over the situation in which they find the girl, the Indians hurriedly bring El Capitán and Manuel to their deaths from Lone Mesa's height. Following the killings, but not seeing them, Serge Savarin, with Rodney Blake and Marston, arrive. Sonya shields her Navajo friends, allowing her brother and his companions to believe that Diablo's plane had crashed. Blake claims Sonya, but Stone, armed with a revolver he had taken from El Diablo, controls the situation. Savarin and his two friends believe armed. Boldly declaring her right to select her life mate, Sonya chooses Starr Stone, rejecting Rodney Blake. The "Servant of the Lord," who apparently is at home on the mesa, and Sonya leave in the airplane to face life together in a new world.

she was afraid and exhilarated as she had never been in her life before—and here he was coming toward her in the line. He danced as she might have known he would, like the wind blowing in long grass—she could see him sway as he weaved in and out in "all-aman-left"—and the whistle blew, and he was here, before her. Her hand was in his, his arm had gone about her—they were drifting away together—and all the lights on the walls were running together in a long blur.

Sonya held her breath and let it out in a long sigh, and felt suddenly the trembling of his arms.

Then the whistle blew again, and some one else had caught her hand, and she was circling right once more in the long oval.

When the number was over she went dizzily to where Lila sat fanning her flushed cheeks and sat down beside her. She wanted to rest, to gather herself together, to still the shameful tumult of her heart.

Some one claimed her, and Sonya went back into the maze of moving figures, but everywhere she went she was conscious of the brilliant eyes of this man. He stood against the wall a little beyond the main door, and he seemed to be alone. He did not dance again, even though there was another Paul Jones, but watched her in a grave stillness, and Sonya could not gather her faculties for her usual light banter.

What was the matter with her? Why did her heart hammer in her breast with long slow beats, her blood flow through her veins like molten gold drenched in perfume?

She thought wildly of Rod, tried to bring his face before her, to force herself to feel his presence. She tried to cling to his memory as one clings to a sturdy rock in rising waters, and could not. She could only see the face of the man beside the door, the young face that she had seen in so many lights, drunken and wild and relentless, sober and contrite, washed with regret.

What was happening to her? To her life itself? To her destiny and her hopes?

Tears came in her eyes, and she did not hear what her chance partner was saying. Fear was in her heart, and a certain terrible fire that mounted and grew. Time passed, and she was not conscious of it.

Finally, late in the night, the fiddles struck up the sweet old strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and the dance was over. This was the last number. A cowboy from the K Bar Z with whom she always liked to dance was asking her for it. She had just held out her hand when some one reached forward from the side and took it. Next moment she was gone out along the floor in the dreamy rhythm of the sweet old tune, and this time she was held so close that she could feel the beating of his heart, a thundering reverberation like tides on the shore. Desperately she raised her eyes and looked at him.

"Tell me," she whispered thickly, "what are you? Who are you?"

"Nothing," he said thickly, "to you. Nothing—ever—and I'd give half my life to kiss one curl on your head—with a decent man's right."

The words came through his set teeth, and even in the tenacity of the moment she noticed that he did not stir his words at the ends.

"Then be decent!" she cried passionately. "Be decent!"

"Too late. I'm only looking in windows—from the outside—and I built the wall between myself."

"Tell me your name," she said, "tell me."

"No."

"Yes. Tell me now."

"I can't. I haven't a name—any more."

"You have. Your own name. Not what you—you go by—where—where you answer roll call."

"Answer roll call! That's good. What do you know about me? What have you heard?"

"Nothing. I'm guessing, fitting things in places," she said swiftly, "and there's some one across the Border who crucifies—"

"Hush! For God's sake, don't speak of that again, ever, anywhere! Where did you hear of—such?"

"No matter. There is—and somehow you're connected! It cuts me like a knife—you've got to tell me. Who are you?"

"If I tell you my name, will you keep it like you would your oath?"

"Yes. You know I will."

"Of course I know. I'm Starr Stone to my mother, who thinks I'm dead and buried. In this country—I go by something different. Now are you satisfied?"

"No. I've got to know the rest. I will know it."

"Why? Heaven knows, you have little to thank me for—little to think of me for. I've blackened your first memory of me beyond all hope."

"Why do you speak carelessly sometimes and now correctly?"

"I've been two men, I am two men."

"What kind of men?"

"What does it matter? I'm a dead man—dead and damned and rotten! Don't trouble your darling head about me. I'm running true to form right now in being here, in holding you in my arms, in looking in your face. If anyone this side the Border—anyone who counted—knew me, I'd not have done it. There's that much decency left in me. But no one knows, and I'm like a dying man begging for water.

I came back to look at you again and again. I'd crawl on my knees around the world to change my—leopard spots," he finished bitterly, "to look in your eyes with a clear conscience."

Suddenly the fire and the fear and the ecstasy which had warred in Sonya all night seemed to rise above her like a tide of sorrow and disaster. She felt as if she sank in swirling waters, drowned in tears.

Her throat closed with an aching pain and one hard sob escaped her.

Instantly the man looked down, holding her from him.

"My G—d!" he said, "what—what—Why, my G—d!"

Then he drew her to him close and hard, and the trembling of his arms intensified. The face above her small black head had gone haggard as an old man's.

The last soft strains of the tender tune were dying.

The feet of the dancers slowed.

And suddenly from nowhere, out of the very night beyond the doors, it seemed, a hand fell on his shoulder, a powerful grasp, whirled him about, Sonya with him.

A stranger stood there, a stranger so fierce and terrible in aspect that one knew him at once for a man of violence, of cruelty and death.

It was in his small black eyes above his olive cheeks black with shaven beard, in his hawkbill nose, in his thin-lipped mouth merciless as a panther's. He stood six feet two in his spurred boots, and he wore the wide sombrero of the Mexican hidalgo, fine of material and ornamented with silver. A studded belt circled his narrow waist; a braided velvet jacket showed the muscled strength of his wide shoulders.

He was a Mexican, and a bad one, if ever one of that brand lived.

He spoke, and the man before him stood rooted to the spot, his arm still around the girl.

"Hombre," he said, in Spanish, "you disobey! Let's go."

And, turning, he walked swiftly to the door. The arm slid from Sonya's shoulders, and without a backward look the Man of Lone Mesa followed. Alone, her feet lead, her head whirling with a strange dizziness, her throat aching, Sonya crossed the almost empty floor and picked up her coat from where Lila was waking Babs.

Serge joined them, and they went out into the night among the roaring cars of the departing crowd.

Just as they passed out of the circle of light from the open doors a fantastic figure loomed for a moment beside them, its shabby garments and long white hair dim in the blending shadows.

"Heelzebub," said the soft voice of the Servant, "leaves hell to work evil hereabouts. Beware, innocent one."

"What in thunder—" said Serge.

"Who was that?"

"Only a strange old man I met at Myra's. You know—the old mad preacher who rides the Reservation on his donkeys. You've heard of him."

"Oh, the Servant of the Lord? Yes, I have. Never saw him before, though. Well, let's get going, girls. Babs, lazy bones, sit up while daddy fixes the robe for you. That's the girl."

CHAPTER VI

Shadows of Death.

If Sonya Savarin had been troubled before, had searched her soul with fearful and bewildered eyes, that summer night plunged her into chaos. Shame was in her, and a breathless flame of ecstasy, and a fear that mounted hourly.

And knowledge.

Knowledge, terrible, complete, devastating.

Destiny had reached and taken her, body and soul.

All that her life had meant was gone—her plans, her future, every thing. Rod Blake, New York, safety and assurance, the sane and ordered things of everyday, they were all swept into the discard like so much trash.

And in their place stood Starr Stone—her blood leaped at her first conscious use of his name—renegade, mystery, what she did not know—and with him danger, wrong, disaster. A man with blue eyes had passed, and trouble followed in his wake, as the Servant had whispered. It was true, all of it. He had touched her with his mysterious power, and she had turned and followed him. In her soul she had turned and followed. Like a bird charmed to its death, she had bent her eyes on his, and she was lost.

There was nothing in this world but Starr Stone's face, the blue light of his eyes, the curve of his lips, the grace of his lean body.

She had seen no man, ever in her life before, with conscious eyes. She had not seen life. She had been asleep, a walker in dreams.

Rod Blake was a dream, a fantasy. His face was a stranger's face, his voice a far-off echo. There was nothing real about him, had never been to her, she knew now. There was nothing real but this man, this renegade, this outlaw who followed where a master led, and left behind him a great flare of light that glowed with shadows in her heart.

Fire and flame and darkness, joy and ecstasy and sorrow, fear and a vast strength: these were her portion, new given to her.

Presently she pushed her hair back from her forehead, went to the pool in the dark corner and, kneeling, washed her face with her hands. It was a strange baptism of abnegation, of acceptance. Whatever was to happen in the new future she was committed to it, body and soul. Whatever happened to Starr Stone would happen to her: that she knew beyond all questioning.

And so she slept, still in her pretty dress, and did not awake until the day was far gone toward evening and Lila came knocking at her door.

She went out and met Lila with a grave face, and the smart little woman looked at her and set down the cup she held.

"You may as well come clean, Sonya darling," she said gently. "Not to, will only prolong the agony."

"I know," Sonya said soberly. "Come out in the patio. There's still time before we have to begin supper."

And there, with the sun going down the western sky and the shadows lengthening about them Sonya told the story of the Man of Lone Mesa, and Lila listened with inhaled breath.

At its close they looked silently at each other.

"You will understand, but Serge never will," said Sonya, "so we'll not tell him until we have to."

Lila laid her hand on Sonya's arm.

"Rod!" she said. "We have forgotten him!"

"No," said the other, "not I. Rod will be one of the things I'll have to face—one of the dangers. I shall write to him tonight and tell him."

"What?" The word was in italics.

"Oh, not about Starr Stone or any of the tragic things I've told you. Only that I cannot marry him."

"And you'll have him here as quick as the air lines can bring him," said Lila quietly.

"You're right," said Sonya after a moment's thought. "I'll not tell him—yet."

So these two women, grave of face, caught in the maelstrom of life's

UNUSUAL FACTS REVEALED



WHEN **Chick Chandler** MARRIED HE AGREED TO GIVE UP HIS HOBBY—AUTO-MOBILE RACING. HIS WIFE OBTAINED A COURT INJUNCTION TO MAKE THE AGREEMENT STICK!

Stuart Erwin HAS AN OLD DILAPIDATED PAIR OF GREY WORSTED TROUSERS WHICH HE WEARS A PART OF EACH DAY, FOR LUCK!

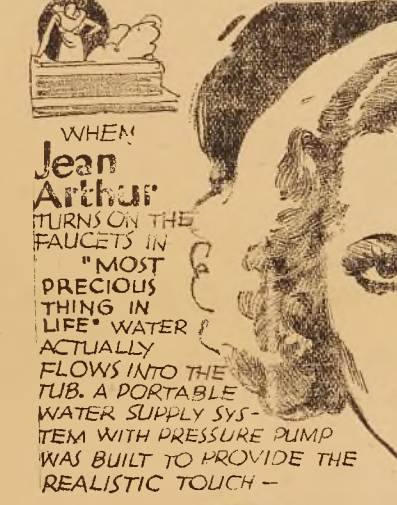


Arline Judge USED UP 9820 YARDS OF YARN KNITTING ON THE SET BETWEEN SCENES OF "THE PARTY'S OVER" AND HAS JUST ONE PAIR OF SOCKS TO SHOW FOR IT!

Ann Sothorn COLUMBIA STAR IS ADDICTED TO NUMEROLOGY.



UNUSUAL FACTS REVEALED



WHEN **Jean Arthur** TURNS ON THE FAUCETS IN "MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE" WATER ACTUALLY FLOWS INTO THE TUB. A PORTABLE WATER SUPPLY SYSTEM WITH PRESSURE PUMP WAS BUILT TO PROVIDE THE REALISTIC TOUCH—

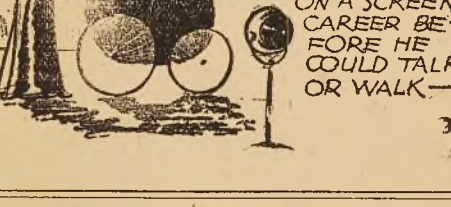
Richard Cromwell COLUMBIA STAR, HAS MADE LIFE MASKS OF THE MOST FAMOUS PLAYERS IN MOVIEDOM!



Anita Louise IS AN ACCOMPLISHED HARPIST—



Ben Alexander WAS LAUNCHED ON A SCREEN CAREER BEFORE HE COULD TALK OR WALK—



ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Lula Blackwell, deceased, late of Orange County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 5th day of April, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This April 5th, 1934.

GEORGE BLACKWELL,
Administrator.

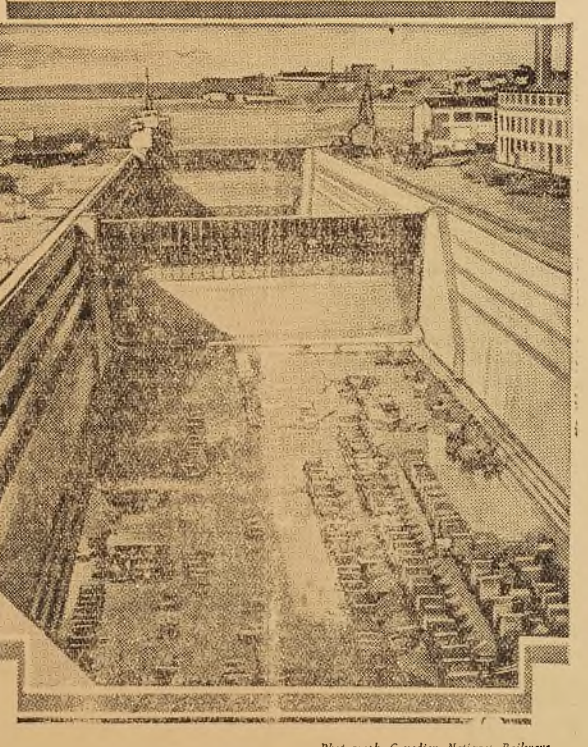
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Thos. A. Atwater, deceased, late of Orange County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 26th day of April, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 26th day of April, 1934.

ISA ATWATER,
Administrator.

Teer, N. C., Route 1.



That the largest drydock in the world is located in Saint John, New Brunswick, one of the great air-year sea ports of Canada? The drydock, part of which is shown in the photograph, is 1150 feet long and has a width of 125 feet with 52 feet on the sill.

CARDIUM FOR WOMEN

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