

# OUTLAWS of EDEN

By  
**PETER B. KYNE**

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**CHAPTER X—Continued**

"I did, sweetheart. Who'd shoot for you if I wouldn't?"

"Good clean shooting," he murmured, "but too low. Did you get Babson?"

"I tried and they wouldn't let me. But I smashed Henry Rookby's fool head, dearest. He organized the ruckus at Babson's bidding, but if he lives after the two raps I gave him with the barrel he'll think twice before tackling another such job."

Nate Tichenor smiled a terrible smile. "We backfired on the little cuss, didn't we, love?" He placed an oily finger on her adorable nose and pressed it gently upward. "You'll do. You're a man's woman. I'm going over to the curb now and sit down before I fall down. If anybody takes me from behind shoot him—and shoot high and for the middle this time. I'm all out of patience. Look after old Rube."

Rube needed looking after, indeed. He was unconscious and a three-inch slit on the top of his bald head told the story. Also he had received his share of punches and kicks before Lorry Kershaw's bullets had dropped his assailants on top of him. The two doctors carried him over to the little grassy strip that ran parallel with the sidewalk and laid him out thereon, then turned to look after Lorry's victims. As they sat up, Joe Brainerd photographed them. When that was done he wrote the names of the fallen on a fragment of copy paper and, in his mind, began arranging the lead for this, his biggest news story.

"Get a truck out of that garage, Joe," Doc Donaldson ordered, "and we'll haul our trade over onto the grass under the shade trees in the plaza. I've used worse dressing stations. Every mother's son of them got it through the foreleg and some of the said legs are busted. I only wing-tipped them," says she—the little vixen.

"You've got to grant her the great gift of charity, Doc. And tremendous forbearance."

"Rats. She was saving them for the hangman. Hello, her hired man is beginning to take an interest in things."

Mr. Tenney's little round baleful eyes had, indeed, commenced to flicker. Lorry bent over him and raised his burly head to her shoulder. "How about you, old-timer?" she crooned.

"Shot all to pieces but not fatally," Mr. Tenney murmured slowly. "Where was you, boss, when the shootin' started? I figured you to guard my rear."

"I guarded it, never fear, Rube. I did all the shooting."

"—!" Mr. Tenney murmured. "Sorry. Spoke out o' my turn, I reckon. I'll be up in a minute; I'll make a hand yet."

A small boy came running down the boulevard as if pursued by a demon. "There's some fellers over to the office of the Register smashin' things up," he screeched.

Lorry dropped Rube Tenney as if his big body was scorching her and ran for the office of the Register a block away.

As she came panting to the front door she saw a dozen men inside, with axes. They had smashed the editorial desk and the counter in the business office, pried the type for the next issue of the Register, upset the fonts of type and smashed them and were busy wrecking the linotype when the girl's voice reached them above the clang of axes on metal.

"Put 'em up!"

They whirled, facing her, and before the menace of her gun their hands went skyward. Thus she held them until Brainerd arrived with his camera.

"Mug 'em, Brother Brainerd," she commanded. "Steady, boys. Not a move out of anybody. I'll put a bullet through the hand of the man that spoils this picture. This is a time exposure, I believe, because the inside light isn't so good."

Joe Brainerd took three photographs of the vandals in his wrecked print shop and turned to the girl. "Where do we go from here?" he demanded humorously.

"To Bill Rooney's calaboose. All right, men. Come out, one at a time, in single file and wend your way to the lockup."

They wended it. Bill Rooney was in his little jail office, thinking things over and gazing dolorously at a hole in a forty-dollar hat, when men began filing silently in on him. "What's this?" he exclaimed.

"Not at all. No trouble to show goods," she retorted merrily. "If I were you I'd see that old idiot, Anson Towle, and swear out warrants enough for these twelve lunatics to keep them in jail till Christmas. I'd scare Towle if I were you. Threaten him with a mysterious fate so he'll make their bail the limit."

"Babson will bail them out, of course."

"I suppose so, but he'll not like it. The action will be him to his gang."

**CHAPTER XI**

The succeeding week Nate Tichenor spent in a hospital at Gold Run whither Doctor Donaldson had ordered him for observation as to possible internal injuries. When at last Nate came to the Circle K ranch again, Lorry saw that, outwardly at least, he appeared to be normal.

"Doc thought my backbone had been tramped out of alignment," he announced, as he kissed her. "but it was only a couple of ribs sprung loose from my spine. Doc warned me not to move around, but I couldn't stay away. Outlaw that I am, I couldn't neglect you for another week."

"I wasn't ready to be a clinging vine; I'm accustomed to man's work—and if you're worth having Mr. Tichenor, you're worth fighting for. I enjoyed it."

"I'm almost afraid to marry you now," he teased. "You'd be a tough wife to handle in a family row. Have you been arrested yet?"

"No, dear. Joe Brainerd appears to have smoothed over the aftermath of that ruckus. He traded with Babson. Babson loaned him the new plant of the Forlorn Valley Citizen and then

"The result was that early in 1920 I found myself foot-loose and with about a million dollars cash in bank. Now, while I was in France I secured a commission. My captain and I got along splendidly together. I got to know this man and to trust him and admire him. In civil life he'd been general manager of a large New York stock brokerage house. He had about fifty thousand dollars and he wanted to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and go into business for himself. But he didn't have enough money to buy the seat and finance his operations."

"I told him I'd finance him—one hundred thousand dollars in cash against his fifty thousand in cash, his experience and ability, and we should be equal partners. We made money from the day we opened our doors."

"And you say you're not a financier?"

"The lust for money has never overwhelmed me. I find, too, that I love Eden Valley. I'm going to close out my interests in New York and return here in the fall."

"I shall be very lonely while you are away, Nate."

"And that reminds me that I've sent down to San Francisco for a ring and here it is. If it's too big we'll have a tuck taken in, and if it's too small or you prefer some other stone I'll change it." And he slipped on her finger a square emerald worth at least a hundred steers. It was the first piece of jewelry she had ever owned and her hot tears of emotion baptized it; her warm lips caressed it in a silent promise he knew would never be broken.

"Suppose we get married in a hurry and make the New York trip a honeymoon," he said.

She shook her head. "Impossible until dad's estate has been settled. I can't leave here now. I have to work this outfit out of debt, because I can't afford a trousseau until I do. However, dear, you run on to New York, complete your business there, and when you return we'll make those two mergers you spoke of. I'm too busy now. I've got a lot of those early calves still to brand and I'll have to brand about a thousand late calves in the fall. I don't want to leave any worries behind me when we go on our honeymoon."

"And we'll spend our summers in Eden Valley and our winters outside," he suggested.

She leaned against him a little

"My mother was twenty-four years old at the time and already beginning to be regarded as a fossil, so father added her to his collection and stayed on in Eden Valley and wrote some books nobody ever read, and resolutely refused to learn the cow business. He did manage to put a little bit of culture and uplift into the Hensleys. I made up my mind to stay out of Eden Valley and forget cows as a first aid to making a million dollars."

"When my mother and aunts died I was the sole heir to the Bar H Land and Cattle company, and the corporation was in excellent shape. There was about two hundred thousand dollars in the bank and no debts; there were twelve thousand head of cattle and the ranch was unencumbered. I decided to sell the cattle and lease the ranch. Rube Tenney, who was in command of the ranch, classed the cattle, so I knew what I had and what they were worth. I wrote my attorney to see your father and try to make a trade. It seemed the fair thing to do to let him have first chance. He'd always wanted all of Eden Valley. So he bought all the cattle and leased the Bar H ranch for thirty thousand dollars a year, for five years, with an option to buy the ranch at any time prior to the expiration of the lease and on very easy terms."

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warily and held him tight but did not answer.

Somebody once remarked that nothing can be of surpassing interest for a period greater than nine days. For forty-eight hours following the unexpectedly painful and highly dramatic denouement of his plan to sway public opinion against Nate Tichenor and Lorry Kershaw, Silas Babson suffered acutely, not because he was sorry for what he had done but because the effect had been so wholly unexpected and pregnant of disaster to him. After having arranged to prevent the expose of the whole affair in court with probable penitentiary sentences for a couple of dozen hitherto respectable but mercurial citizens, he began to view life with a less jaundiced eye; and when, at the expiration of the proverbial nine days, he felt morally certain that "that Eden Valley gang," as he now referred to Nate, Lorry and Rube Tenney, was going to cling to its ancient tradition and have nothing whatsoever to do with legal reprisals, all of his old jauntiness and optimism returned.

He waited two weeks longer and when at the expiration of that period Henry Rookby, looking faintly reminiscent of a potato sprout put forth in a cellar, returned to his labor, Babson left the business of the bank in Mr. Rookby's hands and proceeded to motor forth among the Forlorn Valleyites and argue them into signing the petition to the county board of supervisors for permission to organize the Forlorn Valley Irrigation district. Having had a surveyor de-limit the areas susceptible to surface irrigation, he knew the identity of every farmer whose signature was necessary for his purpose, so a week's time sufficed to acquire the number of signatures legally necessary, and at the next regular meeting of the board of supervisors, of which Babson was a member, he presented the petition in person and addressed his colleagues at some length and with unusual eloquence on the desirability of favorable action by the board.

The chairman of the board rapped with his gavel. "The pros appear to have their innings," he announced smilingly. "Are there any cons to be heard from?"

"A man rose in the rear of the hall, walked up to the railing in front of the dais upon which the board sat, and bowed first to the board and then to the audience. "Mr. Chairman—gentlemen: My name is John W. Gagan, a member of the San Francisco law firm of Brooks, Gagan and Brooks, and I appear as the legal representative of the three riparian owners along Eden Valley creek, to wit, Estate of Ranceford Kershaw, deceased, the Bar H Land and Cattle company, and the Mountain Valley Power company, the last two companies, as is generally known, being owned in their entirety by Mr. Nathan Tichenor. On behalf of my clients, I desire formally to protest to this honorable board against the formation of the Forlorn Valley Irrigation district and will state my reasons briefly."

Gagan immediately proceeded to do so, painting to his auditors precisely the picture that Nate Tichenor had painted to him, challenging Lon Morton to gainsay one single legal statement. Gagan spoke simply, earnestly, arraying his facts in logical sequence.

When he had finished his address Gagan bowed to the board and started to leave the chamber. There was silence until he was half way down the aisle, then a storm of hisses and boos broke around him. Gagan looked back as he reached the door and saw that Silas Babson was on his feet, his hand raised for silence.

"So you're going to refute my statement, eh?" Gagan called back. "Well, before I depart I'll give you and your deluded followers some very good advice, free. The man who acts as his own attorney has a fool for a client."

TO BE CONTINUED.



**ONE WAY TO HAVE PEACE**

Briggs saw his neighbor walking up the garden path with a trombone tucked under his arm. "Hallo! Been buying a trombone?" he asked. "No; borrowed it from Robinson next door," said the other. Briggs looked mystified. "But surely you can't play, can you?" he asked. "No," said his neighbor, with a smile of satisfaction; "neither can Robinson while I've got it."—Stray Stories.

**Somnolence**  
The stranger was met by a crowd as he stepped off the train. "Who are you?" asked Cactus Joe. "I'm Professor Doperino, the famous hypnotist." "The man who puts folks to sleep?" "Yes." "Well, stay right here and catch the next train that comes. What Crimson Gulch needs is somebody to wake it up."

**Modern Farm Knowledge**  
Stranger—Farm products cost more than they did a while back. How do you explain it?  
Farmer—Well, when a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raising and the entomological name of the bugs that eat it and the chemical name of the stuff that will kill the bugs—somebody's got to pay for all this knowledge, ain't they?—Pathfinder Magazine.

**You Know the Kind**  
"There's a decided uniformity in the contents of my post this morning, Julia."  
"How do you mean?"  
"All my letters begin with the same word—'Unless.'"

**MUCH THE SAME THING**



"Were you ever boarded by pirates, Captain?"  
"Yes. I've stayed at several of your summer hotels."

**Smart**  
Applicant (for position of office boy)—I may say I'm pretty smart. I've won several prizes in cross-word and jig-saw puzzles and word-pleasure competition lately.  
Employer—Yes, but I want someone who can be smart during office hours.  
Applicant—This was during office hours.—Chelsea Record.

**Small Menus**  
"Hello!" exclaimed the investor, who was reading the third quarter report, "a reduction, by George! That's good news!"  
"What! a reduction in profit good news?"  
"Oh, no, not in profit—in deficit."—Boston Transcript.

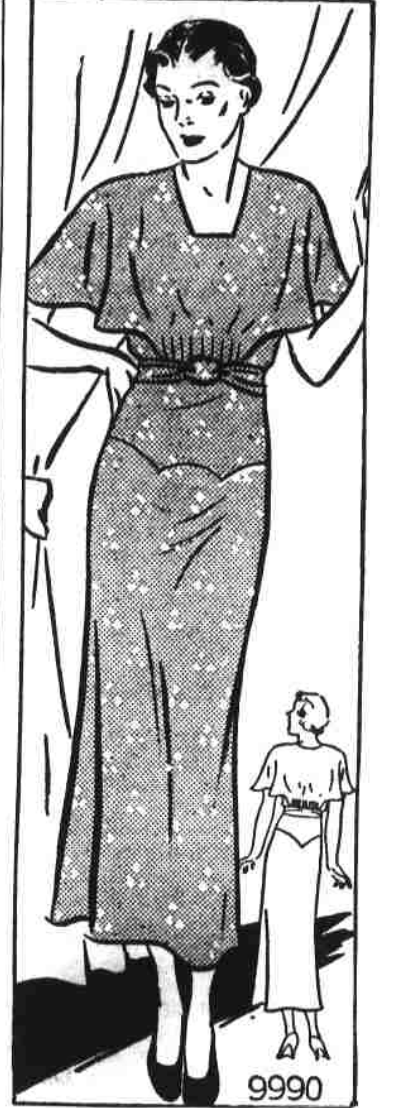
**And Not Always Politely**  
"People are not nearly so formal as they used to be."  
"No," said Mrs. Chuggins. "Nearly every time I go out in the car policemen to whom I have never been introduced don't hesitate to speak to me."

**His Place on the Team**  
Uncle George—I suppose you are on the football team?  
Tommy—Well, yes, I do the aerial work.  
Uncle George—What's that?  
Tommy—I blow up the footballs.

**The Loafer!**  
"How did that fella get out of taking his turn at cooking?"  
"He agreed only to cook the fish we catch."—Newark (Ohio) Advertiser.

**Modeled to Give Slender Effects**

A woman is as slim as she looks, and by that same token, whatever she weighs, every woman who wears this frock is slender. It is that kind of a frock! It takes pounds off one's weight and years off one's age—and demands very little of one's time in the making. This white magic is all a matter of clever design embodied in a long graceful cape collar caught under the belt front and back, and a carefully proportioned yoke on the skirt, pointed here and there where points will do the most good. The



tucked details afford just the right amount of ease where you need it. Pattern 9990 may be ordered only in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch fabric. Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER AND SIZE. Complete, diagrammed sew chart included. Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth street, New York, N. Y.

**EVEN**  
"What's a joint account, pop?"  
"It's an account where one person does the depositing and the other the withdrawing."

**Dad Had a Supply**  
Mother—Johnny, will you go down to the cellar and split some kindling?  
Johnny—Wait till Dad comes. I heard him tell Mr. Smith that he bought twenty-five dollars' worth of chips last night.

**DISCOVERY!**  
Professor Bug—Ah, this must be the Great Wall of China.

**Poor Kid!**  
Old Lady—Aren't you ashamed to be seen smoking cigarettes?  
Urchin—Well, wot can yer do, lady, when the ole man pinches yer pipe?—London Weekly Telegraph.

**The Idea**  
Father—Jane, that young idiot Simpson's affairs couldn't be in worse shape than they are.  
Daughter (indignantly)—You forget that I am to marry him, Papa.

**Tough Break**  
Editor—Well, how's that thrilling article getting on?  
Author (looking up from blank paper)—Too thrilling for words.



"But I Am Curious to Know How You Accumulated All the Money You Appear to Have."

had a talk with the men we jailed. Babson leveled an assessment to pay for the damages to Brainerd's plant, and Joe absented himself at the preliminary hearing of the case, so Anson Towle waited five minutes for Joe and his counsel to appear and then turned the men loose for lack of evidence. The men I winged are all going to get well, although they'll be on crutches for a month or two; I think they are glad to let the matter drop. We've all had enough undesirable advertising throughout the state.

"As for undesirable advertising, you and I haven't had any of it. We're heroes."

"Oh, do tell me, Nate. I've been afraid to read the papers."

"When a mob sacks a newspaper plant the entire fourth estate regards the act as a direct blow at the freedom of the press, and instantly the fight is no longer a private one. The Gold Run Nugget has burned Forlorn Valley to a crisp and so have all the other county newspapers. The Forlorn Valleyites have been called thugs, murderers, bad citizens, rioters, bullies, and cowards. I am advertised as a peaceable, well-meaning citizen and a distinguished ex-soldier of whom the county is proud. I sought to do Forlorn Valley a signal service and was mobbed and brutally beaten and bruised in return. All of the papers have cried out upon the senseless brutality of visiting upon a blameless young man the sins of his forebears—and they have done as much for you. In fact, they've made a heroine of you. You are commended for your great charity in 'wing-tipping' my assailants instead of killing them. You have a nickname. You're Wing-Tip-Lorry Kershaw now."

She turned to him suddenly. "But I am curious to know how you accumulated all the money you appear to have. For you do look like cash money, Nate."

"Well, the fact that I have a few dollars doesn't imply that I'm a financier," he protested. "The Hensleys had great veneration for cash but I'm only half Hensley. My father was a paleontologist. He came up into these hills one summer to hunt for fossils. Nothing would do but he must be our guest and have a horse to ride into the hills and a man to protect him from the Kershaws."

**Insects Take Huge Toll in Damage to Books, According to Some Librarians**

Insects of various kinds take a yearly toll in book destruction that amounts to millions of dollars, says Scientific American. Perhaps the worst offenders in this respect are bookworms, the larvae and an insect known generally as the "drug store beetle," and scientifically as Sitotroga panicea. It seems to have a particular fondness for practically everything, and thrives on arsenic, lead, pepper, and other poisonous and irritating substances.

Once this beetle lays its eggs in a library and the larvae begin feeding, librarians are likely to age overnight, for the larvae feed voraciously on all parts of books whether they be cheap modern editions or priceless ancient volumes. Many poisons have been used, by various methods of application, to defeat this foe of books. Thomas M. Hams of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, Calif., in the Library Quarterly, told of several instances of the larvae in that library and the attempts to destroy them.

Acting on the advice of Dr. Tracy I. Straver of the University of California Agricultural college, hydrocyanic acid gas and several other powerful fumigants were used but with indifferent success. It was then decided to resort to vacuum fumigation. This would give perfect fumigation into every crevice of books, of which large numbers could be fumigated simultaneously. Also, this method would destroy the microscopic eggs of the beetle, as well as the larvae, by rupturing the thin membrane at one end of the egg and permitting entry of the poison gas.

The problem of an ideal fumigant was solved when Dr. Arnold O. Beckman of the California Institute of Technology, discovered that ethylene oxide and carbon dioxide could be combined in a liquid that is neither inflammable nor explosive.

Can Make 60-Mile Wind  
At Teddington, England, is a high-pressure wind tunnel, 50 feet long. In this a 60-mile wind can be created.

**FRESH**  
**Wrigley's**  
**Spearmint**  
**GUM**  
**FLAVOR**