

ROBBERS' ROOST

SYNOPSIS

Jim Wall, young cowpuncher from Wyoming, in the early days of the cattle industry, seeks a new field in Utah. He meets Hank Hays, who admits being a robber, and tells Wall he is working for an Englishman, Herrick, who has located a big ranch in the mountains. Herrick has employed a small army of gun-fighters, and Hays and others are plotting to steal their employer's cattle and money. Wall saves Hays' life by bluffing a gambler out of shooting. With Hays and two other rustlers, Happy Jack and Lincoln, Jim Wall goes to Herrick's ranch.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Herrick had selected a site for his home what was undoubtedly the most picturesque point in the valley, if not one that had the most utility for the conducting of a ranch business. Ten miles down from the head of the valley a pine-wooded bench, almost reaching the dignity of a promontory, projected from the great slope of the mountain. Here where the pines straggled down stood the long, low cabin of peeled logs, yellow in the sunlight. Below, on the flat, extended the numerous barns, sheds, corals. A stream poured off the mountain, white in exposed places, and ran along under the bench and out to join the main brook of the valley.

Somewhat apart from both the corals and outbuildings on the flat stood a new log cabin, hurriedly built, with chinks still unfilled. The roof extended out on three sides over wide porches, where Wall observed three or four beds, a number of saddles and other riders' paraphernalia. The rear of the cabin backed against the rocks. Jim understood that Hays had thrown up this abode, rather than dwell too close to the other employees of Herrick. From the front porch one could drop a stone into the brook, or fish for trout. The pines trooped down to the edge of the brook.

Naturally no single place in all that valley could have been utterly devoid of the charm and beauty nature had lavished there, but this situation was ideal for riders. Hays even had a private corral. As Jim rode up to this habitation his quick eye caught sight of curious, still-eyed men on the porch. Also he observed that there was a store of cut wood stowed away under the porch.

"Wal, here we air," announced Hays. "An' if you don't like it you're shore hard to please. Finest of water, beef, lamb, venison, bear meat. Butter for our biscuits. An' milk! An' best of all—not very much work. Haw! Haw!"

"Where do we bunk?" asked Jim, presently.

"On the porch. I took to the attic myself."

"If you don't mind I'll keep my pack inside, but sleep out under the pines," responded Wall.

When at length Jim carried his effects up on the porch Hays spoke up: "Jim, here's the rest of my outfit. . . . Fellers, scrape acquaintance with Jim Wall, late of Wyoming."

That was all the introduction Hays volunteered. Jim replied: "Howdy," and left a return of their hard scrutiny until some other time.

Hays went at once into low-voiced conference with these four men. Happy Jack hauled up the supplies. Brad Lincoln occupied himself with his pack. Jim brought his own outfit to a far corner of the porch. Then he strolled among the pines seeking a satisfactory nook to unroll his bed.

Jim, from long habit, generated by a decided need of vigilance, preferred to sleep in covert like a rabbit, or any other animal that required protection.

At length he found a niche between two rocks, one of which was shelving, where pine needles furnished a soft mat underneath and the murmur of the brook just faintly reached him. Jim would not throw his bed where the noise of rushing water, or anything else, might preclude the service of his keen ears.

There was no step on his trail now, but he instinctively distrusted Lincoln, and would undoubtedly distrust one or more of these other men.

Hays exemplified the fact of honor among thieves. Jim had come to that conviction. This robber might turn out big in some ways. But could even he be trusted? Jim resolved to take no chances.

Not until the following morning did Jim Wall get a satisfactory scrutiny of the four members of Hays' outfit.

The eldest, who answered to the name of Mac, was a cadaverous-faced man, with eyes like a ghou.

"Wlar you from?" he asked Wall.

"Wyoming, last," replied Jim, agreeably.

by ZANE GREY

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"I ain't forgot him." "Wal, we set in a poker game with him one night. I was lucky. Stud took his losin' to heart, an' he shore tried to pick a fight. First he was goin' to draw on me, then shifted to Jim. An' Jim bluffed him out of throwin' a gun."

"How?" "Jim just said for Stud not to draw, as there wasn't a man livin' who could set at a table an' beat him to a gun."

"Most obligin' an' kind of you, Wall," remarked Smoky, with sarcasm, as he looked Jim over with certain eyes. "If you was so all-fired certain of that, why'd you tip him off?"

"I never shoot a man just because the chance offers," rejoined Jim coldly. There was a subtle intimation in this, probably not lost upon Slocum.

The greatest of gunmen were quiet, soft-spoken, sober individuals who never sought quarrels. Jim knew that his reply would make an enemy, even if Slocum were not instinctively one on sight. Respect could scarcely be felt by men like Slocum. Like a weasel he sniffed around Jim.

"You don't, eh?" he queried. "Wal, you strike me unfavorable."

"Thanks for being honest, if not complimentary," returned Jim.

Hays swore at his lieutenant: "Unfavorable, huh? Now why do you have to pop up with a dislike for him?"

"I didn't say it was dislike. Just unfavorable. No offense meant."

"Smoky," said Hays, "I won't have no grudges in this outfit. I've got the biggest deal on I ever worked out. There's got to be harmony among us."

But Smoky bobbin' up again my new man—that's serious. Now let's lay the cards on the table. . . . Jim, do you want to declare yourself?"

"I'm willing to answer questions—unless they get nasty," replied Jim, frankly.

"You got run out of Wyoming?" "No. But if I'd stayed on I'd probably stretched hemp."

"Hold up a stage or somebody?" "No. Once I helped hold up a bank. That was years ago."

"Bank robber! You're out of our class, Jim."

"Hardly that. It was my first and only crack at a bank. Two of us got away. Then we held up a train—blew open the safe in the express car."

"Smoky, I call it square of Wall," spoke up Hays. "He shore didn't need to come clean as that."

"It's all right," agreed Slocum, as if forced to fair judgment.

Hays plumped off the porch rail. "Now, fellers, we can get to work. Herrick puts a lot of things up to me, an' I ain't no cattleman. Jim, do you know the cattle game?"

"From A to Z," smiled Wall.

"Say, but I'm in-luck. We'll run the ranch now."

was tellin' you aboot," announced Hays, glibly. "Jim Wall, late of Wyoming. . . . Jim, meet the boss."

"How do you do, Mr. Wall," returned Herrick. "I understand you've had wide experience on ranches?"

"Yes, sir. I've been riding the range since I was a boy," replied Jim.

"Hays has suggested making you his foreman."

"That is satisfactory to me." "You are better educated than these other men. It will be part of your duties to keep my books."

"I've tackled that job before." "So I was tellin' the boys," interposed Hays.

"As I understand ranching," went on Herrick, "a foreman handles the riders. Now, as this ranching game is strange to me I'm glad to have a foreman of experience. My idea was to hire some gunmen along with the cowboys. Hays' name was given me at Grand Junction as the hardest nut in eastern Utah. It got noised about, I presume, for other men with reputations calculated to intimidate thieves applied to me. I took on Heeseman and his friends."

"But you really did not need go to the expense—and risk, I might add—of hiring Heeseman's outfit."

"Expense is no object. Risk, however—what do you mean by risk?" "Between ourselves, I strongly suspect that Heeseman is a rustler."

"By Jove! You don't say? This is ripping. Heeseman said the identical thing about Hays."

"Wal, Mr. Herrick, don't you worry none," interposed Hays, suavely. "Shore I don't take kind to what Heeseman called me to your face, but I can overlook it for the present. You see, if Heeseman is workin' for you he can't rustle as many cattle as if he wasn't. Anythin' come of that deal you had on with the Grand Junction outfit?"

"Yes. I received their reply the other day," rejoined Herrick. "By Jove, that reminds me. I had word from my sister, Helen. It came from St. Louis. She is coming through Denver and will arrive at Grand Junction about the fifteenth."

"Young girl—if I may ask?" added Jim.

"Young woman. Helen is twenty-two."

"Comin' for a little visit?" asked Hays.

"By Jove, it bids fair to be a life-long one," declared Herrick, as if pleased. "She wants to make Star ranch her home. We are devoted to each other. If she can stick it out in this bush I'll be jolly glad. Can you drive from Grand Junction in one day?"

"Shore. Easy with a buckboard an' a good team," replied Hays.

Herrick resumed his walk with Hays, leaving Jim to his own devices. Jim strolled around the corals, the sheds, down the lane between the pastures, out to the open range.

This Englishman's sister—this Helen Herrick—she would be coming to a remote, wild and beautiful valley. What would the girl be like? Twenty-two years old, strong, a horsewoman, and handsome—very likely blond, as was her brother! And Jim made a mental calculation of the ruffians in Herrick's employ. Eighteen!

After supper Hays leaned back and surveyed the company. "Fellers, we've a pow-wow on hand. Clear the table. Fetch another lamp. We'll lay out the cards an' some coin, so we can pretend to be settin' in a little game if anybody happens along. But the game we're really settin' in is the biggest ever dealt in Utah."

"Talk low, everybody," instructed Hays. "An' one of you step out on the porch now an' then. Heeseman might be slick enough to send a scout over here. 'Cause we're goin' to do that little thing to him. . . . Happy, dig up that box of cigars I've been savin'."

"Hank, trot out some champagne," jeered Brad Lincoln.

"Nothin' to drink, fellers," returned Hays. "We're a robber outfit. No arguin' or fightin'. . . . Any of you who doesn't like that can walk out now."

They were impressed by his cool force.

"All-right. Wal an' good. We're set," he went on. "Today I changed my mind about goin' s'ow with this job."

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

The Swiss Answer Back
Wise Mrs. Roosevelt
Our Trade Balance
This Is Good News

Switzerland is small but takes nothing "lying down." Every Swiss of fighting age is a reserve member of the Swiss army, with a rifle and ammunition that he can use. That encourages independence. Europe knows that it would cost more to conquer Switzerland than Switzerland would be worth. In addition, nobody would know how to run Swiss hotels, except the Swiss.

Recently Dr. Carl Barth, Swiss professor of theology at Bonn university, to which the former German kaiser was sent as a boy, was dismissed by Prussia's minister of culture, because Doctor Barth would not take the oath of personal loyalty to Hitler.

The Swiss government takes that up promptly, saying to Germany: "If you dismiss a Swiss teacher for political reasons, the Swiss government will immediately send home all German professors in Swiss universities."

No hemming and hawing there.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wise and energetic lady, advises giving small children as young as six or seven a weekly allowance, because it teaches them to be independent. They learn how to spend, when to save, what to pay, and grow up independent, self-reliant individuals.

That is a good thought that some wise professors high up in government might adopt.

If it is wise to teach individual independence to young children, why not encourage it in grown-up Americans. Instead of training them to spend the rest of their lives in any NRA baby carriage?

Again there is cheerfulness. United States exports since October were highest in three years. Uncle Sam sold \$206,352,000 worth of goods to other countries, \$78,723,000 less than he took in.

That is called a "favorable trade balance," and is supposed to be a good thing.

Asbit omen, but the French revolution started at a time when France, for the first time in a long while, found herself exporting more than she bought.

Edsel Ford, son of Henry, and a great help to his father as president of the Ford company, dined with President Roosevelt in Warm Springs, Ga., and told him the nation is "out of the trough."

The two Fords are good judges of returning prosperity. They expect to sell at least 1,000,000 other "Fords" this coming year.

Winthrop W. Aldrich, head of the New York Chase National bank, biggest private bank in the world, tells reporters in Seattle: "Business men and bankers in all the cities we have visited believe that there has been a real improvement since September."

Prosperity is climbing up, according to Mr. Aldrich, and he ought to know. He has on hand more than a billion dollars that he will gladly lend you, if you can prove your ability to pay it back.

Samuel Insull and sixteen co-defendants are acquitted of using the mails to defraud. A majority of the jury, which took two hours to decide, voted for acquittal from the start.

Apparently Mr. Insull might have avoided that tiring trip to Greece.

There is war talk with a meaning in Europe. Hungary is filled with rage because Yugoslavia accuses Hungarians of plotting the murder of King Alexander. The Hungarians are fighters, but not murderers.

England and France are agitated by alleged news that Germany is arming with all possible speed, regardless of the Versailles treaty.

There are a dozen causes for war floating around Europe, and no particular cause for peace, except that no nation could well afford another war—Uncle Sam's pockets being tightly buttoned, at present.

Senator Nye, an earnest man, devoted to peace, but not at "any price," asks the big United Aircraft company just what it has in mind in its constant expansion in production and betterment of airplanes.

The senator seems to fear that United Aircraft has in mind the possibility of war.

Let us all hope that it has exactly that in mind, and that a government showing little energy or initiative of its own in air defense will at least appreciate help from private initiative.

New Jersey draws a panel of 150, 63 of them women, for the Lindbergh kidnaping and murder trial. The authorities, without being specific, say they have evidence against Bruno Richard Hauptmann not revealed to the public. Hauptmann's lawyers would probably prefer all men on the jury. Women feel more keenly than men do about kidnaping children.

When President Roosevelt says he means to give the people of the United States cheap power, he means it. At Warm Springs he has been working on a broad national program for cheap power. It is understood that he will not be "too drastic," but he will give the people what they need.

Next in importance to free air and free water is cheap power.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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Lesson for December 9

THE CHRISTIAN AS TEACHER

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 7:24-29;
Acts 18:24-28.

GOLDEN TEXT—Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.—II Timothy 2:15.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Our Teacher.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus the Great Teacher.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Learning From the Master Teacher. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Teaching Church.

It seems that the lesson committee decided upon a title and then sought texts to fit it. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to make the texts fit the title. Regardless of the strained effort required to make this adjustment, two vitally practical Scripture passages are before us from which to set forth vital truths. The following practical lesson plan is suggested.

I. Jesus the Master Teacher (Matt. 7:24-29).

1. His method of teaching (vv. 24-27). In his application of the so-called Sermon on the Mount Jesus used a most striking simile, namely, the two foundations.

a. The house built on a rock (vv. 24-25). This house endured the storms and flood because of its secure and abiding foundation. The wise builder will see to it that a safe foundation is provided before he proceeds to erect his house.

b. The house built on the sand (vv. 26-27). This house collapsed with the impact of the storms and flood because its foundation was insecure. The foolish builder is the man who proceeds to build his house without consideration of the importance of the foundation.

By house in this figure is doubtless meant human life and character. And by rock is meant the teachings of Christ. Every man is building a house. The fact of building is true of every human being. The supreme difference is not in the men who build or the material used in the building, but in the foundation upon which they build. The foundation determines everything so far as man's destiny is concerned. A time of testing will surely come to every life. The matter of importance is as to whether we are building upon the foundation which will withstand the coming storms and flood. The one who builds upon the words of Jesus Christ is eternally secure.

2. The impression made (vv. 28-29). The people were astonished. The content of Christ's teaching as well as his manner of teaching was in contrast with that of the scribes. The teaching of the scribes consisted in the repetition of the words of others, while Christ's teaching was in his own words. The Christian teacher should give forth a positive and certain message because he sets forth the inerrant and eternal words of Christ the living God.

II. Apollus the Teacher Who Needed to Be Taught (Acts 18:24-28).

Apollus is a striking example of many Christian leaders today. Many are gifted, energetic, and highly trained, and yet are ignorant of the real Christian message and Pentecostal grace.

1. Who he was (v. 24). He was an Alexandrian Jew, highly cultured, carefully instructed in the Old Testament Scriptures, energetic and eloquent. He was a believer in Jesus Christ, even familiar with his life and teaching.

2. What he lacked (v. 25). He was only a disciple of John the Baptist. He was therefore ignorant of the meaning of Christ's death, resurrection, ascension, and the gift of the Spirit as outpoured at Pentecost. There are striking parallels to this today in the Christian church. We have many good men eloquent and highly cultured who know only "the baptism of John." They insist upon the integrity of men in public life, social justice, and even call upon men to repent of their sins, but they seem to know nothing of the meaning of the death of Christ, the necessity of the new birth by the Spirit, and the Pentecostal gift. They are pleading for social justice and a higher standard of ethics, seemingly not knowing that these are by-products of the gospel and are meaningless and impossible without the proclamation of the gospel of Christ which centers in the person and work of the divine Saviour.

3. Who instructed Apollus (v. 26). Priscilla and Aquila, humble Christian tent-makers, were instrumental in showing the great preacher his ignorance and leading him into the truth.

4. Result of his ministry (vv. 27-28). He was provided with credentials and had a fruitful ministry. He mightily convinced the Jews showing that Jesus was the Messiah.

God Is Everywhere
"If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me."

Headed Right
By being true to the moral conscience your face is set in the right direction; it is turned towards Zion.

Use a Ladder
"They that have not wings to mount must use a ladder to climb."—Calvin.

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9135

A two-piece frock is nice for a number of reasons, one of the best being that it affords such an excellent opportunity for the combination of different fabrics. Take this design—you can make it entirely of wool with just buttons and a belt buckle for trimming, or you can make it with, for instance, a plaid wool skirt and a plain velveteen blouse, repeating one of the most attractive shades in the plaid. However you make it up, the well-cut skirt with its smart kick-pleats and the becoming lines of the blouse will appear to advantage!

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SMILES

QUITE RARE

Snoop—Truth is stranger than fiction. Slink—Maybe it only seems stranger because it's so much scarcer.—Pathfinder Magazine.

License

Ole—I bane want a license. Clerk—What kind? A hunting license? Ole—No, Aye tank Aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want a marriage license.—Chelsea Record.

As Usual

Employer—While I'm away you will take your orders from the mistress, Gies. Gardener—Yes, sir—same as if you was at home.—London Tit-Bits.

Lucky Man

Aphasia Victim—I can't remember who I am or where I live, but here's my wife's photograph. Cop (looking at it)—You're a lucky man.

WNU-7

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The Leader

