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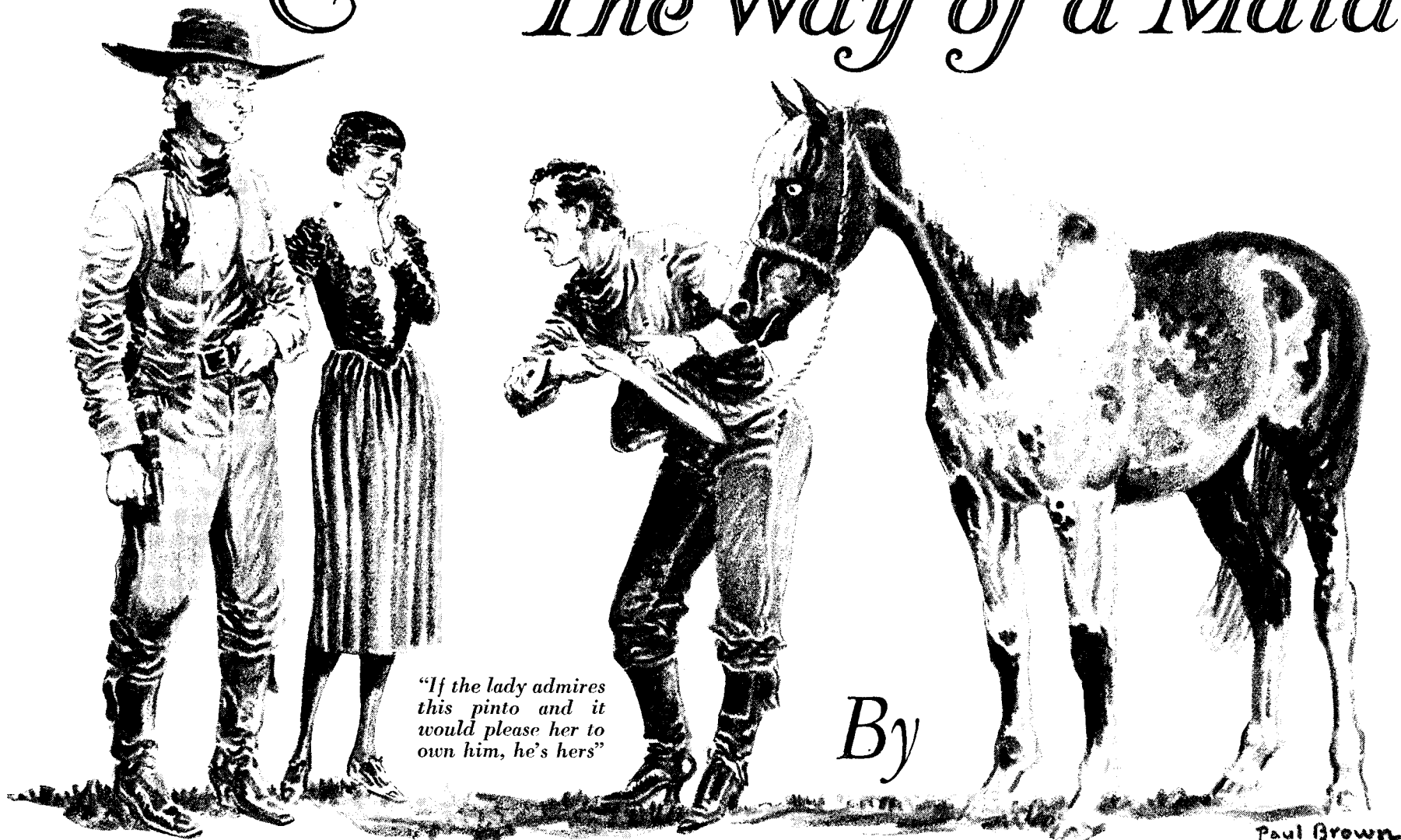
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The Way of a Maid



By

Paul Brown

PETER B. KYNE

Dad Tully, who couldn't stand girls who cooed at him, tells why he never married

"I SEE by the papers," remarked Dad Tully, owner of the 70 Ranch, as he sat in his veranda and gazed out across his domain, the while he sipped his first alfalfa cocktail, "that society's making quite a to-do about companionate marriages—whatever they're supposed to be. In fact, never having been a married man myself, I ain't informed on even the common or garden variety o' matrimony. And," he added ironically, "I got to admit that mighty few o' my married friends are either."

Dad is one of those thoughtful souls who read the newspapers from first page to last, including the classified advertisements. "I been a-perusin' of this here personal column," he went on. "Listen to this, son:

"Jim. Come back: all a hideous mistake. I love you. Your wife, Mildred."

"A first-class writin' man might make a short story out o' that, only I reckon his story'd be too commonplace."

"My wife, Cora Jane Tilson, having left my bed and board at 2344 Benson Boulevard, this city, I will no longer be responsible for any bills she may contract. John R. Tilson."

"Hurrah for John! I suppose he couldn't get up courage enough to stop the woman until she'd left him. (At that her action's probably a bluff to bring him to time.) Here's another:

"Wanted: Information regarding the whereabouts of Henry J. Catlow of Marysville, Calif., and last heard of in

Yerrington, Nevada. Address Mrs. Henry J. Catlow, Marysville, Calif."

"I suppose Mrs. Catlow's tryin' to run Henry down to collect a lot o' back alimony. Now, as near as I can make out, Judge Lindsey'd claim that if these folks had been allowed, by law, to follow out this companionate marriage idea, the chances are they'd be livin' happily together right now. When folks know they can cut the rope whenever they feel like it and git a divorce without framin' up a lot o' fool charges agin each other, the chances are they'll pull together like a good honest team. Zing, bring another one o' them alfalfa cocktails."

Zing, his Chinese cook, valet and friend, obeyed silently and Dad resumed: "I come right near gittin' spliced once, when I was young an' reckless an' liked takin' chances." He chuckled softly at the remembrance. "I hope to tell you I was that deep in love I was goin' around with a sweet pain in my heart an' that jealous o' Chaiky Riddle I used to lie awake nights wonderin' was it best to hire Chaiky killed or do the job myself. Whichever modus operandi got Chaiky into the cemetery

would have been satisfactory to me. I had the desire but lacked the courage."

I remained discreetly silent, for I realized Dad Tully was about to dig deep into his checkered past, and when Dad does that the tale is apt to bear listening to.

I WAS manager for old Milk Mulford's ranch, the Double M, in them days, down in Grant County, New Mexico [he began]. We was running sixty thousand or more head o' longhorns over a

million acres, with enough Apache Indians prowling around to give life an edge; I was risin' twenty-two, with a hundred an' fifty riders under me, an' I thought I was some punkins. Which, come to look at it now, an' considerin' the class of useless young fellers our modern colleges are turnin' out, I reckon I was. The office o' the ranch was in Deming, where I'd spend two or three days a month when I come to town to order supplies, draw money for the pay roll an' have a conference with the old man, who, by the way, is my foster father an' the local banker. New Mexico's mighty sparsely settled in them days, but

there's a right smart sprinklin' o' likely-lookin' damsels in Deming which I know, although none of 'em interest me any more'n their mothers do, until I meet up with Amelia Caxton, called Meely for short.

Before introducin' you to Meely, however, I reckon I'd better go back a piece an' tell you how come I have this rare privilege thrust upon me. I'm out at the Double M ranch one summer evenin', a-settin' in the porch watchin' the swallers dipplin' in an' out of a little pond at the base o' the windmill, pickin' up mud for their nests. The windmill is turnin' over lazy-like, groanin' softly to each

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roll, the last light o' day is yellowin' the peaks to the east, an' I'm what you might call well content with myself an' not wishful for visitors. Presently my eye lights on a lone rider comin' across the plain toward me, an' even though he's a mile off I can see his horse is plumb tuckered out an' it's a toss-up whether the critter makes the ranch or lies down off yonder to die. So I set there, a-wonderin' what kind o' cowwaddie this feller is, not to git off his horse an' walk that last mile, an' makin' bets with the range boss as to the outcome. The latter figures the rider's crippled.

I lose. The horse makes the grade, an' while he's slakin' his thirst at the waterin' trough his rider dismounts an' comes up on the porch. We receive him coldly, notin' at the same time he's not a cowman, not in no sense o' the word. "Good evenin', gentlemen," says he. "May I trouble you for a little advice regardin' this here horse o' mine? He don't act quite natural. As I have to ride quite a piece tonight, I figgered I'd drop in an' see could you boys tell me what ails him."

"How far have you ridden him without water, mister?" I says.

"Only forty mile."

"Well, that's a-plenty. An' he wasn't much of a horse to start with. He's tuckered out. You can't ride him another mile. When a horse hangs his head low an' scuffles his feet he's fixin' to drop from exhaustion."

"How very remarkable!" says this pilgrim. "Also, how very unfortunate. Could I buy a meal here, by any chance?"

I overlook his insult because I see right off he's a stranger to New Mexico. "No," I says, "this ain't no restauraw, but folks usually ride up an' turn their mounts loose in the corral to nibble at the feed rack, after which they wash up an' enter the mess hall without asking questions or talkin' about pay. I'll have the cook feed you an' show you your room. Henry here will look after your horse."

I WOULDN'T have asked him his name or his business for a farm, but right off he tells me both. He's a circle rider—the Rev. Josiah Hink, an' he's aimin' to git to Tejuunga late that night so's he can hold a meetin' there the followin' morning, which is Sunday. I blast his hopes on that point. "Which you're unarmed an' cold meat for even an Apache squaw," I tell him. "It's twelve mile over to Tejuunga, an' if you try makin' it in the dark you'll git lost sure as death an' taxes. Rest here tonight an' at daylight I'll give you a fresh horse an' ride over with you to see the Injuns don't skelp you an' send you whoopin' home to your Maker before your app'inted time."

He thanks me kindly and wants to know what I'm a-goin' to charge him for the hoss.

"Nothin'," I says. "We got more hosses'n we can count an' don't set a greater value on 'em than five dollars a head, broke. I'll give you a right smart mustang for the honor an' glory of Him you represent."

"The Lord will reward this kindness to His servant," says the Rev. Josiah Hink. "I accept with gratitude."

I ask him about his method o' ridin' circle, which it's bound to differ a heap from a cowman's method o' doin' the same, an' he tells me he just floats over the country, spreadin' the Word wherever he thinks it's needed or welcome;

that once a month he holds services in Deming. I gather that his collections is mighty slim an' that bein' a circuit rider's certainly a hard, unprofitable job. Converts don't come any too easy in a cow country.

Well, I tuck this pilgrim into bed, a-marvelin' at his innocence, an' at the crack o' dawn we're off for Tejuunga. An', as luck would have it, a couple o' redskins parked on top of a butte crack down on us an' kill the horse I've given the preacher. I drag him in behind some rocks an' tell him to lay there, whilst I go gunnin' for them Apaches.

PRETTY soon one shows himself agin the sky line, an' from a rest I get him at five hundred yards. Then I move up an arroyo till I git a view o' the other side o' that butte, an' to prove that God's friendly to a young feller with a kindly Christian sperrit, I spot the other Apache comin' down that slope. So I make a good Injun out of him, after which I locate their ponies tied in some mesquite an' bring 'em both back to the Rev. Josiah Hink.

"Here, Reverend," I says, "is a good Indian paint pony for you, with an extra pony so you'll have a change when the pinto's tired an' starts hangin' his head."

"Where'd you git him?" says the Reverend.

"I killed his late owners an' helped myself," I says. "Did you think Santa Claus give them to me?"

"It is written in the Good Book, 'Thou shalt not kill,'" he says, starin' at me horrified. But I pay no attention to him an' cinch his saddle on the pinto.

"It's the custom in this country to tunnel any Injun that kills a parson's horse an' delays the services," I says. "Fork him, Reverend, an' we'll still reach Tejuunga before the congregation has time to git nervous."

I'm not inclined to attend his services until I see he ain't goin' to have more'n two dozen in his audience, corral count, whereupon I decide to boost his game by my presence. An' I'm right glad I do, for who should be playin' the little portable organ but Amelia Caxton! Also, she's quaverin' in a sweet little voice Shall We Gather at the River, in which she's bein' ably supported by Chalky Riddle, which Chalky, so-

called because he's almost as blond as a pink rabbit, is the ridin' boss for the Lazy S. Chalky's a decent enough feller, an' havin' a keen eye for mavericks he's slowly buildin' up a herd of his own. But I know Chalky ain't got no more religion in him than a hoptoad, so right off I realize he's my hated rival, an' forthwith I hate him, although previously we've been good friends.

When the contribution plate passes around Chalky drops a five-spot in it, most ostentatious, an' Amelia gives him a grateful glance. Then the plate is shoved under my nose, so I raise the ante on Chalky by droppin' in a ten-spot. Whereupon Chalky knows me for his hated rival, an' we're off to

a fair start an' no favor.

This here circuit rider gives us a generous helping of hell fire an' pays his respects to all the saloons in Tejuunga. But he don't impress Chalky Riddle an' me none, because we don't believe him. We both know we've been born with more savvy than he's goin' to have the longest day he lives. Still, we're tolerant of him because we knows he means well.

After services Chalky Riddle marches out with Meely

a-totally oblivious of my presence an' aimin' to take Meely over to the hotel for lunch before I horn in on his play. "Ain't you a-goin' to introduce me, Chalky, you varmint?" I says to him in Spanish, an' he replied in the same language: "You git your introductions the same way I did—by playin' the preacher's game—hard. You saw me Gatherin' at the River, didn't you?" "I seen you wal-

"Books with stories in 'em about cowboys," he yells and tosses the lot into a near-by barranca. "My Lord, the money I've wasted on such trash!"



lerin' in it," I says. "As for playin' the parson's game, I housed him an' fed him last night, give him breakfast an' a well-reined hoss, escorted him here, killed two Apaches that tried to murder him en route, bored myself by attendin' service an' dropped a ten-spot on the plate."

"The race ain't always to the swiftest, Jed. Sorry." An' he sweeps on, majestic as hell, with Meely at his side a-lookin' up into his ice-cream face like he was one of the prophets. So I drop back an' pull in alongside the Rev. Josiah Hink.

"Reverend," says I, "would you be so kind an' neighborly as to give me a introduction to that holy, lovely young woman that played the organ so beautiful?"

"Why, I don't know her, Mr. Tully," says the Reverend.

"The hell you don't," I says. "I seen you shakin' hands with her an' Chalky Riddle."

"My dear boy, that's a preacher's license. We don't have to know 'em just because we handshake 'em. That means, I suppose, we're all children o' the Lord together."

"Well, in that event, Reverend, I reckon I'll be ridin' back to the ranch,"

I says. "But before I go let me give you a little advice. Hereafter when you're ridin' circle, you water your

hoss at every water hole, an' don't be in such a hell-fired hurry to serve the Lord you forget that the merciful man is merciful to his beast. That pinto pony I give you is all hoss, otherwise his late Apache owner leaves him at home when he goes on the war path. Feed that pony grain, an' he'll stand an' all-day pursuit; if you must travel alone, wear a six-shooter an' carry a late model repeatin' rifle an' a hundred rounds of ammunition, a canteen o' water an' a resolute sperrit."

"I may not accept these ponies," says he. "They ain't yours to give. You could have mounted me behind you when those poor benighted heathens killed my horse; we could have got to Tejuanga all safe without the necessity o' sendin' them ignorant souls to their Maker before I'd had time to work on 'em."

I WAS hoppin' mad. I says: "In the first place, my horse don't carry double—not without protest—an' when he protests the feller ridin' double is out o' luck. Moreover, if we'd run for it with a double burden, them Apaches would have concluded we was unarmed or scared; they'd have come after us, and I'd have had to fight it out with 'em to save your life an' mine on ground not o' my choosin' an' not so well adapted to defense."

"If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn unto him the left," he insists. "I will pray for your sinful soul." An' with that he bows an' leaves me with nary a word of appreciation for what I'd done for him. I reckon he figgers that's the Lord's business an' if there's any credit comin' to me the Lord will see that I git it.

I walk over to the hitchin' rack to git my own horse an' the two prizes o' war, an' there stands Chalky Riddle an' Meely, lookin' the paint pony over an' Meely a-pattin' him an' declarin' he's the most beautiful thing she ever seed an' a-wonderin' if she's ever goin' to be lucky enough, now that she's took up her residence in the Far West, to have a sweet pony like this one to ride. As a matter of fact, this Apache pony's a real prize. He's fifteen hands high, weighs close to eleven hundred, not a blemish on him, slick as a mouse, with perfect conformation an' perfect hoofs. Some place back in his ancestry an Arab stallion has figgered, an' this pinto's a throwback. I'd tried him out before permittin' the Reverend to fork him, so I know he's well-broke, with the disposition of a friendly pup.

Chalky Riddle don't see me approachin', but I'm close enough to hear him makin' his approach. "You want that pinto, Miss Amelia?" he says. "Then, by gravy, you're a-goin' to get him. We'll wait here until his owner shows up, an' I'll buy him for you."

"Oh, Mr. Riddle!" says Meely an' clasps his arm in both her little hands. "You're won-derful. The doctor told me, when he sent me to New Mexico for my health, to do all the horseback ridin' I could stand. But I haven't been able to afford a horse—an' oh, I do love this dar-r-r-lin'." The way she rolled out that word, "darlin'," you'd have swore doves was cooin'.

"Which I'm the owner o' this here

pinto, Chalky," I says, "an' he's not for sale."

"Don't be a dog, Jed," says Chalky. "You know blamed well you wouldn't ride circle with this horse on a bet. He's too prominent. He don't blend into the countryside worth a hoot, an' the first thing you know you'll be offering a beautiful target for some Apache. I'll give you ten dollars for him."

I disregard his vain remarks, remove my sombrero an' bow low to Meely. "Which if the lady admires this pinto an' it would give her a moment's pleasure to own him, he's hers this minute, with the compliments of Jed Tully, manager o' the Double M ranch, an' a risin' young cowman in these parts."

"I'm Amelia Caxton," says Meely, an' puts out her hand. Chalky turns green back o' the ears. "I thank you so much, Mr. Tully, but really I couldn't accept such a valuable present."

"Valuable nothin', Miss Meely," I says. "This critter don't cost me nothin', unless you figger a trifle o' two ca'tridges." An' I tell her how come I accumulate the pinto. Meely looks at me sort o' horrified, like I'm a red-handed murderer, seein' which Chalky takes her by the arm.

"Come with me, Miss Meely," he says. "Folks'll talk if they see you associatin' on terms of familiarity with a man whose hands is drippin' with human blood."

"Which an Apache ain't human," I come back at him. "An' for that matter, last week you an' one o' your riders not only knocked over four o' them renegades that jumped you ridin' circle, but you skelped 'em an' tried to get a bounty on the skelps from the commandin' officer over to Fort Grant. I didn't skelp mine. I got some finer feelin's. Besides, I killed in self-defense, an' to preserve to this sinful community an humble worker in the vineyard o' the Lord, to wit, the Rev. Josiah Hink. Miss Meely, you ask the Reverend, an' if his story differs from mine, then you don't have to take this pinto."

SO MISS MEELY goes back to the meetin' house an' asks the Reverend, an' upon returnin' says she allows mebbe it was O. K. for me to kill the Apaches, since they was hell-bent on killin' us, but she had her doubts about the validity o' helpin' myself to the estate o' deceased.

"Well, you take the pinto temporary, Miss Meely," I urge.

"Well, I live in Deming, Mr. Tully," says Meely. "I just come up on the train this mornin' to play the organ an' lead the choir. How ever am I to get him into Deming?"

"I'll ship him in for you," says Chalky.

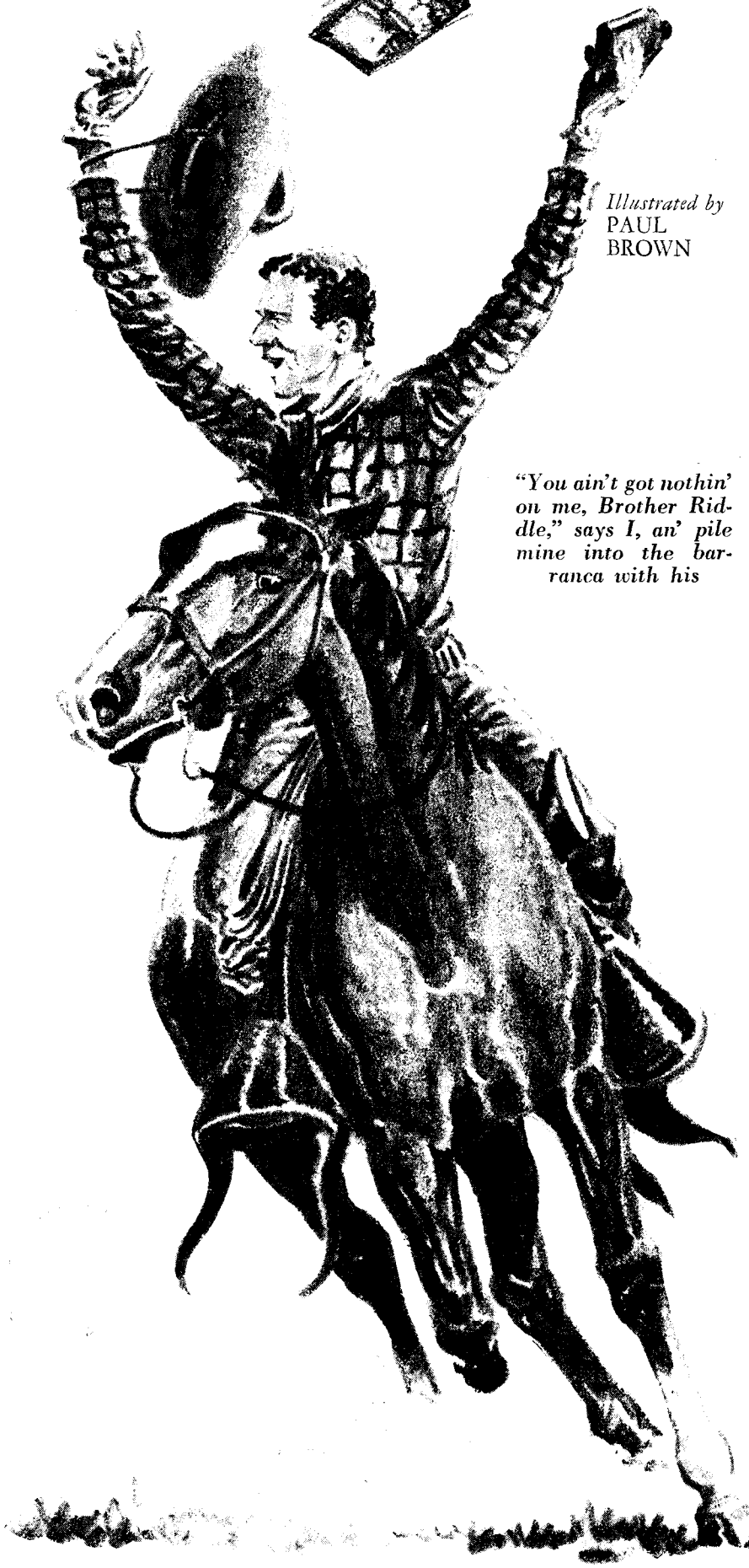
"I'll ride in an' lead him for you," I shoot back, "an' what's more, I'll do it now. Where'll I leave him?"

Meely sticks her finger on her lip an' looks up at me like a dyin' fawn. It's plain she's troubled in her mind. "Mr. Tully," she says finally, "I'd love to own this lovely horse, but the fact is I can't afford to maintain him. An' the parson says you ain't got no legal right to him. Of course, that's a debatable question—"

"I tell you how we'll settle it, Miss Meely," I interrupt. "I'll take this pinto to Deming an' turn him in with the thoroughbred horses my foster father, Milt Mulford, maintains on a little irrigated (Continued on page 45)

Illustrated by
PAUL
BROWN

"You ain't got nothin' on me, Brother Riddle," says I, an' pile mine into the baranca with his



Yes that See

By GRANTLAND RICE

SOME years ago a Harvard scout made a close study of Yale's offense in two or three earlier games. In planting his detective eye on the Yale attack the Harvard scout noticed that one or two of the Yale backs had developed the habit of turning the feet slightly in the direction the play was going. The tip to watch certain Yale feet as the signal was called was enough to cripple the Blue running game, and Harvard won, but it took a rather keen eye to get it—the type of eye that not many have.

Few pairs of

Open your eyes:
then Tommy Armour
will be no
mystery to you



Wide World

Jack Delaney's trained eye spotted Tiger Flowers' one weakness

eyes ever see anything but the outlines of the picture or the general run of a story. Yet by observing details the eye can teach a useful lesson by furnishing the right pattern to follow, for those who know how to look.

"In teaching golf," says Jim Barnes, winner of two open championships, "I take my pupil around the course and make him watch my method of playing each shot. I may play the same shot over two or three times until the picture has registered. Then I ask him to play the shot, as nearly as he can, in the same way.

"This system gives him freedom of movement. He is on the offensive and not the defensive. He has got his lesson from the eye rather than through the ear. I have found it more effective in improving average play than anything else I have tried."

Few in any big golf gallery ever give the eye a chance to teach a lesson. Only a few study Bobby Jones' foot action, for example, his method of pivoting and the position of his hands at the top of the swing.

There were several thousand spectators around the last green at Oakmont as Tommy Armour studied his 10-foot putt, needed to tie Harry Cooper for the U. S. open. There was breathless stillness as Armour addressed the ball. Yet there were not fifty who saw how Armour took back his putting blade and how completely still his head and body were held without any show of stiffness. They merely watched the putter and the ball.

The drama, of course, lay in the path of the ball—either into the cup or just a breath to the right or left. And that drama completely obscured the form and method of stroke making.

I recall another occasion at Braeburn, where Walter Hagen had a 10-foot putt to win the U. S. open. His ball hit the back of the cup—and hopped out, leaving him tied with Mike Brady.

"Well, he gave the ball a chance, anyway," the general comment ran.

"Did you notice," said one keen-eyed Scot, "that Hagen jabbed that putt in place of using his usual smooth, even stroke? He gave the ball a chance, but the cut or spin on it threw it out." (I too had missed that.)

The detective eye is a great thing for those who wish to be informed or those who wish to improve their play.

"How did you happen to take the stance you use at bat?" I asked Babe Ruth one day.

"I watched Joe Jackson's swing at every chance and then I began to watch his feet.

"I saw he had his right foot well advanced, with his left well back. I saw this gave him a chance to get in a big-

ger turn, a better chance to make that bat whistle because his hands and his left shoulder had a bigger arc to work in. And it all came from the way he planted his feet.

"I decided to try the same thing. Only I went further than Jackson did. I put my left foot still farther back of my right until they were almost in a straight line, with the back of my right shoulder toward the pitcher. This gave me an even bigger body turn and added just that much more to the wallop.

The Eye as a Winner

"YOUR eyes can show you a lot," Ruth added, "if you'll only use them. A smart pitcher will cover up or hold every ball the same way, but others tip you off by changing their grip on the ball or the position of their feet or by some other slight sign."

Which recalls the fact that Christy Mathewson used to pitch to the position of Hans Wagner's feet at the plate, and meeting any change with a fast one, curve or fade-away. No smarter pitcher ever threw a ball. If anyone ever had the detective eye, it was Big Six of the old-time Giants, who could tell you what anyone could and what anyone couldn't hit. He had the type of eye and intelligence which takes in the important details and sends its message direct to the brain.

Tunney has the detective eye. Dempsey hasn't. The old Manassa Mauler's idea is to surge in and wham. One system in the ring to him was the same as another. Tunney makes a careful study of each leading fighter's style. He knows what to look for.

Jack Delaney is another keen observer. When he met the late Tiger Flowers he noticed early in the action that while the Tiger kept his left jaw guarded with a protective glove he had

Only a few stars have the detective eye. But it makes champions, and the student of sport should have it

a habit of slightly dropping this guard when a left hook reached the body. So along about the fourth round Delaney hooked a left to the body, fainted another left and then shot the right for the uncovered jaw. This was the knock-out.

Delaney's trained eye had detected the one weakness in Flowers' defense which others had never seen.

How many watching Walter Johnson pitch have ever followed the deep backward sweep of his right hand and arm and the sudden bend of the right wrist just before he starts the forward movement? Yet this is one of the main reasons for his tremendous speed and his almost perfect timing of a throw.

The entire sporting whirl is full of interesting detail open to the detective type of eye.

I had watched Bill Tilden play tennis for three or four years before some old-time tennis star suggested one day that I watch Big Bill's foot action. It was something to look at, the uncanny way he had of apparently being out of balance and then landing on his feet as a cat lands, ready to move anywhere.

The observing eye is most needed in football. There you have the rapid movement of twenty-two men, frequently in many different directions.

One of the best detective eyes in football belonged to Charley Buell, the Harvard quarterback. He could tell in a flash what each defensive position was and what changes had been made as he was calling the next attack.

In the Princeton-Ohio State game the Ohio quarter noticed Miles of Princeton playing somewhat deep, back down the field. He called a diagonal forward pass to Criss along the sidelines, 25 yards away from Miles. But as Criss caught the ball Miles hit him and drove him out of bounds. One field general doesn't know yet how Miles covered twenty-five yards in about two seconds.

Use the eye as your instructor. It can be a good one.



P. & A.

Watch his right wrist: it solves the mystery of Walter Johnson