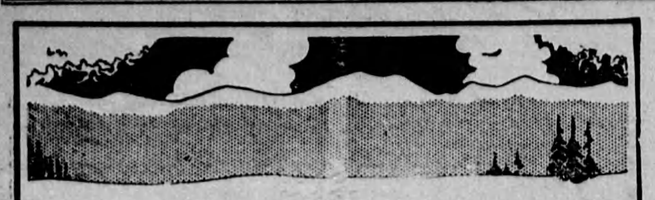

Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON·COLE

SYNOPSIS

Chapte IV: The red-headed avenger arrives in Paisano Valley and the village of Luna Roja where Garvin lives. Cautiously gaining entrance to Garvin's home, Valdez finds himself before the closed door of Raymond Garvin's office.

CHAPTER V

His lips tightened grimly, Behind that door was one of the men he had hunted so relentlessly for five years.

He threw open the door and stepped into the office, both hands dropping to the silver-decorated holsters of his heavy six-guns. He closed the door behind him and leaned carelessly against the wall beside it as slowly, mockingly, he removed the scarlet handkerchief, revealing his face.

The man before him did not exactly face him, for Raymond Garvin had his back to the door through which El Caballero Rojo had quietly entered.

Never would he forget that cadaverous face, the lips that were pale brown lines over discolored vulpine teeth, the man the youth of eighteen had instantly pictured when he had heard his father whisper his name. Garvin's hair was now sparse and gray, for the years of continued brutality had not dealt lightly with this ruthless man.

* * *

But one thing had not changed —his love of gold. Even believing himself alone, his movements were quick and furtive as he fingered a gold piece from a stack in front of him.

With abruptness he seemed to sense that he was not alone. He spun half around in his chair to glare at the red-headed man who stood against the wall. Garvin's piercing green eyes below the overhanging brows were shot with sudden accusing anger.

"What do you want here?" he barked. "Who are you anyway—and how did you get in?"

El Iaballero Rojo laughed. It was low, harsh laughter that ceased on an ominous note.

"I've come to settle the affairs of the de Cuevas place up the valley," he said tightly. "Maybe one or two other things while I'm about it."

"The de Cuevas place?" Garvin's fingers beat a tattoo on the desk. "Umm, let me see . . . Oh, yes, the de Cuevas place down the valley." He added sharply, "I know the place now, but there is no longer any chance for discussion about it. The bank has foreclosed. I—er—the bank has already taken over the property — the case is closed."

* * *

"But the case is not closed," El Caballero Rojo drawled meaningfully. "Because I'm right here now to reopen it. Two lives were taken this morning on that little rancho. All the money you have to your name can't give them back. But"—his shrug brought fresh glitter in the lamplight from his conchas and silver trappings—"I still can take your money from you to help all the other folks you've cheated and robbed hereabouts."

While the man sat at the desk as if paralyzed, the unwelcome visitor's voice grew commanding as he pointed to the safe.

"Open that!" he ordered.

Raymond Garvin's slack mouth gaped as he stared into the hard, cold eyes of the man who confronted him.

The land hog, the man who had demanded usurious interest from the peons who had trusted him, who had over and over sold the land he had taken back from his devastated victims, cringed.

He got up from the desk and approached the safe in the wall back of the desk at which he had been sitting. He knelt before the big iron box, spun the dial and threw open the safe door. His hand went inside it toward a row of labeled drawers. It came out suddenly—and as it moved, an arm clad in a silver-braided sleeve reached over his shoulder. The hand at the end of the arm gripped the gun clutched in the banker's hand.

"I thought you were entirely too willing to open up the safe for me," said the red-headed man. Then his tone grew grim, menacing. "Now bring out the money—quick. And every cent you've got cached in there! And every blessed mortgage you've got in any of those labeled drawers! Quick, I said, I've got a nervous trigger finger."

Once his clumsy trick at trying to outwit El Caballero Rojo had backfired, Raymond Garvin had no choice. It was obey or be killed. The muzzle of the gun that bored into Garvin's back sent shivers down his spine.

Trembling in every limb, a ruthless man gone cowardly when his own skin was menaced, he brought out what he was ordered to produce, under the watchful eyes behind the steady gun. A heavy bag of coins was plopped on the floor, then stacks of currency. Then the long reaching arm, exploring the safe, brought out a stack of folded papers bearing red seals.

"These papers won't do you any good, you devilish red-headed outlaw!" Raymond Garvin burst out in fury as he threw the last of the lot on the floor. "You can't collect on 'em — nobody can but me! And—"

"And you neither can, nor will!" Valdez snapped. "Now dig out that yellow-backed box down there in the corner of the safe. It looks like a letter file from where I stand, and I'd be plenty interested in reading your personal mail."

* * *

Garvin reluctantly did as he was ordered, and the man holding the gun on him took one hand to pick up the box and lay it on the desk beside the other loot. Garvin got waveringly to his feet and turned to face the red-headed menace.

"You don't think you're going to get away with this, do you?" he burst out furiously. "You won't! Because you'll never get out of here alive—not out of this place! Unless you kill me in cold blood—"

"Which I'm not aiming to do, not just at present—unless you plumb forget to keep your shirt on," drawled the red-headed man. Then his voice grew hard and cold. "I'd like to know the name of the man you're working for, Senor Garvin. What's more, I want to know where to find him—and mean to know, savvy?"

"You're loco," Garvin growled, "I haven't any boss, nobody I'm beholden to. I run my own business, and—"

"Give me the name, Garvin," Valdez said wearily. "You should know I mean to have it—because maybe you know who I am by now."

"Who hasn't heard of El Caballero Rojo?" sneered Garvin. "The road agent, the imitation Robin Hood, so thoughtful for the oppressed —when it gets him anything! Masquerading in a lot of Spanish gewgaws and a red handkerchief over his face!"

* * *

"Listen, Raymond Garvin!" Valdez said coldly. "Many would like to know just who I am. I'm going to tell you—here and now. Maybe you'll be particularly interested. My name is Michael Valdez y O'Brien. V-a-l-d-e-z! Savvy that? Does that name mean anything to you?"

The self-appointed banker's eyes went wide with sudden shock as he heard the name. A flickering tongue wet his thin, brown lips. His glance darted to the window as if only now he had fully realized that he was trapped. But in the face of that glittering gun held steadily on his middle he could make no move.

"I don't know any such name," he said surily. "Never heard of it in my life."

"Then I'll help you to remember," Valdez said coldly. "The story is all about the time about five years ago when you and a couple of your partners were in the business of freighting settlers into a new valley you were opening up, down not far from the border. Funny thing what trials and tribulations those settlers had. Just one misfortune after another—like as if a curse was pursuing them. Then one day a man named Valdez began to wonder just why it was that all these folks should be so unlucky . . ."

(To Be Continued)

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On 'CERTAIN DAYS' of The Month!

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Young Husband Offers Chart For Happiness

I'VE ONLY had the pleasure of following your column for a short time," writes a young husband. I'd like to congratulate you on the valuable advice you give young folks who are dating, courting and preparing for marriage.

But what about after marriage? People must work just as hard for happiness then. I feel that couples marry with every intention of being good husbands and wives, and want to point their efforts in the right direction. In many cases, we must learn by the trial-and-error method. The question isn't: Who is right. It is: "What is right.

"Please correct me if I am wrong but—as I see it—the Art of Love, so far as the man is concerned, is the art of pleasing his wife. The woman's love is the art of luring and enchanting the husband, while leaving to him the aggressive role appropriate to the male.

● **THE BIBLE SAYS—**

"AS the Bible states, 'Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband. How couples can apply this to every day living should make valuable information for them."

I agree with you that if wife and husband kept in mind the constant need of pleasing the other, the divorce courts would have little business. And as you say, it is What is right that is the vital question. So many rules of human conduct are written so simply in the Bible that any intelligent person can apply them personally! During and since the war, I learn that daily Bible-reading has increased tremendously, and I wish with all my heart that the habit became universal. The wisdom, and the comfort, of the ages is ours for the seeking.

Marriage uncovers hidden faults in the best of us. Daily association with each other shows us how to deal with them and, as we try, we cultivate patience and understanding, tolerance and true charity. So, we can make married life a thrilling and beautiful experience for the one we love and, in doing that, we find our own happiness as surely as the sun rises.

TO "YOUNG HUSBAND AND FATHER": As you continue to read the varied problems in this column ,you will find repeated again and again the Do's and Don't's for marriage which the situations presented indicate. I am always happy to have suggestions from my readers, and I shall welcome others from you.

* * *

To "MRS. F.C.": How often I wish I could exchange names and addresses of my readers! Yet that is the one rule I dare not break. I'm sure you understand.

* * *

MARRIAGE is a two-way adventure! Anne Hirst can help you make it work, if you'll write her frankly at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Modern Etiquette
By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it permissible to contradict another person in conversation?

A. No. If you can politely present an opposing viewpoint, it will create further conversation. But drop the subject if you find that the other person's feelings are becoming hurt.

Q. Is it correct to eat cake with the fingers?

A. Small cakes and slices of plain cake are eaten with the fingers, but soft-frosted cake or French pastries require a fork.

Q. If a woman is standing directly in a man's way, must he tip his hat when he asks her permission to pass?

A. Yes, as she steps aside he should thank her and tip his hat.

Q. If a man and a woman are dining together in a restaurant and the tea is served in pots, who pours it?

A. If the waiter does not pour for them, the woman should attend to this rite.

Your Handwriting and You
By Alex S. Arnott

Can you read the writing in the example below? It can be read, but with difficulty. The handwriting is a good example of a common criminal, a person whose mentality and environment have made him everything his writing indicates. Notice the smeary script with feather edge downstrokes of the letters and the dirty appearance of the writing, also the scrawly, disorderly arrangement of the whole script. The "a's" and "d's" are open at the bottom, a real give away of a writer who would deceive at every opportunity.

* * *

Notice, too, how the crosses of the letter "t" stop short of the stem, an excellent example of caution, as though he were avoiding being caught in a dishonest act. There is nothing refined or graceful about this writing, it is as hard as the writer and as difficult to understand. Study this script and you will see how the criminal covers up his writing, blots and smears cover up letters so that one letter cannot be distinguished from another, and the up and down trend of every word reveals the shiftiness of the writer's habits in that it is hard for him to write in a straight line even if he wishes.

* * *

This, of course ,is the writing of a common crook. There are other types of criminals—the embezzler, the fellow with a smooth, shady kind of writing; the forger, whose artistic touch can be detected by his too light and too dark pen pressure in every word of the script. Each criminal has his way of revealing his bad habits easily picked out by the handwriting expert to reveal them for what they are.

Please send 4 cents to take

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There is no charge for this service.

Sunday School Lesson

The Way to Peace

Scripture: Proverbs 3:30-31; 15:1, 18; 22:24-25; 25:18, 21-22; 26:20-21; *Matthew* 5:9; *James* 3:17.

The dictionary defines harmony as "concord or agreement in facts, opinions, manners, interests, etc." But most of the passages cited from the Book of Proverbs have to do with the best way of getting on with angry and disagreeable people.

In general, the basic advice is that if other people are mean toward you, don't be nasty yourself. If a man is angry with you, that's the time to control your own temper. "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." "Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go; lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul." Proverbs that recall Pal's counsel, "As much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men."

In a similar spirit, the Proverbs stress the wisdom of regulating one's own life with good sense, and not according to what others are doing. Peace of mind is of the very essence of inward harmony.

The passages cited in our lesson deal chiefly with wisdom in personal attitudes and relationships, but it is obvous that our world today presents great problems of harmonious living between groups, races, peoples and nations.

In our personal lives we can do much to avoid people who don't like us, but in the larger social and international relationships we are confronted with conditions and sitations that we have to take as they are: situations involving sharp differences if not conflicts. Yet unless we can achieve some measure of mutual good will, tolerance, and forbearance, dark tragedy looms again upon the nations.

The proverbs and counsels that make for wisdom and harmonious living in individual life ought to be watchwords in the affairs of the nation.

DOTTY MARIE — Marie McDonald features these red and white polka dotted tailored pyjamas with a matching rose-wool robe in her next picture, "Living in a Big Way," in which she plays opposite Gene Kelly.

Just Strange

Discussing his epitaph, Sir John Strange said, "I want no fuss, nothing fancy. I simply want these words on my stone: 'Here lies a lawyer who always spoke the truth'."

"But," a friend protested, "no one will know who rests there."

"Oh, yes, they will know," Sir John replied. "All who read will say, "That's Strange!"

How Can I?
By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent mold in the fruit closet?

A. Place a can of lime in the fruit closet, or on the shelves with jellies and preserves.

Q. How can I keep the skin soft?

A. The skin will be soft and fine if a healing astringent cream is applied regularly. By doing this, chapped, dry skin, and blemishes are healed. The astringent closes the pores and makes the skin silken smooth.

Q. How can I thoroughly clean greens?

A. Add a handful of salt to the second water when cleaning greens. This makes all the sand sink to the bottom of the pan. Another rinsing will make them thoroughly clean.

Q. How can I make cut flowers last longer?

A. They will last longer and keep fresher if a little camphor is added to the water.

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