The Light of Western Stars

A Romance

By Zane Grey

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

—16—

"It was absolutely impossible for Stewart to have been connected with that assault," went on Madeline, swiftly, "for he was with me in the waiting room of the station at the moment the assault was made outside. The door was open. I heard the voices of quarreling men. The language was Spanish. I heard a woman's voice mingling with the others. It, too, was Spanish, and I could not understand. But the tone was beseeching. Then I heard footsteps on the gravel. Just outside the door then there were hoarse, furious voices, a scuffle, a muffled shot, a woman's cry, the thud of a falling body, and rapid footsteps of a man running away. Next, the girl Bonita staggered into the door. She was white, trembling, terror-stricken. She recognized Stewart, appealed to him. Stewart supported her and endeavored to calm her. He asked her if Danny Mains had been shot, or if he had done the shooting. The girl said no. She told Stewart that she had danced a little, flirted a little with vaqueros, and they had quarreled over her. Then Stewart took her outside and put her upon his horse. I saw the girl ride that horse down the street to disappear in the darkness."

While Madeline spoke another change appeared to be working in the man, Hawe. His sharp features fixed in an expression of craft.

"That's mighty interestin', Miss Hammond, 'most as interestin' as a story book," he said. "Now, since you're so obligin' a witness, I'd sure like to put a question or two. What time did you arrive at El Cajon ther night?"

"It was after eleven o'clock," replied Madeline.

"Nobody there to meet you?"

"No."

"The station agent an' operator both gone?"

"Yes."

"How soon did this feller Stewart show up?" Hawe continued, with a wry nibble.

"Very soon after my arrival. I think—perhaps fifteen minutes, possibly a little more."

"An' what time was the Greaser shot?" queried Hawe, with his little eyes glistening like coals.

"Probably close to half past one. It was two o'clock when I looked at my watch at Florence Kingsley's house." Directly after Stewart sent Bonita away he took me to Miss Kingsley's. So, allowing for the walk and a few minutes conversation with her, I can pretty definitely say the shooting took place at about half past one."

Stillwell heaved his big frame a step closer to the sheriff.

"What 'e you drivin' at?" he roared, his face black again.

"Evidence," snapped Hawe.

Madeline marveled at this interruption; and as Stewart irresistibly drew her glance she saw him gray-faced as ashes, shaking, utterly unnerved.

"I thank you, Miss Hammond," he said, huskily. "But you needn't answer any more of Hawe's questions. He's—he's— It's not necessary. I'll go with him now, under arrest. Bonita will corroborate your testimony in court, and that will save me from this—this man's spite."

Madeline, looking at Stewart, seeing a humility she at first took for cowardice, suddenly divined that it was not fear for himself which made him dread further disclosures of that night, but fear for her—fear of shame she might suffer through him.

Pat Hawe cocked his head to one side, like a vulture about to strike with his beak, and cunningly eyed Madeline. "Considered as testimony, what you've said is sure important an' conclusive. But I'm calculatin' that the court will want to hev explained why you stayed from eleven-thirty till one-thirty in thet waitin' room alone with Stewart."

His deliberate speech met with what Madeline imagined a remarkable reception from Stewart, who gave a tigerish start; from Stillwell, whose big hands tore at the neck of his shirt, as if he was choking; from Alfred, who now strode hotly forward, to be stopped by the cold and silent Nels; from Monty Price, who uttered a violent "Aw!" which was both a hiss and a roar.

In the rush of her thought Madeline could not interpret the meaning of these things which seemed so strange at that moment. But they were portentous. Even as she was forming a reply to Hawe's speech she felt a chill creep over her.

"Stewart detained me in the waiting room," she said, clear-voiced as a bell. "But we were not alone—all the time."

For a moment the only sound following her words was a gasp from Stewart. Hawe's face became transformed with a hideous amaze and joy.

"Detained?" he whispered, craning his lean and corded neck. "How's thet?"

"Stewart was drunk. He—"

With sudden passionate gesture of despair Stewart appealed to her:

"Oh, Miss Hammond, don't! don't! don't!"

Then he seemed to sink down, head lowered, upon his breast, in utter shame. Stillwell's great hand swept to the bowed shoulder, and he turned to Madeline.

"Miss Majesty, I reckon you'd be wise to tell all," said the old cattleman, gravely. "There ain't one of us who could misunderstand any motive or act of yours. Mebbe a stroke of lightnin' might clear this murky air. Whatever Gene Stewart did that onlucky night—you tell it."

Madeline's dignity and self-possession had been disturbed by Stewart's importunity. She broke into swift, disconnected speech:

"He came into the station—a few minutes after I got there. I asked—to be shown to a hotel. He said there wasn't any that would accommodate married women. He grasped my hand—looked for a wedding-ring. Then I saw he was—he was intoxicated. He told me he would go for a hotel porter. But he came back with a padre—Padre Marcos. The poor priest was—terribly frightened. So was I. Stewart had turned into a devil. He fired his gun at the padre's feet. He pushed me onto a bench. Again he shot—right before my face. I—I nearly fainted. But I heard him cursing the padre—heard the padre praying or chanting—I didn't know what. Stewart tried to make me say things in Spanish. All at once he asked my name. I told him. He jerked at my veil. I took it off. Then he threw his gun down—pushed the padre out of the door. That was just before the vaqueros approached with Bonita. Padre Marcos must have seen them—must have heard them. After that Stewart grew quickly sober. He told me he had been drinking at a wedding—I remember, it was Ed Linton's wedding. They complained—the boys were always gambling—he wagered he would marry the first girl who arrived at El Cajon. I happened to be the first one. He tried to force me to marry him. The rest—relating to the assault on the vaquero—I have already told you."

Madeline ended, out of breath and panting, with her hands pressed upon her heaving bosom.

Hawe rolled his red eyes and threw back his head.

"Ho, ho, ho! Hoo, ho, ho! Say, Sneed, you didn't miss any of it, did you? How, how! Best I ever heerd in all my born days. Ho, ho!"

Then he ceased laughing, and with glinting gaze upon Madeline, insolent and vicious and savage, he began to drawl:

"Wal now, my lady, I reckon your story, if it tallies with Bonita's an' Padre Marcos', will clear Gene Stewart in the eyes of the court." Here he grew slower, more biting, sharper and harder of face. "But you needn't expect Pat Hawe or the court to swaller thet part of your story—about bein' detained unwillin'!"

Madeline had not time to grasp the sense of his last words. Stewart had convulsively sprung upward, white as chalk. As he leaped at Hawe Stillwell interposed his huge bulk and wrapped his arms around Stewart. There was a brief, whirling, wrestling struggle. Stewart appeared to be besting the old cattleman.

"Help, boys, help!" yelled Stillwell. "I can't hold him. Hurry, or there's goin' to be blood spilled!"

Nick Steele and several cowboys leaped to Stillwell's assistance.

"Gene! Why, Gene!" panted the old cattleman. "Sure you're looced—to act this way. Cool down! Cool down! Why, boy, it's all right. Jest stand still—give us a chance to talk to you. It's only ole Bill, you know—your ole witness thet's tried to be a daddy to you. He's only wantin' you to hev sense—to be cool—to wait."

"Let me go! Let me go!" cried Stewart; and the poignancy of that cry pierced Madeline's heart. "Let me go, Bill, if you're my friend. I saved your life once—over in the desert." You swore you'd never forget. Boys, make him let me go! Oh, I don't care what Hawe's said or done to me! It was that about her! Are you all a lot of Greasers? How can you stand it? D—n you for a lot of cowards! There's a limit, I tell you." Then his voice broke, fell to a whisper. "Bill, dear old Bill, let me go. I'll kill him! You know I'll kill him."

"Gene, I know you'd kill him if you hed an even break," replied Stillwell soothingly. "But, Gene, why, you ain't even packin' a gun! An' there's Pat lookin' nasty, with his hand nervous-like. He seen you hed no gun. He'd jump at the chance to plug you now, an' then holler about opposition to the law. Cool down, son; it'll all come right."

Suddenly Madeline was transfixed by a terrible sound. Her startled glance shifted from the anxious group round Stewart to see that Monty Price had leaped off the porch. He crouched down with his hands below his hips, where the big guns swung. From his

"He Wagered He Would Marry the First Girl Who Arrived at El Cajon."

distorted lips issued that sound which was combined roar and bellow and Indian war-whoop, and, more than all, a horrible warning cry. He was quivering, vibrating. His eyes, black and hot, were fastened with most piercing intentness upon Hawe and Sneed.

"Git back, Bill, git back!" he roared. "Git 'em back!"

With one lunge Stillwell shoved Stewart and Nick and the other cowboys upon the porch. Then he crowded Madeline and Alfred and Florence to the wall, tried to force them farther. His motions were rapid and stern. But failing to get them through door and windows, he planted his wide person between the women and danger. Madeline grasped his arm, held on, and peered fearfully from behind his broad shoulder.

"You, Hawe! You, Sneed!" called Monty, in that same wild voice. "Don't you move a finger or an eyelash!"

Madeline's faculties nerved to keen, thrilling divination. She grasped the relation between Monty's terrible cry and the strange hunched posture he had assumed.

"Nels, git in this!" yelled Monty; and all the time he never shifted his intent gaze as much as a hair's-breadth from Hawe and his deputy. "Nels, chase away them two fellers hangin' back there. Chase 'em, quick!"

These men, the two deputies who had remained in the background with the pack-horses, did not wait for Nels. They spurred their mounts, wheeled, and galloped away.

"Now, Nels, cut the gurl loose," ordered Monty.

Nels ran forward, jerked the halter out of Sneed's hand, and pulled Bonita's horse in close to the porch. As he slit the rope which bound her she fell into his arms.

"Hawe, git down!" went on Monty. "Face front an' stiff!"

The sheriff swung his leg, and, never moving his hands, with his face now a deathly, sickening white, he slid to the ground.

"Line up there beside your guerrilla pard. There! You two make a d—n fine pictoor, a d—n fine team of pizened coyote an' a cross between a wild mule an' a Greaser. Now listen!"

Monty made a long pause, in which his breathing was plainly audible.

Madeline's eyes were riveted upon Monty. Her mind, swift as lightning, had gathered the subtleties in action and word succeeding his domination of men. Violence, terrible violence, the thing she had felt, the thing she had feared, the thing she had sought to eliminate from among her cowboys, was, after many months, about to be enacted before her eyes. It had come at last. She had softened Stillwell so he had influenced Nels, she had changed Stewart; but this little black-faced, terrible Monty Price now rose, as it were, out of his past wild years, and no power on earth or in heaven could stay his hand. With eyes slowly hazing red, she watched him; she listened with thrumming ears, she waited, slowly sagging against Stillwell.

"Hawe, if you an' your dirty pard hev loved the sound of human voice, then listen an' listen hard," said Monty. "I've I've been goin' contrary to my ole style jest to hev a talk with you. You all but got away on your nerve, didn't you? 'Cause why? You roll in here like a mad steer an' flash yer badge an' talk mean, then almost bluff away with it. You heerd all about Miss Hammond's cowboy outfit stoppin' drinkin' an' cussin' an' packin' guns. They've took on religion an' decent livin' an' sure they'll be easy to bobbe an' drive to jail, Hawe, listen. There was a good an' noble an' beautiful woman come out of the East somewheres, an' she brought a lot of sunshine an' happiness an' new idees into the tough lives of cowboys. I reckon it's beyond you to know what she come to mean to them. Wal, I'll tell you. They-all went clean out of their heads. They-all got soft an' easy an' sweet-tempered. They got so they couldn't kill a coyote, a crippled calf in a mud-hole. Even me—an ole, worn-out, hobble-legged, burned-up cowman like me! Do you git thet? An' you, Mister Hawe, you come along, not satisfied with ropin' an' beatin', an' Gaw knows what else, of thet friendless little Bonita; you come along an' face the lady we fellers honor an' love an' reverence, an' you—you— It's fire!"

With whistling breath, foaming at the mouth, Monty Price crouched lower, hands at his hips, and he edged inch by inch farther out from the porch, closer to Hawe and Sneed. Madeline saw them only in the blurred fringe of her sight. They resembled specters. She heard the shrill whistle of a horse and recognized Majesty calling her from the corral.

"Thet's all!" roared Monty, in a voice now strangling. Lower and lower he bent, a terrible figure of ferocity. "Now, both you armed officers of the law, come on! Flash your guns! Throw 'em, an' be quick! Monty Price is done! There'll be daylight through you both before you far a hammer! But I'm givin' you a chanst to sting me. You holler law, an' my way is the ole law."

His breath came quicker, his voice grew hoarser, and he crouched lower. All his body except his rigid arms quivered with a wonderful muscular convulsion.

"Dogs! Skunks! Buzzards! Flash them guns, er I'll flash mine! Aha!"

To Madeline it seemed the three stiff, crouching men leaped into instant and united action. She saw streaks of fire—streaks of smoke. Then a crashing volley deafened her. It ceased as quickly. Smoke veiled the scene. Slowly it drifted away to disclose three fallen men, one of whom, Monty, leaned on his left hand, a smoking gun in his right. He watched for a movement from the other two. It did not come. Then, with a terrible smile, he slid back and stretched out.

CHAPTER XIX

Unbridled.

In waking and sleeping hours, Madeline Hammond could not release herself from the thralling memory of that tragedy. She was haunted by Monty Price's terrible smile. Only in action of some kind could she escape; and to that end she worked, she walked and rode. She even overcame a strong feeling, which she feared was unreasonable disgust, for the Mexican girl Bonita, who lay ill at the ranch, bruised and feverish, in need of skillful nursing.

One afternoon she rode down to the alfalfa fields, round them, and back up to the spillway of the lower lake, where a group of mesquite-trees, owing to the water that seeped through

Lower and Lower He Bent, a Terrible Figure of Ferocity.

the sand to their roots, had taken on bloom and beauty of renewed life. Under these trees there was shade enough to make a pleasant place to linger. Madeline dismounted, desiring to rest a little.

Her horse, Majesty, tossed his head and flung his mane and switched his tail at the flies. He would rather have been cutting the wind down the valley slope. Madeline sat with her back against a tree, and took off her sombrero. Suddenly Majesty picked up his long ears and snorted. Then Madeline heard a slow pad of hoofs. A horse was approaching from the direction of the lake. Madeline had learned to be wary, and, mounting Majesty, she turned him toward the open. A moment later she felt glad of her caution, for, looking back between the trees, she saw Stewart lead ing a horse into the grove. She would as lief have met a guerrilla as this cowboy.

Majesty had broken into a trot when a shrill whistle rent the air. The horse leaped and, wheeling so swiftly that he nearly unseated Madeline, he charged back straight for the mesquites. Madeline spoke to him, cried angrily at him, pulled with all her strength upon the bridle, but was helplessly unable to stop him. He whistled a piercing blast. Madeline realized then that Stewart, his old master, had called him and that nothing could turn him. She gave up trying, and the horse thumped into an aisle between the trees and, stopping before Stewart, whinnied eagerly.

"I want to talk to you," said Stewart.

Madeline started, turned to him, and now she saw the earlier Stewart, the man who reminded her of their first meeting at El Cajon, of that memorable meeting at Chiricahua.

"I want to ask you something," he went on. "I've been wanting to know something. That's why I've hung on here. But now I'm going over—over the border. And I want to know. Why did you refuse to listen to me?"

At his last words that hot shame, tenfold more stifling than when it had before humiliated Madeline, rushed over her, sending the scarlet in a wave to her temples. Biting her lips to hold back speech, she jerked on Majesty's bridle, struck him with her whip, spurred him. Stewart's iron arm held. Worse. Then Madeline, in a flash of passion, struck at Stewart's face, missed it, struck again, and hit. Wild, one pull, almost drawing her from the saddle, he tore the whip from her hands. It was not that action on his part, or the sudden strong masterfulness of his look, so much as the livid mark on his face where the whip had lashed that quieted, if it did not check, her fury.

"That's nothing," he said, with something of his old audacity. "That's nothing to how you've hurt me."

Madeline fought with herself for control. This man would not be denied. About him now there was only the ghost of that finer, gentler man she had helped to bring into being. The piercing dark eyes he bent upon her burning face, went through her as if he were looking into her soul. Then Madeline's quick sight caught a fleeting doubt, a wistfulness, a surprised and saddened certainty in his eyes, saw it shade and pass away. Her woman's intuition, as keen as her sight, told her Stewart in that moment had sustained a shock of bitter, final truth.

For the third time he repeated his question to her. Madeline did not answer; she could not speak.

"You don't know I love you, do you?" he continued, passionately. "That ever since I saw you before me in that hole at Chiricahua I've loved you? You can't see I've been another man, loving you, working for you, living for you? You won't believe I've turned my back on the old wild life, that I've been decent and honorable and happy and useful—your kind of a cowboy? You couldn't tell, though I loved you, that I never wanted you to know it, that I never dared to think of you except as my angel, my holy Virgin? What do you know of a man's heart and soul? How could you tell of the love, the salvation of a man who's lived his life in the stillence and loneliness? Who could teach you the actual thrills—that a wild cowboy, faithless to mother and sister, except in memory, riding a hard, drunken trail, with a bullet to hell, had looked into the face, the eyes of a beautiful woman infinitely beyond him, above him, and had so loved her that he was saved—that he became faithful again—that he saw her face in every flow er and her eyes in the blue heaven?"

Madeline was mute. She heard her heart thundering in her ears.

Stewart leaped at her. His powerful hand closed on her arm. She trembled. His action presaged the old instinctive violence.

"No; but you think I kept Bonita up in the mountains, that I went secretly to meet her, that all the while I served you I was— Oh, I know what you think! I know now. I never knew till I made you look at me. Now, say it! Speak!"

White-hot, blinded, utterly in the fiery grasp of passion, powerless to stem the rush of a word both shameful and revealing and fatal, Madeline cried:

"Yes!"

He had wrenched that word from her, but he was not subtle enough, not versed in the mystery of woman's motive enough, to divine the deep significance of her reply.

For him the word had only literal meaning confirming the dishonor in which she held him. Dropping her arm, he shrank back, a strange action for the savage and crude man she judged him to be.

"But that day at Chiricahua you spoke of faith," he burst out. "You said the greatest thing in the world was faith in human nature. You said you had faith in me! You made me have faith in myself!"

His reproach, without bitterness or scorn, was a lash to her old egoistic belief in her fairness. She had preached a beautiful principle that she had failed to live up to.

"You think I am vile," he said. "You think that about Bonita! And all the time I've been . . . I could make you ashamed—I could tell you—"

His passionate utterance ceased with a snap of his teeth. His lips set in a thin, bitter line. The agitation of his face preceded a conclusive wrestling of his shoulders.

"No, no!" he panted. Was it his answer to some mighty temptation? Then, like a bent sapling released, he sprang erect. "But I'll be the man—the dog—you think me!"

He laid hold of her arm with rude, powerful clutch. One pull drew her sliding half out of the saddle into his arms. She felt with her breast against his, not wholly free of stirrup of horse, and there she hung, utterly powerless. Maddened, writhing, she tore to release herself. All she could accomplish was to twist herself, raise herself high enough to see his face. That almost paralyzed her. Did he mean to kill her? Then he wrapped his arms around her and crushed her tighter, close to him. She felt the pound of his heart; her own seemed to have frozen. Then he pressed his burning lips to hers. It was a long, terrible kiss. She felt him shake.

"Oh, Stewart! I—implore—yes—let—me—go!" she whispered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RANDOLPH, MAKER OF EPIGRAMS

Also John Randolph of Roanoke Will Rank as One of the Greatest of America's Sons.

John Randolph of Roanoke, American orator and statesman, died in Philadelphia in 1833, deserted by many of his old-time friends and a physical wreck through the use of opium. Nearing the end he attributed the failure of his life to "ungovernable temper" and he died with the word "remorse" on his lips.

Here are some of Randolph's epigrams: "I am an aristocrat—I love liberty. I hate equality." "Asking one state to surrender part of her sovereignty is like asking a lady to surrender part of her chastity." "Stick to a friend a little in the wrong." "No man was ever satisfied to be half a king." "The three degrees of comparison—begging, borrowing and stealing."

"Pay as you go" was a political proverb that Randolph started on its rounds. He hung this saying on Martin Van Buren, that "he always rowed to his object with muffled oars." Van Buren was a "gumshoer," in the parlance of the Twentieth century. Of Clay he said, "Clay's eye is on the presidency, but my eye is upon him." Referring to England's naval strength in 1812 and Madison's pamphlet on "neutral rights" Randolph said, "Against 800 ships in commission we enter the lists with a three shilling pamphlet."

China Making Its Own Matches.

China's imports of Japanese matches have shrunk rapidly during the last ten years. In 1912 China and Hong-Kong took 9,015,300 gross of Japanese matches, but returns for 1921 show only 2,435,400 gross imported. This shrinkage is due primarily to the increase in match production in China and to the fact that for a long time the entire Far Eastern market was flooded by an excess stock of matches said to have been at least 500,000 cases, says Trade Commissioner Lansing W. Hoyt, Shanghai, in a report to the Department of Commerce.

A Fruitless Quest.

"I don't believe I'll ever reach my end," remarked the dog as he was spinning around in a futile effort to catch the tip of his tail.—New Orleans States.

To Tame a Husband.

A lecturer says that wives should tame their husbands by feeding them on lettuce and prunes. Nonsense—a diet like that would drive any man wild in a week.—Tacoma Ledger.

Wife Gives Facts in Case of Her Husband

"My husband is a great friend of Tanlac and of late I've been using it myself and it's made quick work of my troubles, too," said Mrs. H. M. Charles, 80 Jordan St., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Tanlac has been my husband's favorite medicine for six years. He first took it for chronic indigestion and it was surprising how it relieved him and built him up. Occasionally he takes it to sharpen up his appetite and it keeps him eating and feeling good.

"I felt weak, listless, nervous and depressed, but Tanlac has stopped all that and my health is just glorious now. I believe Tanlac will help others just like it has us, and I can't recommend it too highly. It's grand."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.

Easily Explained.

The man who ran the elevator of the skyscraper was talking to a passenger.

"The judge certainly did soak him," he said. "He sentenced him to three years and ten days. Now I understand the three years all right; but what the ten days were for I'd like to know?"

"That was the war tax," said a quiet citizen who got aboard at the tenth floor."—Treat 'Em Square.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by parcel post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

The Worm Turns.

"Is this not enough for you?"

"Cut it out! I'm fed up on those questionnaires."

Careless Cat.

Mr. B. writes: "Three-year-old Allan had been put to bed for his regular afternoon nap. While lying there trying to hold off the sandman his pet cat jumped upon the bed and remained there purring loudly. After gazing at it a few minutes Allan exclaimed, "Hey, you! Why don't you shut off your motor when you're standing still."—Boston Transcript.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.

Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes"—even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.—Advertisement.

How They Look in Pants.

Another day we never expected to live to see but did is the one when we often can't tell a lady automobile tourist from the West, from a boy scout unless we are pretty close to the mysterious individual.—Ohio State Journal.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red, rough hands.—Advertisement.

Aaaptable.

"Facts are stubborn things."

"Not when a good lawyer takes them in hand."

Through a Sieve Woven Finer Than Silk

Raw materials of which portland cement is made come out of the ground usually as solid rock.

They must first be crushed, ground and reground until at least 85 per cent of the resulting powder will shake through a sieve that will actually hold water.

This sieve is considerably finer than the finest silk fabric. It has 200 hair-like bronze wires to the inch. That means 40,000 holes to the square inch.

But the several crushings and grindings necessary to reduce solid rock to this extreme fineness are only the beginning of cement making.

The powdered materials must then be subjected to intense heat for several hours in huge rotary kilns. Here they are half melted and become a substance much harder than the original rock—clinker, it is called.

Then the clinker must be crushed and ground until at least 78 per cent of the resulting product will pass through the sieve woven finer than silk. This is portland cement.

More than 80 power and fuel consuming operations are necessary in cement making. The electric power alone used in producing a barrel of portland cement would, if purchased at usual household rates, cost $1.70.

Few manufactured products go through so involved or complicated a process as portland cement. And it sells for less per pound than any comparable manufactured product.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
111 West Washington Street
CHICAGO

A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete

Atlanta, Birmingham, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Des Moines, Detroit, Helena, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Parkersburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Oreg., Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Vancouver, B.C., Washington, D.C.