

Some Title

“Travelin’
On”



By
WILLIAM S. HART

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In the year 1880, a wagon schooner wagon was seen coming along the Montana trail. The driver of the wagon was a stern visaged man, with an almost holy light in his eyes. In the wagon, with a meagre amount of household effects, was a young mother, and by her side, a little girl.

The wagon comes out of a draw and on to a sort of a plateau, and Hi Morton, the driver, pulls up his team and looks into the valley below, where there is spread out a rude Western town of that period. Morton turns to his wife and tells her that there are only a few more miles to travel and that they will be where they can get food and shelter and continue to spread the word of the Lord. For Hi Morton is an evangelist, the type of man of those days who, while they were uncommon, nevertheless they did exist, itinerant and unordained preachers, who in some way got religion and ever after devoted all their energies toward its teaching, even to the extent of sacrificing all they owned and pauperizing not only themselves, but their families. Such a man is Hi Morton.

In the town of Tumble Bluff we see the usual street activities and the usual saloons and dance halls, which are dwarfed by one central Palace of Chance, which is conducted by Dandy Allen McGee, known far and wide as a most proficient gambler, a wearer of many diamonds and a mighty slick man with women. While a man of striking personality, Dandy Allen McGee has a face that strongly suggests the animal, its most prominent feature in this respect being a pug-nose, which seems to more strongly suggest his pugnacious nature.

The prairie schooner arrives and Morton pulls up to water his jaded stock. Out of Dandy Allen McGee's place come two men rolling and fighting. Hi Morton watches intently, bystanders gather around but do not interfere. It becomes too much for Hi Morton and he jumps from his wagon and goes to where the combatants are fighting, and draws from his inside coat pocket a Bible and starts to preach. His horses are hungry, his wife and child have made a long journey in a box wagon and they need nourishment, but all that is forgotten by Hi Morton in his religious zeal. He reads his text in all seriousness and starts to preach fervently and feelingly, which causes the combatants to stop fighting and gaze upon this dispenser of the gospel in open mouthed wonderment. And this unusual happening causes all of the occupants of the different dance halls and places of business to flock around him. Among the dance hall girls who gather, having come out of Dandy Allen McGee's palace, is Carmen Rosa, a pretty and chique Spanish girl, and perched upon her shoulder is a pet, a little chattering monkey which she calls Jacko. The dealers also come out in their shirt sleeves and still with their eye-shades

on. The eloquence of the preacher, while diametrically opposed to all of their views, is winning out sufficiently to hold their attention for the time being. Dandy Allen McGee comes out also and listens with a satirical smile on his face, and then suddenly his eyes go fixed and intent and he half turns and gazes away, and he sees a stage coach upon a lonely trail being held up by two masked men. He sees the coach depart and he sees the bandits pull their masks down from their faces, one is himself, Dandy Allen McGee, and the other is Hi Morton. And he sees stretched across the road in front of the horses a lariat, the rope upon which the horses have stumbled, and in this manner caused confusion and allowed the bandits to have the upper hand in their work.

And then Dandy Allen McGee turns and looks at Morton, beads of perspiration are standing out upon his forehead, his hickory shirt is open at the neck and he is preaching the word of God in such a manner that no one on earth could doubt his sincerity. Dandy Allen McGee cannot understand; he is bewildered, but his face never loses the satirical smile, for Dandy Allen McGee doesn't propose that any evangelist shall come into Tumble Bluff and even in the slightest degree interfere with his profession, and he involuntarily utters the words, "Well, I'll be damned."

Among the characters that are assembled, listening to this unusual happening is a habitue of the Palace of Dandy Allen McGee, known as "Know-It-All-Haskins," and when the preacher in an impassioned utterance speaks of the Lord and says, "We are all His children," Haskins, resenting the fact that someone is attempting to infringe upon his territory, ob-

serves, "There was a man oncet named Darwin what wrote a book what said that we're all come from the same people as Jacko," which causes a general laugh. Thus encouraged, Haskins goes on, "Seems to me, Dan, you and Jacko seem to bear out what this book said, because there sure is a resemblance."

The laugh that follows from the crowd causes McGee to lose his temper and while he endeavors to cover it up by laughing himself, there is bitterness underneath it, and reaching over, he strikes at Jacko, as Jacko sits perched upon the shoulder of Carmen Rosa, and the little fellow squeals back at him in anger. This causes him to strike again and he hits the little fellow and says to Carmen Rosa, "I've told you before to keep that thing away from me and out of my place. Now that goes and I ain't tellin' you agin, understand!" And Carmen Rosa, clutching her little pet to her, shrinks away.

And then Dandy Allen McGee turns and he sees seated upon the driver's seat and holding the reins of the tired team the wife, mother of the child. Dandy Allen McGee doesn't care anything about the child, but he is stung by the beauty, simplicity and charm of the mother. She is tired, she is hungry, but she is watching her husband and following his every word with belief and faith. Dandy Allen McGee moves around the crowd and comes to the mother and talks to her—yes, they have come a long distance; yes, they are very tired, but they are content, they are working for God. For the mother, while not active, is equally as religious as her husband, but she is not a fanatic. She would go about worshipping the Almighty quietly and unostentatiously in her own way and in her own self, if it were not for the fact that her husband is

a religious fanatic. McGee talks to the mother and in this way allows the itinerant preacher to remain at his calling far longer than he would ordinarily have done, for Dandy Allen McGee is smitten, he is smitten hard, by this beautiful creature. So much is this true that he circles the crowd until he reaches one of his principle henchmen and drawing him aside, gives him instructions to have the meeting broken up without him (Dandy Allen McGee) appearing in it, because Dandy Allen McGee has plans in which the young mother is vitally concerned, and he doesn't wish to offend her.

Under instructions from McGee, the men soon break up the meeting and disperse the crowd, but Hi Morton stands his ground and continues to preach until the last man is gone, and when all are departed, he utters a silent and sincere prayer of thanks to the Lord, and then going to his wagon, says, "Come, mother, we'll find a home in this place. We must remain here, for there is work to be done here for the Lord."

Upon the same plateau overlooking the town of Tumble Bluff, sitting upon a tired Pinto horse, is a frontiersman, and he says, "Paint, old man, you and me is due to inspect that town down yonder, and then we'll be travelin' on."

From the stranger's place of view, he can only see that it is a scattered Western frontier town, but were he closer he would have seen a man just finishing and pasting up a large rude drawing, which is a cartoon of Hi Morton, clergyman; several of the men after a time trying their marksmanship upon it. It is during

this that the stranger finally arrives and looks on. Now among these men that are doing the shooting, is a man named Gila, a huge type of the Western plains. Gila is a good shot, an excellent shot, but when the stranger finally takes a hand, Gila is up against the best shot in the world, and also Gila is about two parts drunk, which doesn't add any softening influence to his brutal nature. As the shooting goes on, he becomes enraged at the quiet stranger who is, by his marvelous marksmanship, actually changing the character of the cartoon by placing certain shots just where he wants them. So Gila finally asserts himself, saying, "I'm Gila from Arizona. Who in hell are you?"

The unruffled stranger replies in a cool drawing manner, "I never heard of but two things in Arizona by that name before, one is a river what runs and the other is a snake." Gila says, "Never mind showing your knowledge of geogr'phy and animals. I'm here to say that I ain't runnin' none and I ain't no reptile, and I'm agin askin' who in hell are you?"

Again the stranger replies as coolly and quietly as before, "Not answerin' you in pertikler, but for the benefit of our friends, I'm J. B."

At this point the enraged Gila is completely gone, and, throwing discretion to the winds, says, "I suppose you think you're a hell of a feller, 'cause you got a good outfit and ride a calico circus horse and can shoot at marks some, but let me tell you, stranger, (and he lurches over in a tantalizing manner), but let me tell you, shootin' at a mark, unless that mark is a human, ain't no shootin' at all. Any kid kin shoot

at a mark with a pop gun, but it takes guts to draw a gun on a man. If you had to do that, your hand would be about as steady as the end of a fish pole that had a pickerel hooked onto it."

There is an ominous silence, for with all the bluffing ways of Gila, he is a gun man and a killer, not a fair fighter but a killer. The crowd await expectantly for the next move, knowing that some action must now take place. The stranger, still unmoved, looks Gila over closely, paying no attention to the fact that Gila's hand is resting easily on his cartridge belt three inches from his gun. Then the stranger speaks again quietly and finally, "Gila, either your head is too little or your hat is too big. I ain't aimin' to say which it is." And he coolly reaches up and takes Gila's hat by the rim and pulls it down over his eyes. There is a snarl from the blinded Gila as he reaches quickly for his gun, but the fist of the stranger crashes out and lands full on the point of Gila's jaw, and he goes down and out for the time being, and forever disgraced in the eyes of Tumble Bluff. The stranger had even disdained to use a gun on him, and coolly walked away and entered the Palace of Chance of Dandy Allen McGee.

When J. B. enters the Palace, he is the object of all eyes but is apparently unmindful of it all. He goes to the bar and orders his drink. Now, Gila is half drunk, and Gila had been struck down and disgraced and in his semi-dazed condition, both from drink and the blow on the point of his jaw, he seeks to do that which he ordinarily would not have done in any Western community: he seeks to do murder. With

his face contorted with hate, he lurches over to the front of the Palace and deliberately resting his six-shooter on the hitching rack, he starts to draw an accurate bead on J. B., who is up against the bar, just in the act of raising his glass to his lips. J. B.'s back is toward the door, but he is facing the mirror over the bar and in it he could see. Without the movement of a muscle, save his right arm and hand, he slowly draws his gun from his right holster, and resting it in the croch of his left arm, and still looking steadily into the mirror and tasting his drink, he fires. There is a sound of breaking glass as the bullet crashes thru the front window, and tears its way straight into the gun hand of Gila and shatters it. With a howl of pain, Gila doubles up and then staggers away, vowing vengeance and looking for a doctor. J. B. quietly finishes his drink and returns his gun to its holster, and just simply remarks to the bartender, "When there's no mirror behind a bar, I always drink with my back to it."

Carmen Rosa has seen and heard, and Carmen Rosa loves bravery and loves daring. So Carmen Rosa, in company with another pretty dance hall girl, comes forward with Jacko still perched upon her shoulder.

"Buy a drink?" says Carmen.

"Sure," says J. B.

And the drink is bought and drained. "Come and sit down and have a talk," says Carmen Rosa. To which J. B. replies, "When I want women, I go get 'em, and I ain't aimin' to be bothered none." At which Carmen Rosa and her companion stand, not knowing

what to say. But Dandy Allen McGee has heard and it suits his purpose in his irritableness toward Carmen and his hatred for Jacko to come forward, and say, to Carmen, "I told you to keep that damn thing out of here. You get out and if you bring it in here again, I will take it by the hind legs and knock its brains out up agin the wall." And then Dandy Allen McGee turns to J. B. and says, "Stranger, you're a man after my own heart. You know how to treat women." J. B. says, "I'm admittin' I ain't strong for women, but I also am observin' that I like four footed things and if you ever touch that little helpless pet of her'n agin,' there'll be a funeral around here and you won't hear what the preacher's sayin.'" And then J. B. turns quietly and coolly and goes out.

Now, Carmen Rosa knows that the threat of Dandy Allen McGee is no idle threat. She knows that he will keep his word and she is after all just a dance hall girl living upon the privilege of plying her trade in Dandy Allen McGee's place, but still she is actuated in what she does by her honest affection for her little pet. She follows J. B. out to the hitching rack, where he is untying his little Pinto horse and says, "Mister, I love this little fellow. I think the world of him, but I know that if I don't get rid of him, it will mean that he will be killed in some way or another, and I'm askin' you please to take him. If there is anyone in the world that can take care of him, I know you can." J. B. stands and thinks for a moment and then says, "Lady, I think I understand, and I'm acceptin'." And he takes the little fellow and perches him upon the Pinto's saddle and turning to a passerby, says, "Pardner, it seems I've got a family and as I aim to stay in these parts for a few days, it might not take

kindly to sleepin' out. Kin you tell me if there is an empty barn anywhere in town?" The passerby replies, "Go straight ahead and you'll find one, the last shack on the left, leaving town. It's the one just beyond where that preacher and his family have hung up their hats." And, thanking him, J. B. leads his Pinto horse up the street with Jacko perched upon the saddle.

As the bystander had told J. B., Hi Morton and his wife and baby are already settled in their tumbled down shack. They are even already working out their plans in the service of the Lord. They are working out their plans to complete a church. They are wrapping many small books in brown paper, such as they would get from the little trading store.

And next we see Susan behind an upturned dry goods box upon the main street with a little child by her side, and over the box there is a rudely lettered sign—"A book every gambler should read.—Price \$5.00." At another part of the street, we see Hi Morton paying his last fifty dollars for a lot upon which to build his church. The sign naturally attracts the attention of some passersby, and one of them enters the Palace to get his morning drink and tells the bartender, and the bartender tells Three-fingered Alec, a dealer; and they all go to the door and look out and Three-fingered Alec finally removes his eye-shade and goes out to where Susan is timidly awaiting her customers. Alec reads the sign and sees some twenty little brown paper parcels. He walks up and pays his five dollars and takes one, and then returns inside of the saloon, and, going to a corner of the room, he unties the paper and examines the book. There is

a grin spreads over his face as he slips the book into his pocket. It is a Bible. A fellow gambler approaches and asks, "Is it any good, Alec?" And Alec replies, "I only looked at the first page, but that sure seemed interestin'." Alec is too good a sport to squeal.

There is a rush on the little book stand and in five minutes there is only one copy left. And that one copy, the last one, is bought by J. B. As each purchaser buys his book, he involuntarily seeks some nook to see what he has got. Some take their medicine as did Alec, and others are sore. Among these is Gila, with his right arm in a sling. Know-It-All-Haskins is also sore. They, with some two or three others, come to Susan and demand their money back. She is about to return it but J. B. interferes, saying, "What in hell do you all want for five dollars? Ain't that a purty book?" J. B. cannot read. His name, the only one he knows, is the brand of a cattle out-fit he once worked for. The ones who are not satisfied do not intend to take things so easily, and the situation is quite tense for a few moments, but J. B. says, "I'm escortin' this lady and her little child home and everybody is steppin' aside. I'm J. B." They do step aside and J. B. walks with Susan and the little child to their home which is only some fifty yards removed from his stable shack.

After Susan and J. B. have left, one of the men asks who J. B. is, and Know-It-All Haskins says, "There oncet was a man named John Bunyan who wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, but that ain't him."

Susan is grateful to J. B. and in her kind and gentle way she shows it. She even puts her hand upon the arm of J. B. and tells him of her gratitude. She is met with

the even cool gaze of J. B., who says, "Now you are the kind of a woman I like. I want you. I'm J. B." Susan is distressed, but Susan is fearless, a fearlessness born of innocence, and she tells J. B. to read the book, and it will teach him oh so much. And J. B. goes to his stable home and talks to the Pinto horse and talks to Jacko and tells them they are ornery, no account cusses just the same as he is 'cause they cannot read. Now J. B. is a man who doesn't like to give up. He is a man who doesn't like to be beaten, and then there is something that has come into the life of J. B., which, were he highly educated, he could not explain nor understand. So J. B., in his simple way, forms a plan. He sneaks around Hi Morton's cabin, and he gets little Mary Jane to come and play with Jacko, and he promises her candy, and they go to a store and J. B. buys two little A B C books for the little girl and he puts one in his pocket and he returns to his stable abode with little Mary Jane, who unwittingly and unknowingly gives him his first lesson, with the man pretending that he is teaching her. There are many such meetings and many such lessons and, of course, J. B. becomes immeasurably fond of little Mary Jane. And at one of these meetings comes Susan, naturally looking for her little one and she talks much to J. B., but J. B. is still, so far as speech is concerned, the same calloused being, but J. B. is not the same, but there is only one power that knows this—God must know it.

Hi Morton finds himself blocked on all sides. He sells his horse, he sells his wagon, he sells all of their household belongings, save actual necessities to build his church. The sale of the Bibles only put up the skeleton of the building and lumber is high. Hi Morton

investigates. He knows that some one is blocking him, and he finds that it is Dandy Allen McGee. But Hi Morton can never meet McGee, can never see him, so he sends Susan and thereby does just what Dandy Allen McGee wants and has planned for. He dare not let Morton see him for fear of being recognized, altho their relationships dated some fifteen years before. When Susan goes to McGee, he tries to get her, by every means, using all of the better side of his nature in every way in which he is capable, but Susan doesn't understand. And it is at this stage of affairs that everything is at a stand still and they have nothing to eat, much less to build a church, that there comes a night, a lowering, cloudy, stormy night with great flashes of lightning tearing the sky and causing the flimsy board shacks of Tumble Bluff to creak and groan in the wind. It is this black lowering night when J. B. comes home to his stable shack and finds little Jacko's chain broken and little Jacko gone. He looks outside and up at the sky and there is a blinding flash of lightning and at first J. B. suspects that it is a trick of Dandy Allen McGee and that little Jacko has been stolen by one of his henchmen, but the chain is broken; so J. B. looks around and finds a little lane in the weeds heading straight toward the foothills and he knows that Jacko has broken loose and run away, perhaps he and the Pinto had been playing and half fighting, as they were in the habit of doing, and the little fellow in a sudden jump had broken his chain and so felt his liberty and escaped, for in the jagged, broken window pain of the one little window of the barn were a few of Jacko's hairs that had been scraped off when he had gone thru.

So J. B. goes outside again and once more looks at

the sky and at the swaying brush and trees bowing to the coming storm, and he takes the little fellow's trail and follows and soon the storm breaks and the rain comes down in torrents and the brush sweeps his face, but little Jacko is in the timber somewhere and he must find him. The trail is gone and he is in a forest of swaying trees, and beating, twisting winds, and blinding rain, but still he never falters; and when the heavens are lit up with great flashes of lightning, his face is seen set but, oh, so kind and gentle and anxious, as he hunts for his little friend, the poor little chattering monkey. He hunts for hours, his hat is a shapeless thing, his clothing is torn, his face is scratched and bloody from the brush and branches, but still he goes on and calls "Jacko, Jacko," and then listens in vain for the chatter of the little friend in the noise of the storm. It is not an exemplification of the Almighty that he should create a man in the likeness of his own image, so hard, so seemingly cruel, as to be an outcast among men of his race, and yet there is this touch of the Almighty's hand in this man's nature. He is out in the wilderness, in this blinding storm, where the heavens are being torn asunder, searching for this little animal. There is a great flare of light, a big sentinel of the forest has been struck and torn from its resting place of years and falls to the ground, and as J. B. jumps back to escape its crashing force, little Jacko is thrown from its branches at the feet of his friend. And this illiterate gun man, this man from nowhere, this traveler on, takes him in his arms and hugs him, hugs him close to his breast.

When the dawn breaks in Tumble Bluff, the mud-bespattered stage comes in, its four horse team splashing thru the pools left by the storm. It has been held

up and robbed by a man that they could see by the flashes of lightning rode a Pinto horse, who took one thousand and left four thousand untouched, and the robbery was done by stretching a rope across the road, the robber then cut the traces of the four horses and turned the horses loose in the storm. Dandy Allen McGee hears and once more his mind goes back to the old trick of stretching a rope across the road and letting the horses pile up. He knows who the robber was, he knows who took the one thousand and left the four thousand. And he can use the Pinto horse on another man—surely the devil was aiding his own.

When the dawn is breaking, also comes thru the forest J. B. with his little pet in his arms and enters his cabin. He puts Jacko down and is scolding him, when he sees the Pinto who is mud-bespattered, who is still wet. He has been ridden hard and the saddle while in its accustomed place, is also soaking wet, and the rope that was tied to the saddle strings is gone.

J. B. finds some canned milk for Jacko and takes the Pinto and rubs him down and then starts to remove his wet clothing. When an hour later Mary Jane comes to see Jacko, J. B. is clothed in a blanket, but they have their little lesson just the same, and Mary Jane plays with Jacko unmindful of the two riders who come up the trail and see some clothes of J. B.'s drying on the bushes in front of the cabin. They turn and go back but not before one had said to the other, "His clothes may be wet, but I'm gambling his guns ain't. Let's go and report."

Now, Mary Jane loves J. B., and as she sits on his blanketed lap and unknowingly teaches J. B., his

A B C's by illustrating little pictures in the child's primer, she says, "My papa came home all wet, too." And then J. B. knows who stole the Pinto, and when he goes to town and hears the news, he knows who held up the stage, but he gives no sign, but goes about unmolested; and such is his bearing that no man dare say a word.

He sees Hi Morton and his two carpenters at work, and he sees the huge load of lumber being dumped upon the ground. Dandy Allen McGee also sees and knows all, and he plans to play his last, and to his mind, his winning card. That night he sends for Susan to come to his private room which is located over his Palace of Chance, at a late hour. And Susan strong in her belief in the ways of the Lord, thinks he has relented and that he will give his aid to his husband in the building and establishing of his church, and she in her innocence goes. Dandy Allen McGee at first uses his usual tactics, but in so doing, he lays his unclean hands upon her and she shrinks from him and he throws off his mask and tells her, "Now, we'll cut out all of this and talk plain. I want you." But, oh, how different it sounds, those same words, by this man and him, that other man, of whom she had no fear. Again the voice comes, "I want you and I'm willing to help your husband build his damn church. I'll do that for you. I've got to have you. (Knowing full well that he would not keep his word.) And if you deny me, I'll ruin him. I'll drive him out of town. I'll ruin him, I tell you." And as he goes on, he loses himself entirely and says, "I'll do more. I'll have him hung, and I can do it. I ain't sayin' how, but I can do it, and, by God, I'll do it." And again he lays his unclean hands upon her, the sweet, pure Susan. She

screams and struggles in his grasp, but he is a powerful man, and then his brain is now completely turned by his true nature. He tries to force the struggling girl into his lustful arms, but altho meek and lowly in spirit, Susan is strong in all else, and she fights desperately. Tables and chairs are overthrown, oil lamps are broken, and by aid of darkness, Susan evades the monster, and Susan finds the door and opens it and from the hall light, we see her all disheveled, rushing from this place of planned dishonor. Straight along the moonlighted street she goes, straight past the church where her husband and his two workman are building his temple of worship, by the aid of lighted lanterns, straight past her own home where her little child is asleep, *straight to him*. (The ways of the Almighty are many and hard to understand). And as she runs along the trail, she trips and falls and rises and runs again. And we see inside the stable shack by the same moonlight that lights the trail, whose rays come from the broken window, a horse asleep, a little pet monkey curled up and asleep, and the man asleep with a saddle for his pillow, and by his side a flickering candle burned to its base, a child's primer and a Bible. The horse raises his head and listens, the horse rises and goes to his master and noses his face and wakes him. His master rises to a seating posture and listens, and then suddenly jumps to his feet, grasping his six-shooter that had laid at his side, and crouching behind the door, he waits and in answer to a hurried knock, he says, "Come in." And the door opens and she enters in the shaft of moonlight. And as the astounded man lowers his gun she tells him, this good pure girl, this follower of the teaching of the Lord, she tells him all. And the man from nowhere listens, and then he coldly snarls at her, "Everything in the world is rotten,

everything in the world is bad. I'm bad, but I might have believed in women folks account o' you, but you're same as all the rest. Your husband is a faker. Your husband stole my horse and held up the stage." And Susan replies, "I know it, my husband told me, but he did it for God." There is a pause, a pause such as can only be caused by the most dramatic moments in the lives of human beings. Little Jacko curls closer in his sleep, the Pinto horse looks on, and the moonlight seems to purify the night, and the hammering in the distance, in the stillness of the night, can be faintly heard sinking the nails deeper into the home of God. And then he speaks, and if it were possible for the Spirit of the Almighty to enter into this strange being, it is in his voice, it is in his rought untutored man's voice, and he says, "I'm takin' you home, and I'm tellin' you not to worry none. I'm J. B."

At Susan's door he leaves her without a word and continues on.

At Dandy Allen McGee's place it is the time of sordid revelry. It is the time of night when those who sought by intent or accident to become drunk, are drunk. Dandy Allen McGee is of neither class. His mind is made up. He has been repulsed in such a manner he knows that to gain his object, the end has come. He suspends his games and mounts a table and calls all to listen. He is going to tell, he is going to ruin the husband and force the wife to become his, and he *could* do it except for God. And this man is fighting God, but the ways of God are many and hard to understand, for a man enters, and, going straight to Dandy Allen McGee, says, "I ain't sayin' why I say this. I don't have to. I'm just sayin' it, and I'm

here to answer for my words to any of this *thing's* friends after I'm thru with him. A few days ago somethin' was said about this *thing* lookin' like what is now my little Jacko, and as the little feller ain't big enough to resent the insult, I'm here to do it fer him. I reckon my little Jacko would play with a snake and see in him a member of his fambly of animals, but he 'sure resents bein' classed with a *thing* that is lower than a snake's hips. I'm tellin' you this and I'm J. B." These words fall from the lips of this minister of justice in cool tones and his steady eyes never leave those he is addressing. The face of Dandy Allen McGee is livid, is bloated with rage. He, Dandy Allen McGee, is being forever disgraced, forever ruined in the eyes of the only people in the world who could ever respect him, and he dare not draw. He knows what his tempter wants but *he dare not draw*. Cold sweat gathers in great beads upon his forehead, his muscles twist convulsively, but before him stands that cool steady machine of death *and he dare not draw*. Not a sound could be heard but the ticking of the clock over the bar. And then the man walks slowly over to him, not a word is said, as the man coolly removes his hat from his head, all is tense and silent, and the man carefully folds his hat lengthwise and slowly takes hold of one end of it and then with lightning swiftness, and with all the force of his powerful arm he draws it full across the face of the man monkey, Dandy Allen McGee. And as he, blinded, cries out in pain and rage, the man coolly straightens out his hat and places it upon his head, and all, as tho it were one action, turns deliberately and walks toward the door. There is a snarl like that of a wild beast at bay. Dandy Allen McGee reaches for his gun and fires, but the man has turned and fired first. And as

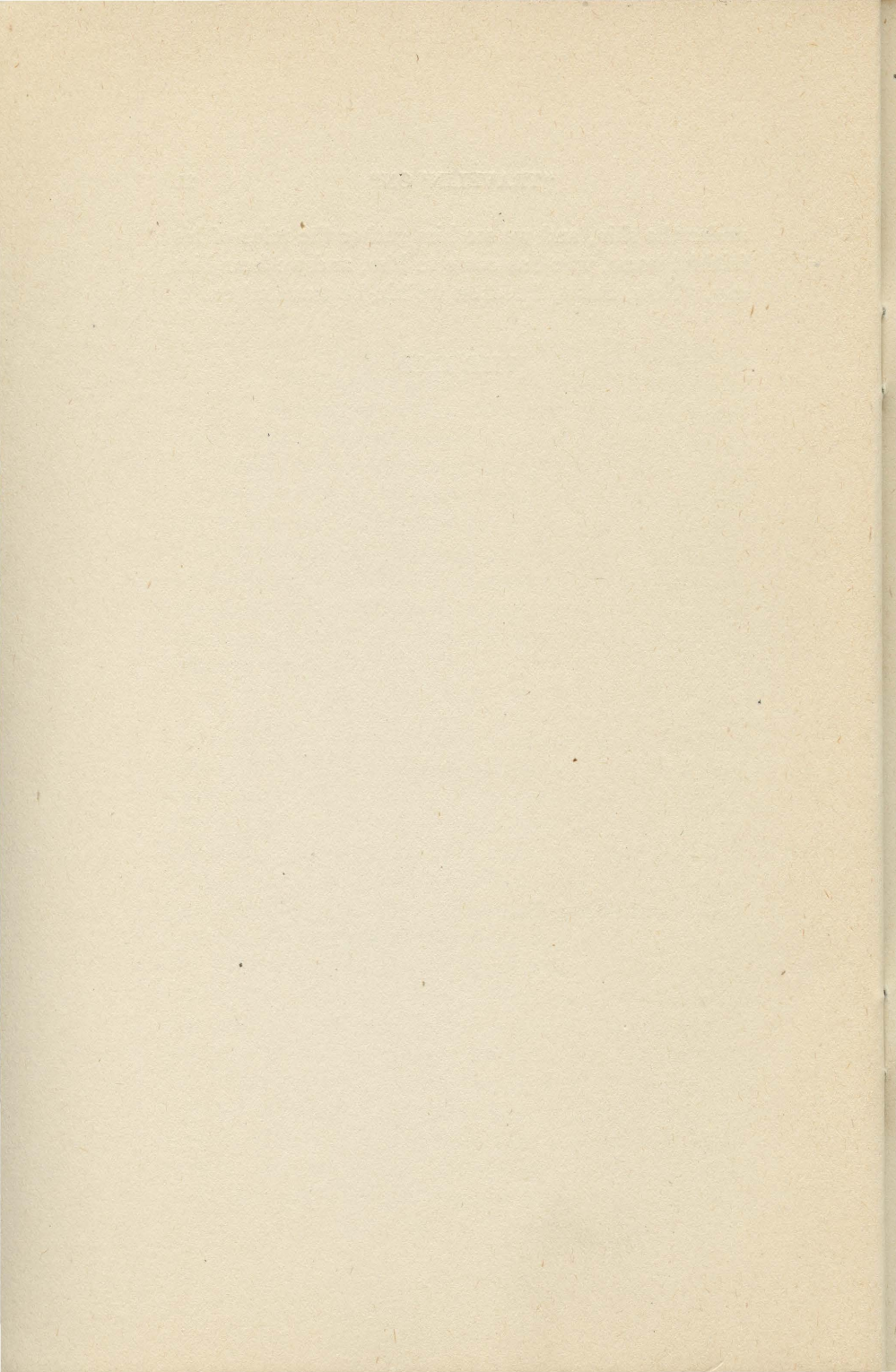
he walks out of the door, he leaves upon the floor the crumbling, lifeless form of what was once Dandy Allen McGee.

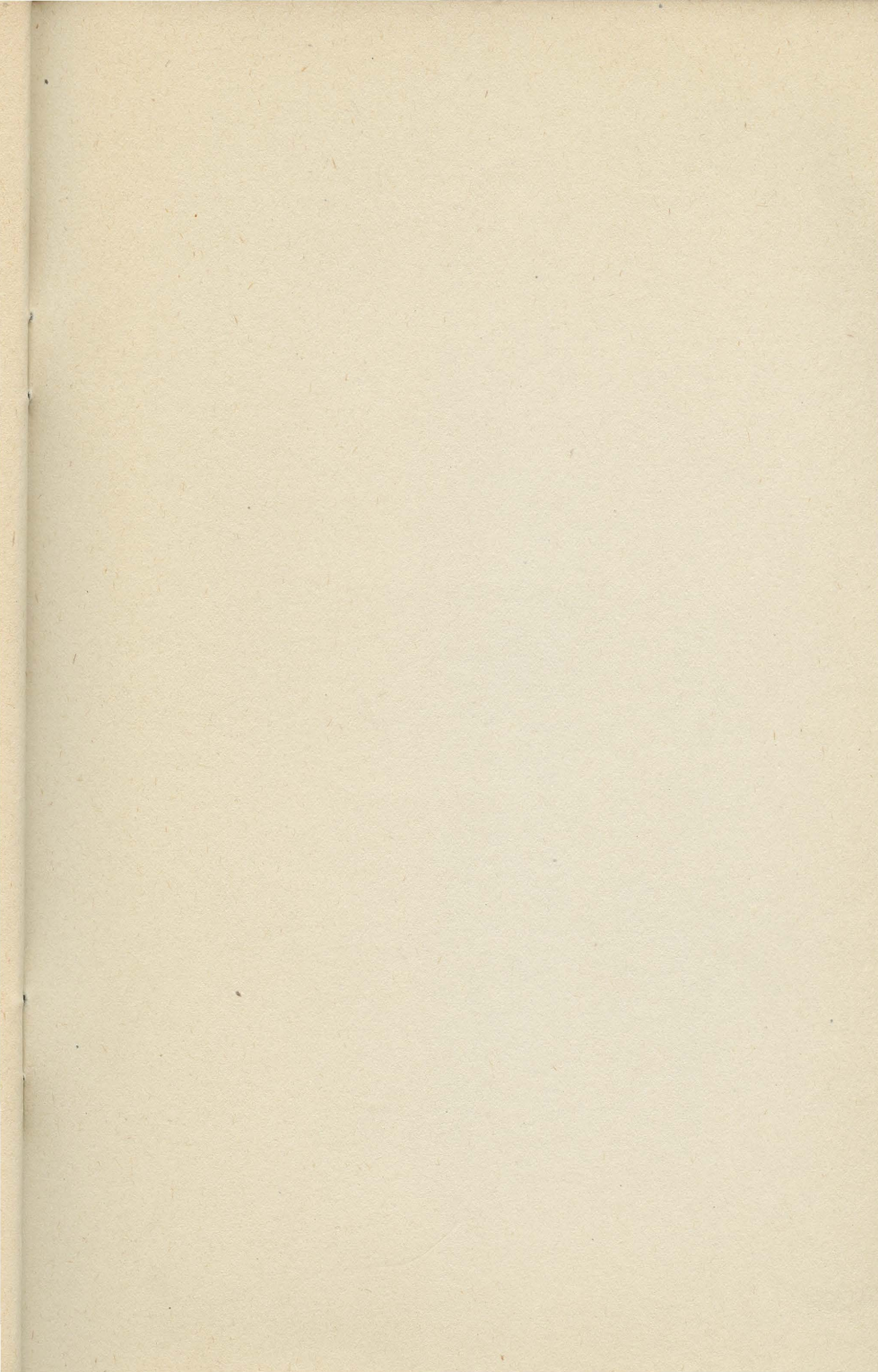
With the rising sun, we see the man walking past the now boarded up church with its two workmen and Hi Morton at work. We see him leading his Pinto horse with little Jacko perched chattering upon the saddle; we see her watching with little Mary Jane by her side; but the stranger looks neither to the right nor to the left, and when he is past the house, the little child runs after him and says to him, "My Mamma's crying," and Jacko chatters to go to his little playmate, and the man puts little Jacko in her arms and says, "I'm leavin' him with you 'cause me an' the Pinto is travelin' on.

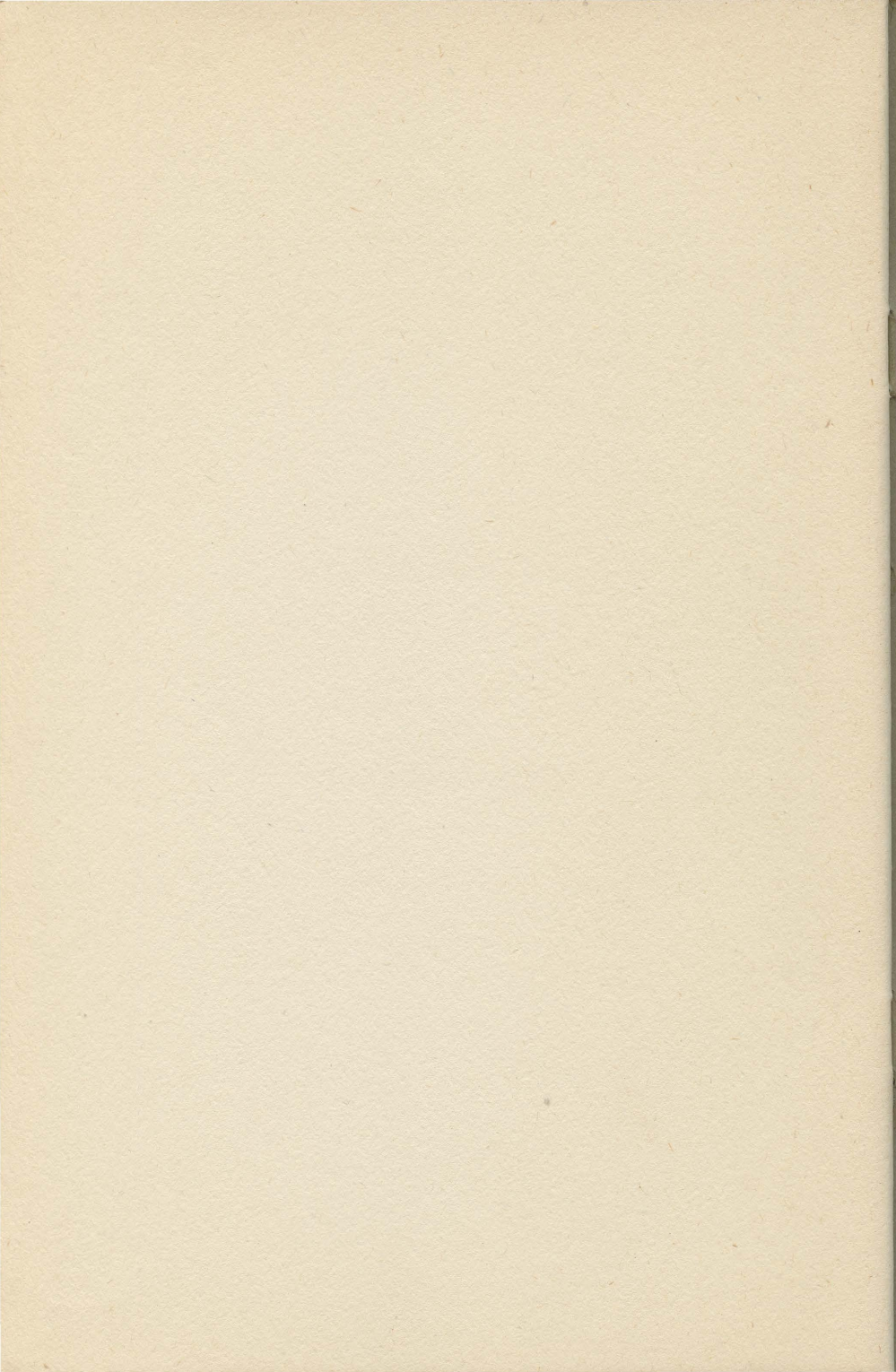
And then we see the mountain trail, a double guarded stage coach and we hear the driver say, "There's that damn trap again, ahead, stretched across the road." And we see the rope stretched across the road and we hear the driver say, "Get set, boys, I'm goin' thru it." And we see the driver lash his horses and we see a man mounted on a Pinto horse dash out into the road and we see the guards fire from the coach. We see the man fall from the plunging Pinto as the coach dashes on. The guard says, "Well, I got him anyhow, and what do you think of the nerve of the damn fool trying to do the same thing twice?" And then we see the fallen man roll over and arise, and we see him in a dazed, surprised way, open his shirt and take from it a book, a blood covered book, with a bullet hole clear thru it. It is the Bible. And we see him take a pocket knife and cut from his breast a bullet that was just

under the skin, and we see him gather the reins of his faithful horse, who has come to him, and we hear him say, "Now, Paint, I reckon we kin be travelin' on."

THE END









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