Fresh as the day it was packed!

ITS FRAGRANCE IS SEALED IN VACUUM

Our New Serial Story

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

It was about noon when Webb Winters got to Bob Anderson's place. No smoke showed from the chimney of the log cabin. There was no sign of life. The barn door was shut. It had rained the evening before and the ground hadn't dried yet, so that Webb Winters could read the sign imprinted there in the drying soil. Marks of shod hooves. Boot prints.

An uneasy feeling took hold of the rancher as he rode up to the barn. He had a feeling that something was wrong. He was sure of it when he opened the barn door and found Bob Anderson's horse there in the stall, the manger empty of hay. Bob wasn't the kind of man to neglect his horse.

Webb Winters left his horse and walked through the mud to the cabin. He had his hand on his gun when he slowly opened the door.

As the light came through the open doorway into the shadowy cabin, the inner fear that Webb Winters had been trying to shake off suddenly became real. Bob Anderson lay sprawled on his face near his bunk. There was a pool of sticky blood on the floor and the rancher's lifeless hand gripped a six-shooter. Near an overturned table, on the floor, were dishes, spilled food.

Webb Winters squatted beside the dead man who had been his friend and neighbor. He touched the lifeless shoulder.

"I'll pay 'em off, Bob," he said aloud, his voice husky.

He examined the dead man's gun. Four empty shells. Bob Anderson had died game. Died with his boots on and his six-shooter smoking.

He took a soogan from the bunk and covered the dead body and left the cabin. He went back to the barn, turned Bob's horse loose in the pasture. Bob wouldn't be needing him any longer. Then Webb Winters mounted and hit a long trot.

Two hours later, he pulled up at a small ranch at the foot of the timbered butte called Indian Butte. A short, wide-shouldered man with a week's stubble of graying black whiskers on his square jaw came to the door. He had puckered black eyes and a tight-lipped mouth.

"Put up your horse and come in, Webb."

"Ain't got time, Joe. I rode over with some bad news. The dirty sons got Bob Anderson last night. They got him like they got Ed. Young. We'll meet at my place after dark tonight. Send somebody over to set up with Bob. Get word to the others. I'm going to town to get a box. See you tonight. So-long."

* * *

Webb Winters rode on. It was one of those gray, cheerless days spotted with occasional showers. He kept thinking of Bob Anderson. Bob was a good neighbor and a staunch friend. Webb and Bob had punched cows together, off and on, for the past 15 years. They had wintered together in line camps, stood guard together on stormy nights, painted the town red when shipment time came. It was Bob who first suggested that they quit blowing their forty a month and take up ranches.

That had been three years ago. They had located on some good land that the Triangle outfit had been holding. The Triangle claimed a lot of land they had no right to. They tried to run Webb and Bob off. When their bluff had failed, they had offered to buy out the two cowboys. But Bob and Webb had told big Ab Abbott of the Triangle that they'd not sell at any price. The joweled, paunchy, whisky-soaked Abbot had replied that he would bet them a thousand dollars, and collect the bet in hell, that he'd own their ranches before he was done.

Now Bob was dead. Shot down in his own cabin. Another small rancher, Ed. Young, over on Greasewood Creek, had been killed the same way. Only, Ed. Young, who was an Oklahoma cowboy and handy with a gun, had been shot in the back. The Triangle now owned Ed. Young's place. They would hire one of their men now to file on Bob Anderson's place.

As Webb Winters rode toward the little cow town named Rimrock, at the foot of the mountains, he kept thinking of Bob. Big, blue-eyed, tow-headed Bob Anderson, who had never picked a fight in his life, but who, when his slow anger was once aroused, would fight any man alive. Webb would have to break the news to Mae, Bob's girl. Bob had aimed to get married after the fall round-up was over. Mae ran a little eating place at Rimrock. She'd take it mighty hard. Bob was the only man she'd ever gone around with.

He rode up the street that was lined with houses and stores and saloons. Dusk was falling. Lights showed in windows, and the odor of food told him that Rimrock was sitting down to supper. He stopped at the sheriff's house.

"Bob Anderson," he told the sheriff grimly, "was killed last night. I figured you'd want to look at him before he's planted."

The sheriff, an old-timer, looked hard at this tall, bronzed cowboy. Webb Winters had a square face, blunt of nose and jaw. His eyes were gray, his hair black and straight as an Indian's. His eyes now were hard, his mouth pulled taut.

"What are you aimin' to do about it, Webb?" asked the sheriff.

Webb Winters made no reply. He just stood there in the doorway, grim-lipped, hard-eyed.

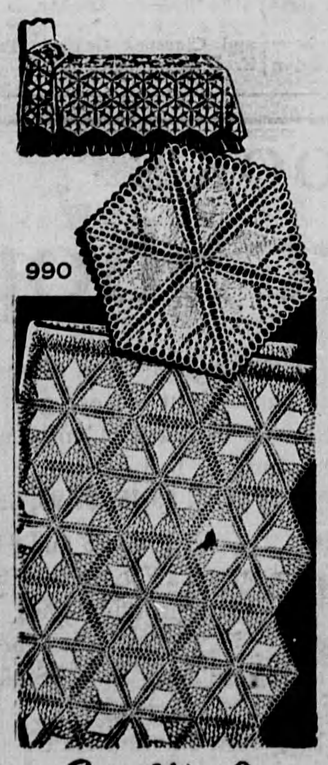
"Come in to supper, Webb. The missus will set a place for you."

"Can't do it, thanks. There's Mae to see, and I got to get Bob's box. It'll keep me humpin' to 'tend to things."

The sheriff nodded. "I savvy, Webb."

Hank Roberts had not been twenty-five years a peace officer without learning the ways of men. He knew only too well the feud that was growing between the Triangle and the smaller ranchers. He knew that the smaller ranchers had organized. They were known as the Scissor-Bill Pool. Trouble was cooking, and cooking too fast for his peace of mind.

(Continued Next Week)



Laura Wheeler

Knitters—look! A beautiful new medallion to make a beautiful spread, scarf, or cloth. It's really easy so knitters get busy!

At last you can knit household accessories—and easily! Pattern 990 has directions.

Laura Wheeler's improved pattern makes needlework so simple with its charts, photos and concise directions.

Send twenty-five cents (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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Queen's Handiwork—A million-stitch needlepoint rug which took Queen Mary, 82-year-old mother of King George VI, eight years to make, is displayed by Patricia Hardie after its arrival on the liner, Queen Mary. The rug is the queen mother's personal contribution to Britain's effort to gain U.S. dollars. Miss Hardie will take the piece on a tour following which it will be sold to the highest bidder.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P Clarke

Fog . . . rain . . . mud! Once again the miracle of early spring has brought about a change that seems almost incredible. A week ago so much snow—and now big patches of bare ground, although there are still plenty of snowbanks in evidencce. For a few days it was such a nice, slow thaw that flood conditions were not really serious. Ditches rose higher than the culverts and flats became a miniature lake as the warm sun melted the snow, but with the going down of the sun the water level dropped; ditches became normal and the creek a pleasant, gurgling little stream. But the mud . . . oh, dear! Now it is raining, so what happens today remains to be seen.

Generally we think of mud as belonging to the country, and clean, dry roads as belonging to the town—but not in this district. Our nearby town is still busy with its sewerage system—and so help me, I never saw such mud in all my life. I go to town as little as I can. The main streets, that were ripped up last fall to lay storm sewers, are so full of pot holes you wonder how many springs and bolts you will lose from your car before you get home, and also if any part of your own anatomy will break loose. Part of the trouble these days lies in the fact that we don't expect to contend with mud any more. Most roads in well populated districts are now either gravelled or paved, and most farmers have long since made a practise of having their lanes gravelled too, so that mud, such as we now meet in town, seems much worse than it would have done twenty years ago. I remember when we had our first car—a Model T—we always went back to the horse and buggy in early spring because the lane wasn't gravelled and the car couldn't get through the mud—although I do remember a few occasions when Partner pulled me down to the road with the team. We didn't want to take a chance on breaking another axle since we had already had that happen once. Side roads were also good places to keep away from—some of them are now, for that matter. So now, however rough the main roads may be, in comparison with twenty years ago we have little to grumble about . . . only somehow we still have a way of grumbling.

Maybe I wouldn't be thinking about the roads so much if it wasn't for the June Bug. Yes, I'm going to tell you about it—or perhaps this will explain things. The other day a friend of mine said to me—"And what have you been doing this week?"

"Oh, nothing much," I answered, "except that I've made three pairs of pyjamas and bought a car!"

Acutally the June Bug and the new car are one and the same thing. You see it is a little English car with a short, stumpy appearance that Partner said reminded him of some kind of bug. "Yes," I agreed, "June Bug—that would be a good name for it." Bob suggested Firefly but we thought that was a little too fancy—and somehow June Bug seems so much more expressive.

But I ask you—what's the good of a nice, new car in this weather? A few trips to town and it looks like a bug all right—a bug that has been hibernating all winter and just pushed its way up through the dank, sticky mud. Another thing I have to contend with is the steering column gearshift—something entirely new for me—also the extra creeper gear which most of these English cars are blessed with.

Before we got the car I was seriously thinking of getting an electric sewing machine. Varicose veins and treadle machines don't go too well together, and I do use a sewing machine so much. So, when we were dickering over the car, undecided just what kind to get, Partner said—"For the love of Pete, why don't you settle for a sewing machine and save yourself this worry!" Maybe he has something there—the trouble is you can't go very far with a sewing machine. Not that we expect to do much travelling but it will be nice to have something that's really dependable—or should be—so that we can go out without worrying about tires or whether a bearing will burn out and leave us stranded at an uncomfortable distance from a garage. And in getting a small car we are also thinking of the money we shall save on gas.

Here is Daughter's latest experience. One of her tenants, smoking in bed, set fire to his mattress! I wonder how many disastrous fires have been started in just that way. Anyone who is too sleepy to keep awake long enough to finish smoking a cigarette surely doesn't need a smoke very badly in the first place. And of course the same thing happens in private homes just as easily as in a rooming house.

HOW CAN I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make celery more tender?

A. Allow the celery to lie in water for about seven or eight hours before serving, and it will be very tender.

Q. How can I clean an iron?

A. An iron can be readily cleaned by mixing rottenstone with sweet oil, spreading it on a board, and running the iron back and forth until it is bright and clean.

Q. How can I remove ink stains from a silk dress without injuring the material?

A. Try placing the stained part over a saucer and covering it with powdered borax. Then pour peroxide of hydrogen over the borax. Do not pour water over the borax.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 35¢ at any druggists.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have read your column admiringly for some time. I would like to offer this bit of advice to egotistical and possessive husbands. I am an ex one, and speak from experience.

"While in the service, I married a sweet girl. That was my first marriage. We had a beautiful daughter.

"My drinking and cheating (that I thought was smart) led us straight into the divorce court. I was satisfied, I thought. I was making money, and I was popular.

"I met another sweet girl, and we fell in love. We married. We were blissfully happy for a while—until, again, I couldn't stand prosperity. I started my old routine again. I thought, 'This girl loves me too much to think of leaving me—I can get away with it.'

"But she, too, left me. Later, she gave birth to my son. (He was a year old in February, and I have seen him three times).

Too Late?

"Again, I thought, this freedom is what I want. (How stupid and cocky I was!) Just so long as I could have fun, I never thought of anyone else. I loved a farce, too far gone in my ways to realize it until it was too late.

"Now it has been 18 months since she left me. I've kept the memory of it. I've just existed. But so help me, I've quit drinking, and I have refused all invitations.

"I've been living on a thread of hope for a reconciliation.

"If my wife reads this, I want her to know that I love her deeply, and that I've paid dearly for my past affairs.

"I hope that the wayward husbands who think they're smart to travel in the same path, will stop and take a good inventory—will ask themselves, 'Is it worth it?' Let me be the first to answer, it is not!

"There is only one tragedy worse than death, and that is loneliness. I know!

R.G."

* * *

* It takes some of us a long, long while (and more than one experience) to be taught that the only real life is the good life.

* You were lucky enough to win the hearts of two fine girls. Each of them gave you a child. Instead of appreciating all their love and loyalty, you took the easiest way—you played fast and loose with them both. You broke both hearts before you realized how selfish and arrogant you had been.

* Now you are paying.

* When a man finally sees himself as he is, there is no husband like the husband he can be. Sincere in his reform, all he wants is the opportunity to prove it, to make up for all the anguish he has caused. I, for one, believe you are sincere.

* If your wife reads your letter today, I hope she will believe you, too.

* * *

Anne Hirst's column has brought more than one separated couple together again. The primary purpose of the column, though, is to prevent trouble. Write BEFORE you part, and let Anne Hirst help you prevent such tragedy. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ontario.

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