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"SALADA" TEA

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER THREE

The Hoot-Owl Pool

Webb found the old attorney at one of the saloons. He was standing at the bar, quite drunk. When Webb tried to thank him, he shook his head.

"One good turn deserves another, Webb. You've forgotten what you did for me one night in this saloon. The night you knocked a man down for trying to play some practical joke on me when I was a bit deep in my cups. I have tried, my friend, in my own humble way, to repay

The saloon was filling. Joe Blake came in and shook hands with Webb. Tex and two strangers came in and Tex insisted on buying old Judge Anders a case of the best whisky in the place. He introduced the two cowboys with him.

"Webb, meet the two Jones boys."

Webb shook hands with the two cold-eyed men. Tex grinned faintly.

"There's quite a tribe o' the Jones boys. You'll find 'em scattered from the Peace River country in Canada plumb down to the Mexican line. Them Jonses is quite a tribe."

Webb had seen the two cowboys in the courtrom. He had wondered who they were. Now he knew them. They belonged to that nameless brotherhood that rides the outlaw trail. Now he looked squarely into the eyes of the lanky Texan.

"If the jury had found me guilty, Tex?"

Tex chuckled softly, then lifted his glass. "Here's to Judge Anders. Drink hearty, boys."

Ab Abbott and a bunch of Triangle men came in, spurs dragging. They pushed their way to the bar. Abbott lined up alongside Webb.

"Just because that drunken shyster got you off is no sign that this cow country is lookin' at it the way that fool jury did. Even your Scissor-Bill Pool went back on yuh."

"I drawed out of the Scissor-Bill Pool, Abbott, the night before we planted Bob Anderson. I don't need 'em to help me. I'm playin' a lone hand. I'll find out who murdered Bob Anderson. When I cut the man's trail, I'll kill him where I find him. I hope, Abbot, that the gent I run down will be you."

Ab Abbot's purplish face twisted as he reached for his gun. Webb's fist caught him flush on the jaw. A second blow dropped the paunchy Triangle owner to the floor.

"That second punch was for my friend, Judge Anders. Get up and take some more, you yellow-bellied coyote."

Tex and his two cold-eyed companions stood with their backs to the bar, six-shooters in their hands.

"Tromp his guts out, Webb," drawled Tex. "Us boys will take care of them Triangle things."

"Stand up and fight, Abbot," gritted Webb, "or I'll kick you out of the place. Either fight or start crawlin' for the door."

Blood spurted from Ab Abbot's nose. He lay there in the soiled sawust, breathing thickly, pig eyes slitted. Webb picked up the six-shooter he had knocked out of the big cattleman's hand and tossed it across the bar to the bartender.

"If Abbot needs another gun, he can borrow one off somebody. That smoke pole is mine from now on. Just a souvenir. Now drag it, Abbot, and take your coyote pack with you." He planted a short, swift kick in the cowman's belly. Abbot doubled up, gasping.

"Take him out," grinned Tex, "and load him on his horse. He thinks he's sick, but he'll be sicker if he hangs around. Haul him outa here, you tough Triangle waddies. And unless you gents are cravin' fast excitement, hit the trail for your home ranch. There ain't room enough in town for the Triangle outfit."

Under the menace of Tex' gun the Triangle men carried the bulky Ab Abbot outside.

"The drinks," said the bartender, "is on the house. And we're drinkin' this to Webb Winters."

* * *

Sunrise found Webb Winters back at his ranch. He put up his horse and went to his cabin. There was a sheet of paper tacked to his cabin door. He grinned faintly as he read the printed warning on it: "Quit the Country!"

He left the paper tacked to the door and went inside. It had been a month since he had been inside this little log cabin he called home. They had kept him in jail that long. He stood there in the doorway now, looking into the cabin.

The floor, which he had always kept clean, was littered with dried mud tracks. Dirty pots and pans and dishes littered the place. Empty bottles had been tossed into corners. His tarp-covered bed was pulled apart, blankets and soogans ripped to shreds. A soiled deck of cards lay scattered on the table. Cupboards and shelves were empty of food.

(Continued Next Week)

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. What is the proper way to shake hands?

A. Make your hand grasp firm and cordial. Avoid that limp clasp, sometimes known as the "dead-fish" or "wet dishrag" handclasp. However it is not good taste to make the other person wince with pain. And avoid the pump-handle type of handshake, too.

Q. When is the proper time for a bridegroom to give his presents to his best man and ushers?

A. On the night of his bachelor dinner, which is usually a day or two before his wedding.

Q. Is it good taste, when dining in a restaurant, to wipe off the silver with a napkin?

A. No, this is exceedingly ill-bred. If the silver is not clean enough, call the waiter and have him replace it.

Q. Don't you think it is unthe floor to eject from the mouth to the floor little specks of tobacco that separate themselves from the cigarette or cigar?

A. It most certainly is. Remove these particles from the mouth with the thumb and forefinger and place them in an ashtray. It is best to do as little of this as possible.

Walking Women—Mary Wilson and Jeanette Rowatt check their worn dogs after walking down 13 floors of their New York apartment house. They were among thousands of skyscraper dwellers strained when 12,000 building service employes struck for higher wages, shorter working hours and pensions.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

by Gwendoline P Clarke

No seeding has been done here even yet so it is going to be later than last year after all. The only promising signs of spring during the last week have been (1) the return of a lonely swallow to the barn, (2) one daffodil in bloom, (3) sudden appearance of one Canada goose, flying low and honking noisily, (4) a mother robin nesting hopefully in a sheltered corner over the front door, (5) the arrival of one more calf. And of course we are on daylight saving time—whether that can be taken as a hopeful sign I wouldn't know. One thing is certain, man-made plans put us on DST but it takes the weather to put us on SUMMER-saving time. Either our climate is doing a complete right-about-face or we are going through one of those definite weather cycles which scientists tell us are a logical conclusion to certain atmospheric conditions. Oh, well, I suppose everything will straighten out eventually—there's nothing we can do about it anyway. No good trying to rush things—a fact that a few farmers will have realized by now, to their cost. We heard of one or two farmers, not personally known to us, obviously over-anxious to get at their seeding and so started out to work their land last week. Result—they got stuck in their fields with their tractors. No doubt those same men might have been better employed working on the woodpile to keep the house supplied with quick fuel for chilly days.

* * *

In answer to my appeal Bob was busy at the chopping block one evening when the lone Canada goose which I have just mentioned flew over his head, making such a terrific noise that both dogs started barking furiously. I wonder how the poor thing happened to be alone—was it on a reconnaissance flight or had it been left behind? Of course we shall never know the answer, but one naturally wonders.

* * *

And then Mrs. Robin had me guessing too. About ten days ago she was very busy making her nest; then she sat on it off and on for about two days. But after that she apparently disappeared. The nest was deserted, and, since it was by a window overlooking our front hall I thought probably our going back and forth had disturbed her. But then after four days Mrs. Robin came back; settled down on her nest and has been there ever since, her beady eyes watching us with complete unconcern as we pass through the hall. Evidently we did not frighten her after all—perhaps she had just been away for the weekend visiting friends. Or maybe it is customary for birds to build their nests and then leave them to settle.

* * *

Well, I have actually started housecleaning—but in a very half-hearted sort of way. I managed to get the ceiling and woodwork washed in the dining-room and then, almost as soon as I had done it the kitchen fire started to smoke. Clouds of smoke came pillowing out into my freshly washed dining-room. Quick . . . quick—open the doors — bring out the fan! Yes, that's quite a help—you want to try it sometime if you have an electric fan in the house. Open the doors; start the fan and the smoke is dispersed in a few minutes. But it is better still to prevent a smokey fire. I had been burning coal—and then put cedar wood on the fire—and forgot to open the chimney check! You can imagine the things I said to myself.

* * *

Seems to me I did tell you about my rug-braiding activities, didn't I? Well, I finished a big rug a few days ago and had it down on the floor. Bob looked at it very critically and presently remarked "I can't see much to those things . . . they may be all right in a kitchen for a fellow to wipe his rubber boots on, but I wouldn't want to see one in the living-room!" That very day there was an illustrated "ad" in our daily paper showing various pieces of living-room furniture, and on the floor was a braided rug—and the price was $36.75. Believe me I showed that to my son in a hurry. "So what . . . I still don't like them!" was his only comment. But Partner likes them and the only thing that spoils my enthusiasm is the fact that I have run out of rags. And to think of the rags I have sold through the years for 10 cents a bag! Actually, I still have plenty of rags but they would have to be dyed before I could use them—and I don't know the first thing about dying. Could any experienced reader advise me? Is there any dye a novice could use satisfactorily without boiling the goods. I believe really beautiful rugs could be made by working out a colour scheme. And by the way I don't sew my braids together in the old-fashioned way. I lace them together just as you lace your shoes—using fine strong twine, threaded through a bodkin lacer. It makes a much neater job, and the finished rug by this method is also reversible.

Success Tip—
Bake it with **MAGIC!**

DATE-ORANGE PUDDING

Combine in a greased casserole (6-cup size) ¼ c. corn syrup, 1 tbs. grated lemon rind and ½ c. orange juice. Mix and sift once, then sift into a bowl, 1½ c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 1⅓ c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 2½ tsps. Magic Baking Powder, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ c. fine granulated sugar. Mix in ¾ c. corn flakes, slightly crushed, and ½ c. cut-up pitted dates. Combine 1 well-beaten egg, ½ c. milk, ½ tsp. vanilla and 3 tbs. shortening, melted. Make a well in dry ingredients and add liquids; mix lightly. Turn into prepared dish. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 40 minutes. Serve warm, with pouring cream. Yield—6 servings.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: My husband and I have been married only nine months, but we are both very unhappy!

"I met him during the war, when he was stationed near my southern home. We married there. We had a nice apartment, and I kept on working. I did not mind, because he seemed so happy.

"But now we live here with his folks, and my husband has changed.

"He never takes me places, but he finds time to enjoy himself with his boy friends. I know no one here. I've often asked him to take me out with these boys and their girl friends, but he won't.

"He says I should be happy because I have a nice place to live, and little work to do. I love him, but I feel our marriage is getting off to a wrong start. We are both 19.

"My husband asks me to go back home for a while, and we would both find out for sure whether we love each other. Please, can you help me? Worried."

* * *

A Husband's Duty

* When a young husband brings * his wife to his parents' home to * live, he and they should introduce * their friends and see that she * shares their social life. She is a * member of the family now, and * should become a part of it.

* How well do you get along * with your husband's parents? His * behavior must be making them * very uneasy. Can't you talk * things over with his mother? Try.

* Your husband is inordinately * selfish. Instead of showing you * off proudly to his friends, taking * you places, and giving you all * his attention, he goes his own * way. He knows you are lonely, * he knows you miss him, and he * seems not to care. It may be, of * course, that he has not realized * how badly he is behaving. Yet * the fact that he has refused to * introduce you properly does * seem to indicate that he would * rather go alone.

* Perhaps a little visit home will * be a good idea. There, you will * be with your own people and re- * new your spirits. And while you * are away, perhaps he will miss * you so much that he will decide * to make your life a very different * one when you return.

* Indeed, I hope so!

* * *

A young husband should be his wife's best friend, her protector, her lover, and her companion. Some husbands must learn the hard way. If you are one, let Anne Hirst help to steer your course. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

Use a small fly sprayer, filled with water, to wash the dust from your house plants at the kitchen sink. (Be sure the sprayer is clean before filling it.)

REAL INVENTOR

The men in the smoking compartment were arguing about great inventors. One said Stephenson, who invented the locomotive and made fast travel possible, was the greatest. Another declared it was the man who invented the compass, which enabled man to navigate the seas. Another spoke up for Edison. Still another for the Wrights. Finally one of them turned to a little man who had remained silent.

"What do you think?"

"Vell," he said with a smile, "the man who invented compound interest vas no fool."

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