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ITS FRAGRANCE IS SEALED IN VACUUM

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER THREE

(Continued From Last Week)

Eyes narrowed, he looked at it all. Then he set about cleaning up the place. He would have to make a trip to town for grub and bedding. He was in the middle of his house, cleaning, when he heard a wagon coming. He stepped to the doorway, a carbine in his hands. Then he recognized the man driving the team. It was Tex.

"I got word that somebody had kind of messed up your place, Webb, so I figured I'd come over."

In the wagon was a month's supply of grub, a bottle of whisky and a bedroll.

"The bed is one that a feller left at my place and never came back for. One of the Jones boys that had bad luck along the trail. You kin pay back the grub when you git around to it."

Tex put up his team and helped Webb clean up things. He did not say how he happened to learn that somebody had violated that range code which says that a man is lower than a snake who will abuse the privilege of an unlocked door. Webb did not ask.

Tex spent the night with Webb and they sat up until late, smoking and talking. After breakfast, Tex pulled out for home. It was when Webb saddled up and rode around his place that he discovered what other damage had been done.

His fence around the hay meadow had been cut. His alfalfa crop was tromped down, two haystacks torn up and ruined by the rain, his few head of horses, about 15 head, were missing. Save for the horse he rode, he was afoot. He would be forced to sell part of his cattle or buy feed to replace the hay that had been wantonly destroyed.

He sat his horse, staring at the broken fence and the ruined hay crop. Not a pleasant homecoming. He knew that more than a few of the ranchers in the country considered him guilty of Bob Anderson's death.

He thought over the proposition Tex had made to him the night before as they sat smoking in the cabin. Webb had turned it down. Now he wondered if he hadn't been too hasty. Ab Abbot was going after Webb Winters. Webb no longer belonged to the Scissor-Bill Pool. What chance had he, lone-handed, against the Triangle outfit?

He was staring with brooding eyes at the broken fence when Joe Blake rode up.

"Damnation, Webb, who done this?"

"Not knowin'," Webb replied, "I couldn't say."

"They shore tore things up. What'll you do about hay this winter?"

"As the sayin' goes, I'll do like they do over the river. Do without."

"Shore tough, Webb."

"It could be worse, I reckon." Webb's voice was quiet.

There was an awkward silence. Webb hardly seemed aware of the other man's presence. He kept looking at his broken fence, thinking of the proposition Tex had offered.

"I rode over, Webb, to tell you how ornery I feel about what that lawyer drug outa me on the witness stand. Looked like I was tryin' to send you to the pen."

"Did it?" Webb kept looking at the tangled barb wire.

"I don't want you to pack no grudge again' me, Webb."

"Let 'er go as she lays," returned Webb.

"The Pool wagon starts next week," Joe Blake went on. "Are you ridin' with us?"

"I quit the Scissor-Bill Pool the night I got accused of killin' Bob Anderson. I'm done with the layout for keeps."

"How'll you git your cattle gathered?"

"I'll do my own worryin' about that."

"No need to take it thataway. Me and my men will rep for you. Glad to do it."

"I'm gatherin' my own stuff, Blake. I don't want help from the Scissor-Bill Pool in any shape, form or manner. Tell 'em that when you meet tonight."

There was another silence. The two men looked hard at each other.

"I'll tell 'em," said Joe Blake. "I got to be ridin' along. Some of my horses got scattered while I was in town, subpoenaed for the trial."

"Charge it to profit and loss, Blake. So-long."

Webb rode away. Joe Blake's black eyes followed him. Then Blake rode off, a faint, twisted grin on his thin-lipped mouth. The expression on his face was not very pleasant.

* * *

Sheriff Hank Roberts pulled on his chaps and twisted a cigarette into shape. His wife poured him a last cup of black coffee, regular round-up coffee, strong enough to satisfy any man. He buckled on his cartridge belt and slid his old .45 into its holster. A worried frown brought his shaggy, gray brows together.

"You never could tell a lie and make it stick. Have I ever spilled a secret? You've always told me just about everything you were doing. What's wrong this time?"

"You and Mae been argerin' lately?"

"She stayed with me last night while you were gone. What's that got to do with it? Hank, you're not going after Webb Winters again?"

"No. That is, not exactly. But he's travelin' in tough company and somebody is likely to git hurt down there before the last shipment is made this fall. The Triangle wagon started yesterday on their beef work. The Scissor-Bill Pool starts today. Tex and Webb are workin' together with some strangers from the badlands. I'm goin' down to look the layout over. What was Mae sayin' about Webb Winters?"

(Continued Next Week)

Laura Wheeler

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Actress Marries—Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr., pause on the steps of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, Calif., following their wedding. Bride is the former Elizabeth Taylor of the screen. Groom is a member of the famous Hilton hotel family.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

With all this heart-breaking news of floods in the West and fires in Quebec it would seem that in Ontario we have little to grumble about—especially now that we have at last got some seeding done. Probably in some parts seeding has been completed but we are just nicely in the middle of it. On Saturday we had to quit because of strong gales—no sense in spending $200 on clover seed and then have the wind blow it over to the next farm as you try to sow it. Today it will have a better chance as there is only a slight breeze. But now we have a new worry. Last night there was "a black frost" and Partner is afraid it may have killed the grass just starting to grow in the pasture fields. If so it will make it bad for farmers who are short of hay and are just waiting for the grass to grow and the weather to warm up so they can turn their cattle out on pasture. We are lucky—we still have enough hay in the barn to last until June 1, if necessary. But believe me, the cattle won't think much of that June 1 idea! The other day, when they were out to water, they discovered to their joy that the gate to the back garden had not been properly fastened. One young heifer promptly finished the job and when I looked out of the window all the cows were happily munching away at the succulent green grass as if they hadn't a minute to lose. As indeed they hadn't, as I was soon on my way to call Partner, then between us, and Tippy, the cows' ill-gotten gain was cut short—and quickly. But the mischief was done. Now every time the cows are let out they crowd around and bawl in disappointed protest at finding the gate securely fastened—and with a chain around for extra protection.

Well, last week I did a bit of gadding. Tuesday I went to Toronto especially to shop. I was planning to attend a Women's Institute affair at Guelph on the Friday and of course, I hadn't a thing to wear! So I shopped, and I shopped—and how I loathe shopping—and although I knew exactly what I wanted I couldn't find it, nor could I find anyone to wait on me half the time until I approached a floor manager and got a little action that way. Finally at the end of anything but a perfect day I came home with only one purchase—a pair of crepe-soled canvas shoes! Came Friday and I set out for Guelph in a dress that was too thin; a coat that has long since forgotten when it was new, and my old black felt hat. But somehow, old clothes didn't seem to matter once we got there. We? Oh yes, the June Bug took along other W.I. members too—and she really buzzed along the road very nicely. We arrived in good time and were rewarded for our trip by hearing Mrs. Raymond Sayre, International President of the Associated Country Women of the World. Mrs. Sayre is the type of person who speaks from the heart—and to the heart. There were no frills to her address—she just made you feel she was an ordinary farm woman like most of us in her audience—knowing, and understanding our problems, and yet making us realise the power that women have—and particularly farm women, to mold world affairs. Watch for an account of her address in your farm papers. I cannot attempt to do justice to it in this column. One thing I must mention . . . Mrs. Sayre quoted the answer given by a Jewish American scientist to someone who said to him—"I suppose atomic power is now the greatest power in the world. Isn't that so?"

"No," answered the scientist, "there is one power greater yet—the power of Almighty God."

That is something we are inclined to forget in this materialistic and scientific age, don't you think? Yet we should remember it to our comfort if we are inclined to dwell fearfully on the devasting power of atomic force. After all, the cleverest men of our day and age are still only puppets when a Higher Power taeks over. We have proof of that in the swirling waters of the Red River flood. Sandbags can lessen the damage but only the subsiding of the waters can bring real relief to the flooded areas.

Do you know another thing that struck me quite forcibly at the Guelph Conference—the astonishing number of grey headed women! Fifty years ago most of them would have been wearing lace caps and staying home with their grandchildren. But on Friday, there they were, well over a thousand strong. And they were smart! Most of them had evidently had better luck shopping than I had. My friends and I sat in the balcony, and looking down we could almost count the brown-haired heads among the grey and white.

Another thing I like about that kind of outing—so often kind-hearted souls come up to me and say—"You're Mrs. Clarke, aren't you? We always read and enjoy your column." Often they are strangers to me—how they recognize me, I don't now—but it always gives me a sort of lift to meet any of you people who put up with my meanderings week by week, and I hope you will always come and say "Hullo" whenever you and I happen to be in the same place at the same time.

Reasonable

Down near Sumter, South Carolina, an energetic young salesman recently spent an entire morning trying to sell old Josiah Crabtree a motor bike.

"Ain't no use arguing, young fellow," he finally said. "If I had one, I might fall and break my neck. Besides, I would rather put the money in a good milk cow."

"But think," persisted the youth, "how silly you'd look trying to ride a cow down to the village."

"Maybe so," Josiah admitted, "but I would look a heap more foolish tryin' to milk one of your motor bikes."

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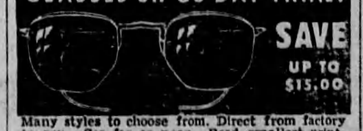

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Mine is a strange problem. I am married to one of the finest women ever put on this earth. She is kind and good, sweet and intelligent and a wonderful housekeeper, too. Attractive and delightful! We do everything together, and since our marriage three years ago, she has become dearer and dearer to me.

"I was married before—to a woman who was just the opposite. She was lazy, unclean, nagging and, above all, unfaithful. She has married again, too. She visits here frequently.

"Anne Hirst, my own mother brings her to her home, takes her around as though she were still my wife. I learn that my mother is encouraging her to believe we may get together again! My mother has pulled some of the lowest tricks imaginable. Yet, while we were married, these two heartily disliked each other!

"What now?

"It is a terrible thing to say, but I am growing to dislike my mother more every day.

"My wife sees and knows all this, but never complains. We hardly ever go home any more, because I can't stand this deceitful thing my mother is doing—and my wife trusting her so. They have got to learn that my present wife comes first, last and always with me. I worship her, and I can't stand this any longer.

"I've thought of selling our home and getting away from them all. What do you think?

W.C."

* * *

I think you would be foolish to allow your mother's behavior to drive you away from your home.

Instead, stop visiting her. If she complains, tell her why.

You ask me why your mother acts so. Perhaps she is jealous of your devotion to your present wife, and would like nothing better than to break up your marriage. So she enlists the sympathy of your first wife, who, nothing loath (I take it) joins her plan.

However, what does it matter why your mother does this? The fact that she does is shocking enough. The sooner you let the family understand how futile are these efforts, the sooner they will cease.

Be grateful that your wife is so superior, and enjoy your marriage together, unclouded by all this confusion. It is revolting to have to distrust one's mother, but after all, a mother, like everyone else, must earn the trust of her children.

* * *

To "R.N.": Avoid this temptation as you would flee from the plague!

If you are working in the same organization with this married man, get yourself another position. Since you "love him more every day," that is the smartest course. Believe it or not, once he is removed from your daily sight, you will find it easier to forget this ill-advised infatuation.

You do not say whether he has shown any interest in you or not. If he has, it is no compliment to you; if he has not, the declaration of affection which you are tempted to make would embarrass him terribly, and tend to make you ridiculous.

Have you thought of his wife? In her place, what would YOU think of a girl who tried to steal YOUR husband? Think it over. It should make you see yourself as other people would see you, if you do not control your emotions.

* * *

If differences arise between you and your family, don't let them affect your private life. Ann Hirst's understanding has helped thousands of husbands and wives to keep their marriage fine. Write Anne Hirst at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

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● Combine ⅔ c. water, 3 tbs. granulated sugar, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ c. shortening; heat, stirring constantly, until sugar and salt are dissolved and shortening melted; cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl ½ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Add cooled sugar-shortening mixture and stir in 1 well-beaten egg and 1 tsp. lemon juice. Sift together twice 2 c. once-sifted bread flour and ¼ tsp. ground mace. Stir into yeast mixture; beat until smooth. Work in 1 c. once-sifted bread flour to make a very soft dough. Grease top of dough. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and cut out rounded spoonfuls of dough with a tablespoon and drop into greased muffin pans, filling each pan about half-full. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 425°, about 20 minutes. Yield — 20 medium-sized buns.