Salada Tea Bags are handy for afternoon tea

"SALADA" TEA BAGS

Riders for the *Hoot-Owl Pool*

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER FOUR

(Continued From Last Week)

Old Hank Roberts held out his hand, palm upward. Webb, in the barber chair, looked at the outstretched hand, surprise and suspicion in his eyes.

"I'm collectin' 'em, son."

Webb Winters sat up in the barber chair. Slowly he took his six-shooter from the waistband of his overalls and handed it to the sheriff.

"I'm obliged, Webb."

"Keep the change."

"When you git ready to leave town, call for your gun at the office. You'll git it back."

"Thanks a hell of a lot!" Webb lay back in his chair, a sardonic grin showing through the bandage and shaving lather. Hank Roberts walked out.

So he had met Hank Roberts. There had been no invitation to supper. On the contrary, the sheriff's attitude had been anything but friendly. Webb suddenly realized what that old peace officer was going to try to do. He was planning to disarm the Hoot-Owl Pool men. Sheer suicide.

Webb was out of the chair with a jerk. He wiped the lather from his face and grabbed his hat. Part of his face was still covered with a stiff stubble of whiskers. It gave him an almost clownish appearance. But the hard look in his eyes belied any clown spirit.

He looked up and down the dimly lighted street. No sign of Hank Roberts. Webb stood there uncertainly. Then, from the shadows and darkness down the street, came the sound of a shot. Webb broke into a run.

He almost stumbled over the prostrate form of a man, in the alleyway behind a saloon. He struck a match. By its uncertain, flickering light he saw the blood-stained face of old Hank Roberts.

Gently he picked up the old sheriff and carried him into the saloon.

"Fetch the doctor," Webb told a bystander. He laid the wounded sheriff on a pool table. The bartender started to protest, but the look in Webb Winters' eyes stopped him.

"Water and some clean towels," Webb snapped at him.

Men stood around, watching Webb bathe the ugly wound. The bullet had torn through the sheriff's cheek, ripping it wide open, clipping the upper part of an ear and creasing the skull.

The doctor came. Old Judge Anders was holding the basin of warm water. Webb reached over and took his own gun from the waistband of the sheriff's trousers. Then he faced Tex and the other cowboys who made the Hoot-Owl Pool. They had filtered in as the news went around.

"I'm wonderin' who shot Hank," Webb said, his eyes cold, hard, and menacing.

"Hard to say," said Tex, his voice flat.

"Hank was startin' out to collect all the Hoot-Owl Pool guns. He took mine at the barber shop. I was aimin' to head him off and talk to him when I heard the shot. I found him layin' there in the alley. You all seen me take my gun off Hank. I took it because I'l likely need it. Tex, who shot old Hank?"

"Hard to say, cowboy. Me, I don't know. And if that's the way you look at it, I reckon that the Hoot-Owl Pool kin manage to git along without Webb Winters. Why don't you buy a tin star? They sell 'em cheap."

Tex turned and walked back to the bar. The Hoot-Owl Pool men joined the lanky Texan. They had turned their backs on Webb Winters.

Webb stood there, legs wide-spread, his eyes the color of deep ice. They had turned their backs on him. He stood there with his gun in his hand.

"Warm water," said the doctor. "And stand back, men."

The bartender brought a fresh basin of warm water. The tobacco smoke was thick in the saloon. The doctor, one of the old cow-country type, worked with deft hands. The green cloth on the pool table was ruined by blood and water and the bartender's face was drawn with worry. He might lose his job tomorrow because he had let them ruin the cloth on the pool table. He went about his business of fetching warm water and bandages with a reluctant, sullen air.

Webb slowly shoved his gun into the waistband of his overalls. He looked through narrowed eyes at Tex and the others whose backs were now turned to him.

A hand, a hand that was none too steady, touched Webb's arm. He turned to look into the eyes of old Judge Anders.

"Don't feel it too deeply, Webb. They're good boys, after their own fashion."

"They turned their backs to me. Judge."

"You asked for it, didn't you?"

Judge Anders was sober. Cold sober. He was shaved. His linen was threadbare, but clean. He was wearing his rusty black broadcloth suit and a black felt hat. There was a whimsical, tolerant smile on the face that was etched with countless lines. His voice was low-pitched, vibrant. His eyes, no longer bleary, looked at the cowboy steadily.

Webb looked at him. "I reckon I did ask for it, sir, but Hank Roberts is a white man. He didn't have it comin'."

"No, Webb, he didn't have it coming." And he went back to his work of helping to care for the wounded man.

Cold water now. A shot of whisky. Slowly, deliberately, Sheriff Hank Roberts sat up. His head throbbed with stabbing pains. His face was bandaged. His gaze focused on Webb Winters.

"I notice, Webb, that you got back your gun."

"I got it back, Hank. Figured it might come in handy."

The doctor and Judge Anders helped the sheriff off the pool table. Old Hank Roberts stood on his feet, swaying a little.

"I'll help you get home," said Webb.

Webb Winters looked funny with his bandaged face covered by dried lather, one half clean-shaven, the other half covered with a dusty stubble.

Hank Roberts looked at the cowboy who stood there. He shook off Webb's helping hand. Then he spoke thickly through his bandage.

"Keep your gun, Webb. You spoke true words when you said it might come in handy. If there's any Hoot-Owl Pool man in town by daybreak, I'll make a bunch quitter out of him. I'm going home now—but I'll be back."

(Continued Next Week)

Not Light, But Ozone—

Polly Slagle shows a new electric lamp that gives off, not light, but air-purifying ozone. This ozone lamp creates indoors the same refreshing atmosphere so noticeable outside after an electrical storm. The lamp is designed for many uses in homes, businesses and industrial areas.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

We had a very nice rain last week and as a result everything is looking so much better. But, oh dear, it is so chilly in the house. First week in June and when we are ready to sit down in the evening we are glad of a bit of fire in the furnace. But then we are not sitting down very much. The long, light evenings give one a chance to get so many little odd jobs done. I have even been able to paint at night. Oh yes, I am still on that hall—but the end is in sight. There is only the floor to do now and then I can say "finis" and be thankful.

Something tells me I should never be able to make a living as a painter. I get into some awful mix-ups occasionally—only I have never yet painted myself into a corner—if you get what I mean. I would like to know how it is possible to avoid smears of paint here, there and everywhere. It is a secret I have never yet discovered. Do the baseboard and there are paint daubs on the wall; do the floor and there are smears here and there on the baseboard. Work over your head and there are spashes on the floor. Put papers down and you trip over them. Make a determined effort to get into all the corners when painting window-sash and you get paint all over the glass. I find so much time is wasted trying to make a neat job of things so that now I go merrily on and clean up afterwards. And here is a hint that someone may find useful. If you have used water-paint you may have been in despair trying to clean up splashes that have dried without your noticing them. Try using very hot water on them. It works.

My worst predicament so far has been reaching the wall and ceiling over the well of the stairs. I knew I should have had a scaffolding built but it seemed such a lot of work for the small amount of painting there was to do. So, for the high spots, I experimented by using a sponge mop for the paint-in. It worked but the job was somewhat patchy. When our niece was here she looked at my work with critical eyes and said—"If you had boards reaching from the railing over to the step-ladder I could kneel on them and give that wall a second coat." And by Jove, that is exactly what she did . . . with nothing to hang on to and a 12 foot drop if she fell! Partner put a brace under the boards in the middle which he hung on to like grim death; I held the boards at one end to make sure they didn't slip, while Babs inched her way along on her knees, painting as she went. Once or twice she glanced at me anxiously and said—"What are you looking so worried about, Aunt Gwen . . . I'm all right?" Well—maybe—but I was hot all over before she was through. I had one consolation — our acrobat weighed only 109 pounds. Now if it had been me . . . but enough said!

Another job I did last week was clean up the cellar. We had a good garden last year and a lot of stuff went down cellar. There was also a lot of stuff to carry up this spring. And I knew it! That part done I attacked the cobwebs—with the aid of a vacuum cleaner. It wouldn't be safe to try that stunt with an upright vacuum — bits might get into the motor and ruin it. But with a tank type almost anything is possible. By using the crevice tool it is a simple matter to get rid of dirt, cobwebs and spiders. The poor little spiders—they never have a chance to get away at all. Another good thing to have around is an extension light—no ceiling light is any good when it comes to far-away places. But of course you may not have a cellar as big as ours. I believe you could drop one of these wartime houses down in our basement and still have room to spare.

Well, our poor old horses have gone. We hated saying good-bye to them . . . we certainly hope they have a good home and will be well treated. The small tractor is now on the job and the men found it very handy for toting stuff around when they were fixing fences. One day when Bob was away I heard the tractor start up and immediately I was outside to investigate. I had a feeling Partner was just waiting for an opportunity to try it out when no one was around. He used to drive the big one but this little fellow with its starter, clutch and gears is something else again. Sure enough, there was Partner in the driving shed, experimenting with the gears. As soon as he was sure of himself he let the clutch out and was then away for most of the afternoon.

The cows are out to grass. First to a patch at the back of the house—part garden, part natural pasture — thick, long and luscious. And what did those cows do? They nosed around the ash-pile; ate branches off trees; reached over the fence and nibbled at a little elm Partner set out last year; pushed their noses under the fence to get at the fresh green oats. Then they looked around for places in the yard where the grass was the thickest and greenest—and on it they settled down to chew their cud. They should be put out to feed on some of the pastures we have seen this year—perhaps then they might appreciate what they have at home.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am frantic. My sister-in-law, whom I have helped in so many ways, is trying to steal my husband!

"He confesses he often visited her while I was working. She called him up incessantly. But he denies there was anything between them.

"She is really a bad woman. She has had several affairs since she married, even while her husband was in service. He does not seem to know or care, for whatever she says is all right with him.

NO FAITH NOW

"I've told my husband I would forgive him. But I have no faith left that he will not go back to her.

"It is killing me to know he has been so deceitful. I can't understand why, because he was good to me in every way. I just can't believe anything good of him any more.

"I would leave this community, but I have worked hard to build up our business and our home, and I hate to give it all up. And I don't lke to think of divorce. Please advise me.

DISGUSTED"

* To forgive a husband, and then refuse to trust him again, is an empty gesture. When you turn your back on him in this way, you rob him of the one incentive he has to be true to you.

You must tell your husband that you will try to forget the affair, and that you will trust him completely not to visit ths woman again alone. Put him on his honor. That should inspire him to be true to you from now on.

You can help him by being affectionate and considerate, and so proving that what has happened is a thing of the past.

Plan to go out together as often as you can. Invite mutual friends in, and make his home life so interesting that he has no desire to be anywhere else. Take your vacation together, and use your charm and wit to be again the sparkling girl he marmaried. This will be your best insurance against the future.

Of course you will not think of divorce—nor of moving away. A man who wants to be unfaithful to his wife can be unfaithful anywhere. Stay where you are, and win your husband all over again. If he is worth his salt—and your are—you can. If, however, he does not keep his word, that is time enough to take other steps.

There are more ways than one to keep a wandering husband home. Anne Hirst has the answers, and she will help you through. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Under the Sun—An over-sized hat of stitched green linen dominates this beach ensemble from the midsummer collection of Paris designer Jacques Fath. Cherry-red jersey shorts and matching high-necked halter are topped off with a thigh length jacket lined in white terry cloth for the latest in sun styles.

Upside down to prevent peeking.

CURB EMU STAG
ALAE TOP ERIA
DECIMALS RELY
EGO IE EN
FUME INTENDED
ONE POE MESNE
IT SON FIR US
LIBEL PAT ARK
SLIVERED AVES
RE AT URI
APER TRANSACT
COME EEN OTOE
TIER SLY NEON

HOW TO DO IT

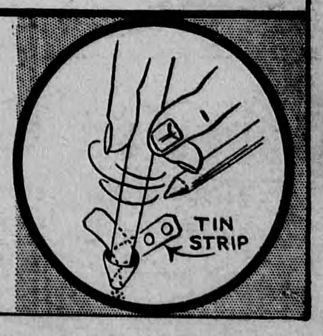
— By Harold Arnett

NAIL TRICK

TO KEEP WARPED BOARDS AND PLANKS NAILED DOWN DRIVE THE NAILS AT AN ANGLE AS SHOWN. THIS ENABLES THE NAILS TO WITHSTAND THE PULL EXERTED BY WARPED BOARDS

CRAYON SHARPENER

SHARPEN CRAYON OR CHALK FOR SHOP USE BY USING A TWISTED PIECE OF TIN TACKED TO THE WALL.



"Scuffy Shoes deserve a SHINER"

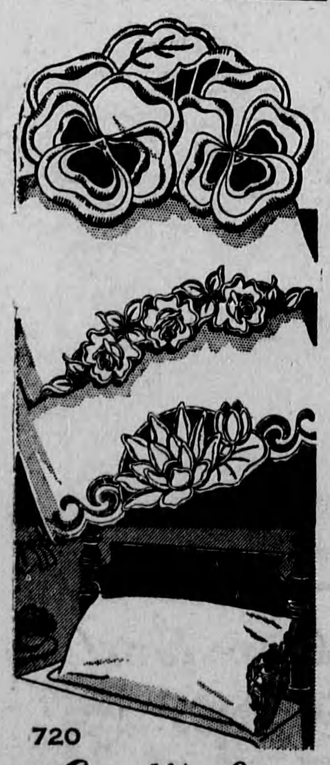
Polish off dirty scuffy shoes with Nugget . . . give them a big, bright shine that lasts all day. Nugget Shoe Polish keeps all leathers in tip-top condition . . . makes shoes last longer.

OX-BLOOD, BLACK AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN

DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

Salada Tea Bags are handy for afternoon tea

"SALADA" TEA BAGS



720

Laura Wheeler

Some special gifts for those 'special people' on your list! Large, bold flowers in cutwork—and that's just buttonhole stitch!

Pillowslips, scarfs, towels, are beautiful with Pattern 720. Transfer 6 motifs about 3½x12 inches.

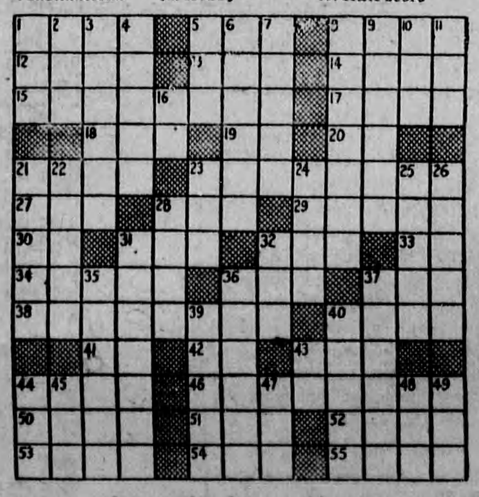
Laura Wheeler's improved pattern makes crochet and knitting so simple with its charts, photos, and concise directions.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS**.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Restrain
5. Large bird
8. Male deer
12. Wings
13. Highest point
14. Worm
15. Fractions of a sort
17. Depend
18. Self
19. That is (ab.)
20. English letter
21. Smoke
23. Meant
27. Unanimous
28. American writer
29. Middle (law)
30. Pronoun
31. Male offspring
32. Evergreen
33. Ourselves
34. Printed defamation
36. Stroke
37. Noah's refuge
38. Split into long pieces
40. The birds
41. Concerning
42. Preposition
43. Swiss canton
44. Mimic
46. Conduct
50. Approach
51. Eyes (Scot.)
52. Indian
53. Row
54. Artful
55. Gas of the air

DOWN
1. Bounder
2. Rubber tree
3. Flower cluster
4. Natural color
5. Greek letter
6. City in Illinois
7. Unexpected result
8. More placid
9. Inclinations
10. Trouble
11. Merry
16. State of the Union (ab.)
21. Fencing weapons
22. To
23. Electrified particle
24. Give forth
25. Harden (var.)
26. Writing tables
28. Long stick
31. More rigorous
32. Hobby
35. Ancient galley
36. Sea bird
37. Fly
39. Fixed charges
40. Malicious burning
43. Negative prefix
44. Deed
45. Hawaiian food
47. Indefinite amount
48. Murmur
49. Half score



Answer elsewhere on this page.