Fresh as the day it was packed!

ITS FRAGRANCE IS SEALED IN VACUUM

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER FOUR

(Continued from last week)

"I said I was killin' you. Not here. Not now. I'm killin' you when the sign is right and I'm collectin' the price on your hide."

"Hide hunter. I figgered so. How much did you get for Ed Young?"

"Enough to buy them LF steers I'm winterin'. An' feed for 'em, and maybe a little graze."

"For Bob Anderson?"

"I didn't git much. I had to split with a few more. Winters, your word ain't worth a damn in court. That's why I'm tellin' you this. The jury turned you loose, but it was old Judge Anders' speech-makin' that cleared you. Every man, woman and kid in this country thinks you killed Bob Anderson. You and that Texican started your Hoot-Owl Pool. Then what did you do? You acted like a coyote. You turned on 'em. They're in the Last Chance now, talkin' it over. I killed Ed Young. I helped kill Bob Anderson. But you can't prove it in any court because they'd laugh at you. Even Bob Anderson's sweetheart has turned you down."

"Say that once more, Blake. Make it plainer, or I'll kill you where you stand!"

"Ask her, Winters. Ask her where she went this evenin'. Try and find her tonight, if you can. Is that plain enough?"

* * *

Webb Winters' first caught Joe Blake square in the mouth. He followed it with a left and right that dropped Blake on the sidewalk.

Webb left him lying there and walked back down the street. He had gotten an open confession from Joe Blake. A confession that now confirmed a long-held suspicion that had been augmented by certain subtle remarks dropped by Judge Anders. Webb had baited Joe Blake into telling the truth. Blake had killed Ed Young. Blake and Ab Abbot had murdered Bob Anderson. Judge Anders had hinted at those facts tonight. But Judge Anders had kept Webb at his house for some reason. Was that reason Mae?

Webb Winters was not a man who angered quickly. But now, as he walked down the dark road to the edge of town, he was gripped by a fury that tensed his every nerve, tightened his every muscle. He was breathing hard through his nose as he opened the door of Judge Anders' cabin.

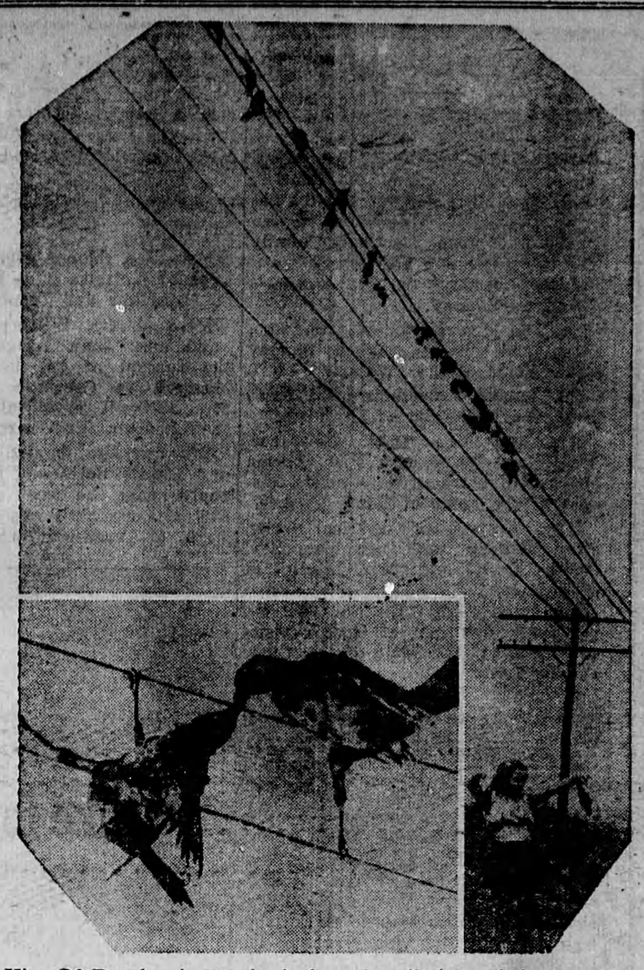
The big arm chair was vacant. Judge Anders' pipe lay on the table. The whisky bottle stood there beside the chair, half emptied. The judge's hat was gone from its peg on the hall tree. The house was empty.

Webb stood there, puzzled, bewilderment in his eyes. Then he slid his six-shooter a little forward in the waistband of his trousers. He went outside, closing the door behind him. With a long, swinging stride, he headed for the cabin owned by Ab Abbot. A cabin known as "No Man's Land."

Ab Abbot's town cabin was as notorious as any honkytonk or gambling joint in Rimrock. It was a four-room log cabin. There was a big living room, and a spacious kitchen presided over by a one-eyed Chinese who had been a hatchet man for a big tong. Ab Abbot had brought him to Montana from San Francisco and put him in charge of the house. Ab Abbot called him Chino. Chino was small, quick, wiry. He wore Chinese clothes and under his blouse, he always carried a .45 and a whetted butcher knife.

Beyond the big living room with its hardwood floor, its leather sofa and chairs, its Indian rug and huge fireplace, were two bedrooms and a bath. Inside those log walls, thousands of dollars had been won and lost over card tables. Ab Abbot loved cards and whisky and fast women. His parties would last a week. Abbot's favorite pastime was sitting back in his big red-leather chair and shooting at different objects in the room. Bottles, glasses, anything that made a good target. The log walls were pocked with bullet holes.

That was Ab Abbot's "No Man's Land" there in the pines beyond the edge of town. That was where Webb Winters now headed.



Kiss Of Death—A seemingly harmless little peck between two starlings (inset) proved fatal to themselves and 200 others. The starlings were settled on two electric wires which sagged close together. When two birds made contact in the kiss, it caused a short circuit on the wires, electrocuting the entire flock.

CHAPTER FIVE

Bait For A Bounty-Hunter

Through the low-pulled window blinds showed a yellow light. Webb cautiously approached the place. Every nerve on edge, every muscle tight, he made his way through the pines, his gun handy. He crouched there in the darkness, listening.

No sound came from within the log house. A shadowy form passed across the big living room, silhouetted against the drawn window blind.

Webb was about to start for the front door when he heard someone coming. Coming clumsily, fumbling his way through the night.

Now the man was there at the front door, pounding on the door with the barrel of his six-shooter. There was the scraping of a heavy bolt. The door opened, revealing the wiry little Chino who had a gun in his withered-looking hand. The man who had pounded on the door was Joe Blake.

"Where's Ab?" he growled.

"Boss not home."

"Don't lie to me, you little rat. Where's Ab?"

"Boss no home. You dlunk. Betta go home."

"I tell you, you slant-eyed son, I got to see him."

"Boss not home."

"Where's the girl?"

"No savvy."

"You lie like hell. Ab Abbot's inside and so is she. I got to see him. I got news."

"Let him in Chino," called a voice from inside the house. "What the hell do you want, Blake?"

Now Ab Abbot could be seen. He was in his shirt sleeves and he bulked there in the yellow light like some pot-bellied beast. He had a bottle of whisky in his right hand, a glass in the left hand.

"Webb Winters is gunnin' for you, Ab," snarled Joe Blake. "He's killin' me and you on sight."

"Come in, you drunken fool. Don't stand there runnin' off at the head like a magpie. Come in."

(Continued next week)

Isn't television wonderful? If you close your eyes it's like listening to the radio.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P Clarke

Last week my menfolk were busy rebuilding a bridge in the back lane spanning a creek that runs through our property. Such an innocent looking little creek—it isn't even running now. All it amounts to at present is a few water holes here and there and some wet, marshy patches. Yet in early spring, swollen by the melting snow, that same creek has a strong enough current to cause a washout; to carry away the wooden bridge and dislodge the stringers beneath it. Now it is taking a lot of time and work to rebuild the bridge and to fill in the washout—to say nothing of the expense involved. But as I looked at it this afternoon the thought came to me—there before me is the damage done by one small creek when it was in flood . . . how can one possibly imagine the havoc caused by the Red River flood? And how can we even guess at the heartache of those poor folk returning to homes which in many cases had been loved and cared for years on end. Yes, the danger period of the flood is over but the tragedy and heartbreak will last for months to come—and that is something we who are more fortunate need to remember.

Down here in Ontario farms and homes are still changing hands in many districts—not through floods but for the simple reason that owners are selling their property. It is very interesting to watch the changes that take place under new ownership. Sometimes property is improved by new owners; other times there are changes made which are not always to the good. Thus we find farms that were previously well kept becoming untidy and poorly managed. On the other hand, farms that were showing signs of degeneration have been given a new lease of life and improved considerably. In any case new owners make changes that are characteristic of themselves — and sometimes the changes are amusing. For instance, in one house the farmer's wife had a great fondness for ivory paint, so in almost every room the woodwork was painted ivory. Then the property changed hands again. This time the lady of the house did not like ivory so wherever she found woodwork with an ivory finish she promptly painted it white! Then again the previous owner like the house and garden to be well fenced; the new owners had the opposite idea and tore down every fence that was not absolutely necessary.

In another case new owners were determined to have their newly acquired stone house spray-painted white. Fortunately they did not stay long enough to perpetrate that crime! Then there were the folk who loved old houses, complete with shutters. So they repaired and painted all the shutters. When they sold out the new owners wanted to give the house a "modern look," so the first thing they did was to remove all the shutters.

The same thing happens in building. One family decides on a large spreading bungalow type of house complete with breezeway. In another, big picture windows give the place a distinctive touch—although picture windows are not as distinctive as they once were since so many houses are now built with them. Some folk still have conservative ideas and stick to the old-type windows. But in one thing I am pretty sure all new houses are alike—they all have modern bathrooms and water on tap.

On the outskirts of any town whenever you pass a number of new homes that are completely different in architecture I imagine it is a pretty safe guess to assume they are privately owned. Wartime housing projects are conspicuous by their lack of individuality. But at least they have a frontage that is preferable to some of the others. Surely when new houses are being built it would be to the interest of the owners themselves to get together and decide on a uniform frontage. We have noticed sections in the country where one house may be possibly 100 feet from the road another 200 and maybe the next one no more than 50 feet. Are there no regulations in this regard included in local building permits—or is that something than was overlooked?

With farm homes it doesn't matter much what distance they are from the road since it is rarely two farm houses are built side by side—and in the old days location was usually governed by the site of the best water supply.

And speaking of water — many houses built just outside the town limits must often tap the same spring. I wonder if the water supply can be relied on to last indefinitely?

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: What advice do you offer a young mother who has one child, another one coming, and whose home is about to be broken up by another woman? (If you can call these animals women).

"Everything was serene until she reared her ugly head. She is married, and has children. Divorce for the man is out—unless there is no other way.

"I've always stayed home, and tried to be a perfect wife and mother. I think I have been, in spite of the usual line that men hand out about their wives when they're out on the chase. 'WHAT ABOUT ME!'

"Most people tell me to sit tight. That's right, I believe too. But must I bear the brunt of all the gossip without putting up a big fight for my man and my home?

"This woman has had other men in her life, and she is said to be an easy mark—which does look true.

"Doesn't she have any shame, or conscience? Doesn't she know that she's really dirt under anyone's feet?

"M. L."

* This other woman does not see herself as others see her. She is out for what she calls a good time, and she is probably preening herself that she has added one more man to her collecction. She has no shame, no. Shame implies a standard of ethics which is foreign to her thinking.

* Of course you will fight for your man. Your best weapons, however, are dignity and silence.

* Any active attack upon this low character would not diminish her reputation, that is already accomplished. It would weaken your position, and defeat your aims. Your husband is not guiltless, you know.

* Stand your ground. Refuse to consider a divorce, and stick to it. That will show her how futile are their designs, and it will have a chastening effect upon your husband too.

* His good name is being tarnished, and if he doesn't know it, he is more stupid than I think. To desert a wife who is expecting a baby is about as low an insult as a man can offer. It is he who will "bear the brunt" of this miserable affair, not you.

* You can, however, lessen your burden a great deal by refusing to listen to any gossip your acquaintances bring up. To lend an ear, to discuss the matter with anyone else, is unbefitting a woman of your stature. No matter what public notoriety your husband invites, he is still your husband and you expect him to continue to be. There is no retort like silence.

* Other men before him have betrayed their pregnant wives. But how much worse it would be if your husband had chosen one of your own friends! He cannot hope to marry this woman if you refuse a divorce and I doubt if, even free, he would want to.

* Patience, and hope, are your watchwords. You are getting a shocking deal. But you will win out, if you stand your ground.

* * *

When life looks black, tell Anne Hirst about it. She will comfort you, and help you find the courage to better it or take it. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Doing His Bit

The funds of the local nursing association were getting low, and it was decided to raise money by an entertainment in the village hall. Tickets were issued at a quarter, which included a free tea before the show.

One young man filled the workers with dismay as he devoured eight big sandwiches, five pork pies, six fruit tarts, and three slices of cake, washing down the collection with seven cups of tea.

Smilingly regarding the havoc he had wrought, the young man sat back and turned to his neighbour. "That's good," he said. "You know, I always think one should patronize anything of this kind. It's all for a good cause."

Bad Luck

A picture was being shown on a cinema screen of a girl taking off her clothes at the edge of a river, before plunging into the water. In front of her ran a railway line, and just as the girl was removing her last garment a train came along, obscuring the view. When the train had passed, the girl was swimming vigorously. At this point a man muttered, "Damn."

"I beg your pardon," said his neighbour, "did you say something?"

"Yes," said the other, "I've been to see this picture five times this week, and that darned train's on time every night."

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.

Sunshine Set for your Toddler. Five items, ONE main pattern part each! Bloomers and shirry bra make her fat little figure so cute! Skirt, sun-hat, jacket, too.

Pattern 4578, Toddler sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Size 2, bra, bloomers 1⅛ yds. 35-in.; ensamble 3 yards.

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

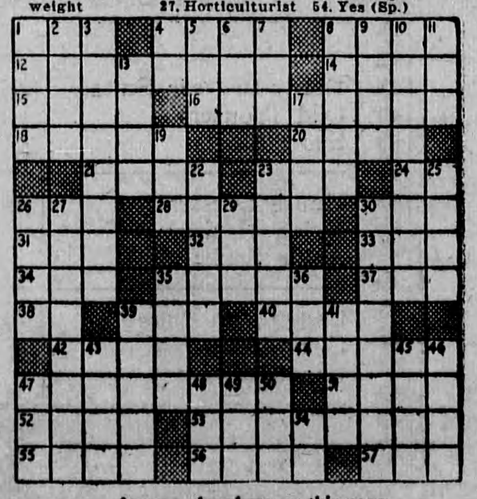
Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

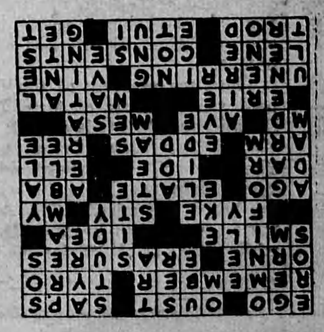
ACROSS
1. Self
4. Evict
8. Weakens
12. Recollect
14. Novice
15. Department in France
16. Obliterations
18. Expression of approval
20. Notion
21. Long bag net for catching fish
23. Pen
24. Pronoun
26. Past
28. Flush with success
30. Arabian garment
31. Oriental dwelling
32. Fish
33. Building addition
34. Take up weapons
36. Icelandic writings
37. Female ruff
38. Medical degree
39. Hail
40. Tableland
42. American lake
44. Pertaining to one's birth
47. Sure
51. Climbing plant
52. Unaspirated
53. Gives permission
55. Walked
56. Small case
57. Obtain

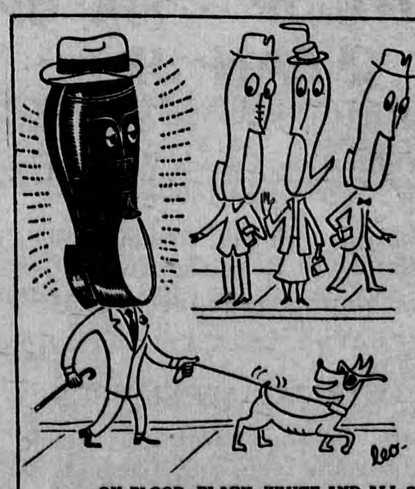
DOWN
1. God of love
2. Microbe
3. Having every form
4. Siberian river
5. White yam
6. East Indian weight
7. Singing syllable
8. Writer's room
9. Northern point of the Isle of Man
10. Introduction
11. Distress call
13. Wriggling
17. Location
19. Place out
22. Cut off
23. Water vapor
25. Eastern university
26. First man
27. Horticulturist
29. Put with
30. Charging with gas
35. At any time
36. Japanese coin
39. Ventilated
41. Rescue
43. City in Nevada
45. Poker term
46. For fear that
47. Last month (ab.)
48. Freeze
49. Negative
50. Kind of antelope
54. Yes (Sp.)



Answer elsewhere on this page.

Upside down to prevent peeking.





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OX-BLOOD, BLACK, WHITE AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN

DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?