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Payable in Advance

THE British Parliament adjourned the other day, and a glance over the achievements of the nine-month session suddenly made plainer a particular truth about war.

The members of England's legislative body had been involved in discussions of armament almost every day on their calendar between November and the end of July. Threats of war and the problems of war preparation had occupied their attention almost uninterruptedly—very nearly to the exclusion of any normal, peacetime social legislation whatsoever. Ministers who would normally have been working on such problems as housing and public health found themselves forced to confine their energies to the perfection of air raid precautions and the protection of Britain's food supply in war times. The government's budget, as one published resume expressed it, was a sign that "finances as well as almost every other aspect of national life was being twisted and strained to meet the threat of war."

What the year's activities suggest—and what is worth passing in your hat—is that a nation pays for war in the interruption of its social progress not only while that war is being waged, and afterwards, but before it ever begins.

Stay Awake

DO you tire of the continual talk these days of the various "challenges to democracy," the "threats from within and without"? Don't let yourself.

Are the frequent admonitions to concern yourself personally with public affairs and keep your interest in government constantly alive beginning to leave you cold? Don't let them.

The democracy you enjoy will not survive without your personal concern. Your boredom or indifference in one of the gravest of those "threats from within." A dictatorship is a lazy man's government. A democracy is most decidedly not.

One of the best imaginable reasons for the maintenance of your interest in your government becomes clear with a little reflection on an observation made by an educator during a recent teachers' conference in New York. The constant danger in a democracy whose citizens are not alert, he said, is that the people will not know in whose hands the power lies and what is being done with that power.

If you lived under a dictatorship it would be crystal clear where the power lay. Your obligation as a citizen of a democracy is to keep informed.

Perishing Penmanship

ANOTHER thing to worry about! The cables burn with a dispatch from a London historian who announces that the art of handwriting has been on a steady decline for four hundred years and may be expected to pass in its checks any moment now. Shortly there just won't be any more handwriting at all, he says.

What's a person going to do with those long winter evenings he used to spend mostly figuring out words in a friend's letter? What are the poor wronged girls of the future going to use for evidence in their breach of promise cases? How in a person going to know what kind of character he has, if he hasn't any handwriting

to study? Who's going to work for a diploma without any Spencerian curlicues? How's a man going to recognize the handwriting on the wall if there isn't going to be any? It looks as if things were getting out of hand. The only compensation is that the art of making squiggles on telephone pads is on the upgrade, and this may open up fields of experience the mere art of handwriting never even heard rumors of.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

from the farm districts) began to drift in this lead was lost and Clark pulled out in front.

IT'S all right to hire out not to grow corn, wheat, cotton, rice, and tobacco, but as the farmer limits his production of these crops he begins to look around for OTHER crops that can be grown in their place. When corn, wheat, rice, cotton and tobacco farmers begin to grow these OTHER CROPS they disturb the existing market balance and make it tough for farmers elsewhere.

There's no such thing, you know, as something for nothing.

IT was common talk in Washington last winter that the farm bill was passed as a vote-getting scheme, and that nobody really believed it would work out for the benefit of agriculture generally. It doesn't seem to have worked out, even as a vote-getter, in Idaho.

KRRR PROGRAM

REMAINING HOURS TODAY (1500 Kilocycles)

- 4:00—Morton Gould's Orchestra, MBS.
- 4:29—Italo Campas, MBS.
- 4:45—Art Kassel Orchestra.
- 5:00—Charlotte's, MBS.
- 5:15—The Children's Hour.
- 5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
- 5:45—Melody Lane with Wanda Armour.
- 6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
- 6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
- 6:45—Interlude.
- 6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
- 6:55—News Flashes.
- 7:00—Chico and His Orchestra, MBS.
- 7:15—Symphony.
- 7:30—Green Hornet, MBS.
- 8:00—Horace Heidt.
- 8:15—Don't You Believe It, MBS.
- 8:30—Mitchell Ayres' Orchestra, MBS.
- 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
- 9:15—Jimmy Joy Orchestra, MBS.
- 9:30—Say It With Words, MBS.
- 10:00—Skinnay Ennis Orchestra, MBS.
- 10:15—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17

- 7:00—Early Birds.
- 7:30—News-Review Newscast.
- 7:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
- 7:50—Say It With Words, MBS.
- 7:55—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning."
- 8:00—Alarm Clock Club.
- 8:15—The Balladeer, MBS.
- 8:30—The Manhattaners, MBS.
- 8:45—Haven of Rest, MBS.
- 9:00—Home Town, MBS.
- 9:15—Man About Town.
- 9:30—Buckeye 4, MBS.
- 10:00—Harold Turner, MBS.
- 10:15—As You Like It, MBS.
- 10:30—West & Mater, MBS.
- 10:45—Bob Young, MBS.
- 11:00—Mama Bloem's Broad, Copco.
- 11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
- 11:30—Harold Stokes' Orchestra, MBS.
- 11:45—Bill Lewis and Organ, MBS.
- 12:00—Lancheon Concert.
- 12:15—Midstream, MBS.
- 12:30—Noontime Melodians.
- 12:35—Parkinson's Information Exchange.
- 12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
- 12:50—News-Review of the Air.
- 1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
- 1:15—Tommy Tucker's Orchestra, MBS.
- 1:30—Afternoon Varieties.
- 1:45—Johnson Family, MBS.
- 2:00—At Your Command.
- 2:30—Today's Front Page.
- 2:45—Joseph H. O'Connor on Social Security, MBS.
- 3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
- 3:30—The Hillbillies.
- 4:00—Musical Steppichase, MBS.
- 4:30—Mitchell Ayres' Orchestra, MBS.
- 5:00—Bob Crosby's Orchestra, MBS.
- 5:15—The Children's Hour.
- 5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
- 5:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
- 6:00—Chico and His Orchestra, MBS.
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- 7:00—The Place to Go, MBS.
- 7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
- 8:00—American Family Robinson.
- 8:15—Smiling Strings, MBS.
- 8:30—Art Williams' Orchestra, MBS.
- 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
- 9:15—Sterling Young Orchestra, MBS.
- 9:30—Jimmy Walsh Orchestra, MBS.
- 9:45—Joe Cunningham, MBS.
- 10:00—The Play Boys, MBS.
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OUT OUR WAY



LOVE ON THE RANGE

By NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far

Trying to leave his reputation for run-play behind him, "Blur" Ankrum runs into trouble again when he rescues Lee Trone from a band of thugs. The Trones' ranch, the Rafter T, is in difficulties, and Ankrum accepts a job there under the name of Abe Streeter. Although Lee attracts him, he remains aloof because of his past. When Colonel Struthers and his daughter Betty arrive to visit the Trones, Ankrum recognizes Struthers as Kellon Drean, cousin of the man he killed to avenge his father's death.

Chapter Nine

The Sheriff

Before the Stockmen's Bank in Paso Pinto, at Lee's order, Ankrum shoved down a foot upon the brake and brought the car to a stop. A solid-looking man with a great wide forehead leaned against one of the twin pillars guarding the bank's entrance. He did not raise his head, but his sleepy lids, rolling slowly up, disclosed smoke-gray eyes whose glance brushed past Lee as she stepped upon the walk and came to rest upon Ankrum.

He returned the gaze with interest. He saw that the lumber was dressed in range clothes which he guessed to be of expensive make. These clothes, he saw, were well-filled by the heavy-muscled figure of their wearer. The man's cream-colored Stetson was shoved far back from the forehead, disclosing a rebellious tangle of curly black hair.

Ably the man's head came up, the gray eyes slid away from Ankrum's and fastened on something nearer. A great brown paw came up and removed his hat while across his heavy features flashed a smile. Ankrum's gaze, slightly shifting, saw that Lee Trone had come about.

The man bowed with a gallant flourish. "Gosh," he said, "it's good to see you, gal. Where you been keepin' yourself?"

"Out of your way," she answered coolly. The big man's white-toothed grin remained. "Shucks," came the lazy drawl, "that ain't no friendly way to talk."

"I wasn't trying to be friendly," Ankrum saw the big man shove free of the pillar in such a way that his bulk presented a barrier between the girl and the door. "Lee, some folks are makin' an old-time dance here on the twelfth. What say we take it in? Been a long time since you and I have shaken a hoof together."

There was a dry stare in Lee's reply that was not wasted on "Blur" Ankrum. "It will be a long time before we do again—if ever. Let me pass now, Tom. I want to go inside."

"Why, shucks, I thought you'd stepped to talk with me," he said, and made no move from where he stood. "Seems like you're awful cool today. An' this is the first time I've seen you since you got back. We used to be good friends. What's the matter? Did that college put bad notions in your head?"

"Times have changed, that's all—people, too," she answered. "My going away to college has had nothing to do with it. You're not the man I used to know. Tom, you've changed. A strange, unkind, unloving fellow you've become."

"What's all that got to do with you and me?"

"I'm not so sure, My loyalty lies with my father. Things that you and I once found possible are no longer. I don't think we had better meet again."

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"I'm not so sure that they were lies. There was bad blood between your dad and mine for many years. Can you assure me that all this time you have not brooded on Ed Rafter's death?"

"Out To Bust The Rafter T" Rafter's sleepy lids masked all feeling from his glance. "I didn't think," he said, "you'd ever doubt me, Lee. It's hard to see

the story so far. Ankrum heard his voice trail off. He stood there, but in hand, his chin sunk down upon his chest, darkly brooding. Abruptly he looked up and his eyes went straight to Lee's.

"This—this talk that's goin' round. The best way to put an end to it an' stop these malicious, wagging tongues, Lee, is for you an' me to be seen together." His lips rolled back in a smile that showed his white teeth. "We better go to that dance."

"I can't," Lee said quietly. "I don't recall that askin' personal questions ever got to be a habit in the cattle country. New fact?"

Rafter's lids rolled lower; the eyes stared back unblinking. It seemed plain that he was not used to being addressed in just this manner. Yet there was no resentment in his stare, just bewildering interest. He suddenly grinned and shoved out his hand. "My name's Rafter. I run the Straddle Bug brand."

Ankrum, seized by some perverse impulse he could not himself have put in words, ignored the rancher's hand. "I'm Streeter. Now I've answered your question, Rafter, do you know of any reason why this palaver should be dragged out any further?"

Rafter's forehead puckered. "Glad to know you, Streeter. Wish we had a few more proddy fellows like you around this country. Land needs 'em. Can't see no

When Lee had come into the bank, Rafter had come over to Ankrum.

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sense in you an' me not hittin' it off, though. How'd you like a good job?"

"I got a job."

"I said a good one."

"I got a good one. What's wrong with workin' for the Rafter T?"

Rafter shrugged. "Nothin'—if you're huntin' a quick grave."

"What's the meanin' of that? I never was good on riddles."

"No riddle. You heard what Miss Trone said to me, I reckon. Well, it's true that there's a lotta loose tongues begun to wag. Don't know where the thing got started, but there's a rumor loose that I'm out to bust the Rafter T; out to even up with Old Man Trone for the death of my dad. It all happened years ago. In his younger days, Lee's man was one of the grapiest, hardest, fightin' old crooks on this whole range. He made it awful hard on my ol' man, who was runnin' sheep then. Fact is, Trone put my ol' man out of business. Some folks had got the notion, I'm figurin' to square things up with him to it, of course, but there you are," he shrugged. "Clackin' tongues may start things yet. Be hetchin' your wagon to Trouble if you tie up with Rafter."

Claydell

"How come? What do you mean?"

"Just this," Rafter said. "Somebody is out to bust that old job."

"An' figurin' to make you pay the cost, eh?"

"That's about the size of it," Rafter admitted.

"Why don't you do something about it? Haven't you got any suspicions who's back of it all?"

"I got suspicions, yes," Rafter answered slowly. "But suspicions don't mean a thing. I got to have proof. Sordone didn't appear in his eyes as he added, 'You see, Streeter, I'm the shif, it of this here county.'"

Lee Trone came from the barn talking earnestly with a man of striking appearance. A good six feet in his shiny black boots he stood, and carried himself like a

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