

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NEE

The Story So Far

"Ankrom, trying to escape the trouble that dogs his footsteps, rides into Paso Pinto. Immediately he finds himself embroiled in gun-play, rescuing a girl from a band of thugs.

Chapter Two Loyalty Comes High

ANKROM swiftly went to her, took the gag from her mouth. Her lips moved but no words came, only vague croaking sounds. Deep anger stirred within him for the renegades who had tied that filthy rag so tightly, and a wave of darkness crossed his cheeks.

He passed behind the girl—she could not have been more than nineteen, he thought—and inspected the knots that held her fettered. He snuffed the match, let it fall from his fingers. Then he hurried down, working swiftly in the dark. Short seconds later the ropes fell away and she was free. Her voice came then huskily:

"That branding iron! Don't leave it—"

"I'll get it, ma'am," he said, and crossed to where a glow marked its site. He came back to her with it. "You been hurt?"

"I'm all right. Those those men on the floor?"

"They won't bother you any more. Be a good idea if you got out of this. Two of them policed away. I reckon there's more where they came from. Can you walk, ma'am?"

"I think so. Will you strike another match, please?"

She aroused his admiration by her poise and serenity. He found himself wondering why she had screamed. That branding iron—

With a rasp a third match in his hand burned blue and yellow against the gloom. Framed in chestnut curls her oval face was before him, leaping from the shadows. Strength lay in her features and a latent storminess. She was standing now and her tailored suit could not conceal the lovely lines of her slender figure.

Her eyes lifted to his own, returned his scrutiny directly. "I'm glad you came. My name is Lee—Lee Trone."

"I was wonderin', I'm Abe Streeter." He lied evenly.

"You're a range man, stranger?"

"Just driftin' through."

"Would you take a job?"

"Ranch work?"

"On a ranch."

"There's a difference?" He asked it softly.

"There may be—it depends."

"What on?"

She shrugged. Her eyes were on his. In them he read something that stirred his blood, that hastened the beat of his pulses against his will.

A Bargain

SHE said, "This business here... there's a connection somewhere. My father runs the Rafter T. Cattle. High-grade beef. It's sprouting wings."

Ankrom started her toward the doorway. Here it was, he was thinking, circumstance and a streak of impulsiveness in his nature were once again showing him toward a quarrel of which he knew nothing. He sighed and yet his being quickened.

He should ride away before the web of this new trouble enmeshed him. He stopped by the doorway and silently handed Lee Trone the branding iron she had told him not to leave behind. Unconsciously, he noted its brand.

"We had better be clearin' out," he said. "Those shots must have been heard."

Keeping to the shadows they moved toward the street, reached it. "This place has a reputation. Unsavory. Shots are common—dead men, too. I don't think you could drag the neighbors near here till the authorities have come and gone. They may be watching, though," Lee said.

"How did you get here?"

"I have a car. Have you decided to take that job I offered you? The pay will be \$150, payable regularly once a month."

Ankrom's lips pursed in a sound-whistle. "You tryin' to buy a manager?"

"I'm trying to buy loyalty."

"Does it come that high?"

"I haven't found any, yet."

There was no irony in her answer, only witfulness.

Against his will her words had moved him. "You don't know a thing about me, Miss Trone—"

"Abe, will you take this job?"

Her voice touched him. It brought a strong appeal to that streak of impulsiveness that had ever been his undoing. "Yes," he said. "I'll take it."

He found her hand in his. She said, "You have a horse?"

He nodded. "The buckskin."

"You won't need a lift, then. I'll see you at the ranch tomorrow. The Rafter T, twenty miles west. You'll find it. We'll be expecting you by supper." With a smile she turned and left him, walking rapidly down the dark street.

He watched her until she stopped and entered a long, rakish

touring car. He heard the door slam. Then he turned to the buckskin, his mind a maze of speculation, his vigilance temporarily relaxed.

"Just a moment, friend," a voice beside him said. "I'd like a word with you."

Difference Of Opinion

A ROUGH-LOOKING man with a star on his vest stood at Ankrom's stirrup. There was a cruel twist to this man's mouth, and harsh purpose in his glance.

"You better come along with me."

"Yeah? Who are you? An' where do you think we're goin'?" Ankrom drawled.

The man with the star grinned meaningly. "I'm marshal of this



They kept to the shadows.

town, buddy. We're goin' to take a look inside that house," he added, pointing toward the house Ankrom had just left.

"Supposin' I don't want to?"

"I ain't supposin'! You'll go, buddy, whether you want to or not. An' don't get tough—I've handled hard guys before. D'you hear them words?"

Ankrom nodded.

"See who fired 'em?"

"I saw a fellow go dashin' out of there."

"Who was he?"

"I could tell you that I'd make my livin' tellin' fortunes," Ankrom grinned.

"Yeah? Well, you may be makin' your livin' bustin' little ones from big ones, before I get done with you! You packin' a gun?"

"You don't see any, do you?"

"Listen, you—I've had enough of your gab. The marshal flared, cheeks darkening. "You got a gun or ain't you? Talk straight."

There was open mockery in Ankrom's glance.

The marshal's left hand brushed aside his flowery vest, his right went beneath it. Blue wind-swept ice glinted in his eyes.

Ankrom said, "Yeah—I got a gun," and saw the marshal's reaching hand grow still. There was the cool maliciousness in Ankrom's voice, white teeth gleamed behind his parted lips: "You want to see it?"

"Huh?" The marshal started.

"No, I don't want to see it—not yet. Come along. We're goin' to look inside that house an' see what all that shootin' was for."

"No, we're not. You may be, but I got different notions. I'll be sayin' 'Adios.'"

(Copyright 1938, Nelson C. Nee)

Ankrom investigates the Rafter T, Monday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG BAY, LAKE CHAMPLAIN, VT., WAS WON BY THE U.S. FROM THE BRITISH WITH A FLEET OF 14 SHIPS BUILT IN 40 DAYS! -Sept. 11, 1814-

THE COW THAT USES HER HEAD!
Toots, Jersey cow owned by Paul Westing, Rushville, Ind., gets herself a drink of water when thirsty by working the pump handle with her horns!

SHE ONCE APPEARED IN A CHICAGO NIGHT CLUB...



7-26-38 Midgett Studios, Inc.

The Pumping Cow

A brainy bovine is Toots, 7-year-old Jersey cow owned by Paul Westing of Rushville, Indiana. All by herself Toots figured out a way to get a drink of water when nobody was around to help her.

"I did not pump enough water to satisfy her," Westing says, "and she learned that working the handle of the pump brought water, so she began helping herself."

Toots puzzles the handle to an upright position, then hooks it under her crooked horns. With a downward

press of her head she works the handle to bring forth water.

Once Toots appeared in a Chicago night club, according to Westing. She pumped a dummy pump handle that threw a switch lighting a large outdoor sign. "After returning to her pasture," Westing says, "Toots was not satisfied at home anymore."

Galileo's Secret
One hundred years before the invention of the telescope Copernicus, a Polish astronomer, with rude wooden instruments, developed the idea that the earth and other planets re-

volve around the Sun, instead of the Sun and planets revolving around the earth.

It remained for the Italian, Galileo Galilei, to prove out the Copernican hypothesis by studying in 1610 the moons of Jupiter in which Galileo saw a miniature solar system.

Realizing the stir that announcement of his revolutionary discovery would make, Galileo hid his findings in a Latin crossword puzzle. Later, the world credited his work.

Tomorrow: The international opera house.

Pacific Grove find that these supervised and municipally organized recreational programs are effective in solving the "juvenile problem." The programs are considered the best investments a city can make.

Another summer attraction on the Monterey peninsula is the annual Bach festival in nearby Carmel. The festival lasts a week and the fourth annual presentation came to a close last Sunday with a nation-wide broadcast of the closing program.

The Bach festival includes five

evening concerts by a large and specially trained orchestra and chorus, with gifted solo artists from America and Europe participating.

Scale High Peak

COLUMBIA ICEFIELD CAMP, Jasper National Park, Alta., July 26—(CP)—Dr. James Bryan Conant, president of Harvard university, was a member of the party that this week-end scaled North Twin, 12,085 feet high, third highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. It was the fourth as-

cent of the peak, the last having been made in 1927.

Oxford Group in Papua

SYDNEY. — (UP)—The Oxford Group movement is making rapid progress amongst the headhunter tribes of the Papuan jungle, according to Geoffrey Barker of the Kwa'waka mission there. He says that 300 headhunters have been won over in the past 16 months. Sorcerers, he says, are apologetic to the relatives of those they put to death.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Now—What Does Snoot Mean?

THE OPENING DAY OF THE INTERNATIONAL AIR RACES AT MIAMI! FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD ENTRANTS ARE FLYING LATEST TYPES OF SPEED PLANES TO THE MEET TO CONTEST FOR THE BENDIX TROPHY. AND TOMMY IS VERY DETERMINED TO WIN THAT TROPHY, FOR THE WINNING OF IT IS ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THREE-POINT AND RUIN. TOMMY HAS JUST LANDED AT THE MIAMI AIRPORT.



3185

STILL THINK YOU CAN ENTER THAT CRATE OF YOURS IN 'YR BENDIX, EH?

HEH! HEH! YOU'LL FIND OUT!

WHY NOT, MOUSEY?

7-24 Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The "Visitor"

HMM, VISITORS—WONDER WHO THEY ARE? GOSH, MAYBE FOLKS ARE COMIN' IN TAXIS TO BUY TURKEYS! GUESS I'LL ASK THE DRIVER—

HI! I SEE WE GOT VISITORS—WHO ARE THEY?

TAIN'T THEY—IT'S ONLY A HIM—I DUNNO WHO HE IS—

SOME GUY WITH A BUM LEG—HE RAPPED ON THE DOOR AN' WHEN NOBODY ANSWERED HE LET HIMSELF IN WITH A KEY—I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT—

4-20

THE NEBB'S—Just Another Nebb

YOU SEEM TO BE WAITING FOR SOMEONE, STEPHEN. I HOPE SHE'S INTERESTING

IT AIN'T NO SHE... I'M JUST WAITING

THERE'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. I JUST BOUGHT IT SO WE COULD MOTOR ABOUT A BIT. I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE IT

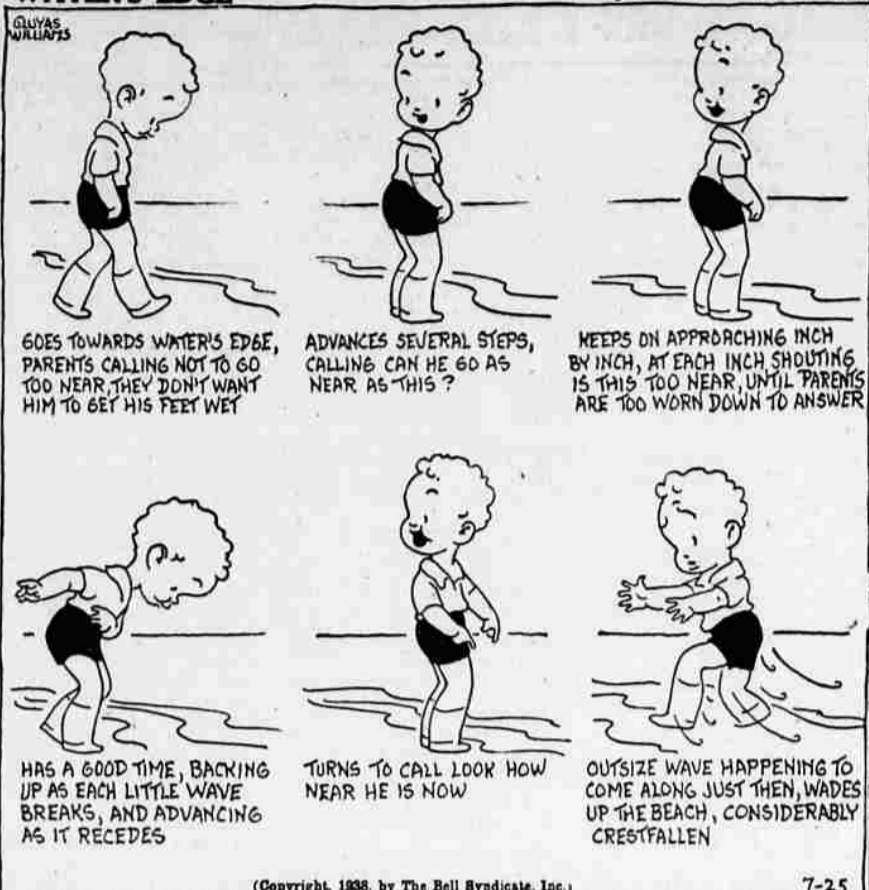
LIKE IT? I ADORE IT, BUT IT'S A LOT OF MONEY TO PUT IN A CAR JUST TO MOTOR AROUND A BIT!

I'VE GOT A LOT OF MONEY, NELLIE, AND IF IT CAN'T MAKE ME HAPPY, I'M GOING TO USE IT TO MAKE OTHER FOLKS HAPPY. I'LL GET SOME COMFORT OUT OF THAT

7-23

WATER'S EDGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GOES TOWARDS WATER'S EDGE, PARENTS CALLING NOT TO GO TOO NEAR, THEY DON'T WANT HIM TO GET HIS FEET WET

ADVANCES SEVERAL STEPS, CALLING CAN HE GO AS NEAR AS THIS?

KEEPS ON APPROACHING INCH BY INCH, AT EACH INCH SHOUTING IS THIS TOO NEAR, UNTIL PARENTS ARE TOO WORN DOWN TO ANSWER

HAS A GOOD TIME BACKING UP AS EACH LITTLE WAVE BREAKS, AND ADVANCING AS IT RECEDES

URNS TO CALL LOOK HOW NEAR HE IS NOW

OUTSIDE WAVE HAPPENING TO COME ALONG JUST THEN, WADES UP THE BEACH, CONSIDERABLY CRESTFALLEN

(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

7-25

MATTER POI

By O M PAYNE

ICE CREAM MAN! LETS GETTA DIME OFFA POP

SMATTER?

WHOA! POP'S SLEEPIN!

HOWSA KNOW?

I CAN HEAR HIM!

22-22

7-14

(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SUMMER CONCERT BY SCHOOL GROUP ON RADIO TONIGHT

PACIFIC GROVE, Cal., July 26—(Sp.)—A concert by the band, orchestra and chorus of the Pacific Grove summer school will be broadcast from 8:30 to 9 o'clock tonight over the Mutual-Don Lee broadcasting system. Conductors will be Frank Mancini, director of the school's music department, and Sascha Jacobinoff, associate director, both noted musicians.

cast was made possible by the financial help of the Pacific Grove Chamber of Commerce and the cooperation of the broadcasting system. The concert as viewed as an example of what community spirit and cooperative efforts can accomplish in a city of 6,000.

Pacific Grove maintains a full summer recreational program each year in five park and playground centers under the supervision of a paid director and 15 assistants. All age groups are included but are segregated according to age in the different play centers, each with definite hourly schedules six days a week.

Besides the usual events, such as story hours, games and tournaments, there are junior baseball league games and instruction in swimming, boxing, wrestling and model airplane and glider building, with prizes awarded at the end of the season.

Adjacent Monterey has a similar summer program. Both Monterey and