

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. WYSE

The Story So Far

Trying to escape trouble, "Blar" Ankrom becomes enmeshed in it when he rescues Lee from a band of thugs. Under the name of Abe Streeter, he accepts a job at the Tronier Rafter T, which is in difficulties. Lee tells her father Ankrom knows their friends, the Strutherses; then learns they are coming for a visit. The range boss, Mose Hackett, tries to put Ankrom off the ranch and Ankrom knocks him out.

Chapter Seven Morning Drive

THERE was an accusing glare in the range boss's eyes. "You—you hit me."

"I sure did twice!" said Ankrom. "You wanting to make somethin' out of it?"

"No damn man can do that to me—you're fired!" He licked his lips, cleared his throat and said again, less certainly: "You're fired."

Ankrom laughed. "I told you this afternoon that Abe Streeter's on your payroll. He's goin' to stay on it till it suits him to drift along. Now look—Ankrom's tones grew soft and earnest: "When I see a tarantula I usually aim to let it alone. But when a tarantula jumps at me I squash it. Do you understand?"

Hackett's hand dropped in swift

shone like polished bottle glass. Yet his lips were pressed in lines of indifference. His greeting of the girl had been courteous but brief. Thereafter, for the past two hours, he had spoken not at all. He was politely uncommunicative.

Lee's chic attire fitted her willowy figure; her little hat was smart but offered a minimum of protection from the sun's glare.

She studied Ankrom with curiosity. There was a bold sweep to his nose that matched well, she thought, the forward jut of his rugged chin. As she watched him the impressions formed at their first meeting, that turbulent scene in Poco Pinto, were strengthened. She found him vital, colorful, intriguing. Undoubtedly there was much more to him than appeared upon the surface; several times she had sensed a vein of bitterness that excited her curiosity.

"You're not overly conversational this morning," she observed. "Cat got your tongue?"

"Nope."

"Feeling kind of low?" she asked, nettled that he had not turned his head nor even cast a glance at her.

"No lower'n usual, I reckon."

"Weighty Problems"

HE still stared straight ahead. For a time she left him, her head upturned in pique. He did not have to talk to her, of course.



As they sped along in the burning heat, Ankrom was distant, uncommunicative.

descent to his holstered weapon. There it paused, fingers clamped about its butt. Ankrom had not moved an inch. His face was colorless and hard as a granite crag. A moment ago Hackett had had notions—vicious ones. He would have shot down this apparently unarmed interloper as swiftly as he could get his gun from leather. But now, something stayed his hand. The will to murder had been written on his face, but now it was waning, twitching. He could not have drawn that gun for all the wealth of El Paso.

The watching punchers saw nothing menacing in Ankrom's attitude. But they could not see his eyes, and it was into Ankrom's eyes that Hackett stared. They swam with a light that challenged Hackett to draw that gun.

It was sheer bluff; Hackett knew it. Yet he paused to wonder—and was lost. He was lost, and knew it. One tiny upward pressure on that gun and death would grab him. Hackett shivered and raised his hands.

Bare contempt lay in the cold grin marking Ankrom's lips. "All right, Hackett," he drawled. "You can take your hands down. Now that we understand each other I reckon we'll get along. You better be gettin' on to that line camp 'less you're figuring to spend the night here."

Some courage had returned to the range boss while Ankrom talked. He wondered now what could have caused him to refrain from drawing and sending this drifter on to drier pastures. With the wonder came resentment that he had been bluffed before his men again. As he lowered his arms an ugly light sprang into his eyes.

"Don't crow, hombre. You ain't heard the last of this," he snarled and, swinging round, he made his way to the corral to get his horse. As he jerked the rope from his saddle Ankrom's laugh, deep and throaty, rang in his ears.

Curiosity

THE following morning was bright and hot. Side by side on the front seat of the Rafter T's touring car, Lee Tronier and a new hand were speeding across the sandy miles to where El Paso lay beyond the Huaco Mountains. Ankrom drove with both hands, staring straight ahead. His smooth cheeks showed close contact with a razor, his clothes were neatly brushed and his boots

She thought it likely she could survive his conversation. But as the miles sped by, curiosity overcame resentment.

"When I left you last night," she hoped her voice sounded as firm and even as she intended. "I noticed someone lounging in the shadows by the stable door. It looked like Hackett. You haven't had any further trouble with him, I hope?"

"No, ma'am. No trouble at all." "You've seen him, though?"

"I expect we sort of nodded to each other, ma'am."

Had she caught a note of sarcasm in his voice? Had she really observed a tiny glint in the eye that, nearest her, Streeter kept upon the road? Lee wondered. She determined to have a talk with one of the men when they got back.

"You don't like Mose Hackett very much, do you?"

"Oh, Mose is all right. If a fellow knows how to handle him."

"Do you consider yourself that sort of fellow?" she prodded.

"I reckon. I've met his type before," Lee, watching him, thought that he had been about to say more. If so, he had abruptly changed his mind. Spurred by irritation, she asked:

"Are you taciturn by nature, Mr. Streeter? Or is this reticence intended to show dislike?"

"Neither," he said with eyes still on the road. "I just can't see much use indulgin' in small talk when there's weighty problems occupyin' my attention."

"Indeed?"

"Yeah, for instance, I'm wonderin' what kind of hables you're figurin' to throw tryin' to get around my bein' an old friend of folks I've never laid eyes on? These Struthers people, if they've any sense at all, are goin' to smell one nigger in your woodpile!"

"This is my problem."

"It sure is—but you don't seem to be givin' it much attention. What are you aimin' to tell em?"

"More lies, probably!"

"Likely enough," he agreed and chuckled.

Lee felt her fists clenching. Hot color flamed her cheeks. It served her right, she thought. She had had no business talking to him—a common hand! The fellow was a boor whether he'd gone to college or not, just another uncouth savage of the saddle.

Ankrom's past catches up with him, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



8-1-38 McHugh Syndicate, Inc.

Prisoner-at-Large

Almost unprecedented in military annals is the story of Andre-Pierre Cales, French prisoner in a German war camp who went home to France to visit his dying father while the war was still in progress.

Wounded at Sutupes on February 12, 1915, he was captured and sent to a military hospital at Spire and later interned at Wursberg, Bavaria.

Early the following year Cales received word that his father in Bellevue, France, was dying and in call-

ing for him. He petitioned the German authorities to grant him leave to visit his father's bedside.

Strange as it seems, word came from the Kaiser himself granted Cales the leave he requested! Against all military tradition, the prisoner boarded a train for Switzerland.

When he arrived at the French border and told his story, Cales was laughed at; he was held and questioned for several days before it became apparent that he was telling the truth.

When Cales arrived home, with an assigned bodyguard, he found his father had died. However, he spent three days at home, then returned to the German prison.

For the duration of the war Cales remained a model prisoner, until his release in 1919... three years later, Cales has today preserved documentary proof of his story.

Tomorrow: Where was the world's deepest dive made?

FOREST CREEK CABIN ENTERED BY THIEVES

FOREST CREEK, Aug. 1.—(Sp.)—Thieves broke into the small cabin below the school house occupied by the Lewis brothers and removed several articles of clothing, a supply of groceries and seven dollars cash, on July 26. The Lewis boys operate a mine on the right fork of Forest creek and were at their work when the robbery occurred. Entrance was gained by breaking a window. No trace of the thieves has been discovered.

Weather

Northern California: Fair tonight and Tuesday; fogs on the coast; high temperature in the interior; moderate northwest wind off coast.

Oregon: Fair tonight and Tuesday; but cloudy or foggy on coast; little change in temperature; gentle changeable wind off coast.

Chicago Tars Win

PORTLAND, Aug. 1.—(AP)—The 10-oared crew of the U. S. Chicago Saturday won the annual fleet week championship crew race on the Willamette, defeating six rival boats.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bad Breaks for Three-Point!



THE NEBBES—Not a Chance

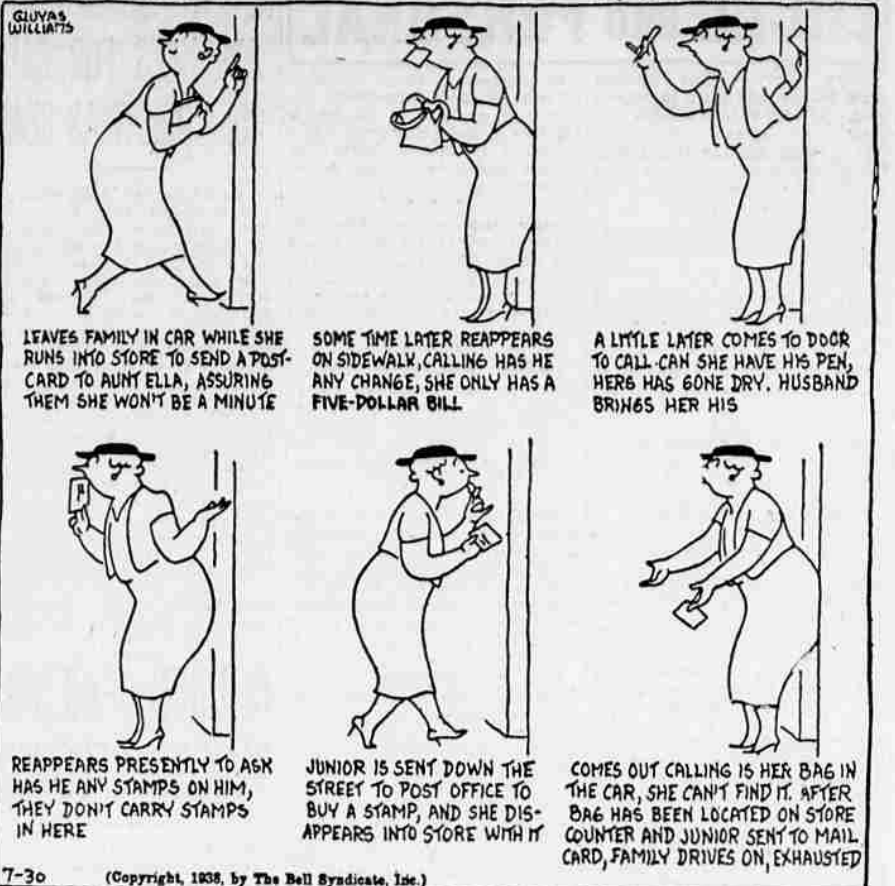


BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sock!



PICTURE POSTCARD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



MATTER POI

By O. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORRE

LEWIS THREATENS AIR SPEED KING LABOR AGITATION BLASTS CORRIGAN

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—(UP)—John L. Lewis Saturday extended demands for recognition of his Committee for Industrial Organization beyond the boundaries of the United States, projecting it into the international labor scene in a manner that threatened to embarrass Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

Lewis called upon Hull to give the C. I. O. representation among the American delegates to the eighth international conference of American states which opens in Lima, Peru, December 9. The request threatened complications in view of the American Federation of Labor's warning to all government agencies and departments to ignore the C. I. O.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—(UP)—Frank Hawks, speed file, said over a National Broadcasting hookup Saturday that Douglas Corrigan was a "fool" for attempting the flight to Ireland.

Asserting that Corrigan was "due for a spanking" from the bureau of air commerce, Hawks added: "Supposing he had failed. Oh, that would have been different, wouldn't it? Everybody would have branded him a fool. Well, isn't he just as much a fool for the attempt, even though he did make it? Lad! Luck was riding with that chap, and don't you forget it. He trusted an awful lot to her and he had tremendous