

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NEE

The Story So Far

Someone is out to bust the Rafter T ranch. To help lovely Lee Trone, "Blair" Ankrom takes a job there under the name of Streeter. The range is wiped clean by rustlers, and a man and woman posing as friends of the Trones are revealed as impostors. The men are mysteriously shot, but the girl, Betty, stays on.

Chapter 19 Hurt And Anger

FOR a man to be sure that a thing is so, is one matter; for a man to be sure that a thing is so and then be forced to listen to some woman's corroboration of that unpleasant fact is quite another. In the days that followed Betty Struther's revelation that Lee considered him a gun man, Ankrom rode the range with oiled thoughts and somber countenance. His glance took on a colder inscrutability, his lips an inappreciative twist. As foreman of the Rafter T he got the ranch work done, but his manner of getting it done warped the playful dispositions of his men and left them saturnine as he was himself.

As Alkali one day put it to Andy Jones, "Ridin' for this Streeter wolf is sure gonna sap every drop of the milk of human kindness from my system. Windy, ef I keep it up much longer, 'F it wasn't for Miz Lee, by cripes, I'd

that Ankrom came riding in to the home ranch to find Lee Trone leaning against a post of the veranda. Then she called him softly. To his surprise he found his horse moving toward her. Chagrined he suddenly swung the buckskin's head around and rode him in the opposite direction, dismounting stiffly by the pole corral.

Later he was eating a cold snack the cook had grudgingly got together when a shadow loomed up. Ankrom found Lee Trone's green eyes upon him oddly. In silence he continued eating. At her stand there, He'd be damned if he'd speak first!

"Your education in manners, Abe, seems to have been neglected," she said coldly. "Resentfully he doffed his battered hat. The sunlight streaming in the open doorway struck across his rumpled sandy hair and burnished it like copper. He stood stiffly by the table and his glance held no sign of friendship.

"What do you want—??" "I wanted to see you, Abe, but I didn't know you'd be eating. I called to you when you rode in, but I guess you didn't hear me."

"Well?" he said. "If you have somethin' on your mind, go ahead an' air it."

To The Last Gasp!

"THERE'S an unpleasant change come over you in the last few days. If you don't like it here, you're free to leave when the



Lee called him softly.

tell that dang slave driver a thing or two an' pull my picket pin an' drift."

"I expect you'd pull yore picket pin all right," Jones grinned. "If you went to handin' Streeter any gas I don't reckon you'd do a heap o' driftin'."

If Ankrom realized his growing unpopularity with the men, he must not have cared, for he gave it no attention nor modified his treatment. As much as possible he kept away from them, taking many long rides into the surrounding country. Visits to the home ranch were made no more frequently than absolute necessity demanded, and then were brief.

Two emotions swayed him—hurt and anger. He was hurt by the knowledge that to Lee Trone he was in much the same category as a bonnet—a thing of use to be discarded when its use was ended. His anger had been roused by a number of things, but chiefly by the discovery that Lee's reported opinion of her 'ired hanc could so effectively throw him out of stride.

To be sure, he had repeatedly reflected, her opinion of him was deserved. It was practically his own estimate of himself that first night of his arriving car together in the darkness of the stable. At that time, however, she had rejected that estimate, had protested vehemently against it, and he—blind fool—had believed her protestation sincere. He had taken pride in thinking that the only barrier to a friendlier relationship between them was the barrier raised by himself. That Struthers dame was right: what he knew about women was best left unmentioned.

Ankrom's Code

HE COULD quit the ranch, of course; he could throw this job in old Trone's face and go his way. That is, he could do so, had he not passed his word to see this unknown business through to the end. In Ankrom's code the moral acceptance of a commission was binding as the strongest contract; his given word was a thing by which he had always abided, and he must abide by it now.

It was early afternoon one day about a fortnight after his illuminating conversation with Betty,

tion strikes you," she told him coolly. "If you're in a hurry you can come up to the house and get your time right now."

Surprise showed in Ankrom's glance. Then his features resumed their former inscrutability. "When I make a bargain I keep it by my word, go ahead. But I'm telling you right now that I ain't goin' to ride that easy. I'm not gettin' out of this till the ol' man sends me walkin' down the road. Like I told your tough sheriff, I'm a gent that sticks to the last gasp!"

"You seem to have a pretty good opinion of yourself," she said with curling lip, then asked, "Have you found out yet who's in charge of the rustling activities on this range?"

"No, I haven't yet—but I will." "It must be nice to have such confidence as ours."

"Confidence, ma'am, is part of a gun man's stock in trade." He saw that he had scored. The smile slipped off her lips.

"I could name a number of less desirable things which seem to be a part of you," she retorted. "Yes, ma'am, I expect you could," he said and began twirling his hat. It surprised him to find that Lee Trone's charm was as effective as ever. Just being near her did things to him; accelerated his pulse; made his stormy heart miss beats; and caused his blood to flow more briskly.

He resented her power to sway him. He felt ashamed to realize that he could still feel interest in a girl whose expressed opinion of him was steeped in cold contempt. What kind of a man was he? Did Lee Trone affect all men so?

His glance took in her overalls and woolen shirt, yet did not see them. He was conscious only that these rough clothes could not conceal the grace of her slender body, could not detract from the spirited poise of her head.

He said, "If the talk-test is over, I'll get on with my eatin'!" The green eyes raked him furiously. The next moment she was gone.

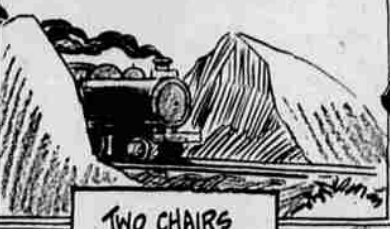
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More woman trouble, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

A RAILROAD IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, Africa, HAD TO BE BLASTED THROUGH AN ANT HILL!



TWO CHAIRS AND A TABLE WERE BUILT ON THE HEAD OF A PIN BY Arthur J. DeTommis, Jr., Washington, D.C.



DOG SLEDS ARE STILL USED TO CARRY U.S. MAIL— LESS THAN 300 MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY (Between Oqossoc and Kennabago Lake, Me.)



Mrs. MARIHA LOUISE BLACK, M.P., YUKON TERRITORY REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA'S HOUSE OF COMMONS, HEADS THE WORLD'S LARGEST POLITICAL CONSTITUENCY— AN AREA OF 200,000 SQUARE MILES— AND KNOWS PERSONALLY ALMOST EVERY ONE OF THE 1200 PERSONS WHO VOTED HER INTO OFFICE!

8-15-38 McIlhenny Studios, Inc.

Woman Legislator

First American-born woman to sit in the Canadian Parliament is Mrs. Mariha Louise Black, 71-year-old Yukon Territory Representative in Canada's House of Commons.

No other woman has ever held the post of her campaign to succeed her husband, Captain George Black, to the post she now fills, following his retirement due to illness.

Stretching over more than 200,000 square miles of Northern Canadian wilds, the vast Yukon Territory is today the largest political constituency in the world, yet its entire population is that of the average American small town—about 5,000.

There are over 1,800 eligible voters in the Yukon, according to Mrs. Black, but of these just a little over 1,200 voted, as the rest of the men were mining or prospecting far away from civilization.

Herself an "Independent Conservative," this courageous woman set out in 1935 to capture the votes of a population largely composed of Lib-

erals. By airplane, canoe, a small motorboat, a river-steamer, and two-horse teams she visited her Yukon friends in every corner of that vast region. Once she trekked three miles through the forest just to visit three trappers.

"Until within the past two or three years I have known practically every man, woman, and child in the Yukon Territory, but of late there has been quite an influx from the outside world," Mrs. Black says.

Tomorrow: The man who lives inside a volcano!

ment of the Hutton voting precinct, and will be able to conveniently cast their votes at the next election without traveling 100 miles by way of Ashland and the Pacific highway to reach their former precinct at Oak Bar.

The new election board serving the Elliott creek and Ward's fork residents includes Eric Anderson, inspector; M. P. Clark, judge; and Fred Smith and Dean Bush, clerks. This fall will mark the first election on Elliott creek since 1924. The home

of Eric Anderson at Joe Bar will serve as the polling place, and 19 voters are registered.

Fish Boats Saved ASTORIA, Ore., Aug. 15.—(AP)—Two tuna fishing boats were rescued yesterday by the coast guard from Clatsop spit, death ground of shipping, where they ran aground in a fog.

In the Boston fire of 1872 sixty acres were devastated, with a property loss of over \$60,000,000.

HUTTON VOTERS WILL SAVE 100 MILE TRIP

BIG APPLAGATE, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—In a remote corner of the Applegate district located over the California line, a handful of anxious voters have brought about establish-

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Unhappy Stowaway!



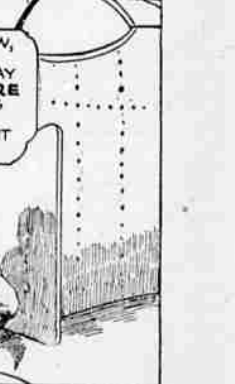
JERRY! HELP! AIN'T GOT A PARACHUTE!



YOUNG MAN, DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT YOU'D HAVE TO REMAIN AT THREE POINT?



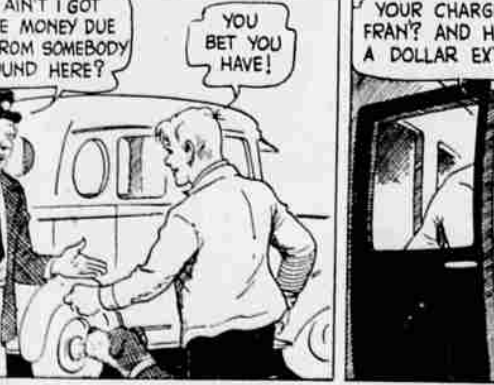
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D 'MIT ATE 'SKEETER, EH?



WELL, YOUNG FELLOW, SKEETER MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, BUT YOU'RE NOT! I'M GOING TO SHIP YOU RIGHT HOME!



SO LONG, JASON! SO LONG, DR. KILEY! AND, GOLLY THERE'S JASON'S TAXICAB STILL WAITING



SAY, AIN'T I GOT SOME MONEY DUE ME FROM SOMEBODY AROUND HERE?



YOU BET YOU HAVE!



FRAN? CHARGE, MY FRAN? AND HERE'S A DOLLAR EXTRA!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Explain Puleeze!"



HEY, RUSTY, I'M GOING WOOLY! EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!



HOW THE HECK DID YOU GET THERE? GEE, THANKS!



LET ME SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN JACKKNIVES—PEARL HANDLE—LOTS OF BLADES, SCISSORS AND PLENTY OF OTHER GADGETS—THIS IS FOR MY SON AND HE'S THE APPLE OF MY EYE



YOU'VE ARGUED ENOUGH—JUST PUT IT IN A NICE BOX AND WRAP IT UP IN SWELL PAPER—THIS GOES TO MY DAUGHTER

THE NEBBS—Paving the Way



I JUST GOT WORD FROM THE CHILDREN—THEY'RE COMING DOWN



GEE, THAT'S SWELL—WE'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME—I HOPE THEY'LL LIKE ME



THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL WATCH—IT'S NEW AND IS CALLED THE 'BETTY SCHAEFFER' WATCH—JUST THE THING FOR A YOUNG GIRL—IT JEWELS AND ONLY \$27.50



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WEATHER UNSETTLED

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LEAVES FOR STATION, EMPHATICALLY REJECTING WIFE'S SUGGESTION THAT HE TAKE AN UMBRELLA



PAUSES AT CORNER, WONDERING IF MAYBE HE WASN'T A LITTLE HASTY. DIDN'T REALIZE IT LOOKED SO THREATENING



STARTS ON AGAIN, GETTING EMBROILED WITH NEWSPAPER IN TRYING TO FIND WEATHER FORECAST



FINDS IT IS RAIN. BECOMES AWARE THAT ALL HIS NEIGHBORS ARE CARRYING UMBRELLAS



FEELS A DROP, WONDERING WHETHER TO GO BACK FOR UMBRELLA OR TRY TO GET TO STATION BEFORE DOWNPOUR



GOES BACK. FINDS THEY LENT HIS UMBRELLA TO UNCLE JOE LAST NIGHT, LEAVING ONLY HIS WIFE'S WHICH HE REFUSES TO CARRY. GETS TO STATION WET AND VERY SULKY

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3 MATTER POI

By O M PAYNE



HOW'D DID YOU GET THAT JAM ON YOUR FACE?



I SAID, HOW'D DID YOU GET THAT JAM ON YOUR FACE?



OH-H-H, VERY PLEASANTLY!



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By HAL FORRETT



BUT SKEETER TOLD ME HE STOWED AWAY IN TOMMY'S SHIP ONCE—AN—AN—



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D 'MIT ATE 'SKEETER, EH?



WELL, YOUNG FELLOW, SKEETER MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, BUT YOU'RE NOT! I'M GOING TO SHIP YOU RIGHT HOME!

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By EDWIN ALGER



YOU BET YOU HAVE!



FRAN? CHARGE, MY FRAN? AND HERE'S A DOLLAR EXTRA!



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By SOL HESS



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GRANTS PASS TO HAVE FINE NEW THEATER OF 800 SEATING CAPACITY

GRANTS PASS, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—Construction of a luxurious new theater for Grants Pass, embracing the most modern accomplishments in theater comfort, design and entertainment facilities, started today on the southwest corner of Seventh and H streets. Completion is expected about October 15.

dimensions of 51 by 100 feet. An adjoining garage building on the property is to be remodeled into space for three modern small stores. On the south end of the garage building a theater annex containing heating and air-conditioning systems and dressing-rooms will be built.

Construction of the building has been contracted to Elmer Childers of Medford, a specialist in theater erection who recently completed the widely-acclaimed Varsity theater in Ashland. The contract stipulates that local help shall be used as much as possible.

Mr. Mendenhall became part owner and general manager of the Grants Pass Amusement company in February of 1933, and has provided the firm's present theaters here, the Rivoli and State, with a superior quality of entertainment.

Two Catch 225 Fish ADDISON, Me.—(U)—Getting out to catch a few fish for their families, Leo Wess and Fred Leighton returned with 275 large fish. They returned down Ashland for many miles.