

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. WY

The Story So Far

Someone is out to bust it. Rafter T ranch. To help love; Lee Trane, "Blitz" Ankrom take 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 Tranes are revealed as impostors. The man is mysterious, shot the girl, Betty, stays on.

Chapter 20

Two Adventurers

ANKROM strode across the yellow sand to the bunkhouse, entered wearily and flung himself down upon the bunk. But sleep was not for him. As he lay there his mind, filled with its many pictures, mocked him. For every picture was a vision of Lee.

He was amazed to learn how effectively his memory had grasped each changing expression of hers, each poise of her slender figure, each graceful move and gesture.

Savagely he snapped his cigarette through the open door. He heard a little gasp and saw a shadow cross the opening. Like a flash he was off the bunk and on his feet, his right hand gripping a leveled pistol. With a sheepish grin he slipped the weapon back in leather and tossed his hat upon his bunk. The girl from Paso Pinto stood eyeing him gravely.

"May I come in?"

"I reckon," he said ungraciously, "there ain't no one going to stop you."

"You and I," she answered smiling, "have a lot in common. We are both what might be termed adventurers. We're both blunt, possess very little tact, and seldom use what little we have. Right now you're in a vicious mood. I am, too. I get into a vicious mood every time I come in contact with you."

She approached, stood staring at him searchingly, her lips a little parted, her blue eyes big and wide.

"Why don't you like me?" she asked him suddenly. "We ought to be friends."

"I'm not good enough for you—I'm not good enough for any woman. I'd ought to be made to wear a sign—GUNMAN—DANGEROUS—SPEAK CARE!" so that folk in passing would not be contaminated. They've got me pegged as a bad one; a killer. I can't deny it for I have killed men. That they were people the world is better off without makes no difference in the fact. There is no place for a woman in the career of a man like me."

"You're bitter," she said softly. "Some woman has hurt you. I can see it in your eyes. Whoever she is, she ought to be boiled in lard! Not good enough? What do you mean? In every man there is a place for a woman. For the right one," she amended swiftly. "Don't you remember what I told you the other day? For a man—a real man like you—there are lots of women who would go through fire, and be glad of the chance. Women live for love, Abe, and they want strong men to love them."

A silence fell between them, uncomfortable to Ankrom. He could find no words. Why couldn't he transfer the interest he gave Lee to this girl?

Affection, he thought, cannot be transferred at will. He stiffened to a sudden realization. He was in love with Lee; in love with a girl who felt toward him nothing save cold contempt.

His cheeks went white. What a fool he was! Ankrom, the man who had always prided himself on having his emotions under control! In love with a girl who would not have him, and loved by a girl he did not want!

'I'm Afraid'

HE brought his thoughts up sharply. Betty was speaking again; what had she been saying? He cleared his throat, hoped his voice would not betray him. "What was that?"

"Why don't you like me?" she repeated, coming closer.

"Did I ever say I didn't?"

"Not in so many words, perhaps. But actions, Abe, speak loudest. There is an air about you—I can feel that you don't like me. What have I ever done to you that you should feel this way about me?"

She came to him swiftly, placed a hand upon his shoulder, her eyes searching his face.

He said slowly, "Let me ask you a question, Betty; by did you shoot Kelton?"

"Because he would have shot you," she answered huskily. "He missed the first time, but he would not have missed again."

"Would it have made so much difference to you?"

"Of course," she broke into his question hurriedly. "I told you a woman will go through fire for the man she loves." Her arms went about him hungrily; there was a sob in her pleading voice. "Tell me that you see some good in me; that I'm not all bad. Abe! Tell me that you love me just a little..."

At that moment Ankrom's eyes were drawn toward the door. He went cold. Lee Trane stood in the opening, her lips parted in a smile.

"Yes, tell her, Abe, by all means. Don't let me spoil your fun."

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STATE OFFICERS MASONIC LODGE LAKE VISITORS

DIAMOND LAKE, Aug. 16.—(Spl.) F. C. Howell, grand master of the Masonic lodge of Oregon; D. R. Cheney, grand secretary, and other prominent members of the order from Portland, including J. O. Freck, Fred Hartman, W. Wallace Spence, H. Madson, Clarence O. Phillips, Jack S. Gordon and A. L. Grimes, spent the week-end at Diamond Lake resort. They attended a special communication of Medford lodge No. 103, A. F. & A. M., held on Cloudcap Point on Crater Lake rim, Saturday.

F. F. Horton, assistant regional forester, of Portland, accompanied by

V. V. H. pham, supervisor of Umpqua National forest, and his assistant C. L. Clark of Roseburg were at Diamond Lake during the past week.

H. D. Kern of California Oregon Power company spent Sunday at the lake, taking moving pictures to be used at the San Francisco exposition. Also during the past week L. C. Barnard of the Los Angeles Examiner and O. L. Hulbert of the Los Angeles Times stopped over night here, taking pictures the following day for a motoring of vacation spots.

W. A. Brown, promotion manager Oakland Tribune, Oakland, Cal., arrived Sunday, accompanied by his sisters, Margaret and Marian Brown, and M. E. Simmons, for a two weeks' vacation. Mr. Brown came immediately after the return to Oakland of O. N. Hansen sports editor of the Tribune who took daily limits of rainbow trout the previous week.

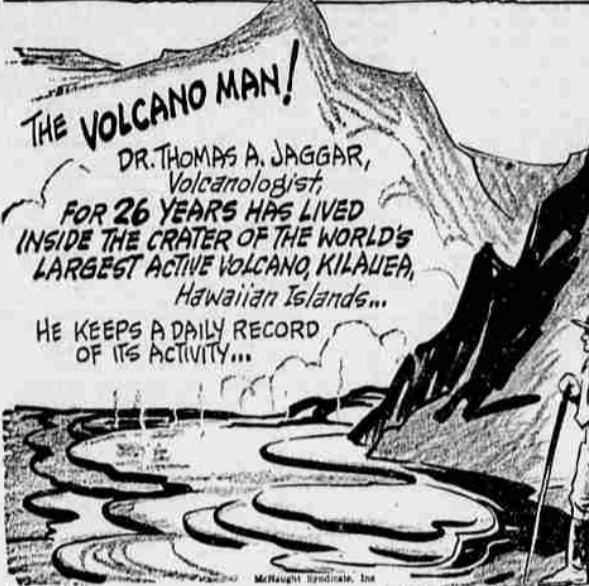
Also visiting Diamond Lake the past week were Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Neal of San Francisco. Mr. Neal is night sports editor of the San Francisco News. Mrs. Neal is society editor of the Burlingame Cal. Advance.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



SEGUIN LIGHTHOUSE--Maine, RECORDED 21734 HOURS OF FOG IN A SINGLE YEAR... ONE DAY OUT OF 3 WAS FOGGY...



THE VOLCANO MAN!

DR. THOMAS A. JAGGAR, Volcanologist, FOR 26 YEARS HAS LIVED INSIDE THE CRATER OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST ACTIVE VOLCANO, KILAUEA, Hawaiian Islands... HE KEEPS A DAILY RECORD OF ITS ACTIVITY...

Life in a Volcano
Halematumai—"The House of Everlasting Fire"—is what Hawaiian natives call a seething lake of red hot lava, boiling and rumbling in the yawning mouth of the world's largest active volcano crater.

Perched like a summer cottage on the shores of this fiery lake is the laboratory and home of Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar, director of the Hawaiian volcano observatory. He has lived there for the past 26 years.

Dr. Jaggar's job is to record daily the activity of this and other volcanoes and of accompanying earthquakes, so that a better knowledge of their freakish nature may be gained.

A more spectacular side of Dr. Jaggar's work consists of bombing volcanoes with charges of TNT when eruptions threaten to send flows of lava toward Hilo or other Hawaiian cities.

In 1935 an army bombing squadron, under Dr. Jaggar's guidance, dropped six tons of TNT into a lava flow diverting it from the vicinity of Hilo. Dr. Jaggar's observatory, strangely, is made of wood, set on a concrete foundation. Its interior is crowded with seismographs, thermometers, electric time pieces, chemical and photographic equipment, charts, and other scientific apparatus.

Forewarned of prospective eruptions by earth tremors recorded on his instruments, Dr. Jaggar is always ready to proceed to the scene and record in photograph and notebook the story of what he terms a "new building operation."

In this manner the volcanologist secured a complete photographic history of the Ahihi river erupting from the flank of Mauna Loa in 1919, one of the greatest lava flows of the century.

Tomorrow: What famous American signed the four great documents forming the United States government?

TWO CADET FLIERS DIE IN COLLISION

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Aug. 16.—(AP)—Two army cadets from Kelly field

hurtled to death Monday after planes they were flying collided in the air near Dilley, Tex.

Army officials said as the two were returning in three-plane formation from a training flight the machines collided and the plane of Edward DeLaney Willard, 22, of Modesto, Calif. crashed to the ground, bursting into flames with his body inside. He was buried almost beyond recognition.

Lieut. John F. Gullmartin, instructor and flight leader, said the other cadet, Robert Kemper Whitehouse, 31, of Evanston, Ill., climbed his plane, with part of the tail torn away, to a height of 3,000 feet, then jumped.

He hurtled to his death when his parachute failed to open. An investigation showed the rip-cord had not been pulled and investigators theorized Whitehouse was knocked unconscious as he leaped.

Two army cadets from Kelly field

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ASSEMBLY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SAYS IT'S HIGH TIME TO START HOME AND PUTS PICNIC THINGS INTO BASKET

WHEN READY TO GO FINDS THAT AUNT LOTTIE HAS VANISHED

WIFE THINKS SHE WENT TO PICK LAUREL AND GOES TO GET HER

AUNT LOTTIE APPEARS PRESENTLY FROM OTHER DIRECTION, SENDS JUNIOR TO TELL MOTHER

NOTHING HAPPENING, YOD-HOODS TO WIFE, ONLY RESULT BEING THAT JUNIOR RETURNS, THINKING THEY WERE CALLING HIM

SENDS HIM SEARCHING AGAIN, WIFE TROTTERING UP BRISKLY FROM OTHER WAY

EVERYBODY JOINS IN YOD-HOODING FOR JUNIOR, WHO THINKS THEY ARE STILL CALLING MOTHER

GOES AFTER HIM HIMSELF, RETURNING AFTER HALF AN HOUR TO FIND JUNIOR AND THE FAMILY ASSEMBLED AND IMPATIENTLY WAITING

8-15

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S'MATTER PO!

By C M PAYNE



I'M A MONEY HATER!

I'M A MONEY HATER!

WHAT'S THE DING DING?

I HATE TO BE WITHOUT IT!

I'M A MONEY HATER?

I HATE TO BE WITHOUT IT!

WHAT'S THE DING DING?

I HATE TO BE WITHOUT IT!

8-7

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Capitulates!

Paul Capitulates!



BACK YOU GO TO THREE-POINT, YOUNG MAN! WHEN I GIVE AN ORDER I MEAN IT!

AW, (SEE)

3203



CHIEF, IT'LL JUST BREAK JERRY'S HEART IF YOU SEND HIM BACK.

NO TOMMY! WE'RE GOING TO MAINTAIN DISCIPLINE AT THREE-POINT, EVEN IF...

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY! SEND 1 CENT STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED LARGE ENVELOPE TO: THE BELL SYNDICATE, 485 N. MIAMI BLVD., PHOENIX, ARIZ. FOR MODEL PLANS OF DOUGLAS D.C. PLANS



THEN LET HIM STAY, CHIEF, AND DISCIPLINE HIM IN SOME OTHER WAY... LATER.

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ALL RIGHT, BUT TAKE THAT KID AWAY FROM HERE, QUICK!... BEFORE I...

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By HAL FORREST

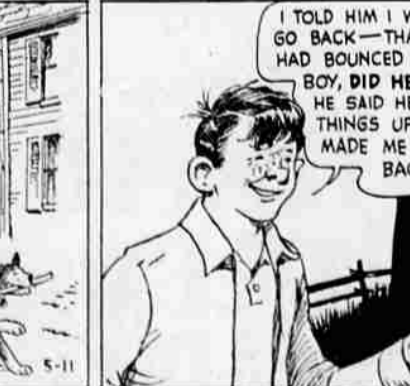
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Explanations

Explanations



BEN, I'M THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD! THE TRUCK I WAS ON GOT A FLAT TIRE—DOC KILEY COMES ALONG, SPOTS ME AN' PICKS ME UP—

5-11



I TOLD HIM I WOULDN'T GO BACK—THAT JASON HAD BOUNCED ME AND, BOY, DID HE BOIL! HE SAID HE'D FIX THINGS UP AN' HE MADE ME COME BACK—

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HE MADE ME HIDE IN THE CAR—SAID HE'D GET THINGS FIXED UP FIRST—WE PASSED YOU IN THE TAXI—WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW THE REST—

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DOC KILEY SAYS THE JIPPEMS STIRRED UP THE WHOLE MESS BY STIRRIN' UP JASON—I'M GLAD NOW I GAVE WILFRED SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!

YOU DID? SWELL!

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By EDWIN ALG

THE NEBBS—You Never Can Tell

You Never Can Tell



IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT LOVE HAS DONE FOR STEVE... HE'S STEPPING HIGH... SINGING TO HIMSELF... WE HOPE IT WILL ALWAYS BE LIKE THAT!

8-13



GOOD MORNING, STEVE—IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT LOVE WILL DO—YOUR FACE IS OVERCROWDED WITH HAPPINESS

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MRS. SONJOHN'S CHILDREN... THEY ARE COMING DOWN

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WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT ONLY GOING TO BE A HUSBAND BUT A PAPA

YES, INDEED, OBIE, A GORGEOUS WIFE AND TWO FINE CHILDREN IN THEIR TEENS. YOU FIND SOMEONE TO BEAT STEVE'S LUCK

NOXAGE A JUG IN EVERY SWIG

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YOU'LL HAVE TO HAVE LUCK WITH TWO KIDS IN THEIR TEENS—WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO CALL YOU... 'UNCLE STEVE' 'MISTER NEBB' OR 'PAPA'?

CHANCES ARE IT WILL BE 'HEY, YOU!'

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By SOL HEP