



Our New Serial Story
Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool
by G. H. SHARP

It was about noon when Webb Winters got to Bob Anderson's place. No smoke showed from the chimney of the log cabin. There was no sign of life. The barn door was shut. It had rained the evening before and the ground hadn't dried yet, so that Webb Winters could read the sign unprinted there in the mud.

As the light came through the open doorway into the shadowy cabin, the inner fear that Webb Winters had been trying to shake off suddenly became real. Bob Anderson lay sprawled on his face near his bunk. There was a pool of sticky blood on the floor and the rancher's lifeless hand gripped a six-shooter. Near an overturned table on the floor, were dishes, spilled food.

Webb Winters squatted beside the dead man who had been his friend and neighbor. He touched the lifeless shoulder. "I'll pay 'em off, Bob," he said aloud, his voice husky. He examined the dead man's gun. Four empty shells. Bob Anderson had died game. Died with his boots on and his six-shooter smoking.

Nov Bob was dead. Shot down in his own cabin. Another small rancher, Ed Young, over on Greasewood Creek, had claimed the same way. Only Ed Young, who was an Oklahoma cowboy and handy with a gun, had failed after last fall to lay storn horses, are so full of hot holes you wonder how many springs and bolts you will lose from your car before you get home, and also if any part of your own anatomy will break loose.

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have read your column admirably for some time. I would like to offer this bit of advice to epistolical and possessive husbands. I am an ex. and speak from experience. "While in the service, I married a sweet girl. That was my first marriage. We had a beautiful daughter. "My drinking and cheating (that I thought was smart) led us straight into the divorce court. I was satisfied, I thought. I was making money, and I was popular. "I met another sweet girl, and we fell in love. We married. We were blissfully happy for a while until, again, I couldn't stand prosperity. I started my old routine again. I thought, 'This girl loves me too much to think of leaving me—I can get away with it.' "But she, too, left me. Later, she gave birth to my son. (He was a year old in February, and I have seen him three times.) "Too Late? "Again, I thought, this freedom is what I want. (How stupid and cocky I was!) Just so long as I could have love, I never thought of anyone else. I loved a farce, too far gone in my ways to realize it until it was too late. "Now it has been 18 months since she left me. I've kept the memory of it. I've just existed. But so help me, I've quit drinking, and I have refused all invitations. "I've been living on a thread of hope for a reconciliation. "If my wife reads this, I want her to know that I love her deeply, and that I've paid dearly for my past affairs. "I hope that the wayward husbands who think they're smart to travel in the same path, will stop and take a good inventory—will ask themselves, 'Is it worth it?' Let me be the first to answer, it is not! "There is only one tragedy worse than death, and that is loneliness. I know! R.G."

Queen's Handiwork—A million-stitch needlepoint rug which took Queen Mary, 82-year-old mother of King George VI, eight years to make, is displayed by Patricia Hardie after its arrival on the liner, Queen Mary. The rug is the queen mother's personal contribution to Britain's effort to gain U.S. dollars. Miss Hardie will take the piece on a tour following which it will be sold to the highest bidder.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Genevieve D. Clarke

Fog . . . rain . . . mud! Once again the miracle of early spring has brought about a change that seems almost incredible. A week ago so much snow—and now big patches of bare ground, although there are still plenty of snowbanks in evidence. For a few days, it was such a nice, slow thaw that 1000 conditions were not really serious. Ditches rose higher than the culverts and flats became a miniature lake as the warm sun melted the snow, but with the going down of the sun the water level dropped; ditches became normal and the creek a pleasant, gurgling little stream. But the mud, oh dear! Now it is raining, so what happens today remains to be seen.

HOW CAN I?
By Anne Ashley

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed!

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Modern Etiquette
By Roberta Lee

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12 Tablets in 25¢ Economical 48-Tablet Bottle 67¢

Can't think of anything but CROWN BRAND n' Pancakes

HOW TO FIX IT
By Harold Arnett

Jane Ashley's Crown Brand Recipes FREE
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