

FLAME IN THE FOREST

By HAROLD TITUS

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

Jim and the others did draw back. It would not do to get too close to those clicking teeth, those blazing eyes. "Why, he's hurt! Look at that leg! Here, Tip..." Again Jim tried to get near but a shrill raving and the flashing of those strong, white teeth set him again in retreat. "Mad, I tell you!" "Here, Tip! Let's see."—Ezra Adams trying, now, but the dog drove him back, too. Advice, warnings, speculation; confusion. And then Nan Downer pushed through the circle. "What's wrong?... Oh! Tip! Why, Tip..." The tall flopped heavily, the dirt smeared tongue lolled; the dog panted and whined. The girl dropped to her knees beside him and he put his nose in her lap. The eyes closed and Tip drew a quivering sigh. He had come to Nan at last. Now he could be touched; now the hurt could be examined. "Broken!" gasped Ezra. "And... Good Lord, sergeant, this dog's been shot!" The words echoed from a dozen throats. "Shot!" "He was with Kerry!" Nan cried. "He was with Kerry, I am sure... Ezra! Where is Kerry? Where is..." "That," snapped the policeman, "is what we've got to find out! Come on, you trappers! Look! You can see every step he took in this road!"

Mid-afternoon, now, and his head rolled drunkenly as Young fought off that cloud of darkness. He could not hold it much longer. The cabin was beyond his range of vision. . . . He had one cartridge left. He remembered that. For weeks, it seemed, his intermittent firing had kept West within that cabin. He had only one more shot to fire, and he could not see the head of his sight. That was all blurred, like other matters: pain and sickness and his manner of getting here. . . . His face drooped heavily against the stock. He was so weary. He wanted to sleep. . . . Just a moment. . . . just a second. . . . One little wink of respite. . . . And then he knew that for ever so long voices had been in his ears. Voices, saying over and over: "Here he went!" . . . Or was it just once that the words had been said? Just once? "Here he went!" It must have been Jim Hinkle saying that. Jim's voice, saying it just now, just once! . . . "Here he went!"

And Jim was standing there in the road, bent over, with a group around him. . . . And Nan with her hand on Jim's shoulder, and the sound of glass breaking. . . . Glass breaking! Window glass breaking before the thrust of a rifle barrel through the pane; tinkling as it spilled over the sill. . . . And a man with his shoulder slammed tight against the window casing sighting that rifle, and . . . Tod West, that, taking his final toll. One, two, three. . . . They'd drop there in the road before the crash of his re-

peating weapon. One, two, three. . . . West in sight, exposed to Young! Oh, how well Kerry could see now. He could see the head of his front sight, could see it flash true against that bulky breast and the recoil did not hurt, that time. He did not even think of it. . . . He saw that other rifle barrel fly upward, saw Tod West spin about, back to the window. . . . Saw him stand there a moment and then, in the terrible silence, saw him disappear with the crash which loosed torrents of cries and words and sounds of running feet. . . . Then Kerry Young put his cheek down on the cool, moist earth and drew a long breath. . . . They had him back at Nan's in an hour. Ezra had the bullet out before sundown. It was midnight when he opened his eyes. At first, he thought he was alone in the room and then realized that he could not be alone; a man alone cannot have that sweet sense of peace and permanence and well being which spread over him like a mantle. . . . He moved his head slightly and saw her sitting there, straight and stiff and expectant, her face gentler than ever beneath the shaded light. "Nan," he breathed and she came quickly close. "Oh, Kerry!" The words were a sob. "And you're. . . all right?" "Right! Every thing's right!" He closed his eyes. "Tip?" "Ezra says he's done the best job

of bone setting he's ever done for man or beast." Pause. "Holt?" "Here,—in a whisper. "Waiting to thank you. . . before he goes." He cleared his throat feebly. "And. . . West?" "Already gone,"—gravely. "And forever." He stared hard at the ceiling through a long moment. "Nan. . . I guess. . . I guess I'm all right, but a hand never can. . . just tell. There's something I've. . . got to say. . . Put it off for the. . . right time. . . right place. . . Excuse. . . little groggy. . . . "But I've got to. . . say it. . . now. . . . "Sh!" Gently she placed small fingers against his lips. "You mustn't talk. You'll be all right. Ezra swears it. But now. . . And I'll say it for you, dear, dear Kerry! I'll say the thing you want to say. . . I love you. . . Is that it? I knew, you see. And I love you, Kerry. . . Love you, love you, love you. . . . Her lips were living warmth on his cheek.



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(THE END)

Bob Davis Reveals

Log Book of the Skipper Who Sailed 1,298,810 Miles.

M. S. CHICHIBU MARU, PACIFIC OCEAN, JAPAN BOUND, OUT of San Francisco, headed for the Orient, weather of the best, I proceed, in conformity with my invariable custom, to wangle a human interest chapter from the captain of this ship. Not so easy! Penetrating to the forward cabin was simple enough, but tapping the well-springs of his memory was something else again. What did I wish to know? He touched a button. . . . Tea for two. Opposite me sat a chunk of a man, smiling inscrutably, waiting to be placed upon the spot. The gray in his closely cropped hair was a guarantee of his experience. "One stirring story from your life before the mast or on the bridge will satisfy," I said, lifting my egg-shell teacup in salute. His smile collapsed. "Nothing has occurred," he said, "nothing that is worth retelling. You shall see. At twenty I became a cadet on the government ship Taisei Maru, ran the gauntlet of official promotion, became captain of the Matsuyama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha line, April 28, 1918, and have sailed under the N. Y. K. ever since with one year of World war service."

The Torpedo Adventure.

Commander S. Oya glanced into the depths of his teacup, pushed a box of cigars toward me and lapsed into silence. "No adventures at sea, no wrecks, no mutinies, no typhoons, no romance, nothing out of your recollections to offer me?" I asked. "Nothing so far, but there is yet time. The future may have something to offer; who can say?" "Possibly there is a detail or two that you have forgotten." His eyeballs seemed suddenly to invert themselves, as though striving to look backward. The expression of inscrutability deepened. "No, there is nothing—yes, there was an incident that now comes back to me. Just a moment, I will look at the log of my life and give you the date." The seadog reached into a drawer of his desk and brought forth a small leather-covered book. Thought I, this begins to look more like the real thing. "Here it is," he continued: "June 15, 1907, 5:00 p. m., off Plymouth during the war; heavy seas running. From the main deck, astern, scanning the water, I saw a dark outline slipping toward the starboard quarter, perhaps a hundred yards distant. . . . seventy-five yards, fifty yards, twenty-five yards, moving like a shadow. I leaned over the rail, certain that the time had come. The ship lifted in the tide, fell away; rose again from the trough, while the torpedo—and such it was—hesitated for a brief instant and then lunged onward. The way of a ship at sea is indeed a mystery. Gathering herself like some living thing, she plowed ahead, just as the torpedo, fired from an invisible submarine at close quarters, slipped by ten feet astern and disappeared. Just that. . . . We berthed in safe water before midnight."

Commanded 27 Ships.

"There must be something else in the crisp leaves of this volume," I said wondering why it contained column after column of Arabic figures, interspersed with notations in Japanese. "Recording the number of miles sailed, names of the ships under my command and a few statistical notes," he volunteered. "How many miles and how many ships, Commander?" "Up to January 1, 1936, the grand total reached 1,298,810 nautical miles on twenty-seven vessels, none of which was lost while under my command. The first million miles were completed 11:40 p. m. March 2, 1931, off Sokotia Island on a voyage to Suez via Colombo. Approximately 3,000 officers and men served on ships that I have had the honor to captain. During all of that period of time not a single man had to be put in irons. The furthest point north reached during my travels is Hamburg, Germany, and the furthest south is Adelaide, Australia. The maximum mileage for any one year was 69,470." "Have you, throughout your voyaging ever observed a phenomenon at sea that could not be scientifically accounted for? Are there any insoluble mysteries hinted at in the log book? Have you developed any superstitions in your life as a sailor?" "None. There is a reason for everything that may arise in human affairs. If there are sea serpents in the deep it has not been my privilege to behold them. Superstitions? . . . With an expansive gesture, he tossed the whole theory into space. "Married, of course?" Again this realist, this methodical man who has logged his sea life with such meticulous care, turned the pages of the record. Presently his almond eyes sparkling, the mask of inscrutability swept from his face to make way for actual mirth, he placed an index finger on a single line. "Yes, married. . . . Kobe, Japan, May 28, 1914. One child, a daughter, also married, 1935. No grandchildren—as yet."

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Divided Skirt and Shorts Combination That Equips the Young Lady for Sports



PATTERN NO. 1875-B

You know yourself that half the enjoyment of any sport is spoiled if you aren't correctly dressed, and really there's no excuse for not being equipped for any active sport when a model such as illustrated is so easy and inexpensive to make. The divided skirt is suitable for golf, tennis, bicycling, riding and hiking. It assures plenty of room and comfort, buttons on the side and supports the most youthful blouse. Note the sports pocket, Peter Pan collar, raglan sleeve and dainty feminine bow. Instead of the divided skirt, you may have shorts if you prefer, for the pattern is perforated at just the

proper length. Notice the small sketch. Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1875-B is available in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 (34) requires 4 1/4 yards of 35 inch fabric. For shorts only, 3 1/2 yards is required. Send 15 cents for the pattern. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Household Questions

- Make sandwiches for the children's lunch box by shaving maple sugar, mixing with butter and spreading between two slices of wholewheat bread. . . .
- Two thicknesses of heavy brown paper are much better than a cloth to use when pressing. Sprinkle paper with water and iron until dry. Newspapers may be used instead of brown paper. . . .
- Melted butter is a good substitute for olive oil in salad dressing. . . .
- An electric fan will help to dry paint as well as banish odor from a room that has been newly painted. . . .
- If a pan of salt is placed under the shelf on which cake is baked the cake will not burn. . . .
- The bottom crust of a blueberry pie will not soak the berry juice if after the plate has been lined with paste it is brushed over with a beaten egg and allowed to stand for a few minutes before putting in fruit. . . .
- To slip rose bushes bend branches down, make a deep cut into branch and cover wounded portion with soil. Keep branch down with a large stone. . . .
- Pent keeps soil around azaleas cool, moist and porous during the hottest days in summer. . . .
- When making small buns or cakes, flour the tins well instead of greasing them. This plan is much less expensive and the cakes never stick to the tin. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Uncle Phil Says:

That's Advancement
As men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who would force his way through it, so mankind makes way for one who rushes toward an object beyond them. Always practice thrift, no matter how freely you spend. That is, don't waste money. Nothing is more wearying than the "honest opinion" of a man who "doesn't know." A man's wife is his best "guide-book on etiquette."

Beware of Idleness
Many of the wrong things men do are done in idle moments because they can't think of anything else to do. If diamonds could be found by the bushel, they would still be as beautiful as when they cost \$5,000 apiece. A word out of the dictionary makes a lowrow suspicious; but he picks up greedily all the slang words going. Persons of leisure generally find a rather poor assortment of company. So many worthwhile men are busy.

Early Habits Tell
What can old men in a village do? Well, they ought to have cultivated a taste for reading with gusto when they were twenty. If they "jes set," that's what they'll do when they're old. How the flagging conversation blazes up just as everyone rises to leave. Beware that continually scolding about daily irritations be not just another one of them. Be cheerful at least part of the time.

That's Why
How fortunate is a man whom everybody likes; and he seldom knows why. And if thou wouldst be happy, learn to please. Admiration is a form of longing for something we need. No man can resist telling again and again how he felt when "death stared him in the face."

Misery in Small Things
It has been well observed that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.—Johnson.

DIZZY DEAN stops a steal!

WHEW! I RECKON I JUST ABOUT MADE IT!

NO, MR. DEAN, YOU'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE NEW YORK PLANE LEAVES

GET HER ROLLIN' TONY, AND MAKE IT FAST!

I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN THEY TAKE OFF. THERE'S A MILLION DOLLARS CASH IN THAT PLANE

I'LL HAVE THAT PLANE IN CANADA 'FORE THEY CAN YELL FOR HELP!

THEY'VE GOT THE PLANE! AND THE MONEY TOO!

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE HEADED THIS WAY!

WHAT A THROW! IT SAVED A MILLION DOLLARS!

I WISH MY KID BROTHER HAD SOME OF YOUR ENERGY. HE'S LISTLESSLIKE. I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM

WELL, ONE WAY TO GET ENERGY IS TO EAT MORE NOURISHING FOOD—LIKE GRAPE-NUTS. I KNOW—I EAT IT MYSELF

BOYS! GIRLS! Join Dizzy Dean Winners! Get Valuable Prizes FREE!

Send top from one full-size yellow-and-blue Grape-Nuts package, with name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin, certificate and catalog of 49 free prizes. You'll like crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts—it has a winning flavor all its own. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoonfuls, with whole milk or cream and fruit, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936. Good only in U. S. A.)

A Post Cereal—Made by General Foods
The same fine cereal, in a new package

Dizzy Dean Membership Pin. New 1936 design, two-toned solid bronze with red lettering. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package top.

Lucky Rabbit's Foot. Just like Dizzy carries—has nickel-plated cap and ring. Free for 2 Grape-Nuts package tops.

I enclose. . . . Grape-Nuts package tops for which send me the item(s) checked below: wnu-8-22-36

Membership Pin (send 1 package top).

Lucky Rabbit's Foot (send 2 package tops).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

UNCONFESSED

By Mary Hastings Bradley

While the houseparty proceeds gaily, the alluringly beautiful Nora Harriden disappears. She is found lying dead in the shrubbery beneath the window of her room. The insidious killer, loose among the guests, strikes again—slaying the only person able to throw light upon the mystery. Suspicion centers strongly upon a lovely young woman, a young woman who has just fallen desperately in love. But the sinister criminal has not reckoned how bravely this girl will fight her way out of the enclosing net of false clues.

With bated breath and a shudder of thrilled anticipation, we announce the beginning of Mary Hastings Bradley's newest mystery-romance

IN THE NEXT ISSUE