

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon of the Lazy Nine, rich, surprises a desperate young man preparing to set a forest fire, and covers him with her gun. She thinks him the firebug the whole county is hunting. The man, Ted Gaynor, hoped to get a job fire fighting to buy food for his mother and sister. Kay believes him when he says it is his first attempt to set a fire. She asks him to join her outfit and he gratefully accepts. They are just starting off when Tom Runyon, the fire patrol, rides up and eyes Ted suspiciously. Spotting the brush pile, Runyon strides over to it.

Chapter Three Fooling The Fire Patrol

KAY turned swiftly to Ted Gaynor. "Go now and get your horse, and make a get-away. Come over to the Lazy Nine this evening, or tomorrow morning."

"And leave you here alone to face the music?" Ted Gaynor stubbornly shook his head. "Not me. I'm standing by."

"You must do as I say! Don't you see you make it harder by staying here? I can manage much better without you." Kay argued desperately. "Hurry! Go now, before he gets to the pile, and tells you to stay."

As Ted still hesitated, Kay resorted to pleading. "Please! You said I wouldn't be sorry for what I've done! And if you insist on staying, I will be sorry."

"If you put it that way, I've got to go."

Again Kay was surprised by his slow smile, and the way it lighted up his face, wiping out the dogged look of despair, and making it alive and eager.

"So long."

Before she could answer, he was running noiselessly through the woods, and she watched him disappear down the steep slope, just

of amazement and injured innocence, as she gazed disbelievingly up at him. "Honestly now, you don't think I look like a firebug, do you?"

She ended with a light laugh, crinkling up her nose so that her eyes almost disappeared under her dark lashes.

"Naturally, I don't think you did it," he answered. "But I'm not so sure about that scrawny guy you had with you."

"I give you my word he'll never set a forest fire," Kay heard her voice give this assurance with a certain inner amazement. Why was she so sure about this man whom she had actually caught in the act she was trying to shield him from? There was no time to think it out now, but every instinct cried out in her to protect him. Kay's general hunch in life was to follow her intuition first in an emergency, and reason it out afterwards.

"You can come over to the ranch and see him anytime," she added, easily, "that is, any time after tomorrow. He isn't going back tonight."

"Seeing as you vouch for this puncher of yours, I reckon I'll have to look somewhere else for my firebug," Tom Runyon turned and walked slowly back beside Kay. "I was going to suggest riding back with you," he added ruefully, "but my hunch is to stick around here and wait for whoever set that pile to come and finish off the job."

"That's just what I thought you'd do!" Kay tried to cover the relief in her tone with a flattering note of admiration.

"Sure it's what I'm going to do," Runyon answered with a pleased laugh. "You can trust me to be Johnny-on-the-spot, even in the face of such temptation." He made her a gallant bow.

There's Seth To Persuade

KAY felt a vague sense of withdrawal from his admiring glance, but she smiled back at him as he picked up Flicker's reins



Waving her hand, Kay gave Flicker a touch of her heel and was off.

as a shout from Tom Runyon rang out from the opposite direction.

"What is it?" she called, in answer to a second imperative shout. "I'm coming."

Walking swiftly toward him, she summoned all her forces to meet the difficult situation ahead. Unless she kept her wits, she, too, would be involved in the ugly suspicion that that pile of brush was sure to raise.

Intuition As Guide

"LOOK at this!" Tom Runyon called, grimly, as she came in sight. Then, seeing her alone, he added, "Where's that guy that was with you?"

"I sent him on ahead," Kay answered easily, surprised at the calmness of her tone, considering the way her heart was pounding. "What have you found?"

"I've found plenty, and I want to ask that bird some questions." He raised his voice again in a prolonged shout. "Come back here!"

"He won't hear you," Kay broke in. "He's well on his way down the ridge by this time. You mean—" she gave a well feigned start of surprise at the pile of brush Runyon pointed out, "you mean, you think someone was setting a fire here?"

"I don't think I know," Tom Runyon began kicking the pile of brush to scatter it.

"Well, you don't think I or one of my punchers did it, do you?" Kay's voice held a perfect mixture

and grasped the saddle to mount. Swinging into the saddle before he had a chance to help her, she answered gravely, "I'm mighty glad we have such a dependable new fire patrol."

"You bet you have," Tom Runyon boomed in a gratified voice, "and you can depend on another thing, too. He isn't going to let any grass grow under his feet before he accepts that invitation to come over to the Lazy Nine."

"We'll be glad to see you any time," Kay answered. Waving her hand, she gave Flicker a touch of her heel and was off.

Her thoughts filled with the strange events of the afternoon as she absent-mindedly guided Flicker down the steep trail. She gave him free rein as they reached the range, and he broke into an easy canter.

There was time now to consider more calmly her impulsive action in shielding Ted Gaynor, and plan just how she was going to explain him to Seth Jordan, her foreman. Seth had been a member of the Lazy Nine outfit since before Kay was born, and she could always depend on his devotion and loyalty, but it was going to take some ingenuity to persuade him that they needed a new puncher right now.

(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nevaud)

A mysterious fire destroys Kay's ranch house, tomorrow.

STUDY OF EROSION BEGUN IN TEXAS; 30-YEAR PROJECT

MARLIN, Tex. (UP)—Work has begun nine miles north of Marlin on the Brushy creek watershed studies, one of 10 projects being established by the department of agriculture soil conservation service.

Already the government has purchased 243 acres of land for the project at a cost of \$78,000. In addition, it is estimated that buildings to be erected will cost \$50,000 and the project will have an annual payroll of nearly \$50,000 for its expected life of 30 years.

Detailed observation and experiments in erosion, rainfall, water control, run-off, soils and conservation methods will be under the direction of Ralph W. Baird, manager.

Baird formerly was connected with the Tyler, Texas, soil erosion control experiment station and succeeded D. B. Krimgold, assistant director of watershed studies projects in Wash-

ington. Krimgold supervised the first of the 10 projects authorized by congress in Coshocton county, Ohio, in 1935.

The Brushy creek project is co-operating with the Texas experiment station of A. & M. college and the Temple, Texas, and Tyler soil stations. In addition to the 243 acres purchased by the government, co-operative agreements will be made in Falls county for observation on 5,000 acres surrounding the project site for checking and comparative purposes.

Eight structures will be built on the project. They are a dormitory, meteorological building, implement shed, gas and oil storage building, laboratory, kitchen, motor vehicle shed and a maintenance building. The structure will be of semi-Spanish architecture and will be fire-proof. An administrative building has been completed.

Work has been in progress at the project for nearly a year. Ten new all-weather roads and three foot-trails have been built so that observers can reach gauging stations in wet weather. Five major gauging stations have been constructed along Brushy creek channel and a large number of smaller ones will be built along this creek and its tributaries. About 100 rain gauges have been installed, with a number being of the self recording type.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Catherine de' Medici's eldest son, Francis, succeeded his father to the French throne as Francis II. During his reign of one year (1559-1560), he was under the complete domination of his mother. When he tried to assert his own will, Catherine stopped him with threats and alliances with his enemies. Weakened by the dissipation which Catherine encouraged in all her children to give her power over them, he died and was succeeded by his brother, Charles IX. Charles' 14-year reign was one of bloodshed and trouble, sponsored chiefly by his mother. Henry IV, another of Catherine's sons, was crowned after Charles' death. His reign was as wretched as those of his brothers. He

NARCOTIC RING HEAD CONFESES IN JAPAN

OSAKA, Japan, July 8.—(AP)—Police announced today Banehiko Machida had confessed he was the ringleader of an international narcotic ring which smuggled 600 cases of various narcotics into western American ports.

The narcotics police said Machida declared, were bought in Osaka la-

FAVOR DR. LIGHTON AS DEAN OF PHYSICAL ED

EUGENE, Ore., July 8.—(AP)—Dr. Ralph W. Lighton, professor of education at the University of Oregon,

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Serg Is Mortified!

WHILE TOMMY, POSING AS TONY LACEY, SLAIN SPY PILOT, AND JOSEF ORT, KEY MAN OF THE ESPIONAGE GANG, ARE FLYING TO THE SPY HEAD-QUARTERS, WHERE TOMMY HOPES TO LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE "BIG CHIEF," LET'S RETURN TO THE BLUE LANTERN INN... AND JUSTINA.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Checking Up

UNCLE CALES, YOU GOT ANY IDEE HOW THINGS IS GOIN' AT HIGGINS STORE?

THEY'RE DOIN' A RIGHT SMART LINE O' TRADE, LEM—

YEP, THEY'RE MAKIN' MONEY FINALLY—PAYIN' THEIR CURRENT BILLS, TOO—

GEE, THEN ME AN' OG AIN'T GOT MUCH CHANCE O' STEPPIN' IN AN' TAKIN' OVER THE BUSINESS, HAVE WE?

EVER HEAR THE STORY O' THE CARD PLAYER WHO NEVER LOST?

SEEMS LIKE HE ALWAYS USED FIVE ACES—WELL, THEY'S THAT MANY IN CALES CRUNCHER'S DECK REGARDIN' AN' APPERTAININ' TO HIGGINS STORE, YOUNG FELLER!

THE NEBBS—How I Hate That Guy

ONE BENNER, PITTSBURGH, PA., THINKS MAX SHOULD MARRY EMMA.

AUCE BURNETT, TACOMA, WASH., WANTS EMMA TO MARRY POTTS.

MRS. N. J. CLARK, FRENCHWOOD, TEN., VOTES FOR MAX.

MRS. LILLIAN GEORGE, CHICAGO, ILL., WRITES "CHALK UP MY VOTE FOR MAX."

A. LENNIE, OTTAWA, ILL., WANTS EMMA TO STAY SINGLE.

WELL, I SUPPOSE I GOT TO FIGHT THAT GUY LUTHER. I NEVER DID HAVE NO APPETITE FOR FIGHTIN'!

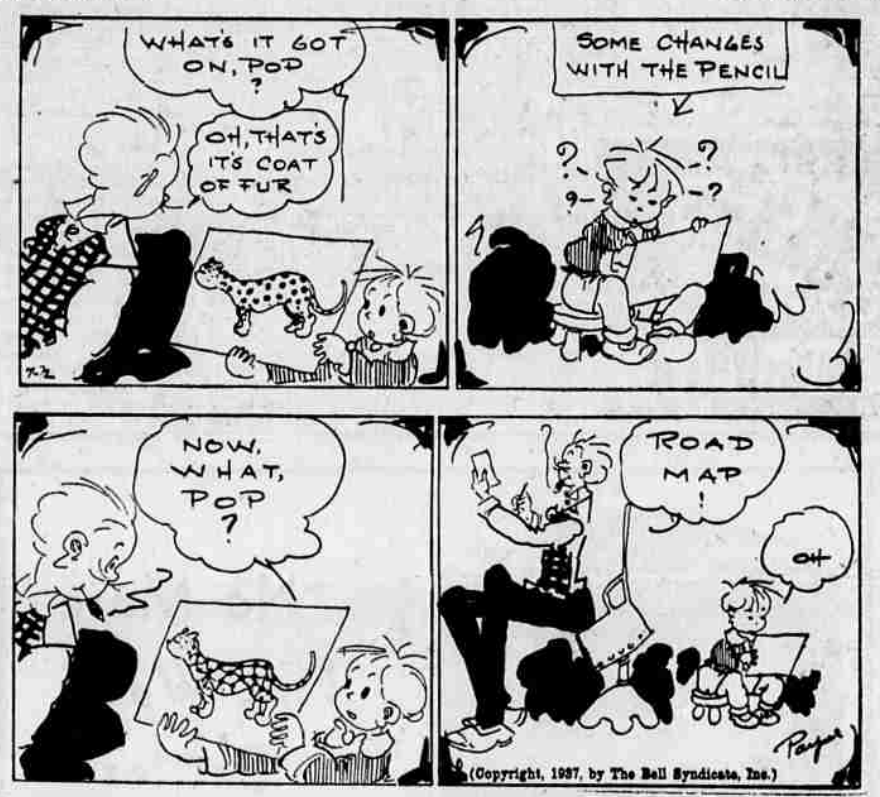
WELL, I SUPPOSE I HAVE TO GET MYSELF IN CONDITION. I GOTTA TAKE THIS STOMACH OFF. A MOSQUITO COULD KICK THE WIND OUTTA ME RIGHT NOW!

BUT I WANT IT DISTINCTLY UNDERSTOOD—I AIN'T FIGHTIN' OVER NO WOMAN—I DON'T CARE NOTHIN' ABOUT EMMA, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER THROW HERSELF AWAY ON THIS ABBREVIATION OF NOTHIN'—HE'D GO THROUGH HER MONEY LIKE A TRAIN THROUGH A TUNNEL!

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



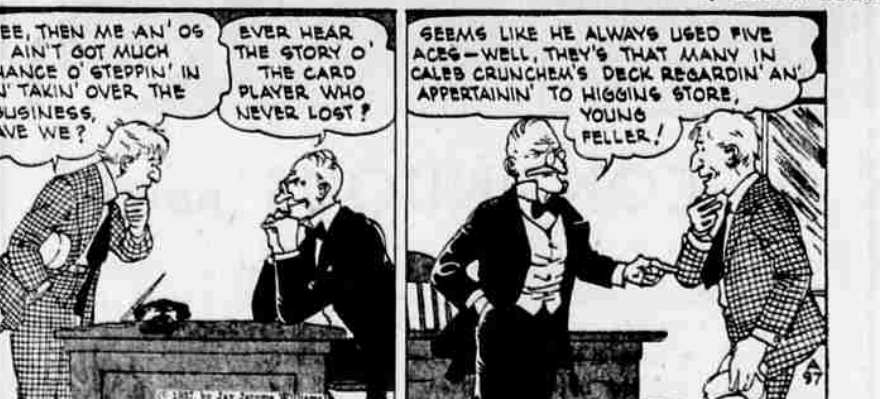
S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

