

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEUVARD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon of the Lazy Nine surprises a desperate young man preparing to set a forest fire. She thinks he is the firing the whole county is hunting, but Ted Gaynor convinces her this is the first fire he has tried to set. His aim: to get a fire fighting job and buy food for his mother and sister. She asks him to join her outfit, and Ted gratefully accepts. They are just starting off when Tom Runyon, the fire patrol, rides up and questions Kay, eyeing Ted suspiciously. Runyon spots the brush pile Ted left, but Kay shields him and outcites Runyon.

"Not the ranch house, Flicks! Not that!" She was unconscious of the broken cry that escaped her. But even as she uttered it, she knew it was the ranch house! There was no longer the shadow of a doubt.

Disjointed thoughts flashed through her mind in the mad race against time. Thank Heaven, Aunt Kate and Babs were away! Were Seth and the boys back from the range? Was anyone there to fight the fire?

She could see red flocks of flame now through the smoke, and suddenly, a new column of smoke rose, some little distance to the left.

"The barn!" Kay gasped. "Oh, God, not the barn, too!" Coherent thought left her as she strained every nerve to reach the scene of disaster. Another 10 minutes, and she could feel the heat from the glowing conflagration ahead. Ducking her head, she forged her way on, and the next thing she knew, she was pounding through the gate.

Pulling Flicker back on his haunches, as Seth rushed toward her, Kay half fell out of the saddle into his arms.

Bracing herself against him, she faced the blazing ruin of her home. Nothing to be done about it now; that was clear. The boys had left it and the barn to their fate, and were concentrating their efforts on trying to save the bunk

Chapter Four: Fire At The Lazy Nine

THE picture of the two men who had flashed so strangely into her life that afternoon rose before her, and Kay tried to reason out her reactions to them.

Superficially, the natural thing would have seemed to be for her to be attracted to Tom Runyon and not to Ted Gaynor. And yet, just the opposite had happened.

Tom Runyon was much better looking and more outwardly prepossessing in every way. Yet she found herself passing him by with hardly a thought, while her mind concentrated on Ted Gaynor and the brief outline of his history that he had given her.



A broken cry escaped Kay. She urged Flicker to his topmost speed.

It was mighty hard to be hand-capped by an invalid mother and a blind sister, and then have all the breaks against you, as he had evidently had.

He was no weakling, that was clear. Ourselves in me, "and driven him to an act of folly, but it was an act of defiance against material things, for the sake of those he loved, who were dependent on him.

Kay tried to picture herself in those circumstances, with Aunt Kate and Babs hungry. Hungry! She gave an involuntary shudder. He actually had said "hungry"! A man could be forgiven almost any desperate act under those circumstances.

"Thank goodness we came along first, Flicker," Kay mused aloud. "It would have been the end of him, if Tom Runyon had found him instead of me. I know he'll make good, now that he has a break at last."

Dread Discovery

TOPPING a rise in the range, Kay's eye caught a faint haze over to the east, that spread like a gray film in the clear September air.

"Flicks!" Her voice held a note of alarm, as she pulled up and gazed intently toward the strange phenomenon. She glanced quickly to right and left to get her bearings, and a tight feeling caught her throat.

"It looks like smoke," she hardly recognized her own voice, "and it's just about where the house is!" As she watched, a thin gray white column rose slowly, ending in a brown puff, as it dispersed. It was followed by another, and yet another, but Kay was no longer watching.

Leaning forward in her saddle, she was urging Flicker to his topmost speed. In a brown streak the dried bunch grass of the range flashed past, and the rushing air fanned the color into her cheeks, and brought hot smarting tears to her eyes.

Impatiently blinking them back, she gazed desperately ahead to the ever spreading cloud of smoke with its ominous portent.

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house, beating out the flying sparks, as they fell on the roof and porch.

The Insurance Papers

"HOW did it happen, Seth?" Kay hardly recognized her strained voice, as she raised it above the roar and crackle of the flames.

"God knows," Seth answered, brokenly. "It was Chung Lee's afternoon off, so the house was empty, and all the outfit was on the range. I just got back in time to save the Old Man's desk, and a few things out of the living room."

He pointed with a smudged, blackened finger to a small pile of furniture that Kay had failed to notice before. The sight of the desk galvanized her to sudden action and she ran over to it, pulling Seth with her.

"Thank Heaven, you saved that Seth," she gasped. "All Dad's records are there, and the insurance papers with them."

"Thank God you're insured!" Seth's face, smeared with black and with one bushy eyebrow hanging over his eye, was comical in its relief. "I couldn't recollect whether you'd renewed it or not."

"I paid it up a month ago," Kay answered thankfully, fumbling in the desk drawer, and pulling out the precious policy, which she slipped in her blouse.

"It might be worse, Seth. But oh, it will never be the same!" Her voice broke, and she bit her lips hard to keep them from trembling, as she faced the charred ruins of her beloved home.

The sudden roar of a truck burst through her despairing contemplation. Turning, she saw one of the Fire Association's trucks racing along the road. Another minute, and a dozen men were pouring over its sides, hauling their fire fighting apparatus after them.

"Too late for anything but the bunk house, boys," Seth called, and without waiting for further reply, they dashed over to save the last of the ranch buildings.

Neighbor Josh Hastings issued an invitation, Monday.

The school, Calvin lived in Strasbourg from 1838 to 1841.

Developing into an academy within 30 years the original gymnasium had become a full fledged university by 1821, with four faculties or colleges, the desk, and the ministry for the priesthood and the ministry.

Strasbourg university is the only French university where theology remains in the curriculum. Marshal Joffre having given a solemn promise to this effect when French troops reconquered the "lost" province after the war. As a result of the French promise to respect the customs and traditions of the province the union of church and state still persists in Alsace.

Louis Pasteur, world famous scientist, was perhaps the best known among the famous professors who have held chairs at Strasbourg. It was while holding the chair of chemistry there that Pasteur won recog-

nition, after his discovery of isothermism. It was in there that Pasteur carried out many of the experiments which were the basis of his epoch-making work.

Another famous Strasbourger man was Wolfgang von Goethe, who attended the university in 1770. Goethe studied law at the university for one year, and acquired its

combined Teutonic and Gallic culture before he made his decision to become a writer.

Today Strasbourg boasts seven faculties. It possesses the second largest university library in France, containing more than a million volumes. Its faculty of letters is its best today, and possesses 23 institutes. Among the institutes at Stras-

bourg where scientific research is being carried on daily, are those devoted to comparative grammar, Rhenish antiquities, Slavic languages, Oriental civilizations and Alsatian "dialectology." The two faculties of theology have many foreign students and both make a specialty of training "foreign clerics."

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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Wings Over the Atlantic
From the 16th of May through the early part of July, 1919, occurred one of the most eventful periods in the history of aviation. Eclipsed by post-war news in a still panicky world, the trans-Atlantic flights made during this two-month period brought but a slight stir in comparison with the interest created by Lindbergh's solo flight eight years later.

First to make a successful trans-Atlantic flight was the NC-4, an American navy seaplane, piloted by Lieut. Com. A. C. Read. Taking off from Tisbury, Newfoundland, on May 16, Read flew to the Azores, remained there a few days, then flew to Plymouth, England, via Lisbon, Portugal.

The first non-stop trans-Atlantic flight was made from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Clifton, Ireland, by Capt. John Alcock and Lieut. A. Whitten Brown, both of the R. A. F. The take-off was made on June 14 and the flight was completed 16 hours, 12 minutes later. A Vickers-Vimy bomber was used.

On July 2 the British dirigible R-34 first East Fortune, Scotland, on the first lighter-than-air crossing of the Atlantic. It arrived at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, New York, on July 6, and returned to Pulham, England, a few days later to complete the round trip trans-Atlantic crossing.

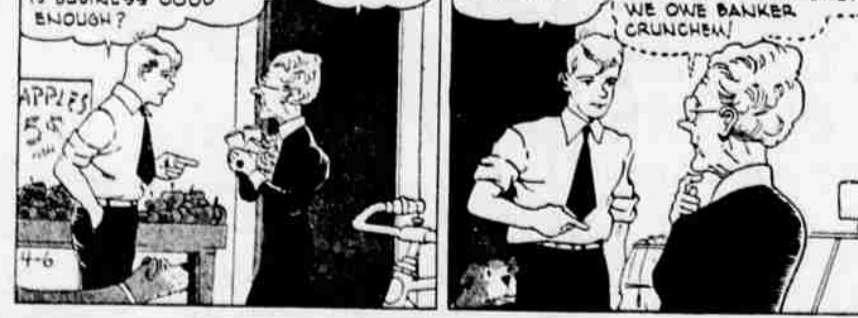
O. Henry
Most unorthodox was O. Henry (William Sydney Porter) in his methods of writing. Many of his stories were originally written for newspapers and he seldom wrote them earlier than the day before they were scheduled to be published. As he finished a page he turned it face down on his desk. A messenger from his newspaper frequently idled outside the door, waiting to rush the story to the printshop. Occasionally, O. Henry paused to read back a few lines of his manuscript, but never did he read a story in its entirety before it was published.

Blue Hen State
A native son of Delaware, Captain Caldwell was a great lover of cock-fighting. His well-drilled Revolutionary war soldiers were known as the "game cocks." Through his claim that blue hens produced the best cocks, his home state derived its nickname of the "Blue Hen State."

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Justina Has a Plan!



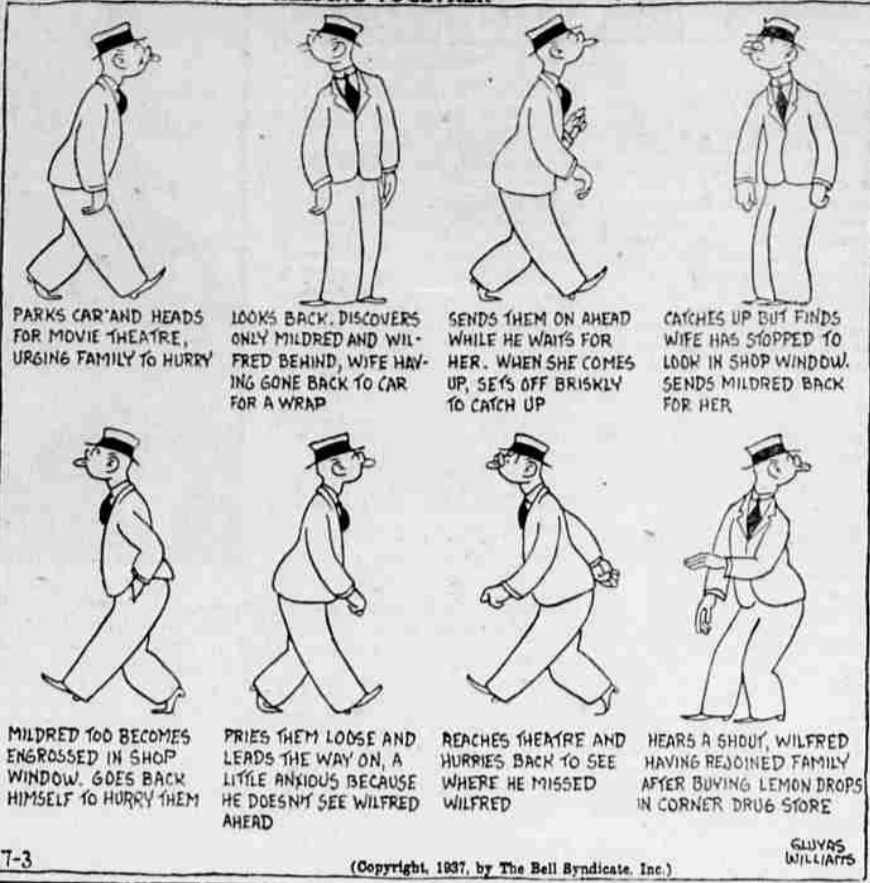
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Also Checking



THE NEBBS—The Trouble Maker



THE FAMILY ALBUM -- KEEPING TOGETHER By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



FRANCE TO MARK 4-CENTURY SPAN FOR STRASBOURG

PARIS, (UP)—The University of Strasbourg is preparing to celebrate its 400th anniversary and has sent invitations to leading university heads throughout the world to attend the celebrations early in 1938, the ministry of education has announced here.

Strasbourg university was established as a "gymnasium" or German-model high school in 1538, and was headed at its opening by the celebrated humanist, Jacob Sturm. Although records of early years do not exist, it is highly probable that John Calvin, one of the leaders of the reformation, collaborated with Sturm in the early development of

the school, Calvin lived in Strasbourg from 1538 to 1541.

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