

# FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE SERVAUD

**SYNOPSIS:** Kay Crandon of the Lazy Nine surprises a desperate young man about to set a forest fire. Ted Gaynor convinces her he is no freeloader and that this is his first attempt—an aim to get a fire fighting job and buy food for his mother and sister. Kay offers him a place in her outfit, Tom Runyon, the fire patrol, rides up, and Kay has to use her wits to shield Ted from Runyon's suspicion. Riding home at one, Kay sees smoke, and races on to discover her ranch house and barn hopelessly lost to the flames. Seth Jordan, her faithful foreman, has saved the desk with the insurance papers.

## Chapter Five Come To The Flying Six

HOW Kay lived through the next few hours she never quite knew. After the arrival of the truck, everything seemed to happen all at once. Babs came home, accompanied by Josh Hastings, owner of the Flying Six, and his daughter Ruth. Babs' chum and inseparable companion. As she was soothing Babs, whose 10-year-old courage was temporarily eclipsed by the enormity of this disaster, Kay suddenly looked up to find Josh Hastings' eyes fixed on her with a peculiar, enigmatic stare. He quickly averted his gaze.

When Babs was finally calmed down, and had gone off with Ruth to inspect the charred ruins from a safe distance, Josh Hastings took Kay's hand in his possessively.

"It's a burning shame for you to have this happen, Kay."

In spite of the emotional strain she was under, Kay was quick to detect the note of hypocrisy in his tone. She looked up at the florid face and china blue eyes of her nearest neighbor, and it seemed as though his real thoughts were written all over him.

her, and the next minute, a small whirlwind was giving her an impulsive hug. "Is he asking you to stay at the Flying Six? Please say 'yes,' Sis! Please!"

Ruth's voice joined in the pleading, and Kay looked doubtfully from one eager face to the other, as she tried to decide.

"Please, Sis!" Babs repeated, pushing back her blonde curls and winking at Ruth to egg her on to join in the coaxing. "Where could we stay, anyway?"

"I'm going to stay in one of the cabins," Kay answered, with sudden decision. "But if Mr. Hastings and Ruth would really like to have you, you can go back with them for a little visit."

"Whoopie!" Babs and Ruth both broke into a triumphant shout, then Babs' eyes suddenly clouded. "But Sis, wouldn't you rather have me with you? I wish you'd come, too!"

"Perhaps she will, yet," Josh Hastings' tone seemed to imply something.

"I'm afraid I'll be too busy," Kay answered. "I'm going to start rebuilding at once."

The smug skeptical smile Kay had noticed before passed over Josh Hastings' mouth.

"I'll be going in to Red River tomorrow, to see about the insurance," Kay went on, bravely ignoring his implied doubt of her program, "and—" she broke off short, and pointed down the road. "What's that coming?"

The others followed her gaze.

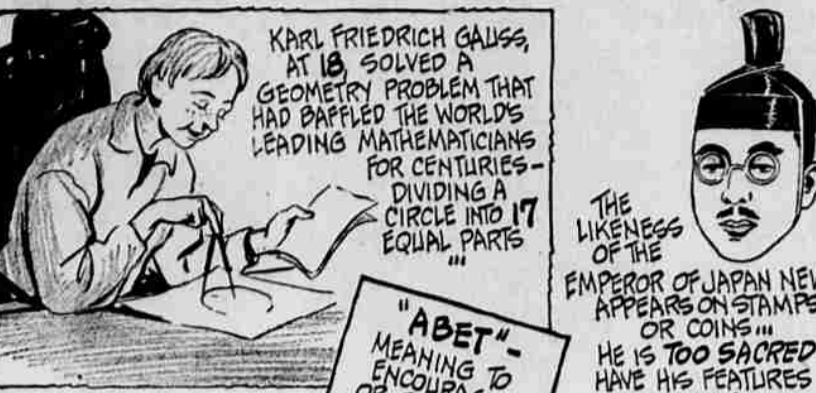
**Aunt Kate Rolls In**

"LOOKS like Jennings' livery team," Josh Hastings scrutinized the oncoming buckboard, enveloped in a cloud of dust.

"But who could it be?" Even as she voiced the question, a dread suspicion flashed into Kay's mind, and she started to run down the road. This would be the last straw, if she was right, she thought, as she topped a rise and scanned the approaching vehicle. She saw that her worst fear was realized.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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**Karl Gauss**

From the days of the ancient Greek geometer, Euclid, the proposition of dividing a circle into 17 equal areas through elementary geometry had been unsuccessfully attempted by the world's leading mathematicians. A boy of 18, Karl Friedrich Gauss, solved it in 1796.

The son of a German day laborer, Gauss amazed the mathematical world with his work as a youngster. He entered the University of Göttingen when only 14 years old and completed his instruction there in three years. During this period he worked on his "Disquisitiones Arithmeticae," a treatise which won him high fame when it was published in 1801.

In the same year his book was published, Gauss invented a new method for calculating the position of heavenly bodies, a system that enabled astronomers to rediscover the lost planet Ceres. The mathematical wizard's like was spent chiefly in the field of electricity. He is regarded as the founder of the mathematical theory of electricity.

**Japanese Emperor**

Known to his subjects as "tenno" (son of heaven) or "tenno" (heavenly king), the emperor of Japan heads the oldest existing royal house in the world. The 123rd emperor of an unbroken line of succession, he is the emblem and embodiment of Japan's national immortality. Signified in his person is the fact that the nation has never been conquered by a foreign nation.

No ruler on earth enjoys so unanimously a love or reverence from his people as does Hirohito. Regarded more as a god than a human being, he is so sacred to the Japanese that his likeness is never engraved on stamps or coins. Otherwise his features would be subjected to sacrilegious handling and wear.

When the emperor passes through the streets all window blinds must be drawn. Looking down from a window at him is taboo for it would be gross desecration for a subject to look down on his ruler from an elevation. The emperor's personality is never discussed in Japanese newspapers.



A small whirlwind was giving her an impulsive hug. "Please say 'yes,' Sis!"

He wasn't sorry this had happened! He was glad, because he hoped that now Kay would be forced to do what he had been urging ever since her father died. From the first, he had been determined that Kay should sell out to him, and he had lost no opportunity to discourage her and drive home his point.

Kay's eyes narrowed as she drew her hand away.

"It's bad, of course. But I'm insured, so I can build again and carry on."

To her surprise, a gleam of triumph flashed in his eyes. He started to say something, then didn't.

"I expected you to say that," he smiled tolerantly. "It's foolish, but this is no time to talk business. You must come and stay with us until you decide what to do."

"Thank you, but I'd better stay here. I think," Kay tried to soften her refusal with a smile, but an ugly look flashed in Hastings' eyes at her answer. It passed so quickly, that Kay couldn't be really sure that she had rightly interpreted his expression. When he spoke again, he used the same note of patronizing tolerance.

"Just as you say. But I don't see exactly how you're going to manage." He glanced significantly at the smoldering ruins. At least, let Babs come back with us for a few weeks. That would suit Ruth and me down to the ground."

**Babs Does Some Coaxing**

KAY hesitated. She hated accepting favors from him, but it would certainly be a lot easier to have Babs away just now. Babs' friendship with Ruth put it on a slightly different basis, and yet—"That's awfully good of you," she temporized, "but—"

"What's good of him, Sis?" Kay started, as Babs' voice broke in on

By the time the buckboard came up, the others had joined her, and Aunt Kate was waving them a smiling greeting.

"I felt so much better, I figured I'd come on and surprise you," she called cheerily. Another moment, and the buckboard topped the rise, opening up a full view of the smoldering ruins.

With a sinking heart, Kay tried to answer Aunt Kate's flood of horrified questions. What could she do now? This last complication was just one too many!

As though answering her thought, Josh Hastings stepped forward, and smilingly extended his invitation to Aunt Kate.

Kay felt as though a trap from which there was no escape was closing around her, as she listened to Aunt Kate's voluble thanks and acceptance.

"That's mighty neighborly of you, Josh Hastings," she quavered, "and we'll all be right glad to come."

"I'm not coming, Aunt Kate, but it will be fine for you and Babs to go," Kay steeled herself to meet her aunt's piercing black eyes with firm determination. For all the old lady's 77 years, she had a strong will of her own.

"But, just of course you're coming," she snapped. "What'll you do here, with a parcel of men, and no place to sleep?"

"I'm going to fix up one of the cabins," Kay gratefully turned to Seth who came up just then to join them, and put a hand on his arm to steady herself. "The bunk-house and the boys' mess shack are all right," she went on. "I'll eat with them until I get my own housekeeping going. So there's nothing to worry about."

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Ted Gaynor shows up, tomorrow, and bucks up Kay's sagging spirits.

# SCOUTS SEE CONGRESS, LIBRARY AND COURT AS GUESTS OF CONG. MOTT

By Jim Elliott

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 6.—(Special Correspondence.) We got up about 8:30 a. m. on the 4th, because my patrol was on KP duty. After breakfast we fixed our tent for inspection and worked around for most of the morning. After church we visited the Arlington cemetery and saw the Lee mansion and the tomb of the unknown soldier. We saw the guard change at the tomb.

In the evening we saw the fire-

works which the government put on for the celebration. It was quite a spectacle. We then walked the mile and a half to camp, going soon to bed.

This morning we stayed in camp and cleaned up. After lunch we got on a bus as guests of Congressman Mott, of Oregon. We visited the senate and house in session and then we went to the congressional library and saw the original constitution and declaration of independence. We then went through the new supreme court building and saw where the justices hold court.

After dinner we went to a court of honor for Eagle Scouts. Tom Anderson of our group got his eagle badge. Dan Beard presented the badge. In the evening my sister Amy brought us three watermelons and we got out of bed and had a swell watermelon feed.

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## PORTLAND MAN DROWNS WHEN LAUNCH UPSETS

PORTLAND, July 10. (AP)—Lee B. Deaton, 20, drowned in Portland harbor last night when a rented launch in which he was riding with three companions overturned in the wake of the steamer America. Harbor police rescued Sam Kuchenthal, who

became exhausted in an unsuccessful attempt to save Deaton.

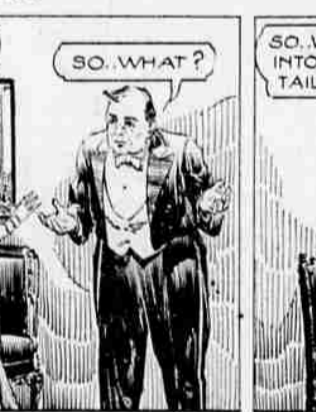
There are 25 states containing Indians who are wards of the federal government.

In Mexico fireworks form a major part of every celebration—marriages, saints' days, birthdays and national holidays.

**Pioneer Passes**

PENDELTON, July 10.—(AP)—Mrs. John F. Robinson, 74, well known pioneer of Pendleton, died here last night of a heart attack. Born in Eugene, she came here at the age of three with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Welch, a family prominently identified with Umatilla county history.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Plotting Against Skeeter . . . And Tommy!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sound Advice

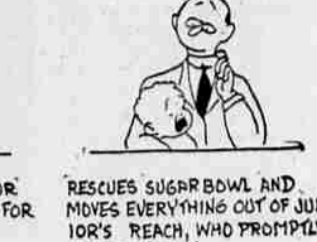


## THE NEBBS—Honey-Face



## EATING OUT

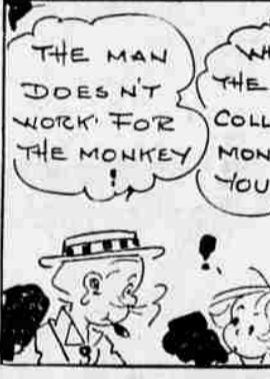
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## 'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



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