

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon of the Lazy Nine halts a desperate young man, Ted Gaynor, who is about to set a forest fire to get a job fire fighting. She offers him a place in her outfit. Riding home, Kay finds her ranch house and barn lost in flames. Seth Jordan, her faithful foreman, has saved the insurance papers. Josh Hastings, owner of the Flying Six, invites Kay there, but she distrusts him. Her younger sister, Beth, and peevish old Aunt Kate willingly accept the Hastings invitation; Kay insists on staying at her smoldering ranch to start rebuilding.

Chapter Six

New Courage For Kay

"If she won't come, she won't." To Kay's relief, Josh Hastings broke into Aunt Kate's querulous remonstrance. "We may as well be getting under way. Perhaps Kay will deign to come and see you sometime, even if you are at the Flying Six."

Kay flushed under his sarcastic tone, and she had to bite her lips and swallow hard before she could answer. It was abominable to have to be under this obligation to him, but for the moment there was no way out of it.

"I'll be glad to come, and thank you for your hospitality." She deliberately ignored his sarcasm as



"There, there, honey," Seth patted her shoulder.

she hugged Babs goodby and threw a kiss to Aunt Kate. Still unconsciously clutching Seth's arm, she stood proudly erect as she watched the buckboard wheel around and start off in the direction of the Flying Six, accompanied by Hastings and the two little girls on horseback.

After a last wave, she dipped down out of sight, and with a broken little cry, Kay turned and buried her face in Seth's shoulder.

"These, there, honey." He soothingly patted her shoulder the way he used to when she had come to him with her childish woes. "You come on over and have a bite to eat, and you'll see things a heap more hopeful like."

"I'm all right now," Kay braced herself and smiled at Seth. "Come on. Let's look at what's left." Throwing herself into the excitement of feeding the fire crew and getting them off, Kay had no time for thought or feelings until she found herself at dusk on the perch of the log cabin that was to be her temporary home.

She waved goodby to Seth and the boys, as they retreated uncertainly toward the bunk house. She had finally convinced them that she had everything she needed, and that she wanted to be alone. So they had at last reluctantly left her.

The Picture Over The Bunk
Sudden tears trembled on her lashes as she glanced in the tiny room behind her. The best cot the bunk house afforded was in one corner, with the clearest blanket that could be found folded neatly at its foot.

Her father's desk and his chair were in the opposite corner, and his gun rack, with its curious collection of guns and rifles, was fastened on the wall. Other odds and ends that Seth had saved gave just enough of a touch of the old spacious living room to bring a catch to her throat.

Kay clenched her hands until the nails bit into the palms. She mustn't give way now, just because she was alone!

Suddenly her eye caught a picture that had been tacked on the wall over the desk. It was an old magazine cover of a girl with hair not unlike her own, who was waving a gay greeting to the world in general.

Kay had seen this in the bunk house over Seth's bunk, and the sight of it here, with all that told of the clumsy, affectionate attempt to try to brighten up her new home, broke down Kay's last shred of control. Leaning her head against the door, she abandoned herself to the tears that would no longer be suppressed.

"Please don't do that! Can't I do something for you?" Kay started violently at the voice that broke in on her misery. Fumbling for her handkerchief, she wiped her eyes, and turned around to face Ted Gaynor.

"You!" she faltered, with a sudden rush of memory of the events of the early afternoon which the later catastrophe had completely obliterated from her mind. She gazed at him with a fascinated incredulity. Was it only a few hours since she had had that strange encounter with this man? The sudden realization that she was now living in one of the cabins she had offered to him swept over her, and she began to laugh with a helpless, hysterical note that frightened her, though she was powerless to stop it.

"Don't!" He sprang up the steps and gently guided her to a chair, then grabbed up a glass and filled it with water from a pitcher the boys had left on the table. "Drink that!"

Kay reached for the glass with a trembling hand, her hysterical laughter subsiding under the influence of his compelling voice, and his dark eyes gazed into hers. Sympathy and concern for her had replaced the tragic misery in their depths that had so moved her before, and again she felt his strange magnetism as he smiled a slow reassuring smile.

A Date For Tomorrow
"DON'T worry about anything you promised me this afternoon," he said finally. "What you did for me up there on the ridge has given me a new lease of life. I'm not going to be a burden on you, but if there is any way I can help you, you have only to say what it is."

"I can still make good on what I offered you," Kay answered impulsively. "That is, if your mother and sister can get on in the other cabin like this. You can stay in the bunk house. I'll need all the help I can get to rebuild."

An involuntary sigh of relief escaped him at this decision. "You'll have all the help I can give," he promised simply. "And if you don't need the other cabin for yourself, we'll be only too thankful to have it."

"That's settled, then," Kay got up and went over to the desk. "I'll write a note and tell Seth about you."

She drew out a piece of paper, then paused as a sudden thought struck her. "I tell you what I'd like you to do," she added. "I'm riding to town tomorrow to see about the insurance. I think you had better come with me, so as to be out of the way in case that Runyon man comes over. Will you do that?"

"I'll do anything you say," Ted Gaynor answered, a curious intent look in his eyes as he watched her scribble a hasty note. "What time do we start?"

"Seven o'clock," Kay answered, handing him the note. "That will fix things up with Seth."

He took the note and put it in his pocket, as he turned to go. At the top of the steps he paused irresolutely.

"You're sure you're all right?" Kay nodded. "Sure. Somehow, you've given me new courage. So now we're quits."

A slow color crept into his face at her words.

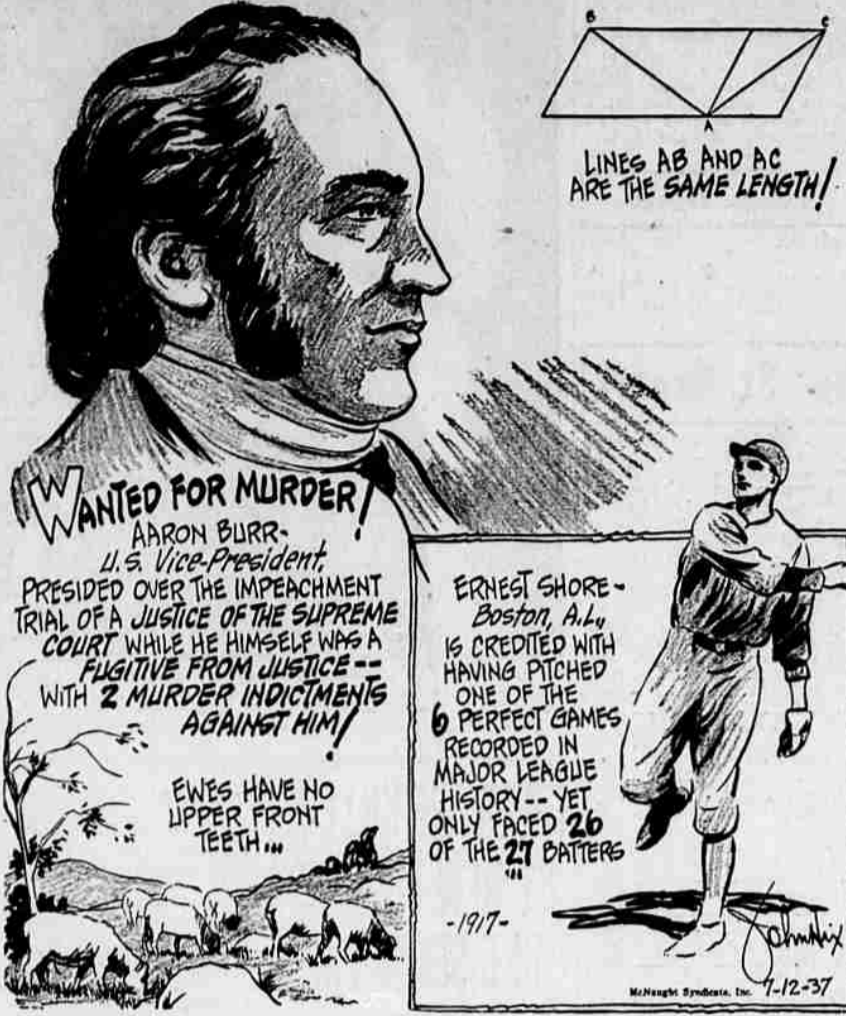
"We can never be quits on that," he said huskily. Then he abruptly turned and made for the bunk house.

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Kay suffers a bitter blow, tomorrow, when she reaches the bank.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Wanted for Murder
One hundred and thirty-three years ago yesterday, Alexander Hamilton fell on the "field of honor" at West Point, N. J., mortally wounded as the outcome of a pistol duel with Aaron Burr, vice-president of the United States.

With the death of Hamilton came the death of Aaron Burr's political career. His popularity had been on the wane before the duel. After the tragic affair, Burr became one of the most hated men in the country. A demand for his arrest was raised and the grand juries of New York and New Jersey drew up separate indictments against him for murder. Burr fled to South Carolina, a fugitive from justice.

Remarking at his daughter's home there until the affair cooled off somewhat, the vice-president went to

Washington to take up his duties. On February 14, 1805, the impeachment trial of Justice of the Supreme Court Samuel Chase began. Charged with malfeasance in office, Chase was tried by the U. S. senate. In accordance with his office as vice-president, Aaron Burr conducted the trial—though he himself was living under two charges of murder! Under the protection of congressional immunity, Burr could not be prosecuted until the end of his term, due to expire on March 4, 1805. Chase won an acquittal on March 1 and Burr bade farewell to his duties March 2.

Burr never was brought to trial for the murder charges against him but in 1805 was tried for treason after an alleged attempt to invade Mexico and form an empire in which he supposedly intended to link with the southwestern states of the union.

He was acquitted on these charges, became a poverty stricken, obscure figure and died in 1836 a broken man.

Perfect Game
Major league records list the game pitched by Ernest Shore against Washington, A. L., as one of baseball's "perfect games" though, strange as it seems, he faced only 26 batters.

Babe Ruth started the game as pitcher and walked the first man up. Removed from the game by an umpire, he was relieved by Shore. The man who had been walked was caught trying to steal second. In the rest of the game, not a hit was made by Washington, not a player reached first base, not a base on balls was given and not an error was made by Shore's team.

Tomorrow! Rockefeller Didn't Have Enough Oil!

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ing of a ten-day embargo resulting from the refusal of eastern longshoremen to unload the fleeces.

On the same day James Burks, Hillsboro, Ala., became the father of twin children, twin colts and calves were born on his place.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



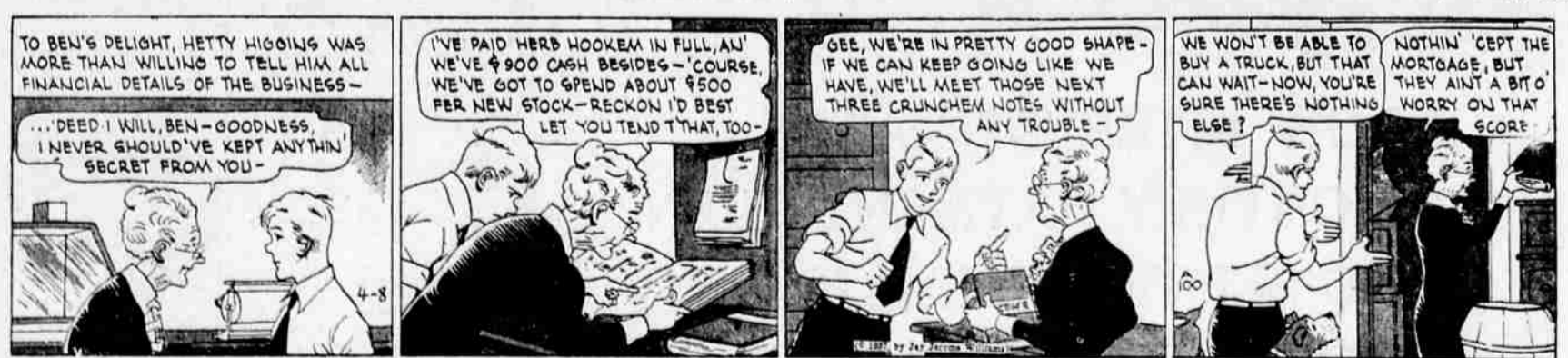
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Justina Is a Good Actress!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Mortgage!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Not So Good

By SOL HESS



FRANKLIN JR. ON SHIP TO EUROPE BAN PLANNED ON TAX EXPERTS

QUEBEC, Que., July 12.—(UP)—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and his bride, the former Ethel Du Pont, sailed Saturday for a honeymoon in the British Isles and on the continent. The couple, smiling to hundreds of bon voyage-wishers, arrived at Wolfe's Cove less than 10 minutes before the Empress of Britain's sailing time. They shook proffered hands and spoke many a cheerful "hello." On board, the newlyweds were surrounded by newspaper and camera men. They finally agreed to pose for photographs on the bridge.

"This is the first time you people

have caught up with us since we were married," Roosevelt said to reporters.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—(UP)—Chairman Robert L. Doughton of the congressional tax avoidance committee said Saturday that the scope of proposed tax loophole legislation may be broadened to prevent wealthy individuals from using treasury-trained revenue law experts.

Doughton and other committee members estimated that more than 100 experts have left the treasury