

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NERVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Saving a desperate young man (Ted Gaylor) from setting a forest fire to get a job, Kay Crandon gives him a place at the Lazy Nine; she knows he is decent. When her ranch house and barn burn down, Josh Hastings, owner of the Flying Six, who wants to buy the Lazy Nine and marry Kay, invites her there. She refuses, distrusting him, but young sister Babs and Aunt Kate gladly accept. Banker Dan Steele dashes Kay's hopes of rebuilding—the insurance money has to go toward the mortgage. Ted, waiting outside the bank, hears two punchers slurring Kay and follows them.

Fighting It Out

PUSHING in the bright red doors of Kelly's so-called "soft drink parlor," Ted entered a large square room that had all the earmarks of an old time bar room, from brass rail to sawdust on the floor.

Several groups of men were seated at the square pine tables, and at the far end of the bar leaned the two punchers Ted had followed. They were still chuckling at their joke and Mike Kelly grinned in sympathy as he stood behind the bar, polishing a glass and waiting for their next order. The insurance money had to go toward the mortgage. Ted, waiting outside the bank, hears two punchers slurring Kay and follows them.

His blood boiling at the certainty that Kay was the subject of their coarse hilarity, Ted stepped up to them and peremptorily tapped the shoulder of the man who had done the whispering.

"I'm giving you notice to cut out the mention of the young lady's name in this or any other public place." Ted's voice had a drawing intensity that made no effort to veil the threat beneath his words.

The man swung around, surprise and anger lighting up his mean gray eyes. They were set closely on either side of a thin nose that was disfigured by a badly set break in the bone.

"You don't say!" His eyes traveled significantly to Ted's belt, with its empty holster. "And just what's your name?" He fingered his own gun and laughed disagreeably. "Reckon you need a lesson!"

"Cut that out, Scrap!" Mike Kelly's voice matched the bulldog expression that wiped out his genial grin, and proclaimed him a man who was master of his own domain.

"No pulling on an unarmed man in my joint," he declared. "You can get outside there's going to be any of that kind of play."

Mike Sees To Fair Play

THE man addressed as Scrap took his hand away from his gun with another sneering laugh, as his eye measured Ted's emaciated figure and drawn face, which still held the lines of his recent privations and despairing defeat against overwhelming odds. Then he insolently turned his head away from Ted, and addressed his companion again:

"Looks like the little red-headed filly had picked herself up a kind of a scrawny new champion from somewhere."

No sooner were the words out than Ted's fist crashed under Scrap's jaw with a force that snapped his head back and made him stagger away from the bar.

The next instant he recovered himself and with a roar of rage reached for his gun. But Mike Kelly had been too quick for him. Foreseeing the inevitable outcome, he had reached across the counter and snatched Scrap's gun from his holster in that moment of inaction when Scrap had staggered back from Ted's surprise attack.

"I'm keeping this for you," Mike Kelly announced. "Go ahead and fight it out man if you've got to."

"Are you ready to swear off from mentioning the young lady's name, or do you want some more?" Ted faced his panting opponent whose rage for the moment had been deflected to Mike Kelly. These words swept Scrap back to the real issue at hand.

"Like hell I am!" he roared, making a lunge.

Ted deftly side-stepped and came back with a left that carried as vicious a wallop as his right had. Before Scrap had time to recover, Ted closed in with an uppercut. The next instant they were locked in a rigid hold.

As the sweating fighters rocked back and forth, the quickly-gathered crowd watched with breathless interest and offered advice.

Ted tore his right free and hammered away at close quarters. Gradually he felt Scrap's knees begin to give. He knew the moment had come. Breaking away with one mighty jerk, Ted stepped back, spotted a corner on Scrap's chin and let loose. He connected. Scrap crashed to the floor with a guttural croak. Ted heard the crowd cheer as he knelt beside the writhing Scrap and gripped his

right wrist. With a slow, relentless twist, he threatened to wrench the arm from its socket.

"Are you ready to leave that young lady's name alone?" Scrap gritted his teeth, then yelped with pain and rage as Ted put on the pressure. "Yes, damn you! Let me go!"

Ted dropped the arm and stepped swiftly back as his victim tried to struggle to his feet, then sank back in an exhausted stupor.

"Don't forget!" Ted warned. "If it ever happens again, I won't stop short of a broken neck! Get me!"

With a nod and a "Thanks for the fair play," to Mike Kelly, Ted turned and strode out. To his relief, Kay was nowhere in sight, and the horses were waiting as he had left them.

Panting from his exertions, but with a wild sense of elation coursing through him, Ted mounted his horse again and watched the bank door for Kay's reappearance.

"He's A Snake!"

HER eyes half blinded with tears of rage and disappointment, Kay stumbled out of the bank and ran over to where Ted was waiting with the horses.

She was absorbed in her own troubles and hardly glanced at Ted, so failed to notice his new look of power and restored confidence that the fight with Scrap had given him.

He resolved not to mention his encounter, handing Kay Flicker's reins in silence.

"Hurry up and get away from here," she gasped, seizing Flicker's reins and flinging herself into the saddle. A touch of her heel to Flicker's flank sent him ahead at a startled bound.

Without questioning her haste, Ted followed, and the two pounded down the main street of Red River at breakneck speed. For several minutes after they reached the range, Kay set the same pace, not pulling in until she felt she had herself enough under control to speak without having her voice betray the panic that possessed her.

The blow she had had was all the greater because she had never for a moment doubted that she would have the insurance money to rebuild. Her thoughts ran in incoherent circles, seeking a way out, but apparently there wasn't any.

No matter from what angle she looked at it, she was trapped. Without money to rebuild, how could she carry on? Even if they went without the house, the barn was the heart's blood of the ranch in winter time. And Aunt Kate and Babs couldn't go on visiting forever. Perhaps they could all get on in the two cabins, but how could she break her promise to Ted Gaylor?

"Would you rather not tell me what happened?" Ted's voice brought her back from her desperate future plans to the present. Kay pulled in, and turned toward him.

"No, you may as well know now, as later. I can't get any of the insurance money." With a rush, the whole story poured out in answer to his unspoken sympathy.

"And somehow, I know Josh Hastings is behind it all!" she ended passionately. "I wouldn't even put it past him to have burnt down the ranch to get his own way!"

She stopped short, suddenly aware that she no longer had Ted's attention.

"Josh Hastings!" He echoed the name without hearing any of the rest of her tirade. "Is Josh Hastings the owner of the Flying Six? You never mentioned his name before."

"Yes," she answered breathlessly, held by his hard set look and changed expression. "What do you know about him?"

"How long has he been here?" Ted ignored her question.

"About three years. Why? Do you know him?"

"He's a big man, with a red face and very blue eyes?"

"Didn't you see him go into the bank?" Ted shook his head. "He must have slipped by me while I was watching a fracas down by Kelly's joint." He evaded a more explicit account of the use of his time during Kay's absence.

"Yes—you've described him. That's the one. Tell me what you know about him!" Kay demanded eagerly.

"Know plenty," Ted answered, with grim emphasis. "I won't tell you any more now, but perhaps I will some day. He's a snake, and a damned clever one."

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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QUEEN MARGARET OF SCOTLAND NEVER SAW SCOTLAND!

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McKnight Syndicate, Inc. 7-15-37

Dinner for Four
Uncovered by Sir Arthur Evans, eminent English archaeologist, a number of pieces of furniture taken from the ruins of ancient Crete show members of the Minoan civilization to have treated snakes as honored guests in their homes.

The "snake table" pictured in the above cartoon was constructed of terra cotta and designed to conveniently accommodate the dining of four reptiles at a time. Snake rings and idols evidence the fact that the Minoans were devoted snake worshippers.

In Lathunian, the practice of providing "banquet tables" for snakes survived as late as the 18th century, according to Sir Arthur.

Queen Who Never Saw Her Country
The daughter of the king and crown of Scotland went off to Marjorie in Norway in 1283. Her mother, a daughter of Alexander III of Scotland, died soon after Margaret's birth and in 1284 it was decided that the son of a barber-surgeon who held court in their home.

Two years later Alexander was killed in a fall from his horse and Margaret became queen. At the age of seven she sailed for Scotland to claim her throne but died en route in September of 1290.

Son of a barber-surgeon who held both music and musicians in hearty contempt, six-year-old George Frederick Handel was forced to give secret expression to the music in his soul that had to out. The boy managed to have a clavichord smuggled into the attic of his home in Halle, Saxony. There, when the rest of the family slept, he softly played to his heart's content.

Discovered at this by his father one night, he was forced to discontinue his secret practice. A while later, visiting the court of Saxe-Weissenfels with his father, the boy sat down at the church organ and played with such beauty that the duke, who accidentally heard the performance, prevailed on the musician's father to allow him to study music. Handel became one of the world's greatest composers.

Rev. G. M. Wilbur, Salem, temporary clerk; the Rev. R. E. Clark, Eugene, reporting clerk, and the Rev. G. W. Laufer, Philadelphia, chorister.

Last Mistake
ONTARIO, July 15.—(AP)—Leaving a note in which he said: "I have made mistakes all my life; I have the best wife in the world. God bless her; one is to blame for this mistake," E. P. Soriven, 55, a rancher living eight miles north of here, shot himself through the head on the porch of a neighbor, C. A. Harding, today.

Fire on Oregon Trail
BAKER, July 15.—(AP)—Fire, starting along the Old Oregon Trail, destroyed two vacant residences owned by the John Troy estate in Pleasant Valley 13 miles east of here Wednesday afternoon. The roof of the community church caught fire, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done to the building.

Negress Freed
PORTLAND, July 15.—(AP)—The county grand jury freed Laddie Belle Holloway, negro, today by voting a not true bill for the death of her husband Sam, July 4. She claimed she choked him to death in self-defense when he broke into her room in a drunken frenzy.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER STANDING ON YOUR HEAD AT GREAT PERSONAL DISCOMFORT FOR FIVE MINUTES, FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, YOU DISCOVER THAT YOU LOST YOUR AUDIENCE SOME TIME AGO TO A PUPPY THAT HAPPENED AROUND

7-9 (Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Spy Stronghold!



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Great Weight Lifted!



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THE NEBBS—We're Not Yellow



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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IS KEEPING PACE WITH GENERAL IMPROVEMENT

EUGENE, July 15.—(AP)—The church in keeping pace with general improvements in business and social conditions in Oregon, it was announced today, is the 47th annual session of the Presbyterian synod of Oregon, in session on the University of Oregon campus.

Membership in the Presbyterian church in this state has now reached 20,650, a substantial gain over last year, it was officially reported. Sunday school membership now totals more than 19,000, also reported as a gratifying increase. The church also increased its property by more than \$25,000 during the year, making a total valuation of \$3,322,000 in the state.

The treasury of the synod is in excellent condition, with a substantial cash balance on hand, it was announced by W. B. Mahon, state clerk.

The synod heard details of the plans for a world-wide communion set for October 3. Reports on mission work indicated that in 1937 there were but 23 missionaries working at four missions while today the force numbers 1282, located in 154 stations, and 1380 located in missions in 16 foreign lands.

The synod voted to place Albany college of Portland on a permanent basis, with the eventual extension of the present two-year course to four years in view.

The institution at Albany will continue as a four-year unit.

The Rev. Grover C. Birtcher of Salem was chosen moderator. Other new officers include the