

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE SERVAUD

SYNOPSIS: When Kay Crandon's Lazy Nine ranch house and barn burn mysteriously, Josh Hastings—who wants to buy the ranch and marry Kay—invites her to the Flying Six. She refuses, distrustful of him, but young sister Babs and Aunt Kate go. Kay plans to rebuild, but finds the insurance money has to go on the mortgage. Ted Gaylor, a puncher Kay hired impulsively, stirs the outfit to cut its own lumber and rebuild without pay. He warns her against Hastings. Kay is on her way to buy the only available lumber land when a Hastings rancher rides up, issues her and ropes her securely.

Chapter 13

Cat And Mouse

THE man's gaze rested on Kay's bound ankles. Stopping suddenly, he tested the knots. He gripped her ankles with a firm hold for a moment, then laughed as he released them and rose.

"Cut out that 'how-dare-you' stuff, Cutie," he warned. "It's my turn to set the tone of this meeting. You've high-tailed me just once too often." His mouth twisted, and he laughed again.

"Don't you worry! I ain't going to hurt you—just give you a little



Despite her struggles, he carried Kay to a coulee.

lesson about being too high and mighty with Scrap Johnson."

Suddenly dropping to his knees beside her, he held Kay in an iron grip, his arm around her shoulder. Putting his other hand under her chin, he forced her to look at him. "No good writhing that way, Girlie." His grip tightened. "You're cute as hell when you're mad, but I'm going to give you time to cool off some. I've got something more important to do before I give you that lesson. Here's a sample, though."

Bending down, he deliberately kissed her on the lips, then sprang to his feet as he released her. Every ounce of color drained from Kay's face. She bit her lip until it bled to keep from crying out.

"Too bad I can't stop for more right now, but I've got to get in and see Old Man Warren." He laughed again as Kay started.

"I don't know what it's all about," Scrap Johnson went on, enjoying the consternation that shone in Kay's eyes. "but Josh Hastings came rarin' down to the corral, and ordered me to keep you from getting to Old Man

Warren's till I'd an option on the south ridge of the Bitter Root. Sounds crazy, but orders is orders."

Kay felt her heart turn sick. For the moment she forgot her own predicament in the fear that all her dreams for the ranch were doomed. And through her own stupidity! She must do something before it was too late!

She saw in a flash that her only hope lay in using this man as a tool, and keeping him from carrying out Hastings' orders.

Under all her rage and disgust at the indignity that had been put upon her, Kay was firmly convinced Scrap Johnson wouldn't dare do her any actual harm. He knew that his life wouldn't be worth a nickel if he did.

He was taking cruel enjoyment in playing with her as a cat plays with a mouse. And he was probably banking on her pride to keep her from telling. Instead of flouting him as she had, she must be more clever!

Kay Attempts Wile

"IT'S not very complimentary to have you leave me for an 'option,' whatever that is," Kay forced herself to a half smile, as she gazed up at him with innocently round eyes.

A flush spread over Scrap Johnson's sallow face and his jaw dropped as though he couldn't believe his eyes at her smile. He looked comically uncertain.

"What's the idea of stringing me?" "I'm not stringing you." She glanced significantly at her ankles and wrists. "You're the one who's stringing me! Doesn't it strike you that you might get on better without these cave-man methods?"

"That so? Well, we'll put it to a test. Suppose you give me a kiss?"

"No effort of will could keep Kay from recoiling with an involuntary shudder of disgust, as he leaned over her.

"Hal! Trying the Deillah stuff, eh?" He straightened up with a sneering laugh. "Well, we'll talk that over later!" He looked about. "Kind of bad place to leave you." "Stooping," he picked Kay up bodily and, in spite of her struggles, carried her about 50 yards to the sea of a coulee that dipped down in the mesa. Without a word, he dumped her there and started back for his horse. Then, after a few minutes, he came back, pulled Kay's bandanna from her neck and bound it tightly about her mouth.

"Don't be lonesome, Cutie, I'll be back before long," he called mockingly over his shoulder as he mounted and rode off.

The Boys Chimp In

TED GAYNOR praised as he was saddling his horse to start the long ride to his home, to arrange for moving his mother and sister to their new quarters.

He glanced down toward Kay's log cabin. On impulse he left his horse and went down to it. He knocked and received no response. Finding the door locked, he made for the bunk house on the run. As he sprang up the steps, he nearly collided with Seth.

"Hullo!" Seth exclaimed in surprise. "I thought you were on your way long ago!"

"Something's got me worried," Ted explained. "I tried to find Kay, but she's off somewhere."

"I saw her start out on Flicker about a half hour ago. What's on your mind?"

"I don't think she ought to let any grass grow under her feet before nailing that option," Ted declared. "As far as I can see, that's the only available timber there is, and we ought to make sure there's no slip up."

"Hell, there can't be any slip up. Why Old Man Warren'll be tickled pink to get rid of it."

"Just the same, I'd be a lot easier to know that it was all sewed up," Ted looked from Seth to two of the boys who had come up. "Have any of you fellows got any cash?"

"Sure," Seth answered. "Why?" "Because if we can scrape up \$25, I'll go in and make a first payment on the option in Kay's name, so there can't be any chance of her losing it."

"I can't see as there's all that rush about it," Seth observed. "Still and all, there's no harm in getting that out of the way. It would be kind of a nice surprise for Kay to find it all attended to," Ted flicked out a roll of bills and counted \$17.

"How about chipping in?" He cocked an eye at the other two, who readily complied.

"Go to it, son, if you've got a hunch that way," Seth handed Ted the money. "Bring that option back and we'll give it to Kay this evening."

"I'll do that," Ted promised, putting the wad of bills and silver dollars in his pocket. "I'll start off for home after supper."

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Ted dickers with Old Man Warren for the timberland, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

UNBEATABLE PAIR

KERMIT L. NEESE AND ALLEN A. DOBEY, Catawba College, N. C., COMPLETED 3 YEARS OF INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING WITHOUT ONE DEFEAT! THEY OPPOSED TEAMS OF 15 COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES 1928-1930



"PSYCHOLOGY," THE SCIENCE OF THE MIND, LITERALLY MEANS "SCIENCE OF THE BREATH" (From the Greek)

THE WOODEN SENTINEL

TO HUMOR AN IMPOVERISHED HALF-SISTER OF FERDINAND IV, of Naples, A WOODEN SOLDIER WAS PLACED OUTSIDE HER DOOR TO SATISFY HER DEMANDS FOR A GUARD... IT REMAINED THERE 10 YEARS AFTER HER DEATH...

THE GREEK ISLAND OF CORFU CHANGED HANDS 7 TIMES IN 67 YEARS..



The Wooden Sentinel
When the French took Naples in 1806, Ferdinand IV and his court fled to Sicily, leaving behind them a princess, the king's half-sister, Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, ascended the throne of Naples and provided the neglected princess with a slender income.

Under the rule of her half-brother, the princess had become used to having a soldier stand guard outside her door. Evidently half-crazed by her misfortunes, she now pleaded that the practice be continued. Bonaparte refused the request and the princess, despairing, finally someone suggested that a wooden soldier be given her. The suggestion was carried out and a wooden figure clothed in a uniform and carrying a musket was placed

outside the door of her house at Portici.

Surprisingly enough, the wooden sentinel restored the princess to health for a while. The effect of passing it without receiving the customary salute began to prey on her mind, however, and she again sickened, dying soon afterward. The wooden figure was still on guard ten years after her death.

Unbeatable Pair
Debating against some of the toughest intercollegiate competition in the country, Allen A. Dobe, now with a New York law firm, and Kermit L. Neese, now a lawyer in Burlington, N. C., had only four judges vote against them in their three-year career at Catawba college. The pair won every debate in which they participated, defeating teams from 15 different universities and colleges.

Corfu Governments
From 1397 through 1864, the island of Corfu in the Mediterranean changed governments seven times. It was held successively by Venice, France, Turkey, Russia, France, England and Greece. It has remained Greek ever since.

Science of the Breath
"Psychology" is formed from the two Greek words, "psycho," meaning "breath" and "logy," meaning "the science of." The use of the prefix in the word "psychology" was due to the ancient Greek belief that the breath was life itself. Tomorrow: The Story That Solved a Crime!

COMMANDER LIGGETT OF BRIDGE FAME DIES

NEW YORK, July 20.—(AP)—Commander Winfield Liggett, Jr., who retired from the United States navy in 1919 after 14 years service to become a leading wheat auction

and contract bridge authority, died here today.

Commander Liggett is believed to have held, at one time or another most of the principal trophies offered for bridge players.

Motorcyclist Killed
ASTORIA, July 20.—(AP)—Edwin Lee, 21, of Salem met death today

when his motorcycle struck a car operated by Carl Huff of Caldwell, Idaho. The accident occurred near the Wold Creek junction on the Oregon Coast highway.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Secret Flight at Midnight!

WE LEFT TOMMY AT THE SPY STRONGHOLD IN THE DESERT WAITING TO SEE THE CHIEF OF THE ESPIONAGE GROUP, WHOM THE GOVERNMENT IS SO ANXIOUS TO APPREHEND. MEANWHILE, AT METROPOLIS CITY AIRPORT, WE SEE SKEETS, ACCOMPANIED BY JUSTINA AND SERG ROBLE



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not Yet!

BEN, MEMBER THAT TRUCK YOU WAS TALKIN' ABOUT?

SURE DO, MRS. HIGGINS.

WELL, ME AN' NAT BEEN DOIN' SOME CHECKIN' AN' WE FIGGER THE BUSINESS CAN MORE'N STAND IT!

GEE, I'D LIKE TO HAVE THE TRUCK, BUT I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO A LITTLE SLOW—

SLOW NOTHIN'! WE CAN MEET THEM CALEB CRUNCHEM NOTES WITHOUT EVEN FEELIN' 'EM!

LET'S HOLD OFF UNTIL WE KNOW JUST WHERE WE STAND ON THE MORTGAGE—

OH, TOSH, GON! AIN'T I TOLD YOU LYLE WILSON AIN'T THE CALEB CRUNCHEM TYPE O' MAN?

THE NEBBS—It's Just and Right

MARGARET FACE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF., PICKS AMBY—SHE WRITES WHAT COULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE FOR BIMA THAN TO GO FROM PARIS TO PORTS... MARGARET TOTH, NEW HAVEN, CONN., VOTES FOR PORTS. DON'T TALK ME'S AFTER HER MONEY. MRS. E. L. SHARPE, POMERON, WASH., WANTS PORTS AND A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE.

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN' TO HAVE A FIGHT, EH?

WELL, WHATS IT YOUR BUSINESS?

WELL, MY UNCLE, THE MAYOR IS A PILLAR IN THE CHURCH AND HE WONT STAND FOR NO FIGHTIN'. WHERE IS THIS FIGHT GOIN' TO BE?

OVER IN SCHAEFFERS WOODS

OH, GOODIE, THATS OUTTA MY DISTRICT AND I CAN PUT ON PLAIN CLOTHES AND SLEEP OVER TO SEE IT. DO YOU THINK YOU'LL LAST LONG?

ADDED OFFICE SPACE ROUSES MARTIN'S IRE

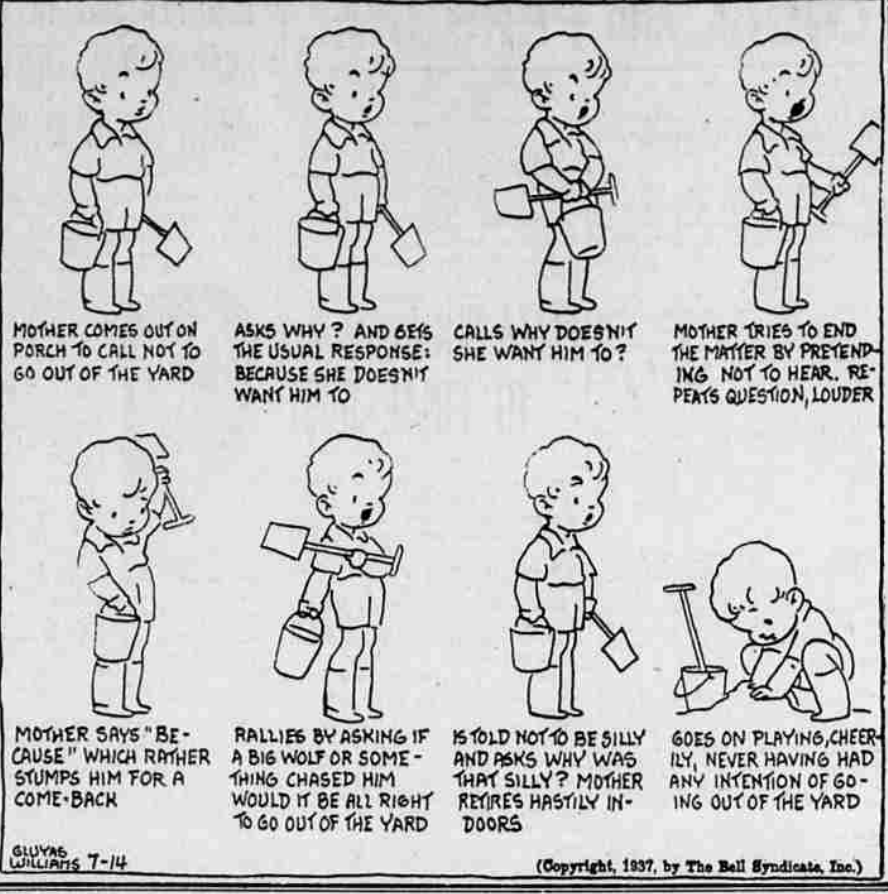
SALEM, July 20.—(AP)—The board of control cracked down today on heads of state departments who expand their office space without permission of the board.

ADDITION TO FOREST WAITS F. R. SIGNATURE

WASHINGTON, July 20.—(AP)—The House passed today and sent to the White House a bill authorizing the addition of land near Willamette meridian, Ore., to the Rogue river national forest. The United States holds title to the land.

PLAYING IN THE YARD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 7-14

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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



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By HAL FOREST

By HAL FOREST



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By EDWIN AIGER

By EDWIN AIGER



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By 80L HESS

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