

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NERVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Just as Ted Gaynor is desperately about to set a forest fire to get a job, Kay Crandon stops him, likes his looks, gives him a place at the Lazy Pine...

Chapter 18 Strange News For Kay

MARSHALLING her wits to meet the coming interview, Kay walked the short distance from the bunk house to the cabin in silence.

She felt that she would give anything to be rid of Tom Runyon, and have a chance to rest. But some instinct warned her that it would be foolish to let him go away with the suspicion that she could see he still harbored against Ted.

Tired as she was, she would have to change his line of thought, or he might make trouble.

"Shall we sit out here?" Kay sank down on her top step, and leaned back against the post that held the rail of the tiny porch in place.

"Sure." Kay couldn't quite read the look in Tom Runyon's dark eyes as he gazed at her. Her thoughts suddenly flew to those luminous black eyes of Ted's, so different from the ones bent on her now.

Ted's eyes had a light that seemed to come from within, while Tom's were just black and round and staring, but no white at all.

"You make some picture there, do you know it?" Kay smiled a faint response to his admiration.

"I'll bet you are." He put one foot on the lower step and leaned toward her, his elbow resting on his knee. "I'm not going to keep you, but I just want to get one or two things straightened out in my mind. Just how long have you known this Ted Gaynor?"

"Goodness! I never can remember dates! It seems as though I'd known him for ages! But then, I feel as though I'd known you quite a long time, and we only met yesterday." Kay glanced up at him from under her dark lashes with deliberate coquetry.

"Certainly feel that way about you!" Tom Runyon gave a flattered laugh, adding, "Say, what is it about you that keeps a fellow looking at you, and forgetting what he wants to say?"

Kay laughed. "Why say anything?" she asked demurely. "It's too lovely here in the twilight to be asking questions. I know what I would like to have you tell me, though!" she added as an afterthought.

"What?" He was all eager attention. "Tell me about your work as fire patrol. You did it before you came here?"

"Sure I did." He cleared his throat with a pleased air of superiority. "That's why the Protective Association sent for me to come up here and see if I couldn't get to the bottom of these mystery fires. I've been handling a situation a whole lot like this in Wyoming, and believe me, I ran that fire out to earth!"

"Tell me about it!" Kay fixed him with her eyes full of flattering inquiry.

"Well, it was this way"—Tom Runyon settled back, and Kay was just breathing a sigh of relief at getting him side-tracked, when he leaned forward once more, and broke in abruptly on his narrative.

"So He Didn't Tell You?" "BEFORE I get going on that, I want to ask about this Gaynor guy." He looked keenly at Kay. "Did he tell you about the fight he had today?"

Kay looked at him with startled eyes. How could Tom Runyon possibly have found out about the fight on the mesa?

"Fight?" she echoed faintly. "So he didn't tell you?" Tom exclaimed. "I had a hunch he wouldn't!"

Kay gazed at him with bewildered amazement. What was he driving at? If Tom Runyon knew about the fight at all, he must know that she had been there and had seen the whole thing! But there was no possible way for him to know. He had come to the ranch from the opposite direction, so he couldn't have run across Scrap Johnson and have heard it from him!

"I don't understand what you're talking about," Kay said finally. "Are you sure he was in a fight?" "Sure as shooting," Tom Runyon assured her. "The guy that came out to relieve me saw the whole thing."

"But he couldn't have!" Kay burst out. Then she hastily tried to cover up her break. "I mean, he must be mixing Ted up with someone else."

"Not on your life he wasn't." Tom declared positively. "He was right there in Kelly's joint when it happened."

"Kelly's joint!" Kay echoed in a relieved tone. "Oh that wasn't Ted! He was waiting for me outside the bank. I remember now he did say something about having seen a fracas of some kind at Kelly's."

"Seen it!" Tom scoffed. "I'll say he saw it! He was the one who started it!"

"But—how—why—" Kay bit her lip and broke off short. The last thing she wanted to do wasn't to discuss Ted, and she still felt sure Tom Runyon was mistaken.

"That's just what I mean," Tom leaned forward and shook his finger impressively at her. "There's a lot you don't know about that Gaynor guy." Tom Runyon was so positive, Kay felt it would be better to sit this rumor to the bottom.

"He was fighting with a fellow named Scrap Johnson, about some girl," Tom answered. "I reckon that's why he wasn't so keen about mentioning it to you!"

His tone had a malicious edge, but Kay hardly caught his words. Her mind was flashing back to the events of the morning. It might have been possible, while she had been in the bank, for this to have happened. She had been so preoccupied with her own troubles when she came out that she had not noticed Ted particularly.

She suddenly remembered something Ted had said when he had announced on the mesa that he meant to fight Scrap Johnson. He had said he was going to give him a "second" lesson! Kay had noticed this remark at the time, with a wondering conjecture, but in the fast moving events afterwards, she had forgotten it.

"Yeah," the two of 'em had it out, hot and heavy," Tom's voice was recounting the story as he had heard it. "Everybody thought this Scrap fellow was going to lick the stuffing out of him, but Gaynor got him down by a trick."

Then he threatened to kill him if he ever heard him mention his girl's name again."

A "Black Haired Filly" TOM paused to let this piece of information sink in, his eyes never leaving Kay's face.

Feeling his gaze on her, Kay stole herself to hide her surprise and confusion. Pride came to her aid, and helped her conceal the hurt feeling that Ted's lack of confidence gave her.

"There was no reason why he should have mentioned it if he didn't want to," she observed lightly. "Perhaps as long as he won out, he might have thought it would have seemed like boasting."

"He probably won't mind boasting about it to the black haired beauty he was fighting for!" Tom chuckled as he scanned Kay's expression for her reaction to this remark.

"How do you know she was black haired?" The involuntary question burst out before Kay could stop it.

"Because Scrap Johnson had said something about a 'black haired filly,'" Tom Runyon went on, deliberately giving a garbled account of the information he had received, his eyes narrowing as he observed the flush that spread over Kay's cheek. "That's what started the fight!"

"Well, he evidently had his reasons for not mentioning it." Kay tried to speak lightly and indifferently, but something seemed to give way inside her. She felt she couldn't possibly go on with this conversation. She simply had to be alone.

She abruptly stood up, and held out her hand. "I'm afraid I'll have to say good-night." With the greatest effort of will, Kay kept her voice from trembling. "I've had a strenuous day, and I guess I haven't entirely got over the shock of yesterday."

"Poor little girl!" Tom Runyon's voice was a trifle over-sympathetic as he took her hand in both his, and bent his face close to hers. "You go and get a good sleep, and any time you need any help, you call on Tom Runyon! Just you forget about this investigating business—leave that all to me."

"Thanks," Kay smiled faintly at him as she drew her hand away. "I hope you'll come over any time you feel like it!"

"Trust me!" Tom Runyon boomed heartily. "You're going to be seeing a whole lot of me, young lady, and don't you forget it!"

Feeling a weak dizziness gradually overcoming her, Kay turned without further ceremony and bolted into her cabin.

Tom Runyon strode off to the bunk house with a half smile of satisfaction.

(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nervaud.) Scrap Johnson "resigns" and makes a fool of his boss, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

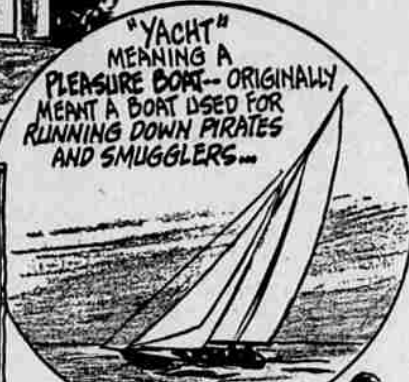
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



ARLINGTON HOME OF ROBERT E. LEE, HEAD OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, WAS MADE HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNION ARMY DURING THE CIVIL WAR!



"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK, THE BEGGARS ARE COMING TOWN; SOME IN JAGS, AND SOME IN RAGS, AND SOME IN VELVET COWNS..." THIS NURSERY RIME WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN AS A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE CORONATION OF GEORGE I AS KING OF ENGLAND...



"YACHT" MEANING A PLEASURE BOAT—ORIGINALLY MEANT A BOAT USED FOR RUNNING DOWN PIRATES AND SMUGGLERS...



"BUDDY" BAER LOST THE ONLY ROUND IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST JACK DOYLE—YET WON THE FIGHT... NEW YORK, 1935

Lee's Mansion A young lieutenant in the U. S. Army at the time he married Martha Custis, great-granddaughter of George Washington, Robert E. Lee came into possession of the Arlington house which was owned by his bride. Shortly after Lee's departure to head the forces of the Confederacy in 1861, his Arlington estate was seized by Union forces and made a headquarters. Sold at sheriff's sale a few months later, the property passed into the hands of the United States government because of a paltry \$92.07 in delinquent taxes.

During the winter 1159 man days were devoted to emergency snow removal to keep roads open to traffic. The Grayback fire guard station and garage was remodelled by enrollees.

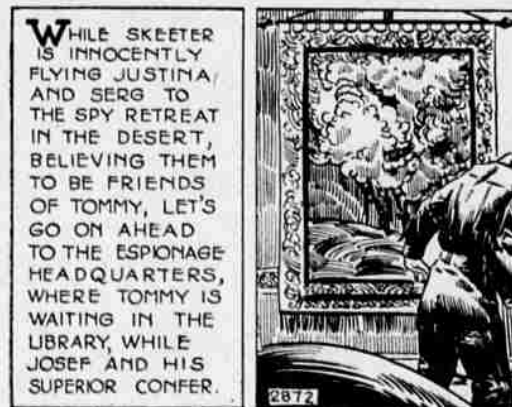
Allen Votes 40 Years MOMENCE, Ill.—(UP)—Leonard P. Bradley voted in national and state elections for 40 years before he was challenged. Then it was found he

be buried there was a Confederate who had died in the hospital. Baer-Doyle Fight Under New York boxing rules, a foul loses the round for the man who commits it but referees are prevented from stopping a fight because of one. When "muddy" Baer dropped Jack Doyle with a blow below the belt at Madison Square Garden in 1935, the brother of the ex-heavyweight champ lost the round—yet won the fight in the same round on a technical knockout.

Original Yachts The first yachts were the early Dutch equivalent of modern coast-guard cutters. Used for running down pirates and ships carrying contraband goods, they derived their Dutch name "jacht" from the verb "jagen," meaning "to hunt."

was a citizen of Canada and had no right to ballot in the United States. He has taken out citizenship papers, however, and expects to vote again in 1940. Closing time for 100 Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Meets the "Master Spy!"



WHILE SKEETER IS INNOCENTLY FLYING JUSTINA AND SERG TO THE SPY RETREAT IN THE DESERT, BELIEVING THEM TO BE FRIENDS OF TOMMY, LET'S GO ON AHEAD TO THE ESPIONAGE HEADQUARTERS, WHERE TOMMY IS WAITING IN THE LIBRARY WHILE JOSEF AND HIS SUPERIOR CONFER.



ALL LIGHT...YO COME TOP-SIDE...M'LASTER AWAIT!



SO...YOU'RE TONY LACEY, EH? THAT'S ME!



YOU'VE BEEN DOING GOOD WORK FOR US ON THE EAST COAST, LACEY, AND I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—What It Is!



NOW, NO PEEKIN', SON! COME RIGHT ALONG WITH US! YEP, BRIAR, YOU CAN COME, TOO!



HOLD HIM JUST A MOMENT LONGER, NAT—NOW, BEN, WHEN I SAY SO YOU CAN OPEN YOUR EYES—



ALL RIGHT, BEN—OPEN 'EM UP—I'LL GIT OUT O' YOUR WAY—



HIGGING STORE GENERAL MERCHANDISE

THE NEBBES—Sweets for the Sweet



MISS GRUNTLEY SWEETS TO THE SWEET—JUST A LITTLE TOKEN OF MY REGARD



OH, MR ARDLEY, I'M SO FRUSTRATED I DON'T KNOW A GOOD ANSWER TO YOUR KINDNESS!



I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A GLASS OF COLD LEMONADE. I GOT THE ICE ON PURPOSE AND FOR YOUR SUPPER I GOT HAMBURGERS AGAIN WITH KARTOFEL GLASSE, KARTOFEL MEANS POTATOES!



WHAT A NIGHT... WITH ROMANCE LURKING EVERYWHERE... WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FULL MOON CASTING ITS SHADOWS THROUGH THE TREES YOU CAN WEAVE THESE SHADOWS IN YOUR MIND... UNDER THAT TREE THERE I SEE CUPID WITH BOW DRAWN READY TO SHOOT HIS ARROW!

MUCH WORK DONE AT OREGON CAVES BY CCC ENROLLEES

OREGON CAVES (Sp1)—Extensive improvement work was carried on and completed here during the past eight months by the civilian conservation corps. Approximately 1000 feet of new two-inch water line were laid in the Chateau area, providing distribution improvements and fire protection. A new underground telephone system was installed within the monument boundaries. The entrance road was widened and graded.

Improvements were made on the parking area, including guard rails. Development work was completed on the Cliff nature trail, 16 miles long from the caves, exit over the cliff top to the chateau and on a nature trail from the chateau to No Name creek.

Forty-five table and bench combinations were built during the winter. These were placed in the monument picnic grounds and in the 3-acre Grayback campgrounds in the adjoining Siskiyou national forest. New water and sewer lines were installed in the picnic and campgrounds. Nearly 300 trees and shrubs were planted as part of a landscape program to replant denuded areas.

The most important single item of work was the boring of a tunnel, 150 feet long, within the caverns. Eighty feet were through solid marble. The tunnel eliminates the necessity of retracing steps in exploring the caves. It was dug almost entirely by CCC labor.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE NEIGHBORS GOT UP AT FIVE O'CLOCK TO GIVE FRED PERLEY A FRIENDLY SEND-OFF ON HIS VACATION, AND THEY WERE PRETTY DISGRUNTLED WHEN FRED FINALLY APPEARED AT SEVEN, TO SAY HE HAD DECIDED NOT TO START UNTIL AFTER BREAKFAST

7-20 (Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



I LOVE CAKE AN ICE CREAM OH-H, SO DO I! AN I LOVE TSANANAS AN CHAWKLET SODA OH-H, SO DO I!



GEE! WE MUST BE RELATIVES I BETCHA POP! SMATTER?

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By HAL FORREST

By SOL HESS