

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAND

SYNOPSIS: When Kay Cran-
don of the Lazy Nine loses her
ranch house and here is a fire,
Josh Hastings, owner of the fly-
ing six, tries to buy her ranch
and court Kay. She distrusts him
and is determined to keep her
ranch and rebuild. Ted Gaynor,
a puncher she impulsively hires,
fights Scrap Johnson, a cowhand
who molested Kay. They shoot it
out, wounding each other. Hast-
ings finds them and murders
Scrap, using Ted's gun. Ted
cravals to an unknown shack
where a girl named Marion
nurses him through a week of
delirious fever. The gun is found
and Sheriff Farley trails Ted to
the shack, but passes it by.

Chapter 28

Best To Stay Hidden

IT WAS late afternoon before Ted
came out of the heavy sleep
into which he had slipped after his
lapse into unconsciousness.

In the long day that had passed,
Marion had had plenty of time to
think over the surprising events
of the morning.

It was clear that if Scrap John-
son had been murdered, Ted would
be the one to whom suspicion
would inevitably point. There
were two possibilities either
Ted's shot had not gone wild, as
he had supposed, or someone else

what she'll be thinking about my
not turning up. I wonder if she's
heard this murder talk?"

"She won't believe it any more
than I do," Marion snorted. She
felt his forehead and added with
decision, "You've talked enough,
now. Lie back and rest while I
get your supper. If you want to
get back to her as soon as possible,
you must do just as I tell you!"

"Gosh, I hope you two will meet
some time," Ted murmured, as he
gratefully obeyed. "You sure
would take to each other!"

"I hope we will meet," Marion
turned away, then stopped sud-
denly, listening. "What's that?"

"What?" Ted asked sleepily. "I
didn't hear anything."

"I thought I heard someone
moving outside," Marion crossed
to the window and tried to see out
the narrow crack between the
boards, but only the empty clear-
ing with the late afternoon sun-
light, shining on the top branches
of the pines was in sight.

She went to the door and cau-
tiously opened it, stepping out a
minute on the steps. Then, as she
still saw no signs of life, she came
in again, pulling the door shut.

"It must have been some animal
prowling about," she observed.

There was no answer from Ted,
and she smiled as she looked over
at him, deeply sunk again into
his life-giving sleep. Stepping over
beside him, she lightly put her

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

POOL BALL MAGIC TRIANGLE
EACH OF THE 3 SIDES
AND THE 3 CENTER
BALLS TOTAL 35

MARCUS CRASSUS
BECAME THE
WEALTHIEST CITIZEN
OF ANCIENT ROME BY
REFUSING TO SAVE BURNING BUILDINGS WITH HIS
FIRE DEPARTMENT UNTIL THEIR OWNERS AGREED TO SELL
OUT CHEAPLY

**HAWKS ARE
FAR-SIGHTED WHEN
FLYING AT A HIGH
ALTITUDE --
BUT BECOME
NEAR-SIGHTED
AS THEY APPROACH
THE GROUND**

**BRAZIL'S
1932
OLYMPIC TEAM
HAD TO WORK
THEIR OWN SHIP
TO LOS ANGELES
AND FINANCE THE TRIP
BY SELLING COFFEE...
ONLY 24 OF THE 69
ATHLETES HAD THE \$1 TAX
REQUIRED FOR LANDING,
AND THE TEAM FAILED TO
WIN A SINGLE PLACE!**

Sailor Athletes
With the Brazilian government run-
ning too low on cash to toes away any
large amounts on such frivolities as
athletes, 69 of Brazil's star athletes
were packed aboard a small naval
ship one day in 1932, were bade the
South American equivalent to "bring
home the bacon" and headed for Los
Angeles for the Olympic games.

Working the ship themselves, the
athletes sailed from port to port
along the way, stopping at each one
to attempt to peddle coffee, 50,000
bags of which they had been provided
by their government for financing
the trip!

The coffee business wasn't very
good. When the athletes arrived in
Los Angeles harbor, only 24 of them

had the \$1 necessary to pay the land-
ing tax. The other 45 put out to sea
again and headed for southern Cali-
fornia ports where they hoped to sell
enough coffee to get them back to
Los Angeles and ashore for the games.

Evidently the "coffee" market was
still bad, for only 24 Brazilians who
landed competed in the Olympics.
They might as well have remained
aboard with their ship-bound friends
as far as their athletic successes
went. Not one of them placed in a
single event!

Fire Sale
Slave traffic usury and general
chiseling all added to the weight of
Marcus Crassus' purse, but the stunt
that really made it bulge constituted

the original "fire sale" gag. Organizing
a first class fire department,
Crassus piled up a fortune that made
him the richest man in Rome by
rushing to fires and putting them
out—after he bought the burning
properties for a fraction of their
worth.

While the flames licked through a
building, the members of Crassus'
fire brigade stood by, calmly await-
ing word from their master that he had
driven a deal. If no bargain were
struck, the building was allowed to
burn to the ground.

Through his wealth, Crassus arose
to a high position in Roman politics,
becoming a member of the first tri-
umvirate in 55 B. C., along with Cae-
sar and Pompey.

Find Stewardess' Body.
SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Aug. 6.—
(UP)—The headless body of Gladys
Witt, 26, stewardess aboard the ill-
fated Western Air Express plane
which crashed into Lake Hardy peak
Dec. 15, 1936, with seven passengers,
was brought into Salt Lake City to-
night by Frank Eastman, search
leader. Her body was found in snow
about 15 yards away from the place
where her skull was found early in
June.

Amazon Robber.
PORTLAND, Aug. 6.—(AP)—A
woman robber built along pretty
sturdy lines knocked down Robert
L. Jewell and took \$25 from his
pockets.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—New Adventure!

**IMAGINE TOMMY'S
SURPRISE WHEN HE
LEARNED THAT IT
WAS SLIM (WHOM HE
HAD BEEN TEACHING
FLYING), WHO CRASHED
HIS RACING PLANE.
BUT TOMMY HAS HIS
LICENSE BACK, A
VINDICATION FROM THE
DEPARTMENT OF AIR
COMMERCE, AND
A BIG REWARD FOR
APPREHENDING THE
SPIES. SO HE CAN
BUILD ANOTHER
SHIP** 2882

BUT WHEN I GOT
THERE, YOU'D
ALREADY GONE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SLIM!
I'VE STILL GOT THE
PLANS OF THE SHIP
WELL BUILD ANOTHER

BUT FOR SAFETY'S
SAKE I'M GOING TO
TEACH YOU HOW TO
FLY BEFORE I
BUILD IT!

GOSH!

AND NOW, TOMMY!
BETTY,
AS I

TOMMY! BETTY!
YOU AND SKEETS
ARE SCHEDULED
TO TAKE OUT
FLIGHT TEN!

TOMMY, SKEETS
AND BETTY-LOU
ON A FLIGHT
THAT IS TO RESULT
IN A BAFFLING
AIR MYSTERY,
AND DANGER TO
OUR FRIENDS!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"But It's an Awful Lot!"

NOT LICKED, EH? SAY,
DIDN'T CALES CRUNCHEM
GIVE US OUR WALKING
PAPERS?

SURE, HE
DID,
BUT—

—THAT ISN'T THE END
OF THINGS—OH, IT JUST
CAN'T BE!

THE MORTGAGE CALES CRUNCHEM
HOLDS CALLS FOR THE PAYMENT OF
\$10,000—ARE WE GOING TO FIND
THAT MUCH MONEY GROWING ON
ROSEBUSHES?

YOU KNOW
WE'RE NOT,
BEN
WEBSTER!

MONEY ISN'T
EVERYTHING,
IS IT?

THE NEBBS—Nobly Said

LILLIAN GILBERT,
LOS ANGELES,
CALIF., WRITES
'EMMA SHOULD
FIRE THE
WHOLE BUNCH'

MRS. MRS. JANE
ANDERSON,
SCARVILLE, OHIO,
VOTE FOR POTTS

NAT LETHIN,
NEW HAVEN,
CONN.,
CHOOSES
ROTTIS.

SAY MAY, A COMMITTEE
FROM THE MOONBEAM
LADIES' CLUB ASKED ME
TO HAVE YOU STOP
THAT FIGHT

I DIDN'T
START NO
FIGHT...GO SEE
YOUR GYPPER
EGG PEDDLER

I DON'T WANT
NOBODY TO FIGHT
OVER ME

I AIN'T FIGHTIN'
OVER YOU...I'M GOIN'
TO KNOCK THE LIFE
OUTTA THAT SHRIMP
AND THROW HIM
IN YOUR LAP!

IF SOMEBODY WAS HITTIN',
HURTIN' OR INSULTIN' YOU, I'D
FIGHT FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR
LOVE—THAT'S GOTTA
COME NATURAL!

VOICE OF AUTHORITY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WIFE ASKS HIM TO TELL
THE CHILDREN TO STOP
TALKING AND GO TO SLEEP,
SHE HAS SPOKEN TO THEM
TWICE

CALLS UPSTAIRS IN STERN
VOICE OF COMMAND, AND
CHATTERING STOPS AT
ONCE

REMARKS TO WIFE THAT
IT ONLY NEEDS A FIRM
TONE, AT WHICH MO-
MENT CHATTERING RE-
SUMES

MUTTERS THEY COULDN'T
HAVE HEARD HIM. STRIDES
INTO HALL AND REPEATS
ORDER, LOUDER AND
STERNER

CHORUS OF WHAT DID HE
SAY COMES FROM UP-
STAIRS. KNOWS THAT
THEY HEARD BUT CAN'T
DO MUCH EXCEPT REPEAT

RETURNS TO CHAIR AMID
SILENCE WHICH IS BROKEN
AS SOON AS HE SITS DOWN

RUSHES UPSTAIRS AND
IS GREETED MEEKLY WITH
THE ASSURANCE THEY WERE
JUST TALKING ABOUT HOW
MUCH THEY LOVE HIM

RETURNS BELOW, RATHER
FLAYTERED. HOPES
WIFE DOESN'T NOTICE
THE WHISPERING GO-
ING ON UPSTAIRS

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MATTER POF

By C. M. PAYNE

COMP

RELEASE
YOUR
FEATURES!

H-M-M

HEH-HEH
HEH-HEH
HEH

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By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS



"I wonder if Kay's heard this murder talk," he said.

had come along and murdered the
man, framing Ted as the killer.

In any case, the longer Ted
could stay hidden away, until he
regained strength to fight for him-
self, the better. No matter how
much his mother and sister and
the mysterious "Kay" might need
him, everyone was better off for
the moment if he stayed right
where he was.

As for herself, she couldn't leave
her hiding place for another 10
days anyway, and she would in-
finitely rather put in the time
nursing Ted back to health and
strength, than to be alone with her
anxious thoughts of her father.

Resolving to make the position
clear to Ted as soon as she could,
Marion came and sat beside him,
as he roused himself.

Outlining to him his side of the
situation, as she saw it, Marion
went on to tell him of her own
predicament.

"My father is in desperate
straits of some sort," she ended,
"and under the circumstances I
have no choice but to let him work
things out in his own way. The
one thing I must do, is to wait
here for the full time he set. Then,
if he hasn't come, I must go back
to find him."

"How about the man you're en-
gaged to?" Ted asked.

"He is off on a prospecting trip,"
Marion answered, "and he won't
be back for another month. I hope
to Heaven's sake, that my father
and I will be safely back in Mis-
soula before that time."

Someone Outside?
TED slowly pondered this infor-
mation. "What you say about me
is true all right," he answered
at last, "I wouldn't be any good
to anybody right now, I reckon. I
can squash this murder talk easy
enough as soon as I'm strong
enough to go back and tell them
where they got off. With me miss-
ing, some of the neighbors will
give my mother and sister a help-
ing hand for a while, anyway. And
Kay—" He paused, and a slow
color crept into his face.

"Who is Kay?" Marion asked
gently. "Are you engaged to her?"

"I wish, to God, I were," Ted
burst out. "But there's no chance
of that! All I ask is to be near her
and help her rebuild her ranch
house, and... look here, I want
to tell you about her!" He eagerly
described Kay, and the problem
she was up against. "I don't know

hand on his forehead and, still
smiling, gazed down at him a
moment. Then, she quietly went
about getting supper ready for
him, when he should wake.

Passionate Outburst
AS KAY stood at the door of the
mess shack and watched the
sheriff ride away with his posse,
she felt stunned with the sick re-
action to the news she had just
heard.

One possible solution after
another flashed through her mind,
only to be discarded. It was
all a terrifying mystery, and her
thoughts kept coming back to the
dead certainty that Ted was dead
or desperately wounded some-
where.

Dozens of questions that she
had asked the sheriff came to her.
Why hadn't she found out whether
Scrap Johnson's gun had been dis-
charged? Why—a long shuddering
breath escaped her.

"There now, honey, don't you
take it so hard!" Seth came up
behind her, and put a comforting
hand on her shoulder. "Looks kind
of black for this Gaynor fellow,
but after all, he's nothing to us.
We can go along on our own, re-
building, just as well as though
he was here."

"I think you are all perfectly
heartless!" Kay blazed, whirling
about and facing Seth with flash-
ing eyes. "All you think about is
how it is going to affect just You're
ready to use his brains and his
plan, and then just let him die
like a dog somewhere!"

"Why, Kay!" Seth regarded her
with open-mouthed amazement.
"What's got into you? The sheriff
is off this m'nute searching for
him, and—"

"Yes—so that he can accuse him
of murder!" Kay broke in pas-
sionately. "You're all waiting like
a pack of blood hounds to tear him
to pieces on no evidence at all!
He's not a murderer, I tell you! If
he killed Scrap Johnson it was a
fair fight, or more likely, with the
odds against Ted. He's not a mur-
dered!"

Kay ran down the steps and over
to her cabin. Seth let out a long
low whistle as he watched her
flying figure. Then he slowly shook
his head and made his way over
to the bunk house.

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Kay finds Josh knows a good bit
about the shooting, Monday.

weeks and the remainder for a
month.

Oldsmobile prices also will be ad-
vanced by \$45 effective Monday,
Aug. 9.

Gold Star Pension Passed By House

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—(UP)—
The house late Wednesday unani-
mously passed the "gold star mother"
bill providing pensions for fathers
and mothers of doughboys killed in
the world war. The measure which
will cost the government \$8,922,000
annually and replaces the present
war risk insurance payments, now
goes to the senate where favorable
action is expected. Compensation for
widows is increased under the bill
although payments to dependent
children are not affected.

The first city directory in the
United States was printed in New
York in 1788.

GENERAL MOTORS WILL UP PRICES

DETOIT, Aug. 6.—(AP)—The
Cadillac-LaSalle division of General
Motors corporation announced today
prior increases on its models effective
at the close of business Aug. 14. The
increases range from \$60 on the La
Salle to \$100 on the Cadillac.

Another General Motors division,
the Olds Motor Works at Lansing,
Mich., announced it would suspend
operations Friday for the "change-
over" period, and that the Fisher
body plant which supplies Oldsmo-
bile bodies also would close. Olds
officials said 80 per cent of their
plant would be shut down for two