

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVARD

SYNOPSIS: Fire destroys Kay Crandon's ranch house and barn. Neighbor Josh Hastings tries to buy her ranch and court Kay, but she hates him and is determined to rebuild. Ted Gaynor, a puncher she impulsively hired, fights Scrap Johnson, a coachman who molests Kay. They shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings finds them unconscious and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. Ted crawls to a cabin where a girl named Marion nurses him. The gun puts Sheriff Farley on Ted's trail. Kay sees Ted and Marion together in the cabin and rides off in jealous agony. She falls. Tom Runyon, the fire patrol, finds her and she babble unconsciously of Ted's hideout.

Chapter 33 The Tip Off

TOM RUNYON stood up and turned his mount about, heading him down the trail. Then stooping, he gathered Kay in his arms, and lay her across the saddle.

Mounting behind her, he gathered her into his arms so that her head rested on his shoulder, and slowly and carefully started the descent.

By the time they reached the stream, it was clear that Kay was not going to be able to ride Flicker back to the ranch. Untying him, Tom gave him a sharp cut of his quirt, and listened while he whined across the stream and headed up the trail of the western slope of the eastern divide. Then, holding Kay tightly to him, he guided his horse into the dark swirling water.

All through the long ride out of the mountains, Kay babbled on in her delirium, and Tom Runyon listened.

An ugly look flashed into his eyes whenever Kay mentioned Ted's name. It was evident that she thought more of Ted than Tom had supposed, but instead of shaking him from his purpose to win Kay for himself, it made him all the more determined.

As he made his plans for getting rid of his rival, Tom gave a vicious chuckle. He had him where he wanted him, all right! But it wouldn't do to take any chances on his making a get-away! He must get to a telephone as soon as possible.

Then Tom struck on a brilliant idea. Why not take Kay directly to the Flying Six? Her aunt was there, and she would be much better cared for, than in her little cabin. He had never met Josh Hastings, but he knew that he had been a friend of Kay's father, so he felt sure he'd be only too glad to look after her.

Suited the action to the thought, Tom struck out across the mesa to the Flying Six. Kay's delicious talk had subsided some time before, and she rested a dead weight in his arms, as he urged his mount on. Her breathing was even and reassuring. Even though she was undoubtedly suffering from concussion from her fall, the indications were that it was not serious. He knew it might be some time before she completely regained consciousness.

The late moon was rising in the east as they came in sight of the Flying Six ranch house, a dark rambling mass in the silver light. Following up a shrill whistle with a loud "Whoopie," Tom clattered up to the front steps.

Phoning The Sheriff
A LIGHT flickered past the living room windows, and the next minute, Josh Hastings pulled open the front door.

"Kay Crandon's had an accident, and I brought her here," Tom Runyon began, rather importantly. She

He got no farther. A shriek from Aunt Kate's open window was followed by shuffling footsteps down the hall, and Aunt Kate's disheveled head appeared over Josh Hastings' shoulder.

"Where is she?" She imperiously pushed him aside and made for the steps, where she met Tom Runyon coming up with Kay in his arms.

"What's happened?" she demanded fiercely. "What have you done to her?"

"She had an ugly fall," Tom Runyon carried Kay up on the porch, and laid her down in the hammock. "She'll be all right," he added. "It's just a slight concussion, but I thought she'd be better off here, than she would be over at her place."

"You were dead right," Josh Hastings boomed. "We'll look after her, don't you worry. But where—"

"I'll tell you all that later," Tom broke in, leaving Aunt Kate fusing over Kay, while he beckoned Josh Hastings to one side. "I've got to get in touch with Zeke Farley P.D.Q."

Josh Hastings motioned him toward the door. "You'll find the phone right there on my desk." He followed Tom Runyon inside. "What's up?"

"I've located that Gaynor guy who's wanted for murder. Tom Runyon swelled with importance as he reached for the telephone. Intent on getting his number, he failed to see the gleam of triumph that quickly flashed in Josh Hastings' eyes.

"Where is he?" he demanded eagerly.

Tom motioned him to wait, as he bent to the telephone. "This Zeke Farley? I'm Tom Runyon, the fire patrol. I want to tip you off about that Gaynor bird."

An explosive oath over the wire could be heard, even where Josh Hastings was standing.

"Yeah, I know where he is all right," Tom went on. "He's up in a cabin by a clearing on the south side of the central divide. Up there with a girl friend," he added, with a malicious laugh.

Again Josh Hastings could hear the sheriff's exclamation.

"Yeah, I said 'girl friend,'" Tom repeated. Kay Crandon saw them up there—that's how I know. He's there now. How long he'll be there, I can't tell you."

There was a long pause while Zeke Farley's voice rumbled over the wire.

"Reckon that's your best bet," Tom agreed finally. "I'm telephoning from the Flying Six."

There was another pause.

"O.K. I reckon they'll give me a shake down," Tom cocked an inquiring eye at Josh Hastings, who nodded his assent.

"What did he say?" he demanded eagerly, as Tom hung up the receiver.

"He's notifying Sam Cutter over in the Clear Water basin, and starting off to meet him there." Tom turned to the porch. "How about getting Kay to bed somewhere, and I'll give you the dope?"

Aunt Kate met them at the doorway.

"Put Kay right in that spare bed in my room," she ordered, crisply taking charge of the situation. "I reckon you're about as tired as a concussion, young man. She fixed Tom with a severely appraising eye. "Only I don't see why you couldn't have prevented its happening at all!"

"I wasn't here," Tom defended. He stooped down to pick Kay up, but Josh Hastings shoved him unceremoniously aside.

"Here! I'll do that!" Tom watched Josh Hastings with surprised and shuddering eyes, as he gathered Kay into his arms and carried her through the door.

"You needn't look like that, young man," Aunt Kate observed tartly, as she prepared to follow after them. "These two are as good as engaged and you may as well know it now as later!"

His jaw dropped with chagrin and amazement as he watched Aunt Kate disappear inside the house.

"Throw 'em Up, Sister!"

MARION HOWELL stirred restlessly on her bunk that was in the tiny room of the main shack where Ted was sleeping.

She had thrown herself fully dressed on the bunk, as Ted had done every night since Ted had appeared. Now that he was out of danger, she wouldn't be so constantly on call, she reflected, as she raised herself on one elbow and glanced out the crack in the boarded-up window over her bunk.

The first gray light of dawn was cold and cheerless, and with a shiver, she dropped back, and was preparing for more sleep, when a snapping of twigs caught her ear. She told herself it was only an animal prowling through the brush, but an instinct of alarm nevertheless impelled her to get up and creep through Ted's room to the front door.

Noticing with a glow of satisfaction how deeply and quietly he was sleeping, she went to the front door with an amused smile at herself for her nervousness.

As she put her hand on the latch to pull it open, a shove from the outside flung it in, nearly knocking her down as it swung back revealing a group of men. One of them instantly covered her with his gun.

"Throw 'em up, sister," he commanded, "and the less fuss you make, the better for you!" He made way for the others to pass.

"Go on in, and hog-tie that bird," he ordered, keeping one eye on Marion to see how she was going to respond to this surprise invasion.

"There's no use throwing my hands up, as I haven't a gun," Marion was amazed at the calmness of her own voice, which belied the sick terror that possessed her. Every instinct was alert to keep her wits about her, as the only possible way to save Ted, and her father as well. "What right have you to be in this way?"

"The right of the law to arrest a murderer," Zeke Farley answered with brutal abruptness.

"(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nevard)

Sheriff Sam Cutter forces Ted to ride off with his posse, tomorrow.

velt, B. E. Hayden of the reclamation bureau said.

As in the past, World War veterans will be given preference when the homestead land is distributed.

APPLES FOR TEACHER UNDER BOARD'S TABOO
SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 12.—(AP)—The adept art of "apple polishing" in public schools was outlawed today by the city board of education.

"Teachers' pets" are just going to have to get along as best they can, the board said in ruling.

"Gifts to teachers from pupils or parents are prohibited, except when teachers are retiring from service."

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—(AP)—A thunderbolt killed a 10-year-old boy about to dive off a pier for a swim in the East river at noon today.

Death by lightning in Manhattan is unusual, police said, owing to the fact high buildings attract and render harmless most of the bolts.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



"THAT FLAG AND I ARE TWINS, BORN THE SAME HOUR AND THE SAME DAY..."
JOHN PAUL JONES...
THE RESOLUTION THAT CREATED THE U.S. FLAG APPEARS ON THE SAME PAGE AS THE APPOINTMENT OF JOHN PAUL JONES TO A CAPTAINCY IN THE U.S. NAVY... JONES LATER COMMANDED THE FIRST SHIP TO FLY THE U.S. FLAG AND RECEIVED ITS FIRST SALUTE FROM A FOREIGN NATION!



THE RECORD NO TEAM WANTS TO BEAT!
WASHINGTON, A.L. BATTERS WERE HIT 59 TIMES BY PITCHED BALLS IN ONE SEASON 1921

TWIN LAKES, SIDE BY SIDE, ARE DIFFERENT COLORS... ONE BLUE, THE OTHER GREEN... Yellowstone Nat'l. Park

Jones and the Flag
In the records of the Continental congress on June 14, 1777, was written the resolution that created the American flag: "That the flag of the United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be 13 stars, white on a blue field, representing a constellation."

Strange as it seems, on the page of the records in which this momentous resolution was written appears, by a fitting coincidence, the appointment of Paul Jones as a captain in the American navy. When the young officer was informed of this fact it led him to declare: "That flag and I are twins, born the same hour and the same day of the womb of destiny. We cannot be parted in life or death. So long as we can float we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

Three weeks later this strange "twinship" was further borne out when Captain Jones hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—the first time the American flag was ever raised on a man-of-war. The coincidence was to go still farther.

Sailing to France with important dispatches, Jones arrived in February, 1778, and sent the following request to the American secretary of the commission seeking a treaty of alliance with the French government: "You will confer a singular obligation upon me by presenting my respects to the French admiral, whom I mean to salute with 13 guns under American colors—provided he will accept the Compliment and return Gun for Gun."

The suggestion found favor. On February 14, the "Ranger" received the first salute ever given by a foreign power to the American flag. Dr. Ezra Green, ship's surgeon of the "Ranger," noted the event in his diary as follows: "Very squally weather, came to sail at 4 p. m. saluted the French admiral and received nine guns in return. This is the first salute ever paid the American flag."

Tomorrow: Where Is the Largest Indian Settlement in America?

SLOT MACHINE OWNERS ASSESSED FINE OF \$50
INDEPENDENCE, Aug. 12.—(AP)—N. J. Arnold, Lester J. Hanna, John Doe Nelson and M. W. Lawson pleaded guilty before Justice of the Peace E. A. Wedde here today to ownership and operation of gambling devices and were given a blanket fine of \$50. Six slot machines were alleged to have been operated by the men.

Complaint was signed by District Attorney Bruce Spaulding of Polk county and the defendants were cited to appear before Justice of the Peace Elmer Cook of West Salem. An affidavit of prejudice was filed against Cook who had required \$8000 bail of the defendants, and the case was transferred to Independence.

Books Out 20 Years
SYRACUSE, N. Y. (UP)—Three unlisted books were found on the shelves of a branch library here. Investigation disclosed that the books had been borrowed 20 years ago from the Syracuse public library.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Off the Beam!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—More Emphasis!



THE NEBBS—A Sure-Fire Winner



THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP
By C M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

TULE LAKE LAND OPEN THIS FALL

KLAMATH FALLS, Aug. 12.—(AP) Five thousand acres of irrigated land in the Tule lake district, comprising 40 land units, will be opened to homesteaders this fall, it was announced today by the Klamath office of the bureau of reclamation.

Reclamation crews have been busy during the past few months extending the present Tule lake irrigation system, building lateral canals and developing a drainage system. Completion of the latter project and opening of the homestead land will be made possible with part of the \$12,000 allotted the Klamath district in the interior department supply bill signed yesterday by President Roosevelt.

As in the past, World War veterans will be given preference when the homestead land is distributed.

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By EDWIN ALGEP

By SOL HESS