

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE SERVAUD

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 coxhead who molested Kay. Shooting it out, they wound each other. Hastings finds them unconscious and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. Ted crawls to a cabin where a girl (Marion) nurses him. The gun puts Sheriff Farley on Ted's trail. Kay sees Ted and Marion together in the cabin, and later, delirious after a fall, babble all. The sheriff breaks into Marion's cabin at dawn.

stamping up the steps and crowded into the shack.

In the confusion, while Zeke Farley was explaining the situation to the new arrival, Marion slipped around beside Ted.

"Try to get them to leave you here a few days longer," she whispered, "and don't mention Dad whatever you do!"

She shrank back, as Sam Cutter came over toward them. He was a powerful man with a bull dog jaw and a shrewd glint in his squinted gray eyes.

He took both Ted and Marion in for a minute without speaking. Then he said, with heavy sarcasm, "I'm sorry to break up your little outing, but your boy friend will have to come along with me."

Marion flushed at his tone, and an angry oath escaped Ted in spite of his resolve to keep cool.

"But for this young lady, I'd be dead now," he declared. "She has nursed me through this crisis, and anyone who insults her will have me to reckon with later."

He glared at the men crowded around him.

"He isn't strong enough to be moved yet," Marion broke in, but Sam Cutter interrupted with a hoarse laugh.

"I reckon he'll stand the trip," he jeered. "And if he doesn't, that'll save us just so much trouble." He motioned to his men to get Ted outside.

"I can ride, all right, if you'll untie my ankles," Ted protested. "You needn't worry about my trying to make a break. I'm as anxious as you are to get this thing cleared up."

Chapter 24 Taken Prisoner

THE sheriff's eye traveled swiftly over Marion. Convinced of the truth of her statement that she hadn't a gun, he motioned her to one side.

"You keep out of this now," he ordered. "I'll be wanting you to answer some questions later."

Striding past her, Zeke Farley crossed over to Ted's bunk, just as one of his posse was making a rope fast about Ted's wrists and ankles.

"Thought you'd given us the slip, didn't you?" he gloated. "Well, it ain't so easy in these parts to get past the law."

Ted, who had been so rudely awakened from a sound sleep, took rapid measure of the situation. He struggled to a sitting position and faced the sheriff with steady eyes.



Ted struggled to a sitting position. "If you're looking for murderers, find Scrap Johnson."

"I don't know what this is all about," he declared. "If you're looking for murderers, the man I find is Scrap Johnson. He did his best to murder me, and darn near succeeded."

"We've found him," the sheriff answered grimly, "with a bullet through his temple."

From what Ted had overheard from the first searching party that had passed the shack, he was prepared for this answer, but his expression of intense surprise couldn't have been more natural, if it had been real. It was up to him, he felt, to tell a straight and convincing story of what had happened, and not complicate it by anything he had overheard.

"Never from any shot of mine," Ted explained. "I was taking a drink of water, and turned around to see him stealing up on me and pulling his gun. He got the drop, and my shot went wild. It might have nipped him, but it never hit a bull's eye like a shot in the temple. But even if it had, it was a plain case of self defense. He—"

"You can tell that at the trial," Zeke Farley broke in gruffly. "Sam Cutter'll be up here any time now, and he'll take you in charge. Scrap Johnson was murdered just over the Idaho state line, so that means you'll be tried in Clear Water Basin."

"You may as well know, though," he added, "that your story's full of holes. The bullet that killed Scrap Johnson came from your gun. We've got both the gun and the bullet, and the report just came in yesterday."

Ted's surprise at this statement was genuine and mixed with incredulous dismay.

"Must be some mistake there!" He caught Marion's eyes on him, with a mute warning in their brown depths, and the angry retort he was about to make died on his lips.

She was right about going slow! Anything he said now might be twisted to count against him. The only thing to do was to go peacefully, and trust justice and fairness to acquit him at the trial.

A Whispered Word
A shout from the woods broke in on them. A minute later Sam Cutter and his posse came

Sam Cutter gave him a long look and curtly ordered his men to cut the ropes that bound his feet together.

"I ain't worryin' about his making a break," he remarked, "and it'll be a whole lot easier going."

He turned to Zeke Farley. "Thanks for the tip about this bird. I'll try to do as much for you some day. I reckon the girl friend comes in your territory." He gave Marion a boldly admiring look, and added, facetiously, "Some guys have all the luck!"

Zeke Is More Gentle
WITHOUT giving Ted a chance to have a word with Marion, they hustled him out. Zeke Farley motioned his men to follow and wait for him outside.

Left alone with Marion, he studied her carefully.

She waited, resolved to have him break the silence. With every nerve tense, she was determined not to say anything that could be used against Ted, or that would involve her farther. She was thankful that she had Zeke Farley to deal with instead of Sam Cutter, whom she put down as a bully and a brute.

"Let's hear your story now," Zeke Farley said finally. His voice was more gentle, but none the less firm.

"There's not much to tell," Marion answered. "I came out early one morning to find Ted Gaynor crawling across the clearing delirious and apparently dying from loss of blood. How he ever got as far as this, I don't know. I got him in just before the storm broke, and naturally did what I could for him. He pulled through, but it was a narrow squeak."

"Had you known Gaynor before?" the sheriff asked.

"I never saw him in my life before," Marion answered, looking straight into Zeke Farley's eyes.

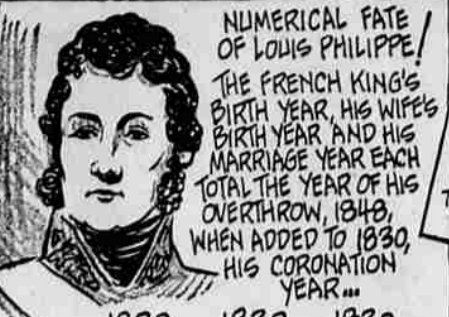
"Humph!" was his only comment, but his eyes held an unwilling admiration for Marion's straightforward manner.

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Marion's strange father returns mentally upset, Monday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

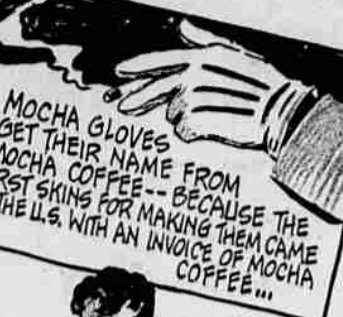
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NUMERICAL FATE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE!
THE FRENCH KING'S BIRTH YEAR, HIS WIFE'S BIRTH YEAR AND HIS MARRIAGE YEAR EACH TOTAL THE YEAR OF HIS OVERTHROW, 1848, WHEN ADDED TO 1830, HIS CORONATION YEAR...

1830	1830	1830
7	7	8
7	8	2
3	2	0
1848	1848	1848

THE LARGEST REAL INDIAN SETTLEMENT IN THE AMERICAS IS TRINIDAD...
OVER 1/3 OF ITS 387,000 POPULATION ARE EMIGRANTS FROM INDIA OR THEIR DESCENDANTS!



MOCHA GLOVES GET THEIR NAME FROM MOCHA COFFEE-- BECAUSE THE FIRST SKINS FOR MAKING THEM CAME TO THE U.S. WITH AN INVOICE OF MOCHA COFFEE...



GEORGE BONHAG - 1906 U.S. TEAM, WON THE 1500-METER WALK OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP THE FIRST TIME HE EVER COMPETED IN A WALKING RACE!
- Greece -

The Novice Olympic Champ
Strange as it seems, George Bonhag, a U. S. Olympic runner, failed to place better than fourth in any of the events for which he had been made a member of the team—yet took first place at a sport in which he participated for the first time!

The fourth place Bonhag had managed to eke out in the five-mile race left him pretty well disgusted with himself and anxious for another opportunity to compete. No other running races remained for him to enter, however, so almost jocularly he entered in the 1500-meter walk though he had never

been in a walking race in his life. Quite a fuss came up before the race. None of the Olympic officials wanted to judge the event because of the trouble that usually arose in walking races in determining whether or not the racers ran instead of walking. Eventually Prince George of Greece agreed to judge the race and it started.

Man after man was disqualified for breaking rules governing walking races as the contest progressed, leaving novice Bonhag far out in front. He crossed the finish line an easy winner with a time of seven minutes and 12 and three-fifths seconds.

ing surfaces of lustrous satins and ribbons are used. Buttons and bands entrusted with sequins, rhinestones, and other sparkling effects are popular. Waistlines are lower, more slender and sometimes bellies.

Whether the men like it or not, the brims on women's hats are wider for the fall and the crowns a little higher. Turbans reflecting the Indian prince who attended the coronation have been mortified for the feminine taste.

Accessories have an even wider variety than usual. Gloves, flowers

and feathers will be the mode again for the well-dressed woman.

Life Begins at 70
OSAKA, Japan (UP)—Life begins at 70 for Takematsu Kataube, who at that advanced age has started to learn watch repairing so that he can "make a new start." Previously he had been a school teacher.

Football Drinking Banned
COLUMBIA, Mo. (UP)—Drinking at University of Missouri football games has been banned by the com-

TELEPHONE SHAVE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



HAS STARTED SHAVING WHEN WIFE CALLS THE OFFICE IS ON THE 'PHONE AND IT'S IMPORTANT



RUSHES TO 'PHONE TRYING TO WIFE SHAVING SOAP OFF FACE



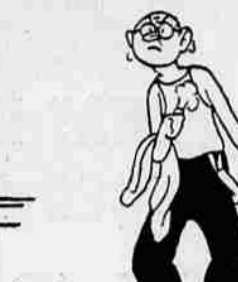
ASKS THEM TO SPEAK LOUDER BUT DOESN'T MAKE HIMSELF PLAIN, OWING TO HIS HAVING GOT SHAVING SOAP IN MOUTH



REALIZES REASON HE CAN'T HEAR IS THAT RECEIVER IS ALSO COVERED WITH SOAP. WIPES IT OFF



TRIES TO SPEAK AGAIN, CHOKING BADLY BECAUSE A LARGE BLOB OF SOAP HAS GOT ON MOUTH - PIECE FROM SHAVING BRUSH



OFFICE HAVING BY THIS TIME HUNG UP, GOES BACK TO FINISH SHAVING AND DUE TO AGITATED SPIRITS CUTS HIMSELF BADLY

S MATTER POP

By C M PAYNE



WHERE'S MY PIPE? GOTTA CATCH THE TRAIN!



POP!



POP!



I CALLED YATBACK TO TELL YA, WILLYUM, HE DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS EITHER



THANK!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Chair Number Two . . . Is Empty!

By HAL FORREST



AS THE STORM STRUCK THE BIG AIR LINER THE PROXIMITY OF THE LIGHTNING DIMS THE SHIP'S LIGHTS AND IN SEMI-GLOOM, BETTY-LOU GROPE HER WAY FROM SEAT TO SEAT WITH WORDS OF ASSURANCE FOR PASSENGERS AND THEN...



SUDDENLY THE PLANE BREAKS THROUGH THE STORM



THERE WE ARE! NOW WHEN YOU GET HOME, YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD STORY TO TELL THE...



BUT BETTY-LOU BREAKS OFF ABRUPTLY



CHAIR NUMBER TWO IS EMPTY! THE VEILED LADY IS GONE!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Promise

By EDWIN ALGER



... SHE'S MINE, SHE'S MINE, SHE'S MINE!



DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW! HOW'D YOU EVER GUESS IT?



HEY, I'M NOT BLIND! I CAN TELL BY LOOKING AT YOU THAT BETTY HIGGINS SAID YES—NOW LISTEN! YOU'VE GOT TO DO ONE THING FOR ME—



COMMAND ME, MY BOY—COMMAND ME!



OKAY, IT'S A PROMISE—THE TWO OF YOU GO AWAY ON YOUR HONEYMOON—SAY NOTHING TO AUNT HETTY, BUT LEAVE THINGS HERE TO ME!

THE NEBBS—A Smart Dumb-Bell

By SOL HESS



MRS. CL. THOMAS, OSKALOOSA, IOWA WANTS LUTHER TO MARRY EMMA. LEWIS B. HARRINGTON, JR. OF LOUISVILLE, KY. PICKS GOOD OLD POTTS FOR HIS FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL SECURITY. ROBERT ADONSON, MARSHALL, MISS. PICKS MAX. CHAS. PIZILLO, PASSAIC, N.J. PICKS POTTS.



HEY MAX! I WAS TALKING TO LUTHER AND HE SAID THE FIGHT WOULDN'T LAST A ROUND. WHAT'S THE MATTER—IS HE GON' TO LAY DOWN?



I WANT TO BET SOME MONEY ON THIS FIGHT—DO YOU THINK YOU CAN WHIP HIM?



IF I COULD THINK DO YOU THINK I'D BE RUNNING UP AN' DOWN THE ROAD LIKE THIS—I WORKED FOR YOU ONCE—THAT SHOWS I CAN'T THINK



HE'S SO DUMB HE GETS SMART ONCE IN AWHILE. I AIN'T GOT NO BRAINS BUT HE'S AN INFANT ALONGSIDE OF ME!

AUTUMN FASHIONS WILL BE ENGLISH, EXHIBIT REVEALS

PORT WORTH, Tex. (UP)—Fashions for American women this fall will show a definite coronation influence, displays at the recent National Fashion Exhibitors convention here indicated.

Hardly an item in midday's fall wardrobe will escape the touch of England's spectacular coronation of King George VI. Fashion experts declared that England dominates both color and texture changes next season.

Costs are designed in richer fabrics, with the trend toward cloth rather than fur. For the more casual occasions, some coats are trimmed in Persian lamb, blue or silver fox fur.

From the military pomp that surrounded the coronation has come a fall tendency toward squared shoulders design, with padded rather than puffed shoulders. Tailored clothes are even more military with double-breasted coats that are belted in the back.

The English influence extends to collars, the styles revealed, with smaller collars or none at all and seaming, at tending and wetting needed that suggests of London.

Tailored suits still promise to be modish, with most attention given to the jacket. Two-tone combinations with either plaid jacket or skirt are recommended by designers. The masculine influence extends to swagger-length coats.

More coronation finery is noted in women's formal wear. Summer-