

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE SERVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon of the Lazy Nine impulsively hires Ted Gannon, a jobless puncher. He helps her fight Josh Hastings, a "friendly" neighbor who wants to get her ranch and marry Kay. Ted punnels Scrap Johnson, a cowhand who molested Kay. They shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings sneaks up and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. A girl named Marion finds Ted and her nursing saves his life. Arrested, he is tried for Scrap's murder, but Kay stops the trial by technical protest. Ted is about to be taken back to Montana for a second trial, when he learns Hastings has kidnapped Kay.

Chapter 43

Dash For Freedom

AS TED rode out of Clear Water with Zeke Farley and his posse of four men grouped before and behind him, his eyes scanned the outskirts of the town.

His week's enforced rest had done him a world of good, in spite of the mental strain he had been under, and he felt like a different man from the weak and nearly fainting person who had come into town by this same route such a relatively short time before.

"What are those old buildings down there?" He turned to Joe, who was just behind him, and nodded toward the north end of town with an air of idle curiosity.

"Just a bunch of old shacks," Joe answered. "First of all, it looked like the town was going to spread that way. Then, the railroad came a mile farther south than they'd reckoned, and left that end flat. Cleaned Ran Simpkins and a couple of others out complete, and their places have been deserted ever since."

"They're not much to look at," Ted observed carelessly, cleverly disguising the excitement that coursed through him at the thought of Kay being concealed somewhere in those ruined shacks.

"The time for a break was not yet, and Heaven only knew when it would be. But at least he knew where to head to look for Kay."

One thing would be in his favor: If he once made a getaway, the last place they'd expect him to make for, would be the Clear Water Basin. And while he was scouting for him in the mountains, he'd at least have a chance to get back and free Kay. After that, it didn't much matter what happened, he thought recklessly, as they left the confines of the town, and headed up the trail on the west side of the central divide.

A Pretext For Lagging

FOR two hours they had been climbing, and the long purple shadows thrown by the setting sun filled the deep canyon that yawned at their feet, as they rounded the high cliffs on their right.

So far there had not been the slightest chance for a break, but Ted was pinning his hopes on the more open regions above, just before they struck the big timber. For Kay's sake, as well as his own, he could not afford to let his impatience lead him to take too reckless chances.

To his relief, Zeke Farley had decreed that they should push on after dark, until they reached the more dangerous passes.

Ted's attitude of alternate weak irritation and apathy had persuaded Zeke Farley, as Ted intended it should, that he was incapable of any desperate or daring action, and this feeling had communicated itself to the other members of the posse. So when Ted complained of his cinch being too loose, causing his saddle to slip, there was no objection raised to his dismounting to fix it.

By this time, they had left the narrow defile through which they had been pushing their way upward, and had come out on rock ledges that were bordered by steep slopes scantily wooded with scrub spruce and pine. A stream of water, cutting its way down from the upper levels, had carved out for itself a canyon 50 feet or so in depth, but fairly narrow at the top. Wooded slopes rose again on the far side of the canyon.

The thin, exhilarating air of the high country sent a thrill of elation through Ted. Anticipation of daring action at last set his blood tingling through his veins and, as he bent to his cinch, a heady recklessness took possession of him.

One by one, the men passed him, as he fumbled clumsily with the leather. At a bend in the trail, 50 feet or so from him, Zeke Farley, who was in the lead, called impatiently, "Get a move on!" and rounded the curve, calling to Joe to wait for Ted.

At this instant, Ted's clumsy faltering changed to dynamic action. Springing into the saddle, he seized his mount's mane and twisted it desperately, as he raked him with his heels.

A Daring Leap

SNORTING and terrified, the horse wheeled and plunged down the trail with frantic speed.

Ted gave a sudden lunge and shout, and guided him to the canyon's edge. With a squeal of panic the animal took the jump as the only alternative to the death drop that yawned before him.

The horse barely caught the other side, miraculously gained his balance and plunged up the timbered side, as shots and curses rang out from across the canyon.

Leaning low over his head, Ted urged him on, ducking as the random bullets whistled past, and praying to the gods of luck, into whose hands he had so recklessly played. Behind him resounded the scream of a horse in terror, and a dull crash. Then came a blasphemous chorus of shouts, and the shots ceased.

Ted pushed on with a shudder of horror. One of the men must have tried to follow him, and missed by the narrow margin he had won by. Realizing that at last he had the break he had hoped for, Ted crashed up the slope. He must give the impression that he was making for the high timber, where there were plenty of places to hide.

It would take Zeke Farley and his posse some time to round the



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE STAMP OF 8 MILLION DEATHS!
THIS POSTAGE STAMP, ISSUED BY JUGOSLAVIA, HONORS THE MAN WHO PRECIPITATED THE WORLD WAR—GAVRILLO PRINZIP, MURDERER OF THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND



TOMB OF A DOG THAT HELD A COMMISSION IN THE U. S. ARMY... BURIED WITH FULL MILITARY HONORS AT ROSE HILL CEMETERY, MACON, GA.

LIEUTENANT BOBBY "JUST A BROWN DOG" LOYAL PAL AND PET OF CAPT. D. C. HARRIS MASGOT OF CO. C. 121 INF. DIED JAN. 29, 1936 AGE 12 FAITHFUL TO THE LAST

SIDEWALK JAILS OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZ., SCATTERED ALONG THE CITY'S STREETS, LOCKUPS LIKE THIS ACCOMMODATE ONLY 2 PRISONERS—AWAITING DELIVERY TO THE CITY JAIL

WILLIE RYAN, New York, WON A CHAMPIONSHIP CHECKER MATCH WHEREIN BOTH PLAYERS PLAYED 12 GAMES SIMULTANEOUSLY AND BLINDFOLDED! MOVES WERE DICTATED AND THE POSITION OF EVERY PIECE MEMORIZED... -1937-

Strange as it seems, the schoolboy who plunged the world into its greatest war is a national hero of Yugoslavia. Though Gavrilo Princip's action in assassinating the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, precipitated the World War in which some eight and a half million lives were lost, Yugoslavia reveres his memory, honoring him in 1937 with the stamp issue pictured in the above cartoon. He is regarded as the emancipator of the Slavs in that the war he started with three pistol shots ended in the freeing of Yugoslavia from Austrian rule.

Master of Memory. Playing against Newell W. Banks, nationally known checker expert of Detroit, Michigan, William F. Ryan won the "Blindfolded Championship of the World" on April 25th, 1937. Both blindfolded, the players sat at the table with their backs turned. Twelve games were played simultaneously. When one of the players decided on a move, he directed an official to make it for him. The dictation method also served to inform the opponent of the moves made. Once spoken, however, each move had to be kept in both players' minds entirely through memory. Ryan won

three games and seven of them went to draws.

Lieutenant Bobby. Mascot of Company C, Georgia National Guard, Lieutenant Bobby is said to have been the only dog ever to be awarded a commission in the United States army. President Coolidge gave him an official commission as lieutenant for faithful attendance in training classes at Fort Benning. Killed by a fall, the dog was buried with full military honors on February 1, 1936.

Including oil, the annual expenditure would be \$240, and this is more than the hesitant buyer can allot from his yearly budget.

Loan For Bandon Waits Agreement

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—(AP)—Senator Frederick Steiwer of Oregon said today the reconstruction finance corporation has held up a \$225,000 disaster loan to Bandon, Ore., pending

agreement by municipal bondholders to terms of a write off on their holdings.

Bean Field Fall Cause Of Death

SALEM, Aug. 24.—(AP)—Apparently startled by the crash of trelis in a bean field at West Stayton today, a man identified as James Evans, 50, of 15 Southwest second avenue, Portland, died of a heart attack.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Suit Is Threatened!

THE POSSE FOUND THE BODY OF MRS. BENTLY DIRECTLY UNDER THE REGULAR ROUTE FLOWING OVER BY THE THREE-POINT PLANES IN A WILD SECTION OF COUNTRY. ONE OF THE POSSE RIDES TO A RANCH AND PHONES THE NEWS 2897



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—With the Enemy

GOODNESS ME, I'M IN A RUSH—AND I'VE A BIG ORDER, TOO!



WE'LL GIVE YOU SERVICE, LADY—



WHY THIS IS HIGGINS, ISN'T IT? BUT WHERE'S BEN WEBSTER, OR BETTY HIGGINS, OR COL. NAT BARNES?



IT'S A SAD STORY, LADY—THEY LOST THIS HERE PLACE—



THE NEBBS—Murder Will Out

HOW'S YOUR ANKLE THIS MORNING? IF YOUR FACE INDICATES THE PAIN YOU'RE SUFFERING MY HEART GOES OUT TO YOU... SAY.



WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL? YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG FOOT WRAPPED UP THIS MORNING!



I'VE BEEN SO ABSENT-MINDED LATELY!!



NOW GET THIS—YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT THIS GUY NEXT WEEK—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME!



WATER SPORTS

SWIVAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS ANNOYED TO SEE MOTHER BRING A VISITOR IN TO WATCH HIM AT HIS BATH



DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE SHOULD BE MADE A PUBLIC SPECTACLE



DECIDES HE'LL HAVE TO PUT ON HIS ACT, AND BEGINS TO FADDLE THE WATER GENTLY



SUDDENLY BRINGS BOTH HANDS DOWN FLAT ON THE WATER



SMILES BRIGHTLY AT VISITOR WHO IS DABBING AT HERSELF WITH A TOWEL.



BRINGS BOTH HANDS AND FEET INTO PLAY



WITH A GRAND FINALE IN WHICH HE THROWS HIMSELF FORWARD ON THE WATER



ACT IS ENDED BY HIS SWALLOWING MOUTHFUL OF WATER AND VISITOR'S LEAVING MOISTLY



DECIDES IT IS WISE TO ASSUME HIS MORE ANGELIC EXPRESSION, AS MOTHER RETURNS TO CONTINUE HIS BATH

8-18

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S'MATTER POP

By O. M. PAYNE



GASOLINE COST VEXES FRENCH; CAR TRADE HIT

PARIS.—(UP)—The excessive price of gasoline in France removes more than two and a half million potential buyers out of the automobile market, a survey indicates.

Investigators reported on how many persons of each town and village they passed through would be able to buy an automobile if they could afford to keep it.

The reports revealed that 50,000 persons would be willing to buy an automobile costing around \$1500 or more and a further 275,000 would

invest \$1000 in the purchase of a car. An additional 250,000 would buy one for around \$800, while 275,000 would pay from \$200 to \$400 for a second-hand vehicle.

This makes an approximate total of 2,500,000 inhabitants of France who wish and can afford to buy an automobile if they were not held back by the question of upkeep.

The cost of upkeep, however, is not much higher than what the average buyer would be willing to spend, and a reduction in tariffs on gasoline would just about bring the level down to what many would consent to withdraw from their annual budget for that use, the survey indicated.

For a small car, in figuring \$40 insurance and \$30 for repairs, the annual cost would not be excessive. All people having listed their names in the report would be willing and able to spend that amount. But reckoning on 15,000 kilometers, as the distance over which the car is taken during the year, the price of gasoline consumed would be \$180.