

THE STORY THUS FAR: A white colt is born on the Goose Bar ranch, high in the Rockies of southern Wyoming. Its color indicates that it is a throwback color indicates that it is a throwback to the Albino, a wild stallion. Its sire is Appalachian, a famous racing stud. A few months on the range changes the white foal, named Thunderbead but com-mooly called Gobin, from an ungainly, awkward beast to a strong and intelli-gent animal, big for his age. During the winter he is brought in to the stables, fed oats, and given a little training. Gobin is sent back to the range again in May, a full-fledged yearling. One day he starts off southward on a lose jour-ney of exploration. He comes to the ney of exploration. He comes to the foot of a range of mountains.

CHAPTER IX

Another thing that had happened -a band of horses was grazing near the highway. A car passed, filled with noisy, ugly-looking men. Going up the hill by the overpass, one of them had shouted, "See that old mare? Bet I can hit her!"

He had taken his gun, stood up in the car, and pulled the trigger.

The section gang working on the railroad that ran alongside the high-way saw the whole thing. They saw the man shoot, saw the mare leap spasmodically, then go down with a crash, heard the burst of rau-cous laughter from the men, saw the car speed up and vanish over the

Ken began to shake in bed. A white colt in a band of dark horses-how easy to mark and single out! However, there would have been the body-they hadn't found any body. There was some comfort in that.

Goblin, meanwhile, was feeding in lush pastures south of the border. Though in a single afternoon's play on the Saddle Back he or any one of the yearlings could run twenty miles and not know it, he had taken a full week to work his way to the foot of the Buckhorn Range. There was so much to see on the way. So many dells and ravines to explore. So many hillocks to stand upon, gazing and studying and sniffing—so wide a country-so many bands of antelope and elk. The grass in ev-ery meadow tasted different.

It was in this fashion that the Goblin moved. After his first start southward he had just drifted. Now -here he was.

It was the river that interest-ed him. He had smelled it for miles before he reached it. He had never seen anything like it. It took him a long time to decide that there was nothing dangerous about it, though it moved. It plunged and leaped. It hurled itself over rocks. It tossed chunks of itself into the air. It was alive therefore. It had a voice too. A loud voice that never ceased its burble of sound. In-cessantly, it talked, whispered, gurgled, chuckled.

Having power in himself, he knew that there was power in the river. Facing it, standing there on the brink, he felt that it challenged him, and he gathered himself to fight

In an hour he had accepted the fact that the river would not attack him. It ignored him. Nothing he did altered its course or its behavior. He drank from it, at last, and the river did not even mind that.

He followed it upward. It was leading him further into those hills which got steeper as they got closer until they sheered up, leaning over him. And the river was narrower, between higher walls. Its voice was a deep roar now. Occasionally, looking ahead, he would see it coming down over a wall of rock-blue on the slide, a smother of white below.

So it happened that he was standing on a flat rock, just gathering himself to leap to another rock in midstream when the thing was flung against his legs, so terrifying him

between his teeth and crunched. down was hurled tens of feet into the He was clawed by the other leg, his shoulder was raked and gouged. The beating wings buffeted his head like clubs. He held on. The beak struck him again and again. Blood air. Goblin looked at the river a long time. He raised his head. What was beyond? Up there? His nostrils flared. The river and the rock walls spurted from his neck and belly. Suddenly it was gone, shooting straight upward, then sliding into the shelter of the pines. Goblin stood were so steep and so high that he could no longer see the sky, only craggy peaks, and ever more of them. But up beyond all that was alone, the thin shank, partly covered where he must go. with fine, closely set feathers, and the curled, cold, fist-like claw, dan-Cows and horses are by instinct expert engineers and will always gling from his teeth. There was a thin, bad-smelling blood oozing from find the easiest way through a moun-tainous country. Goblin detoured from the river on the eastern side. He had stiff climbing to do but there the end of it.

He dropped it and stood shudder-ing. It terrified him. Then, with his insatiable curiosity, he must were breaks in the river walls and

were breaks in the river walls and running with the brood mares on the Saddle Back had made him as sure-footed as a goat. Hours of hard going brought him at length to the last grassy terrace before the rocks shot up in an almost sheer cliff. The place was like a park with clumps of pine and rock, little dells and groves: and contered at the his insatiable curiosity, he must stoop to smell it again. Never would he forget that smell. It sent him up on his hind legs, morting. His ears were filled with the sound the eagle was making—a furious screaming, "Kark! Kark! Kark!" He leaped away from that fatal spot and went scrambling over the rocks downstream working and groves; and, scattered at the base of the cliff and on its summit, the rocks downstream, working numbers of the huge smooth-sur-faced stones like the one balanced on the top of Castle Rock on the



The creature was as big as he was himself.

away from the river bank toward

easier going. The eagle peered from his pine tree. He sat on a bare bough, bal-ancing himself on one claw and one stump and his spread wings. At his repeated cry of rage the woods around became alive with small, frightened, scurrying animals. His eyes, terrible in their far vision and their predatory determination, were forstoned on the colt solltoning north

fastened on the colt galloping north-ward, a white streak down the dark brink of the canyon and at last a moving dot on the plains, five miles away.

The Goblin used the speed that he had never used before; that had reached him, coiled like invisible, microscopic anakes, in the chromo-OD. somes passed down to him by his forbears.

It was a great run. Next morning when the sun rose, the Goblin stood comfortably among the yearlings of the Goose Bar ranch, turned broadside to the de-

future racer.

of the river.

earth.

licious penetrating rays, snoring softly in peace and blissful ease. It lasted for a week-the peace and the bliss. A week in which, as it happened, no one of the McLaughclinging to a ledge far up on the



Lesson for July 22

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ABRAHAM'S PRACTICE OF BROTHERHOOD

LESSON TEXT-Genesis 13:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT-Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee . . . for we be brethren.-Genesis 13:8.

As we study the contrasting selfishness of Lot, we see the true gen-erosity of Abram and the brotherly love which prompted it in bold relief. In a world where men reckon even their friendships as something which must yield some financial return, it is good to stress the fact that kindness and sacrifice are recognized and rewarded by God. Abram, after dwelling for a time

in Canaan, had gone down into Egypt because of a famine in his with an and and there he prospered mightily under the good hand of God. Unlike many who forget God when they become rich, we find Abram I. Meeting Prosperity With Godli-

ness (vv. 1-4).

through the country of the Conti-nental Divide, creating a wonder in the mind of any beholder as to what great glaciers in what bygone Abram "was very rich." That would be almost enough to constitute a spiritual obituary notice for many a man's spiritual life. age could have ground and polished them and left them at last hanging But Abram did not let his riches come between him and God. He by a hair on narrow shelves of rock, or balanced on peaks, or suspended sought out the altar which he had above crevices where one inch more of space on either side would have first built at Bethel, and there he called upon the name of the Lord freed them to go crashing down. Goblin was hungry. He took his bearings first, then began to graze. Rounding a clump of trees he halt-ed and lifted his head sharply.

once again. Note then, that riches in them selves need not destroy a man's character or spirituality if they are held as a gift from God, and for His glory. Meet growing prosperity with increased godliness and all will be well.

II. Meeting Problems With Kind-

ness (vv. 5-9). Abram's riches, and those of Lot, were largely in flocks and herds. For them there had to be great areas of grazing land, and in the rocky sec-tion where they found themselves, grass was scarce. Result? A fight between the herdsmen.

Lot, the younger, should have taken the lead in meeting that situa-tion, but his selfish heart was too small for that. But Abram, eager for peace and brotherly love, indi-cated at once his willingness to do anything necessary to preserve peace.

One could not ask a finer indication of true bigness in a man. "Big men use their prestige to serve great deals. Abram used his tremendous advantage to do a beautifully gen erous thing to eliminate strife.

many men are big enough to follow this course" (W. R. White). Only God can make a man that big, but God can do it for any one of us. If Christian people would lis-ten to the words of Abram, "we are

ten to the words of Abram, "we are brethren" (v. 8), and put them into practice, there would be an immedi-ate end to all the foolish strife which divides God's people. There is no call for compromise with untruth, nor any occasion for softhearted generosity which will only spoil its recipients. We are talking about the honest and intelli-cent use of kindness and tact begent use of kindness and tact be-tween brethren. When kindness meets problems, the problems dis-appear. Why not try it? III. Meeting Selfishness With Love (m. 10.12)

(vv. 10-12). Lot made the typical choice of the

wordly-minded man, the one which would give him the best returns in dollars and cents. It seemed like a shrewd thing to do, but it resulted



ased by Western Newspaper HIGH WAGE INCOME MUST BE CONTINUED IN POSTWAR ERA

TO MAINTAIN the day-to-day market value of the war bonds we have purchased, and to redeem them at par value when they mature, the government must have, for many years ahead, unusual revenues. That revenue must come from taxes. The per cent of our incomes the government will take as taxes depends on the amount of our income.

We, as individuals, will not feel the burden of taxation so much if our individual incomes remain at a high point. The same total taken from a sadly decreased income would be much more serious.

It all-means the national income, what we collectively receive as wages or profits, must continue at a high point, not under 150 billion dollars a year. To maintain that high total high wages must con-tinue. High wages will mean high prices. We will continue to pay more for what we eat and wear and use in other ways. We cannot pay in-terest, and lay aside for payment on the principal, on a basis of 50 cent wheat, or 40 cent corn, or five cent cotton, unless the government demands a larger percentage of our income than we can pay.

The continuance of the pres-ent high wages and high prices means a continuance of such in-flation as we now have. Our dol-lars will not buy as much as in prewar days, they will not have the value of prewar dollars. If we are to pay the interest and principal of the honds we have purchased it must be done with the same inflated money with which we made the survey which we made the purchase.

All of us are consumers, and as consumers we will pay the bill. The consumers pay the taxes; they pay the wages; they pay for the wheat, the corn, the cotton and all other farm products. As a consumer, di-rectly or indirectly, the farmer pays rectly or indirectly, the farmer pays his share of the price he receives for his products, just as the worker pays his share of the wages he re-ceives. Out of what we pay and what we receive must come the cost of government. The cost of every-hing event must must must be thing, except government, must re-main at a high point until that debt is paid if we are to pay it off with dollars of the same value as those with which we made the purchase.

WE STILL HAVE two wars to win. We know what the final result will be in the case of Japan, but we cannot be so sure of winning against the devastating forces of inflation. That war offers a serious threat.

Much as we dislike being regi-mented and regulated by a bu-reaucracy we need to hold onto the restraints of rationing and price and wage control until reconversion of industry has reached a point where the pro-duction of commodities can meet the demand. These restraints, together with a contin-uance of high individual taxes, will do much to disarm the forces of old General Inflation. Without such restraints we can Without such restraints we can lose all we have gained by the defeat of the Nazi and the Jap. Keep a brake on expenditures and we can win that last war, and reap a real peace.

As soon as you notice frayed or worn spots in garments, mend them. Small holes are easier to hide than large ones and worn THE POSTWAR PERIOD will oring consideration for, and the creaspots can be kept from tearing if reinforced with mending in time. tion of thousands of memorials to to the men and women who repre-sented their communities in the terrific conflict. Among such memorials best you can afford or can find. If will be some that will be forgotten



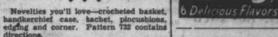
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NEXT TIME IN BALTIMORE MAKE IT HOTEL MT. ROYAL



formation, squealing and snorting and jumping about. This was interrupted by a ringing neigh that came, it seemed, right out of the wall of rock. The colts responded immediately. They whin-nied in answer and galloped toward the wall, angling off to a place at

gedly up the cliff. And then, to Gob-lin's amazement, they galloped right into the wall and disappeared. Goblin galloped after. Turning the

Goose Bar ranch.

Some of them as large as houses

and perfectly smooth and spherical, these boulders are to be found all

There, not a hundred yards away, close to the base of the cliff wall,

were two handsome bay colts graz-

Goblin was quiet for a moment,

savoring the interest and delight of a meeting with some of his own kind.

Then he whinnled and stamped his foot. The colts looked up. With in-

nocent friendliness they trotted to-ward him. Being a stranger Goblin

mies? So, just as children, meeting, always ask each other, What's your

name? How old are you? Where do you live?-these colts exchanged in-

shoulder of the ridge, he found himself in a narrow chasm which split the rampart of rock and led some distance into the heart of it. There was no sign of the colts, but the passageway was full of the smell of horses. Goblin trotted confidently

Suddenly there was a harsh scream from above, and the shadow of wide wings drifted across the

chasm. As long as he lived a moving shadow falling upon him from above would galvanize Goblin into terrified action. He crouched, backing, and

his up-flung head and straining eyes not by looking could the colt see and apprehend the eagles' eyrie,

that he made his leap badly, and was swept into the channel, and from then on knew nothing but the struggle to keep his nose water and claw himself out. above

When he accomplished this he was some yards downstream. Even while as shaking himself, his head turned to look back. What was it that had hit him? He must know. It was still there on the rock on nich he had been standing, and it didn't move.

With his ears alert and his eyes fastened on it, Goblin went back and investigated.

A foal! Not so unlike himself, ex cept that instead of being all white, it had brown markings on it. It was, in fact, like Calico, his piebald Granny. Goblin was shuddering all over.

The foal had no eyes-they had been picked out. In half a dozen places there were bloody gashes-It was at this moment that he

to meet the flapping black cloud that dropped down upon him from the sky. Huge pinions beat about his head. The creature was as big as he was himself. Goblin emitted the first real scream of his life when, for a moment, the terrible face looked closely into his own, and the great hooked beak drove for his eyes.

Goblin reared and went over backward, the eagle flailing him with wings, beak, and talons. Rolling on the narrow rocky beach half in and half out of water Goblin struggled to get from under the creature. When he gained his feet, with the instinct of the fighting stallion, he darted his head down to bite the foreleg of his enemy. He got it When he gained his feet, with

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lin family discovered that the prod gal had returned. peak, with one eagle sitting on the It was during that week that

down there exerted an irresistible

fascination over him. He went more

slowly than before. He spent a

week grazing with a little band of antelope in a dell-like valley on the

way. And he explored extensively on both sides of the lower reaches

When at last he reached the rock

where he had been attacked by the

eagle it was near the end of July.

This time there was no piebald foal lying across the rock in mid-

stream, no monster bird in the air.

Goblin spent a half-hour by that rock, smelling and snorting, going over every inch of the little beach where he and the eagle had fought.

omething like a dried curled branch

lay upon it with a darkish clot on

the end. He circled it, then reared

and came down pawing at it. He cut it to bits and ground it into the

He followed the torrent upward

until he could follow it no longer. It

filled the gorge. Streams ran over the sides of the cliff to join it. In

edge of the nest, and the other-the young Ken McLaughlin, in a fury of despair over the loss of his colt, one-legged eagle-drifting down over the cha stood on the top of Castle Rock and hurled down the cherished stop Colts and eagles live on different

planes. Only by the cold shadow falling on him, only by the scream, with its strange mingling of ferocity watch which was to have timed the At the end of the week Goblin left the herd of yearlings and drifted south again. His terror had changed, and sadness, only by the horror and shuddering within himself could he know his danger. as all terror should, into knowledge and acceptance of a danger; a les-son learned. And those mountains

He plunged forward, driving straight toward the rock which ap-parently closed the path. But arriving there, the passageway turned. He went on, zigzagging. He saw and heard nothing more of the eagle. At last the sides of the chasm sloped away, exposing a wider wedge of sky. And in front of him was a mass of the great boulders which seemed to have been rolled down the sides, choking the chasm

completely. But there was still the smell of -Goblin went on. And a turn orses showed him an open way through a sort of keyhole, roofed with a single great boulder which hung on slight green grass. Galloping through, he came out into brilliant sunlight and a far vista of valley and mountain. Goblin had found his way into the rater of an extinct volcano. Two miles or more across and of an irregular oblong shape, the valley was belly-deep in the finest mountain grass. Here and there, rocky or tree-covered hills rose from the valley floor, reaching as high as the jagged and perpendicular cliff which ringed it and shut it in.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

in disaster, for it meant pitching his tents over toward the wickedness of Sodo

Abram had to rescue Lot again and again from the results of his decision; but thus in love he met the arrogant selfishness of his foolish nephew. God rewarded Abram by a renew-

al of His covenant with him (Gen 13:14-18). God understands and and values the kind and thoughtful act, even though the world may ignore it or sneer at it.

Lot probably did not intend to go all the way into wicked Sodom to

live, but having once started that way, it was easy to go on and on. Even so Christians in our day may not intend to slip off into worldli ness, but if they continue to pitch their tents toward Sodom, they will find themselves there one sad day. This may be done by seeking wealth or worldly advantage at the expense of association with unbelley ers, or by some manipulations or maneuvers which will involve compromise. It may come about by reason of indulgence in worldly amusements which dull spiritual perceptions and kill an appetite for

the Word of God and prayer. Abram is a character who "wears" well. We see him meeting one situation after another, and making the right choice. Oh, he was not perfect! His mistakes are noted in Scripture, and he suffered for them, too. But because his heart was fundamentally right, and he had constant desire to do the will of God, he found his way through, and justified the name which God gave him-"The friend of God" (see

James 2:23; Isa. 41:8).

be true of those the people use from day to day. Memorial libraries, auditoriums, schools and other civic buildings used by the people of a community will be living memori-als. To the present and to future generations they will speak of the deeds of those who served in a time of peril. Undoubtedly the men and women in whose honor they are erected, will more appreciate such living and speaking memorials than they would dead granite shafts or memorial archways. A memorial library will live and speak through many generations.

IF OWI MUST HAVE a controlled press to make it happy let it be that of Germany rather than of the United States. We have been fed all, and more of the bureaucratic handouts than we can digest. President Truman and General Eisenhower do not propose to inflict extreme cruel-ty, even on the Germans, and blocked the OWI program. Germans will be permitted to know what the world in general thinks, says and does.

REDUCING GOVERNMENT COST LEADS "MUST" PROGRAM

The greater the reduction in the cost of government the less we, the consumers, will have to pay in taxes. In the years ahead that is the one economy that can be made without sacrificing our individual interests as holders of war bonds. It is the only cost on which we need, or can afford a reduction. Let us e that Senator Byrd and his committee may be successful in finding ways of accomplishing that reduction.

you can have only one pair, those about 8 inches in length will be satisfactory for most uses. Smaller scissors are handy for ripping seams, snipping, or cutting buttonholes, if you can possibly man age to have them. If you do much sewing, better invest in dress maker's or pinking shears.

long, and use it as a play table for the children. It can be moved

easily from room to room and taken also on trips.

In buying seissors, choose the

A skillet that has become encrusted with a rough coating which cannot be easily scraped off, may be put into a hot fire or bed of hot coals and the crust burned off. In this way the skillet is left smooth and like new and is not injured.

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