head, or the Goblin as he is commonly known, is the only white horse ever born on the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming. on the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoning. He grows from an ugly, misshapen colt to a powerful yearling, showing more and more characteristics of his great grandsire, a wild stallion called the Albino. One day the Goblin wanders southward into the mountains and finds a high valley where wild horses live. He encounters the Albino, and harely escapes with his life. Meanwhile his mother Flicka bears another cell named Touch and Go. Goblin returns, hadly Touch and Go. Goblin returns, badly injured. When his wounds are healed, Ken McLaughlin, his 12-year-old owner, begins the difficult task of training him.

CHAPTER XII

Late one afternoon, after an hour of such struggling, a fury came into Ken and he began to lash Thunderhead with his crop. He lashed him until he was exhausted. With his other hand he held the reins and forced the horse this way and that. With his heels he spurred him. Tears of weakness and rage stood in his

Suddenly Thunderhead had the impulse to obey. Generations of breeding had put aknowledge into him of the horse's part of horseman-ship, a realization that obedience to a skilled rider makes one out of the two, makes teamwork out of the ride, something almost like a dance, a performance that a horse cannot hieve alone. He leaned his mouth against the feather lightness of Ken's hands, and, obedient to them, exercised skills that he had never exercised before. There was grace to his movement now, grace and con-trol and technique. There was joy in it. He stopped fighting the bit. As if he had learned all that Ken had been trying to teach him, or had known it all along, he swung right or left at the least touch of the rein on his neck or the lean of his rider's body. His steps were pliant, pranc-ing. He delighted in the quick, easy turns, in responding to the hands that lifted him into a longer and

onger stride. When Thunderhead achieved obedience, he enlarged himself. The skill and the will of another being were added to his own skill and will. He was having a new experience and it ran through his body like quicksilver. He loved Nell, but no-body had fought him and warred with him and lashed him and taught him obedience but Ken.

At last Ken let him out fully and urged him with voice and hands and

Thunderhead began to run. His hoofs reached forward and seized the ground with a slashing cut that barely touched and rebounded.

A feeling of extraordinary ease went through Ken. No effort was needed, there was no more strug-gling, he and the colt were one at last. The fight was over and now

Mastery! Underneath him was something of such strength and pow-er as he had never dreamed of. It surged into him. It was his own.
A clump of rocks was ahead of
them. Ken did not swerve—the least
tightening of his knees, lift of his hands-and the stallion sailed over, hardly altering his stride. The fence over there by the road! Take it, Thunderhead, and the long soaring

Everything seemed different to Ken. He looked around. He saw, felt, apprehended as he never had before, as if he had been let into a secret world that no one else knew anything about. The wind whipped cheeks and filled his mouth a beat upon his eyeballs and whistled in his ears. The pace! The incredible speed! The strange floating gait! Those long reaching strides seemed almost slow, like the overhand strokes of a swimmer. Then the lightning-quick slash at the ground, and again the rush through the air. No obstacles could stop him. There were none. They floated over them.

world rolled out from under the stallion's hoofs. They were covering ground Ken had never seen be He made no effort to guide They were on the mountains -they were in the sky-Clouds, trees, earth, streamed past. A group of antelopes! He saw their fright ened leaps-their startled facesthey were gone! Ken's cons was fused with all that there was in the world. He had gathered it in. He was the pulse-beat. He was the

He sat at the supper table that night in a dream, unable to speak or

He wondered if Thunderhead would ever do it again. When he had dismounted and unsaddled the colt and had stood looking into his face—looking into the future, his hands trembling because he knew, now, beyond all doubt, what the horse could do-he saw that Thun-derhead still hated him. The dark, white-ringed eye looked at him side ways, viciously.

'How did the colt go today, Ken?" "He went—better, dad."
"Did you get him to go forward under the saddle?"

"Yes, sir." "Did you get him running?"
"Sort of-"

Rob McLaughlin looked searchingly at his son. He asked no more.

It was a warm August and It was a warm August evening. Rob was driving to a ranch south-west of his own to inspect a mare. He had been told she was a regis-

through the winter might buy them for the sake of the foals they would drop in the spring. They would bring very little at auction but anything would be better than feeding them to the coyotes on the Saddle

Nell was driving with him. They were on one of the back roads, not much more than wheel tracks on the prairie grass. It was at just that moment of the evening when headlights are of no use and daylight is not enough. The car swept ahead so swiftly, and at times so roughly, that Nell was about to protest, but one look at Rob's face stopped her. He had his angry driv-ing look.

Nell withdrew a little into her own corner and sighed. It might have been a pleasant evening. She al-ways enjoyed a drive at the end of the day when her work was done, but if he was going to be like this-

"Gypsy hasn't long to go either," said Rob abruptly. "At this rate, my band of brood mares will soon be cut in half."

"Couldn't you put some of the younger mares in the brood mare bunch?" asked Nell. "There are those three five-year-olds—the sor-rels—they're wonderful mares." "To be bred back to their own sire?"



"A new purebred stallion!" ex-

You're always talking about it." "But you can't do it indiscriminately. They have to be picked individuals. There isn't one of those mares good enough."

"What'll you do for brood mares then, Rob?"

"Buy some more, I suppose, the way I bought all the others. Travel around to the race tracks—pick up mares of good blood that can't race

Nell made no answer. Rob want-

"Rob, I've been thinking about Thunderhead. Ken is so awfully happy about him now-the speed he's developed. Do you think it's absolutely necessary to geld him?
"He's a two-year-old," said Re said Rob

harshly. "All the other twos are to be gelded, why shouldn't he be?" "Ken is simply having a fit about

"Ken is simply having a in about it," said Nell.

"Ken is a pain in the neck."

"Besides," said Nell, "he's not really two yet — just twenty-two

Rob explained, with weary patience as if to a child of subnormal intelligence, "We wait until they are two to geld them in order to give their necks time to develop. But Thunderhead's neck is already developed like a three-year-old's. He could have been gelded six months

Rob's tone of voice served notice on her that he didn't want to hear any more of that. She closed her lips tight but the seething thoughts went on behind them. They them-selves were heading into financial disaster just as fast as they could gallop. It was this fall that Howard was to go east to Bostwick's Preparatory School, and the tuition hundred dollars and half of it had to be paid in advance. Where was that money going to come from? And the money for his outfit and traveling expenses? She hadn't dared ask Rob. There would have to be eight hundred dollars by September the tenth. Perhaps there wouldn't be. At the thought of abandoning their plans for the boys' education her hand began to tap nervously on her knee. No. Anything but that. It would only be two years

at Bostwick's and then into West er, and was for sale cheap. The number of his own brood mares was down to sixteen. They were getting old. He had lost four in the last two years, and two more must be sold before fall because they would not live through another winter on the range. Colorado farmers who kept a few horses stabled through the winter might buy them that five thousand dollar note to be paid in October—it had to be paid Last year the man had extended it for a year and said that was the

last time. She sat nervously upright. "Rob

—is Bellamy going to take the lease for the sheep again this fall?"
"I don't know. Haven't asked him yet. But I suppose he will. Why?"
The last word was shot at her belliggerently. ligerently

"Well—I was just wondering. The lease money—that fifteen hundred dollars—it means a good deal to

Rob playfully grabbed her by the head with his free hand and shook her. "Now you're worrying about money. Don't bother your little head about that. I'll attend to it." "Ouch!" said Nell, catching at her

head. "You hurt." She rearranged her hair, and returned to her thoughts. Rob, of course, would never see or think what he didn't want to. But suppose he were different? Suppose he were openminded and reasonable—what ought they to do? What did people do when they had spent half their lives doing something that was, apparently, going to bring them to the poorhouse if continued? They did not fling good years after bad. They changed. They took another road. But Rob? It was as if he were hypnotized—as if he could not turn or change. He wouldn't even discuss it. Suddenly she felt angry. Here they were partners in the greatest possible en-terprise—family life—and she must suffer the consequences of failure as well as he, yet he would never allow discussions on unpleasant themes. He would shout at her, browbeat her, create such friction and unpleasantness that she could not bear it—it wasn't fair.

Suddenly Rob burst out: "I can see that I've been awfully dumb." "What do you mean?" "I've always thought that you

were with me. "With you?" "In everything I did. The ranch, my work, the horses, my plans—ev-

"But Rob—of course I—"

"But Rob—of course I—"
"You used to be," he interrupted.
"I don't know when you changed.
I've just been going along like a
fool taking it for granted."
"Taking what for granted?"
"That you had confidence in me."
"You oughtn't to put it that way.
"Wavried beenle such to talk thing."

Married people ought to talk things over with each other and you never will. It isn't that I haven't confidence in you—' "But you haven't. That is, you

have no confidence in my ever mak-ing a go of the horses. I know I will if I hang on. I'll force it to succeed. You used to know it too. You were with me. But you don't know it any longer." Nell was silent

"Just exactly what would you like me to do?" he asked grimly.
"I-I-don't know-"

"That's just it. You don't know. You don't know anything about it. But while I'm doing all I can to make a go of it—lying awake nights planning how I can keep up or im-prove my horses and find the best markets, you're just sitting back waiting for the crash so that you can pick up the pieces."

"Well," she suddenly whispered. "we are on the downgrade, have way out or to make any compromise. She changed the subject.

"Rob. I've been think and the downgrade, have been for years. You're the one who're the one who told me. self sick about it. And we're not making any sort of change in our ives, in our plans, so why expect a change in the results?'

Rob stood facing her, feet apart, his dark head, so significant and arresting, dropped on his chest. The moonlight changed his ruddiness of skin to a greenish pallor.

Suddenly Nell held out her arms -nothing mattered-she went to him. He pushed her away. "Don't, Nell, I can't stand it.'

She backed away, feeling humiliated. She might have known he didn't want comfort or coddling, he wanted his head up again—before her. But what could she do about While she stood, clasping her hands frantically together and fighting the tears that in a moment could be a flood, Rob walked away from her and disappeared.

In such moments of unendurable hurt, lovers run away from each

rals and stood against the fence. Presently she saw the horses approaching, Thunderhead and Touch And Go. He came to the fence, she spoke his name and held out her hand. He came close, she laid her

hand on his face.
"Thunderhead — Thunderhead—" He felt her grief as horses always do, and shoved his nose against her. Touch And Go must do as her big brother did and pushed her nose up

When Nell went in, half an hour later, she found Rob sitting in his den, reading the paper, knees com-fortably crossed and pipe in his

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED TO UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY OCHOOL Lesson

Lesson for August 12

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts se-lected and copyrighted by international Council of Religious Education; used by

ISAAC'S TESTIMONY TO GOD

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 28:19-33.
GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed be the Lord
God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.—Psalm 72-18.

may seem to be a bit out of place, but he assuredly is not if the peace he has and promotes is the peace of

Our world has seen anew a demonstration of the awful results of the philosophy that might makes right. Violence and bloodshed have been man's way of asserting his supposed or assumed rights. One could hope that we are now ready to recognize that we need a new viewpoint, that patience and meekness are not weakness, that kindness and love are Christian virtues worth emulating and cultivating.

That result can come only if men

will recognize Christ as the King of their lives and nations will receive His Word as their law. Let us proclaim His truth and the gospel of His grace anew, and win all we can to Him.

Isaac was a man of peace. He was a rather ordinary man, one of the common people, but his life is both interesting and instructive. He had come through varied experi-ences of victory and defeat before the time of our lesson. Fearing a famine, and apparently not trusting God at the moment, he had gone down from the promised land to the country of the Philistines, there redigging the wells which his father Abraham had dug. The result was that he prospered. Ere long, however, envy on the part of his enemies taught Isaac that one may expect

I. Strife in the World (vv. 19-21). Isaac had prospered, but he was still out of the promised land, and while he was in the land of Philis-tines he could expect no permanent

We are in the world. We long for peace, and would throw all our in-fluence and service into the cause of bringing a righteous peace to the troubled peoples of the world. But let us not be misled by that desire into the support of unscriptural and impossible peace programs. This world is a sinful world, and as long as that is true, there will be strife and war.
Our business in such a world is

to preach the gospel of grace, win-ning men to Christ, that they may become men of good will. Isaac was such a man, willing to yield even what seemed to be his right, rather than cause contention.
Undoubtedly there are times when

one must defend his name and his possessions, but all too often those who do "stand for their rights" have wrecked homes, churches, and na-tions, and have gained nothing but an empty victory.

The peace of this world is tem-

porary. Is there then no real abid-ing peace and joy?

II. Joy in God's Fellowship (vv. 22-25). When Isaac came up into Canaan,

the land which God had promised to him, he found real peace and an abiding joy in renewed fellowship with God. Even so, the Christian man and woman who will step out of a spiritually destructive fellow-ship with the ungodly world and come over wholeheartedly into the spiritual Canaan of full consecration and separate living, will find true

III. Testimony in Right Living (vv.

These men were wicked men, even speaking falsehood in their claim of friendship toward Isaac (v. 29). Now that they perceived that God was continually blessing Isaac in spite of their repeated injustice to-ward him, they decided it would be well to make a covenant of friendship with him. Even those who follow the way of war and aggression cannot deny the effectiveness of true Christian testimony.

Observe also that by his patience and kindness, Isaac ultimately made friends out of his enemies. "It is friends out of his enemies. better to turn enemies into friends than to beat them, and have them enemies still." And so this man with the patient, self-sacrificing spirit brought peace not only to him-self, but to those about him, because he believed and trusted God. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him" (Prov. 16:7).

ness of others is about to cause strife is to go and "dig another well." If we will do that, we will find that God has been there ahead of us and prepared a rich flow of fresh water with which we may re-

fresh and encourage ourselves.

Isaac's men said, "We have found water," and he then named the place Beersheba, which means "the well of the oath," referring undoubtedly to God's fulfilled promise to bless him. He had found the way of peace, fellowship and blessing, because he had gone God's way.



THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF PRIVATE PURKEY

Dear Ed.-Well, the ban on me fraternizing with them Kraut frau-leans is lifted and it may be necessary for the brasshats to slap the rule on again to keep up interest in them. Them dames don't look half so good now that there is no law against them.

That word fraternizing was a hot one to drag in when the four letter word "neck" would of done. I had to live 23 years, get in a global war and go all through Africa, Italy, France and parts of Germany to find out that when I am delivering a sales talk on myself to a doll I am guilty of "fraternization in the first degree.'

Well, anyhow, it was tough to win a war and be told you had lost the pecking privileges. Moonlight is moonlight in all languages and in war or peace. Imagine winning a global shindig and getting told that nothing goes with it that can roll its eyes or give with baby talk!

I am all for busting up the Kraut general staff, wiping out the Naxis and making a new Germany, but I still stand for romance, lend lease and I never did think that in order to make Germany a demockracy we have got to keep G.I.s from looking up telephone numbers.

So when the ban on fraternizing was lifted it was good news even if nobody had not paid no attention to it. Interest has fell off badly since it's become okay to go for them frauleans. They do not look too good except when they are hard to go get. When there is no ceiling on them they lose glammer. They toe in, they ain't much on shapes and them German dressmakers should be included among the war criminals

I think the hairdressers should be put on the war crimes list also.

The frauleans made it tough for the G.I.s all during the fraterniza-tion ban by making most of the ad-vances. They was for freedom of the squeeze from the start and I seen lots of times when they put out pick-ets in front of our barracks and carried signs which read "These G.I.s Unfair to German Giris."

Of coarse, it was all hooey and the ban never had no chance. Love laughs at locksmiths and it busts buttons off its vest giggling at brassbuttons off its vest gigging at brass-hats. Take it from me a lot of G.Ls is coming home with German girls as brides. It happened in the last war and it will happen in this. It is even a good thing the Big Three is married.

As ever, Oscar.

BATTLE CRY Let's take another pokio
At badly battered Tokio;
In times the Japs will knowkio
That war is not a jokio.

. . .

THE OLD DAYS

The American Transit association announces that the trolley car is far from dead. There are 118 electric car companies in the country. They carry 60 per cent of all riders in urban areas. Thirteen billion fares were carried last year. This cheers us up. Tender memories of our boy-hood included those of the trolley car. The Sunday ride on an open trolley to Savin Rock, Momauguin or Lighthouse Point was pretty exciting stuff. The whole town seemed to turn out for that kind of a trip on Sunday, and in the afternoon passengers were clinging to every inch of the running-boards

The fight to get a seat when the rush set in to get home was something. Pop used to go up around the bend, hop aboard the car then and grab a couple of seats which he would struggle to hold until mom and the kids could clamber on. The open car has pretty well disappeared. New York, strangely enough, still operate some. They had it all over the closed car or bus for coolness, comfort and fun.

A WAR WIFE'S WHIMSY

(With apologies to some well-known writers of light verse)
"Oh, life is a cycle of music and

And the war years have been just dandy; And the peace is a thing that can hardly go wrong— And I am Mohandas K. Gandhi!

Happy Chandler has formally signed at \$50,000 a year to take Judge Landis' place as baseball czar. That's a lot of money to be spent just to prove that Landis was not

Reno, hit by the ban on railroad travel, is establishing a plane serv-ice between New York and that city to keep its divorce business from going sour. Now it will be pretty clear what a wife means when she says, "I'm so angry with you I could



A FAVORITE costume in every little girl's wardrobe is the gay jumper that combines so nicely with pretty blouses or soft harmonizing sweaters. The style shown has a snug waist, ribbon-laced, and the popular full cut

Pattern No. 1274 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. Size 4, jumper, requires 1% yearts of 26 or 20-inch material: bituse, 1% yards; 1% yards; 1% yards fibon for lacing.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPL. 1330 Sixth Ave. New York, N. Y. Enclose 25 cents in cuins for each Puttern No. ...

keeps

Check on your movements in sweeping. How many unnecessary ones? Eliminate them. Make a clean sweep in one spot before moving on to the next and be sure you get every inch within reach. you get every inch within reach.

Slenderizing Slip and Panties

ESPECIALLY designed for the larger woman is this well-fit-ting tailored slip with waistline

darts for a smooth unbroken line under pretty frocks. Built-up shoulder straps are comfortable and stay in place. Panties to

Pattern No. 1216 is designed for sines 36, 38, 40, 42, 46, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Sine 38, slip, requires 2% yards of 35 or 28-inch material; panties, 1% yards.

1216

Old Turkish towels make fine fillers for potholders.

Never clean a toaster until it's cool and the cord is disconnected. Lace gloves will have more body

when laundered if lightly starched. Press carefully with a warm iron. Three or four thicknesses of

gauze worked around the edge with crochet cotton is just the thing for face cloths, which are so

Rinse milky dishes in clear cold water before washing them in warm soapy water.

P.O. away!

- is actually soothing! Use right after shaving-will not irritate.

Yet tests in the tropics—made by muss —prove that Yudina protects under try ing conditions. Is taken as jeen Ma, 28c, 46 McCasson & Ralibia, Inc., Bridgeport, Cons.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



"It's a little gift for the Sergeant. I thought he'd get a big kick out of it'

AT LAST — you can buy all the fresh, dated "Everendy" flashlight batteries you need! Your dealer has them now, in the size that fits your flashlight.

Naturally, they're still on the ob with the Armed Forces and essential war industries—but there are plenty for civilian use

that you get a fresh, full-pous battery every time...your very best assurance of dependable service and long battery life.

