

THE STORY THUS FAR: Thunder-iend is the only white horse ever foaled in the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming. He sembles his great grandaire, a wild section called the Albino. His 13-year-old gener hopes Thunderhead will develop the a racer because of his remarkable man a racer because of his remarkable speed. Plans for entering him in a fall mace meet are uncertain, however, because Thunderhead is difficult to manage. Rob McLaughlin, Kew's father, has to sell some of his horses to raise cash. Shey bring poor prices. At the auction in Denver Rob meets an eastern horse larger, who tells him of opportunities at the former's sales in Pennsylvania. Rob sheem 4th horses to the sale. Howard,

CHAPTER XVIII

Rob was trying to make himself eard. "If you will have it," he aid, "I lost my shirt."

That's what he was saying to sarley," insisted Bess Gifford.

"And I can't see what they go on raising horses for—"
"Just for the fun of giving 'em away," said Charley, "or seeing 'em lase on the race track." "Did you really, Rob?" asked

enevieve Scott.
"I did," said Rob grinning. "Who
said have done it but me? I hit that sale with two carloads of horses just when the Argentine polo players were unloading their stuff be-fere they left the States. Their

horses sold for fabulous prices. American horses sold for a song." Well sat very still. That was the way he had chosen to tell her. Eas-ier on him than to tell it seriously en they were alone together. Eas-

ier on her too Rodney Scott hit his head with his "And he owes me money!" exclaimed.

"Owe you money!" scoffed Rob,
"and how many others! But I'm
serving you all notice. No bills golog to be paid!"

ell's eyes widened and flew to Surely, even if he had had to crifice the horses for the lowest ices, with two carloads, there be enough realized to pay

Her eyes held a definite question. For the first time Rob met her gaze firectly and his hard expression gave her a definite answer. Her eyelids fell. It was true. A dis-seter. But she didn't care. Money what did it have to do with them?

While the hilarious and senseless talk criss-crossed the table, Nell listened to the music. An orchestra and Arthur Rubinstein were play-ing a Rachmaninoff concerto. The hroad, impassioned crescendos en-tered into her blood. So men could seel that way too. It had been com-posed by a man. It was being played men. It was the way she felt.

At some time during the evening comeone announced that it was ring, and the men went out and the windows of their cars. Gus kept bringing in logs for the greplaces and bowls of glogg. It was too late and the weather was ing back to Laramie that night. m to be sure there was oil in the lamps. Striking a match and shielding the flickering wisp of ame, she suddenly saw another and resting on the table before her. She could not mistake that hand— the hard power of it—the significould not mistake that hand-

The flame went out. The hand closed around hers, completely enhe palm was kissed twice, then

Trembling all over she found and struck another match. She was ne in the room.

She lit the lamp and stood trying pull herself together. She looked at the palm of her hand as if she could see upon it the imprint of that violent caress which had been able to turn all the blood in her

would stand there until her mbling stopped and her heart qui-

eted down. She looked at her hand again and again. She laid it upon her cheek. ndered if, when she returned to the living room, the mark of it could be seen reflected in her eyes, on her lips, in her smile, in ev-erything she said, for the kiss consed to burn in her. She could not get it out.

the morning the men were un early, digging out their cars and put-ting on chains, while the women got breakfast.

They left immediately after, and Rob paused to kiss her and say— his time without even a glance into her eyes, "I've got to go back to Leramie with them-some business to attend to. I'll be home soon. I'll wire you, and you can drive down

The past week had been almost as hard on Nell-on appetite and nerves and sleep-as the weeks before, and she was thin and strained. But she dressed very carefully in a six-year-old suit of green tweed and a felt beret of the same shade. The fever that was in her lit her face color and quickness. Her iriscolored eyes darted in every direc-Her lips were tremulous. She ed a great deal. When she took off her jacket and sat there in her thin close-fiting yellow sweater the looked like herself again, bright

she dared ask. "Was it true-about the horses-what you told them at

dinner the other night?"
"Yes. I couldn't have chosen a worse time."

"I'm sorry, Rob." She hesitated and dropped her eyes as she said it. "About our debts too? That we can't pay them?"

"We can't pay them."
"And the five - thousand - dollar

"Not that either. That's what I've been doing this week-getting all these things settled. Extensions on the loans and notes, arrangements with our creditors."

This week perhaps, she thought as she cut her lamb chop, but what about last week and the week before? And why couldn't you have been living at home, driving down here in the daytime to attend to harding here. banking business as you always have before? But none of this worried her since Rob's visit of a week ago. As long as he loved her-That minute in the dark when he had taken her hand and kissed it! And, too, his absence was explained by the fact that the sale had been a



"I have thought of something we could do to make the ranch pay."

failure and he dreaded to come home and tell her so. There you are, simply sitting back and waiting for the crash—so that you can pick up the pieces. She couldn't blame him.

"Tell me about Howard," she said, since he had no intention of talking about the sale. She didn't know yet what the size of the check had been. Wasn't he even going to tell her that?

While he talked about Howard and the school, her mind was divided into several parts, listening, pursuing its own course of reflection and analysis, and observing closely.

It wasn't only the hand that had made her sure again of his love. It was having found Gus mending the sleigh in the loft over the stable. And he confessed that Rob had brought it from Denver in the truck and that it was to be a present for her, and that he was to say nothing about it.

Not only the hand and the sleigh, but the monkey tree too. Riding one afternoon, she had come upon a big monkey tree around which a trench had been dug.

So! He had been doing things for her-thinking of her pleasure-all her—thinking of her pleasure—and the time he was neglecting her and nearly killing her with unhappiness and anxiety. She almost burst out laughing. She almost said, How ex-actly like you, Rob! But Oh, how— how could all this misery and unrest be wiped out between them! How could they get really married and at peace together again?

While she was observing his appearance and thinking about that she told him of Ken's trip to the ley of the Eagles," where he had found Thunderhead, and seen the Albino and his herd of mares.

Dressed in one of the well cared for tweed business suits which he wore so well no matter how old they were, and sitting opposite her at the table in the Mountain Hotel grill, he seemed merely like someone she Waves of almost delirious knew. impatience went through her every few minutes. What a horrible state of affairs-that you did not feel even as intimate and at peace with your husband as you had when you were engaged to him. Married all these years, a sixteen-year-old son, and again filled with the excitement and passion and frustration and fever of the very first days—only much

It was not only his aloof manner there was a deeper change in Rob. His face was hard, he kept his own counsel, he held her at arm's length—all that she could understand. But something baffled her. There had

and young. Rob had very little to say. She had to make conversation and did not know how much his vital flame was quenched. That it had struck him down. Some of his vital flame was quenched. That sale! She had to bend her head over her plate to conceal her face as she vividly imagined the agony it must have been to him as one after the other of his cherished horses went under the hammer for a fraction under the hammer for a fraction of their worth. And they were the accumulation of many years of grueling work. The ranch was stripped now of all except the young stuff and the band of brood mares.

"Will you be able to buy more brood mares?" she interrupted hersalf suddenly.

self suddenly.

"No." "A new stallion?"

How soon should she tell him? Should she tell him now, so that they could discuss it while they were driving home? How should she begin

it? Rob—I've been thinking. And I've got an idea—
She stole a look at his face and decided not to tell it now. He looked so—how exactly did he look? Not bitter today. No roce as a common tell it. ter today. No-nor as angry as he had been before he left, but hard. And very much on guard. That could only be against her. And de-termined—what was he determined about now? Perhaps just to keep on punishing her. He always said when he got angry he was angry at him-self, not her. But even if that was so, it amounted to the same thing. He simply oozed ugliness and it disturbed everyone around him.

"Rob, I've been thinking. And I've got an idea." Dinner and a highball had mel-lowed him a little. He put down the periodical he was reading and looked at his pipe and discovered that it had gone out. "What about?"

"Well-about our finances." Rob hunted for a match. "What

about 'em?"
"Well-I really think that I've thought of something we could do to make the ranch pay."
"When did you think this up?"

asked Rob, pausing in the act of lighting his pipe to look at her.

"This week, since—since you were here the other night and said that—

that the sale hadn't—paid—the way you expected it to."

"Oh! So you thought you would step in and save the pieces!"

Nell felt consternation. Was it go-ing to seem like that to him? She

mg to seem like that to him? She was silent.

"Well, let's have it," said he with forced joviality. His blue eyes were staring at her over his pipe, and it made her remember Ken's words, "Dad's eyes are the flercest of all."

"Shoot!" he prodded her.

"Well_it really began with some. "Shoot!" he prodded her.
"Well—it really began with some-

thing you said some years ago."
"Ah! Kind of you to remember that! But don't bother to break it tactfully to me, Nell, let's hear what

"You said that the income tax man "You said that the income tax han said that the only ranchers in Wyoming who made money were dude ranchers. And then you said, And he knows." She glanced up at Rob questioningly, hoping he could not see the fine nervous trembling that

shook her body.
"I remember. Go on."
"So that made me think of having

"On this ranch!" "Yes. We had talked about it a few times already, years ago, you remember?'

"And you always said it would kill it as a home for you, if we did," reminded Rob.

"I know I did." Nell plodded doggedly ahead. "I always hated the idea. But-if we were in troubleif you needed money—it seemed to me, Rob, I should not let my personal inclinations stand in the way. She looked hesitatingly at him, and way again. His face was full of

anger - rage really - and it was shocking to have to look at him. "And so," said he in his best sar

donic manner, "you simply decided that I was a complete flop. Had failed beyond recovery. And that you had better give up all hope of retaining the thing you love the best
your home. Give that up, make
this place—that I have broken my heart trying to make beautiful for you—the camping ground of any Tom, Dick and Harry that wants to

squat here—"
Nell looked at him indignantly. "It's not fair of you to put it that way. It would only be a dude ranch in the summer time. In the winter it would just be our home as it always has been. And what if I did have the notion that I didn't want to have any dudes here? People can change their minds. And if we need the money, and this would make the difference between being able to pay our bills and not being able to I would be a wash-out if I could no adjust myself to a different way of living for a few months every sum-mer." Her indignation rose, "It's disgraceful to be in debt all the time. I'd rather do anything than that!"

"And you imagine," said Rob in the same sardonic manner, "that you could make the ranch pay with summer dudes?"

"Yes. And that's what the inres. And that's what the income tax man said, didn't he?"
"People talk about 'taking' dudes.
The real word would be 'getting' dudes. Most ranchers in this state would be glad to 'get' dudes if they could. How would you go about get-ting them?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED" UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY

JCHOOL Lesson By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Mondy Bible Institute of Chicago Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for September 23

JOSEPH'S TESTIMONY TO GOD'S PROVIDENCE LESSON TEXT—Genesis 45:1-5, 8-15.
GOLDEN TEXT—Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!—Psalm 107:8.

God rules the universe. He has His plan which will be carried out, yes, even in spite of man if need be. "He can overrule the acts even be. "He can overrule the acts even of wicked men and make them links

of wicked men and make them links in a chain of providence by which His purposes are carried out."

Forgiveness, opening the way for the restoration of fellowship and the showing of kindness, brought the story of Joseph and his brethren to a happy ending. Under the good hand of God, the story which began with tragedy is brought to a conclusion of blessing.

I. Love Overcomes Fear (vv. 1-4). Following the earnest plea of Ju-dah, the heart of Joseph could no longer withhold itself from the full expression of affection and devotion to his family.

Joseph tenderly shielded the fam-

ily troubles from the eyes and ears of strangers by sending out the Egyptians. It was the first step of consideration which paved the way for reconciliation. How often just the opposite is done—airing family affairs before the world, and humiliating those who may be in the wrong, thus making it difficult for them to admit their guilt.

Then, too, this was a moment too tender and delicate to be seen by outsiders. The tears of a strong man like Joseph mean a deep move ment of spirit-a solemn and often

ment of spirit—a solemn and often a sacred moment.

It should also be noted that the brothers were afraid, and well they might be, because of their sin against Joseph. After many years these astonished men found themselves face to face with the one whom they thought they had disposed of and they knew their sile. posed of and they knew their sin had found them out. It always does, sooner or later, but inevitably.

II. Grace Overrules Sin (v. 5).
The guilt of these men was none-theless real and Joseph could not remove it, but he appeared. remove it, but he encouraged them by showing how God had used their evil devices to work out His own good pleasure. He can make the wrath of man to praise Him (Ps.

It is worth stressing again that in the very hour when the prospects for Joseph's future usefulness seemed ruined, God was opening the door to the greatest experiences of his life and was preparing him to serve the thousands whose lives were saved by his wisdom and ability in the years

Nothing is more important in the life of a child of God than to be yielded to His will, unmoved by circumstances, abiding His time, responding to His guidance whether it be by the opening or closing of doors, prosperity or adversity. And herein is the marvel of it all—even sin may be overruled by God's sin may be overruled by God's grace for His own glory.

That does not invite anyone to sin that grace may abound (Rom. 6: 1, 2), but it does offer encourage-ment to the one who has fallen, that God can redeem the years that the locusts have eaten (Joel 2:25).

Our lesson also sets us an example of how true forgiveness acts. So often when forgiveness is asked or granted, there is an "I can forgive but I can't forget" attitude, which means that while hostilities have ceased at least temporarily, there is no real friendship or the disposition to show kindness. Is there any real forgiveness at all in such an atti-tude of heart and mind? We fear

III. Kindness Provides the Best

(vv. 9-15). It might have been enough to send food and a kind greeting with the brothers to their own land, but love does not seek the minimum expression of its feeling. It asks not how little, but how much can I give or do. Note the tender touch in verse 15, "he kissed all his brethren." Here was no general forgiveness, but a personal renewal of long-lost fel-

Bringing his aged father and brothers into the land of plenty was not enough, Joseph also gave to them the "best of the land" (47: 11). His thoughtful consideration in sending for his father (Gen. 46:5-7) was part of the same piece of kind

Joseph puts to shame the modern "hard-boiled" attitude toward needy and aged members of the family. In their eager and relentless pursuit of fame or riches, many ignore trample upon the members of their own families. Often they are ashamed of the broken bodies, the humble apparel, the broken or un educated speech of their parents.

They fear lest their new-found friends in some circle of wealth and supposed "position" will think them strange or ridiculous. God p of a numble or aged father and



TEAM WORK BUILT OUR GREAT NATION Future Generations To Receive Benefits

Henry Ford, and the many thousands who work with him in the Ford indus-tries, typify America, and the American system of free enterprise. Those in-dustries started with the ability and genius of one man. An ability and genius that would have largely been futile without the assistance of thou-sands of co-workers in office, laboratory and on the assembly line. At the same time those co-workers would have been helpless without the ability and genius of Ford. The combination has added billions to our national wealth. Directly and 'ndirectly that combinstion has created millions of jobs through which families have been provided with homes, the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. It has paid for the rearing and education of millions of children. It is all typical of America and the opportunities America

Ford industries is also true, in a large or small way, of every production organization, whether it be manned by one, two, a hundred or many thousands. All contribute to the national wealth. All provide for the needs of families, and all build for the future. Each contributes to that ever growing American stand

To that growth each contributed either the genius and ability of a leader, or the manpower strength needed to turn the wheels of production. The only exceptions in this united effort of all for advancement are the drones in the American hive, those who refuse to play their part, who demand being cared for without contributing any effort.

Future Generations

Henry Ford, and those who work with him, will pass, but what they have created will remain to benefit future generations. The plants and jobs will go on. The billions they have added to the national wealth will still be here.

Such is the way of America. It is a way that has enabled us, as a people, to grow in numbers, in wealth, in living standards. To it all contributs. The pioneer who felled the forests or broke the sod of the plains to establish farms and communities, built for future generations. The farmers who conserve their soil work, not alone for themselves but for future genera-

What it all means in the way of living standards for us of today, and what it will mean for those of the future, can be illustrated with a few simple figures. In 1849 the average annual wage paid to American workers was \$247. One hundred years later, in 1939, the average wage for all workers had increased to \$1,152. Each dollar earned in 1939 would buy three-fourths as much as did each of the \$247 of 1839. Our living standards had in-creased to four times what they were one hundred years ago

No other nation can show better than we have led the world in production, in numbers employed, and in technological skill, together with scientific development and genius in leadership and management. These things have absorbed all but a small fraction of the increased returns paid the workers. increased returns paid the workers. The Henry Fords and their millions of co-workers drive America forward under our private enterprise system.

Back of each factory job in the United States there is, as an average, close to a nine-thousand-dollar invest-ment in buildings and tools. Without that investment there would be no jobs, and there would be no investment with-out a chance for interest on the money. That interest is the stockholders' divi-That interest is the stockholders' divi-dend. It averages under three per cent of the money invested to create jobs. The invested dollar is as worthy of its hire as is the worker for whom it pro-vides the tools of industry.

The profilgate is more to be condoned than the miser. The unworthy heir to wealth, which he throws away, at least turns it back to the people. The wealth of the hoarding miser benefits no one, not even himself.

The political party that will proose a means of preventing, or out-lawing the many, and all too fre-quently petty, squabbles between labor and management, or between labor and labor, and so serve the best interests of the general public, will be the party that receives the most votes.

Russia has had but one all year, ice free port, Murmansk, thanks to the Gulf Stream. Now, thanks to an eleven-day war, she will have Port Arthur.

The Harvard professor, Dr. Alvin H. Hansen, who assiduously preached the doctrine of lifting ourselves out of the we did not have, is no longer in a post tion to advise. He is out as special consultant to the Federal Reserve Board. Did we lock the stable after the horse was stolen?

One way to demonstrate to the Son of Heaven that Japan lost the war is to send an army of occupation com-posed of American labor bosses and

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