THE STORY THUS PAR: Thundermad, the only white horse ever fealed on
lesses Ear ranch in Wyoning. He is a
heavehuch to his great grandsire, the
sibbles, a wild stallion. His 14-year-old
manner, Ken McLaughlia, hopes he will
heavens a famous racer. He is entered
in a race meet in Idahe. Rob Mclaughlia, Ken's father, sells off most of
his horses and turns to sheep raising.
Ken and his hether Howard take Thundischand and Flicka and ride into the
menutaliss. Here Thunderhead finds the
will herd led by the Albino. In a faricom hattie, Thunderhead kills the older
stalling, and takes control of the herd.
Bed is as disappointed as Ken when he
heaves that their "race horse" is lost.

CHAPTER XXIV

Rob dropped a hand on his shoulder and shook it. "Now go on and get a good hot bath. Put all this out of your mind. Supper'll be ready in an hour and I want to see you cat! And I've got a surprise for you something you'll like. I'm going to talk it over with your mother first."

Ken lay in his hot bath, luxuriat-ing. All the sore knotted muscles eased and relaxed, and the feverish in was drawn out of the scratches

He got the iodine bottle from the nedicine chest and attended pains-akingly to his wounds. He was dotand smeared all over when he and startlingly clean fingernalls to the supper of fried chicken and mashed potatoes whipped with hot cream such as only his mother could

And again he told and retold the lory of his adventure, even to the about the black mare who made dash for freedom. "She was a beauty, dad. She reminded me

And at last Rob told his boy of the important thing. That none of his plans need be changed. He could still go to Saginaw Falls with Charley Sargent. He could still send a race horse of his own in Charley Sargent's express car. There would still be a Goose Bar entry in the taces. The only change would be that it would be the two-year-old Touch And Go, instead of the

And so when the big black Buick down the mountain passes of Wyoming-Idaho highway on ber eleventh there were two sacehorse-owners sitting in the front seat, Charley Sargent, quite formal looking in a black overcoat and derby hat, and Ken, feeling at least ten years older than ever before. Thunderhead lifted his nose high

and searched the wind.

It was a bare craggy peak overboking the southern end of the val-ley that he had chosen for his lookut. From here he could see below im where his mares were grazing. Me could turn and look at the tiers mountains behind away up to the derer in his eyrie in the sky. He could see the clouds rolling around them, he could hear the deep rumble of the giants that lived underneath, the fall of every avalanche, the crack of every frozen tree; and not a bird nor animal could move without his eyes and ears taking note of it,

It was an uneven pinnacle of rock on which he stood, with barely room for foothold. His hind legs braced down and apart. His body was twisted. His head, with its float ing white mane and spear-pointed ears, was lifted high, his dark, white-ringed eyes filled with the wildness of the mountains and the elouds. Dangling from his black halter was a bit of rope, frayed and

ss of the last sheer ascent, a small white colt stood looking up glance rested on him for a second. n brushed past and up again.

A new message was on the wind this early morning. There was a heavy storm coming. The tempera-ture was twenty below already and

The mares and colts were protected by a long thick growth of hair which they had started growin September in preparation for early storm. But Thunderhead was warmed only by the inner heat of the stallion. His coat was, as always, silky and shining, scarred call by patches of rough, long hair er his throat, and on his shoulders where he had been wounded.

Around the mountain peaks many he slopes, colliding with each other, arried on opposing currents of air. ng mass of wind-cloud swept erth over the valley with an eagle ing before it. Now and then the eep white blanket, then were n up again and, roaring, sepacradually the smother thickened and snow fell, driving first one way, m the other.

Thunderhead reared his crest high into the storm. His mane streamed to the west. The eastern wind was strongest and would prevail. An

Memory tingled through him and his pawing hoof rang on the rock. When the cold burns too deep, there is death in the wind, ake the way down the mountain.

He made several abrupt move ments of his head, then turned and picked his way down the crag, his tail sweeping over the white colt, who carefully followed him.

Thunderhead rounded up his mares and headed them north down

the valley. When he had them run-ning he took the lead, with the black mare and her white colt close be-hind him. His pace was carefully chosen so that the smallest colt

could keep up.

What snow there was boiled like seafoam around their feet and there was that sound in the steadying eastern wind—that unvarying roar -that would turn into a whine as the velocity increased.

velocity increased.

They strung out single file going through the keyhole and down the river gorge. Now and then Thunderhead circled to see that there were no stragglers, giving a few nips to keep the tail-enders aware that they were on a drive and expected keep up.

Below, on the plains, they spread out, kicking and biting, wild with the heat of their blood, and the excitement of the run, and the fierce beating of the wind and snow.

They neared the ranch in the late afternoon, Thunderhead swinging along at a canter, finding his way through the white smother with the ease of infallible instinct. He was on



Down the Saddle Back they poured et full gallop.

his own ground now, and had known every square foot of it since birth.

Reaching the crest of the Saddle
Back, he halted to survey his domain and his mares crowded up around him. Nothing could be seen through the snow, but to his inner eye, every building, every fence post was visible, and as he plunged down the slope he indulged in some coltish bucks of pure joy. With those thirty handsome mares and colts behind him he could be forgiven for feeling the pride of a young heir when he brings home his bride and displays her to the family.

Down the Saddle Back they poured

alter was a bit of rope, frayed and or at a full gallop, up the county road—the gate was open! Thunder-head made the sharp turn, the mares following close centered down through the stable pasture to the corral-again the gates were open! They poured in-

It was already full of mares and colts. All the familiar old smells! Every brood mare as comfortable to him as mother's milk! Oats and hay. The corral and stables. Ban-

Thunderhead nickered and squealed in an ecstasy of homecoming. He plunged through the mares to the feed racks and tore out a great mouthful of hay-Castle Rock Meadow hay that he had been brought up on. His mares pushed in behind him, mixing with the other mares, starting little fights and scuf-

Banner met him in the center of the corral. The two stallions stood nose to nose, quivering and squealing, half rearing. They were filled with the excitement that goes with the meeting of old friends—and something else, too, because of those mares and colts. They turned away from each other and began to investigate. Thunderhead's approach vestigate.

to the Goose Bar mares was the greeting of old friends, but it was different with Banner. These strange mares were new and exciting! There were so many of them-ar his own quota was incomplete. With a mere ten brood mares any selfrespecting stallion is looking for

The mares and colts milled around, crowding the walls of the stable and the feed racks.

Banner pursued three of Thunderhead's mares that were in a little group together. His head snaked along the ground. He drove them

of hsy. There is shelter and food over to a group of his own. Thunder-and kindness for all. And the screaming whiteness cannot follow crush where he was feeding at the rack and his flaring eyes caught sight of this maneuver. He dropped his muzzle to feed again. Banner continued to move Thunderhead's mares from where they were feed-ing over into a corner of the corral and to freeze them there.

Thunderhead wormed himself out of the jam. He pursued Banner and neighed challengingly. As the red stallion turned and faced him, they both reared and nipped, then dropped to earth and stood quiver-

In Thunderhead was all the old love for Banner, but there was another feeling too, and it was getting stronger every instant. Anger. Combativeness. A furious uprising and outpouring of energy that lifted and stiffened his tail and burst from him in squealing grunts of protest and sent him rearing and pawing into the air. It would presently find outlet in more dangerous action than that.

The two stallions plunged past each other again and this time each aimed an ugly nip in passing.
"Boss! Boss! T'underhead is here mid a big bunch of mares und

Thunderhead knew that voice. It went with the oats and the shelter

and the kindness.

"Coom qvick, Boss! Dere all mixed up wid our mares—de stallions is fightin'—"

He knew the other voice too that

answered from the gorge, the deep, commanding voice with the anger in it. And he knew the two faces as they appeared through the driving flakes—the round pink face with the gray curis framing it—and the long dark face with the white teeth showing in a wind-beaten snarl— He knew the smell of them, but not this other smell of consternation—this smell of shocked horror. Nor the panic of that voice when it shouted, "Get the whips, Gus! Bring a couple of pitchforks!" Didn't know the arms that flailed him and beat him back with frenzied shouts, 'Turn Banner's mares into the other corral—he'll follow them!" Even while he plunged past the man and reared again and Banner reared to face him and each simed a smashing blow over the other's neck that landed like a dull thunder-clap, he had to take care to avoid this man who lashed his head and face with a whip, who hung, yelling, on his hal-ter, who interfered in every pos-sible way with his fixation, who flung his whole weight and heft against him, turning him, while the other man turned Banner. . . .

There was confusion flooding his brain . . . snow-wind blinding his eyes . . . obedience conflicting with libido. . . .

The barn. His own stall and a manger full of hay and oats. How had this happened? How had he got shut in here? He loved this stall. He dipped his head in the manger. Lift-ing it, he listened and pricked his ears and reached his sensitive nos-trils into the air and fluttered them . . He could smell each one of his mares and colts. They were all there, around the stable, feeding at the racks . . . everything all right . . . all safe and cared for while the blizzard whined and the wind seized the barn and rattled it like a dried

"Can you beat it? Thunderhead came back in the storm and brought his new harem! Habit was strong for him.'

Rob made a practice these days of hiding his temper from Nell, announcing even serious news in a careless manner.

So for a moment Nell was de-ceived and turned from the table where she was placing the silver for supper and looked at him with wonderment and joy.
"Thunderhead back again! Oh,

Rob! Rob stamped across the kitchen

floor to wash his hands at the sink, and it seemed to Nell that the grin he flung over his shoulder at her was more of a toothy snarl than a smile. 'Where is he now?" she asked. "I've got him shut into the

"I'd like to see him. I'll go up after supper."
"You will not!"

As he turned toward her, snatching the towel from the rack and drying his hands violently, she saw the wildness in his eyes. She said nothing more but set the supper on the table, and as Rob went to his place, he leaned over and kissed her and said contritely, "I can't let my darling be doing such reckless things as that at this late stage of

Why is that reckless, thought Nell, then suddenly asked, "Where's Ban-

The frenzied look Rob flung at her opened up to her understanding the whole scope of this predicament.

"I've got him in the east corral with his mares-and Thunderhead locked into the stable."

"Is he—is he safe there?"
"Not any too safe. You know that old stable. Horses have got out of it. Flicks beat her way through one of the windows. Thunderhead broke through the top half of the door once—hope he doesn't remember it —" Rob was wolfing his supper.

(TO BE COMMINUED)

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED' UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY OCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Instifute of Chica Released by Western Newspaper Unio

Lesson for November 4

THE CHURCH AS A FELLOWSHIP

LESSON TEXT—Romans 12:3-18.
GOLDEN TEXT—Be kindly affectioned one to another . . . in honor preferring one another.—Romans 12:10.

The greatest and most important institution in the world is the Church. The home, which we have been studying in recent weeks, is the primary unit of society, but its relationships are primarily of a personal nature. In the church there is an organized fellowship within a God-made institution, the living organism through which the Lord brings such blessing to the world -the Church.

Here, in God's house, among God's people, the believer finds strength and joy. The Lord's people

I. Different Yet United (vv. 3-8). God is not interested in uni-formity, but He does want unity. In the Church are all types of gifts and personalities, each one useful God. He does not want them all reduced to that drab uniformity which characterizes so many man-made products.

Prophecy, ministry, teaching, giving, ruling — yes, all the various works to which God calls men should be done diligently for His glory. No man is to think of himself as more or less useful to God. His work is different, but it is God's should there is unity and efficiency in the accomplishing of His blessed

purpose.

The unity of believers in Christ (v. 5) is something which needs emphasis in our day. The forces of Protestantism are so divided as to be largely ineffective in many im-

portant fields.

Not only are they divided but there are almost endless divisions within denominations - yes, and even in local churches. Sometimes there are issues which cannot be met except by separation, but there are also many unnecessary divi-sions, dishonoring to God and weakening to the Church.

Let's remember we can be differ-

ent (God wants us to be!) but we can still be united! God wants that,

II. Active Yet Kind (vv. 9-11). God puts no premium on lazi-ness or indifference. We are not to be "slothful," but "fervent" in spirit. Sometimes one feels that Church has gone sound asleep. It is alive but inactive. It professes to have a zeal for God, but if there is any fervency of spirit, in most places it must be well hidden. But

that is not possible, is it? How much we need a stirring revival in the Church to bring the people of God into active service for Him. If your church as a whole does not respond to the Lord's Word, why do you not as an indi-vidual ask God to rekindle His fire

in your heart?
There is to be a humility (v. 10), a fine cleanness of thought and life (v. 9), an unfeigned love for the brethren (v. 9), along with all the fervency of spirit and zeal for serv-

There is much talk of uniting Christendom and no little danger of compromise for the sake of an outward unity. Such schemes are des tined to failure, but unity in Christ, which recognizes Him as the divine Head of the Church, that we do desperately need and should seek for His glory, for the good of the Church and for the blessing of a world lost in sin and strife.

III. Troubled Yet Peaceful (vv. 12-

The Church of Christ is in the world to witness for and to serve Him. Hence, it must face all the persecutions and trials which an un-believing world will bring upon it. Christians are not exempt from the troubles and sorrows common to

Therein we find one of the great opportunities for effective witness. for as the Christian and the Church rightly meet such difficulties, they testify to the grace of God which can give peace in one's heart in the midst of turmoil and distress.

Read the verses. Persecuted, but not embittered thereby; weeping but also rejoicing; meeting evil with good and crookedness with honesty; meeting pride with humility and division with unity; yes, liv-ing at peace (as far as it is possible) in a belligerent world.

There is something essentially fine and noble and inspiring about the Christian Church wherever and whenever it lives up to the Lord's purpose for it and its members. There is something dismal and discouraging about the Church when it fails the Lord and His mighty

Some feel that the Church is in just such a state of failure and impotence in our day. If it is true of your church, why not pray and work for a revival which will sweep all the deadness out and bring in a new refreshing breath of power from the very throne of God? Do

LABOR CRISIS TESTS TRUMAN The fast-growing labor erisis presents Harry S. Truman with the first big problem he has faced on a hitherto well-charted Roosevelt sea. Up until now, most policies, especially those dealing with war and peace, had been pretty well established by Truman's predecessor. In settling the current labor turmoil, however, Harry is completely on his own.

For some time, labor advice from White House insiders has differed. Truman's labor department has argued that labor troubles after wars were inevitable, that both Wilson and Harding had to call out U. S, troops after the last war, that labor has been in a strait jacket since Pearl Harbor, is bound to feel its wild oats now; finally that big business was equally in a straight jacket and equally willing to row with labor especially if it could get labor in wrong with the public . . . advice to Truman: Don't stick your neck out; let both sides battle it out for a while.

Opposite advice came from another wing of the White House . . . while admitting that all the above is true, other advisers urged that both labor visers urgen that both labor and industry needed guidance. For four years both labor and industry have had the Little-Steel Formula as their guide. They were supposed not to go above this . . . Now labor finds itself losing its overtime wages, with take-home pay dropping way below lush war days, yet with the cost of living still high. Therefore, Truman was urged to step forward and set a nato step forward and set a na-tional policy, suggest a wage increase which would partly off-set the drop in take-home pay . . . It is this group of advisers which Truman finally has de-cided to follow.

FARMERS VS. LABOR UNIONS Last week Florida citrus grow-ers came to Washington, worried sick over the future market for grapefruit and oranges. They feared a return of the old days when their fruit was dumped into Florida rivers . . . The army has just cancelled orders for several million cases of orange juice. Simultaneously it has turned back on the civilian market several million more surplus cases. This backlog is bound to have a depressing effect on citrus fruit . . Citrus fruit growers know that with wages dropping, the civilian demand for oranges and grapefruit will also nose-dive. When workmen get paid less, first thing they quit buying is fruit . . . Cattlemen also figure on a drop in prices. Not only will the army buy less, but workmen eat less meat, when wages are cut . . . Same is true of many other farm commodities, including dairy products . . . Never before has the

products... Never before has the average American eaten so well—despite rationing—as during the war years, largely because wages were high ... Seldom before also have farmers been so prosperous ... Seldom before, however, have farmers been so sore at labor unions. They were looking forward to buying new autos, new farm machinery. Now all this is delayed by strikes. Also they were looking forward to the return of cheap labor from cities to farms.

UNIONS LOSE MONEY

Big industrial unions naturally don't want any trek back to the farm. It means loss of dues. The United Auto Workers' 4,000,000 dues-paying membership has now dropped to about half of that. The drop was so severe that the cost of running the union went in the red . . . UAW chiefs are going about their wage protests in an orderly, fair-minded manner, have done their best to stop the Kelseydone their best to stop the Reisey-Hayes wildcat strike... But some union leaders prefer strikes. It helps increase their power in the union . . . In Schenectady, Gen-eral Electric's Charles E. Wilson long has advocated higher wages. He says it helps him sell electric refrigerators, electric irons, stc. He has been ready to make upward wage adjustments voluntar ily, just as wise Standard Oil of N. J. increased its pay immediately and automatically at the end of the war.

However, certain CIO Electrical Workers seem more in-terested in a strike than a voluntary or negotiated wage boost . . . some labor leaders, unfortunately, seem deliberately looking for strikes—among them John L. Lewis. They bring disfavor on the heads of other labor leaders, have given the entire labor move-ment a bad setback with public opinion . . . Public opinion in some areas is now so anti-labor that Truman would get thunderous applause if he called out U. S. troops as strike-breakers. used as a rinse will help keep blond hair light. Use two table spoonfuls of juice and one-third teaspoon soda to a quart of water as the final rinse after the sham-

Rejuvenate Furniture If when changing your furniture, you find a flat crushed surface is exposed, place a damp cloth over the spot and run a hot iron lightly over it. Brush the tufts gently in the direction of the pile.

Tightening String
While struggling to fasten a parcel up tightly, soak the string well
in water, then go through the tying-up routine while it is still wet.
As the string dries it shrinks—and
there is your parcel tied as snugly
as can be.

Moist Waxer
Keep the cloth for waxing floors
or furniture in an airtight container. Your cloth will always be
moist and full of wax.

Plastic Tops
Manuufacturers of new cars
probably will not immediately offer
models with all-plastic, transparent tops, but one large maker of
automobile accessories already is
producing a one-piece plastic top,
modeled after the nose of our
bombing planes. These tops will
fit most convertible cars of 1940 to
1942.

Accident Facts
Accident Facts states that in one Accident Facts states that in one of every five or six fatal accidents the driver's vision was obscured. More than one-third of the factors responsible for reduced visibility were on the vehicle itself, such as rain, fog, frost, snow or stickers on the windshield. Nearly one-third were highway factors, such as trees, buildings, embarkments or signboards.

Egg Eating

Egg eating by chickens is a habit usually developed by young pullets. This costly habit can be prevented by providing plenty of nests—one nest for each six birds—so eggs will not be broken by mest crowding at laying time. All nest bottoms can be kept well padded with litter—such as hay, straw, cottonseed, shavings, so eggs will not be broken as they are laid. If the egg-eating habit has gone so far that some of the birds break the eggs themselves, it may be necessary to remove those birds from the flock for a few days or dispose of them entirely. Egg Eating

Have oil burners in cleaned annually. S should adjust oil feed a supply. Oil tanks sh

Clean Hamper
The hamper for soiled cloth
should be washed several times
year with mild soapsuds and a sibrush. Rinse thoroughly, dry win
a towel, and keep in the sun is
several hours.

Hemispheric Unity In 1815 Simon Bolivar wrote famous Jamaica Letter, in wh he first suggested an inter-Ame

Peach Borer
The first two weeks in October are the best time to spread paradichlorobenzene around peach trees to kill borers.



Bake sweeter, tastier bread!



NO WAITING - no extra steps! Full-strength-Fleischmann's fresh active Yeast goes right to work. Makes sweeter, finer bread! And makes it fasterf You can be surer of tender, smooth texture-lightness-delicious flavor every time!



