

head, the only white horse ever foaled on Goose Bar ranch, is evidently a throw-back to his great grandaire, a wild stal-Hen called the Albino. His 14-year-old owner, Ken McLaughlin, hopes he will become a famous racer. Thunderhead, very fast but difficult to handle, has m entered in a race meeting in Idaho a month before the races Thunderhead meaks away and joins a herd of wild herses. He kills the Albino. Ken is un-side to recover him. Bob McLaughlin, See's father, sends a speedy filly, Touch and Go, to the track. In an early cold sum both Banner and Thunderhead being their berds to the ranch. Rob weshes Thunderhead to the race track.

#### CHAPTER XXVI

A flashing glance of Rob's fierce blue eyes paid tribute to Ken for this sign of understanding and honesty. "All the same, Ken, we're commit-ted to this and we can't turn back. ner can Thunderhead turn back. It's too late. Remember, too, how "What?"

"Have you forgotten all the things you were going to get for your mother?"

Ken winced.

Right now, with hospital expenses facing us, believe me, if there's any money in Thunderhead, we need it." Ken's mind began to turn and twist, looking in every direction for some escape for Thunderhead. Touch and Go had run in two races and had not shown in either, alugh she had nearly been in the money in the second race. She had one more chance, in the race which would follow the Greenway race that But certainly she was afternoon.

"And," went on Rob, "remember the things you were going to do for the ranch. Wooden fences. Clear off the debts."

"I know."

"Are you going to turn tall and be a quitter now at the last moment just because Thunderhead is moon-

ing for his mares?"
"But dad—it's just because—be cause—well, he never was like this to me before. He always stared at me, and did things to me, aimed a kick or bite at me, you know. I always had to watch him. But he's changed. He was glad to see me this morning—glad! He—he—" "What did he do?"

"Well, he just put his head in my arms and leaned against me the way he always did with mother, as if I was the only friend he had in the world-and gave a kind of a little mumbling grunt, you know the sound, as if it comes right out of

Rob was silent and could not raise his eyes to look at his boy.

At last he said, "Ken, you've got divided loyalty here. And there's a divided loyalty here. And there's nothing tougher than that. Whichever way you turn you hurt yourself and someone else too. This hap-pens to people often and it'll be a good experience for you. Are you going to stick to your plan to make ey for the ranch and for all our -your own too, don't forget that-the money that's needed for your education and Howard's-Are you going to carry on with what you've started - what we've all worked for for three years? Or are you going to-well, not exactly quit, but be deflected from your aim at the last moment?"

"Would that be wrong, dad?"

"It would not be strong, Ken. could not admire such behavior. It wouldn't be manly. Sometimes, in life, you have to choose a course that is right and pursue it even if hurts some innocent party.

Ken did not answer. Rob finished his breakfast, laid down knife and fork and pushed his plate away. When Dickson gets on that horse this afternoon I want you to be pulling for them both with all your heart.'

Ken's face began to burn. Visualking Thunderhead prancing out with Dickson on his back, he couldn't do anything but pull for him! The idea of any other horse beating Thunderhead!

"And remember this, Ken, although right now Thunderhead's got his mind on other things than rac-ing, and he's sulking, yet he's been blood now. And after a little of it, this life will become his true life."

Ken's eyes lifted to his father's with a deep probing question. "Honestly, dad? As much as his wild life would be?"

Rob hedged. Well, Ken, you know how I feel about horses. I alhave the regret that when we take them for our own ends and make artificial lives for them, we deprive them of their true and nat-eral and self-sufficient lives. But would not always be necessarily better lives, in terms of the well-being and happiness

This made Ken thoughtful. Rob was getting impatient. He called the waiter and paid the check. A glance at Ken showed him that the He leaned across the table.

Ken looked up. There was a different tone in his father's voice and a different look on his face.

You're going to make your decimion right now, Ken, and then stick

"Me?"
"Yes. Be a man. It's your horse.

It you want him taken away from

"Is it, really, dad?"
"Sure it is." But But there was a sharp, contemptuous look in Rob's eyes. "Make your choice!" He leaned back and took out his pipe and lit it, then looked around as if he had no further interest in the sub-

The decision leaped up in Ken, ready-made. He said, suddenly, "He'll run. And he'll win."

The words went through Rob like the twang of a string and caused him the emotion he always felt when one of his boys took a stride toward

His hand came down on Ken's arm and squeezed it. The other hand reached for his hat. "Come on, son! We'll go out and see to getting Thunderhead's shoes changed."

They walked out to the stables together, and if anything more had been necessary to crystalize Ken's determination, it was the remark his father made as they reached Thun-derhead's stall. "Of course, Ken, if he doesn't win, and if we have to take him back, you realize I can't have him around the ranch any more. I'll have to sell him for anything I can get—and that means gelding him first."

Ken came to a dead stop. "But ad! I'd get him off the ranch.

He'd go back to his valley!"

"But he wouldn't stay," said Rob simply, "and sooner or later he'd get in a fight with Banner—and, well -you know what that means. You

Thunderhead did not like Dickson, and came out of the stall fighting.

The rest of the field were off and away on the two-mile race while Dickson was still trying to shake the bit out of Thunderhead's teeth and head him in the right direction.



The stallion went up onto his hind

Ken, standing close against the fence in front of the grandstand, leaned down and thrust his head beiween the bars. The blood came up into his face as he saw the fight Thunderhead was putting up. The field was way ahead already, Stag-horn and Bravura, the two likeliest winners, running in the lead, five others bunched against the rail behind them, and three outclassed contenders trailing hopelessly. Thunderhead stood in the same place, whirling and plunging. Dickson lashed him unmercifully, and, as always, the fury engendered in the horse by this conflict mounted and finally exploded, releasing him from the complex of his inhibitions and flinging him into his smooth running gait.

Ken straightened up, drenched in the sweat of relief. But the field was already sweeping around the turn into the back stretch. The grand-stand fell into a sudden breath-holding silence as the white stallion hit his pace, running, as it always seemed with Thunderhead, in the air, propelled by one lightning-quick hoof-thrust after the other, the unbelievable power of which kept him hurtling forward at a speed which was rapidly diminishing the distance between himself and the rest of the

Dickson rode with mouth open and a look of dumb amazement, and as Ken glanced around him, he saw this expression mirrored on a hun-

dred faces. The horses swept around the

track. Thunderhead passed the tail-end ers, gradually overtook the next group and at the head of the home stretch passed them too. At that, the grandstand came out of its stupor and a low, sustained sound burst from it. Thunderhead was pulling up on the leaders, then was abreast of them, then passed them. At this, the grandstand rose, swayed, and burst into a roar, fluttering hands and programs and hats.

Thunderhead wavered and stopped, his flaring, white-ringed eyes and sharply pricked ears turned nerv.

the race course without making a ously to this strange heaving mountry, why it's up to you!" son's yell and the shaking of the bit in his mouth, the stallion went up onto his hind legs.. Bravura and Staghorn rushed

past, beginning the second lap of the

"Whip him, Dickson! Beat hell out of him!" Ken's voice, cracking out of him!" with strain, reached Dickson from the crowd. Dickson cast one hopethe crowd. less glance toward Ken as Thunderwhirled and plunged, and a wave of the jockey's empty right hand showed that he had lost his whip

Ken's open mouth closed without another sound and his face paled.
Dickson pulled off his cap and beat
it from side to side on Thunderhead's neck. Other horses passed him, streaming along the rail. Sud-denly Thunderhead plunged forward, and again Ken was weak with relief. He unclenched his fingers slowly. Little bleeding scars were in palms of his hands. It was all right now-Thunderhead had passed them once, he could do it again.

But Thunderhead had no intention

of doing it. All he wanted, apparently, was a good spot in which to show everyone what he was going to do to this rider whom he didn't want on his back. Angling across the empty track, he floated over the inner rail, galloped to the center, leaped into the air, corkscrewing, came down with feet like four steel pistons-rocked a couple of times, and had no need to do more. For Dickson was making one of those slow curves through the air that Ken had made, times without number.

Free of his rider, Thunderhead decided to join in the race. He floated over the rail again-and the beautiful easy leap drew a gasp from the grandstand-and then he started to overtake the field. Again it grew like an orchestral crescendo—the roar of the grandstand—until the white horse closed the distance between himself and the rest of the

Thunderhead did not know when to stop. He floated on when the race was over and the winner proclaimed and the other horses were walking back into the paddock. At-tendants ran out on the track and tried to stop him. That angered him. He dodged them, sailed over the outer rail and away into the distance, the little stirrups dangling and tapping at his sides.

When Thunderhead vanished beyond the grove of willows south of the race track, Ken fought through the crowd behind him, under the grandstand out at the back and around the west end of the track. He ran as fast as he could, keeping his eye on that little dip in the wil-lows through which Thunderhead had disappeared.

Half a mile away the white stallion stood quietly. When Ken whis-tled for him, he turned his head, then trotted toward his young mas

As he came up, Ken looked at him bitterly. "You fool! You've thrown away the only chance you had in the world!"

Thunderhead stopped, recognizing something other than approval in

Ken's voice.

"You could have done it! Easy as pie! And now you've spoiled everything!" There was a tremor in Ken's voice as he finished, and he said nothing more, but mounted the horse and rode him slowly back, circling the track to reach the sta-

As he did so, he heard by the roas from the grandstand that another race was in progress, and drew rein on a little elevation and turned in the saddle just in time to see the horses flash over the finish line-a bright golden sorrel

a good length in the lead.

Touch and Go! He had entirely forgotten that she was running! And now she had won! A flood of joy alternated with the feeling that it could

not possibly be true.

Ken galloped Thunderhead to the stables, not dismounting to open gates, but jumping every one. He put the stallion in his stall, called to one of the stable boys to attend to him, and ran back to the race

He was in time to hear the announcement over the loud-speaker.
"Winner, Touch and Go, of the
Goose Bar stables. Owner, Kenneth McLaughlin.

Ken stood still a moment. This was what victory felt like—Then he dashed forward. He wanted to get his hands on Touch and Go and see if she was really still herself.

Perry Gunston had her in the paddock. A blanket had been thrown over her, and around her was a crowd of men. Rob McLaughlin was talking to old Mr. Greenway, and he called Ken to him and said, "I want you to meet Mr. Greenway. This is my son, Mr. Greenway, the owner and trainer of the filly."

As Ken put out his hand he heard an eager little whinny behind him. Mr. Greenway exclaimed, "You don't say! You don't say! And I hear you trained the white stallion too. But you'll never have any luck with him, my boy, too undependable."

The whinny came again and Ken longed to go to her.
"Mr. Greenway has fust bought Touch and Go, Ken."
"Bought her!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED' UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chic

Lesson for November 18

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

THE OUTREACH OF THE CHURCH

LESSON TEXT: Acts 11:21-30; 12:24, 25 LESSON TEXT: And He said unto them, GOLDEN TEXT: And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark 16:15.

A church that is spiritually alive will be missionary-minded. What seemed like unfortunate persecution of the early Church (Acts 8:4; 11: 19) proved to be a blessing, for like flying embers from a beaten fire, these believers lighted many new fires as they were scattered abroad The ministry by Philip in Sa-maria was paralleled by that of others in Phenice, Cyprus, and now in Antioch. That great city was not far from Jerusalem, but it was far from God. A mighty city, rich in trade, it was also deep in all kinds of sin. But there it pleased God to establish a great center of Christian testimony. God loves to do new things (see, for example, II Cor. 5:17; Isa. 43:19; Ps. 33:3; Rev.

I. A New Fellowship (11:21-25).

The Antioch church was a living witness. "The hand of the Lord was with them"; little wonder that "a great number believed and were turned to the Lord." Your church and mine might learn much from the church at Antioch.

The genius of Christianity is fel-lowship. Those who have a religious belief which makes them exclusive
—not willing to fellowship with other Christians - do not truly represent their Lord.

When the church at Jerusalem heard the good news, they sent Barnabas to help the new converts and to establish fellowship.

He was the ideal man to send, for "'he was a good man.' It is far more important that a man be good than that he be brilliant if he is to edify young converts. He was 'full of the Holy Ghost.' He was also 'full of faith,' and without that no man need undertake the work of instructing and developing young converts. He was free from the love of gold (4:36, 37).

"He was free from personal ambition and jealousy in his work (vv. 25, 26). He was very sharpeyed to see the sincerity and promise of a young convert (9:27)."

Into this new fellowship of life and service the gracious and generous Barnahas brought a new even-

ous Barnabas brought a new evan-gelist — Saul, God's prepared man for this hour.

II. A New Name (11:26-30).

Christian, the beautiful name of those who follow Christ, was first used at Antioch. It may have held a measure of contempt (see Acts 26:28; I Pet. 4:16), but it was a remarkably suitable name for those who had come out of paganism now to live, amid their old surroundings, life, a separated life, the Christ life.

"combines Jewish thought with Greek and Latin language, and thus, like the inscription on the cross, bears witness to the universality of Christianity as a religion for the whole world. The idea of 'Christ' (Messiah) is Jewish; the substantive 'Christ' (Christos) is Greek, and the adjectival termina-'ian' (-ianus) is Latin. This new name was intended to in-

troduce and mark the difference between Jews and Gentiles on the one hand, and those who, whether Jews or Gentiles, were followers of Jesus Christ. . . . The term 'Christian' evidently points to the person of Christ, and to those who are associated with Him as His followers. It implies and involves union and close association with Christ" (W. H. Griffith Thomas).

Those believers at Antioch not only bore the name, they practiced the life of Christ. They gave of their means, "every man according to his abilities," to meet the need of their new-found Jewish brethren in Judea.

III. A New Vision (12:24, 25; 13: -4).

Little wonder that in such a church

"the word of God grew and multi-plied" (cf. 11:21). But the believers were not content to settle back at ease and enjoy that fellowship. Their precious church was simply the center from which they reached out to the heathen world around them.

Every army must have a home base. Just so, the army of the Lord looks to the home church, the local gathering of God's people. An army would fail if those at the base of its action were asleep, or so interested in the pleasures of this world, or so indifferent to their responsibility, that they would not work hard in support of the active army. So the cause of Christian missions cannot go ahead if it must depend on a home church which is spiritually asleep, indolent, indifferent, and worldly-minded.

The church at Antioch prayed and fasted. It ministered the Word of God. It was responsive to the guid-ance of the Holy Spirit and ready to sacrifice by giving its leaders to the missionary cause. Is your church that kind of church?

The Home Town Reporter MASHINGTON By Walter Shead WNU Correspondent

WNU Washington Bureau The Little Red Schoolhouse

Is Out of Step With the Times

Celebration of the first anniversary of the White House conference on rural education, in October, served to bring into focus again the shortcomings and problems of rural education in the country schools. Moreover it has brought to the fore once again the long-standing debate over the merits of the one-room, one-teacher school, versus the con-solidated country school.

There is, however, one fact that proponents of both the one-room school and the consolidated school can agree on, and that is the rural youth of the nation is not getting an even break with his city cousin the matter of education.

With this in mind, a 24-point program for improvement of rural education has been drawn up for a long-range fight for adoption by federal, state and local school authorities. This is an effort to bring rural education up to a higher level to give the boys and girls of rural communities the type of education they need and the most education possible in the rural public schools of the na

Dr. Howard A. Dawson of Arkansas, director of the rural services of the National Education association, at a recent press conference here announced that shortly after the first of the year nine regional conferences on rural life and education will be held in various sections of the country. Representatives of farmers, business, labor and educational groups will participate in an effort to stimulate greater interest in the

### Country Schools Need Help

Here are some vital statistics and Here are some vital statistics and facts which become problems before any gathering of rural school authorities: Farmers have 31 per cent of the children and only 10 per cent of the national income, so there is a need for greater state and federal financing as aids to local administration of rural schools.

Rural school teachers average approximately \$959 per year in salary as compared to an average of \$1,955 for city teachers, so city schools are

for city teachers, so city schools are able to obtain better teachers.

There are 50,000 school teachers now working under emergency cer-tificates who are not qualified to teach, and two-thirds of them are in

Rural school districts are too small and should be enlarged to provide increased resources and to de crease administrative costs.

Of the 189,062 rural school buildings, 108,000 are of the one-teacher variety and one recommendation of the White House conference is that schools should be consolidated wher-ever distances, topography and the best interests of the children and of community life permit, which, by the way, is a manner of straddling the question of whether the one-room or the consolidated school is for the best interest of the children.

Enrollment in teachers' colleges, the source from which school teachers are obtained, has dropped 50 per cent during these war years. As a result, 360,000 of the nation's 900,000 teachers are new to their jobs, and, whereas city schools have been able to maintain staffs because of higher salaries paid, country schools are bearing the brunt of the shortage.

Bigger, Better High Schools

It is pointed out that the curricu-lum established by the state boards of education in many states varies little in the city and country schools. It is a matter of comm cational needs of country children and those who live in cities. So one of the problems is for a course of study particularly fitted to the needs of the rural youth, and a staff of teachers who have the kind and cuality. quality of preservice education which will qualify them to teach in rural schools as contrasted to city

The NEA believes also that there can be no adequate high school edu-cation in any rural high school where enrollment is less than 300 pupils. There can be no adequately formulated high school program which will give the student a well-rounded education where there are only a few students; there can be no school morale or spirit, nor can interest of the student in the teen ages be maintained through four years of high school work in small high schools, educators believe.

### Qualified Superintendents

Furthermore, one of the planks in the 24-point program calls for careful selection of superintendents of rural schools on a basis of profes-sional qualifications and on nonpolitical considerations. Therefore, popular elections of county superinndents should be abando There are some 12,100,000 students

enrolled in rural schools, which con-stitute 48 per cent of all public schools in the nation. The 451,680 rural teachers comprise 52 per cent of the nation's total.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

# Two-Piecer Is Young 'n' Smart



YOUTHFULLY smart two A piece dress for those occawhen you want to look your

best. The blouse buttons down the

### End of Trail' Symbolizes Passing of the Red Man

The statue of an Indian with a spear under his arm, sitting on a horse, in an attitude of utter abandon, is intended to symbolize the passing of a great race-the Indian, once the unchallenged master of this continent, but who now, as the sculptor, James Earle Fraser, conceives it, stands hopeless and despairing at "the end of the trail.'

The statue is very literally at the end of the trail, too, in Gold-en Gate park, San Francisco.

back and is cut to give that popular nipped in look. Note the graceful gored skirt.

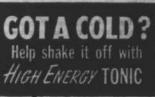
Pattern No. 1394 is designed for sizes 10. 12, 14, 18, 18 and 20. Size 12, short sleeves, requires 3% yards of 25 or 35-inch material.

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

Send your order to: SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 1150 Sixth Ave. New York, N. Y. 1150 Sixth Ave. New York, N. Y. Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired. Pattern No. \_\_\_ Name. Address.

### RAF Uses Knot

To simplify the work of its navi-gators, the Royal Air Force now uses the knot, or nautical mile per hour, as its official measure of speed, because its charts, like those of all other military flying forces, employ the Mercator pro-jection in which distances are measured in nautical miles.





Read the Ads

## FALSE TEETH WEARERS! MINNING INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Try This Amazing Cream-Paste That **Holds Your Dental Plates Firm** 



Just think how grand you'll feel when your dentures stay comfortably secure from the time you put them in until you take them out ... how wonderful to say goodbye to sore, irritated gums and mouth ... how mearvelous to enjoy eating and chewing all the foods you like ... and to talk, laugh, or meses without feer of your plates slipping. Take advantage of this never-to-birepested offer. Meil coupon NOWI

Ale Your Money Back on This Offer! If you act now, you can try Stame withou having to buy the regular size. Just mal coupon and get generous introductory tub having to buy the regular size. Just mail coupon and get generous introductory tube containing full 7-day supply for only 16¢. But that's not all! We're so sure you'll be completely thrilled with the way Stase will make your dental plates feel and fit that we don't merely offer you a money-back guarantee but double-your-money-back! Don't delay! Our quota of introductory tubes is limited. So we will not be able to repeat this offer.

MAIL VALUABLE COUPON NOW!



BEN-GAY\_THE ORIGINAL ANALOES Also FOR PAIN | RHEUMATISM |