



**SYNOPSIS:**—Going west by car to marry Katherine Grant, Joe Wilson is held on suspicion of being one of a gang of kidnapers. Angry citizens of the town of Saga storm the jail, set fire to it, blow it to pieces with dynamite. The door of his cell is blown off and Joe is badly burned but he escapes. Believed to be dead, he gets his brothers to file merger charges against a score of the mob members. The charges won't stick without proof that Joe was killed. A ring Katherine had given to him, sent anonymously to the Judge, forces a confession from a woman attendant, but that same message, and the ring, lead Katherine to believe that Joe is alive.

Chapter Six  
VICTORY.

"What're you talking about?" asked Charlie, startled.  
"I know he's alive, Charlie," said Katherine quietly.  
Charlie grabbed her by the wrists. "Will you shut your mouth?"  
"You can't keep me quiet! What's happened to him? Does he realize what he's done — what we've all done?"  
Charlie backed her further down the corridor, away from the people passing. "You saw him in that fire. You testified; it wasn't me. Why ask me? I wasn't there. You're losing your mind again!"  
He out-talked and out-argued her. "Of course, you're right," she admitted, rubbing her forehead perplexedly. "I don't know what's the matter with me. Of course, you're right, and he's dead . . . But I haven't slept for so long. I want to go home. Take me home, Charlie."

two rats for something they did do, for something they can't drive out of their minds, out of their hearts. Why did we throw rocks at him? They'll think, 'Why did we drive him back into the fire? Why didn't we give him a chance? Why did we think we were God Almighty?'"  
"Stop talking like that," Katherine besought him. "You're petrified with hate."  
"Sure, I am, and I love it. I love hate. That's funny — love hate."  
"Joe, those men and women live and breathe, love and laugh, and cry, just like everybody else. They're not murderers; they were part of a mob. They were not motivated by thought, by reason, a mob doesn't think — has no time to think —"  
"But the guy in jail — he can think, can't he? Lie awake all night thinking until what he's thinking about makes him want to cry and yell, and hide and beat his head against a wall? . . . All right; it's his turn now. Let them know what it is to be lynched!"  
"Don't you think that they do know by now? What you felt for one night, for a few hours, they've faced for days and nights and weeks. Afraid of each other, of their wives, of their children, of themselves — wishing with all their hearts they had that day to live over. Can't you imagine what Charlie and Tom went through? They love you, Joe, and because they love you, you make them murder for you! Something to think about for the rest of their lives. Joe, I didn't want to live when I thought you were dead. But you're alive — we can still be together, and be happy. Let me go with you to the Judge."  
"Sure, Katherine, we'll start all over — after the hanging."  
She looked at him for a moment, then turned miserably towards the door.  
"Don't go, Katherine. Let's sit down and have some fun. Stop thinking about them. Why don't you think about me?"  
"I am thinking about you — about

U. S. LIFTS BAN ON REINDEER KILLING

Act to Aid Eskimos Hit by Shortage of Food.

Juneau, Alaska.—Faced with an acute food shortage among the Eskimos of an isolated North Alaska region, the federal government lifted its ban on reindeer killing as a dog sled loaded with emergency food rations started on its way to the stricken natives.  
The Bureau of Indian Affairs dispatched the sled from Barrow to the barren district which lies between Point Barrow and Demarcation Point, far up in the Arctic circle.  
Demarcation Point is the northern terminus of the Alaskan-Canadian boundary. Point Barrow is Alaska's northernmost settlement.  
Frank Daugherty, bureau superintendent at Barrow, said that 800 Eskimos in the remote coastal region were affected by the food shortage. A few isolated cases of actual distress were reported, among them Tom Marglin, white trader of Cape Halkett, 100 miles east of Barrow.  
Mr. Daugherty blamed the shortage on wolves which, he said, have slaughtered whole herds of reindeer and caribou. In addition ice has made seal hunting unusually difficult this year.  
He sent a message stating that wolves killed 4,000 reindeer the past winter. He said some herders lost 100 deers a day between Barrow and Wainwright.  
Barrow dispatches said Mr. Daugherty was the first federal or territorial official to visit Demarcation Point since officers of the Coast Guard ship Bear set up a monument there many years ago.  
Heretofore, a bureau regulation has required non-owners to obtain permits from the reindeer supervisors before killing a reindeer.

Why Snow Melts



Helen Ramsey, abapely Rangerette, cools herself in a snowbank at the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas. The snow was brought to the World's Fair from the mountains of Colorado for a snowlight between Rangerettes and Colorado Snowflake girls.

GOES TO TEXAS

Mrs. C. W. Morgan left Friday for Houston, Texas, where she will spend sometime as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. R. A. Stamey.

WEEK-END AT HOME

Miss Harriett Frances Mardre, of Richmond, Va., spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mardre.

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Airplane Used to Fight Citrus Fruit Parasites

Berkeley, Calif.—Aviation constitutes America's first line of defense not only against armed foes but against plagues and pests, science has learned.  
On one of its recent trips to Hawaii and the Philippines, the China Clipper carried as part of its cargo from 50 to 500 fruit flies for colonization in the Pacific Islands.  
Curtis P. Clausen, director of the introduction into the United States of foreign parasites, of the federal bureau of entomology and plant quarantine, was the sponsor of this new effort.  
Clausen recalls as one of the outstanding achievements of his 16 years of service with the government entomology bureau the eradication of the citrus black fly from Cuba. The task was completed in three years but still is of great importance to the citrus industry of the country.  
In search for a parasite that would destroy the black citrus fly without introducing something worse into the United States, Clausen carried his research into tropical Asia, the origin of the pest.  
The government workers found tiny wasps that appeared immune to the fly attack. These were introduced into the infested areas of Cuba and within six months, according to Clausen, the major portion of the orchards had been cleaned out before the flies had a chance to reach the American shores.

Curbs Are Decreed for Honolulu Flower "Girls"

Honolulu.—Regimentation has hit Honolulu's picturesque waterfront.  
Chief of Police William A. Gabrielson ruled the chattering band of lei women who engulf tourists with garlands of flowers to sell must adhere to certain "marketing" rules.  
The "girls"—many of these leathery skinned Hawaiian women are in the sixties—must not use high-pressure salesmanship and all lei vendors must dress in brightly-colored Hawaiian holokus—the huge, shapeless "Mother Hubbard" affair introduced by the missionaries which the islanders strangely prefer to other types of dress.  
Boys and girls under twenty-one will be forbidden to sell leis on the waterfront, under the new rules.  
Gabrielson said the regulations would help to dress up the waterfront.

A Plant Used by Mendel Is Donated to University

Philadelphia.—The University of Pennsylvania has received a seventy-year-old duplicate specimen of one of Gregory Mendel's dried plants with which he founded the Mendel law.  
The specimen, about eight inches in length and consisting of a pea plant stem and several flowers and leaves, was donated to the University by the Augustinian Fathers in Bro. Czechoslovakia. Preserved beneath glass, the specimen has the seal of the monastery and a rare autograph of Mendel written in 1869.

Hindus Unite Apes at Ritual Marriage

Bombay, British India.—The ceremonial "marriage" of a pair of monkeys, with all the ritual of a Hindu wedding, was conducted at Surat by a Sadhu (Hindu ascetic) "in response to inspiration."  
The male monkey is supposed to be a descendant of the monkey-god Hanuman. Thousands lined the streets to watch the marriage procession.



A great hush fell over the spectators as Joe Wilson walked up to the Judge's bench!

He took her to her landlady's and she put Katherine to bed.  
Charlie and Tom repaired to Joe's hideout. He was pacing the floor in elation. Outside the rain had started again. His brothers threw the newspapers on the table which was set for three and piled with sandwiches, pickles and bottles of beer.  
"A celebration, huh?" said Charlie.  
"You bet your life! I heard it over the radio. I got 'em! That was some idea I got — sending the ring to the Judge. It knocked 'em for a loop — a loop around their necks!"  
Joe went to the window and looped the curtain cord into the semblance of a hangman's noose.  
"I had some time getting rid of Katherine's hysterics," observed Charlie. "She's not cold you're dead."  
"Don't make me laugh! Have some beer."  
"I'm talking you — it was that letter you wrote to the Judge that made her jump. I don't know what —"  
The letter was the best idea I ever had! It almost cooled me my finger getting the ring off, but it would have been worth my whole hand. That must have been some sensation when that woman collapsed! They could stand seeing me burned to death, but they can't stand a good, honest trial. They'll probably collapse all over the place when they're marched up to the gallows —"  
"Tom jumped up violently from the chair where he had been sitting moodily. 'Cut it out, will you? I can't stand it! You haven't been there watching those people —'"  
"You yellow little welsler! You're as bad as them."  
"It's getting me too," said Charlie. "If I hadn't started the whole thing — Oh, I was with you then! But I've got a rotten feeling you talked me into something. If I knew how to get out of this mess, I'd —"  
"All right!" snarled Joe. "Why don't you snitch on me?"  
"Nobody's talking about that."  
"I am!" said Tom. "I can't stand it any longer! Be human, Joe. We can get out of the country. Start over again. But let's tell the truth."  
Joe yanked out a gun. "I'll kill you first!"  
In the surprised silence a calm voice back of them said: "You might as well kill me, too. They jerked around to find that Kathy erina, her coat dripping water, had entered the room."  
Joe turned viciously to Charlie. "So you told her, you lying —"  
"No, Joe, I followed them," interrupted Katherine. "I know you were alive when I saw your letter. She went close to him. 'Why don't you kill me, too? Make a good job of it. What does it matter? Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four.' She seized his arm. 'Joe, look at me! I understand how you feel. When I thought you were dead, and that they had killed you, I wanted to die with you. But now that you're alive, now that we're together, I want happiness again.'"  
"I know what I want, and I'm getting it," said Joe.  
"That's Joe, you're hanging twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four."

what a swell guy you were when you were alive. But you're dead now, Joe. If those people die, Joe Wilson dies. Wherever you go in the world, whatever you do . . . I couldn't marry you now, Joe. I couldn't marry a dead man."  
"I'll always love you, Joe. I can't do anything about that. Maybe this is crazy, but I can't help thinking we'd all be better off if you hadn't escaped from that jail!"  
"Okay, so that's what you can't help thinking! Who cares? So what am I doing here talking to you three? This is a big night for me and I should be out celebrating. And that's what I'm going to do. Alone! From now on, I'm going to do everything alone!"  
He grabbed his hat and coat, and rushed to the door, flinging over his shoulder: "They killed my dog, didn't they?"  
Excited, angry, emotionally confused, Joe Wilson spent most of the night wandering about from beer garden to cheap bar, finding no satisfaction in anything; suspicious, lonely, fleeing from his own thoughts — from the thoughts that Katherine's words had put in his head. Her voice pursued him: "Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four . . ."  
The jury was returning verdicts individually for each defendant. "Kirby Cobbs, guilty" . . . "Frederick Dawson, guilty" . . . "Frank Garrett, guilty" . . . "Walter Gordon, guilty."  
"Go on! Go on!" sobbed a woman defendant. "I'm guilty! I burned him! I'll pay!"  
"Jerome Harris, guilty" . . . "William Hull, guilty" . . . "Milton Jackson, guilty."  
Suddenly, Dawson broke away, sped down the aisle, in the mad hope of escaping, creating an uproar of confusion. Two balliffs outside the door caught him and brought him back. Behind them walked a young man — a man whose picture everybody in the court room had been seeing in the papers — the man who had been burned in the jail!  
A great hush fell over the spectators as Joe Wilson walked up to the Judge's bench. "Your Honor, I'm Joseph Wilson."  
"I demand that this man be put under arrest!" shouted the District Attorney.  
"I'm ready for that," said Joe, "but I've got something to say first. It's no excuse for what I've done. I'm ready to pay for that. But it's no excuse for what these people have done to me, either. I came to save them, but not for their sakes. They are a disgrace to humanity. They, who pretend to be humans, showed themselves at the first sign of blood, to be cruel and brainless beasts . . . No, I don't forgive them. I never will. They didn't lynch my body, but they lynched what mattered to me — my liking people and having faith in them. I hate them for it. I hate them for torturing those souls for the rest of their lives . . . I didn't come here either for the sake of three people who love me. I came for myself, because I couldn't live alone and wander like a man without a country. So start over again with my girl and my brother. I've got to take the responsibility for what I've done, and pay for it, according to the law."

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