

and the sagging stumbling figure was that of Mr. Rosicki.

"Mr. Rosicki! Mr. Rosicki!" Phoebe put out her hand to touch him and snatched it away as she felt the burned cloth still hot on his shoulder. She looked wildly up at Ben. "Where's Ruth?"

"She's all right, Phoebe. He sent her in to New York."

"Ben—" Mr. Rosicki twisted his blackened face toward the boy and girl. They leaned close to hear the words he said in a painful whisper. "Ben, I'm sorry I did it . . . I was mad . . . I said

nobody else would have my corn . . . I . . . I set the corn on fire but I didn't . . . mean to burn . . . the house. I didn't mean . . ."

"I know, I know," Ben said. "And the house is all right. It's all right, Mr. Rosicki, it isn't burned. You saved it yourself . . ."

"I'll go with you." Phoebe's father hurried forward and got into the ambulance after the stretcher holding Mr. Rosicki after he had been lifted into place. The big car clanged away.

"What was he talking about?" Phoebe stared wildly at Ben.

"Ben, what did he mean about his corn?"

"He was mad because Dad's putting him off the place. He wasn't going to let anybody else have his crop. Poor devil—"

Ben swayed a little as fierce pain from the burned hand he kept behind him shot through his shoulder and down his side.

"You're hurt!" Phoebe's arms went around him. "Oh—oh, your hand! Come on, I'll drive you home."

He stumbled into the roadster with difficulty. Phoebe drove silently for a minute, thinking of nothing but getting Ben home. Then she remembered what he had said just after the ambulance went away.

"Ben, did you say that your father was putting Mr. Rosicki off the farm?"

"Yes, he owed eight months' rent." Ben in his pain forgot all about the full explanation he had meant to make to Phoebe. "I didn't want to tell him he had to get off—I never thought of anything like this happening."

Phoebe felt cold all over. "You—you say you told him to get off, Ben?"

"Dad—he came to me—I didn't want to." Sweat was pouring down Ben's grimy face as the jouncing car tortured his burned leg and hand.

At the house Phoebe helped a frightened Eulalie help Ben upstairs, called Dr. Cross and waited in the hall until he came. Then she went home. She sat by the window in the dark until dawn broke cold and gray over the bay. Then she crept into bed.

And then she was awake again and it was morning, and Ben was limping across the lawn, a white bandage on his hand. She went out on the porch to meet him.

"Phoebe, I've got to talk to you!"

"Are you feeling better, Ben? Your burns—"

"They hurt quite a lot, but I'm all right. Phoebe—I've got to talk to you."

She looked away. "Ben, I just want to ask you one question," she said stiffly. "Did you or didn't you tell Mr. Rosicki for your father that he had to get off the farm?"

"Yes, I did. But I didn't want to, I—"

"But you did," she interrupted. "And so there isn't any more to say."

TOWN COVER:

BLUE ROCKS
Berks County

EAST OF HAMBURG, PA.

On the southern slope of the Blue Mountains, four miles east of Hamburg, is a field of mammoth boulders covering approximately six acres. The rocks, bluish in color, are thought to have been dislodged from the mountain top during the glacial period.

Here is the tree that forms a natural arch through which this photograph was taken.

This natural wonder is one of the keypoints of a new Pennsylvania hiking trail opened some time ago. Historic Valley Forge and Manada Gap are other stations on the triangular route.

The Pinnacle, Sharp Mountain, Pulpit Rock and the Hawk Mountain Bird Sanctuary near Dreherstown are among the many other points of interest within a few miles of the boulder field.

Old Line Legal Reserve Life Insurance

ONLY **77** PER MONTH PER \$1000 OF INSURANCE (at Age 21)*

Now at Postal's Low Rates You Can Own All the Life Insurance You Need! HERE ARE LOW RATES AT YOUR AGE

Monthly Premium, less the 9½% Guaranteed Dividend (at the nearest birthday), per \$1,000					
Age	Rate	Age	Rate	Age	Rate
21	.77	30	.97	39	1.29
22	.79	31	1.00	40	1.35
23	.81	32	1.03	41	1.39
24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57
27	.90	36	1.16	45	1.64
28	.92	37	1.21	46	1.70
29	.95	38	1.25	47	1.79
				48	1.87
				49	1.95
				50	2.04
				51	2.15
				52	2.27
				53	2.39
				54	2.53
				55	2.66

* Owing to low rates at which this policy is offered, the minimum amounts issued are: ages 21-40, \$2,000; ages 41-50, \$1,500; ages 51-55, \$1,000. Rates shown are one-half permanent rates beginning fifth year.

POSTAL'S FAMOUS "MODIFIED '4'" POLICY

Cash and loan values; guaranteed 9½% dividends; automatic premium payment clause and all standard provisions.

Send coupon for full details.

POSTAL LIFE OF NEW YORK has paid out more than

\$47,000,000.00

to its policyholders and beneficiaries during thirty-three successful years.

If this policy does not fit your needs, Postal issues other standard forms, ages 10 to 60.

Postal Life Insurance Company, 511 Fifth Ave., Dept. M-450, New York, N. Y.
 Send me without obligation complete information about your low-cost modified '4' policy, at my age.
 Date of Birth _____
 Occupation _____
 Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



A GREAT TRAVELLING COMPANION

WHEREVER YOU GO, you will run into bad weather, but, whether you meet just a light shower or a hard, pelting rain, you can keep dry and save money and discomfort in these genuine

GOS-MER-ETT
Slip-on
RAINCOATS

. . . made of sturdy, rubberized fabric that will not rip or tear. Better than regular rubber because they can be folded to a very small size without cracking as rubber does. Better than oil skin garments because they will not stick together when folded. Smart enough to wear over a dress suit.

Light weight, 48 inch length, roomy and full cut, raglan sleeves, slash pockets, double sewed seams.

Color—Silver Gray
Sizes—34 to 46 chest measure.

\$2.00
Postage Prepaid

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

ORDER BLANK

LYMAN BRADFORD CO.
150 Main St., Kingston, Mass.

Enclosed find \$2.00. Send me, post-paid, one of your GOS-MER-ETT Slip-on RAINCOATS. My chest measure is _____ inches.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



OUTDOORS

by DAVE ROBERTS

SMALL COLLECTION OF FISH LURES
SATISFACTORY, IF WELL-CHOSEN

IT IS EASY to go hog-wild on the matter of artificial lures.

What with the tackle stores carrying a thousand different types of baits, and with smooth salesmen plucking at the old sleeve, offering suggestions, it is a lucky fisherman who emerges solvent from one of these emporiums.

There are only a few different types of effective casting lures, however, and the careful buyer will recognize that fact. While the styles vary into infinity, the types are pretty limited. And it always has been my opinion that, if the fish are hitting on one particular type, any style of that type will take fish.

There are spoons, for instance. You can buy them in 100 different styles, but they have pretty much the same action and the same appearance in the water. Your tackle box should contain a few of this type.

There are hundreds of plugs, but you can single out the top-water and the underwater ones,

the wabblers and the straight swimmers. You should have some of each, in a few popular finishes—providing the budget will stand the strain.

There are the spinners all-in-all among the best in artificial casting baits. But their principle is all the same, or nearly so. Be sure to have a few of these. But don't try to get them all, unless you are a multi-millionaire and feel like selling the family yacht.

Some of the most effective of all casting lures for bass, pike and fish of similar tastes, are the pork chunk varieties. In lily pads, where large fish lurk in small secluded pockets, these baits are particularly effective. They give a thrill to the fisherman, too, for the fish hits them on the top of the water.

In buying remember to have a fair variety of bait types—but hold your horses as best you can. A small selection of well-chosen lures is better than a dozen boxes full of junk.

Continued On Page 10