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 clange away. "What was he talking about?"

Phoebe stared wildly at Ben.

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"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 farn ?"

"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 neve: thought of anything like this happening."

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

"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 interrupt-

ed. "And so there isn't any more

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 Drehersville are among the many other points of interest within a few miles of the boulder field.

"But you must let me explain."

She shook her head. "All the explanations in the world couldn't make this right. Oh, Ben, don't you see-you're always explaining things to me. You're always telling me that the law comes first and human being afterwards. And, Ben, I —I want to love a man, not a —legal document! I'm sorry—" blindly she plunged into the house.

"MOMS, BEN'S GOING to get another secretary," she told her mother that afternoon. "I don't understand the work well enough. So if you don't mind I think I'd like to go and visit Aunt Bea for a while."

THE SHOCKING STORY of the fire tumbled from Phoebe's lips two minutes after she appeared aunt's Washington in her Square apartment. It took Miss Palmer some time to grasp what had actually happened. She couldn't believe that Joe Rosicki would do a thing like

"But if Joe needed money so

much, why on earth didn't he come to me? I'd have let him have it gladly. Oh, his pride, I suppose. Phoebe, have you any idea where he'll go?"
"No, Aunt Bea. I don't think

he has any place to go after he gets out of the hospital. Ruth's staying with mother now."
"Well!" Aunt Bea frowned.

"Well, I wonder if I couldn't help them out. There's that bungalow of mine over in the woods. It's not anything really, but a summer camp, but it's furnished. I wonder if they couldn't manage there for a while?"

"I should think they could."
Miss Palmer put down her knitting. "I'll telephone the house this minute. Maybe it'll put Ruth's mind at rest, the poor child."

Phoebe could hear Ruth's high excited voice over the wire thanking Aunt Bea over and over. "Poor child," Miss Palmer said again, returning to her chair. "I declare, I'm getting so mad at Ed Prentice I can't stand it!" she exclaimed.

Continued On Page 10

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

There are only a few different types of effective casting lures, however, and the careful buver 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.

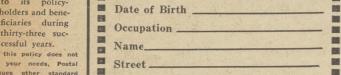
There are spoons, for instance. You can buy them in 100 different styles, but they have pretty much the same action and the same appearance in the water. Your tackle box should contain a few of this type.

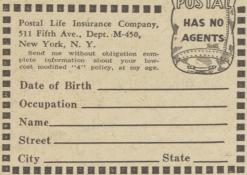
There are hundreds of plugs, but you can single out the topwater and the underwater ones, the wabblers and the straight swimmers. You should have some of each, in a few popular finishes—providing the budget will stand the strain.

There are the spinners all-inall 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 typesbut hold your horses as best you can. A small selection of well-chosen lures is better than a dren boxes full of junk.





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