#### THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA



### THE STORY AND THE AUTHOR-

Alan LeMay's reputation as a writer is rapidly growing among readers who prefer a good western story to any other sort of book. He has outstanding ability to make his characters live against a background that is accurate to the finest

## CHAPTER I

This was the crisis-the climax of all that long war. Here they sat, all night with his rifle in his hands, these men who had fought a common enemy for so long: Dusty King, who, with the hoofs of countless cattle, had carved many a Great Plains trail deep into the short grass; young Bill Roper, who had begun following those trails with Dusty King before he was big enough to hold a horse; and old Lew Gordon, Texas man, whose wild marketless herds

had been the roots of fortune. Dusty King and Lew Gordon constituted King-Gordon, the famous partnership that had developed with the great cattle trails; until now their many brands marked far-scattered herds beyond estimate. They were here because of tomorrow's auction of land leases. Under the

hammer would go the grazing rights on the Crying Wolf Indian landsthose miles and miles of stirrupdeep grass that King-Gordon wanted, and that Ben Thorpe had to have.

It was curious that their long war with Ben Thorpe should have met its true climax here. The three in this room understood that the outcome would rest upon what the two older men decided here. Possession of the Crying Wolf meant dominance in the north to King-Gordon, or to Ben Thorpe; there was no longer going to be room for both.

"This is an old fight, Lew," Dusty King said. "It goes back as far as that first time you backed me with a little herd, to see if I could make it through to Abilene. Don't hardly seem like we better draw back now."

Lew Gordon stirred, swaying his shoulders imperceptibly, like a stubborn bear. "Credit's going to be terrible hard, this coming year," he said at last.

Dusty King seemed to sprawl a little more loosely; he was playing poker in a way of his own. Swaggering, easy-going, spendthrift-he still was a man who believed invincibly in himself.

"I passed Ben Thorpe in the road, today," he said. "He was looking mighty prosperous. I bet he weighs two nundred and twenty-nv

detail. Unlike many metropolitan writers of western fiction, he knows that part of the country intimately, and can set it on paper without losing much of the freshness and feeling of the plains and mountains.

| run a crooked one, nor a square | his old soft hat, nor the cracking trick where he could play a mean ring of the spurs he was believed to one; it's a long time since he rode

but Lew, if he isn't stopped-there's face, but they could not diminish his plenty he can hire to do his darkof-the-moon stuff now." "Dusty," Lew Gordon said, "we've

blocked him every way we could." "That's why he'll get you, and me too, in the end."

Again the silence closed, with behind it the perpetual bawling of the cattle, far off in the spring night. ciation that had lasted almost as Dusty King said casually, "Cleve long as Bill Roper's life.

Tanner's here." Bill Roper saw Lew Gordon's eyes flick up to look at Dusty King. "Cleve Tanner?"

"Here in Ogallala."

"What the devil's the meaning of that?'

"Cleve and Walk Lasham are the only two of Ben Thorpe's men that raided the cross timbers with him in the old days; the only two he can really trust, now."

"It's natural that Walk Lasham should be here," Lew Gordon conceded; "but Cleve Tanner, all the way up from the Big Bend-"

"Shows you," Dusty King said, "what store they set on the Crying Wolf lands. Ben Thorpe is sold mighty deep into next year's deliveries. Already he's committed for more northern-fed cattle than he can



LeMay's "The Smoky Years" is a glowing, vividly written western romance which contains all the speed and colorful detail that is making him so popular today. It is his best work. Don't miss it!

sleep in. The trail years had leathered his

gay exuberance; just as prosperity was unable to take from him the look of the trail. Whatever Dusty King wore, he always appeared to be wearing disreputable saddle clothes. Perhaps young Bill Roper had

picked up a lot of Dusty King's characteristics in the course of an asso-Everybody who knew King-Gordon

at all knew the story of Bill Roper and Dusty King. Fifteen years ago, at the age of five, Bill Roper had been found hiding in the brush, like a

little rabbit, beside a wrecked outfit on the old trail to Sedalia. It was Dusty King who had found him there; and it was Dusty King who

had buried the bullet-shattered body of Bill's father beside that God-forsaken trail. In the fifteen years since then,

Bill Roper had learned guns and horses and cattle, and the tricks of the trail as only Dusty King knew them. He had been able to read

prairie signs before he could read print, and if it had not been for tomato can labels, perhaps would never have learned to read print at all. Everything he knew he had learned with Dusty King. There

was every reason that he should have grown to look something like the great trail driver who had brought him up.

Now, as they made their way down the muddy street, before the false-fronted wooden buildings, half the cowmen that thronged Ogallala hailed Dusty with comradeship and

delight; so that his progress was that of a celebrated character, alwere Ben Thorpe men-seemed not | said. to see him at all. It was hard to tell which tickled Dusty King more

-the warmth of his many friends, or the bitterness of his innumerable

lands was being held in a disused Thorpe can't pay that."

"I think my name is good any-where in the cow country," Thorpe fingers fairly tingle to crochet and ted groups. Through this crowd said to the commissioner. Dusty King and Bill Roper waded, "It ain't good here," said King. Dusty trying to look like something The deputy commissioner slapped bewildered, from the tall country. his pen down on the table. "Gentle-Beside the door was posted a handmen," he said, "I'm sorry to do this; bill in black type, giving due legal but in the interests of the governnotice of the auction of leases, and ment, and of the Indian Department Dusty stopped to study this with a which I represent, all further bids grave empty face, as if he had in this auction will be accepted only as representing American gold." "Mr. King," somebody said, "Cash on the nail?" King asked. "they've been waiting for you, fully "Immediate payment in Ogallala." There was no question now Dusty looked blank. Then he

authority of the Secretary of the Interior and the President of the United States; namely certain lands . . .'

He droned through his preamble perfunctorily; everyone in the crowd knew exactly what was involved. Something more than land was here changing hands. To hold the Crying Wolf would all but mean supremacy

in the north. But this thing was bigger than that. The two organizations which here clashed again were the great powers of the trails: behind each of them were whole counties of Texas mesquite grass plains.

great areas of the middle shortgrass country, scores of outfits. The struggle between them had developed with the Chisholm trail itself

-a decade-long combat between men of diametrically opposed principles and methods. And now-

"This land," the deputy commissioner concluded, "is thrown into blocks. I think, gentlemen, you are already familiar with the placement of the lands. Block 1 includes, as previously agreed, an estimated one hundred sections, or sixty-four thousand acres, known hereinafter as 'Block 1': bounded on the north by-"

Cleve Tanner leaned close to Ben Thorpe, whispered, and Thorpe nodded.

"I shouldn't think," said the deputy commissioner, "we need hear any bid of less than ten cents per year, per acre."

There was a moment's silence, and the deputy commissioner got out a big silk handkerchief and mopped

his head, as King now let a slow smile come to the surface of his impassive face. A curious rumble ran over the room, and the crowd seemed to sway.

"I got a proposition," Dusty King said. "Nobody is bidding on this land but just us two; nobody means to bid. Throw the whole thing in one pot and we'll bid on the works." "I'll agree to that," Thorpe decided. The black anger in his face

had submerged again, so that he was poker-eyed. The deputy commissioner was be-

ginning to look like a man who wished he were some place else. "If there are no objections-"

"Fifty cents," said Dusty King. Ben Thorpe's face had turned a curious color, not gray, certainly not bloodless; an odd congested colready famous. The other half-they or, like dark sand. "Fifty-five," he

> "A dollar, five." "Just in confidence between you

and me." Dusty King said; "Mr.

Now that dame fashion has given a high rating to hand-crocheted garments, it behooves every styleminded woman to stop, look and listen to what is being said and done in regard to this very smart trend. Via a simple crochet hook, a spool or so of crochet cotton, or perhaps a skein or so of washable cotton yarn, lovely-to-look-at styles may be made.

Hand-Crocheted Hat, Bag Sets,

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

To Be Popular This Summer

You could search everywhere and it would be difficult to find anything more fetching in hat and bag sets than the masterpieces in crochet artistry such as here pictured. Even if you have never crocheted before, with a little application and a willingness to "live and learn," you can crochet for yourself a whole collection of accessory items every bit as pretty and wearable as those here shown. A fascinating pastime you will find it, too, for the work is easy and the cost of crochet cottons low.

Doesn't the very sight of the cunning fashions illustrated make your

right, use mercerized cotton thread. The star detail is somewhat military in effect, as so many fashions are this summer. Mercerized cotadorns the front of the crown. Describing other attractive crochet themes, a prim little Gibson

sailor is worth noting. It is crocheted of mercerized cotton in a firm, even, single stitch and is so manipulated it keeps in perfect shape. A cluster of crochet berries in self color is its only trim. Be assured this sailor is very good look-

ing.

As clever a headpiece as any n



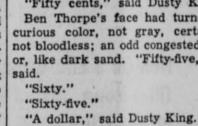
PATTERN

SEWING IS CIRCLE

FRANKLY, the purpose of this frock is to make you look sweet and pretty! A high point of charm is the open-sleeved effect, accentton thread was used also for the ed by flattering frills. The porberet in the inset below. Note the trait neckline is wickedly becomcolorful crochet emblem which ing. This fashion makes up very charmingly in silk print, taffeta, and afternoon cottons. Easy to do. . . .

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enemies. The bidding for the Crying Wolf

store, and here the sidewalk and half the street were filled with knot-

never heard of it before.

"Is this the place," King asked,

"He ain't coming."

now, with his stomach pulled in." "His backing is terrible strong," Lew Gordon said, his eyes on the floor.

No one knew better than Lew Gordon that Dusty King, in tackling the impossible a hundred times. had a hundred times shown the way for the rest. But Gordon remembered too the poverty of the cattle-poor days before any outlet was found for Texas beef. To risk all they had won, in a single slashing stroke at show-unless he can get the Crying an old enemy, was almost more than Gordon could bear.

"You know why Ben Thorpe's fits stand in Ben Thorpe's name; as this." and how many different ways he's

Texan cowmen and leave them started north, but never brought their cattle through, nor got home."

"Every year," Dusty King said, to the section," Lew said wonder-"since we began driving up the big ingly. "Fifty head of cattle grazing he complained. trails, we've locked horns in one one section of land! It's past beway or another with this one gang. lief.' I'm not forgetting who started the Red Crick stampede where Dave and Bob Henry died under piled up cat-

four more of my boys dead. There's some good cowboys under the prairie, Lew."

Gordon said almost inaudibly, "Never could prove anything."

"His herds have grown faster than ours have grown," Dusty King's expressionless voice droned on. "He's go?" as big as we are; he'll be bigger soon. From the Big Bend to the Tetons, he owns more outfits than he knows the names of. He's never run an honest deal where he could

Honest Bill Roper turns outlaw. Or so it seemed. There was a reason. There is also a girl you'll like in

**The Smoky Years** By Alan LeMay Start Reading It Now

'Western' THAT WILL KEEP YOU ON EDGE

acre." an hour.'

Wolf." clutched his hat to his head in a

Slowly Lew Gordon got a frayed startled way, and rushed inside tally book out of his back pocket. with a clownish representation of strong," Dusty King said. "And you "The survey-" Lew Gordon's voice haste. know how he got his start. We know was curiously bewildered-"it's hard Within, the crowd of plains-counwhy it is that so many Texas out- to believe there's any land as good try men-bronzed men, saddle-faced men, sometimes bearded men-gave

Their private survey had been way as King, followed by Bill Roper, found to jump down on little lonely made by Bill Roper; it represented shouldered his way to the back. weeks of hard riding, and shrewd broke or dead. And we know what's calculation of the strength and depth where the feller is selling the happened to many a little outfit that of the feed upon the surface of the horse?" broken land.

The deputy commissioner took his "One place here reads fifty head feet off his table. "The sale was supposed to start at two o'clock." A little tribute, there. The com-

"This isn't Texas, Lew." "I figure we might pay as high as thirty cents to the acre," Gordon tle; nor the Tularosa shootings, with said, "by the year's lease." sentative of King-Gordon.

A flicker like that of heat lightning showed for a moment behind Dusty King's eyes; but his voice was low said. and monotonous as before. "Thirty cents be damned," he said.

Three men who sat in chairs Lew Gordon looked at him for a grouped around one end of the table long time. How deep you figure to looked at each other. They ignored

"Get the land," Dusty King said. "Ben Thorpe is liable to go crazy not yet keenly aware. and bid his head off."

"We're looking down his throat," hat was Ben Thorpe - the Ben King said for the second time. "The Thorpe, whose far-scattered holdleast the deputy commissioner can accept is drafts on Kansas City. Ben Thorpe hasn't realized the value of the land. We'll catch him short and now, heavy-bodied, he was today force him off the board." "At what cost to ourselves?" Gordon demanded.

"At all costs." Slowly Lew Gordon shook his "Maybe thirty-five cents an head. acre." Dusty King's voice rose explosive-

ly for the first time. "Thirty-five eyed, so cleanly shaven that the cents," he echoed-"or fifty cents, or seventy-five, or a dollar! Get the shine. Cleve Tanner was manager land!'

Lew Gordon sighed, and he looked like a man who was weary and old. "You want that land," Gordon said, its strength. "even if-" "At all costs," Dusty King said again. Gordon looked his partner in the

eyes. "Go in and bid!"

. . .

Swinging down the board walks of ing grounds now necessary to any Ogallala in the cool spring sunlight, | wide operation in the cattle trade. Dusty King and Bill Roper looked a The deputy commissioner raised whole lot alike. The more than his voice. "This," he said, "is a twenty years difference in their ages | federal auction, to place by public had not changed Dusty King's loose- bidding certain lands in the charge jointed swagger, the rakish cock of of the Indian Department, by the

about the sweat that stood out on the commissioner's forehead. "Seventy cents," said King.

"I'm already bid a dollar, five!" "Sure: but we got different rules

now. God knows Thorpe can't back a dollar, five in gold. What kind of shenanigan is this, anyway?" The eyes of the deputy commis-

sioner went to Ben Thorpe's face again, but there was nothing to be read there. Thorpe seemed so lumpishly still that it was not ap-

parent that he breathed. "Seventy cents," said Dusty King

again in the silence. "Whoop 'er up, boys-I've only begun!" Silence again through the pack of

missioner-perhaps already in Ben those saddle-faced men; perspiring Thorpe's pay-hardly dared start an silence on the part of the deputy important sale, without present this commissioner, dead lumpish sislouching, nondescript-looking reprelence on the part of Ben Thorpe. Cleve Tanner, his hands locked back "No word has come from your of his neck, looked at the ceiling; partner at all," the commissioner Walk Lasham sat motionless, his eyes on the face of his boss.

"You-" the deputy commissioner wavered, "you-you can back this bid in gold?'

"Immediate delivery by Wells King and Roper, as hostile dogs ig-Fargo," King said. "Right now, in nore an enemy of whom they are Ogallala.'

"Mr. Thorpe," the commissioner The big man in the light-colored wavered, "Mr. Thorpe, will you-do you\_"

They waited for what Ben Thorpe ings perhaps already exceeded those would say. His face was expresof King-Gordon. Thick-shouldered sionless still, as he got up from his chair: but men stumbled over each more than ever a power feared in other to get out of his way, as he the cattle country-still unscrupuwalked down the length of that lous, still menacing, but now of a packed room, and out into the street. different sort-a power of wealth, of The deputy commissioner seemed organization, and of bought-up law. melted down, unrecognizable now as Beside him, the tall man, lean and the crisp little man who had opened narrow-bodied as a slat, was Cleve the bidding. His face was white Tanner; a hawk-faced man, keenand set, and his eyes showed fear. "Well?" said King. tight skin of his jaws seemed to

"The Crying Wolf," the commissioner said huskily, "the Crying of Ben Thorpe's Texas holdings, the Wolf lands-if-if there are no othbreeding grounds from which er bids-go to King-Gordon . . ." Thorpe's whole organization drew Something like a sigh, a general release of tension, ran through that The other, the man who seemed

jam of men. uncommonly dark, even among Close to Dusty King's ear Bill Ropthese sun-darkened men, was Walk er asked, out of the side of his Lasham. He was Ben Thorpe's manmouth. "How high would we-how ager in the north, now; under his

high could we have gone?" poker-faced watchfulness lay Ben The mask of Dusty King's face Thorpe's northern holdings, the feedbroke up; every muscle in his face came into action, every tooth showed as he grinned.

"Seventy cents," King answered



him

crochet until you have acquired a ern school girl would want is the number of accessories to wear with "pigtail calot." It is really very your summer outfits?

Have you ever tried crocheting with heavy cotton rug yarn, boilfast of the head in exactly the same and washable. The work just manner. The novel and amusing speeds along. In no time you can part is a long braid of yarn that finish a new hat and bag. The atstarts from the crown center of tractive high-crowned turban-andthe calot and dangles to the waist bag twosome shown to the left in in back, just like a Chinaman's pigthe picture is crocheted of heavy tail. To add more interest, the white cotton rug yarn. It also braided yarn is tied with a hair comes in colors. You will be surribbon in school-girl fashion. prised and delighted at how quickly this set can be made. There's nothwant, it may be crocheted in a lacy ing intricate or tedious about it! open-work stitch and when finished.

For the star-trimmed crochet pillbox and matching round bag to the

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> Cottons are not news, but the cotton materials manufactured today are not only news, but front page news!

If it is a lace-trimmed hat you

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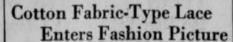
starched very stiff.

One of the highspots on the summer program of cottons is the suit of crinkly seersucker. At the races fashion-wise women are wearing these suits. The perfected tailoring of these suits gives them a thoroughbred air that is recognized at a glance. Chambray is also gaining in popu-

larity. Emphasis on striped chambray leads to such intriguing styling as the dress of monotone chambray that is detailed with stripes. Matching hat and bag complete the costume.

A word about the new colorful denims and gabardines. The latest message is bright yellow denim for play clothes. And flowered chintz is seen in both formal and informal dresses.

In the evening cottons go forth in party frocks of gingham and flowered prints, and in peasant skirts with blouse or middy tops. This season's cotton sheers never were prettier.



Lace is "all set" for a tremendous vogue this summer. Special emphasis is on a new allover-patterned cotton lace that is so fabriclike that it is practical for dresses, redingotes and all types of summertime ensembles, including the suit tailored of starched cotton lace, either in white or colors.

# Week-End Matchmates

Practically a complete wardrobe within itself is the five-piece Low-cut necklines are increasing matchmate cottons now selling throughout stores the country over. in popularity. In blouses it is the Very practical and very attractive open-throat turn-back collar type that leads. Dresses have very low are these ensembles made up of five pieces-pajamas or slacks, shorts. V-shape lines. Whether necklines bra-top, butcher-boy smock and are square, round or heartshape, knee-deep coat.





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#### Swaying Mind

When the mind is in a state of uncertainty, the smallest impulse directs it to either side .- Terence.



**Dark Ignorance** 

Ignorance is the night of the mind, but a night without moon or star .- Confucius.



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satisfactory wearableness. Note how smartly it is styled, with the

This very good-looking frock is

made of a new and unusual sports fabric, which, because of its outstanding attractiveness plus its dependable wearability, may be regarded as a real "find" for women who seek reliable materials. It is a rough crepe, one of a number of new creative fabrics done in Celanese rayon and silk. Woven with a special twist in the yarn, a pleasing unevenness is producedbest described as a splash effect. This charming frock will be well liked both because of the ripplesurfaced crepe that fashions it and because of the promise it carries of

**Open-Throat Necklines** 

they are low cut this summer.

new accented hipline.

