THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA

THE STORY SO FAR: Alan Slade has agreed to fly a "scientist" named Frayne o the Anawotto river to look for the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. It is bleak country, and Alan suspects Frayne of having something up his sleeve, but Norland Airways needs the job. Slade and his partner, Cruger, have been having trouble competing with the larger companies, and Frayne has paid enough to enable Cruger to buy the plane they need. When he thought Norland was going to have to quit, Slade applied for overseas service with the army air corps. His application was rejected, but his disappointment has been lessened considerably by the brighter outlook for the business and by the fact that Lynn Morlock, the local doctor's daughter, has decided not to go to England with her Red Cross unit. Now he has gone with Lynn while she gives first aid treatment to an outcast fiver named Slim Tumstead, who has been hurt in a fight. They learn that Tumstead knows about Frayne and about the new Lockheed. It is a few minutes later, and they are talking about their plans for the future. Lynn feels that she must think first of her father's happiness.

Now continue with the story.

## CHAPTER IV

"But you mustn't forget," Slade contended, "that you have your own life to live.

"That's what I'm trying to remember," was Lynn's vibrantvoiced reply.

They came to a stop in front of the hospital steps.

"Some day," he said with a wave of recklessness, "I'll make you see it my way."

If it sounded like a threat it brought no touch of concern to the hazel eyes searching his face. A smile even hovered about her lip ends.

"You've got a harder job than that," she retorted, "if you're flying in to the Anawotto tomorrow." Then the smile disappeared. "By the way, I saw that ornithologist who's flying in with you. He was asking me what I knew about the country north of the Kasakana."

"Is he as screwy as he sounds?" asked Slade.

"He's far from screwy," was Lynn's slightly retarded answer. 'He struck me as being cold and hard and shrewd. And I can't figure out what he's after. It rather makes me wish someone else was piloting him into that wilderness." Slade was able to laugh, as they

shook hands. "Don't lose sleep over that," he proclaimed. Then he laughed again.

'I've flown some queer nuts into the North."



"Quite an arsenal you're taking in," he observed.

"They tell me I'm to take you in | a white man can know such iceto the Anawotto," prompted the fringed emptiness."

bush pilot. "That is my desire," answered Dr. Frayne. "It may so happen that we shall winter up north." "Down north," Slade corrected.

"We speak of it here as downnorth." The man with the abstracted eyes ventured a shrug.

"With time," he said, "I shall become better acquainted with your country." His movement, as he swung a bag of what had every aspect of mining tools up to his companion, was almost a dismissive

"Prospecting?" questioned Slade. "I am not interested in prospecting," was the deliberated answer. "I am a naturalist."

As though in confirmation of that statement he lifted a case of mounted bird bodies up to his waiting companion. Then again the forced smile showed itself.

"It may impress you as a foolish profession. But for many years now I have given my time to the study of bird life."

Slade glanced down at the Mannlicher-Schoenauer, the two holstered Lugers, the pair of shotguns of different gauges and weight that rested between a scattering of cartridge cases.

'Quite an arsenal you're taking in," he observed.

For just a moment the opaque eyes regarded him.

The bush pilot found himself being inspected with a new interest. did others which Dorr proposed, so "That is extremely good news," in 1840 he organized the Suffrage averred his passenger. "As we fly north, I hope you will give me in-Providence on July 5, 1841 and there formation about a country that is

still distressingly unknown to me." Slade resisted the temptation to wintered there.

instead. "At least, not trumpeters." Frayne's smile became more friendly. "Already," he announced, "you

are helping me. And there is another point on which you might enlighten us. Is the Anawotto River navigable?" "No, it's not navigable," an-

swered Slade. "It's blocked by too many falls and rapids. That's what's kept the country closed. Even Tyrrell couldn't get into it."

"But there were no planes when Tyrrell made his survey," observed the scholar. "It's sure empty country," assert-

ed the pilot, who had his own memories of the Anawotto. "That," murmured the swan hunter, "is entirely to my liking."

"But you're not entirely to my liking," was the thought that hovered about at the back of Slade's

Released by Western Newspaper Union 'Little Rhody's' Civil War A LTHOUGH Rhode Island is the smallest state in the Union, it was once large enough to have within its borders a rather lively little civil war. True, it was a bloodless conflict, but it gave to the annals

of our nation one of the few cases of a citizen of the United States being tried and convicted of treason. This "comic opera war" occurred just 100 years ago and its name, the "Dorr Rebellion" perpetuates the dubious fame of the principal actor in it. He was Thomas Wilson Dorr, member of the Rhode Island legislature and founder of a new political party in his state.

At that time suffrage in Rhode Island was still based upon the ancient charter granted by King Charles II of England and only holders of real estate valued at \$200 and their eldest sons could vote.

In 1834 Dorr had supported an amendment to the state constitution which would extend the franchise to men who paid a tax on any kind of property valued at \$200 or more. This amendment failed to pass, as authorized the calling of a state constitutional convention.

This convention met the following observe that it wouldn't be so un- October and framed a constitution, known to him by the time he'd which was submitted to the people

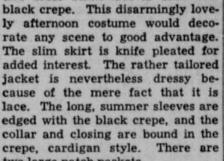


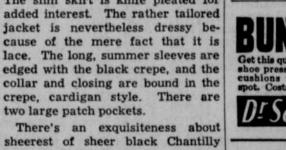
morale front. Then, too, lace is non-priority, which counts greatly in favor of its use.

That dress-up call which comes to women after they have spent hours and hours in war service, as so many thousands are doing these days, is being perfectly answered not only by gowns made of lovely lace but by the newest gesture, the suit-dress tailored of lace. See the "full-dress" jacket dress of black lace which always carries an aristocelanese lace shown to the left in cratic air born of years of high style



added interest. The rather tailored jacket is nevertheless dressy because of the mere fact that it is lace. The long, summer sleeves are edged with the black crepe, and the collar and closing are bound in the crepe, cardigan style. There are two large patch pockets.





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intered there. "But you won't get swans as far in December. Dorr always asserted that this plebiscite resulted in the KEEPING women attractively apparelled with east as the bay," he pointed out adoption of the new charter by a minimum yardage and maximum good taste and ingenuity is the responsibility which rests with designers in these momentous times. Realizing that the "feminine touch" is a part of every woman's duty to her country, those to whom the task of timely costume design has been entrusted turn to lace as a wonderfully effective weapon when it comes to combatting the tenseness war brings on and maintaining a high

Lace Makes Lovely, Dignified

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Midseason Suits and Dresses

Slade, hurrying down to the air harbor, could see his moored plane being warped in to the landing dock. On the dock itself he could make out Cassidy, of the Norland staff, and two strange figures, one more massive than the other. But what held his eye was the amount of duffel piled along the dock's edge.

As Cruger had told him, they were giving him a load all right. Even Cassidy's broad face broke into a smile as he handed him the scalesslip. For Slade's glance, at the moment, was directed toward the two men already interested in getting their equipment aboard. He resented the offhand way in which the bigger of the two strangers was clambering about his ship. The worn wolfskin coat that covered the wide shoulders of this stranger made him look shabby and subordinate.

When the pilot turned to his second passenger he experienced a sense of disappointment touched with shame. For there seemed nothing sinister about the straitened and scholarly figure confronting him. That figure even failed to look foolish. Slade saw a man considerably less aged than he had expected, a man with sloping and narrow shoulders and an abstracted gaze that looked out on the world from behind bifocal glasses.

Slade stepped closer.

"Quite a load you're giving me." he ventured as the man in the bifocal glasses continued to divide his attention between the duffel pile and a checklist in his hand.

The abstracted eyes lifted and regarded him for a moment of silence. It was the glasses more than anything else, Slade decided, that gave the stranger his look of deliberation.

"Why does that interest you?" the stranger inquired. His tone was mild and without hostility. But the voice, low-toned and remote, seemed marked by an exotic precision of intonation. It persuaded Slade that he was neither an Englishman nor an American.

"This happens to be my ship," the pilot explained as he rested a | fraternal hand on the sun-faded fuselage.

"Ah, then we shall see much of each other," said the other. His smile was friendly but abstracted. "I am Doctor Frayne. And this is my camp-mate, my good man Friday, Caspar Karnell.'

No responsive word came from the big-bodied man in the wolfskin coat. He merely stood above the cabin hatch, his eyes expressionless.

"Caspar is not-shall I say?-voluble," observed the Doctor. A mild and forebearing smile wrinkled the scholarly face behind the glasses. "And that, I might also explain, is why we travel together."

Slade, after an inspection of the bland emptiness of Karnell's face, nodded his understanding.

"I am not unfamiliar with the North," Frayne announced with a patience that seemed coerced. "It is well, in case of the unexpected. to be able to live off the land."

"Of course," agreed Slade as he watched the firearms being stowed aboard. They were followed by a tent bale and sleeping bags, by condensed foods with foreign labels, by camp equipment and a box of signal flares and cased instruments and even two carrier pigeons in a hooded cage.

"You've filling me pretty full," observed Slade. Frayne's face remained expres-

sionless. "Any inconvenience that I may

cause," he said, "I profoundly regret. I had hoped, on arriving here, to purchase a plane. But they are not to be bought, I find." "There's use for 'em just now,'

observed the pilot. "We're in the war, you know."

The eyes behind the bifocals became less opaque.

"But here at least," observed the man of science, "I shall not see it as he reached for his thermos at the come between me and my research."

"The office tells me you're after trumpeter swans," said Slade. "I am seeking the nesting ground

of that noble bird," acknowledged the ornithologist. "They are extremely shy and hard to find in the brooding season. That is why I go into an empty country like the Anawotto."

Slade, not unconscious of the pedagogic note, felt the need of proving that his interests extended beyond gas engines.

"Ever try for them around the Red Rock Lakes in Yellowstone?" he asked. "They started a refuge for trumpeters there not so far back.'

"A refuge which will be a failure," was the prompt response. "Your trumpeter is a child of the wilds. He cannot be adjusted to confinement."

His new friend, Slade admitted. seemed to know his bird life all right.

His eye-squint deepened as he noticed two heavier cases being lifted aboard. "By the way, are you taking radio or wireless in with you?" "Why should I do that?" Frayne questioned. "It is with the lady swan I wish to converse."

"But how'll you come out?" asked Slade. "How'll we know where to pick you up?"

Frayne's gaze again became diffused.

"That may not be necessary," he finally explained. "We shall perhaps work our way through to what are locally known as the Barrens and come out along your Hudson Bay coast. It is a country you may happen to know?"

Slade smiled.

"I know it all right. As much as

head. Lynn, he felt, was right. Yet he was their Santa Claus, as Cruger had expressed it. He had paid well for service, and he'd get service. Slade dismissed that thought and turned to study the silver-winged Lockheed that rested on the waters of the Snye. It looked spick and frame a new constitution. span in its new coat of aluminum. He realized, as he swung about, that the man in the bifocal glasses was also studying the Lockheed. "An attractive ship," the scientist

observed. "It was my intention to own her. But in that I was forestalled by your friend Cruger." Slade smiled at the sharpened note in the other's voice.

"You have to scramble for 'em, nowadays," observed Cruger's bushhawk partner.

"So I am learning," announced the swan-seeker. He said it casu- his legislature set up business in a terpiece in coquetry as it dips ally. But some newer timbre in the speaker's voice made Slade think of a gun pit smothered in tree

branches. The brief northern night was at its darkest when Cassidy, newly made watchman for Norland Airways, shut off the radio. He sighed

end of the deal table and drained it of its last cupful of coffee. Then, lighting his pipe, he stepped out into the open and blinked about through the darkness.

He wished he could be having a second thermos of coffee. But there was no bright-lighted eating room in that third-rate outfit on the edge of Nowhere. Its air lanes were as short of ships as its administration building was short of paint. All it was, in faith, was a rough-and-ready jumping-off place for a lot of lunatics who wanted to dig holes in a

wilderness where the frost went deeper than the gold. It could never be classed with those high-toned airports he'd heard many a fartraveled pilot talking about. No, Cassidy decided as he made

his rounds, this was a melancholy place for a man of spirit. He didn't like the quietness of the hangar where the twin-motored Grumman amphibian stood surrounded by the engine entrails the workmen had left

scattered about. He was glad to move down to the dock edge, where there was a little sound of waterriffles against the floats of the Postcraft that would be going out in three hours' time. Beside it, the only remaining ship in the harbor. loomed the new Lockheed that looked more like the ghost of a plane, in the uncertain starlight, than a workaday framework of metal and linen well covered with alu-

minum paint. It startled him, as he stood watching it, that anything so quiet could give birth to movement. But as he watched he saw a shadow detach itself from the shadowy fuselage. He saw that shadow drop to the near-by float, and then leap, quick-footed, to the dock edge.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

majority of the legal voters as well

It was rejected by the people the next month and in April the Suffrage party held an election, chose Dorr governor and organized a legislature composed entirely of its party members. At the same time an election under the old charter was held and Governor King was re-elected, Both marched on Providence and demanded the keys to the statehouse. over to him. Thereupon Dorr and house an iron foundry.

Meanwhile the other legislature was holding its sessions in Newport and when Dorr, at the head of 300 men, attempted to seize the state arsenal, Governor King pro-

claimed martial law and called out the militia. Dorr fled from the state with a price of \$1,000 on his head. He went to Washington to appeal to President John Tyler to recognize him as the legal governor of Rhode Island but Tyler declined.

Dorr returned to Rhode Island and rallied his followers to march on the capital and seize the government by force. The climax came on July 25. 1842. Governor King's "Law and Order party" had assembled several thousand armed men and when they started to march against Dorr's army, it quickly melted away.

Again Dorr fled from the state. this time with a reward of \$5,000 offered for his arrest. But he remained at large for another year. In June, 1843, he returned to Rhode Island, was immediately arrested and lodged in prison on a charge of treason. Taken to Newport in February, 1844, his trial before the supreme court resulted in a conviction and sentence of solitary confinement for life at hard labor.

The next year, however, Dorr was set free. Eight years later his civil Choose for your fall casual coat a plaid wool in soft pastel coloring. rights were restored but, broken in spirit and embittered by the stigme This is a coat that college girls of "traitor" upon his name, he died adore and young matrons find utterin Providence on December 27, 1854. ly to their liking. The colors are Dorr was born in Providence on so blended they "go with" every-November 5, 1805, the son of a suc- thing. The tuxedo collar is excelcessful manufacturer. He was a stu- lent style, and the slashed pockets dent at Phillips academy at Exeter, are a practical detail. The beret is N. H., and at Harvard college where especially a "conversation piece." he was graduated in 1823 with sec- for fashion's stamp of approval is ond highest honors. He then studied affixed to berets in accents bold and law in New York City and in 1827 clear. They are not only showing returned to his native city to prac- berets in conservative dimensions. tice. His political career began when but the huge beret either in felt or he was elected as a Federalist to the velvet registers as a "fashion-first" general assembly but he left that timed for immediate wear with sumparty three years later to become a mer and midseason frocks. Some of Democrat. When that party failed the new, large berets are dramaticalto support his reforms, he left it to ly feathered or strikingly and picturesquely quill-trimmed. organize his own party.

the above illustration. You'll be prestige. Chantilly lace will ever and always continue to give that wish sincerely to be on the side as a majority of the adult male ready for every occasion with a stuncitizens but Gov. Samuel Ward King ning twosome like this in your wardwonderful feeling of assurance only and his administration denied this. robe collection. One of the nice the best can give. Pictured in the inset is a blouse of patrician black Chantilly lace such as never fails

to perfectly complement feminine It adds swank to this costume that beauty. A blouse of this type will the jacket is well cut on the longer prove a most treasured possession. lines so smartly in fashion this They carry these black lace charmseason. Self-lace covered buttons ers in almost any important blouse add to the fine finesse of this charmdepartment or specialty shop. If ing outfit. The sleeves are long and you know how to sew, the making snug to make them perfect for the of the blouse is simple, and remlong or short colored gloves which nants of perfectly exquisite lace are add dash to black lace. There's always a ladylikeness about long governments organized on May 3 sleeves. The dress has a discreetly but when Dorr and his adherents flared skirt which flatters the figure. less possession. This ensemble is completely smart and in good taste for the street, resthe custodian refused to turn them taurant or for dancing. The hat with its cunning lace frill is a masbuilding that had been erected to saucily over the brow and swings

> Two romantic fabrics are combined in the charming dress pic-

> > **Pastel Plaid**

## Less Formal Wedding **Dresses** Can Be Pretty The many marriages taking place

at a "moment's notice," so to speak, because of limited furloughs for those in service and other circumstances of war, are bringing about a trend to practicality in the matter of simple ceremony. In consequence, many brides are giving up the idea of an elaborate wedding gown, preferring a simple frock or suit which will be wearable for various occasions later. Summer brides who cling to the

idea of white are looking lovely in dainty organdies or marquisettes which can double after the wedding for party wear. The suit of bengaline lavished with white, frilly neckwear and other snowy detail is the choice of many a bride who needs must do away with formality.

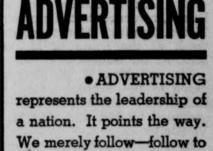
## Decorative

Charming are the picturesque snoods which young girls are wearing this summer. There simply is no limit to the decorative detail being lavished on these cunning head coverings. An unusually attractive snood is made of red ribbon latticed and tied with myriads of wee bows. with gay felt flowers clustered about the lower section at the nape of the neck.

## New Tweeds

Comes into the autumn fabric realm a series of new tweeds among which the weaves in olive green tones look refreshingly new and outstanding. Again color will be stressed in woolens, notably bright reds, greens and blues lighter than navy. Gold tones, molasses brown and grape colorings are also in promise.

FACE CLOTH often available at prices to fit low budgets. When this lace fantasy is completed, you'll find it a price-IN EVERY BOX OF As to lace accessories, you can get adorable little calots to wear SILVER DUST back of your pompadour, also an assortment of lace mantillas, lace YOU BUY gloves, long or short. The climax is reached in tiny lace butterflies mounted to wear as earrings. Released by Western Newspaper Union. FACE CLOTH WORTH 10+ OR MORE I'M THE WHITE SOAP, THE RIGHT SOAP FOR LAUNDRY AND DISHES WNU-U Facts of



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However, becoming uneasy over the things about celanese lace is its fine situation the administration called a sheen and choice silken look. convention in February, 1842, to

high to the back.

