

Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"If," I went on, "you'll let me keep my amateur standing, I'll be very glad to escort your niece. Otherwise, as I told you, I'm busy."

"Pride goeth before destruction," Miss Agatha informed me. "Why don't you finish it?" I asked. "And a haughty spirit before a fall."

She stared at me for a long moment. Then she nodded.

"Yes," she told me, "I suppose you're right. Will you be here at eight, David?"

"With pleasure," I said and, gathering up my copy, went back to the workshop.

If Lyon had not opened the door of his apartment as I left Miss Agatha's, I should have forgotten him entirely.

"Hello," said he. "I'd just about given you up and was on my way out for a paper. Come in."

His flat was bright with lights but it had a feeling of emptiness. He explained as he took my hat and coat that Ione and Everett had gone for a walk.

"He's a lazy dog," Lyon said easily; "takes no exercise, whatever, and of course when there's a strain, it simply pulls him all apart. Here we are."

He had led me into the living room and pointed to the trophy above the mantelpiece. I admired it and with an effort kept from looking behind the couch where the black-bearded body had lain.

Lyon ran through his collection with the engaging pride of a child, taking down sabers, claymores, rapiers, thrusting them upon me to swing and balance while he chatted of their history and where and how he acquired them. It was pleasant to see a middle-aged man so openly glee.

"Here," he said at last, his leathery face glowing, "are my best beloveds," and opened a long rosewood box.

From chamois casing, he drew one forth, an epee de combat, and handed it to me tenderly. It was a beautiful weapon, a little longer than the French dueling sword—a full yard I judged from the etched steel shell of the guard to the button of waxed thread that blunted the point, yet sweetly balanced and easy to my hand.

"Like it?" Lyon asked artlessly. "Very much," I told him. "It would be a joy to use."

He looked wistfully about the room.

"I don't suppose," he mused, "that we could. I say! Let's shove the sofa aside and try. Oh come," he urged as I hesitated. "Here are masks"—he lifted them from the wall—"and we shan't need gloves. Indulge an old man whose fencing days are over, Mallory. Just for a minute or so. It will be all I can stand. I assure you."

He had stripped off his jacket as he talked. His enthusiasm and the pleading of the sword in my hand impelled me to follow him. We thrust the sofa against the wall, put on our masks, and faced each other.

"En garde," he cried in an odd voice. His blade darted for my throat. Instinct alone prompted my parry. He caught my thrust on his guard and the shell uttered a high clear note. His riposte startled my arm. The fury of his attack grazed me. I shifted so that light fell upon his weapon. The button that made mine harmless was missing from his. The blunt, nail-head point had broken off. The new steel of the fracture was a flickering spark before me.

I cried a warning and lowered my blade. Lyon Ferriter laughed harshly and lunged.

CHAPTER X

Body, not mind, saved me. The reflex centers that keep half-forgotten training helped my sword to engage and delay his. I leaped backward barely in time and he had me in a corner. I could retreat no farther.

Our blades bound. There was no sound but our breathing and the whisper of steel on steel. In that odd instant of delay, neither of us spoke. I knew it was useless to repeat my warning and he, embarked on his purpose, had no need for words. I parried the deadly spark of that unguarded point. Astonishment's half-palsy had vanished. Understanding came in that split second, as lightning bares a landscape.

His face was blurred by the mask but I could see purpose in the pose of his body; could feel it in the vigilant movement of his blade along my own. I felt little fear. It was hard to recognize death in a familiar and heretofore safe sport. Shame was uppermost in my mind, and shame sired anger.

Thought of my own stupidity roweled me. By a pose of mystery, by fatuous hints to Everett and Lyon I had asked for this. I had stuck my neck out. While his brother and sister found an alibi elsewhere, Lyon would silence me so deftly that, no matter what others might suspect, he would be safe. I wondered what he thought I knew that made my murder necessary—and then had time for no further thought.

His sword had felt and tested and tapped mine. Automatically, I had responded. He feinted now to lift

my guard and followed with a lunge that I barely turned. He caught my riposte. For an instant we faced each other.

A strange calm held me. I had fathomed his purpose and now I understood how he would perform it. He was a trained fencer, stronger if no quicker than I. He held his weapon delicately in the French fashion. He could have run me through before now, if he had wiped away his instinctive regard for my utterly harmless sword. But he could not—or would not. The zest of contest had him. Eventually he would kill me, foully if necessary, but first he would match his skill against mine, seeking a fair opening through which to drive his point.

Steel's sibilance broke now and then in the high thin chime of blade upon resonant shell guard, an innocent, mocking sound. I fought carefully, knowing that my first mistake would be my last and, in the fascination of contest, he tolerated me.

Defense would not serve me. He could at any minute catch my harmless blade in his free hand and drive his own point home. My sole, fragile chance lay in a trick. It could be attempted only once. It must be tried before the already aching muscles of my sword arm grew weary.

The blades engaged and parted with clicks and brief sharp sighings. The shell guards rang brightly. We moved against each other,

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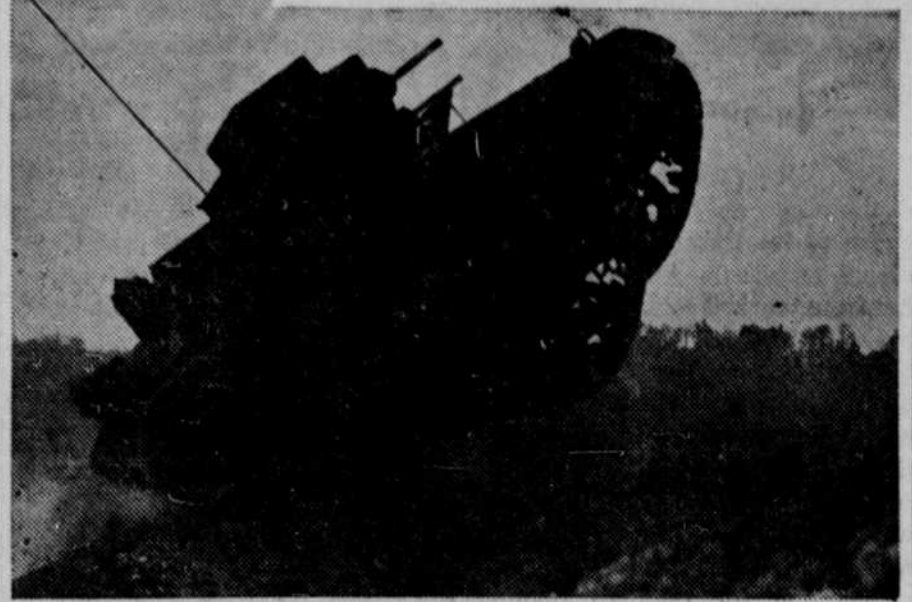
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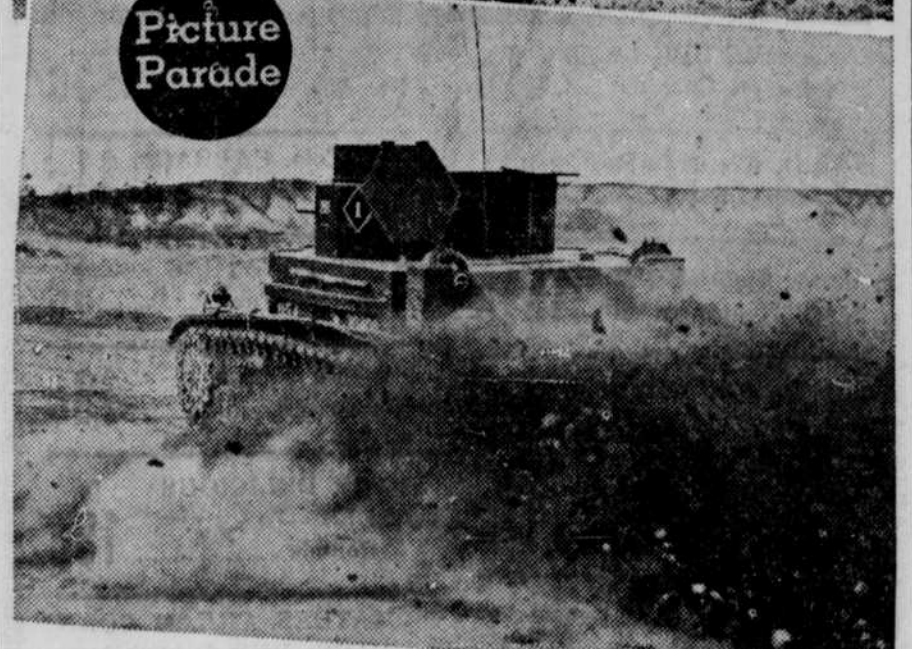
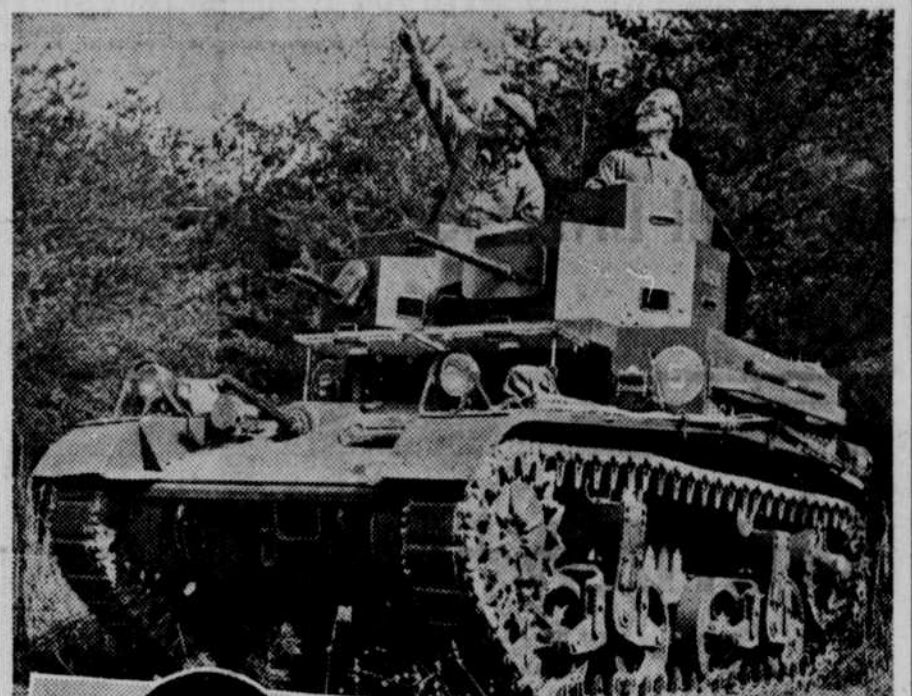
America's Land 'Warships'

During the German blitzkrieg the tank took its place as the most deadly of military weapons in land fighting. While America has the best tanks in the world, we haven't enough of them, although we are industrially equipped to turn them out in gross lots. So let us give our army tanks—so many tanks that not even all the armies of the rest of the world combined would dare attack us. These photos were taken at Fort George Meade, Maryland.

SINISTER SHADOW . . . Yes, it may be sinister, but we could use a lot more of these shadows on our side of the fence. This medium-size tank is climbing a steep grade.



Left: Medium tank in action in wooded terrain. Small trees are no obstacles to the juggernauts. They mow them down like grass. This one has a machine gun and a small cannon. Right: This U. S. tank soldier received the gash on his face during a practice run. Tankers wear special helmets to prevent head injuries when tossed about in the steel juggernaut.



Top: This tank, armed with machine guns and small cannon, spots a "scouting plane" during maneuvers. Tanks have been found vulnerable to airplane fire in the European war.

Center: Turning at high speed, this tank tossed the real estate skyhigh. This tank can hit better than 30 miles per hour in the rough.

Left: Just as the cavalryman had to look after his horse, the tank soldier must care for his steed of steel. This is washday for the tank after a run through the rough at Fort George Meade.



WAR ON WEEDS EASIER IN FALL

Chlorates Less Effective in Summertime.

By J. C. HACKLEMAN
(Crops Extension Specialist, University of Illinois.)

You can kill three times as much quackgrass with the same amount of chlorates by applying them in the fall instead of in the middle of the growing season.

Then while the quackgrass is still groggy next spring, give it the final knockout blow.

More recent work indicates that somewhat the same thing may apply to the control of sow thistle, leafy spurge and hoary cress.

The general rule for killing weeds with chlorates is to apply the chemical during early November at the rate of three or four pounds for each square rod for the worst weeds, such as bindweed, hoary cress or perennial peppergrass and leafy spurge.

Then next April or May this treatment can be followed by a second application to prevent the weeds from regaining their vigor lost by the first poisoning.

Experiments conducted by the university show that two or three pounds of chlorate applied for each square rod in early November are just as effective in killing quackgrass and some other weeds as 8 or 10 pounds a square rod in the middle of the summer growing season.

The experiments also indicate that calcium chlorate is about two-thirds to three-fourths as effective as sodium chlorate.

The cost of two applications is about \$80 an acre when the chlorate is used at the rate of 3½ pounds to the square rod for each application.

Chlorates are dangerous as fire hazards, but if the directions are read carefully and common sense precautions are taken in handling them this danger will be avoided.

Swine Fatten Faster If They Aren't 'Piggish'

Believe it or not, pigs will make hogs of themselves much faster if they do not have to be "piggish." Elbow room while eating and the right kind of service help swine to make rapid gains on a smaller amount of feed than when they have to eat like "greedy pigs" to get their share of whatever grub is available.

Hog-lot mannerisms of this kind are worthy of the attention of farmers as well as of students of swine psychology. Drs. R. C. Miller and T. B. Keith, of the Pennsylvania State college agricultural experiment station, believe, because of the feed cost involved.

When pigs are fed in groups and allowed to act "natural," they usually require 400 or more pounds of feed in order to gain 100 pounds in body weight, the Penn State experimenters found. In a recent test in which they were fed separately, however, certain pigs gained 100 pounds on as little as 229 pounds of a ration analyzing 17 per cent protein.

Factors other than uninterrupted meals doubtless had a bearing on the economy of gains, Miller and Keith freely admit, but they also are of the opinion that plenty of room at the trough is important. Their tests indicate that a ration of corn, tankage, soybean oilmeal, alfalfa meal and salt is about right for fattening pigs after they weigh 100 pounds if the mixture analyzes around 17 per cent protein. From weaning to 100 pounds, somewhat more protein may be necessary.

Orchard Grass Ally Of Pasture Legume

The very fact that it does not form nod, which formerly was regarded as a disadvantage, is causing renewed interest in orchard grass as a pasture plant.

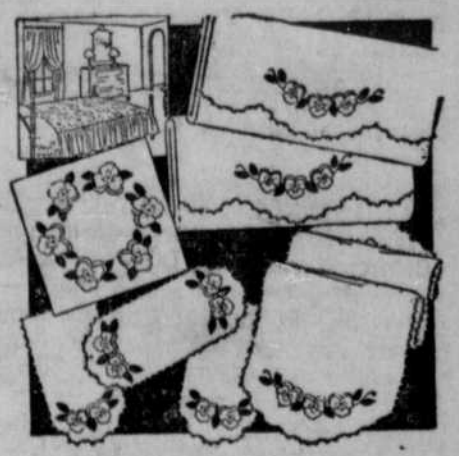
The bunched growth of orchard grass, says E. Marion Brown of the bureau of plant industry, U. S. department of agriculture, allows for free development of the lespedeza between the clumps of orchard grass. This favors the always desirable partnership of a grass and a legume, with the grass benefiting from the nitrogen which the legume draws from the air. Thus the orchard grass-lespedeza combination has one of the qualities that has made bluegrass and white clover a favored partnership wherever they will grow.

Orchard grass—particularly if well nourished with nitrogen stored by the lespedeza—makes a strong early growth in spring. In summer when the orchard grass is resting, lespedeza is productive.

Grain Storage

Once every two weeks isn't too often to inspect stored grain, warns M. D. Farrar, entomologist working with the University of Illinois. Infested grain may be quickly recognized by its firm surface, musty odor, and warmth at a depth of 12-18 inches. A careful examination will show damaged kernels and other conditions which may be associated with infested grain. Killing of grain insects can be done at a cost of less than a half cent a bushel.

Things to do



Transfer No. Z9105

A NEW note is attained in this captivating pansy bedroom ensemble. For, besides the usual scarf, vanity and pillow slip motifs, there is a circle of pansies just right for a quilt block.

Yellows or lavenders, of course, would be most suggestive of real pansies, but any pastel to harmonize with your bedroom could be used. The illustration indicates the use of applique; an equally charming effect might be achieved in embroidery.

Briefly—from this one transfer, Z9105, 15c, you can make a complete group of linens for the bedroom—and a lovely matching spread. Send order to:

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2. To relieve headache, body discomfort and aches, take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets and drink a glass of water. Repeat in 2 hours.
3. Check temperature: If you have a fever and temperature does not go down—call your doctor.

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At the first sign of sore throat from a cold follow the directions in the pictures above—the simplest and among the most effective methods known to modern science to get fast relief.

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