THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA



Lazy Cuckoo

The European cuckoo bird lays its small egg on the ground and then picks it up and deposits it in the nest of another bird.



George Rumble.

the solution."

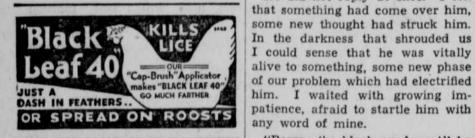
"What are they?"

like to discover."

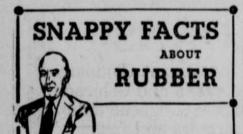
ceased speaking.

CHAPTER XVII

you suffer from hot flashe weak, nervous, cranky feelings, are a bit blue at times—due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress. It helps nature! Also a fine stomachic tonic. Follow label directions. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE



Wildeat Was Sacred The wildcat was once a sacred animal in Egypt.





Elsa Chatfield is disinherited by her scending lash upon the unsuspect- | Elsa had listened to Berta without Aunt Kitty who died of an overdose of ing Chesebro. Elsa's eyes were now morphine. Hunt Rogers and Barry Madifixed upon what Rogers was doing; son go to Mexico to solve what they bea sort of fascination gripped her. lieve to be Aunt Kitty's murder. On arriving they find that Elsa's party has pre-

"I've been wondering," said Rogers with a faint smile, "what I ceded them by plane. James Chesebro is murdered, Elsa's father, Sam, meets might find concealed in this thing." death from the sword of a marlin when He twisted at the knob. It was the his chair breaks, toppling him into the wrong way. He reversed the pressea, and George Rumble, a member of sure, and the knob slipped slightly the fishing party, is fished out of the like a screw. To my amazement

sea near the dock. Police chief Lomhe pulled the knob loose from the bardo conducts the investigation into handle of the quirt, drawing with it these deaths. Reed Barton asks what they were doing with his fishing knife and learns that this is the knife that killed bladed knife of finely tempered chairs. steel.

"You must have had a very great provocation that morning to murder," Rogers' voice hardened a trifle. "Practically all," he said. "I think "More than you realize," Elsa if we were to sort them out properly flashed. She seemed to stand tallwe could go a long way toward a er, her gray eyes turned full upon solution. Perhaps not all the way. Rogers.

We can settle upon several perti-"If I had to guess what that provonent facts-clues that point toward cation was," began Rogers, as if he were feeling his way into a dark room and would welcome a light. "I should hazard that it had some-Rogers was silent for some mothing to do with the picture of you ments, turning over in his mind and the baby." He paused for a the answer to my question. "I'll

name one thing," he began. "It is fraction of a second. as if giving more important than any other-Elsa an opportunity to speak, then went on: "The child bore a very the picture of Elsa and the baby in strong likeness to Jimmy the the Los Angeles paper." He did not Cheese. I assume that he was the go on for some moments, then he father." said: "What Chesebro did or said to Elsa that so enraged her inter-

"You are correct," said Elsa with ests me very much too. The knife dignity.

that killed Chesebro is a clue I'd "George Rumble, after the picture of you and the child appeared in the paper, told me something which "Are those all?" I asked when he rather cleared him of any intent of wrongdoing," Rogers went on. "He He did not reply at once. I felt said he first saw that picture of you that something had come over him, and the baby at your Aunt Kitty's.

"Barry-the black sombrero!" he said suddenly. He didn't speak again "There's an amazing story here! Inhanded game of bridge-killing slow time, as it were, in the hope that

"Barry-the black sombrero!"

He asked her about it and your aunt

told him that it was your baby-"

"She lied!" Elsa flashed, "I'm not

the mother of that baby!" she said

fiercely. She added more softly:

"I'm glad, though, you told me

how George got his information. I

Something like a sigh of relief

seemed to stir in the room. Elsa stood firmly, defiantly before Rog-

ers, flanked by Reed Barton. Berta

sat forward in her seat, an eagerness

in her manner, something trembling

on her lips. Rogers asked, "Who

"Please, may I say something?"

"Of course, senora," Rogers

"There are some things I should

tell," she began in her precise Eng-

lish. "Elsa does not know I know

was the mother, Elsa?"

"Aunt Kitty!"

said Berta quickly.

turned to her.

child was born.

never asked him."

a change of expression. She now looked at Rogers steadily, her level gray eyes fixed upon his; the lines had smoothed out of her face; her voice when next she spoke was quite calm.

"Perhaps you're right, both of you," she said. "Having kept still so long, however, it really makes little difference with me now." She continued to stand before Rogers as if answering to him, ignoring the from its concealment a long, thin- others who sat silently in their

"I ran away from school in the East. I went to New York, because I'd decided to be an artist. Father knew what I'd done and approved it. I didn't tell Aunt Kitty and she didn't know where I was. After I'd been there nearly a year father one day telegraphed me that Aunt Kitty needed me. That was the first mistake. She never needed anybody. But just the same I flew to San Francisco. I was seventeen, and I didn't have any sense." Rogers interrupted her. "Won't you sit down, Elsa?'

She smiled at him. "No, thank you," she answered, continuing to stand easily before us. "I met Aunt Kitty when she got off the boat with the baby. Father had written me at San Francisco, telling me what he believed was the truth. I'd had only the telegram. Of course, I was sort of stunned; nothing like this had ever happened to our family. I was very frank to say so; she had it coming to her after the way she'd brought me up. Aunt Kitty turned on me so fiercely I thought she was going to strike me. She denied it was her child. She said Father had lied to me. It was a baby she was going to adopt. But I stuck to the point like the little fool I was. I threatened to kidnap the child and go home with it and announce it as my own, just to shame her. That was the second mistake. I didn't carry out my threat, but it was only because I couldn't get the child away from her."

"You returned home together, then, you and your aunt?" Rogers suggested.

"Yes. I'd used up all my money in going to San Francisco, and father couldn't send me any more at that time. Aunt Kitty would not give me any to go back to New York. She'd buy me anything I wanted, though, in the way of clothone a never been really gen erous. I couldn't understand it now. I thought before this that I'd hated her, but we were really only beginning to hate each other. "Then one day I woke up to what had happened to me. Odd how you can be the center of gossip and never hear a whisper of it. It's like being in the center of a hurricane, everything is so quiet. Months had passed before the maid one day said something to me about 'my baby.' I was furious. I went to Aunt Kitty. She laughed. 'The whole town thinks it's yours,' she said. She laughed again. 'And it's going to be yours. You can't prove it's not. You ran away from school, so the school authorities can't help you deny it. It comes down to your word and mine, and mine will be believed before yours. So what?' "There I was," said Elsa simply. "What could I do? She had me, and I knew it. So all I could do was to go on hating her more and more. When the baby died-it didn't make any difference. I could only go on as I had been going, hating her with every breath I drew, and hoping to live it down some day." "Tell me now about Chesebro and what happened the other day," instructed Rogers matter-of-factly. Elsa laughed shortly, but there was no mirth in her voice. "Elsa, the brilliant caricaturist," she said sarcastically, "never saw that resemblance in the child to Jimmy the Cheese. She had to be told by Jimmy himself in one of his several fantastic proposals of marriage." There was a tinge of scorn in her voice. "He'd made advances to me in his elephantine way ever these facts; my husband did not since Aunt Kitty's death. He didn't know I had so much knowledge. But my cousin, Maria Mendez, who is a seem to mean it until a short time ago. I detested him and I told him nurse at the hospital, told me. Aunt so. Then came that picture in the Kitty's child was born in the hospaper. He was very contrite that pital here at Mazatlan. She came secretly here, wanting to be near day we went for a ride. He begged a thousand pardons; he groveled her brother, and yet for some before me-literally. Finally he strange reason not telling him she startled me with the statement that was even in the town until after the he was the father of the child, and before he was through gabbling he "Later, on a steamer day, she admitted that it was his idea origisent word, pretending that she had nally and not Aunt Kitty's that the come ashore for the few hours the gossip be started at home that the steamer stopped. She explained the child was mine." Elsa's voice child by saying its mother had died ceased for a moment and then took at sea and she expected to adopt it. up again in a quiet, dead level tone. Sam went to see her," Berta went For several moments none of us realized just what we had heard, or that Elsa had reached the end of her recital. There had been no bitterness in her tone at any time, no emotion until she had come to Chesebro, when something of that immense anger she had shown on that day she turned so savagely upon the man who had been at the bottom of all of her troubles glowed in the fiery pinpoints in her eyes. Rogers' voice startled me when he finally spoke.



Feast in Italy; 3 Musketeers; Ingenious Sergeant

Left: Two Allied soldiers utilize an oven in Italy to prepare food which they are going to share with the interested youths. Center inset: These three musketeers clown on the back of a donkey. Right: This sergeant stationed at a bomber base in England devised an ingenious method of pants pressing without electricity. His iron is a mess kit filled with hot rocks.

Workers Make Parachutes to Rhythm of Waltzes



One of the nation's largest parachute factories is located in downtown Oakland, Calif. It employs 50

The peak of tropical American rubber production, in-cluding guayule, was in 1912, when about 62,000 tons were preduced in all countries. In 1940 the world's production of rubber was 1,389,695 tons, more than came out of the Amazon Valley in all the years from 1837 to 1939 in-clusive.

By the use of bud-grafted trees, the yield of rubber on Far East itions in some cases has been increased from 500 to 1,500 pounds per acre a year.

One type of four-motored bomber requires more than 2,000 pounds of rubber; pursuit planes require over 100 pounds each.



Romans Started It Early Romans were the first to eat asparagus.



WNU-U



3-44

It may be caused by disorder of kid-ney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.

blood. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urina-tion with smarting and burning is an-other sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neclect. Use

Treatment is where than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won countrywide ap-proval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug st



casual as if he had tired of being out of doors and had come inside for company. He walked about the table, examining the cards each of the players held. Margaret was playing the hand. She finessed through Dwight.

for several moments, then he said:

credible! I see it only dimly yet."

Inside Berta, Margaret and

Dwight were attempting a three-

tomorrow would be a brighter day.

Rogers, now that I could observe

him in the light of the living room

lamps, betrayed none of that impul-

sive energy which in the darkness I

fancied he possessed. He was as

"Senora," began Rogers addressing Berta abruptly, "did you not come ashore from the Orizaba that evening prior to our fishing trip?' "Yes, senor," she replied after a

moment's hesitation. "But only to the-the muelle-the wharf, with Ar-

"It is because I have forgotten a promise, senor, to my husband. I should bring his fishing things, his harness, and his belt and knife. And I forgot. When I remember it I go ashore to find somebody to send with a note to the rancho for them."

turo."

"Yes?"

"Did you find someone?" "Oh, yes. Two boys. I send them in a taxi."

"Did you wait for their return?" "No, senor. I go back to the boat and Arturo brings the things to me later."

"Did you see Senor Rumble on the wharf, senora?" "No, senor. I see no one." "What time was it?" "That I do not know, senor. I do

not think it is very late." The cards by now were aban-

doned and the players moved to more comfortable chairs. Doctor Cruz appeared in the doorway and behind him Lombardo. They came in and we greeted them. I wondered what their mission was. Rogers continued to stand. His gaze

was restless; he seemed to fix upon Elsa's small black hat, which still lay on the table against the wall, with a sort of satisfaction, although I couldn't understand why.

"Elsa has retired?" he inquired. "Oh, no; she and Reed are around somewhere," Margaret answered. At that moment Elsa, followed by Reed Barton, appeared at the study

door. "Did I hear my name mentioned?" she called.

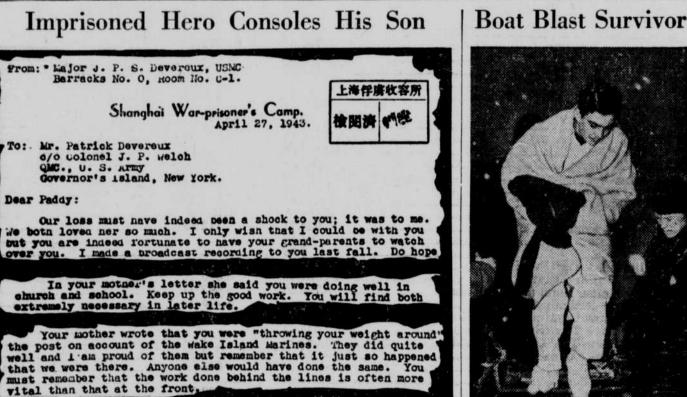
"Hunt Rogers was worrying about you," I said. "But I wasn't," Rogers objected. "I merely inquired what had become of you. I'd not seen you since dinner."

on rapidly, a deep fire in her eyes. In the brief moments of this con-"She would not come to the rancho, because of me. She would not even versation, Rogers had walked a few steps toward Elsa. The table where permit him to tell me anything her hat lay was close at hand. He about her being here at the time. reached out of a sudden and picked Only after Maria had told me later up the quirt which lay partly consomething of what had happened. cealed underneath it, and held it up did I learn about it from Sam. But before his eyes as if studying the he made me promise never to talk knob with the carved head. Elsa of it. Things, of course"-she gestured vehemently with her small, continued to walk toward him. Somehow Rogers had managed to ivory-tinted hands-"are different now. It is time to talk." center our gaze upon what he was doing. I found myself staring slight-

"You are right, Senora Chatfield," ly at the quirt. It brought back to said Rogers. "It is time to talk." mind that vivid scene of Elsa rac- He turned to Elsa, a questioning look ing madly toward the house, of her in his mild blue eyes, and seemed horse suddenly checked and the de- to wait for some word from her.

"You make that statement of your own free will, do you, Elsa?" "Why, yes, of course." (TO BE CONTINUED)

women for every man and all workers produce 'chutes to waltzes and other soothing music. Left: Hilda Taylor forces bomb 'chute into cylinder. 'Chute must snap open at 350 miles an hour and must suspend fragmentation bomb for an exact number of seconds. Center: A parachute is examined by Frank Bell of the experimental department, Olga Bonelli, army ordnance inspector, and John J. Maggi, head of the firm. Lower right: Louise McCormick tests 'chute harness in specially made machine.



Be sure and write everyone saying you have heard from me and give them my love. Your affectionate father,

Exclusive photo of a letter by Lieut. Col. James P. Devereux to his son Paddy, 10. He received it at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Welch of Burlingame, Calif. Devereux was a major stationed on Wake island when the Japanese attacked. When Devereux was asked if he wanted anything he replied with the now historic phrase: "Send us more Japs!"

Carter Glass, 86, Is Oldest Senator



Carter Glass, Democrat from Virginia and oldest member of the United States senate, is shown as he read many letters sent by friends an army private at Fort Oglethorpe on the occasion of his 86th birthday. He is recuperating from a serious is shown discussing military service illness. Glass said that he believed a victory in 1944 was possible and that with his neighbor, Wash Reed, father he has "the utmost faith in every man and woman in the armed forces." of seven children.



one of the approximately 100 men who survived when a U.S. destroyer exploded and sank in lower New York bay. Delonnoy was credited with saving one of his shipmates. He is pictured stepping ashore from the rescue craft.

Congressman a Pvt.



Congressman Albert Gore of Tennessee (left) who was accepted as

