

A Special In Fine Arts

The "Stunner" Was a Surprise to the Two Students.

By JANE OSEORN.

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Stanton Thorpe and his chum, Kid Walker, were walking rapidly across the campus, absorbed in their own importance. It was the first day of their senior year. Stanton was class president, and the Kid was his right hand man.

A tall, striking girl passed rapidly by. Stanton was interested at once and not a little surprised when he saw the girl smile back at his companion, who pulled off his cap with unfeigned satisfaction.

"Who's your friend, Kid?" he asked when they were well out of hearing.

"Why, that's Marjory King. I told you about her. She's the girl I met at the dance last summer; made an impression on the fellows there. Isn't she a stunner, though?"

"Marjory King," mused the other thoughtfully.

"Isn't she a stunner?" And the Kid gave his friend a thump on the arm to force an answer.

"Oh, she's a stunner, all right. If that's what you want to know. Say, she isn't a freshman, is she?"

The Kid laughed. "Well, not exactly. She's registered as a special in fine arts. I shouldn't wonder if she was rather oddish myself."

"How odd, say?" queried Stanton, whose interest was thoroughly roused.

The Kid's voice was lowered. "Twenty-five," he ventured cautiously.

"Twenty-five?" Stanton whistled. "Well, I'm not surprised myself. His eyes had followed her to the other side of the campus."

"Say, Kid, she is a stunner. Shouldn't much mind coeducation if they were all like that."

The next day the two boys were making their way from one of the engineering buildings to their dormitory.

"Say, Kid," said Stanton after several minutes' silence, "what's she taking?"

The other smiled gleefully. "She? Oh, she's a special in fine arts, which means anything at all, doesn't it?"

"Well, it's this way," explained Stanton, trying to hide an unexpected feeling of embarrassment. "I was thinking that we'd get better acquainted and kind of gain time on the other fellows if we were to take some work with her."

This plan met with his chum's entire approval, so they turned their steps away from the dormitory toward the dean's office.

Their first task was to see Marjory King's schedule, and the second was to induce the dean to allow them to make a change in their own course of study. The first was easy enough, for as class officers the boys were allowed to have access to the students' records.

"Just want to look at a few of the fellows' time cards," said Stanton to the registrar as he fumbled through the K's in a large card catalogue. He made a few notes from the desired card and returned to his friend, who was seated at the table.

He spoke in subdued tones: "Advanced Italian/conversation, art of dressmaking, scientific cooking, study of the child mind and elementary philology. The first we aren't qualified for, the next two aren't open to men, child mind I won't take, so it's got to be the last."

"What is philology, anyway?" asked the Kid.

"Blessed if I know. It's one of Professor Brown's deadliest, but it's perfectly all right."

"Well, let's take it then."

So it was that Stanton Thorpe and Kid Walker, engineers, took up the study of languages under the celebrated Dr. Brown and—a fact of much greater importance—became in a few months the undisputed claimants to the friendship of Marjory King.

As time went on and Marjory was seen more and more with Stanton and the Kid and less with the other boys, people began to talk. She apparently found their companionship agreeable, but no one, not even the two lucky seniors themselves, could decide which one she preferred. The rivalry—intense though it was—only cemented their friendship, and they never dreamed of concealing from each other their growing fondness for the girl.

"There's no use joking about it, Kid," said Stanton toward the end of the college year. "I mean business. What's the use of a boy like you getting silly over a girl like Marjory King?"

"Perhaps there isn't any," said the other frankly, "but I'm going to stick it out. It seems sometimes as if she treated me with a little more—more interest than she does you."

Stanton laughed. "That's where you're dead wrong, old man. By the way, that philology exam is going to be pretty stiff for the poor girl. It's a shame she ever took the course with a fossil like Brown. But I imagine I can help her out with my notes. You know I haven't missed a lecture, and I've full reports on all the outside readings. I have offered to let her have my notebook for a week before the exam, and I told her I'd coach her up all I could."

"That's a good move, all right," said the Kid, looking with admiration at his friend. "I wonder why I never think of those things."

"Oh, well, she isn't going to marry me just on account of that."

"Isn't going to what?"

"Well, I never put it that way before, but of course I intend to propose to her. I told you I was in dead earnest."

"Oh, I suppose I will, too, in the course of time. I never happened to think about that part of it before."

"I tell you frankly," said Stanton deliberately, "I intend to ask her a few days before commencement, some time after this beastly old exam is off."

"She'll hear from me about the same time, then, and I bet you money I'll win out."

So it was agreed between them that Stanton should coach Marjory as he had promised to and that as soon as the marks of the examination were posted the next morning he should make his proposal, asking her to defer her answer until later in the day. In the course of the morning the Kid should make his plea, and that night they would know their fate.

The two boys approached the important day with ever increasing excitement. The strain of senior examinations seemed as nothing compared with the uncertainty of not knowing the state of Marjory King's affections. She seemed to take a keen relish in keeping them in suspense, and a word of encouragement to one was always followed by a radiant smile upon the other.

The day at last arrived, and Kid Walker saw his chum depart upon his important errand. "I don't wish you luck, old man," he said, "but here's my hand." And the two boys separated with a warmer feeling of friendship for each other than they had ever known before.

A large crowd of students had already gathered around the bulletin board when the Kid sauntered up with pretended indifference to see the result of the philology examination. He craned his neck over the crowd. That name at the head of the list was enough—"M. King, 99 per cent." He felt a sudden sense of defeat. Stanton had coached her, and she had come out at the head of the list. He pushed his way aimlessly away from the others.

Suddenly he came upon his chum walking slowly toward him.

"I ought to have known you'd win her," said Stanton.

The Kid's happiness was tinged with deep pity for his friend.

"Have you asked her?"

"Yes. She told me that she was never so surprised in her life; said she was just about to accept some one else. You're a lucky boy, Kid Walker."

"How did she know that I was going to propose?" stammered the Kid.

"But I'd better not keep her waiting any longer."

He was detained by the voice of a classmate: "Hello, Kid. Heard the news?"

"No. What news?"

"Philology Brown's going to be married."

"Is he? It's about time." The Kid was not in the least interested.

"Here they come!" called one of the boys a few feet away. "Here's a rousing cheer, boys. Are you ready?"

"B-o-w-n! Rip! Rah! Re! King! King! King!" came the shout of twenty voices.

Kid Walker was completely dazed. He looked up to see Professor Brown walking rapidly by, with Marjory King smiling at his side. His eyes met Stanton's.

"Isn't she a stunner?" asked an enthusiastic onlooker.

Stanton smiled grimly at the Kid. "Oh, she's a stunner, all right, if that's what you want to know."

Why Water Quenches Thirst.

Thirst, a word of Anglo-Saxon origin and akin to the Latin torreo and our torrid or parched, describes a peculiar sensation of dryness and heat located in the tongue and throat. Artificial thirst may be produced by the passage of a current of air over the mucous membrane of these parts, but normal thirst is the consequence of a lack of liquid in the system. The agony of extreme thirst is due to the fact that all the tissues sympathize in this distress. It is then as a refreshing relief that a supply of water comes to thirsting lips, replacing what has been lost, cooling the parched palate and rapidly removing the craving which has depressed the system. In short, water quenches thirst just because it supplies what at the moment is wanting and is most eagerly desired, so that Solomon could properly compare the gift of "cold waters to a thirsty soul" to the advent of good news. Thirst is to some extent appeased by the injection of fluid into the blood or body, though no fluid touches the part to which the sensation is referred.

The Salvation Army's Name.

The adoption of the name "Salvation Army" came about in a curiously unpremeditated way, writes Commander Eva Booth in Van Norden's Magazine. As the head of the new movement Mr. Booth had gathered around him men who were as one with him and acted as his secretaries. One day he was walking up and down his study, dictating, when he used these words:

"The Christian mission is a volunteer army."

He paused in his dictation and looked thoughtfully over the shoulder of his secretary at the written line, took up the pen, scored out the word "volunteer" and wrote above it "salvation" and went on dictating. This was the first time the word was used, and it made such an impression that it began insensibly to be thought as an appropriate name for the mission. It grew upon the imagination of men. They liked it—liked it so well that they finally adopted it.

The Frontier

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In the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy President Taft demonstrated F. R. was not the only president who had back bone and the courage to back up his convictions.

Pinchot should have "pinched" that letter before Senator Doherty read it on the floor of the senate and he would probably still be annexed to the government salary list.

According to daily press reports, coal is selling for \$40 per ton in Tripp county, S. D., and hard to get even at that price. Some of those who failed to draw claims now consider themselves lucky.

Through the attempted fine work of some of our would-be statesmen O'Neill lost out on the state normal school. Well, O'Neill can recover from the blow, but can the politicians who made the failure possible?

The Sixth district congressman occupies a unique position among the Nebraska delegation. Although pledged against Cannon and Cannonism he was the only representative in the house of representatives from Nebraska who did not vote against Cannonism when it came to a "show-down."

For several years people have wondered what the initial "P" stood for in the name of M. P. Kinkaid, but the congressman has heretofore failed to enlighten the curious as to his middle handle. But in a vote in the house last week the Judge, unintentionally perhaps, gave it away. It stands for "Present."

It is rumored that Judge J. J. Harrington of this city will be a candidate for the democratic nomination for congress from the big Sixth. Judge Dean of Broken Bow, who retired from the supreme bench last week, will also be a candidate, it is reported, and things promise to be quite lively in democratic politics in the Big Sixth during the ensuing six months.

The new state normal school, for which the last legislature appropriated \$35,000, has been located at Chadron. The location of the school was settled by the board last Saturday, the final vote standing, Chadron 5, Alliance 2. O'Neill did not file an application for the school with the state board of education and was therefore not an applicant for the school.

Rumor is current throughout the state that Governor Shallenberger is seriously contemplating calling an extra session of the legislature for the purpose of submitting a constitutional amendment to the electors providing for the division of the state into districts for the election of members of the supreme bench. Democrats believe, that with the districts "wisely" apportioned they could elect some members of the supreme bench, while under the present state-wide law their chances are nil.

Lincoln "insurgent" republicans, at a meeting held in that city Monday, adopted resolutions denouncing the course pursued by Senator Burkett in congress. They also issued a call for a state meeting of "insurgent" or "progressive" republicans to be held in Lincoln next week. At this meeting they propose to form a state organization for the promulgation of "insurgent" policies and to formally launch a candidate to contest with Senator Burkett for the honor of representing Nebraska in the United State senate. The published list of those in attendance at this meeting contains the names of many old timers and disgruntled office seekers and their sudden conversion to progressive ideas will not fool genuine, conscientious "insurgents."

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Moses "Present" Kinkaid.

One of the most important resolutions before the house of representatives in recent years was before congress last Thursday. It was not in the resolution itself that the great principle existed but in the amendment offered by the leader of the Nebraska delegation, Hon. G. W. Norris of McCook. It came up on the question of appointing a committee from the house to investigate the charges made by L. R. Glavis, late field agent of the general land office, against Commissioner Ballinger of the general land office.

The rules of the house provide that, unless otherwise provided in the resolutions, that all committees, whether permanent or special, be appointed by the Speaker and it is this rule that has brought down upon Speaker Cannon the wrath of the "insurgents" and the strenuous opposition of a large majority of ardent republicans of the middle western states. Congressmen who were opposed to Cannon and Cannonism claimed the only way to curtail the power of the speaker was for the house to appoint the committees.

When the resolution authorizing the appointment of the above committee was before the house Congressman Norris offered an amendment that the committee be appointed by the house. On the vote on this amendment the democrats joined with the "insurgents" and voted for the amendment and it was adopted, receiving a majority of three votes. All the members of congress from Nebraska, republicans and democrats, voted for this amendment except Kinkaid, and he did not even have the sand to vote against it, being one of five men who were content to sit supinely in their seats and answer "present" while their colleagues were making history.

The fires of discontent and dissatisfaction with the last years official record of the Sixth district congressman have been smoldering for many months, in fact since he violated his ante-election promise and voted for Cannon, and if the sentiment of the people here is any criterion to judge the rest of the district by the smoldering embers are liable to burst into a blaze that will sweep the Sixth district like a prairie fire. The seeds of distrust have been sown and it will take more than a clammy hand shake or promises unfulfilled to assuage the wrath of the people for that one word, "present."

Fremont Tribune: If some of these wise philosophers, with bulging brows, can explain how they can get cheaper living and at the same time give the farmer the high price for his products he is now getting, they will confer a favor. It looks, here in Nebraska, as if the prosperity of the farmer was the paramount issue and it appears, also, that he cannot prosper and have the things people eat selling for a song.

John Golden can rightly be classed as among the unlucky. A year ago John was a candidate for chairman of the county board and was defeated by Sam Hickman. A week ago when John was about to realize his ambition and become head of "the governing body of the county" business reasons necessitates his removal from the state and therefore resignation from the county board.

Paulhan, the French aviator, broke all height records at the aviation meet in San Francisco Wednesday, reaching an altitude of over 5300 feet, or more than one mile above the earth. He evidently didn't even touch the "high places."

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The Important Thing

What That Was the Doctor Told Mary Trenton.

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX.

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Dr. John Trevor lifted his big rumpled black head from his book and, with his mind still full of "Minor Surgery," scowled on his friend who had for some time been talking unheeded. He concluded to give Morton a minute's attention and then if necessary put him bodily forth from the office and be rid of him.

"Come out of your hole for once and help a fellow in a pinch," Morton was saying in evident continuance of a (to him) interesting subject. "Be human. You used to be occasionally decent to a girl in college. I need you—honest, Trevor. Miss Dell is here at the Kings' with her cousin. You know her at school—Mary Trenton. It seems that one will not stir without the other. I wish to goodness you would take Miss Trenton to the club dance tonight."

The doctor looked his friend over with good natured contempt. He was a snapshot diagnostician. No need to look at Morton's tongue. It always proclaimed its owner's ailment in time.

"Again?" he remarked caustically. "The hundredth time since I have known you! It's Miss Dell, I take it. Morton, it occurs to me to inquire why in thunder you don't marry and have done with your sufferings. Why be the eternal target? What is the important thing in your life, anyway? If the law is like medicine you should give some time to your profession, and it looks to me as if you do nothing but trail about after some pretty bundle of skirts. It's well enough, but you don't seem to be landing anywhere in particular."

"Well, it's serious this time. If I thought she would—have me I'd do—anything! I'm hard hit. I think she likes me too. But how much? I can't get her alone if you don't help me. Nobody else in this empty town is fit to amuse that little cousin of hers. You remember her? Little and blond and—awfully sweet, you know."

The doctor tried to call up Mary Trenton's face.

"Seems to me I do," he said thoughtfully. Morton groaned.

"To think of any human man having to remember Mary Trenton—that is, unless he had seen her cousin! Are you going to be decent the next two weeks, Trevor?"

"Sure thing, boy! Make your plans, and I'll play dummy, anything to do you a good turn. But let me tell you this—the important thing with me is to build up my practice and ground myself at every turn in my profession. I want another year abroad; I want the best piano money can buy, for I miss my music; I want a pedigreed Boston terrier and a motorcar that can't be beat. But I don't want a wife—not now. I can't more than support myself yet in the style to which I have been accustomed, and I don't want to touch what Aunt Joanna left me. I want to make good" myself. I tell you this because you are a vile matchmaker and because you may as well know now that if you have anything up your sleeve about me and Miss Trenton you can shake it out now and have done; that's all. Call around, and I'll be in gala togs and do your bidding. Now get out!"

Morton obeyed.

That was the beginning of two weeks unparalleled in the history of John Trevor, M. D. Morton tried his complaisance to the utmost. Constantly every evening, many afternoons, every spare minute and many minutes that really could not be spared he danced attendance on Mary Trenton, while his friend won his labored way to the heart of Eleanor Dell. Mary was used to slavish attentions, and this great rugged, bluff, brilliant, totally delightful man of science piqued her pride, stimulated her interest. He was beneath his perfect courtesy indifferent, wary—nay, he seemed at times even disapproving. She felt for the first time in her spoiled young life inadequate and futile. It seemed that even her great beauty did not blind him to her little faults.

Dr. Trevor began to be interested, to think that with a little training the girl might really concern herself with the real things of life. He took her through the hospitals, and she found a new life of helping open to her vision. All these poor sick minds and bodies were to be healed! She felt more than ever silly and futile, more than ever humble and admiring. The doctor explained everything to her, told her of the physician's life, its hard work, its high aims, its stimulus to better conditions for the world.

The girls began to speak of returning to their own house in another week, and summer festivities began to multiply in their honor. The doctor actually neglected his practice, and his research work was forgotten. He did not realize what was upon him until one night he woke from a dream of setting a broken arm without giving an anaesthetic and found it was Mary Trenton's round little arm. It seemed a horrible thing to hurt her. He was cursing himself for a brute when at last he found himself sitting straight up in bed. Then he cursed himself for an utter fool that he could let a tiny yellow headed slip of a laughing girl disturb his scientific peace even in a dream! He resolved to get out of the

danger zone. He was glad she was going away.

But the next night was even worse, for he could not sleep. He now knew, with a sort of terror, that he was in love. His prognosis was guarded. Did it always hurt like this—love? He would, save that shame deterred him, have asked the experienced Morton, now safely hatched in an engagement to Miss Dell. But he, John Trevor, M. D., would not weakly settle into mere happy domesticity. He would devote every energy to his noble profession. He would fight off this weakness.

He prescribed a dose of absence for himself. In the morning he phoned to Morton that he had an important case and would be busy all day and evening. Sorry, but it could not be helped. Then in his private office he proceeded by the light of his reason to convince himself that it was but a senseless fancy. Men often got over worse ailments. Then there came again before his vision her little fair face with the new sweet, helping look in the deep blue eyes, the serious attention to his words—as if his words mattered. He could not help wondering whether he could not have made her care. He supposed Hilton, the idiot, would take his place in the moonlight picnic party "on" for that evening. He went into his laboratory and began to toil.

Long past noon he snatched his forgotten lunch. He was restless. Well, hot as it was, he would have a walk. He had a theory that plenty of fresh air and stiff exercise would cure any known form of temporary insanity. He started out. But the girl went with him. Coming back, perspiring and disgusted, he determined firmly not to pass the King house. In the first place it was out of his way, and she might be in the big old garden or on the veranda, and he would have to go in a minute and be decent. No, he would not see her. Still—well, he would go past, for really he should see old Mrs. Patton across the way and ask about her hay fever. His step quickened. He made his call, talking with his lazy, comfortable old patient on the porch. As he left her she pursued him with gossip.

"Ah, there goes Percy Hilton!" she exclaimed. "I suppose, as usual, he is going to see Mary Trenton. Elizabeth King would be delighted to have her cousin marry him. Isn't it a pity that money and brains don't always go together?" He laughed and got away. But his blood boiled. Hilton, that degenerate son of the over-rich—it would be hideous! He did Hilton injustice, however, for he really was decent enough in his way. The doctor decided to call at the Kings' just for a moment. As he turned the corner he saw the other man swinging along, evidently bound for the same goal.

And, like a flash, John Trevor knew that there was but one important thing in the whole world, and that was to get to Mary Trenton—first. Surely that fellow would not have the unbelievable impudence to propose to her! Surely she would never accept him if he did! As he came to the foot of the long garden, walking in his restless, headlong fashion, something twitched at his coat sleeve. He turned to see Mary Trenton. The girl was leaning over the green hedge, smiling up to him, her great garden hat pushed back.

"Is it so important as all that, your case?" she queried, mischief in her eyes. "If somebody is really dying I will not detain you; otherwise it is too hot to race like that—past your friends especially." He looked down on her, helpless.

"The only important thing in this world is—you," he said suddenly, while she trembled and blushed at his tone.

"Happy to be even—a thing—to you," she murmured, mischief still in her eye. His look rebuked her.

"Do you—can you—Mary—I adore you! Will you marry me? Will you?" It was sufficiently precipitate, and the sun was very hot, and she saw Hilton looking over the lawn for her.

"Tell me—will you?" The girl's face was very happy, but she was yet a woman and would not be too ready with a reply.

"Come—over into the shade," she said. "I don't want—that man to find me." The doctor cleared the hedge, and like two naughty children they sneaked behind the shrubbery to safety in a tree hidden corner. Then he faced her inquiringly. Tears suddenly filled her eyes, and she laid her arm up across her face like a child. He took it down and drew her close.

"Dearest, dearest, what is it? Won't you tell me?" She drew away and looked at him seriously.

"I was—afraid—you—weren't going to ask me!"

Was ever anything so foolish? He straightway informed Mary Trenton—and thought he was telling the truth—that from the first time he had set eyes on her he had loved her and would have followed her round the world to "ask her." The really foolish thing would have been to devote a big warm heart to a mere profession. Love was the important thing.

Balloons and Eagles.

A book has been discovered in Vienna bearing on its title page this legend: "About the invention of air navigation by means of balloons and eagles, by Jakob Kieserer; published at the expense of the author by Herr Loeschenschöhl, Kohlmarkt, Vienna, 1801." It is an elaborate treatise on aviation in which a balloon is steered through the air by eagles which have been "trained and deprived of their talons." Minute instructions are given as to how the birds should be harnessed, and suggestions are made as to the employment of double teams and relays. The author-inventor expresses the hope that his idea may be employed first to expedite the delivery of letters and dispatches and that persons competent as trainers of giant birds will carry his "wonderful idea" into execution.