THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,



that there was no one within watching distance.

er spying about to assure himself

Roundabout, threading between barns and outhouses, stopping to stare and mumble at the brawling creek, he led her by a devious route back to a vine-swathed, wooden structure behind the house, sheltering a long disused well. Darting to his work-shed, he reappeared with a flashlight which he directed into the well-mouth.

"You keep it down there?" "Urgck."

"That's very clever of you." Grinning, he indicated a cavity, some eight feet down, formed by the displacement of a stone. This, she was given to understand, was his

bank. He seemed enormously pleased with it. "Well, I wouldn't want to go down there," the girl decided. "I don't believe it's safe. Those walls look bulgy to me."

Again the hoarder hunched his shoulders. "Too much rain," he growled uneasily.

True to his prophecy, however, the sun blazed forth on the following morning and chased all the loitering clouds from the sky. It was the perfect opportunity for the canoe test. To be sure, A. Leon Snydacker was away for the day, but Moby Dickstein did not dare wait further upon the capricious weather. The first step was to get his leading man to the low bluff overlooking the lake. To one of Moby's diplomatic attainments, this was easy. The pretense was that he needed expert advice in working out some detail of topography. Kelsey made no demur.

Everything, the director fondly decided, was perfect. Below the cliff the waters went off very sheer to a depth of several feet. For a expert Kelsey could hardly have betskilled swimmer in a hurry, as Moby anticipated that the hero would be, a dive from the summit of Marne's anatomy to present itinto safe water would be quite feasi- self. Unfortunately this chanced to ble. Or he might elect to slide down be an ankle. Consequently her pasthe little precipice and plunge from | sage to the safety of the beach was the thin edge of shore. Either way mainly sub-surface. She arrived in would suit Moby. All that was now needed was Miss Van Stratten.

Prompt to the assigned minute, she appeared around the bend, clad best he could to recover herself. in a most becoming bathing suit and After an interval of strangling she propelling the small canoe with lifted her eyes and beheld the supstrong, easy strokes. As an added positious hero of the recent scene. feature, not figured in the directorial calculations, the faithful Glunk floundered along the beach, now in, now out of the water, and keeping apparition of the impromptu lifeas nearly abreast as possible. How- saver impinged upon the sensitive ever, that did not matter at the moment. All was set.

60

Moby Dickstein and his leading man expediency, Moby Dickstein had were engaged in topographical conference and the masked camera the smiling landscape, the only foil waited below for its prey, the canoe for Marne's righteous resentment paused and drifted, some thirty yards offshore. The occupant lifted nonchalant legs above her. To make her head.

"Yoo-hoo! Moby!" She waved her paddle.

"Steady, there," warned Moby as per agreement.



"Don't get sore just because he outsmarted you."

who had been cast for the role of | ica with a deckload of Martin gallant rescuer seemed to have un- Holmes' nervous troubles, was beatdergone a change of spirit. Instead en far off her course into a Texas of taking a photographable header, port, on the same day as Marne's he stood, peering toward the spot where the water was still in turmoil with an expression which, at ments, her lone passenger went to first observant, became suspicious. the town library to catch up with and finally cynical.

"Help! Hel-l-lp!"

To Moby's attuned ear, a note of York newspaper of past date he exasperation had crept into the ap- saw again the features of Miss Marion Norman Van Stratten. peal. And the supposed hero of the crisis? To his director's unutterable indignation, he sat down comfortacan, the back-door debutante," he bly and dangled his legs over the murmured, and read the accompaedge of the void through which his nying letter-press. devoted body should have been hur-From this he learned that Miss

tling. "Whatsa matter?" yelped Moby. "Nothing."

Snydacker's production of 'Maiden "Ain't you goin' after her?" Effort." Naturally the title meant "Not today," answered the placid nothing to him. But he was mildly nero. interested in the result of the com-

"What in hell's bitin' you?" "Don't want to get my feet wet," explained Kelsey.

the lady librarian. Out in the lake Marne was doing a very creditable job of drowning, this?" but getting a little bored with it. Coming up for the third (and she hoped it would be the last) time, she heard a roar of terror and dismay in a voice strangely unlike that of compendium of information. Templeton Sayles, Esq.

Glunk to the rescue!

A fountain of foam marked his heroic progress. He covered the distance at a speed which even the tered. Arriving at the spot, he fixed a mighty grip upon the first portion a mood for murder.

Beaming and fawning, Glunk set her on her feet and aided her, as Nobody else was in sight. The cameraman had lost interest in the event from the moment when the lens. As a stooge for the leading man, Glunk, full-face, lacked plausi-Exactly opposite the spot where bility. With his unerring sense of also decided to fade away. In all was the young man now swinging is the only ironing necessary. matters worse, he was lighting a

cigarette.

Gloria's opinion was definite but not soothing. "You would take his side." "Don't get sore just because he outsmarted you." "I believe you like him," accused

the disgusted Marne. "Sure, I like him. Probably not as much as you do."

Small satisfaction did Marne get

out of her ally, Miss Glamour, when

she sought sympathy in her griev-

"You can have him. With my blessing." maritime misadventure. While the "On the level, kid, why have you boat was laid up for minor replacegot such a down on Tempy?"

"I can't stand the lady-killer type." the news, he being, at the time,

"Where do you get your slant on some weeks in arrears. In a New him?"

"From that awful stuff he wrote about himself."

"You know darn well that's all "Our old friend Miss Adelina Ashfake."

"Of course it is. But it shows his character. That's the sort he'd like to be if he could. I'll bet," she concluded viciously, "he boasts about women to other men in smoking rooms."

"You've got him different from what I have," commented the beauty girl thoughtfully. "I wouldn't hold up the Sayles Saga stuff against him."

'Because you don't understand." never studied psychology, did you?" To Marne's surprise the other an-The official, a faded and roguish swered readily, "Sure. Sophomore spinster of fifty, chanced to be a year, when I was Miss University

motion picture fan, and therefore a of East Idaho." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Few Household Chores Worry Japanese Women; Little Time Spent in Cooking

A minimum of time and labor is | Sometimes she works alone, more the daily cooking takes little time.

Van Stratten's prize-winning face

was then being rehearsed in A. Leon

petition wherein his entry had so

signally flopped. He appealed to

"Have you anything else about

is often eaten raw, and rice may be cooked at any time and set aside in wooden tub to be served cold. Vegetables are few. Peas are cooked in the pod, and the big white carrots and cabbages are pickled. Other household duties are quickly done. Except among the well-todo, the general custom of going to public baths and buying ready-made clothing frees the women from many hours of housework. The cotton kimonos are washed out and hung to dry on poles run through the sleeves. Stretching on the pole

pickles and hot tea, ties the baby mander in chief at the outbreak of "All right now?" he asked kindly. on her back and makes for the the Civil war, serving until Novem-"You!" She tried for an effect of fields. With kimono tucked up, she ber 1, 1861, when he retired at the lighting scorn, but impaired it by engages in any kind of farm labor. age of seventy-five.

required to get the Japanese family often side by side with husband or started every morning. Bed quilts son. In the spring she hoes or are rolled up and put away in a weeds, transplants the young rice. closet. Chopsticks and bowls are or cuts the winter wheat. In aurinsed out in either hot or cold tumn she moves with bent back water and left to dry, says the Na- down the field with a sickle, helptional Geographic magazine. Even ing menfolk cut and thresh the rice -the major crop of Japan. Two Fish and rice are the staples. Fish farm jobs seem exclusively hersthe picking of tea leaves and the tending of silkworms.

Was Soldier of Three Wars

Winfield Scott was born in Virginia, June 13, 1786. As a lieutenant colonel during the War of 1812 he was taken prisoner in the battle of Queenstown Heights; in a few months he was exchanged. In 1814, a brigadier general, he defeated the British in the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. He commanded the army which invaded Mexico in 1847 and fought its way into the capital. Though a Southerner by The country woman, after giving birth, he remained at the head of the family a quick breakfast of rice, the United States army as com-

ance against Templeton Sayles, Esq. Pennsylvania, he entered the national public health service, became its assistant surgeon, and, assigned to the Philippines, won eminence in his profession in his work in sanitation and in fighting disease. In 1926, he was loaned to the Chilean government for a similar encounter there.

home town was Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

After his graduation from the med-

ical school of the University of

In this writer's observation of South American countries, particularized instances of civilized behavior, fair dealing and regard for native traditions and amenities, once the fear of predatory designs had been overcome, were effective where all else failed, including our most eloquent offerings of official friendship.

THE New York aquarium gets three African fish which have high foreheads and bigger brains in proportion to their size than any other creatures

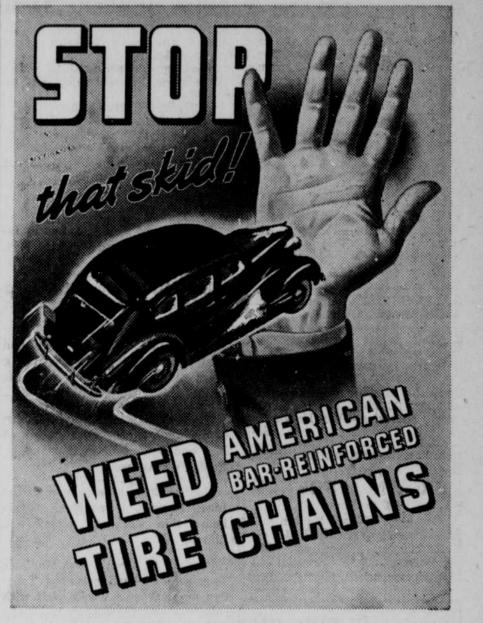
Plan I. Q. Rating below the Pri-Rare Fish With mates. This makes them **Out-Size** Brain skittish and

doesn't seem to get them anything, although they manage to keep out was the impatient response. "You of aquaria and frying pans. These are the first ever brought to this country.

> Dr. Charles M. Breder Jr. plans to go to Africa as soon as possible to check up on their I. Q. The ancient Egyptians revered and protected them, in the belief that their huge brain cavities were inhabited by the souls of departed men. Doctor Breder thinks a study of their intelligence, if any, in relation to their out-size brain, might be enlightening.

Doctor Breder was a boy icthyologist at Newark, where the family was apt to find the bathtub full of killies and sticklebacks. In his examination for a biologist's job in the fisheries bureau, he confounded his elders and beat out Ph. D. entrants in the competition. He was assistant director of the Aquarium for 14 years and became director a year ago.

Doctor Breder is said to rank all other scientists. He is 40 years old, a fragile, clericallooking man, with blue eyes and yellow hair. But his appearance is deceptive. On the Richard Oglesby Marsh expedition, to the Chucunaque river country in southern Panama, in 1924, in which Dr. J. L. Baer of the Smithsonian institution lost his life, Doctor Breder came through swimmingly, with no chagres fever or beri-beri and a brand new fish. Its name, **Rivulus** Chucunaque Breder, is in 8-pt. body type, five-sixteenths of an inch longer than the fish. © Consolidated News Features. WNU Service



Success has brought many to

destruction.-Phaedrus.

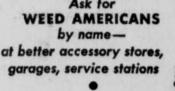
terers and the quitters .-- Van Am-

burgh.

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