THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA

# 8 Hidden Ways By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

#### CHAPTER IX-Continued -11-

keep my amateur standing, I'll be each other. very glad to escort your niece.

tion," Miss Agatha informed me. it. He was a trained fencer, strong- of heart. Look at your epec." 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 not-or would not. The zest of coneight, David?'

ering up my copy, went back to the first he would match his skill against He looked from me to the weapon workroom.

If Lyon had not opened the door tha's, I should have forgotten him entirely.

for a paper. Come in."

His flat was bright with lights but me. it had a feeling of emptiness. He Defense would not serve me. He explained as he took my hat and for a walk.

fly; "takes no exercise, whatever, be attempted only once. It must be we are.'

room and pointed to the trophy ings. The shell guards rang brightabove the mantelpiece. I admired it ly. We moved against each other, and with an effort kept from looking behind the couch where the blackbearded 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 gleeful.

"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."

my guard and followed with a lunge overcoat and hat, thrust myself into that I barely turned. He caught my jacket. I kept my eyes on him. "If," I went on, "you'll let me my riposte. For an instant we faced His expression was so perfectly astonished that it quickened a doubt.

A strange calm held me. I had This made me angry at myself and Otherwise, as I told you, I'm busy." fathomed his purpose and now I I snapped: "'Pride goeth before destruc- understood how he would perform "You can stop registering purity

"Why don't you finish it?" I asked. er if no quicker than I. He held He stared at the weapon on the "'And a haughty spirit before a his weapon delicately in the French floor before him, glanced at me in fashion. He could have run me something like fright and, bending, through before now, if he had wiped picked it up. He reached out his

away his instinctive regard for my left hand and tried the broken point utterly harmless sword. But he could with his thumb.

test had him. Eventually he would "With pleasure," I said and, gath- kill me, foully if necessary, but mine, seeking a fair opening through

could at any minute catch my harmcoat that Ione and Everett had gone less blade in his free hand and drive his own point home. My sole, frag-"He's a lazy dog," Lyon said eas- ile chance lay in a trick. It could

and of course when there's a strain, tried before the already aching musit simply pulls him all apart. Here cles of my sword arm grew weary. The blades engaged and parted

He had led me into the living with clicks and brief sharp sigh-

dignation and reproach:

Am I not in enough trouble without -that?"

"Are you deaf, by any chance?

Lyon looked at me a long minute. His question was simple and dazing as a punch in the jaw.

I pulled myself together and eered:

ry."

He shook his head. "My boy, I can read lips, but I'm quite deaf."

The smile vanished from his lean "I heard you call," he said. His voice shook a little. "I couldn't tell

what you were saying. Your face was masked. I thought—" He broke

apology? Or for the fact that I'll

never touch sword again? You

thought, you had every right to think

# 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. (Crops Extension Specialist, University of Illinois.) 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.



# WAR ON WEEDS EASIER IN FALL

Chlorates Less Effective in Summertime.

By J. C. HACKLEMAN

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, 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 aniversity show that two or three in embroidery. 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.

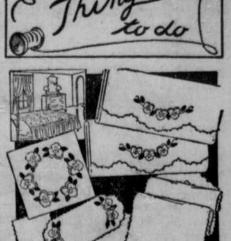
The experiments also indicate that calcium chlorate is about two-thirds to three-fourths as effective as sodium chlorate.

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.



Transfer No. Z9105

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

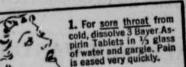
Yellows or lavenders, of course, would be most suggestive of real pansies, but any pastel to harmonize with your bedroom could be used. The illustration indicates the use of applique; an equally charming effect might be achieved

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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Follow these 3 steps as pictured





and back again. which to drive his point. "It's-it's-why-" he babbled and Steel's sibilance broke now and then burst out: "Good Lord, Malof his apartment as I left Miss Aga- then in the high thin chime of blade lory, I might have killed you." upon resonant shell guard, an inno-I admired his acting-if acting it cent, mocking sound. I fought carewere-and was ashamed of myself "Hello," said he. "I'd just about fully, knowing that my first mis- for even questioning its fraudulence. given you up and was on my way out take would be my last and, in the I said: fascination of contest, he tolerated

"That was my impression, too." "You thought," he groped, "you thought that I would-I never looked.

The button must have snapped-it must be about. Ah!" He bent down on his side of the table and rose with the little blob of

"My God!" he said at last.

Color quickened his tanned face.

"Exactly," I answered.

waxed thread in his hand. It wabbled on his trembling palm. "It snapped off." he said in a hushed voice. "It must have when

I tried the steel." The memory of the weapon, flung ceilingward by its own resilience, shook my belief. Lyon rocked it

further now by asking in mixed in-"Why didn't you tell me, man?

He swore proficiently.

I asked:

Or maybe it's just a bad memory. I did tell you. Perhaps I should have stopped to write."

"Didn't you know that I was deaf?"

"Congratulations on a fast recov-

face and dim horror succeeded it.

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 talked. His enthusiasm and the doubted if I had enough, but it was pleading of the sword in my hand my only chance. impelled me to follow him. We thrust the sofa against the wall, put tack pleased Lyon. He must have on our masks, and faced each other. seen in it the flurry before the end, ed smile, "you've given me some-

clear note. His riposte grazed my then, for a flash, his blade was where his weapon. The button that made me. My sword whipped about his ken off. The new steel of the frac- him gasp. I saw the epee half torn loped up the stair, thrust open the ture was a flickering spark before from his hand. me.

harshly and lunged.

### CHAPTER X

ward barely in time and he had me ther.

ished. Understanding came in that ness for a step that was not there. 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 familwas uppermost in my mind, and dignity, the normal furnishings of shaving kit. I nodded, 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 -enlightened each other, I'll be gosister found an alibi elsewhere, Lyon ing." would silence me so deftly that, no His bewilderment, as I backed he would be safe. I wondered what outer clothing, made me feel silly. he thought I knew that made my murder necessary - and then had slowly. time for no further thought.

His sword had felt and tested and | With the table between him and tapped mine. Automatically, I had me and the door behind me, I let no German." responded. He feinted now to lift go of the rapier and laying aside

oll savagely and shrugged. "What in hell," he stormed, "do you care what I think? Or for my

"Whatever is on your mind will have to be unloaded while I shave."

-But why, Mallory, in heaven's cat-footed, sharp-witted, tight-bodname, should I want to kill you?" ied. And I felt myself tiring. I didn't know whether he were I forced all myself into desperate honest or not. I knew that I could

assault. My purpose needed the deftserve myself best by letting him ness of long practice, which I lacked. think I believed him so. He had stripped off his jacket as Strength it demanded too, and I "That question," I told him, "also

The apparent wildness of my at- shudder.

"En garde," he cried in an odd and so he contented himself merely voice. His blade darted for my with parrying my weapon, wait- If the police had found a second throat. Instinct alone prompted my ing until my vain fury should flag. body-I wish there were something parry. He caught my thrust on his I thought I heard him chuckle as I could do or say or offer as apology guard and the shell uttered a high he turned aside my thrust. And for-" arm. The fury of his attack startled I wanted it. I threw my life into picked up my hat and coat and left. me. I shifted so that light fell upon the trick d'Armhaillac had taught He made no movement to follow me. mine harmless was missing from his. in clumsy imitation of the French- return to the Paget apartment when The blunt, nail-head point had bro- man's deadly cutover. I heard I reached my lodging house. I gal-

He was quick in recovering, but I cried a warning and lowered I was swifter. I leaped forward to Cochrane, "I began to think you'd my blade. Lyon Ferriter laughed pass him and, in the leap, brought moved again." my own weapon down like a whip

across the knuckles of his sword hand. He grunted. Behind me, I heard Body, not mind, saved me. The the ringing clatter of the dropped your mind will have to be unloaded reflex centers that keep half-forgot- epee. I reached the table and tore while I shave and dress. I've got ten training helped my sword to en- off the mask with my left hand. My a date." gage and delay his. I leaped back- right gripped the ornate hilt of a sixteenth-century Italian rapier. in a corner. I could retreat no far- With the long blade ready, I whirled.

Our blades bound. There was no trieve his fallen sword. He had taksound but our breathing and the en off his mask and was sucking whisper of steel on steel. In that with a slight frown the hand I had odd instant of delay, neither of us struck. His calm was more shockspoke. I knew it was useless to ing than fury. It saved his life for, repeat my warning and he, em- at the instant, I should have run while I stripped off coat, vest and barked on his purpose, had no need him through right gladly. Lyon shirt. He said mildly: for words. I parried the deadly looked up from his injury with a spark of that unguarded point. As- rueful smile and his words made me Mister." tonishment's half-palsy had van- feel that I had reached in dark-

> "Effective," he said quietly, "though perhaps not quite orthodox. He seemed for the first time to

the room, mocked my recent ter-

striving to match his self-possession,

"but necessary. And now that we've

"I don't understand," said Lyon

"Neither," I told him, "do I."

"Entirely unorthodox," I agreed.

ror. Yet I kept the rapier ready.

see the long sword in my hand and about, who went gold hunting with lifted his eyebrows. He was still Lyon Ferriter, and never came breathing fast but was quite unruf- back?" fled. I wondered, for a wild in-

iar and heretofore safe sport. Shame stant, which one of us was mad. His turned toward the bureau for my "Horstman, wasn't it?"

> "The same." Cochrane droned. er, does he look like a Heinie?"

knowledge that he hid something. 'a game of twenty questions? If so, let's postpone it. Look like a matter what others might suspect, toward the door, gathering up my Heinie? Of course he doesn't. He's got a phony Oxford accent, a little waxed mustache, a faintly mauve manner and a letch for cologne. He wears a funny expression, half hauteur, half imminent sneeze. He's

(TO BE CONTINUED)

occurred to me." He drew himself together with a "Well," he said and gave a crookthing else to think about, anyway. "Let it go at that," I broke in. I I had a bare hour to change and door and paused, staring. "Hi, accomplice," said Jerry He sat beneath the lighted wall bracket and gave a bland smile. I was not too hospitable.

"Whatever," I told him, "is on

"Oh-ho," 'crooned Cochrane, and looked at me with fake mildness. "Something more important than Lyon had made no effort to re- your duty to your paper, for which every reporter worthy of the name would give his life blood?"

"In round numbers, about a thousand times as important-to me." I told him where I was going

"For a country lad, you aim high, I let that pass.

Cochrane droned: "I've found out something." "So what?" I wasn't encouraging.

He blinked and beamed. "You remember the guy I told you

The question stopped me as I

"This Everett Ferriter, the broth-"Is this," I asked, rasped by the

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 bet. ter 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.

# **Orchard Grass Ally Of Pasture Legume**

The very fact that it does not form sod, which formerly was regarded as a disadvantage, is causing renewed interest in orchard grass as a pasture plant. The bunchy 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 grasslespedeza combination has one of the qualities that has made bluegrass and white clover a favored

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.

partnership wherever they will

## 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.

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