THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA

Making Martial Millinery

For today's lesson we take you to the Detroit plant of the McCord Radiator company where steel helmets for our bigger, better army are being turned out at the rate of 12,000 a day. The new model is pot-shaped. It comes down over the forehead and covers the back of the neck, giving added protection to the entire head and sides of the face. Note how the martial millinery rolls off the assembly line.

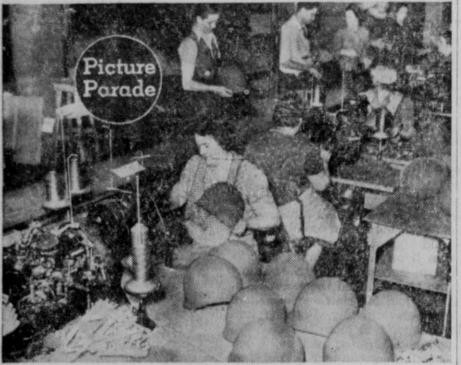
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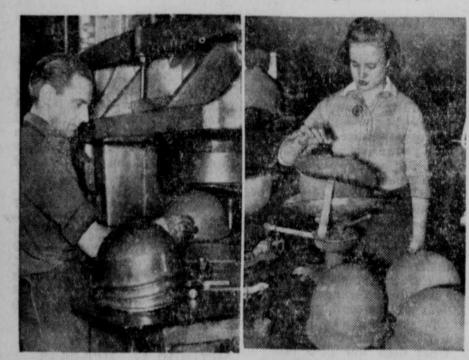
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SEWING ... What sewing can there be on a steel helmet? The chin-strap. Strap-hooks have already been welded to the steel shell, and the women shown in this picture are sewing on the straps.



EDGING . . . The brim of a steel helmet is practically non- thing different in government inexistent, but there's a tiny turned- spectors - pretty Marjorie up edge, and you see that edge Thompson, who checks finished put on here. Machine that does helmets for weight. Nothing the job is called a spank press. goes over 2 pounds, 73% ounces.

WEIGHING ... Here's some-

A Dog's Affection \$600¥ By R. H. WILKINSON Associated Newspapers-WNU Service

GROUP of us were gathered in the lounge of the Winston club and as usual someone had an experience to relate. Philip Marlin, whose ability as a story teller is rated high, told us this tale.

It happened (Philip began) two summers ago, up in Maine. A bunch of us had gone up to spend a fortnight at Freddy Damon's camp, which is situated on a small lake near the base of Mount Mohawk. Young Vic Moylan was with us that year. Of course, he was much younger than the rest of us, but he had a craving for the outdoors, and his delight and joy at being allowed to accompany us was ample reward for any inconvenience he might cause.

Young Vic, we discovered shortly after reaching camp, possessed two traits of character that were admirable. First he was good natured, a willing worker, and was eager to learn. And second, he couldn't bear to see anything hurt. The first trait, or traits, if you

will, became apparent shortly after our sojourn at the camp got underway. The second came into evidence about three nights after our arrival. We were awakened about midnight by the most plaintive, restdisturbing noise I believe I've ever

heard. It sounded for all the world



Vic's face was a mask of wretchedness and pity.

mortal agony. We knew it wasn't, an underhanded game. "Wait," he however, and when Joe Tucker, our said, "wait till the brute's leg is

the look in Vic's eyes when I firs! saw him standing on the veranda, and frankly, I had a soft spot in my heart for dumb animals myself. At any rate, we all three consulted Freddy Damon, and when I refused to support Joe, Freddy declared that if Vic would promise to keep the dog locked up at all times, it was all right with him. And so that very night Vic and

Rusty moved into the guide's cabin. The next day Freddy and I went down to the village and made inquiries. All that Joe had told us, we learned, about the ugliness of Rusty that was a high spot in the history was true. We returned to camp that of the West-the battle which took

fondness for dumb animals, to get river in Wyoming on April 9, 1892. rid of Rusty, thereby eliminating the Perhaps "battle" is too pretentious possibility of being killed in our a word, for it was only a frontier sleep by a maniacal dog. gun fight in which few men were However, we might as well have involved. But in so far as it was a determined to blot out the moon. case of a man fighting to the death Upon arriving at camp we discov- against odds of nearly 50 to 1, it had ered Vic had gone off fishing, and a certain Homeric quality which

decided that during his absence raised it above the level of such afwould be an excellent time to re- fairs. move Rusty. The man's name, appropriately Freddy and I strolled over to the enough, was Champion-Nate Chamguide's cabin and opened the door pion. His enemies said he was a -and closed it again immediately. rustler-and he undoubtedly was. So A snarl, resembling the war cry of they killed him and, all unknowing, a Bengal tiger, set the goose pim- they also gave him a certain kind ples to racing up and down our of immortality. For after his death spines. We consulted and agreed he became a sort of Robin Hood to abandon our plan till Vic re- hero, an almost legendary figure whose name and fame have been

Vic got back at sundown and lis- perpetuated in song and story. tened to our story. His attitude was The living Nate Champion was not

disquieting. It would be inhuman, an important person. But Nate he informed us, to turn the dog loose Champion, dying, became a kind of in its present condition, and under symbol and as such was more sigthe circumstances he'd have to renificant. For the fight at the KC was the first battle in a "war" which The Situation Became Delicate. "marked the dividing line between Well, to make a long story not the Old West, under the rule of the so long, the situation became deli- cattle kings, and the New West of cate, and in a sense amusing. Rusty the pioneer homesteader."

remained as our-or Vic's-guest The story of this conflict has been for the remainder of our stay. told many times and it is related And long before we departed he was again in a book published recently hopping around on three legs, tag- by the Caxton Printers, Ltd., of ging at the heels of Vic. The friend- Caldwell, Idaho-"The Longest Rope ship between the two was something -The Truth About the Johnson to run the flag up about. It was a County Cattle War," by D. F. Baber, friendship greatly accentuated by as told by Bill Walker. The printhe contrast of Rusty's attitude cipal interest and value of this adtoward the remainder of the group, dition to our store of Western

an attitude which was not only ugly but downright hostile.

turned

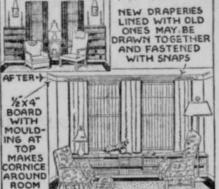
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Now there was something hard to understand. We had done nothing to arouse the brute's animosity, yet he hated us as he hated all other men, except, possibly his owner. And if ever an animal loved a man Mongrel Rusty loved young Vic Moylan. You could see it in the beast's eyes, you could feel it in the way he acted when Vic was about.

Joe Tucker was skeptical. He didn't trust mongrels at all and he positively accused Rusty of playing



idea may now be used to keep light in at night. A cornice taking Echo of a Forgotten 'War' the place of a picture moulding is A PRIL 9 of this year marks the 50th anniversary of an event smart for both modern and traditional rooms and gives anchorage near the ceiling for rod, or pole. night determined, despite Vic's place at the KC ranch on the Powder



NEW IDEAS FOR

>, HOME-MAKERS

ened with the necessity of

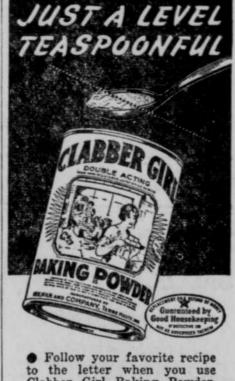
+ BEFORE

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS (

This sketch shows how one homemaker made cheerful, soft green sateen blackout draperies, repeating a tone in the chintz of the new slip covers. They are edged with cotton cord fringe in a darker tone.

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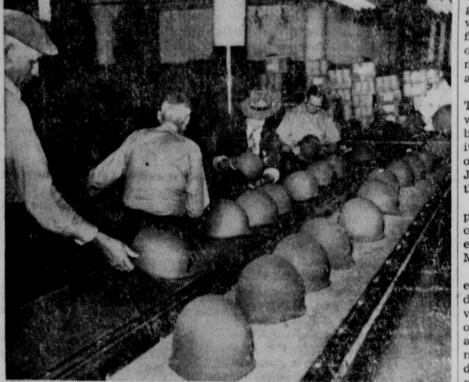
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OUADRUPLE CHECK ... Finished helmets pass on a conveyor belt before the critical eyes of no less than four government inspectors. Flaws don't get by.



HAT RACK ... In this store room at the McCord plant are some of the thousands of helmets that await shipment to army centers.



ON THE MARCH ... And here are some of the new helmets in use.

guide, sleepily advised us there were probably a couple of bobcats fighting over a kill somewhere up on the slopes of Mohawk, we dismissed the thing from our minds

and returned to sleep. That is, we all did but Vic Moylan. The kid lay awake listening to that wailing and wondering what it could be. He'd never heard a sound like it before, but some instinct the rest of us didn't possess told him that Joe Tucker, seasoned woodsman though he might be, was wrong. At any rate, after an hour had passed, young Vic slipped quietly out of bed, dressed, found and lighted a lantern and set off toward Mount Mohawk alone and unafraid. Two hours later we were awakened by a pounding on the front door. Joe and I went down to investigate, and found Vic standing on the veranda outside with his arms full of dog. Literally. The mutt that he had carried three miles down that mountain in the dark, after first liberating its forepaws from a steel trap, was the biggest and most vicious-looking mongrel canine on which I've ever laid eyes.

'He Carried the Brute Inside.' Vic's face was a mask of wretchedness and pity. Without a word he carried the brute inside, laid it on the divan and ordered Joe and me to heat water and procure bandages. We watched them, mutely, while the kid went about the business of setting the broken bone and adjusting splints. After it was over Joe Tucker emitted a great sigh of relief and whistled through his teeth. I looked at him curiously, and he beckoned Vic and me into the kitchen.

"Don't blame you for being tender-hearted, kid, but you'll have to get rid of the beast in the morning.

Both Vic and I looked surprised, and Joe said: "That's Ray Thornton's dog. His name is Rusty and he's got the meanest reputation in the county. He's ugly and vicious. A mongrel. He's bitten half a dozen kids, and there's at least fifteen farmers who would shoot him on sight."

Vic was astonished. "Why, that can't be so," he protested. "If he were as mean and ugly as all that he'd never have let me take him out of the trap or set his leg. Why. he never moved a hair."

"Probably too exhausted," Joe avowed. "I tell yuh that critter is a man-killer.'

Vic's face grew worried. You could plainly see that he was skeptical about Joe, yet at the same time he didn't want to overrule his advice. Presently an answer to the problem suggested itself.

"I'll tell you what," he declared. keep him inside till his leg's cured, and he won't bother anyone. It would be murder to turn him loose." pleaded. However, I couldn't forget ence.

healed, and see. He'll kill the kid, sure as shootin'. He's got the killer streak in him."

Joe's prediction worried us. We were inclined to agree with him and we were afraid for Vic. For Mongrel Rusty wasn't pleasant to look upon. But Vic only laughed. He said we didn't understand dogs, and that our methods were wrong.

I tell you we all breathed a sigh Americana lies in the fact that the of relief when the day for departure came and Vic took the car and drove Rusty down to the farmer who owned him and left him there. He KC ranch fight. came back with a long and sad face.

The Johnson County war, also No one said a word. We all piled known as the "Powder River war," into the car and drove away toward the "Rustler war" and "The Invahome. At the village we dropped sion," was the result of the cattle-Joe and said good-by. "You're stealing that was prevalent in Wyolucky," he said, in parting, to Vic. ming in the late eighties and early "If you'd kept the brute till he got nineties. The big cattle outfits, the fully well he'd have slashed your principal victims, decided it must throat. Those mongrels are tricky." be stopped and, rightfully or wrong-We tried to put the incident from fully, fixed upon their own method our minds, glad enough to be away of doing it. Accordingly, a group of and have Vic with us, alive and these cattlemen, accompanied by well. And so we returned home and hired gun men from Texas, set out settled back into the routine of our | early in April, 1892, to invade Johneveryday lives. Things went along son county, which they regarded as serencly for a week, and then Fred- the stronghold of the thieves, and dy Damon received a letter from to summarily execute certain men Ray Thornton which he read to us. whom they looked upon as the lead-The letter said the dog Rusty had ers.

died, and as far as he could make Their first objective was the KC it had died from nothing more than ranch house on the Powder, occua broken heart. Ray, its owner, pied by Nate Champion, the "king was puzzled. For Ray, like every- of the rustlers," and his companion, one else, thought the dog was a Nick Rae. Bill Walker, "cowpoke" and trapper, and his partner, Ben man killer. Philip paused, and sighed. "Only Jones, had spent the night there and

young Vic Moylan," he finished, when they set out for an early start "understood. And the kid never on a trapping expedition the next tried to explain to us." morning they were made prisoners by the "regulators" who had surrounded the ranch house.

Mountain Peak Named Thus it was that the co-author of "The Longest Rope" became an For Confederate Soldier eye-witness of the historic fight that A hitherto nameless peak in the followed. He saw Nick Rae shot Great Smoky Mountains National down as he came out of the door park, N. C.-Tenn., has been desiga little later. He saw Nate Chamnated Mount Lanier by the United pion rush out, amid a hail of bul-States board on geographical names. lets, and drag his dying companion This action was based on the request back into the cabin. He tells of of the United Daughters of the Con-Champion's rifle duel with his enefederacy that Sidney Lanier, whose mies, which lasted nearly all day, centennial occurs this year, thus be until they set fire to the cabin and forced him to flee. He "came out Mount Lanier, elevation 3,145 feet. shooting" and died under their fire is a peak on Hannah mountain. A in a little gulch nearby. The leader few miles distant is Montvale Springs, where Lanier spent many of the "regulators" looked down at him—"Give me fifty men like that boyhood summers. "Tiger Lilies," and I could whip the whole state!" his first novel, depicts the Great he said.

Smokies and their people. After Nate Champion was killed, Sidney Lanier, poet, musician, his assailants found on his body a Confederate soldier, was born February 3, 1842, at Macon, Ga. He little book in which he had written died September 7, 1881, at Lynn, Pike an account of his desperate last County, N. C. During his life's brief stand. A newspaper reporter, Sam T. span, the social order in which he Clover of the Chicago Herald, who was born and reared was overturned had accompanied the "regulators," and his personal fortunes ruined. Yet made a copy of this account which his record for nationalism and his has been frequently reprinted uninfluence in the New South were so der the title of "The Diary of the well recognized that in 1876 he was Rustler King" and widely circulatchosen to write the words that ed. It has perpetuated the fame of inaugurated Philadelphia's Centen- Nate Champion as has a poem, "Our nial exhibition, marking the 100th Hero's Grave," written by one of Joe argued, then turned to me and | anniversary of American independ- | his friends and set to music soon after his death.



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