THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA

Smartly Styled Washables Are

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE STORY SO FAR: Just when it looks as though Norland Airways is through, Cruger finds a "scientist" named Frayne, who offers to pay well to be flown to the Anawotto, a river in Canada's barren North Country, where he hopes to find the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. This good news helps to soften the blow when Cruger has to tell his partner and ace flyer, Alan Slade, that his application for overseas service with the army air corps has been turned down. Slade explains that he signed up because he thought they would lose the business. Cruger says he has bought a new Lockheed that will keep them going for a while. He and Alan are discussing their new client, who is apparently not inexperienced, having recently returned from an expedition to the Himalayas.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER II

"What was this man Frayne after in the Himalayas?" Slade asked. "The Great Tibetan Sheep. Karnell, he explained, was his shikari on both occasions. But Karnell doesn't count. All he does, appar-

ently, is supply the brawn. It's our man of science who supplies the brain in that outfit." "Wasn't your nature-lover shoot-

ing wide of the mark when he went looking for sheep in winter? It's in spring and summer sheep come down, anywhere. Every hunter knows that."

Cruger's chair-shift was one of impatience.

"Don't worry about your passengers. Your business, Lindy, is flying. And if you feel that dreamyeyed ornithologist is after gold, like all the rest of them, you'll think along another line when you've seen him. He's different. And before summer's over, you may be sure, he'll be calling for supplies."

"Should he go in there to starve?" questioned Slade.

"He won't starve," retorted the other. "He's well heeled, his papers are in order, and the Royal Mounted have okayed his excursion. He's carrying a lot of equipment." Cruger's glance went to the window. "They'll be bringing over their stuff from the terminal any time now."

"Themselves?" Cruger nodded.

"It's too precious, apparently, for our port boys to handle. Before sundown they'll be stowing it aboard your ship, and when they do you'd better stand by and check up on their kit." "Why?"

Cruger shrugged. "Well, let's say it's to make sure



diamonds for your girl friend down the Basin?' "Buvin'

covered old jallopy, probably the about that. It tied up, he recalled, with the hazy story of the Flying most northerly taxicab, omitting Alaska, on the continent. For Cas-Padre's abrupt migration from a sie, who had driven an Arctic dog once-opulent city practice to the outposts of the Mackenzie Basin. Lawteam in her time, was both stalwart of body and resolute of spirit. rence Morlock, he remembered, had "Where'll I be droppin' you?" his reasons for hating drunkenness. asked Cassie, as they rolled into For as Slade was able to piece the the town's wooden-fronted main story together. Lynn's father had street

"At Dillon, the jeweler's," Slade told her.

"Buyin' diamonds for your girl friend down the Basin?" Slade laughed.

well-fortified front line dropped like "There's no such animal," he a parachutist in his own home. Besaid, as he waved her good-by. But wildered and stunned, but refusing he was wondering, at the moment, to give ground, he had sought relief if Lynn Morlock would be paying in over-work and alcohol. But one her customary visit to St. Gabriel's. night when called from a night club for an emergency operation his hand She'd be wanting supplies, before heading north. For the North was had failed him and his patient, a empty of much that was needed pillar of Wall Street, had died on the table. That death, the surgeon there. His present mission was evidence enough of that. It involved, always felt, was due to his own he remembered, a wedding ring for drunkenness. It rang the curtain a love-lorn mine-worker at El Dodown on all his earlier feverish rado, a mine-worker impatient to scramble for wealth. He cabled travel in double-harness with a fullhis daughter Lynn, then in Switzerbosomed Swede waitress who anland, that he was giving up his pracswered to the name of Atlin Olga. tice and selling his city home. He quietly dropped out of his old life For five years now, Slade also remembered, he had been an unand, a year later, reappeared as a attached shopping agent for the exrelief-worker when a flu epidemic iles along the new frontier. He had was decimating the northern camps taken in Christmas turkeys and ra- of Canada. His field broadened as can be and is true aristocracy and dio sets, dancing slippers and to- he learned the need for medical a wealth of possibilities in sterling bacco, compasses and clock-keys. service along the outer fringes of quality-kind linens, piques and oth-He had swapped their beaver and the New Frontier, and he equipped er of the myriads of lovely weaves



THERE is a great to-do being made about the "soap and water" look for summer. Because we want to look immaculate and feel cool, because we've found that only wash-Simple line is the important deables can give us that wonderful, tail which makes the adorable dress fresh-from-the-laundry cleanness, we centered in the picture. It's one of are growing more and more to apthose classics of sophisticated simpreciate how completely washables plicity to live in and love all sumattain to our ideals of perfect mamer long. Of soft rayon shantung. terials for perfect summer days. with tiers of hand-turned scallops on This summer we'll wear washables the pockets and pearl-buttoned bodall day, every day and for late in ice, it has all the high class styling

of the best in washable summertime This season, more than ever befabric manipulation. Worn with a fore, we are discovering that there shady-brimmed hat, nothing could be cooler looking or feeling. the right in the above group you are receiving advance notice of a fashmuskrat pelts for layettes and cot- himself with a plane which was used we've hitherto taken for granted. ion you'll see more of this fall and winter, that is, the use of rich em-

the night.

Made to Wear Long and Often in the left Released by Western Newspaper Un

> Kentucky's 150th Birthday R ECENTLY the post office department issued this new threecent commemorative postage stamp



to honor the 150th anniversary of Kentucky's admission to the Union. It was quite appropriate that there should be reproduced on it the Thomas Gilbert White mural in the state capitol at Frankfort, which shows Daniel Boone, long rifle in hand, standing on a promontory high above the Kentucky river looking out over the beautiful valley where the capital of the future state was to be located.

For if ever two names have become synonymous in the minds of Americans those

names are "Kentucky" and "Daniel Boone." Dan'l Boone was the pioneer par excellence, the trail blazer who led his people to the **Promised** Land beyond the Al-

leghenies and there laid the foundations for Daniel Boone

"Western" state. He is a romantic figure in American history and Kentucky, perhaps more than any other in the sisterhood of states, has been a land of romance from its beginnings down to the present time. Before ever the white man came, the Indians who roamed its forests, its canebrakes and its fertile valleys gave it the name of Kan-tuckhee, which means "the dark and bloody ground," because it was the

scene of interminable warfare between half a dozen tribes of fierce red men. It was a "dark and bloody ground" indeed during the period of early settlement, but when it was over there came another romantic period-the era of the antebellum South, of "My Old Kentucky Home." And even today the memory of that era still lingers, conjured up whenever Kentucky's nickname is mentioned. For blooded beautiful



Set of Straw Yarn

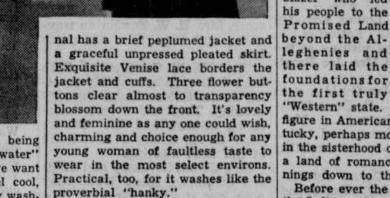
Pattern No. 7308

THE hat's a darling in two colors and there's a big roomy purse, too—all crocheted in pliable straw yarn! Turn these out in a twinkling!

Pattern 7308 contains directions for hat and purse; illustrations of them and stitches; materials needed. To obtain this pattern send your order to:

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Enclose 15 cents (p cover cost of mailin	
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The new steel helmet just adopted by the Army is no longer called a "tin hat." It's a "head bucket" and when you see one you'll know why. Our soldiers have changed much of their slang since the last war, but not their preference for Camel Cigarettes. Now-as then -Camels are the favorite. They're the favorite cigarette with men in the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard as well, according to actual



Stop, look, listen! In the dress to

One of the favored washables is

he doesn't give you an over-load." Slade rebuttoned his flyer's coat.

"I'll be back from McMurray in two hours," he proclaimed. "And I'll check and double-check on that swan-stalker."

Cruger glanced up at the route map on the wall.

"An early start tomorrow should give you light for landing. It won't be easy flying, remember."

"I'll fly baby elephants to the Pole," Slade announced, "if it's going to keep this outfit on its feet." Cruger's quiet smile was that of

a man with a trump card still in his hand. "But the important point," he pur-

sued, "is that you're not the only one who didn't get to the Front this throw." He paused for a moment as though to give timing to a message too important to be lightly uttered. "I thought you'd like to know that Doctor Morlock's daughter didn't swing in with that Red Cross unit.

Slade turned away and looked at the wall map. It was taking time, apparently, for information so unexpected to be absorbed.

"How do you know that?" Slade demanded with just a trace of a tremor in his voice.

The older man's half-smile was quickly smothered.

"It came from Morlock himself. He'd the offer of a chair in medicine at the University of Manitoba and that girl of his was set on him getting out of frontier-life flying. I guess she felt he'd weaken if she stepped out and went over-seas. But the old boy stuck to his guns. He said he was needed in the North and would die with his boots on. And that meant only one thing for a girl like that. It meant she had to stick to her dad.'

Even Cruger could smile a little at the newer light that crept into the Viking eyes.

"So she's not going to England," Slade repeated.

"No, she's flying to Coronation with her father tomorrow," Cruger said, as he picked up the envelope.

Slade's glance remained preoccupied. He had the look of a tired swimmer who had unexpectedly found solid ground under his feet. Even the sunlight outside, when he swung open the door, seemed a little brighter. For there wasn't, after all, to be a wide Atlantic between him and Lynn Morlock.

He drew a deep breath and turned back to Cruger.

"You're right about this outfit." he said. "We're going to keep her

going." He swung the door shut on Cruger's smile.

Alan Slade, jolting over the threemile trail between McMurray and Waterways, sat back in Cassie Olin's taxi and let the road and Cassie do their worst. But Cassie, he saw, knew how to handle her dust

ton-flannel, and exchanged white in many a mercy flight. foxskins for baby food and safety pins. He had matched yarn and learned how to spot service-weight silk stockings and select slips of the right tea-rose tint. He had sleuthed out needed machine parts and bought cough medicine and kidney

pills. So the purchase of a wedding ring, and even a wedding ring of the massiveness and diameter designated by the impatient groom, seemed merely an incident in the day's work. He laughed a little as he inspected the big ring in its velvet box.

His smile faded as he looked at his watch. His plane, he remembered, was awaiting his attention. He turned and looked about for Cassie's taxi. He was still diffidently searching the dusty street ends when he heard his name called. "Alan!"

It quickened his pulse. For he knew that calling voice belonged to Lynn Morlock, even before he caught sight of her between the loungers fringing the shop fronts. She was, he saw, almost running along the none too even sidewalk. Her hair, close-clipped and boy-like, shone mahogany-brown in the sunlight and she carried her familiar first-aid bag. There was neither alarm nor excitement on her face. But there was resolution in her

stride. "Alan, come with me, quick," she called over her shoulder, without slackening her pace.

"What's happened?" Alan asked as he swung in beside her.

"There's been a fight," she said. between breaths. "There's a man bleeding to death. At least that's the word they sent.'

"Where is he?" asked Slade. They turned up a side street,

where the idlers, both Indian and white, could no longer gape after them. "At the Blue Goose," was Lynn's

answer. "It sounds like a severed artery.

Slade knew enough of frontiertown gambling joints and gin mills disguised as dance halls to realize what they might have to face. "That's no place for a girl," he

contended. "I've been in worse," was Lynn's

quick reply. "And you may have to help me.'

"Why isn't the Padre attending to this?" he asked as he hurried on beside her.

A shadow crossed the girl's face. "You know how Father feels about drinking." "But even a drunken man can

die," protested Slade. "I'm afraid Father would let

him," was the girl's answer to that. "He's no longer a doctor, where alcoholics are concerned. He's washed his hands of them. And nothing will ever change him." Slade remembered something

His daughter Lynn was proving herself a chip of the old block. For when she realized her father was somberly happy in that work and definitely committed to what she ly to their lure this season. accepted as a life of expiation, she quietly went in training as a nurse,

equipped herself as a co-worker with the Padre, and joined him in his silent yet stoic campaign of redemption. She had stuck to him with a tender loyalty. "If this is going to be a murder case," he contended, "why not noti-

been one of New York's most suc-

cessful surgeons. He had flown high

and flown fast, until the tragic death

of his wife brought him up short.

The enemy he was fighting on a

fy the police?" "It mustn't be murder." cried Lynn. To the man following her she looked reassuringly fearless in the slanting northern sunlight.

They must have been waiting for her in the Blue Goose. The door opened, expectantly, even before she reached it. "Where is he?" the girl asked of

door before answering.

"In here," he said with a side glance of hostility as Slade pushed in after the girl. The sound of a phonograph blaring out dance music in some outer room suddenly came to a stop. A bold-eyed woman, heavily rouged, backed away at the peremptory hand wave of the proprietor, who opened a second door and pointed inside, without advancing. His first impression of the room,

as he entered, was one of blood. There was blood on the cover of an overturned table, on the floor and on the summer parka worn by a figure half-lying and half-crouching along a stained wicker couch splashed with red.

Slade couldn't tell whether the man in the parka was being held up or held down by an aproned and yellow-faced bartender who sat with one arm about the wounded man and looked up at them with the round eyes of a bewildered rabbit as the girl with the bag ran to his side. It wasn't until she pushed the aproned man away that Slade recognized the face above the parka. It was the parka that he recognized first. He promptly identified it as the garment that had been given to Slim Tumstead by Air-Commander Rollins-Benson on the occasion of

a bush-fire flight in which Slim had proved both his flying ability and his fearlessness.

It was Slim Tumstead looking up at him with a one-sided and slightly sardonic smile. "I'm all right," he stubbornly

protested. But his voice was thin with weakness.

"Let's see," challenged Lynn, with her bag already open. Each movement was quick and decisive as she examined her patient. "Get me water," she commanded, without turning her head, "water that's been boiled." (TO BE CONTINUED)

or Amer ica have been led by designers and style creators to look upon washables as fabrics of beauty and a joy forever we are yielding utter-

Women who insist on being beautifully dressed no matter how busy their lives may be will appreciate at first glance the appeal of fine artistry and deft workmanship reflected in the three dresses illustrated above. They live up to the tradition of the designer who created them and who is noted for exquisitely simple styling and unusual detail.

Among fine wash weaves Moysports apparel, daytime costumes. gashel linen has ever been noted for its superior look, feel and wear. Happily this linen is still being imported from the North of Ireland. Irish crochet lace, which is being The demure little suit dress shown to used very effectively. Printed pique the left in the above picture is just about as pretty and rool for a sumthe pock-marked man in his shirt mer afternoon as ever a dress mood. sleeves. He closed and locked the might be. This beautifully cut origi-

Fringe-Printed

combined with plain injects a splurge of color attuned to this summer's Released by Western Newspaper Union. Herald Lavish Use

Of Embroideries All signs point to a lavish use of embroidery on fashions now on the way for fall. One of the present season's highlights is the trick of trimming a black frock with contrasting embroidery in chalk white. There is intriguing originality expressed in the embroidery technique employed in advance modes, such as the flower motif placed at the waistline of a slim frock which simulates a huge corsage. The new one-piece wrapover dresses invite ingenious introduction of embroidery used variously in border effects or in splashes of bright hand as the river enters its last lap it rushes stitching in effective placement of

Materials for exotic looking turbans are also embroidered, and 'tis said that belts, bags and gloves will be cunningly needle-worked with

Milliners Do Wonders

With a Little Organdy While there is big news in hand-

some white straws bordered with flanges of white ribbon and in cunning little flower turbans and pique types both broad of brim and brimless, it is in the exquisite hats milliners are making of organdy and the ramparts of Jackson's famous other diaphanous materials that the thrill of thrills is found. On the head they look as airy and lovely as drifts of snowy clouds on a summer day.

Favorite types have pleatings of the organdy encircling transparent Whate'er his strength and forces, white brims. Other white chapeaux | We'll show him that Kentucky boys are styled of gleaming white cello- Are alligator horses. phane straw made with the inten- O. Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky! tion of stressing their transparency.

cious hospitality - all these are broidery on the slim-lined dress. It's epitomized in the name "the Blueof cool Moygashel linen. Made grass state."

very simply, with a deep-throated If you would capture the essence neckline and soft front fullness its of this commonwealth, with whom restrained simplicity the more the whole nation is joining in celekeenly highlights the chalk-white brating its 150th birthday this year, embroidery on collar and pockets. you can do no better than to read Wear it proudly and often, for it "The Kentucky," the latest volume washes well and is easy to keep

in the "Rivers of America" series, published by Farrar and Rinehart. In the preface, the author, pique, birdseye pique, eyeleted Thomas D. Clark of the faculty of pique, printed pique, or embroidered the University of Kentucky, writes: With this immaculate-The Kentucky is not alone a river or a drainage system, it is a way of life. In looking washable designers are perfact before it injects its merry flood deep into the side of the Ohio at Carrollton, forming wonders in the way of it becomes several ways of life. It would jacket dresses and party frocks sacket dresses and party frocks be an extremely imaginative person in-which are most intriguing. Pique deed who could stand down at its mouth takes beautifully to trimmings of and conjure up the story of the river and its numberless tributaries. How much humanity this story contains is difficult to explain. The pattern is both

varied and complex Other rivers, much more pretentious in length and certainly so in girth, go drifting nonchalantly past large industrial cities. Or they dally along through wide and pleasant bottom lands. They can boast loudly of romantic days when men raced proud steamboats to the sea, or of the grand parts played as rich pawns both national and international poli-

tics. No unusually proud paddle wheels have churned the waters of the Kentucky, nor have any proud steamers been humil iated in the ceremony of having their horns stripped from them, because they were defeated. No momentous international decisions have interrupted the course of its history. Yet, the Ken-tucky is not a humble stream; rather, it is bold in its course. Like its buckskinned pioneers of another era, it wears no silver buckles at shoe tongue or knee, but it is American along every inch of and it personifies the American dream of rugged independence and selfdetermination. Steep palisades and deep rock-lined gorges are vigorous testimonials of a rugged determined current. In its race to the Ohio it has cut a deep swath before it. The proud Bluegrass is pierced deeply through its heart, and like a seasoned thoroughbred with a final burst of magnificent force past the finish The story of the land along the Ken-

tucky river is made up of all these things which have served as marks of regional distinction, but there are many more. The history of the Kentucky in comparison with that of other rivers might lose some of its major significance, but even this would only be a relative matter. The story of this river is completely American, and its people have both preserved and created at least three distinct aspects of American culture. Other rivers have stretched their history over larger patterns, but none has exceeded it in the intensity of interesting native background.

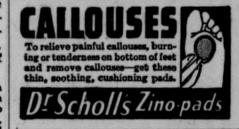
Any comparison between it and other rivers would again call for a verse from Samuel Woodworth's famous song which eulogized the old huntsmen who stood guard with their long squirrel rifles atop across the Plains of Chalmette:

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY We are a hardy, free-born race, Each man to fear a stranger;

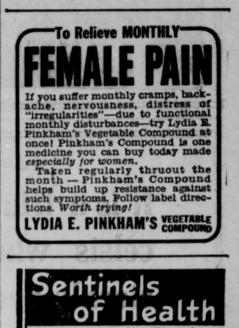
Whate'er the game we join in chase, Despising time and danger; And if a daring foe annoys,

O. Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky!

sales records from service men's stores. If you want to be sure of your gift to friends or relatives in the service being well received, stop in at your local dealer's and send a carton of Camels .- Adv.



Knowledge Requires Use It is not enough to know; we must turn what we know to account.-Goethe.



Don't Neglect Them!

Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life illelf—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good heath is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide dis-tress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffness tting up nights, swelling, put der the eyes-feel tired, nervou

under the eyes-leet trea, nervous, an worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages are sometimes further evidence of kid-ney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.



28-42



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flower clusters. yarns and chenilles.

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pique.

Smoothly cool, shape-holding and comfortable, rayon jersey is a popular summertime fabric. This striking and most charming New York creation is of deep green and white fringe-printed jersey. This season's prints are noted for versatility and originality in design, but of all prints brought out nothing more unusual in a print has been shown than the fringe effect as here illustrated. Smartly simple and styleright for informal town and country daytime functions is this gown, and it is a forerunner of a new move-

ment in prints.