





Agricultural News

Circle Bull Pays for Himself Beneficial results of the Bull Circle organized in the county several years past are just now becoming apparent. An unusual group of jersey heifers are now scattered over the county and are the outcome of the use of these circle bulls...

Complete Farm Records The county agent has for distribution fifty farm record books. If properly kept will record every item of farm expense and income...

New Poultry Calendars Ready The Extension Service has published a new poultry calendar or record book which is now ready for use. Poultry records begin in November 1st...

Most advancement in agricultural progress is the result of experiments either conducted by individual farmers or by Government Experiment Stations. Much of this new knowledge has come from farmers themselves...

CASH IN WITH A WANT AD

Classified Advertising Bring Results

- 1- LOST AND FOUND
2- SPECIAL NOTICES
3- MONEY TO LOAN on automobiles. C. E. MADDOCKS & Co., Ranger.
4- HOUSES FOR RENT
5- APARTMENTS FOR RENT
6- WANTED TO BUY
7- For Sale Miscellaneous
8- WANTED TO BUY a dozen gas stoves...

The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop)



By Cowan

By Cowan



often the beneficial results of such experimenting is lost because no record is made and no publicity is given to the results obtained. In the office of the county agent is the proper place for records of this kind...

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS By Blosser



By Blosser

Mrs. John Foster is the other 4-H Pantry Demonstrator of the club. Each home demonstration club has one 4-H Pantry Demonstrator and all other club members are cooperators. The demonstrator attends all special meetings...

Gems of Peril by HAZEL ROSS HAILEY

BEGIN HERE TODAY The thief who robs and kills old Mrs. Jupiter during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary Harkness, fails to get the famous Jupiter necklace. Police drop the case, believing Mary's brother, Eddie, guilty. Eddie is run down by a car as he goes to meet Mary.

By Pony Express Over New Bridge



mouthpiece. Presently, when she could trust herself to speak, she said: "That's wonderful. But how do you make it half a million—even if the money value were to be considered?" "The necklace, kid, the necklace! Don't tell me you'd pass up a gold mine like that if it's offered to you?"

Indian Caught In Co-Ed Death



Gokey Seymour, Apache Indian, who faces charges of murdering Henrietta Schermer, New York college girl, at a reservation near White River, Arizona, is shown above in jail at Globe, Ariz. He will be tried in federal court in that city, owing to the fact that the crime was committed on government-controlled property.

Ending Gasoline Tax Evasion To Be Talked at Meet

CHICAGO.—How to end gasoline tax evasion will be one of the main problems before the twelfth annual meeting of the American Petroleum Institute here Nov. 10 to 12. A general session of the institute's division of marketing to be held Tuesday evening, Nov. 10, is expected to be given largely over to the problem of gasoline tax evasion, which has been a costly problem of both state tax collecting agencies and the marketing branch of the petroleum industry.

KC BAKING POWDER SAME PRICE FOR OVER 40 YEARS

A THREE DAYS COUGH IS YOUR DANGER SIGNAL

Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action, it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

Mary retreated into her own thoughts. Irony, Bruce's returning just at this time! She ought to rejoice; she was free now to go or stay, as she pleased. She did not take the quarrel between Bruce and his father seriously; it would have been surprising if something of the kind had not taken place, just at first.

"Della! What do you mean?" Della set sturdy arms akimbo, and gave forth the details with relish. "Did they row? Faith, and I've never heard the like! Says his pa, 'You're a skunk and a scampin', lallygaggin' round Europe with them low foreigners, too busy spendin' money to come home, and yer mother lyin' dead! Too busy to send a cablegram or a wreath o' flowers for her coffin! How have ye the face to walk in here with the black conscience on ye, dressed like a dude and smelin' of rotten perfume?'"

"Della paused for lack of breath. Discounting the obvious Ceteris, Mary was still able to form a good idea of what Mr. Jupiter had said and meant, in greeting his only son.

"What did Mr. Bruce say?" she prompted. Pungent remarks were not a thing one did every day, but Mary excused herself on the ground that she had to know what Bruce was going to do, before she could decide what to do herself.

"Oh, sure, he'd a bunch of excuses at his tongue's tip. He'd sent a friend out to send off a cablegram, he said, and how was he to know it never went? And it was only a fortnight ago that he got the news, indeed; he was that high up in them Alps mountains, paintin' pictures of glaciers, and the like of that. He'd sent the message, he comes down at once, and took the first boat. An' if his pa wants to know where am that perfume from, the man in the barbershop squirted it on him by mistake, and—"

"How does he explain those waxed mustaches?" she demanded. "Don't tell me he keeps them like that in self-defense?" "That I don't know," Della denied, "but I do know I'd have got married if I had the right man. I'd have found me as fine-lookin' a young man as him."

Mary had been prepared to stay in her room, breakfasting alone, so that the Jupiters, father and son, might have the best of their reunion without the presence of outsiders. But if Mr. Bruce had gone away so soon, there was no reason why she shouldn't be about her own affairs. To her surprise, she saw that it was nearly noon.

"Only into town, to look after his trunks. He had some trouble with the customs over something he brought over, and he had to see a man about it, a man that had a friend in Washington that could make it all right for him."

"Something he brought over?" Mary asked sharply. For some reason the image of the beautiful blond with the throaty voice came to mind just then. Obviously, she was an imported article; perhaps she was included among Mr. Bruce's contraband.

It was a very big bridge and a very little girl who went over it on pony-back the other day. Doris Hawley, 6-year-old equestrienne of Watertown, Conn., is seen here at the end of her ride over the new George Washington bridge, world's largest suspension span, which links New York City and New Jersey. She has the distinction of being the first to go over the bridge on a pony.

Mary started to speak but he interrupted her: "Now, listen. Here's more grief, I don't suppose anybody on God's green earth will believe me, especially Ruyter, but I didn't have a thing to do with this—didn't know it till the paper came out and that it was too late. Have you seen the papers?"

"Which papers?" Dreadful suspicion assailed her. "All of them. They have copies of Mrs. Jupiter's will. It was filed for probate yesterday."

"What about Mrs. Jupiter's will?" "Well, don't you know?" "No, no—no one's told me—I never thought to ask."

"Say, you're the coolest proposition I ever saw. Don't money make any difference to you at all? Why, she left you first choice of her jewels—the rest are to go to her son's wife if he marries, and to you if he doesn't. That makes you half a million ahead—let me hear about it."

"What about Mrs. Jupiter's will?" "Well, don't you know?" "No, no—no one's told me—I never thought to ask."

"Oh, you know what folks brings that comes in on ships," Della spoke as one woman of the world to another. "Or it might be painted in's. Mr. Bruce said he'd stay in town till he had his exhibit, and then he was goin' back to the River-sea, and he didn't care if he never saw America again. He's stayin' at the Ritz," she added irrelevantly, but with obvious relish.

Jupiter House was his "country" in suit of his services, that its magnificence made that hostility look pale by comparison.

She couldn't go, and she couldn't tell him "no." Don't let headaches and cramps spoil your fun. Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for Monthly Pains.

There was a pause. "All right, Miss Harkness," Bowen said stiffly. "Sorry I bothered you. But at least, don't blame me for the Fly skipping town—blame that on your high-minded boy friend."

"Dirk? Why, what—" "He must have gone around to Shay's with a warrant last night after we left. The Fly and his pals—by the way, that man with him is his chauffeur, the one that did the driving for him every time—anyway, they got out the side-door and beat it. Now Jack's sore at me—thinks I stole on him. I'll be lucky if he doesn't throw Mike out, and I'll have to lay my pipe-lines all over again. It'll be years before Jack will trust me with a birth announcement, much less a piece of real news. Well—that's the break—but I could cope that lover of yours. Keep him away from me, if you want him to stay pretty."

Mary came to Dirk's defense more from a sense of propriety than anything else. She was chagrined, too, but loyalty made her flare: "Don't talk that way about the man I'm going to marry!"

It was a feeble attempt at dignity, but it hit Bowen in the most vital of spots—his jealousy of Dirk. He took a deep breath and howled: "Go ahead and marry him, then, if you like 'em thick-headed!" and slammed up the receiver viciously.

When Mary recovered sufficiently to make a retort she found the connection was broken. "Uncertain whether to laugh or be furious, Mary stood for a minute, then flung away from the telephone. "Della, Della!" she called to what she could see of that lady's person protruding from an over-crowded cot. "Toss me out a dress—any dress, I've got to get out of here and walk off some feeling."

"Of all the stupid things, men are the stupidest—all men—that man, and that man, and Lindbergh, and all the rest of them—" "Indeed you're right," Della agreed with warmth. "Here you are. And that reminds me, you've a call from Mr. Ruyter. Early this morning it came, but you were asleep."

Mary went white. "But Della, why didn't you tell me—" She was already reaching for the telephone. "Well, it's not my business, and that new maid's slower than molasses."

Mary was checking the book impatiently, speaking Dirk's office number, trying to still the happy tremor in her voice. "Mr. Ruyter, please, Miss Harkness, I Dirk?"

The pleasant, drawing voice of Seymour Ruyter spoke speaking: "Got a little news for you, Mary. Tried to get you yesterday, but you were out. Jupiter tell you his wife left a will? Better come in and see me when you can. Little bestest for you in it."

