

The Big-Town Round Up

by William MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS

FOREWORD—Motoring through Arizona, a party of cowboys, rather than a party of cowboys, stop to discuss a cattle round up. The girl leaves the car and is abducted by a man who is a masterpiece of being on the part of one of the cowboys saves her life.

CHAPTER I—Clay Lindsay, range-keeper of an Arizona ranch, announces his intention to visit the "big town," New York.

CHAPTER II—On the train Lindsay becomes interested in a young woman, Kitty Mason, who is a motion picture actress. She is accompanied by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, a game politician and prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

CHAPTER III—On his first day in New York Lindsay is assailed with water by a janitor. That individual leaves tied rider punches him and leaves him to the care of a nurse. A young woman who is the occurrence invites Clay into her house and hides him from the police.

CHAPTER IV—Clay's "water" introduction is a disaster for him. He is invited to visit them again. He meets Kitty Mason by accident. She is accompanied by Jerry Durand, a game politician and prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

CHAPTER V—Kitty is insulted by a customer. Clay punishes the annoyance after a very noisy Lindsay quarrel. Outside he is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten senseless.

CHAPTER VI—Lindsay's acquaintance with Beatrice Whitford is a disaster. He is introduced into society. His "side partner" on the Arizona ranch, Joe Green, comes to the "big town."

CHAPTER VII—The two take a party to the Whitford's as "handy man." An advertisement signed "Kitty M." contains information that she is in trouble and implores Lindsay to come to a certain house where she is imprisoned. Lindsay decides to go. He makes his way into what he supposed is the right way and finds himself in a young woman's bedroom.

CHAPTER VIII—Naturally indignant, the girl is possessed when Clay tells her the reason for his unannounced intrusion. She shows him how to enter the house. He comes on a party of "runners," obviously waiting for his appearance. Lindsay gets into the drop on the truck, locks them in a room, and escapes.

CHAPTER IX—With a theater party, which includes the Whitfords, Lindsay meets Kitty Mason, friendless and penniless. He leaves the party to take the girl to his apartment, there seemingly being no other place available and Kitty in dire need of immediate food and warmth.

CHAPTER X—Beatrice resents Lindsay's interest in Kitty. Though not admitting it even to herself, she is becoming attached to the Arizona man, as he is to her. The two part in anger.

CHAPTER XI—Hurt and indignant, Beatrice practically forces Lindsay to leave. An old admirer, Clarence Bromfield, wealthy man-about-town, and the third member of the party which we met at the beginning of the story. Their unengagement is announced. Durand's kang kidnaps Kitty. Clay agrees to take the girl to his apartment, there seemingly being no other place available and Kitty in dire need of immediate food and warmth.

CHAPTER XII—Two Men in a Locked Room. Some six or seven of the party who are in the outdoors on the untamed frontier—warned Clay that all was not well. The machine had swung to the right and was facing from the wind instead of into it. Clay was not very well acquainted with New York, but he did know this was not the direction in which he wanted to go.

Lindsay opened the door and swung out on the running board. "We're going wrong. Stop the car," he ordered. The man at the wheel did not turn. He speeded up.

His farewasted no time in remonstrances. A moment, and the chauffeur threw on the brake sharply. His reason was a good one. The blue nose of a revolver was jammed hard against his ribs. He had looked round once to find out what it was prodding him. That was enough to convince him he had better stop.

Under the brake the back wheels skidded and brought up against the curb. Clay, hanging on by one hand, was flung back to the sidewalk. The car tattered, regained its equilibrium, gathered impetus with a snort, and leaped forward again.

As the chauffeur clambered to his feet he caught one full view of the chauffeur's triumphant, vindictive face. He had seen it before, at a reception especially arranged for him by Jerry Durand one memorable night. It belonged to the more talkative of the two gunmen he had surprised at the pretended poker game. He knew, too, without being told that this man and "Slim" Jim Collins were one and the same. The memory of Annie's stricken face carried this conviction home to him.

The rain pelted down as he moved toward the brighter lighted street that intersected the one where he had been dropped. The lights of a saloon caught his eye at the corner. He went in, got police headquarters on the wire, and learned that a car answering the description of the one used by his abductor had been headed into Central park by officers and that the downtown exits were being watched.

Presently he picked up another taxi. He hesitated whether to go to the address Annie had given him or to join the chase up-town. Reluctantly, he decided to visit the house.

Clay paid his driver and looked at the house numbers as he moved up the street he wanted. Many of the residences were used to keep lodgers in. Others were employed for less reputable purposes.

His overcoat buttoned to his neck,

Clay walked without hesitation up the steps of the one numbered 243. He rang the bell and waited, his right hand in the pocket of his overcoat. The door opened cautiously a few inches and a pair of close-set eyes in a wrinkled face gazed at Clay.

"Whadya want?"

"The old man sent me with a message," answered the Arizona promptly. "Got everything ready for the girl?"

"Say, who the h—l are youse?"

"One of Slim's friends. Listen, we got the kid—picked her up at a drug store."

"I don't know wacher fairy tale's about."

Clay put his foot against the door to prevent it from being closed and drew his hand from the overcoat pocket. In the hand nestled a blue-nosed persnicketer.

Unless the eyes peering into the night were bad barometers of their owner's inner state, he was in a panic of fear.

"Love o' Gawd, d-don't shoot!" he

clattered. "I ain't nobody but the caretaker."

He backed slowly away, followed by Lindsay. The barrel of the thirty-eight held his eyes fascinated. By the light of his flash Clay discovered the man to be a chalk-faced little inconsequential.

"Say, don't point that at me," the old fellow implored.

"Are you alone?"

"You know it."

"Is Jerry comin' himself with the others?"

"They don't none of them tell me nothin'. I'm nobody. I'm only Joey."

"Unload what you know. Quick. I'm in a hurry."

The man began a rambling, whining tale.

The Arizona learned that a room had been prepared on the second floor for a woman. Slim had made the arrangements. Joe had heard Durand's name mentioned, but knew nothing of the plans.

"All look the house over. Move along in front of me and don't make any mistakes. This six-gun is liable to permeate yore anatomy with lead."

The caretaker examined the first floor with an especial view to the exit. He might have to leave in a hurry. If so, he wanted to know where he was going. The plan of the second story was another point he featured as he passed swiftly from room to room. From the laundry in the basement he had brought up a coil of clothes-line. With this he tied Joe hand and foot. After gagging him, he left the man locked in a small rear room and took the key with him.

Clay knew that he was in a precarious situation. If Durand returned with Kitty and captured him here he was lost. The man would make no more mistakes. Certainly he would leave no evidence against him except that of his own tools. The intruder would probably not be killed openly. He would either simply disappear or he would be murdered with witnesses framed to show self-defense. The caretaker was as much outside the law as the criminals were. He had no legal business in this house. But one thing was fixed in his mind. He would be no inactive victim. If they got him at all it would be only after a fighting finish.

To Clay, standing at the head of the stairs, came a sound that stiffened him to a tense writhness. A key was being turned in the lock of the street door below. He moved back into the deeper shadows as the door swung open.

Two men entered. One of them cursed softly as he stumbled against a chair in the dark hall.

"Where's that rat Joe?" he demanded in a subdued voice.

Then came a click of the lock. The sound of the street rain ceased. Clay knew that the door had been closed and that he was shut in with two desperate criminals.

What have they done with Kitty?

Why was she not with them? He asked himself that question even as he slipped back into a room that opened to the left.

He groped his way through the darkness, for he dared not dash his light to guide him. His fingers found the edge of a desk. Round that he circled toward a closet he remembered having noted. His arm brushed the closet door. Next moment he was inside and had closed it softly behind him.

And none too soon. For into the room came the gunman almost on his heels.

"Jerry'll raise h—l," a heavy voice was saying as they entered the room. "And that ain't all. We'll land in stir if we don't look out. We just ducked a bad fall. The bulls pretty near had us that time we poked our nose out from the park at Seventy-second street."

Some one pressed a button and the room leaped to light. Through the open crack of the closed door Clay recognized Gorilla Dave. The second of the gunman was out of range of his vision.

From the sound of creaking furniture Clay judged that the unseen man had sat down heavily. "It was that bloutnut queered us. And say—how came the bulls so hot on our trail? Who rapped to 'em?"

"Must 'a been that boob wit' the goil. He got busy quick. Well, Jerry, you've have to solve the cops this time. We made our getaway all right," said Dave.

"Say, where's Joey?"

"Tulled a sneak likely. Whin's it matter? Listen! Whin's that?"

Some one was coming up the stairs. The men in the room moved cautiously to the door. The hall light was switched on.

"Lo, Jerry," Gorilla Dave called softly.

He closed the room door and the sound of the voices was shut off instantly.

The uninvited guest dared not step out of the closet to listen, for at any instant the men might re-enter. He crouched in his hiding place, the thirty-eight in his hand.

The minutes dragged interminably. More than once Clay almost made up his mind to steal out to learn what the men were doing. But his judgment told him he must avoid a brush with so many if possible.

The door opened again.

"Now beat it and do as I say if you know what's good for you," a bullying voice was ordering.

The owner of the voice came in and slammed the door behind him. He sat down at the desk, his back to the closet. Through the chink Clay saw that the man was Jerry Durand.

From his vest pocket he took a fat black cigar, struck a match and lit it. He slumped down in the swivel chair. It took no seer to divine that his mind was busy working out a problem.

Clay stepped softly from his place of refuge, but not so noiselessly that the gangman did not detect his presence. Jerry swung round in the chair and leaped up with catlike activity. He stood without moving, poised on the balls of his feet, his deep-set eyes narrowed to shining slits. It was in his thought to hurl himself headlong on the man holding steadily the menacing revolver.

"Don't you! I've got the dead wood on you," said the Arizona, a trenchant saltness in his speech. "I'll shoot you down sure as h—l's hot."

Durand's face wore an ugly look of impotent malice, but his throat was dry as a lime kiln. He could not estimate the danger that confronted him nor what lay back of the man's presence.

"What you doin' here?" he demanded. "Makin' my party call," retorted Clay easily.

Jerry cursed him with a low, savage stream of profanity. The gangman enraged was not a slight pleasing to see.

"I reckon heaven, h—l, and high water couldn't keep you from cussin' no more. Believe yore mind proper, Mr. Durand. Then we'll talk business."

Where's Kitty Mason?"

Still no answer.

"I asked you what you've done with Kitty Mason?"

"By G—d, you'll tell, or I'll tear it out of you!"

Clay backed to the door, found the key, transferred it to the inner side of the lock, turned it, and put it in his pocket.

The cornered gangman took a chance. He ducked for the shelter of the desk, tore open a drawer and snatched out an automatic.

Simultaneously the cowpuncher pressed the button beside the door and plunged the room in darkness. He side-stepped swiftly and without noise.

A flash of lightning split the blackness. Clay dropped to his knees and crawled away. Another bolt, with its accompanying roar, flamed out.

stamina. The contest was not one of grit, but of that untold nerve which is so much the result of perfect physical fitness. Clay's years of clean life on the desert counted heavily now. He was master of himself, though his mouth was dry as a whipsaw and there were goose quills on his flesh.

But Durand, used to the fetid atmosphere of barrooms and to the soft living of the great city, found his nerve beginning to crack under the strain. What kind of a man was his enemy to lie there in the black silence and not once give sign of where he was, in spite of crashing bullets? Was it possible that he could have killed the fellow at the first shot? The comfort of this thought whispered hope in the ear of the ex-prize-fighter.

A chair crashed wildly. Durand fired again and yet again, his nerves giving way to a panic that carried him to swift action. He could not have stood another moment without screaming.

There came the faint sound of a hand rapping on the wall, and immediately after a flood of light filled the room.

Clay stood by the door. His revolver covered the crouching gang leader. His eyes were hard and pitiless.

"Try another shot," he advised ironically.

Jerry did. A harmless click was all the result he got. He knew now that the cowman had tempted him to waste his last shots at a bit of furniture flung across the room.

"You'll tell me what you did with Kitty Mason," said Clay in his low, persuasive voice, just as though there had been no intermission of flying bullets since he had mentioned the girl before.

"You can't kill me, when I haven't a loaded gun," Durand answered between dry lips.

The other man nodded an admission of that point. "That's an advantage you've got me. You could kill me if I didn't have a gun, because you're a yellow wolf. But I can't kill you. That's right. But I can beat h—l out of you, and I'm sure going to do it."

"Talk's cheap, when you've got a loaded six-gun in your fist," jeered Jerry.

With a flirt of his hand Clay tossed the revolver to the top of a book-case, out of easy reach of a man standing on the floor. He ripped open the buttons of his overcoat and slipped out of it, then moved forward with elastic step.

"It's you or me now, Jerry Durand."

The prize-fighter gave a snort of derisive triumph. "You d—n fool! I'll eat you alive."

"Melbeso. I reckon my system can assimilate any whain' you're liable to hand me. Go to it."

Durand had the heavy shoulders and swelling muscles that come from years of training for the ring. Like most pugilists out of active service he had taken on flesh. But the extra weight was not fat, for Jerry kept always in good condition. He held his leadership partly at least because of his physical prowess. No tough in New York would willingly have met him in a rough-and-tumble fight.

The younger man was more slightly built. He was a Hermes rather than a Hercules. His muscles flowed. They did not bulge. But when he moved it was with the litheness of a panther. The long lines of shoulder and loin had the flow of tigerish grace.

The clear eyes in the brown face told of a soul indomitable in a perfectly synchronized body.

Durand lashed out with a swinging left, all the weight of his body behind the blow. Clay stepped back, shot a hard straight right to the cheek and ducked the counter. Jerry rushed him, flailing at his foe blow on blow, intending to wear him out by sheer hard hammering. He butted with his head and knee, used every foul trick he had learned in his rotten trade of prize-fighting. Active as a wild cat, the Arizona side-stepped, scored a left on the eye, ducked again and fought back the furious attack.

He rushed again. Nothing but his temper, the lack of self-control that made him see red and had once put him at the mercy of a first-class ring general with stamina and a punch, had kept Jerry out of a world championship. He had everything else needed, but he was the victim of his own passion. It betrayed him now. His fighting was that of a wild cave man, blind, furious, damaging. He

threw away his science and his skill in order to destroy the man he hated.

He threw away his science and his skill in order to destroy the man he hated. He rained blows on him—fought with head and knee and fist, was on top of him every moment, controlled by one dominating purpose to make that

dancing figure take the dust.

Clay was cool, quite master of himself. Before the fight had gone three minutes he knew that, barring a chance blow, some foul play, or a bit of bad luck, he would win. He was covering up, letting the pugilist wear himself out, and taking only the punishment he must. But he was getting home some heavy body blows that were playing the mischief with Jerry's wind.

The New Yorker, puffing like a sea lion, came out of a rally winded and spent. Instantly Clay took the offensive. He was a trained boxer as well as a fighter, and he had been taught how to make every ounce of his weight count. Ripping in a body blow as a faint, he brought down Durand's guard. A straight left crushed home between the eyes and a heavy solar plexus shook the man to the heels.

Durand tried to close with him. An uppercut jolted him back. He plunged forward again. They grappled, knocking over chairs as they threshed across the room. When they went down Clay was underneath, but as they struck the floor he whirled and landed on top.

The man below fought furiously to regain his feet. Clay's arm worked like a piston rod with short-arm joints against the battered face. Gasping for breath, Durand suddenly collapsed.

Clay got to his feet and waited for him to rise. His enemy rolled over and groaned.

"Had enough?" demanded the westerner.

No answer came, except the heavy, irregular breathing of the man on the floor, who was clawing for air in his lungs.

"I'll ask you once more where Kitty Mason is. And you'll tell me unless you want me to begin on you all over again."

The beaten pugilist sat up, leaning against the wall. He felt ashamed and disgraced by his defeat. Life for him had lost its savor, for he had met his master.

meeting held on the 19th day of May, 1922, I, N. H. FitzSimons, President of said Board, hereby give notice that, in compliance with said ordinance, a special election will be held in and throughout School District No. 10 of said Parish of St. Tammany, on the 5th day of July, 1922, for the purpose of submitting to the taxpayers qualified to vote thereon, the following proposition, to-wit:

Shall School District No. 10 of the Parish of St. Tammany, State of Louisiana, incur debt and issue bonds to the amount of Thirty Thousand (\$30,000) Dollars, to run twenty years from date thereof, with interest at the maximum rate of six per cent per annum, for the purpose of erecting and furnishing a school building and purchasing a site thereon, in the Town of Abita Springs, Louisiana?

The polling place for said election and the commissioners and clerk appointed to hold same, are as follows: The Town Hall, which is the usual polling place in the Town of Abita Springs, Louisiana; and Jos. Lamoussin, Emile Burkenstock and Henry Cassaigne are hereby appointed commissioners, and R. C. Abney, clerk.

At said election the polls will open at 7 o'clock a. m. and close at 6 o'clock p. m., and only such property taxpayers as are qualified as voters by reason of age, residence and poll tax payment and registration as voters, as prescribed by the constitution and statutes of Louisiana, shall vote. There can be no voting by proxy.

Notice is also given that at 11 o'clock a. m., on Friday, the 7th day of July, 1922, the St. Tammany Parish School Board will meet at the courthouse at Covington, Louisiana, and will in open session proceed to open the ballot boxes, examine and count the ballots in both names and amount, examine and canvass the returns and declare the result of the election.

This 19th day of May, 1922, N. H. FITZSIMONS, President of St. Tammany Parish School Board.

"How We Cleared Our Summer Income of Hats," by Mrs. Perry. "When we opened our seaside home last May it was alive with rats. They'd gnawed all the upholstery. We cleaned them out in a week with RAT-SNAP. I prefer this rat killer because it comes in cake form, no mixing. Saves dirtying hands and places." 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Smith Hardware Co. and Schonberg's Pharmacy.

MANDEVILLE TAX SALES. Town of Mandeville vs. Delinquent Tax Debtors.

By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and Laws of the State of Louisiana, and Act No. 224 of the General Assembly of 1910, I will sell at the front door of the Town Hall in the Town of Mandeville, Louisiana, within legal sale hours for judicial sales, beginning at 11 o'clock a. m., on Saturday, July 8, 1922, and continuing on each succeeding day until said sales are completed, all immovable property upon which taxes are now due the town of Mandeville, Louisiana, to enforce payment of taxes assessed in the year 1921, together with the interest thereon from the 31st day of December of said year, at the rate of 2 per cent per month until paid, and all costs. The names of said delinquent tax debtors, the amount of taxes due by each on the property assessed to them, to be offered for sale, as follows:

Mandeville Light Co., Ltd.—Lots 8, 9, square 49, and improvements, electric light plant consisting of 25 h. p. oil engine, dynamo, poles, electric wires, meters. Assessed \$8009. Taxes and costs \$134.69.

Jos. Pugh—3 lots, square 1, Lake street, and improvements. Assessed \$8000. Taxes and costs \$134.69.

Peter Ross—Lots 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 14, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 40, square 88-A. Assessed \$500. Taxes and costs \$114.8.

S. Roccaforte and Others—Lot 10 square 8. Assessment, \$125. Taxes and costs \$5.31.

Chas. L. Rauschekall—2 lots sq 17, and improvements. Assessment \$35.00. Taxes and costs \$55.55.

Eugene Brasley—Lot 19, Division of lot 68, W. Mandeville. Assessed \$50.00. Taxes and costs \$4.09.

J. I. Collum—Lots 26, 28, square 97. Assessment \$50. Taxes and costs \$4.09.

Mrs. Louise Durand—Lots 39, 40, 45, square 49, and improvements. Assessment \$600. Taxes and costs \$13.12.

H. H. Dextater—5 lots in square 39, and improvements. Assessment \$450. Taxes and costs \$10.55.

Wm. Giesecke—Lots 58, 60, sq 40, and improvements. Assessment \$250. Taxes and costs \$7.47.

Lizzie Lewis—3 lots square 53, and improvements. Assessed \$300. Taxes and costs \$8.20.

Mrs. Jennie Pugh—1 lot square 1, and improvements. Assessed \$1009. Taxes and costs \$19.68.

TERMS OF SALE. On said day of sale I will sell such portion of said property as each debtor will point out, and in case the debtor will not point out sufficient property, I will at once, without further delay, sell the least quantity of said property of said debtor which any bidder will buy for the amount of taxes interest and costs due by said debtor. The sale will be without appraisal, for cash, in legal tender money of the United States, and the property sold shall be redeemable at any time for the space of one year by paying the price with 20 per cent interest, costs and penalties added.

I. N. MILLER, Tax Collector.

NOTICE TO MORTGAGE CREDITORS. Tax Collector's Office, Mandeville, La., May 31, 1922. In conformity with Section 63, Act 85 of 1888, notice is hereby given to all parties holding mortgages upon real estate in the Town of Mandeville, Louisiana, on which taxes for 1920 have not been paid, that I will begin the sale of same at the Town Hall in the Town of Mandeville, La., on Saturday, July 8, 1922, at 11

o'clock a. m., and that a number of pieces of property so delinquent are now being advertised in this newspaper in conformity with the law, preparatory to such sale. The attention of mortgage creditors is especially called to these advertisements of tax sales and they are warned to take such steps prior to the sale as may be necessary to protect their rights.

J. N. MILLER, Tax Collector.

"I Got Real Mad When I Lost My Setting Hen," Mrs. Hannan. I went into the hen house one morning and found my favorite setter dead. I got real mad. Went to the store, bought some RAT-SNAP and in a week I got six dead rats. Everybody who raises poultry should keep RAT-SNAP. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Schonberg's Pharmacy and Smith Hardware Company.

PROCLAMATION. STATE OF LOUISIANA, Parish of St. Tammany. Pursuant to a resolution passed by the St. Tammany Parish School Board of St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana, at a meeting held on the 19th day of May, 1922, I, N. H. FitzSimons, President of said Parish School Board, do hereby give notice that, in compliance with said resolution, a special election will be held in School District No. 6 of the Parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, on the 5th day of July, 1922, for the purpose of submitting to the property taxpayers qualified under the constitution and laws of the State of Louisiana to vote at said election, the following proposition, to-wit:

To levy a special tax of four mills on the dollar on all the property in School District No. 6, Parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, subject to state taxation, annually, for a period of ten years, for the purpose of giving additional aid to the public schools.

For the purposes of said special election the polling place will be the usual polling place of the Sixth Ward of the Parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, and the following commissioners and clerk of election of the polling place have been appointed to serve at this election: Emile Singletary, Randolph Parker and Charle Kennedy, commissioners, and Alonzo Crawford, clerk.

At said special election the polls will open at seven o'clock a. m., and close at six o'clock p. m., and the election will be conducted in accordance with the laws of Louisiana applicable thereto.

Notice is also given that at 11 o'clock a. m. of the 7th day of July, 1922, the said Parish School Board of the Parish of Louisiana, will meet at Covington, La., and in open session proceed to open the ballot box, examine and count the ballots in number and amount, examine and canvass the returns, and declare the result of said special election.

This 23d day of May, 1922, N. H. FITZSIMONS, President of St. Tammany Parish School Board.

SUCCESSION NOTICE. Succession of F. Edward Vix. No. 221. Twenty-Sixth Judicial District Court, Parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana.

Whereas, Mrs. Elizabeth V. Smith has petitioned the Court for letters of administration on the estate of the late F. Edward Vix, deceased, intestate:

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, to show cause within ten days, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted. By order of the Court. W. E. BLOSSMAN, Clerk of Court.

NOTICE TO VOTERS. In accordance with the Registration Law I will open the registration office at the following named places on the dates given below:

Slidell, Ward 9, June 19. Pearl River, Ward 8, June 20. Bush, Ward 5, June 21. Abita Springs, yard 10, June 22. Ward 6 Polling Booth, June 26. Madisonville, Ward 1, June 27.

GEORGE R. DUTSCH, Registrar of Voters.

Servant Girl Wouldn't Go in Collar, Fearing Rats. Mrs. Tepper, Plainfield, N. J., says "Rats were so bad in our cellar the servant girl wouldn't go there. I bought some RAT-SNAP and it cleaned all the rats out. Absolutely prevents odors. Comes in cake form, no mixing. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Schonberg's Pharmacy and Smith Hardware Co."

Advertising in The Farmer pays.

ASPIRIN Name "Bayer" on Genuine

Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism