

**For a Home Farm** **\$300 a Week Buys** **For a Business Farm**  
**Barstow-Pecos Valley**  
**10-Acre Irrigated Farm**



*But First I Must Absolutely Prove to You that It Can Be Made to Net You Over \$100.00 a Month!*

This is for the man who wants a Home Farm or for the man who wants a Business Farm—a Home Farm that will yield him an independent living, or a Business Farm that he can operate as he would a department of his business, without giving it all his time and attention.

I will mail you plain and conclusive proof that 10 acres of Barstow-Pecos Valley Irrigated Land can be made to yield crops that will net between \$1,000 and \$5,000 per year. Now don't say to yourself no man would sell for \$3.00 a week that which has developed earning power of \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 per year. That is exactly what I propose to do and with the "Proof" will come a full explanation of the New Safe Land Plan whereby you can get possession in 2 1/2 years of land which I must first prove can be made to net \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 per year, by paying \$15.00 down and \$3.00 per week in monthly payments for 2 1/2 years.

There are good sound business reasons why we sell land for \$3.00 a week which we can prove to be capable of earning \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year—and you will understand them when I put my proposition fully before you—which I cannot do in the small space of an advertisement.

You are dealing with a solidly founded, firmly established, responsible enterprise and the land I want you to buy is cleared, leveled, irrigated and under cultivation, ready for immediate delivery if you have \$68.51, or for delivery in 2 1/2 years for \$15 down and \$3.00 a week in

monthly payments. You can go and live on it, and by the application of reasonable industry and intelligence, earn a good living for yourself and family. You won't have any "boss" to please in order to hold your job and keep your family supplied with the necessities of life. No man can deprive you of your living for that you will own in your own little highly productive farm.

If you think you have to know a lot about farming or cannot bring yourself to make so great a change all at once, get one of these farms to fall back on if things should go wrong. Have it for a place to go to in case of need, or for rest and recreation, and meantime arrangements can be made for its cultivation under competent superintendence for a reasonable share of the proceeds.

The Barstow-Pecos Valley Lands are in West Texas, within a few miles of Barstow, Texas, and Pecos City, Texas; (the 2 towns are only 6 1/2 miles apart—the land lies between the towns and a little to the north) and served by the Texas & Pacific Railway and the Pecos Valley Line of the Santa Fe System.

But all this is the merest outline of what I desire to show you in detail. I am only attempting to make it clear to you that you can have an assured independent living income in less than three years if you are willing to pay \$3.00 a week.

Send me the name and address, on one of these coupons, of every man or woman who is willing to save \$3.00 a week if I can prove that the result will be financial independence in less than three short years.

There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, but I especially want to hear from wage-earners. I have worked for fifteen years to develop this community to which you can have an assured independent living income in less than three years if you are willing to pay \$3.00 a week. I was the name and address, on one of these coupons, of every man or woman who is willing to save \$3.00 a week if I can prove that the result will be financial independence in less than three short years.

The task has been a big one—it has taken a long time to test out each phase of the proposition, but it has been worth while and I will consider that it has been even more worth while if those who most need it are the ones to reap the benefit of my labors.

And so I say to the wage earner who seeks independent manhood, it can be had in the ownership of one of these 10-acre farms. Others have here acquired it—why not you! Don't delay. Act right now, today.



**See This Trade-Mark?**  
 By it you may know the Superior Products of Barstow Irrigated Land—European Grapes, Peaches, other Fruits, Nuts and Garden Truck. Under this advertisement I send you my market the Superior Products of your Barstow Irrigated Land.

George E. Barstow, President  
 Pecos Valley Land & Irrigation Co. of Barstow, Tex.  
 859 Missouri Trust Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Geo. E. Barstow, Pres.  
 Please send Papers in reply to:  
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"You want—me?" he faltered. "What do you mean?"  
 "I mean to be your wife," was the direct answer.  
 "My wife?"  
 "Yes. That is, if you—still—want me."  
 Gormly stared at her in amazement.  
 "You do, don't you?" burst out the girl suddenly. "Oh! what have I done?"  
 "I don't know what you have done," said Gormly, trembling in his turn. "I hardly know what you mean."  
 "I mean just what I said, and you—you said you loved me. Don't you?"  
 "Do I understand aright?" said the man, shutting his teeth together. "After all that is in the paper this morning, do you mean to say that you will marry me?"  
 "I do mean just that," was the answer.  
 "But," said the man, "you said you did not love me, and—"  
 "Must I do all the wooing?" cried the girl passionately.  
 "You offered yourself to me once before," went on Gormly relentlessly.  
 "And you refused me. Will you do so again?"  
 "Why do you come to me now?"  
 "Can't you think of the reason?"  
 "I don't want to think; I want to hear."  
 "I love you, then," said the girl resolutely.  
 "You are the bravest, noblest, most splendid man on earth. If you will take me, I shall be the happiest, proudest, thankfullest woman that the sun shines on."  
 "Take you?" repeated Gormly. "But I can't understand—"  
 "Will you understand this?" asked the girl. She walked slowly toward him. She laid her hand on his shoulder. She lifted her face to his. His arm went round her waist. What she had begun he finished. He swept her to him. She gave herself up yieldingly to his embrace. When his lips sought hers, there was no avoidance. Her arm slipped round his neck and tightened there. And then at last he understood. After awhile she drew away from him.  
 "You don't ask me what I have done?" she said.  
 "I neither know or care, since you are here and you are mine."  
 "Perhaps I should not have been here," she returned, "if we had not been already engaged and the engagement already announced."  
 "I am very stupid this morning," said Gormly in some bewilderment.  
 "You certainly are," was the answer. "For a man who aspires to be Mayor of New York, you are quite the stupidest and dearest person imaginable."  
 "I have wit enough at least to know where I can get correct information upon all points."  
 "And where is that?"  
 "Here!" said Gormly, pressing with his own the loveliest lips in the world, which smiled at him and were not refused his touch. "What have you done, and how has our engagement, which, so far as I know, was not entered into until a moment since, been announced?"  
 "Would you make me a storyteller?" asked the girl, laughing.  
 "A storyteller?"  
 "Oh foolish man and blind," she said, "who knows so much of man and so little of woman! You did not realize that there was a side to the sex that was not comprehended in fashions and furbelows, did you?"  
 He shook his head, his bewilderment growing.

"Read that!" she cried, releasing herself from his grasp and handing him the neglected copy of "The Recorder."  
 SHE turned to the editorial page and pointed to a postscript to the leader of the morning, which was a discussion highly eulogistic of Gormly's action and character. The postscript was in the form of a belated communication that had been received at the office of "The Recorder" at the last moment, and had been forced into the paper because it furnished the final and completing touch to the other revelations it contained. It had been printed in heavy black capitals, double spaced. Coming closer to her, so that he held her with one arm, Gormly took the paper and read:  
 "The engagement of Mr. George Gormly to Miss Eleanor Haldane is authoritatively announced. The future Mayor of New York is to be congratulated upon having won for his promised wife the young woman who, not only from her beauty of mind and person but because of her lively and practical interest in the poor, the oppressed and suffering, is easily first among the daughters of our great city. 'The Recorder' feels that this announcement supplies the completing touch to the other admirable qualifications that Mr. Gormly possesses for the great office to which he has aspired and to which the people mean to see him elected to-morrow."  
 "Who did it?" asked Gormly.  
 "I did."  
 "But why?"  
 "First of all, because I found out that I loved you."  
 "Why did you do it last night?"  
 "Because I believed that such an announcement this morning, with its implication of trust and honor, and affection, would do more to establish you in the public confidence than almost anything that could be imagined."  
 "You have made my election certain. But whether you have or not, I could almost believe that, winning you, I don't care."  
 "Don't say that," interrupted the woman, delighted nevertheless at this splendid declaration.  
 "Your father and mother, do they know?"  
 "Certainly. I told them at breakfast this morning."  
 "How did they take it?"  
 "You can imagine what my mother thought

and said," answered the girl, smiling faintly. "And your father?"  
 She sighed deeply. "My father, I imagine is not unwilling to have a friend at court. What are you going to do when you are elected?"  
 "Marry you the first thing."  
 "I mean after that."  
 "Live to make you happy."  
 "Do be reasonable! I mean what are you going to do with the opposition?"  
 "I am going to do justly and fairly by all men, whoever they are, whatever they may have done. Mine shall be no policy of run. Some things must be broken down; but my aim shall be to upbuild."  
 "I thought so," returned the girl. "And what are you going to do with the one woman?"  
 "I am going to love her as no woman was ever loved before in this world."

HOW long this might have continued can never be told. Young Haldane interrupted them. "Mr. Gormly," he said, "I see you have heard the news."  
 "I have heard the essential part of it from your sister."  
 "Do you mean to tell me that you haven't read the paper yet? Well, sit down and read it, or I'll withdraw my influence and vote against you. I suppose all Eleanor told you was the news of her engagement?"  
 "Well, wasn't that enough?"  
 "Enough!" cried the young man. "Why, you want to read the interview with Colonel Bill Hamilton. It's the finest thing that ever appeared. Everybody knows that you didn't shoot the man, but that the woman did. They know too that you gave her your horse in the snow, and that she abandoned you. Why, man, you're a hero!"  
 "To be perfectly frank with you, Haldane, this is all most interesting and gratifying. How on earth Bill Hamilton turned up at the right moment and told the truth, I don't know; but as a matter of fact, I do truly care more for your sister's action and I get more satisfaction out of the fact that I am going to be married to her immediately after the election, than I will in winning, if we win."  
 "You're sure to win," said Haldane. "Now read the paper, and then we'll get up town."

WHAT more is there to tell? Miss Haldane, in view of the new relationship between them, boldly rode up to the auditorium in the great store by the side of Gormly in the tonneau of her brother's big car. The enormous crowd that filled the great hall to overflowing that packed the streets outside, that suspended all traffic; the addresses that Gormly made, the frantic cheering that greeted him as he stood overlooking the greatest multitude that had ever filled that section of Broadway. Miss Haldane on one side and his old friend of a quarter of a century back, Colonel Bill Hamilton, on the other, with Haldane, Whitefield, and a great galaxy of supporters in the background, including Abbott the cub reporter, scribbling like mad on the greatest story of the day,—these have all passed into history. The result of the election, which occurred next day, is of course known to everybody.

Gormly was overwhelmingly voted in, and the votes cast were fairly counted. He received bulletins in his private office in the great store. Those who had stood overlooking the crowd the night before were with him. This time young Haldane, whose engagement was also announced, had brought Miss Stewart to keep his sister company. After the final bulletin came in, which assured Gormly that he had won, the others congratulated him and withdrew a space and left him to Miss Haldane. "It is over," he said, "and we have won!"  
 "Yes. No one congratulates you as I."  
 "I have a great deal to live up to," was the slow answer.  
 "As Mayor of New York?" she questioned softly.  
 "As your husband," he replied.

THE END

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