

# An Electric Home

Progressive owners of houses, architects and contractors never think of building or remodeling a house nowadays without including specifications for electric wiring, because the people who buy, rent or build houses have been educated to the point of demanding the necessary electric conveniences.

You would not stay at a hotel that did not use electricity—the requirements of convenience, economy and health in your own home are very much more important. Phone Commercial Dept. 35.

**Wenatchee Valley Gas & Electric Co.**  
9 SO. WENATCHEE AVE.

# Cheap Coal

To clean out our bunkers, we offer, as long as it lasts, Pennsylvania Anthracite Coal, pea size, delivered, **\$12.00** at, per ton

Green River steam coal, (this is not suitable for domestic use, but is good boiler or furnace coal) at, **\$6.00** per ton

Phone 35.

**Wenatchee Valley Gas & Electric Co.**  
THE QUANTITY IS LIMITED—ACT QUICK.

## THE ELMAN

85 MODERN ROOMS EUROPEAN PLAN

E.L. MANN PROP.

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WENATCHEE, WASH.

We will rent you a comfortable home-like room with running hot and cold water, steam heat and all the conveniences of a first class, modern hotel, at **\$4.00 PER WEEK AND UP**

# An Okanogan Snap

**EIGHTY ACRES**, river frontage, cultivated land, adjoining one of oldest orchards in valley, 3-4 mile from town, maximum lift 40 feet for pumping plant.  
**\$275 PER ACRE.**

**HELENSDALE INVESTMENT CO.**  
MALOTT, WASHINGTON.



**May Roberts**  
Is always good. She will be at her best in

**"The Thief"**

**One Night, Thursday November 3rd**

**PRICES 25, 35, 50c**

Tickets now on sale at Box Office for

# TO BEAT SPOKANE FIRST

**Game With Aberdeen Depends Solely on Showing Made Nov. 12.**

The proposed football game between Aberdeen and Wenatchee is now an assured fact but for one contingency. That is the possibility of the locals meeting defeat at the hands of Spokane on November 12. If such an unexpected calamity should happen, Wenatchee will not be in a position to demand a game with Aberdeen, for that school has defeated Tacoma, whereas Tacoma subjugated Spokane last Saturday.

If Spokane is compelled to take the dose of medicine which the Wenatchee boys are preparing, the game with Aberdeen will be fixed for a date soon thereafter, and the state university grounds in Seattle will be the scene of the mighty battle. The winning team in that contest will probably play Broadway high of Seattle within a week later for state championship.

In all probability, therefore, the Wenatchee high school football team will appear before thousands of spectators in Spokane and Seattle in the most sensational games of the year. Referring to this fact the Post-Intelligencer this morning said: "Speaking of publicity campaigns, don't overlook Wenatchee. They are making about double the capital with their high school football team that Aberdeen is."

**Aberdeen Blanks Olympia.**  
Aberdeen, Oct. 31.—Aberdeen's overwhelming victory over Olympia Saturday by the score of 64 to 0 demonstrates that the locals are of really championship caliber and that the Tacoma and Lincoln victories were not flashes in the pan.

Aberdeen now has only two rivals in the fight for first honors, Broadway and Wenatchee. Aberdeen is willing to meet Wenatchee in Seattle, the state university students to manage the game, and the Wenatchee management has already agreed to play if the team is not beaten by Spokane.

**No Chance for Broadway.**  
Superintendent Brown received a letter from the management of the Broadway high school foot ball team of Seattle in reply to a recent challenge issued by him. In his statement Superintendent Brown advised the Broadway management that Wenatchee is a contender for the state championship, that she expects to defeat Spokane and has practically secured a game with Aberdeen; that a game with Broadway is very much desired in order to establish championship honors.

In reply the Seattle management states that schedule of his school is now so filled up that he does not see where it will be possible to arrange for another game. He adds that the games with Lincoln and Tacoma are looked forward to as very hard struggles and that Broadway has little hope of winning both games and does not consider itself as a formidable factor in the championship race.

**Notice to the Public.**  
Our attention has been called to the fact that one C. M. Larson has been selling lots in some townsite called Columbia River for the North Coast Land Company of Bellingham or Seattle, Washington, and that he and other representatives of this company have received money for lots, for which they have never given title. We cannot condemn any too strongly such methods of doing business, and if our information is correct these parties should be brought to justice.

We wish to warn all persons that the North Coast Land Company, Limited, of Vancouver, British Columbia, has no interests in any townsites in Washington or anywhere in the United States, and has no connection with C. M. Larson or the North Coast Land Company of Washington, or any of its officers.

We are a responsible company with a paid up capital of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with head offices in the Winch Building, Vancouver, British Columbia. Our sole selling agent in Wenatchee and vicinity is C. E. Hutton, and as we are a perfectly reliable concern we publish this notice for our own protection. We refer all prospective purchasers to the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, both of Vancouver, B. C. NORTH COAST LAND COMPANY, Ltd., C. S. Edwards, President.

**Little Slip of Michel's Odd Pen.**  
In the advertisement in Saturday's issue of the Wenatchee Music Store, Louis Michel, proprietor, the opening line should not read "Let us scatter our time sending agents, etc.," but it should read "Let us send our time-serving agents all over the coast." This error crept in inadvertently and is hereby corrected.

**Baptist Aid Meeting.**  
The Ladies' Aid of the Baptist church will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Wm. Urey, 531 Okanogan avenue, on Wednesday, November 2.

# A SINGULAR DUEL

Story of a Meeting in an Ancient Ruin in Italy.

By MARIA G. MORGAN  
(Copyright, 1916, by American Press Association.)

It was moonlight in Rome. A carriage stopped before a building occupied for apartments in the Piazza del Esquellino and received a single person, who before entering gave the coachman her directions, whereupon she drove down the Via Cavotti to the foot of the Esquellino hill, threaded a street leading to the Coliseum, towering massive and dark against the bright sky, circled it and, entering a street leading southward, finally drew up before the baths of Caracalla.

A woman opened the door from within and stepped out of the carriage. Walking up to the little building where lives the keeper of the ruin, she was admitted, evidently by appointment, and, passing over the curved walk that led to the great structure, passed in under shadow.

The remains of the baths of Caracalla are one of the great ruins of antiquity. Built at the height of Roman splendor by one of the worst and most luxurious of the Roman emperors, it was finished in imperial style, and from it at a later date were taken several of the most famous antique pieces of statuary.

The moon, standing almost directly overhead, shone down on the woman who paced back and forth within the central part of the ruin. A thin robe falling from her shoulders covered her whole figure, and as she walked it floated gracefully behind her. By her quick, nervous step it was evident that something of moment was on her mind and likely that she was impatiently waiting for some one to join her.

Presently hearing carriage wheels she listened. They stopped where her



"YOU WILL FIGHT!"  
own had stopped, and she heard footsteps approaching. A man entered, paused, looked about him and called: "Margaret!"

"I am here," a voice replied, and the girl who had waited stepped out from shadow into moonlight. She waited for him in the center of the enormous space in which she stood, and he advanced toward her.

"Now, in the name of all the gods," he said in broken English, "will you tell me what new freak is this that leads you to summon me here at this time of night?"

"Perhaps you have forgotten, my prince, how, sitting on our broad veranda in New Mexico, you fired the ranchman's daughter's imagination with tales of these wondrous ruins in the city to which you were going to bring me as your bride. You were a Claude Melnotte expatiating upon your palace in Rome instead of on the Lake of Como. Can you blame me for desiring a last meeting with you here within these indestructible walls, where, especially since I have been obliged to wait for you, I have been able to feed my fancy with the shadowy forms of Romans, dead near 2,000 years, coming and going to bathe, to drink, to flirt, to while away their time in languorous indolence. There: I can see the emperor entering, waving back his slaves, for whom even in this vast edifice there is not room. He passes through to his private bath."

"Enough of this fancy fight, Margaret. I understood that all was over between us. I knew you for a wild antelope of the prairie, a woman with all the desire for freedom of the red men of your country. And I knew that you were loved as well as feared; that you were the idol of ranchman and cowboy. I loved you and wished you for my wife. You know that I, whose ancestors were sovereigns over a portion of this fair Italian land, have inherited the Fabian blood. You know that my fortunes are wrecked, my palace in not much better condition than this ruin!"

"Yes, and so long as my father was supposed to be the sheep king of New Mexico you wished to bring me here with a dowry to rebuild it. When the great blizzard came, destroying his flocks by thousands, and he was obliged to start again from a single pair, the process seemed so slow that your love cooled."

# THE DAILY WORLD WANT COLUMNS

Are read by over 15,000 people throughout North Central Washington six days every week. Better take advantage of this service

"My love was the same. My interests demanded other things."  
"And so, my prince, we have at last got down to the bottom facts. But that you have done is European, not American. Over here you princeps of the forest are in certain matters very sensitive. You cannot bear that an other should tread on your aristocratic toes not that you cannot endure the pain, but that within those toes runs the blood of a Fabian. But when you come to America and are kindly received you do not consider that the heart of a ranchman's daughter is of any moment compared with the whim or the interest of a prince of Italy."

"I have expressed my sincere regrets."  
"Your regrets will not wipe out the stain put upon an American girl any more than regrets would restore a slight done you had one of your countrymen robbed you of a wife. You know how that injury would be avenged."

"I do."  
"At the point of the sword. And it is at the point of the sword that you slyly to the ranch girl must be atoned for. A girl's heart is as sacred as a prince's honor. She is not to be robbed of it any more than the prince is to be robbed of his wife. Were we in my country, instead of yours, you and I could 'fan the hammer' in each other's face, we could throw the larrikin, the one who won to have the privilege of killing the other. Those are barbarous ways, not fit for a prince of the blood. Your European ways are far more attractive. There is romance in the air in Italy. When the Italian comes to our wild western country his sentiment lies dormant and he considers only his interest. Then a heart is nothing to him. A cowboy's shooting match is abhorrent. But here in his land of art, poetry, music, where he is reminded by works that have endured for centuries of the loveliness of a Marcus Aurelius and the shame of a Nero, it is well that he should pay the penalty of his heartlessness at the point of a Damascus blade and within the walls of an emperor's baths."

With the last words she threw back the wrap that thus far had covered her and displayed a woman's fencing costume. In her left hand she held two rapiers. Taking one of them by the blade, she held the hilt toward the prince.

"Do not shrink from it, my prince. It is of gold. And did a Fabian ever shrink from handling a sword? Could there be anything more befitting a prince than settling his affairs with a golden hilted blade, the moonlight pouring in through breaches in the walls of the baths of Caracalla?"

As the prince shrank away Margaret advanced.

"I will not fight you—a woman—a woman I have loved, love today. I cannot. Is there nothing that will appease you? I will sign a paper admitting my error. I will!"

"You will fight."  
By this time she had forced the handle of the sword into his hand. Then she put herself in the attitude of a fencer.

"Hold!" he cried. "A sword is not your weapon. Desist and I will go to your home and if I must defend myself will do so at the point of the weapon you know so well how to use—the revolver. In God's name, do not force me here now to die or take your life."

"On guard!"  
"I will break my engagement. I will marry you."  
"I will not break my engagement."  
"What do you mean?"  
"I am to marry a rancher of New Mexico, but not till I have wiped out the stain put upon me by a prince of Italy."

There was something in the last words as merciless as a wave rolling in on a stormy beach. The prince had no choice but to die or defend himself.

Two of those gentlemen called carabinieri, the national Italian police, who go always in pairs dressed in swallow-tailed coats, cocked hats and swords hanging by their sides, happened to be walking along the road that led past the ruin when they heard sounds of the clash of steel. They stopped and listened. Fancifully the noise came from within the walls, they hurried there to find two fencers, the one attacking, the other defending himself. The carabinieri stepped between the two and demanded their swords.

"What—prince?" exclaimed one of them. "You here fighting at this time of night, and without attendants?"  
"It was not premeditated."  
"And you," asked the officer of Margaret—"who are you?"  
"An American woman."

"Gentlemen," said the prince, "this affair must go no further. You know that his majesty would not wish it known that a man of my rank was found fighting with a woman under such singular circumstances. Besides, the lady's name should not be connected with such an affair."

"I have nothing to conceal," said Margaret.

Then all left the ruin. Margaret was put into her carriage and the coachman told to drive her home. The prince, after a long conversation with the carabinieri, entered his own carriage and returned to the city.

The next morning early Margaret left Rome, having received a polite message from the king's chamberlain that his majesty considered her too dangerous a person to be permitted to go free among the noblemen of Italy. A month after her departure she was married at her home in the far west, settled down to the raising of sheep and babies and became not only a domestic, but in certain respects a prominent woman. But the story of her duel in the baths of Caracalla was never divulged till years afterward.

# Zener-Hilt Co.

THE BUSY STORE--THERE'S A REASON

Nothing too good for "Our Folks" in the way of reasonable, wholesome eatables. We find special satisfaction in selling goods of known merit.

A full line of Reliance and Happy Home, and also standard brands in stock.

Heinz Sour and Sweet Pickles, 35 and 25c.

Crosse & Blackwell's Olive Oil at 35c, 65c and \$1.00 per bottle.

No. 1 Soft Shell Walnuts, 25c per lb.

Bishop's and Delmonte Jams and Jellies at 25c per jar.

We are exclusive agents for Dwight Edwards Vacuum packed Coffees, 40 and 75c per can. A mild, rich-flavored coffee. Try a can with your next order.

SUCCESSOR TO P. P. HOLCOMB

# To The Public

Having opened an office for the purpose of doing a general real estate business, I will be glad to meet old and new friends, where we will be at your service in square dealing.

We have calls for some good town lots and also some acreage, and would be glad to have you on our lists at once.

# W. A. Grant

COMMERCIAL BLOCK, NO. 4 SOUTH MISSION

# Hastings & Dickson

announce the opening of their

## Job Printing Plant

November 1, on the second floor of the Griggs block, above Wenatchee Department store.

With our entire new equipment we will be enabled to turn out satisfactorily, on short notice, job printing of the best quality.

Telephone us your wants and we will call for your order.

Telephone 57



Just what is needed in every home. The quickest, smoothest, simplest, cleanest and most economical flatiron made. It burns

# PYRO

Alcohol (Denatured)—can be carried anywhere and is always ready. Accomplishes double the work of ordinary irons, inasmuch as it can be used all day, practically without interruption. Leaves no soot or ash on linen and is free from smoke and odor.

Costs from 1/4 to 1 cent an hour to operate. In four sizes—2, 3, 4 and 6 pounds.

The tax of \$2.08 per gallon on Pyro Alcohol (Denatured) has been removed by the U. S. Government. This remarkable fuel is now sold at a popular price. It gives a clear, bright, white light in lamps for

outdoor and indoor use and is the cleanest, most economical and safest fuel known for cooking. Used in Germany twenty years.

F. T. Blunck, Jr.