



The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead

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Irene had searched London for two weeks. The confidence of her earlier inquiries had diminished with each successive blind trail, which, promising at first, led her into a maze of confusion and disappointment. Her little store of money was fast dwindling away; she looked into the face of every man in uniform with a pathetic earnestness that more than once caused her to be misunderstood.

The organization of the military service commanded less enthusiasm than she felt a month before. She saw it struggling with the apparently impossible; it was as though she, in her little studio, had been suddenly called upon to paint all the portraits in the world. . . . In some degree she understood the difficulties; in equal degree she sympathized with those who were striving to overcome them, and she hung on from day to day in her search with a dogged determination which set its teeth against admitting that the search was hopeless.

At last one great fear had settled on her heart. Suppose Dave should not enlist under his right name? In such a case her chance of finding him was the mere freak of accidental meeting; a chance not to be banked upon in a country already swarming with its citizen soldiery. . . . And yet there was nothing to do but keep on.

She had sought a park bench where groups of soldiers were continually moving by. The lights shone on their faces, and her own tired eyes followed them incessantly. Always her ear was alert for a voice that should set her heart pounding, and more than once she had thought she heard that voice; more than a score of times she had thought she had seen that figure with its stride of self-reliance, with strength bulging in every muscle. And always it had been to learn that she had been mistaken; always it had been to feel the heart sink just a little lower than before. And still she kept on. There was nothing to do but keep on.

Often she wondered how he would receive her. That cold look which had frozen his features when she seized the revolver in his hand, would it still sit there, too distant and detached to be even scornful? Would she have it to break down? She could not know; she could only hope and pray and go on.

As she turned her eyes to follow a group of men in uniform she became aware of a soldier sitting alone in the shadow a short distance away. Some quality about him caught her attention; his face was not discernible, and his figure was too much in the shadow to more than suggest its outline, but she found herself regarding him with an intentness that set her pulses racing. Should she dare risk it again? And yet there was something. . . . She had a sudden plan. She would make no inquiry, no apology; she would walk near by and call him by name. If that name meant nothing to him he would not even notice her presence, but if it should be— "Dave," she said.

He turned quickly in his seat; the light fell on her face and he saw her; he was on his feet and had taken a step toward her. Then he stopped, and



"Because I Love You, and Would Follow You Anywhere."

she saw his features harden as they had on that dreadful occasion which now seemed so long ago.

"Well?" he said. His voice was mechanical, but in it was something which quickened her hope; something which suggested that he was making it mechanical because he dared not. . . . It expressed the human emotion which was struggling for utterance.

"Let me talk to you, Dave," she pleaded. "I have followed you around the world for this. Let me talk. I can explain everything."

He stood still so long that she wondered if he never would speak. She dared not reach her hands to him; she could only stand and wait.

"Irene," he said, "why did you follow me here?"

"There is only one answer, Dave. Because I love you and would follow you anywhere. No one can stop me doing that; no one, Dave—except you."

And again he stood, and she knew that he was turning over in his mind things weightier than life and death, and that when he spoke again his course would be set. Then, in the

partial shadow, she saw his arms slowly extend; they rose, wide and strong, and extended toward her. There was a quick step, and they met about her, and the world swooned and went by. . . .

"I can explain everything," she said, when she could talk.

"You need explain nothing," he returned. "I have lived the torments of the damned. Edith Duncan was right; she said if it were real love it would never give up. 'Endureth all things,' she said. 'All things,' she said. . . . There is no limit."

"But I must tell you, dear," she said, "so that you may understand." And then she patched together the story, from what she knew and from what Edith Duncan had told her, and Dave filled in what neither had known, including the incident earlier on that fateful evening. She could see his jaws harden as they pieced the plot together and she knew what he was thinking.

"Your country needs you more," she whispered. "It is better that way. And what a man you are in uniform! I think I see you smashing heads instead of bottles. Six out of six, Dave! It's awful, but you must do it. Already we know what has happened in Belgium. You will forget your own wrongs in the greater wrongs of others. . . . And I shall join the service as a nurse. My father was a doctor, and I can soon pick it up."

She chatted on, but he had become suddenly grave. "I don't think that is your course, Irene," he said. "This is going to be a bigger job than it looked. The government will get soldiers and nurses; the popular imagination turns to such things. But it will be neither soldiers nor nurses that will win the war. I feel sure of that now. Millions of men will be taken from production and turned to purposes of destruction. They will be taken from offices, where they need little food, and put in the trenches, where they need much food. Countries will be devastated; armies will retreat, destroying all food as they go. Ships will go down with cargoes of wheat; incendiary fires will swallow warehouses of food. I believe my place is in the trenches; but those less fit for the fight than I must, in some form or other, produce food. That includes the women; it includes you."

"What? But what can I do?"

"Since I left home I've thought a good deal of the old ranch. I despised it in those prosperous days—those days we thought were prosperous—but the prosperity is gone and the ranch remains. It still lies out there, just as it did when you and your father motored down that afternoon a dozen years ago. I think you'll have to go back there, Irene. I think you'll have to take the boy Charlie, and what other help you can get, and go back to the old ranch and raise something for the soldiers to eat. You can do it. There are good men to be had; men who can't very well carry a rifle, but can drive a plow. And believe me, Reenie, it's the plow that's going to win. Go back and put them at it. Think of every furrow as another trench in the defenses which shall save your home from the fate of Belgium's homes. It's not as easy as going to the front; it hasn't got the heroic ring to it, and I suppose there are many who will commercialize it. Let them. We shall need their profits after the war to pay our debts. But it's the thing that must be done. And you'll do it, won't you?"

"I'll do whatever needs to be done, Dave. I'd rather be by your side, or as near as may be, but if you say that my duty lies back on the old ranch I shall go back to the old ranch and raise food for my soldier. And when it's all over we shall ride those old hillsides again. . . . Up the canyon, you remember, Dave? The little niche in the wall of the canyon, and all the silence and the sunlight? . . . Forever. . . ."

CHAPTER XV.

Any philosophy which accepts the principle that the great, overshadowing events of life are subject to an intelligent controlling influence must of necessity grant that the same principle applies to the most commonplace and every-day experiences. The course of the greatest stream of events may well be deflected by incidents so commonplace as to quite escape the notice of the casual observer.

Some such thought as this comforted me—or, at least, would have comforted me, had I thought it—when a leaking gasoline tank left me, literally as well as figuratively, high and dry in the foothills. The sun of an August afternoon blazed its glory from a cloudless sky; low in a valley to the left a ribbon of silver-green mountain water threaded its way through fringes of spruce and cottonwood, while on the uplands beyond sleek steers drowsed in the sunshine, and far to the westward the Rockies slept unconcerned in their draperies of afternoon purple. All these scenes the eye took in without enthusiasm, almost without approval, and then fell on the white-washed ranch buildings almost in the shadow underneath. And in these days a ranch—almost any ranch—

(Continued on Page 10)

WEEKLY MARKETGRAM

(U. S. Bureau of Markets)

Hay.

Market slow and druggy. Increased receipts at Chicago and Cincinnati. Prices lower except for No. 1 Timothy which held fairly steady. New York and Minneapolis markets firm due to light receipts. County loading light. No. 1 timothy quoted New York at \$31.50; Philadelphia, \$23.50; Chicago, \$22; Minneapolis, \$20; Atlanta, \$30. No. 1 alfalfa: Chicago, \$23; Kansas City \$22.25; Atlanta \$33. No. 1 prairie—Chicago, \$18; Minneapolis \$17; Kansas City, \$15.

Feed.

Wheat mill feed market slightly stronger. Offerings light. Inquiry is better. Prices firm to \$1 advance. Cottonseed meal steady, prices firm. Linseed meal weak. Offerings hominy feed light, demand slightly improved. Demand for gluten feed light, price declined \$2.50 per ton. Linseed meal is quoted at \$32.50 at Chicago; \$30.50 at Minneapolis; cottonseed meal \$36 at Atlanta; spring wheat bran \$16 at Minneapolis, \$20 at Chicago, \$25 at Philadelphia. Hominy feed: \$23 at Chicago; alfalfa meal, \$18 at Kansas City and \$22 at Chicago.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Round white potatoes nearly steady at northern shipping points 75c-80c per 100 pounds sacked. Chicago carlot market up five cents at 95c-1.05. Florida No. 1 Spaulding Rose up 50c per double head barrel in Chicago wholesale market, reaching \$7.75-88; New York unchanged at \$7.25-87.50. Prices firm at shipping points at \$5.50-55.75; market active. Texas sacked Bliss Triumphs down \$1-1.10 per 100 pounds Kansas City at \$9-55.00; St. Louis \$5-55.50.

Live Stock and Meats

The trend of Chicago live stock prices was downward the past week. Hogs broke 20-80c per 100 pounds. Beef steers, butcher cows and heifers down 25-50c; veal calves up 25c-51c; fat and feeding lambs steady to 60c higher. Yearlings and fat ewes unchanged. April 27th Chicago prices: hogs, bulk of sales \$7.95-8.30; medium and good beef steers \$7.25-8.40; butcher cows and heifers \$4.75-8.75; feeder steers \$6.50-8.8; light and medium weight veal calves \$7.50-9.75; fat lambs \$9-11.25; feeding lambs \$7-8.50; yearlings \$8-9.50; fat ewes \$5.50-8.25.

Stocker and feeder shipments from 11 important markets during the week ending April 22 were: cattle and calves 37,716; hogs 6,479; sheep 73,360.

Veal, lamb and mutton prices in eastern wholesale fresh markets advanced. Veal and mutton up \$1; lamb \$1-83 per 100 pounds; beef practically steady; pork loins steady to \$1 lower. April 27 prices good grade meats; beef \$17-17.50; veal \$18-20; lamb \$20-23; mutton \$15-17; light pork loins \$25-28; heavy loins \$17-22.

Grain

With good export demand, light country offerings and freezing weather damage reports, prices worked higher until the 25th when sentiment turned bearish and a sharp decline resulted. Export demand lacking; Germany and Italy out of market until May. Trade seems to be giving considerable attention political developments abroad. Export demand corn slow. In Chicago cash market No. 2 red winter wheat \$1.35; No. 2 hard \$1.38; No. 3 mixed corn 58c; No. 3 yellow corn 59c; No. 3 white oats 37c. Net price changes of futures for week only fractional; Chicago May wheat closed \$1.25 5-8; Chicago May corn 59 1-8; Minneapolis May wheat \$1.18 1-4; Kansas City May wheat \$1.17 1-4; Winnipeg May wheat \$1.55 5-8. Minneapolis flour demand improved.

Dairy Products

The spring slump as struck the butter markets and prices declined sharply the past week. Eastern markets average eight cents lower than a week ago; Chicago 10c. Closing prices 92 score; New York 38; Chicago 35 1-2 -36; Philadelphia 39; Boston 39 1-2. Markets weak and unsettled at close.

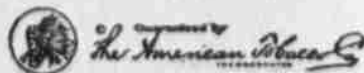
A Meal on the Table is worth two on the floor. UNIVERSAL Aluminum ware, no leaking—no breaking. 1/4-OFF SALE AT NEWBERRY'S, May 2 to 7. 44-45

Holland is doing a good deal of worrying because the ex-crown prince of Germany is corresponding with monarchists. But it is excusable in him—nobody else would answer his letters.



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Some FACTS About



Here are authentic figures from the Ford factory at Detroit. They show you just how many Ford cars and trucks have been built each month since January 1, 1921 and how many have been sold to retail customers, in the United States.

	Produced	Delivered to Retail Customers
JANUARY	29,883	57,208
FEBRUARY	35,305	63,603
MARCH	61,886	87,221
Total Production	127,074	Total Retail Sales 208,032

showing that actual sales for the first three months of 1921 exceeded production by 80,958 Ford cars and trucks!

April requisitions already specify 107,719 additional cars and trucks and the estimated April output of the factory and assembly plants combined calls for only 90,000!

These facts clearly show that the demand for Ford products is growing much faster than manufacturing facilities to produce and were it not for the dealers' limited stocks, which are now being rapidly depleted, many more customers would have been compelled to wait for their cars. It will be only a matter of weeks, therefore, until a big surplus of orders will prevent anything like prompt deliveries.

If you would be sure of having your Ford car or truck when you want it, you should place your order now. Don't delay. Phone us or drop us a card.

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