The Lone Star Ranger

A Romance of the Old Fighting Stock on the Texas Border

By ZANE GREY

Buck's future at first appears to him to be unendurable. He wins a sort of distasteful popularity among the outlaws growing out of his dexterity with the pistol. But he loathes these men—all but Euchre, who has some good stuff in him. Then comes to Duane an opportunity to perform a great service—an opportunity to atone for the blood he has shed by helping one who needs help much. Serious complications begin to arise in this installment.

SYNOPSIS.

Buck Duane, inheriting blood lust from his father, kills a liquor-maddened "bad man" who is bent on plugging Duane. To escape the law, Buck flees to the wild country infested by outlaws. He has just met one and is invited to form a partnership for better or worse. He accepts. They have trouble at once. Stevens dies from a bullet wound. Buck enters the camp of Bland's gang and wounds an outlaw who tries to kill him.

CHAPTER V.

Duane looked around him for a book or a paper, anything to read; but all the printed matter he could find consisted of a few words on cartridge boxes and an advertisement on the back of a tobacco pouch. There seemed to be nothing for him to do. He had rested; he did not want to lie down any more. He began to walk to and fro, from one end of the room to the other. And as he walked he fell into the lately acquired habit of brooding over his misfortune.

Suddenly he straightened up with a jerk. Unconsciously he had drawn his gun. Standing there with the bright, cold weapon in his hand, he looked at it in consternation. How had he come to draw it? It might have come from a subtle sense, scarcely thought of at all, of the late, close and inevitable relation between that weapon and himself. He was amazed to find that, bitter as he had grown of late, the desire to live burned strong in him. Life

He Practiced Drawing His Gun.

certainly held no bright prospects for him. Already he had begun to despair of ever getting back to his home. But to give up like a white-hearted coward, to let himself be handcuffed and jailed, to run from a drunken, bragging cowboy, or be shot in cold blood by some border brute who merely wanted to add another notch to his gun—these things were impossible for Duane because there was in him the temper to fight.

In that hour he yielded only to fate and the spirit inborn in him. Here after this gun must be a living part of him. Right then and there he returned to a practice he had long discontinued—the draw. It was now a stern, bitter, deadly business with him. He did not need to fire the gun, for accuracy was a gift and had become assured. Swiftness on the draw, however, could be improved, and he set himself to acquire the limit of speed possible to any man. He stood still in his tracks; he paced the room; he sat down, lay down, put himself in awkward positions; and from every position he practiced throwing his gun—practiced it till he was hot and tired and his arm ached and his hand burned. That practice he determined to keep up every day. It was one thing, at least, that would help pass the weary hours.

Later he went outdoors to the cooler shade of the cottonwoods. From this point he could see a good deal of the valley. Under different circumstances, Duane felt that he would have enjoyed such a beautiful spot. He saw a good many Mexicans, who, of course, were hand and glove with Bland. Also he saw enormous flat-boats, crude of structure, moored along the banks of the river. The Rio Grande rolled away between high bluffs. A cable, sagging deep in the middle, was stretched over the wide yellow stream, and an old scow, evidently used as a ferry, lay anchored on the far shore.

The valley was an ideal retreat for an outlaw band operating on a big scale. Pursuit scarcely need be feared over the broken trails of the Rim Rock. And the open end of the valley could be defended against almost any number of men coming down the river.

Duane must have idled considerable time up on the hill, for when he returned to the shack Euchre was busily engaged around the camp-fire.

"Wal, glad to see you ain't so pale about the gills as you was," he said, by the way of greeting. "Pitch in an', we'll soon have grub ready. There's shore one consolin' fact round this here camp."

"What's that?" asked Duane.

"Plenty of good juicy beef to eat. An' it doesn't cost a short bit."

"But it costs hard rides and trouble, bad conscience, and life, too, doesn't it?"

"I ain't shore about the bad conscience. Mine never bothered me none. An' as for life, why, there's cheap in Texas."

"Who is Bland?" asked Duane, quickly changing the subject. "What do you know about him?"

"We don't know who he is or where he kalls from," replied Euchre. "There's always been somethin' to interest the gang. He must have been a young man when he struck Texas. Now he's middle-aged. I remember how years ago he was soft-spoken an' not rough in talk or act like he is now. Bland ain't likely his right name. He knows a lot. He can doctor you, an' he's shore a knowin' feller with tools. He's the kind thet rules men. Outlaws are always ridin' in here to join his gang, an' if it hadn't been for the gamblin' an' gun-play he'd have a thousand men around him."

"How many in his gang now?"

"I reckon there's short of a hundred now. The number varies. Then Bland has several small camps up an' down the river. Also he has men back on the cattle-ranges."

"How does he control such a big force?" asked Duane. "Especially when his band's composed of bad men. Luke Stevens said he had no use for Bland. And I heard once somewhere that Bland was a devil."

"That's it. He is a devil. He's as hard as flint, violent in temper, never made any friends except his right-hand men, Dave Rugg an' Chess Alloway. Bland 'll shoot at a wink. He's killed a lot of fellows, an' some for nothin'. The reason thet outlaws gather round him an' stick is because he's a safe refuge an' then he's well heeled. Bland is rich. They say he has a hundred thousand pesos hid somewhere, an' lots of gold. But he's free with money. He gambles when he's not off with a shipment of cattle. He throws money around. An' the fact is there's always plenty of money where he is. Thet's what holds the gang. Dirty, bloody money!"

"It's a wonder he hasn't been killed. All these years on the border!" exclaimed Duane.

"Wal," replied Euchre, dryly, "he's been quicker on the draw than the other fellers who hankered to kill him, thet's all."

Euchre's reply rather chilled Duane's interest for the moment. Such remarks always made his mind resolve round facts pertaining to himself.

"Speakin' of this here swift wrist game," went on Euchre, "there's been considerable talk in camp about your throwin' of a gun. I heard Bland say this afternoon—an' he said it serious-like an' speculative—thet he'd never seen your equal. All the fellers who seen you meet Bossmer had somethin' to say. An' they all shut up when Bland told who an' what your dad was. 'Pears to me I once seen your dad in a gun-scrape over at Santone, years ago. Wal, I put my oar in today among the fellers, an' I says: 'What ails you locoed geeks? Did young Duane budge an inch, when Bo came roarin' out, blood in his eye? Wasn't he cool an' quiet, steady of lips, an' weren't his eyes readin' Bo's mind? An' thet lightnin' draw—can't you-all see thet's a family gift?"

Euchre's narrow eyes twinkled, and he gave the dough he was rolling a slap with his flour-whitened hand. Manifestly he had proclaimed himself a champion and partner of Duane's, with all the pride an old man could feel in a young one whom he admired.

"Wal," he resumed, presently, "thet's your introduction to the border, Buck. An' your card was a high trump. You'll be let severely alone by real gun-fighters an' men like Bland, Alloway, Rugg, an' the bosses of the other gangs. After all, these real men are men, you know, an' onless you cross them they're no more likely to interfere with you than you are with them.

"The only feller who's goin' to put a close eye on you is Benson. He runs the store an' sells drinks. The gang calls him Jackrabbit Benson, because he's always got his eye peeled an' his ears cocked.

"Bland's not here tonight. He left to-day on one of his trips, takin' Alloway an' some others. But his other man, Rugg, he's here. Rugg's the little bow-legged man with half of his face shot off. He's one-eyed. But he can shore see out of the one he's got. An' there's Hardin. You know him? He's got an outlaw gang as big as Bland's."

Euchre went on calling Duane's attention to other men of the band. Any one of them would have been a marked man in a respectable crowd. Here each took his place with more or less distinction, according to the record of his past wild prowess and his present possibilities. Duane, realizing that he was tolerated there, received in careless spirit by this terrible class of outcasts, experienced a feeling of revulsion that amounted almost to horror. Was his being there not an ugly dream? What had he in common with such ruffians? Then in a flash of memory came the painful proof—he was a criminal in sight of Texas law; he, too, was an outcast.

CHAPTER VI.

Next morning Duane found that a moody and despondent spell had fastened on him. Wishing to be alone, he went out and walked a trail leading round the river bluff. He thought and thought. After a while he made out that the trouble with him probably was that he could not resign himself to his fate. He cared vastly more, he discovered, for what he considered honor and integrity than he did for life. He saw that it was bad for him to be alone. But, it appeared, lonely months and perhaps years inevitably must be his.

Another thing puzzled him. In the bright light of day he could not recall the state of mind that was his at twilight or dusk or in the dark night. By day these visitations became to him what they really were—phantoms of his conscience. He could dismiss the thought of them then. He could scarcely remember or believe that this strange feat of fancy or imagination had troubled him, made him sleepless and sick.

At length he determined to create interest in all that he came across and so forget himself as much as possible. He had an opportunity now to see just what the outlaw's life really was. He meant to force himself to be curious, sympathetic, clear-sighted. And he would stay there in the valley until its possibilities had been exhausted or until circumstances sent him out upon his uncertain way.

When he returned to the shack Euchre was cooking dinner.

"Say, Buck, I've news for you," he said; and his tone conveyed either pride in his possession of such news or pride in Duane. "Feller named Bradley rode in this mornin'. He's heard some about you. Told about the ace of spades they put over the bullet-holes in thet cowpuncher Bain you plugged. Then there was a rancher shot at a water-hole twenty miles south of Wellston. Reckon you didn't do it?"

"No, I certainly did not," replied Duane.

"Wal, you get the blame. It ain't nothing for a feller to be saddled with gun-plays he never made. An', Buck, if you ever get famous, as seems likely, you'll be blamed for many a crime. The border 'll make an outlaw an' murderer out of you. Wal, thet's enough of thet. I've more news. You're goin' to be popular."

"Popular? What do you mean?"

"I met Bland's wife this mornin'. She seen you the other day when you rode in. She shore wants to meet you, an' so do some of the other women in camp. They always want to meet the new fellers who've just come in. It's lonesome for women here, an' they like to hear news from the towns."

"Well, Euchre, I don't want to be impolite, but I'd rather not meet any women," rejoined Duane.

"I was afraid you wouldn't. Don't blame you much. Women are hell. I was hopin', though, you might talk a little to thet poor lonesome kid."

"What kid?" inquired Duane, in surprise.

"Didn't I tell you about Jennie—the girl Bland's holdin' here?"

"No. Tell me now," replied Duane, abruptly.

"Wal, I got it this way. Mebbe it's straight, an' mebbe it ain't. Some years ago Benson made a trip over the river to buy mescal an' other drinks. An' he run across a gang of greasers with some gringo prisoners. I don't know, but I reckon there was some barterin', perhaps murderin'. Anyway, Benson fetched the girl back. She was starved an' scared half to death. She hadn't been harmed. I reckon, she was then about fourteen years old. Bland seen the kid right off and took her—bought her from Benson. You can gamble Bland didn't do thet from notions of chivalry. Kate Bland's been hard on Jennie, but she's kept Bland an the other men from treating the kid shameful. Late Jennie has grown into an all-fired pretty girl, an' Kate is powerful jealous of her. I can see hell brewin' over there in Bland's cabin. Thet's why I wish you'd come over with me. You'd get to see Jennie, an' mebbe you could help her. I had a baby girl once, an' if she'd lived she'd be as big as Jennie now, an' I wouldn't want her here in Bland's camp."

"I'll go, Euchre. Take me over," replied Duane. He felt Euchre's eyes upon him. The old outlaw, however, had no more to say.

In the afternoon Euchre set off with Duane, and soon they reached Bland's cabin. Duane remembered it as the one where he had seen the pretty woman watching him ride by. Through the open door Duane caught a glimpse of bright Mexican blankets and rugs.

Euchre knocked upon the side of the door.

"Is that you, Euchre?" asked a girl's voice, low, hesitatingly. The tone of it, rather deep and with a note of fear, struck Duane.

"Yes, it's me, Jennie. Where's Mrs. Bland?" answered Euchre.

"She went over to Deger's. There's somebody sick," replied the girl.

Euchre turned and whispered something about luck. The snap of the outlaw's eyes was added significance to Duane.

"Jennie, come out or let us come in. Here's the young man I was tellin' you about," Euchre said. "Come out, Jennie, an' mebbe help—"

Euchre did not complete his sentence. But what he said was sufficient to bring the girl quickly. She appeared in the doorway with downcast eyes and a stain of red in her white cheek. She had a pretty, sad face and bright hair.

"Don't be bashful, Jennie," said Euchre. "You an' Duane have a chance to talk a little. Now I'll go fetch Mrs. Bland, but I won't be hurryin'."

With that Euchre went away through the cottonwoods.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss—Miss Jennie," said Duane. "Euchre didn't mention your last name. He asked me to come over to—"

Duane's attempt at pleasantry halted short when Jennie lifted her lashes to look at him. Some kind of a shock went through Duane. Her gray eyes were beautiful, but it had not been beauty that cut short his speech. He seemed to see a tragic struggle between hope and doubt that shone in her piercing gaze. She kept looking, and Duane could not break the silence. It was no ordinary moment.

"What did you come here for?" she asked, at last.

"Well—Euchre thought—he wanted me to talk to you, cheer you up a bit," replied Duane, somewhat lamely. The earnest eyes embarrassed him.

"Euchre's good. He's the only person in this awful place who's been good to me. But he's afraid of Bland. He said you were different. Who are you?"

Duane told her.

"You're not a robber or rustler or murderer or some bad man come here to hide?"

"No, I'm not," replied Duane, trying to smile. "I'm on the dodge. You know what that means. I got in a shooting-scrap at home and had to run off. When it blows over I hope to go back."

"Oh, I know what these outlaws are. Yes, you're different." She kept the strained gaze upon him, but hope was kindling, and the hard lines of her youthful face were softening.

Something sweet and warm stirred deep in Duane as he realized the unfortunate girl was experiencing a birth of trust in him. Then the glow began to fade; doubt once more assailed her.

"It can't be. You're only—after me, too, like Bland—like all of them."

Duane's long arms went out and his hands clasped her shoulders. He shook her.

"Look at me—straight in the eye. There are decent men. Haven't you a father—a brother?"

"They're dead—killed by raiders. We lived in Dimmit County. I was carried away," Jennie replied, hurriedly. She put up an appealing hand to him. "Forgive me, I believe—I know you're good. It was only—I live so much in fear—I'm half crazy—I've almost forgotten what good men are like. Mister Duane, you'll help me?"

"Yes, Jennie, I will. Tell me how. What must I do? Have you any plan?"

"Oh no. But take me away."

"I'll try," said Duane, simply. "That won't be easy, though. Are you watched—kept prisoner?"

"No. I could run off lots of times. But I was afraid. I'd only have fallen into worse hands. Euchre has told me that. Mrs. Bland beats me, half starves me, but she has kept me from her husband and those other dogs. She's been as good as that, and I'm grateful. She hasn't done it for love of me, though. She always hated me. And lately she's growing jealous. I hear her fighting with Bland about me. Then I've heard Chess Alloway try to persuade Bland to give me to him. Duane, you must be quick if you'd save me."

"I realize that," replied he, thoughtfully. "I think my difficulty will be to fool Mrs. Bland. If she suspected me she'd have the whole gang of outlaws on me at once."

"She would that. You've got to be careful—and quick."

"What kind of a woman is she?" inquired Duane.

"She's—she's brazen. I've heard her with her lovers. They get drunk sometimes when Bland's away. She's got a terrible temper. She's vain.

Anyone of Them Would Have Been a Marked Man.

She likes flattery. Oh, you could fool her easy enough if you'd lower your self to—to—"

"To make love to her?" interrupted Duane.

Jennie bravely turned shamed eyes to meet his.

"My girl, I'd do worse than that to get you away from here," he said, bluntly.

"But—Duane," she faltered, and again she put out the appealing hand. "Bland will kill you."

Duane made no reply to this. He was trying to still a rising strange tumult in his breast. The old emotion—the rush of the instinct to kill! He turned cold all over.

"Chess Alloway will kill you if Bland doesn't," went on Jennie, with her tragic eyes on Duane's.

"Maybe he will," replied Duane. It was difficult for him to force a smile. But he achieved one.

"Oh, better take me off at once," she said. "Save me without risking so much—without making love to Mrs. Bland!"

"Surely, if I can. There! I see Euchre coming with a woman."

"That's her. Oh, she mustn't see me with you."

"Wait—a moment," whispered Duane, as Jennie slipped indoors. "We've settled it. Don't forget. I'll find some way to get word to you, perhaps through Euchre. Meanwhile keep up your courage. Remember I'll save you somehow. We'll try strategy first. Whatever you see or hear me do, don't think less of me—"

Jennie checked him with a gesture and a wonderful gray flash of eyes.

"I'll bless you with every drop of blood in my heart," she whispered, passionately.

It was only as she turned away into the room that Duane saw she was lame and that she wore Mexican sandals over bare feet.

He sat down upon a bench on the porch and directed his attention to the approaching couple. The trees of the grove were thick enough for him to make reasonably sure that Mrs. Bland had not seen him talking to Jennie. When the outlaw's wife drew near, the situation took on a singular zest.

Euchre came up on the porch and awkwardly introduced Duane to Mrs. Bland. She was young, probably not over twenty-five, and not quite so prepossessing at close range. Her eyes were large, rather prominent, and brown in color. Her mouth, too, was large, with the lips full, and she had white teeth.

Duane took her proffered hand and remarked frankly that he was glad to meet her.

Mrs. Bland appeared pleased; and her laugh, which followed, was loud and rather musical.

"Mr. Duane—Buck Duane, Euchre said, didn't he?" she asked.

"Buckley," corrected Duane. "The nickname's not my choosing."

"I'm certainly glad to meet you, Buckley Duane," she said, as she took the seat Duane offered her. "Sorry to have been out. Kid Fuller's lying over at Deger's. You know he was shot last night. He's got fever to-day. When Bland's away I have to nurse all these shot-up boys, and it sure takes my time. Have you been waiting here alone? Didn't see that slattern girl of mine?"

She gave him a sharp glance. The woman had an extraordinary play of feature. Duane thought, and unless she was willing she was pretty at all.

"I've been alone," replied Duane. "Haven't seen anybody but a sick-looking girl with a bucket. And she ran when she saw me."

"That was Jen," said Mrs. Bland. "She's the kid we keep here, and she sure hardly pays her keep. Did Euchre tell you about her?"

"Now that I think of it, he did say something or other."

"What did he tell you about me?" bluntly asked Mrs. Bland.

"Wal, Kate," replied Euchre, speaking for himself, "you needn't worry none, for I told Buck nothin' but compliments."

Evidently the outlaw's wife liked Euchre, for her keen glance rested with amusement upon him.

"As for Jen, I'll tell you her story some day," went on the woman. "It's a common enough story along this river. Euchre here is a tender-hearted old fool, and Jen has taken him in."

"Wal, seein' as you've got me figgered correct," replied Euchre, dryly, "I'll go in an' talk to Jennie, if I may."

"Certainly. Go ahead. Jen calls you her best friend," said Mrs. Bland, mildly. "You're always fetching some Mexican stuff, and what's why, I guess."

When Euchre had shuffled into the house Mrs. Bland turned to Duane with curiosity and interest in her gaze.

"Bland told me about you."

"What did he say?" queried Duane, in pretended alarm.

"Oh, you needn't think he's done you dirt. Bland's not that kind of a man. He said: 'Kate, there's a young fellow in camp—rode in here on the dodge. Slickest hand with a gun I've seen for many a day. Magnificent chap. Bigger than any man in the valley. Just a great, blue-eyed, sunburned boy!'"

"Humph!" exclaimed Duane. "I'm sorry he led you to expect somebody worth seeing."

"But I'm not disappointed," she re-

"Look at Me—Straight in the Eye."

don't pay any attention to what these outlaws say about me. They're ignorant. They couldn't understand me. You'll hear that Bland killed men who ran after me. But that's a lie."

"Would Bland object if I called on you occasionally?" inquired Duane.

"No, he wouldn't. He likes me to have friends. Ask him yourself when he comes back. The trouble has been that two or three men of his fell in love with me, and when half drunk got to fighting. You're not going to do that."

"I'm not going to get half drunk, that's certain," replied Duane.

He was surprised to see her eyes dilate, then glow with fire. Before she could reply Euchre returned to the porch, and that put an end to the conversation.

Duane was content to let the matter rest there and had little more to say. Euchre and Mrs. Bland talked and joked, while Duane listened.

Once he happened to glance into the house, and deep in the shadow of a corner he caught a pale gleam of Jennie's face with great, staring eyes on him. Watching his chance, he flashed a look at her; and then it seemed to him the change in her face was wonderful.

Later, after he had left Mrs. Bland with a meaning "Adios—mañana," and was walking along besides the old outlaw, he found himself thinking of the girl instead of the woman, and of how he had seen her face blaze with hope and gratitude.

There is the chance that Mrs. Bland is spying against the young man, that she is playing a little game for her husband. Do you believe she is honest in what she tells Buck?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COUNTY NEVER GOT ITS BELL

Francis Vigo's Bequest to Indiana Community Named After Him Disregarded by His Heirs.

The phrase "the Vigo bell that was never rung nor hung" refers to an incident connected with the early history of Vigo county, Indiana. That county was named in honor of Col. Francis Vigo, a man of French or Spanish birth, who came to this country before the Revolutionary war, became a prosperous trader at St. Louis, and widely known as "the Spanish merchant." In 1778-79 he advanced considerable money to George Rogers Clark to aid the latter in his movement to capture the Northwest territory, then held by the British. The money thus advanced was used by General Clark in procuring supplies for his campaign, and it constituted a just claim against Virginia, in whose service and behalf General Clark was acting. After the Revolutionary war this claim against Virginia held good against the United States, and was finally paid to Colonel Vigo's heirs, but not until long after his death. He died in 1836 and his will, dated December 9, 1834, contained the following provision: "Whereas, the county of Vigo has been named after me, and I feel toward it and its citizens a great degree of esteem and affection for many favors conferred and services rendered me, especially by the inhabitants of Terre Haute, it is my wish, will and desire, and earnest request, that if the claim aforesaid (the Virginia claim) be recovered, and the amount due me paid to my executors, they, or some of them, shall pay out of the same $500 to the county of Vigo, to be laid out by the commissioners of said county in the purchase of a bell for the courthouse of said county, on which shall be inscribed: 'Presented by Francis Vigo.'" By an act of congress of June 2, 1872, the claim of Vigo's heirs was referred to the court of claims for adjudication, and it was allowed and paid in 1877, nearly 100 years after the money was advanced. The Vigo bell was never rung, though the language of the will shows it was the testator's earnest desire that it should be.

They Live in Pickle Salt.

Just west of promontory Point Station, Utah, is a pond cut off from the Great Salt lake by the railroad embankment. At times of high water in the lake this reservoir fills by percolation through the embankment, but during the summer this water is concentrated to a brine by evaporation. The deep pink color of the brine is a phenomenon that appears in salt ponds generally when a certain concentration is reached. In the salt ponds of San Francisco bay this color is due to a certain bacillus which lives in saturated brines and also in the heaps of salt as it is piled for drainage and shipment. Prohibitive to life as such an environment might be considered, strong natural brines are, in fact, inhabited by a number of minute organisms—animals as well as plants. The pink color disappears in winter or when fresh water is introduced into the pond. The Southern Pacific company has done some experimental work on preserving piles and railroad ties by soaking them in the pond.

Not That Kind.

It was at the baptismal font, and the minister had the baby in his arms. "What is the name?" he asked of the mother. "Josephine Newton," replied the mother. "Well, I baptize thee in the name—" "No, no," hurriedly whispered the mother in great alarm! "not Joseph E. Newton, Josephine Newton; it's not that kind of a baby."

Hidden Compartment.

"You'll like this refrigerator, sir." "Why so?"

"It has a secret drawer for a pint bottle."

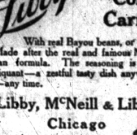
A New Delight

Libby's Chili Con Carne

With real Bayou beans, or plain. Made after the real and famous Mexican formula. The seasoning is most piquant, a zestful tasty dish anywhere—any time.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

Look for the triangle



Insist on Libby's at your grocer's

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES BLACKS

EST. 1899 156 WOODWARD

Developing any size Roll Film, postpaid, 10 cents. DETROIT.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

"ROUGH on RATS" Ends Rats, Mice, Hogs, Insects. Ask druggist. 15c and $1.

Adds to the Joy of Living—

It isn't alone the deliciously sweet nut-like taste of Grape-Nuts that has made the food famous, though taste makes first appeal, and goes a long way.

But with the zestful flavor there is in Grape-Nuts the entire nutriment of finest wheat and barley. And this includes the rich mineral elements of the grain, necessary for vigorous health—the greatest joy of life.

Every table should have its daily ration of

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 42—1916.

POSTER CAMPAIGN IS ENDED

England Used Over 500 Kinds of Pictorial Appeals for Men to Join the Army.

The blinds have been drawn and the doors closed at the Publicity department, Central Recruiting depot, Whitehall, London, thus concluding what was perhaps the greatest poster and advertising campaign in history.

How many bundles of these war posters have reached America it would be impossible to say, for one of the joys of the souvenir hunter in London has been the collecting of these posters to sell in America, big sums being asked for complete sets.

From the humble origin of one small poster, Lord Kitchener's appeal for 100,000 men for the war, more than 500 different kinds have been issued since.

One popular poster showed an assortment of headgear, with the query, "Which will you wear?" the khaki cap being in the center. One of these was stuck outside a hatter's shop in the East End, and the enterprising tradesman, having printed the price under each style, marked the khaki cap "free."

It is not on record whether a certain billposter had a sense of humor or not, but the fact remains that he placed the invitation, "Wake Up, England! Join the Army Now," on a graveyard wall, which so tickled a certain major passing to the war office each morning that he insisted on it being left there, and part is there still.

What will always rank as the greatest achievement of this large output was the night of the king's own appeal, when 40,000 posters appeared on London walls between the hours of 6 p. m. and 6 a. m. Forty-five men were employed.

Many people have said, "What a waste!" but when one comes to consider that the new armies were raised to a great extent by this method of appeal the question arises, "Was the money spent on posters that got 3,000,000 men all waste?"

Jim Was Ahead of Him.

"It's so strange," sighed the omnibus conductor, "how, when two boys start out with equal chances, one of them is bound to forge ahead. There was Jim. He and I were the best of friends in youth. But look at me now. Equal as our chances were, Jim is ahead."

"What is he doing?" asked the gentleman sitting near the door.

"He's the driver of this 'ere bus," came the answer. "Did I give ye yer ticket, please?"—London Answers.