

June 30 1923

Five Cent
One

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

For the AMERICAN FARMER and HIS FAMILY



WILLIAM
HOOPLE
23

PAINTED BY WILLIAM HOOPLE

THE LAST STAND OF PITTSBURGH-PLUS

THE CODE OF THE WEST



XIX

AS THE door slammed behind Cal, not violently but decisively, Georgiana's nerve-wracked body gave a little leap. For a moment she stood there, trembling, passing from uncertain dread to certain relief, gazing at the door where Cal had disappeared. Then, answering to instinct, she ran to lift the heavy bar and to place it in position. That seemed to make a vast, strange difference.

Her legs threatened to give way under her, and again she was visited by that lightness of head. She got to the bed, and falling upon it lay there for a long time, with only dull, vague thoughts. This stupor passed, and at length she sat up, conscious of bodily weariness and a headache, but otherwise gradually returning to herself.

What was it that had happened? Gazing round this log-cabin room, so new, so redolent of freshly hewn pine, at the rough, slanting shingled roof, at the red clay hardened in the chinks between the logs, at the few articles of crudely fashioned furniture, strong and serviceable, at the several deer skins on the solid plank floor, at the small windows opening to the inside like doors, at the great open fireplace, made of white stone, with its glowing red fire on the hearth—gazing at these and then at her ragged dress, Georgiana Stockwell established something of the reality of her situation.

Then her roving eyes fell upon the big blue gun Cal had left on the table. A thrill ran through her. That was the gun he had leveled at Bid Hatfield and with which he might have killed him. Georgiana shuddered. She closed her eyes. But that did not blot out a picture of Cal Thurman, wild-eyed, villainous of mien, suddenly revealed in his true character.

"What'd he leave that gun there for?" pondered Georgiana, and she opened her eyes to stare at it. She recalled that he had said significantly, "Reckon you won't need it, but there it is." . . . What for? It had a dark, sinister significance. For only one purpose—to protect herself, to kill him if she wanted to! That clear fact struck Georgiana forcibly and quickened her reasoning powers. Only her emotions kept continually obstructing logical thought. Why should he think she wanted to kill him? Was it not scorn of her—that she could imagine she needed protection from him? Was it not a suggestion of how bitter his life had become and that he did not care how soon it ended? Had he not struck her brutally, cruelly? Georgiana suffered again the sudden terrible shock, the blinding streaking lights before her eyes, and the blackness.

"HE WASN'T drunk—he wasn't crazy," she soliloquized. "It was just the devil in him. He's a descendant of these Tonto backwoodsmen."

That seemed to fix itself in Georgiana's mind. She hated him. She would get away from this place tomorrow as soon as she dared. Someone would come to whom she could tell her story. But what if she roused that devil in him again? The thought made her absolutely weak. How cold-bloodedly savage he had been! In such a mood Cal Thurman was capable of anything. Yet why had he suddenly become transformed, back seemingly to the Cal she had liked so well; why had he told her to bar the door of this room, and had given her his gun, and then stalked out like an outraged prince? It was this which perplexed and troubled Georgiana. There seemed no way to connect it with his earlier conduct. He had two sides to his nature, then, both of which were new to her.

The fire burned down into a beautiful bed of red and white embers. Outside the wind had risen. Georgiana heard the bark of some wild animal. How lonely and wild! She felt chilled. The room was growing cold. She went to the window and closed it all but a couple of inches. The mountain air blew in, like ice, with some strange tang. She saw the dark Rim standing up against the white stars, and the sight impressed her powerfully. This place was different from Green Valley.

"It's wild and woolly, all right," said Georgiana, "and there's an Indian in the next cabin, I'll tell the world. . . . What am I going to do?"

After a moment's deliberation she extinguished the lamp, and without removing even her shoes she lay down on the bed and pulled a couple of blankets up over her. The room now seemed wonderfully changed. The red embers threw ruddy shadows on the floor and sent long streaks to her eyes. Suddenly she became aware of a low moaning sound. It startled her.

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN S. CURRY

She listened. Only the wind under the eaves of the cabin! It had the strangest, loneliest, most haunting sound she had ever heard. Lower she crept down under the blankets. She had begun to feel warm and comfortable, and a languor was stealing over her.

"I couldn't sleep. Not on a bet," she whispered. "But I'm sleepy all right. . . . It's funny. I wonder what that caveman is doing."

EVERY thought, every emotion seemed to bring Cal Thurman back before her consciousness. She resented that. He had become a monster in her sight. How abominably he had turned out! She found herself correcting a sort of self-pity, because he had so bitterly disappointed her. But this thought seemed hardly fair, for she confessed she was no angel. She wanted to put Cal Thurman out of her mind, as much out of her mind as he would be out of her life after tomorrow.

"Yes—very well—but you are his wife!"

Georgiana spoke those words aloud to her own ears. They brought her upright in bed, transfixed and thrilling. Had she spoken? Had she been dreaming? It was almost as if someone had spoken for her.

The room seemed darkening, more lonely and cold than ever. The fire was dying out in dull ruddy glow on the hearth. Shivering,

frightened, aghast, Georgiana sank back into the warm protection of the blankets.

"His wife!" she whispered. "My God. I married him. I said yes, yes, just as if I meant it. . . . That parson never guessed I was forced. He'd never believe me, if I swore it on my bended knees. . . . And that sly fox, Tuck Merry—I don't just get him. . . . But I'm Cal Thurman's wife—right this minute."

Somehow it seemed a terrible realization. Not that it changed her future action in the least! But how would she be regarded in the Tonto? She had not been any too well liked, except by a lot of these sentimental, mooning riders. Cal Thurman, however, was liked by everybody, even by Bid Hatfield. What had Bid said once? "Cal's a square shooter." And from Bid, who had been insanely jealous of Cal, that was equivalent to a eulogy.

"I'LL have to be annulled," said Georgiana. "I can put him in jail. . . . Won't his life be one long round of bliss after I tell what he did to me? . . . He won't be so darn popular then."

As the night wore away Georgiana lay there, refusing to go to sleep or to listen to a still small voice that seemed to be knocking at the gate of her conscience. Yet she grew drowsy, and her reflections lost clarity as weariness gradually overcame her. At last, when she was thinking how dark it was and cold and strange, she fell asleep.

Georgiana awakened with a start. Her eyelids almost refused to come open. Her body felt in a comfortable, immovable state. A bright sunlight was streaming into the room. One glance round brought instant establishment of time, place, situation. After all she had slept. Then she became aware of a knocking on the door.

"Georgie, are you all right?" called Cal in a tone of anxiety.

Georgiana felt like telling him that he had an awful nerve. What did he expect? But she lay quiet.

"Georgie, are you dead?" he yelled.

"It's no fault of yours that I'm not dead," she replied. "What do you want?"

"Aw!" she heard him exclaim in relief.

"If you'll let me in I'll start a fire for you. It's cold up here under the Rim."

"I don't need any fire."

"But you want breakfast?"

Georgiana pondered that a moment, then replied: "I'll get breakfast for you, but I don't want any."

"I have your breakfast ready," he went on.

GEORGIANA sat up in the bed and slowly pushed down the blankets. She was about to say that she did not feel hungry when he spoke again.

"You get up an' hurry, before your breakfast's cold. I've work to do. I can't wait any longer."

"What time is it?"

"Reckon it's nearly noon. . . . Georgie, I must rustle over to my Uncle Gard's ranch. Won't be back till late." Here he paused and coughed. "I—you—see here, what I want to say is—you're free to do as you like."



Cal Was Riding Off. Presently He D's appeared

Georgiana listened to this with mingled surprise and doubt.

"Do you hear me?" he queried sharply.

"Yes, I hear you, Cal Thurman, but I don't get you," she retorted.

"You think I'm a liar, don't you?"

"Wal, since you tax me," she drawled in capital imitation of his relatives' Texas accent, "I reckon I do. An' I shore think yore a hell of a lot more!"

Blank silence followed Georgiana's speech. She could not understand her impulsive, reckless outburst. But she wanted to laugh, and yet she knew she was angry. What a fool Cal was!

"Huh!" he ejaculated. She heard his deep breath. "Reckon that'll be about all."

His heavy footfalls crossed the porch and crunched the gravel beyond. Georgiana slipped to the window and peeped out. He was mounting his horse. There—he was riding off. Most likely it was a ruse to deceive her. Presently he disappeared in the edge of the woods. After a moment's reflection Georgiana decided there was really no reason for her to imagine he had not ridden off. But the fact that he had gone at all was most welcome.

WHEREUPON she thought herself of personal matters of the moment. She had slept fully dressed, and thought she looked as if she had. Her hair had never been in such a condition. Her face showed tear streaks through the black stain of brush-dust she had accumulated. And a big black-and-blue bruise swelled above her temple. Luckily she could hide it with her hair.

"Good night!" muttered Georgiana as she surveyed herself, especially this disfigurement. "Fancy me ever coming to this!"

The water in the pitcher was so cold that Georgiana could not use it. Hurrying to the door she opened it, and with a furtive glance to right and left she ran across the porch and went into the kitchen. It was warm. An odor of ham pleasantly assailed her nostrils. Georgiana suddenly discovered she was ravenously hungry. The kitchen table was set for one. Its neatness and cleanliness surprised her. The biscuits were hot, the coffeepot was vying with the tea kettle in emitting vapors, the skillet with two crisp slices of ham sat back on the stove.

"What do you know about that?" queried Georgiana.

Then she washed her face in hot water, and finding a comb and brush under a little mirror, she worked her rebellious hair into some semblance of its former well-groomed condition. Her mind seemed to be both active and trance-like. Her fears were for the moment in abeyance. It pleased her to note that despite the lump on her brow, when she brushed her hair down over it, she looked more interesting than for a long time. Not so pretty without the paint and powder, but pale, intense, interesting! She wanted to look that way when she told her tragic story.

"I wonder if he will stay away long," she mused. "I

can't leave here alone—on foot. I'd get lost before I'd gone half a mile. Somebody will come up here, surely."

Then it appeared impossible to be longer oblivious of the breakfast. Her flesh demanded food and drink, even if her spirit hated the thought of partaking of it at Cal Thurman's table. Breakfast for Georgiana had for weeks been a farce. She never wanted anything. But this morning she was genuinely hungry and she ate just about all that Cal had prepared.

"I'll say this is some adventure," soliloquized Georgiana. "I always wanted something to happen. . . . But hardly this! If I didn't hate him so—if he hadn't turned out so low down! . . . Maybe it was coming to me."

She did not quite understand herself. Why was she not in the fury of an outraged woman who had been attacked, kidnaped, beaten, and carried off into a forced marriage?

"Oh, I'm sore enough," she mused, "but I just don't quite get myself. Maybe that knock on the head! I ought to kill Cal Thurman for that."

There was then nothing to do but wait for somebody to come. But Georgiana must occupy herself or a nervous restlessness would soon possess her.

"I suppose it'd be decent to wash his old dishes," she muttered. "To give the devil his due I've got to hand it to Cal Thurman as a housekeeper. He's got me skinned to death. Well, men might as well learn that, and to take care of kids. For it's certainly coming to them."

Georgiana washed the dishes and utensils and had just finished making the kitchen tidy when the sound of voices and the pound of hoofs made her heart beat quickly. Had Cal returned? She peeped out of the kitchen window, to see a number of packed burros, the very first of which was Jinny, and she had a trunk on her back. Georgiana stared. She recognized that trunk. It belonged to her. Then into her amazed sight came her sister Mary, riding Enoch's bay pony, and after her Tuck Merry and another rider.

Georgiana fell back from the window. She felt at once delivered and cornered. She wanted to rush out and realized that she could not.

suddenly realized that she needed her mother and that Mary stood in the place of mother. She clung to her sister, silently, passionately, and in that contact she bridged any estrangement which might have intervened. Then she wanted to burst out, before Mary misunderstood any more, but she seemed tongue-tied.

"Georgie—why, child—don't cry," Mary was saying, and squeezing her as she spoke. "I'm not angry. Your elopement made me the happiest woman in the world!"

"Made you—happy! . . . Mary, I—I," faltered Georgiana, confused and astounded.

"OF COURSE you don't understand," replied Mary. "But you will presently. Let us go inside. I'm nearly frozen."

She drew Georgiana back from the threshold, and then called to the men outside. "Unpack and carry the things here on the porch."

Closing the door she once more enfolded Georgiana.

"You darling! You sly little minx! You atrocious little flirt! All the time it was Cal. . . . Oh, Georgie, I'm so happy I'm most out of my head."

"You talk—sort of nutty," replied Georgiana.

"What a cozy, fine kitchen!" exclaimed Mary, sweeping a woman's keen eye all around. "I must see everything. Where's Cal?"

"Gone off to work," replied Georgiana, and she was nerving herself to blurt out Cal's perfidy and her wretched situation when again she was silenced.

"Georgie, your marriage saved my happiness," declared Mary in sweet gravity.

"Oh, what do you mean?" implored Georgiana.

"Come, let us sit here," replied Mary, drawing Georgiana to the couch and still keeping her in a close embrace. "I can tell you now. For you're married and out of danger, thank God! Oh, Georgie, that boy Cal Thurman saved you, and me too. . . . Listen. And please do not be hurt now at anything I say. You never realized just what the true situation was here. I tried to make you see long ago how dangerous it was for you to—

to trifle with these boys. You never saw how your accepting Cal's attentions and making him crazy about you was a most serious matter with all the Thurmans.

"THEY took to you at first, in spite of your immodest dresses and your slang. But when you began to flirt with other boys and poor Cal showed his misery—then they began to grow cold. There's no need to tell you all I know about that. But after the October dance, and your cool indifference to Cal—when you should have appreciated his loyalty—then even Enoch turned against you. He wanted me to send you home. Well, day before yesterday the climax came. Dear, I hate to tell you."

"Go on," said Georgiana in smothered voice. She was smarting as under a lash. "Don't mind me."

"Enoch came home from town, perfectly furious about

something he had heard about you—remarks credited to Bid Hatfield, according to the gossip. Enoch said you would have to get out. You made Cal the laughingstock of the Tonto. Worse, if that gossip got to Cal's ears he would kill Hatfield. I—I was shocked. . . . Well, I told Enoch I was going to stand by you, come what might. Then—we quarreled. Whew! I didn't know Enoch could be so—so—I don't know what. Don't you ever make Cal really angry. I told Enoch pretty plainly where to get off, as you would say. Then he raved, and swore it was all on account of that 'damned little hussy of a sister.' I shut him up pronto. And I told him I would give him a couple of days to reconsider, then if he did not I would break our engagement and take you with me—away from the Tonto."

"Oh—Mary!" cried Georgiana poignantly. "It was hard, Georgie dear," went on her sister. "But I could not see it any other way. I grew more wretched. Enoch kept away from me, and I know he never would have weakened. It's strange you didn't see something was

(Continued on Page 22)



Into Georgiana's Amazed Sight Came Her Sister Mary and After Her Tuck Merry

"But it doesn't cut any ice with me—because they packed my clothes up here," she muttered. "I didn't tell them to. And I'll darn soon read the riot act to Mary."

Footsteps on the porch!

"Ho, homesteaders!" called out Mary's rich, happy voice. It struck deep to Georgiana's heart. When had Mary spoken like that? Georgiana threw open the door.

Mary was right there, on the porch. She wore a short, heavy riding coat, with furry collar turned up. There was frost on it. Her sweet face was rosy from cold and exercise. Her gray eyes were alight with love and happiness. And the smile that came so radiantly when she saw Georgiana was beautiful. It halted Georgiana's speech, whatever that had been.

"Oh, Georgie—little sister!" cried Mary with a half sob of joy, and she enveloped her, and hugged and kissed her until Georgiana had scarcely any breath left to talk with. More than that, Georgiana found herself with swelling heart and dimming eyes. Something was disarming her. Mary's joy at sight of her had struck to the depths. Georgiana

NEW WAYS TO SPOTLESS HOMES

By Mary Grace Ramey

WHEN one hears of a mop that will really wring itself, it sounds like a fairy tale; but such a mop is a real, honest-to-goodness fact, and unless she wishes to, the housewife who possesses such an implement need not put her hands in the dirty, soapy water at all while mopping her kitchen. This is the very latest invention in the way of mops. Wringing it nice and clean and dry is a simple matter, for all that one needs to do is to hold the mop over the pail, press the small button and turn the handle. The head of the mop compresses around the stick until the mop is as dry as desired, and almost every drop of water may be wrung out of it in this way, so that it may be used to wipe the floor as well as to wash it. There is no stooping or back-breaking twisting, so that mopping becomes as little trouble as sweeping. As the mop head may be easily removed when soiled, it can be washed and then dried on the line, and so kept always fresh and sanitary.



THE window cleaner shown is small and light enough to be easily handled, and the joint in the handle allows it to be bent at any angle, so that the smallest cracks and crevices may be reached with ease. If the windows are very soiled a chamois or a cloth can be inserted between the two rubber squeegees, as they are called, and

the window given a thorough going over. As the window cleaner is on a handle, it is not necessary to sit out the window in the dangerous old-fashioned way; the handle of the cleaner reaches outside and cleans the glass in a jiffy.

IT IS the little things that count, they say, and though the pot cleaner shown may be a very small affair, it is a great saver in time and patience when it comes to dish washing and, more particularly, pot cleaning. The small handle holds a bunch of specially prepared material which has enough metal in its composition to remove the food stuck in the most stubborn way to the vessel in which it has been cooked, and yet it will not mar the surface. A few rubs with the small cleaner, and the kettle is clean. No tiresome scrubbing is necessary, nor will the pot require long soaking.

WITH this brand-new idea in the

way of a mop and duster which can be attached to the broom, one can clean walls, inaccessible tops of cupboards and between the stair rails with perfect ease. This new duster and mop is a practical affair that slips over the broom, covering it entirely, and arranged so that once on it will stay "put." When it is soiled, off it comes; and it can be washed and boiled as easily as any garment. It is a clean affair and does not contain any oil, so that it cannot harm the wall paper or white paint. This is a splendid floor duster also, being light and flexible, and will reach all the hard places.

CRUMBS aren't shaken out of the tablecloth any more—the cloth musses so quickly when this is done—nor is a soiled napkin used as a crumber, but one of the little machines, such as shown in the illustration, is pushed back and forth over the cloth a few times and every crumb is gone.



Simple, isn't it? The small machine is made on the plan of a tiny sweeper, but it does its work quite as well as any large affair one would use about the house. It is so nice looking, too, being made of bright silver metal with a clean white brush to do the work. It is an easy matter to clean this

new crumber; a few shakes will generally be all that is necessary, though when the brush is soiled it may be taken out and washed.



WHEN everything doesn't go right, when the ironing board wobbles and must be lifted and rearranged every time a skirt or little frock is to be put on it, then ironing is nothing but a tiresome job. With the latest in ironing boards at which to do one's work, all these troubles are avoided. The board rests on its own stand and it is so braced and

arranged that it is steadiness itself; yet it is not a big cumbersome affair, but light and easily handled. There is no brace at the one end, so that one may slip the frocks and all the other garments which must be put on the board to be ironed right over it without moving a thing. Imagine how much more quickly the work can be finished with a board of this kind. When one has finished the ironing the board may be folded and placed out of the way, so that it takes up no more room than the old kind which requires supports.

THE CODE OF THE WEST

(Continued from Page 11)

wrong. But then your mind was full of your own love affair. Only, if you had guessed how my heart was breaking you would have told me. . . . I didn't get home until late last night. Enoch met me. He didn't explain. He just hugged me—like—like a bear. Right before everybody. Then I saw that he seemed immensely happy. 'So were all the Thurmans, especially Old Henry. He beamed upon me.

"I asked what it all meant, especially Enoch's disgraceful conduct. And everybody shouted at me, 'Cal and Georgie are married!' You could have knocked me over with a feather. But when I realized it was true I was the happiest one there. Tuck Merry had brought the news. He was a hero. Anyone who can participate in an elopement in this country earns distinction. I didn't get a chance to talk to Tuck then. But I had it out with Enoch. He was simply beside himself with joy. 'Aw, Mary, it's for Cal's sake an' yours that I'm so glad.' How he loves Cal! . . . Well, I was not disposed to fall into Enoch's arms because he was satisfied—that is, I mean I didn't want him to see it. So I had a few things to say. I just scared him. Made him think I couldn't forgive his mulishness. He pleaded with me. It was very—very nice, after the way he had talked and acted when we quarreled. He said he was awfully sorry he hadn't waited a few days. Then we need never have had the quarrel. . . . Well, to make a long story short we made up, and we are going to celebrate your marriage by getting married ourselves."

"When—Mary?" whispered Georgiana. "Enoch begged to make it a week from your wedding day, but I held out for a

month. . . . And so, darling, you've made us all happy. You have saved Cal in the very nick of time. Not to mention poor me and yourself! I met old Gard Thurman this morning, at Green Valley. I was a little afraid of him. But he was fine. 'Wal, I reckon gals will be gals, an' them Eastern ones don't take the bridle easy. But all's well that ends well. She's a Thurman now.' . . . And, Georgie, that means everything to these people."

"Mary, tell me, did Cal know—you quarreled with Enoch?" asked Georgiana.

"Indeed he did. Enoch told him. I didn't know this till last night. Cal was fighting mad, Enoch said. He swore if Enoch drove you and me away he was through with the Thurmans. Oh, they had it hot and heavy. Honestly, I believe Enoch was as happy to have all right between him and Cal again as he was to get me back."

Suddenly Georgiana collapsed against her sister's breast, and clinging to her she sobbed out incoherently: "Oh—Mary—Ma-ry! I've been just what Enoch—called me . . . and oh, I—I want to die."

"Why, Georgie!" exclaimed Mary in distress, as she folded her sister in a close embrace and bent over her tenderly. "What are you saying? You poor child! Oh, I hope I haven't failed as a mother to you. But, dear, you just wouldn't be mothered. You would have your fling. . . . And that's over now, thank goodness. I'm glad you can cry."

Georgiana did not soon wear out that spasm of weeping. The dammed-up flood burst and for a good while she was in the physical throes of collapse. When at length she began to recover somewhat she seemed to be the victim of an enormous dread.

"Mary—you still—love me?" she asked brokenly.

"Georgiana! What a question! You haven't given me a chance to love you. Oh, maybe all this trouble will be good in the end. It must bring us closer, sister dear."

Then Georgiana lay silent, her head pillowed on that loving, heaving breast. She had sustained a severe shock. It seemed that Mary's revelation had transformed her very life. But how she could not tell. Only two things took concrete shape in her whirling mind—her lips were locked, and there seemed just reasons why she should despise herself. For the hour all she could do was to force herself to be woman enough to spare her sister, to hide her shame and misery, to accept her strange destiny for the present and for the sake of others put aside her own selfish wants until a more favorable time. She stood alone now.

XX

IT WAS five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was tipping the distant mountain range. Mary had been gone two hours. Two whole hours Georgiana had sat motionless, racked between emotion and thought!

"What can I do—what must I do?" she whispered, rising out of that cramped inactivity. She paced the room, sweeping her eyes over the vast improvement Mary had wrought. What an ordeal she had endured in helping Mary drag her trunk and bags and boxes, all her possessions into this living room, in watching her and listening while she unpacked everything, and hung and arranged and draped until the cabin interior was transformed!

Georgiana gazed around in her extremity, as if these belongings of hers could speak a

wisdom that would enlighten her. But they spoke of pleasure, happy memories, all of which seemed mockery here.

The fire she and Mary had kindled shone red and warm on the hearthstone; and it likewise seemed a lie.

"I'm here. I haven't gone away. He'll return soon . . . and I'm his wife!" she cried out in her distraction.

Her one hope of refuge had failed. She might have courage enough to run off, anywhere away from this hateful homestead. But she was afraid of the forest at night. What avail would it be to starve and freeze? Besides, she was compelled to stay for Mary's sake, at least until Mary was safely married to that iron-jawed Enoch she had chosen.

It seemed then that the decision to remain did not make the situation any easier. What distracted Georgiana was the dire necessity of finding some way to save her pride. It was vanity, and she knew it.

"What can I say to him—when he finds me still here?" she asked. "I've got to dope out some plan."

Making believe, which had been Georgiana's pastime as a child, had become a habit to the growing girl. All at once a flash of divination seemed to illumine the dark perplexity of her mind. Why not try honesty? In less than a day she had come to fear Cal Thurman more than she had ever feared anything. Here she was racking her brain to find some means to deceive him—to show she was not afraid—to save her pride. To realize it sickened her.

"No! I'll be on the level," she muttered. "I'm scared to death of him and I'll not try to hide it. . . . He struck me! I might have forgiven a slap. But he struck me as

a man strikes another man. I hate him. And if he ever does it again I'll kill him."

Then, at that precise moment of Georgiana's abandonment to fear and passion a voice seemed to say accusingly to her that she had deserved that blow, brutal as it was. But instant repudiation silenced this monitor. She was still a long way from humility. Nevertheless her conscience smarted, and when she thought of Mary's loyalty her heart swelled with love and gratitude, and her egotism momentarily dwindled to nothing.

WHEREUPON she resolutely went into the kitchen and put her mind upon the considerable task of getting supper. The short winter day had ended and twilight had mantled the mesa. She lighted the lamp. Then she bethought herself of her pretty aprons. Running back to the living room she found one and donned it, tarrying a moment to catch a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Upon returning to the kitchen she rekindled the fire in the stove, and then busied herself in preparations for the meal. Busy with hands and preoccupied in mind, she forgot what she dreaded until she heard a heavy step on the porch and a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" she called.

"It's Cal," came the reply in a weary voice.

"Come in."

He entered, haggard and dirty, covered with brush-dust, and he limped as he walked.

"I met Mary down at the schoolhouse. You didn't tell her," he said.

"No," she replied simply.

"Why?"

"You know the trouble she and Enoch had on my account?" Georgie returned.

"Huh! Enoch is an old porcupine. Did they make up?"

"Yes. And I—I just couldn't tell her."

"Reckon it would have been tough. . . . An' that's why you're still here?"

"Mostly. But I—I've no great desire to be handled as I was yesterday."

He studied her with sad dark eyes. It seemed the hours of that day had worked a change in him, as they had in her. Without more words he turned away to the bench, and filling the washbasin with water he stooped over it. Georgiana watched him out of the corner of her eye while bustling round the table and stove. When at length he turned again to the light she glanced concernedly at his face. All in a day he seemed years older. The boy had gone. Yet there was something proven about him.

"Can I help you?" he asked, as if suddenly becoming aware of her work.

"It's about done," she replied, and now that she was aware of his scrutiny she no longer looked at him. Presently the supper was ready, and they sat opposite each other, silent except for the fewest of words necessary at the table.

When they finished this strange meal Cal said he would do the rest of the work. Georgiana was glad enough to get out of it. This hour was a strain. She left Cal sitting at the table, his head bowed on his hands. Once safely barred in her room, Georgiana fell victim to remorse.

"Oh, I'm sorry—sorry for him, no matter what he's done to me," she exclaimed. "He knows how hopeless it is. He knows what I'll do . . . and then he'll be ruined. . . . I've ruined him. Oh, if I had only known!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mrs. Preeny's Rights

FOR several years Mrs. Alf Preeny almost had a physical breakdown every time she did much sewing on the machine, and occasionally it was necessary for her to see a doctor and get a tonic to build her up. During all this time she seldom went to town, and Alf selected most of the dress goods. He looked upon the item of dress material as though it were sugar or coffee, just a necessity that had to be provided for the family; and his wife found it almost torture to make up some of the materials he brought home.

Finally Mrs. Preeny's sisters convinced her that she had certain rights, a thing that seems not to have entered her mind until they began arguing with her, and one spring she told Alf that she was going to buy the dress goods for herself and the girls. Of course he thought it was queer that she wanted to take this worry upon herself, but he made no serious objection; and the following Saturday Mrs. Preeny reached home with the most precious bundles that ever had come into her life.

"Now I guess you are in for another sick spell," Alf predicted, and Mrs. Preeny was sure he was right about it. However, she had no desire to get out of doing the sewing, and in a few days she was busy at the machine. One evening after she had sewed all day Alf asked her if she felt bad, and she told him she hadn't even thought of how she felt. He was of the opinion that she was getting to be stronger, but she didn't believe that this had anything to do with it. For fear of hurting Alf's feelings she wouldn't tell him what she thought had caused the change, but after she had been sewing for a week she said to a neighbor: "I have discovered that sewing on a piece of goods I don't like will tire me out in a few hours, but I believe I could sit down



"I Have Discovered That Sewing on a Piece of Goods I Don't Like Will Tire Me Out in a Few Hours"

and sew forever on pretty things."

Uncle Al Preeny is seventy years old and has never spent a dollar for luxuries. There were several things that he planned to get when he was a young man, but he has spent his life waiting for prices to come down.

When pa was a boy he bought fancy candy, lemon drops and the like for his girl, and grandma shamed him because he bought none for his sisters; but really there isn't much fun about buying candy for kinsfolk.

Aunt Edith isn't satisfied with bossing her husband at home. She likes to order him

around in public, and when they go anywhere together he has to spend all his time trying to make her comfortable.

Jim Preeny never admits to his wife that he is in the wrong about anything, but it usually is so plain that there is no occasion for him to admit it.

John Preeny's brother-in-law is always expecting a drought, and he makes his family live so they will be used to it when the hard times come.

The happiest time in little sis' life is while she is playing asleep and overhearing a long exchange of secrets between big sis and her chum.

The reason women live with us men as long as they do is because wife forgets mistreatment in a few hours and remembers good treatment a lifetime.

Mother can't endure other children who won't mind, but she doesn't notice it so much with her own because she is used to it.



IF the farmer didn't want Hyatt-equipped implements, there just naturally wouldn't be any; because farmers know what does and does not perform satisfactorily out in the field. The fact, therefore, that all leading tractors and farm implements are Hyatt-equipped shows where Hyatt stands with the farmer as well as with the dealer and designer.

For a complete list of Hyatt-Equipped Tractors and Implements, write:

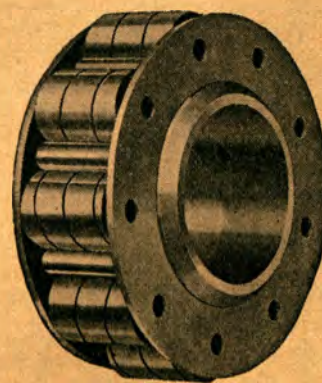
Hyatt Roller Bearing Company

Newark Detroit Chicago San Francisco

Worcester Milwaukee Huntington Minneapolis Philadelphia
Cleveland Pittsburgh Buffalo Indianapolis

HYATT

ROLLER BEARINGS



No adjustment of any kind possible or necessary—absolutely foolproof



18 or 80

Here's a Cash Offer For Your Spare Hours

Whatever your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Country Gentleman*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. "Curtis work is my main source of income," says Mr. Charles W. Matthews, a High School boy in Wisconsin, "and I have made about \$5.00 in one day." Mr. W. E. Dockry, of Michigan, on the other hand, is a Civil War veteran, a college graduate and a retired physician, who earns extra money by our plan every month.

You Need no Experience

We need more men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. To learn all the attractive details of our offer just send the coupon which is printed below.

For Your Convenience

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

362 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: If you have a proposition which will pay me up to, say, \$1.50 an hour for my spare time, please tell me about it, but without obligation.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

City _____

State _____

GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself! Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off! W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 146, East Orange, N. J.



THE IMPROVED CHAMPION Insures uniform, long-keeping raw milk. Cools and aerates, one operation—halts germ growth. **CHAMPION SHEET METAL CO., Inc.** Successors to Champion Milk Cooler Co. Write for folder. Dept. C, Cortland, N. Y.

Vegetable, Flower and Berry Plants

Celery, Cauliflower, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage plants; Delphinium, Hardy Salvia, Poppy, Hardy Carnation, Hollyhock, Foxglove, Hibiscus, Aster, Snapdragon, Zinnia, Verbena and other Perennial and Annual flower plants; Strawberry plants, pot-grown and runner, for August and fall planting; Raspberry, Blackberry, Gooseberry, Currant, Grape plants, and Shrubs for fall planting. Catalogue free. HARRY E. SQUIRES, Hampton Bays, N. Y.

Deaf Can Hear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation.

They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, 1337 Candler Building, New York, for descriptive literature and request blank.

INSYDE TYRES Inner Armor for auto tires. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double mileage. Easily applied. Cost little. Details free. Agents wanted. Big profits. American Accessories Co., Tire 124, Cincinnati, O.

KITSELMAN FENCE "I Saved One-Third," says Wm. B. Lee, Stanton, Mich. You, too, can save. We pay the freight. Write for Free Catalog. Farm, Poultry, Lawn Fence. KITSELMAN BROS., Dept. 26, MUNCIE, IND.

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR and Power Lawnmower A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers. American Farm Machine Co. 2577 Uni. Av. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. Catalog Free

WaterPumpsWater with a Rife Ram. Plenty of it for every purpose about your country home—without fuel, labor, freezing or repairs. A small stream operates the Rife Ram and fills high elevated tanks or operates air pressure system. Easy to install. First cost the only cost. Always on the job day and night, winter and summer. 20,000 in daily use. Send for free Catalog today. **RIFE ENGINE CO.** 23 Albany St., New York

1000 One Man Pulls 'Em Easy Get New Reduced Prices on Hercules, the fastest, easiest-operating "One-Man" Hand Power Stump Puller made. Single, double, triple, quadruple power—4 machines in one. Moves like a wheelbarrow. \$10 down. Easy payments. Send for Catalog No. 510. **HERCULES MFG. CO.** CENTERVILLE, IOWA

Madewell Garden Broom Unsurpassed for removing cut grass, dead leaves, and litter of all kinds from lawns, grounds, walks, yards, etc. Rapid, thoro, and as easy to handle as a broom. Nothing escapes the fine spring steel tines. Just the thing for parks, cemeteries, and schools as well as private homes. From your dealer; or direct from us postpaid for \$1.25. Dealers and jobbers: write for proposition. **Madewell Manufacturing Co.** E. 12th St. & 25th Ave. Oakland, California

CHAFF

Suspicious

"SEE that feller going by?" asked the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "New hat, new shoes, and looks like he had a whole new suit. I-gorry! Must be something wrong." "Why so?" asked a guest. "He is able to pay for them, isn't he?" "I s'pose so," responded the puzzled landlord; "but this is Friday. What in the world is he all dressed up on Friday for? If 'twas Sunday, or Fourth of July, or something, I could understand it."

A City Child's Farmyard of Verse

The Rooster

*THE rooster stands up, brave and bold,
In clothes all brown and red and gold:
He acts as proud and looks as swell
As doormen in a big hotel;
He hollers loud and flaps each wing
And isn't scared of anything.
But when the twilight comes, I see
Him go to bed, the same as me.*

—Frederic F. Van de Water.

To the Language Born

THE newspaper headline writer entered his home and was greeted portentously by his wife and little son. "Georgie has been a naughty boy today," said the mother. "I am obliged to ask you to punish him." The headline writer turned a reproachful glance upon his offspring. "My boy," he began, "this irks me more than —" But son interrupted. "Probe me, pa, before you flay me," he cried. "Lad, Nine, Scents Plot in Mother's Charge. Hints at Conspiracy. Fears Clash."

Cheap

"YVONNE says she is thinking of taking a trip to California," stated Heloise, of the rapid-fire restaurant. "Gee!" enviously ejaculated Claudine, of the same establishment. "I wish I could!" "Why not? There is nothing cheaper than thinking."

New Stuff

GAG MAN: I've got a new gag. **COMEDY DIRECTOR:** All right, spring it. **GAG MAN:** Fellow hears alarm go off—and gets up.

Unique

"LAFE DADDLE, over across the street yonder, is our most surprising fisherman," stated old Squire Ramsbottom to a visitor in town. "Nobody around here ever heard of another like him." "That so?" returned his listener. "In what way is he so different?" "Why, with him the little ones always get away. He never catches any fish but big ones."

His Preference

"A MAN," solemnly said the horse-faced solicitor, "is judged by what he gives." "I prefer," responded J. Fuller Gloom, "to be judged by what I have left. G'day, sir!"

Longfellow and Realism

*I SHOT an arrow in the air.
It fell. I heard my neighbor swear.
I shot no more. I had to stop
Because he went and called a cop.
I breathed a song into the air.
Its theme was sweet; its meter, fair.
I sent the song I had composed
To Current Verse, with stamps inclosed.
Oh, sad and heavy was the fine
For damage by that dart of mine
My song, with usual excuses,
Came back—"not fitted for our uses."*

Didn't Take

HAPPY: So Quiller's gone bankrupt. What's he been writing, anyhow? **GO LUCKY:** Success stories.

Impossible

CAMERA MAN: May I make a moving picture of your hired man in the cornfield? **FARMER REDTOP:** No, you can't make any movin' picture o' him. Tother day I caught sight o' somethin' over there in my new ground. I couldn't tell whether it was him or a stump. So I stopped an' sighted at it, an' I saw it move, then I knew it was a stump.

Gross Weight

THE proud parents wanted to weigh the new baby, and as there were no scales available they borrowed a pair from the ice man. The baby weighed sixty-five pounds.



The Haunted House

Table of Contents for June 30, 1923

	PAGE		PAGE
Cover Design—Painted by William Hoople		Keeping Up With Science—Edited by Edwin E. Slosson	16
The Last Stand of Pittsburgh-Plus—By Samuel R. Guard	3	Roping the Hay Crop—By J. A. Krall	20
The High Cost of Crop-Wabbling—By E. V. Wilcox	5	New Ways to Spotless Homes—By Mary Grace Ramey	22
Tax-Spree Securities—By Philip S. Rose	6	Mrs. Preeny's Rights	23
The Little Sprayer—By Benjamin Wallace Douglass	7	Spare the Whitewash and Spoil the Tree—By J. B. McFarland	24
Peter the Great—By George M. Gahagan	8	Handy Farm Mechanics	25
Garden's End—By Clifton Lisle	9	Plugging Egg-Cash Leaks—By Lloyd W. Steelman	26
The Code of the West—By Zane Grey	10	Helping Mother	27
The Editors' Page	12	First-Aiding the Flock—By Ralston R. Hannas	29
Motion-Picture Bunk and Junk—By Freeman Tilden	13	The Home Garden	31
Cooking West of One Hundred—By Caroline B. King	14	Chaff	32

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.