

Man of the Forest
p. 20

January 19 1918

NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this copy of The Country Gentleman place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping—No address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

Five Cents the Copy

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL in the WORLD

MAILED
JAN 10-1918
WASH DC
1110 1/2th
St
N.W.

Cousin Reginald Plays
Tickly Bender



Norman
Rockwell

In This Issue—SECRETARY HOUSTON LOOKS AHEAD

THE MAN OF THE FOREST

XXI (Continued)

HOWDY, Roy. Glad to see you up," Dale greeted. How the quiet voice steadied Helen! She beheld Bo—Bo looking the same except a little pale and disheveled! Then Bo saw her and leaped at her, into her arms.

"Nell! I'm here! Safe—all right! Never was so happy in my life. . . . Oh-h! Talk about your adventures! Nell, you dear old mother to me—I've had en-enough forever!"

Bo was wild with joy, and by turns she laughed and cried. But Helen could not voice her feelings. Her eyes were so dim that she could scarcely see Dale when he loomed over her as she held Bo. But he found the hand she put shakily out.

"Nell! . . . Reckon it's been harder—on you." His voice was earnest and halting. She felt his searching gaze upon her face. "Mrs. Cass said you were here. An' I know why."

Roy led them all indoors. "Milt, one of the neighbor boys will take care of thet hoss," he said as Dale turned toward the dusty and weary Ranger. "Where'd you leave the cougar?"

"I sent him home," replied Dale.

"Laws, now, Milt, if this ain't grand!" cackled Mrs. Cass. "We've worried some here. An' Miss Helen near starved a-hopin' fer you."

"Mother, I reckon the girl an' I are nearer starved than anybody you know," replied Dale with a grim laugh.

"Fer the land's sake! I'll be fixin' supper this minnit."

"Nell, why are you here?" asked Bo suspiciously.

For answer Helen led her sister into the spare room and closed the door. Bo saw the baggage. Her expression changed. The old blaze leaped to the tell-tale eyes.

"He's done it!" she cried hotly.

"Dearest, thank heaven I've got you back again!" murmured Helen, finding her voice. "Nothing else matters! . . . I've prayed only for that!"

"Good old Nell!" whispered Bo, and she kissed and embraced Helen. "You really mean that, I know. But nix for yours truly! I'm back alive and kicking, you bet. . . . Where's my—where's Tom?"

"Bo, not a word has been heard of him for five days. He's searching for you, of course."

"And you've been—been put off the ranch?"

"Well, rather," replied Helen, and in a few trembling words she told the story of her eviction.

Bo uttered a wild word that had more force than elegance, but it became her passionate resentment of this outrage done her sister.

"Oh! . . . Does Tom Carmichael know this?" she added breathlessly.

"How could he?"

"When he finds out, then — I'm glad I got here first. . . . Nell, my boots haven't been off the whole blessed time. Help me. And oh, for some soap and hot water, and some clean clothes! Nell, old girl, I wasn't raised right for these Western deals. Too luxurious!"

And then Helen had her ears filled with a rapid-fire account, from which she gathered that wonderful and dreadful events had hung over the bright head of this beloved little sister.

Presently Helen got a knock in to inform Bo that Mrs. Cass had knocked twice for supper; and that welcome news checked Bo's flow of speech when nothing else seemed adequate.

It was obvious to Helen that Roy and Dale had exchanged stories. Roy celebrated this reunion by sitting at table for the first time since he had been shot; and despite Helen's misfortune and the suspended, waiting balance in the air the occasion was joyous. Old Mrs. Cass was in the height of her glory. She sensed a romance here, and true to her sex she radiated to it.

Daylight was still lingering when Roy got up and went out on the porch. His keen ears had heard something. Helen fancied she herself had heard rapid hoof beats.

"Dale, come out," called Roy sharply.

The hunter moved with his noiseless agility. Helen and Bo followed, halting in the door.

By Zane Grey, Author of Wildfire

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

"Thet's Las Vegas," whispered Dale.

To Helen it seemed that the cowboy's name changed the very atmosphere.

Voices were heard at the gate; one, harsh and quick, that sounded like Carmichael's. And a spirited horse was pounding and scattering gravel. Then a lithe figure appeared striding up the path. It was Carmichael—yet not the Carmichael Helen knew. She heard Bo's strange little cry, a corroboration of her own impression.

Roy might never have been shot, judging from the way he stepped out; and Dale was almost as quick. Carmichael reached them—grasped them with swift hard hands.

"Boys—I jest rode in. An' they said you'd found her!"

"Shore, Las Vegas. Dale fetched her home safe an' sound. . . . There she is."

The cowboy thrust aside the two men and with a long stride he faced the porch, his piercing eyes on the door. All that Helen could think of his look was that it seemed terrible. Bo stepped outside in front of Helen. Probably she would have run straight into Carmichael's arms if some strange instinct had not withheld her. Helen judged it to be fear; she found her heart lifting painfully.

"Bo!" he yelled, like a savage, yet he did not in the least resemble one.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Bo falteringly. She half held out her arms.

"You girl?" That seemed to be his piercing query, like the quivering blade in his eyes.

Two more long strides carried him close up to her and his look chased the red out of Bo's cheek.

Then it was beautiful to see his face marvelously change until it was that of the well-remembered Las Vegas, magnified in all his old spirit.

"Aw!" The exclamation was a tremendous sigh. "I shore am glad!"

That beautiful flash left his face as he wheeled to the men. He wrung Dale's hand, long, hard, and his gaze confused the older man.

"Riggs!" he said, and in the jerk of his frame as he whipped out the word disappeared the strange fleeting signs of his kindlier emotion.

"Wilson killed him," replied Dale.

"Jim Wilson—thet old Texas ranger! Reckon he lent you a hand?"

"My friend, he saved Bo," replied Dale with emotion. "My old cougar an' me—we just hung round."

"You made Wilson help you?" cut in the hard voice.

"Yes. But he killed Riggs before I come up, an' I reckon he'd done well by Bo if I'd never got there."

"How about the gang?"

"All snuffed out, I reckon, except Wilson."

"Somebody told me Beasley had run Miss Helen off the ranch. Thet so?"

"Yes. Four of his greasers packed her down the hill—most tore her clothes off, so Roy tells me."

"Four greasers! . . . Shore it was Beasley's deal clean through?"

"Yes. Riggs was led. He had an itch for a bad name, you know. But Beasley made the plan. It was Nell they wanted instead of Bo."



Abruptly Carmichael stalked off down the darkening path, his silver heel-plates ringing, his spurs jingling.

"Hold on, Carmichael," called Dale, taking a step.

"Tom!" cried Bo.

"Shore folks, callin' won't be no use, if anythin' would be," said Roy. "Las Vegas has hed a look at red liquor."

"He's been drinkin'! Oh, that accounts! . . . Nell, he never—never even touched me!"

For once Helen was not ready to comfort Bo. A mighty tug at her heart had sent her with flying, uneven steps toward Dale. He took another stride down the path, and another.

"Dale—oh, please stop!" she called.

He halted as if he had run sharply into a bar across the path. When he turned Helen had come close. Twilight was deep there in the shade of the peach trees, but she could see his face, the hungry flaring eyes.

"I—I haven't thanked you—yet—for bringing Bo home," she whispered.

"Nell, never mind that," he said in surprise. "If you must—why wait—I've got to catch up with that cowboy."

"No. Let me thank you now," she whispered, and stepping closer she put her arms up, meaning to put them round his neck. That action must be her self-punishment for the other time she had done it. Yet it might also serve to thank him. But strangely her hands got no farther than his breast and fluttered there to catch hold of the fringe of his buckskin jacket. She felt a heave of his deep chest.

"I—I do thank you—with all my heart," she said softly. "I owe you now—for myself and her—more than I can ever repay."

"Nell, I'm your friend," he replied hurriedly. "Don't talk of repayin' me. Let me go now—after Las Vegas."

"What for?" she queried suddenly.

"I mean to line up beside him—at the bar—or wherever he goes," returned Dale.

"Don't tell me that. I know. You're going straight to meet Beasley."

"Nell, if you hold me up any longer I reckon I'll have to run—or never get to Beasley before that cowboy."

Helen locked her fingers in the fringe of his jacket—leaned closer to him, all her being responsive to a bursting gust of blood over her. "I'll not let you go," she said.

He laughed and put his great hands over hers. "What're you sayin', girl? You can't stop me."

"Yes, I can. Dale, I don't want you to risk your life."

He stared at her and made as if to tear her hands from their hold.

"Listen—please—oh—please!" she implored. "If you go deliberately to kill Beasley—and do it—that will be murder. I would be unhappy all my life."

"But, child, you'll be ruined all your life if Beasley is not dealt with as men of his breed are always dealt with in the West," he remonstrated, and in one quick move he had freed himself from her clutching fingers.

Helen, with a move as swift, put her arms round his neck and clasped her hands tight.

"Milt, I'm finding myself," she said. "The other day when I did this—you made an excuse for me. I'm not two-faced now."

She meant to keep him from killing Beasley if she sacrificed every last shred of her pride. And she stamped the look of his face on her heart of hearts to treasure always. The thrill, the beat of her pulses almost obstructed her thought of purpose.

"Nell, just now—when you're overcome—rash with feelin's—don't say to me—a word—a —"

He broke down huskily.

"My first friend—my — Oh, Dale, I know you love me!" she whispered. And she hid her face on his breast, there to feel a tremendous tumult.

"Oh, don't you?" she cried in a low, smothered voice as his silence drove her further on this mad yet glorious purpose.

"If you need to be told—yes, I reckon I do love you, Nell Rayner," he replied.

It seemed to Helen that he spoke from far off. She lifted her face, her heart on her lips.

"If you kill Beasley I'll never marry you," she said.

"Who's expectin' you to?" he asked with low hoarse laugh. "Do you think you have to marry me to square accounts? This's the only time that you ever hurt me, Nell Rayner. I'm shamed you could think I'd expect you—out of gratitude —"

"Oh, you—you are as dense as the forest where you live," she cried. And then she shut her eyes again, the better to remember that transfiguration of his face, the better to betray herself.

"Man, I love you!" Full and deep, yet tremulous, the words burst from her heart that had been burdened with them for many a day.

Then it seemed in the throbbing riot of her senses that she was lifted and swung into his arms, and handled with a great and terrible tenderness, and hugged and kissed with the hunger and awkwardness of a bear, and held with her feet off the ground, and rendered blind, dizzy, rapturous and frightened, and utterly torn asunder from her old calm-thinking self.

He put her down—released her. "Nothin' could have made me so happy as what you said." He finished with a strong sigh of unutterable wondering joy.

"Then you will not go to—to meet —"

Helen's happy query froze on her lips.

"I've got to go!" he rejoined with his quiet voice. "Hurry in to Bo. . . . An' don't worry. Try to think of things as I taught you up in the woods."

Helen heard his soft footfalls swiftly pass away. She was left there, alone in the darkening twilight, suddenly cold and stricken, as if turned to stone. Thus she stood an age-long moment until the upflashing truth galvanized her into action. Then she flew in pursuit of Dale. The truth was that, in spite of Dale's early training in the East and the long years of solitude which had made him wonderful in thought and feeling, he had also become a part of this raw, bold and violent West.

It was quite dark now and she had run quite some distance before she saw Dale's dark form against the yellow light of Turner's saloon.

Somehow in that poignant moment, when her flying feet kept pace with her heart, Helen felt in herself a force opposing itself against this primitive justice of the West. She was one of the first influences emanating from civilized life, from law and order. In that flash of truth she saw the West as it would be some future time, when through women and children these wild frontier days would be gone forever. Also, just as clearly she saw the present need of men like Roy Beeman and Dale and the fire-blooded Carmichael. Beasley and his kind must be killed. But Helen did not want her lover, her future husband, to commit what she held to be murder.

At the door of the saloon she caught up with Dale. "Milt—oh—wait!—wait!" she panted.

She heard him curse under his breath as he turned. They were alone in the yellow flare of light. Horses were champing bits and drooping before the rails.

"You go back!" ordered Dale sternly. His face was pale, his eyes were gleaming.

"No! Not till—you take me—or carry me!" she replied resolutely, with all a woman's positive and inevitable assurance.

Then he laid hold of her with ungentle hands. His violence, especially the look on

his face, terrified Helen, rendered her weak. But nothing could have shaken her resolve. She felt victory. Her sex, her love and her presence would be too much for Dale.

As he swung Helen round, the low hum of voices inside the saloon suddenly rose to a sharp, hoarse roar, accompanied by a scuffling of feet and the crashing of violently sliding chairs or tables. Dale let go of Helen and leaped toward the door. But a silence inside, quicker and stranger than the roar, halted him. Helen's heart contracted, then seemed to cease beating. There was absolutely not a perceptible sound. Even the horses appeared, like Dale, to have turned to statues.

Two thundering shots annihilated this silence. Then quickly came a lighter shot—the smash of glass. Dale ran into the saloon. The horses began to snort, to rear, to pound. A low, muffled murmur terrified Helen even as it drew her. Dashing at the door she swung it in and entered.

The place was dim, blue-hazed, smelling of smoke. Dale stood just inside the door. On the floor lay two men. Chairs and tables were overturned. A motley, dark, shirt-sleeved, booted and belted crowd of men appeared hunched against the opposite wall with pale set faces turned to the bar. Turner, the proprietor, stood at one end, his hands aloft and shaking. Carmichael leaned against the middle of the bar. He held a gun low down. It was smoking.

With a gasp Helen flashed her eyes back to Dale. He had seen her—was reaching an arm toward her. Then she saw the man lying almost at her feet. Jeff Mulvey—her uncle's old foreman! His face was awful to behold. A smoking gun lay near his inert hand. The other man had fallen on his face. His garb proclaimed him a Mexican. He was not yet dead. Then Helen, as she felt Dale's arm encircle her, looked farther because she could not prevent it—looked on at that strange figure against the bar—this boy who had been such a friend in her hour of need—this naïve and frank sweetheart of her sister's.

She saw a man now—wild, white, intense as fire, with some terrible cool kind of deadliness in his mien. His left elbow rested upon the bar and his left hand held a glass of red liquor. The big gun, low down in his other hand, seemed as steady as if it were a fixture.

"Heah's to thet half-breed Beasley an' his outfit!"

Carmichael drank, while his flaming eyes held the crowd; then with savage action of terrible passion he flung the glass at the quivering form of the still living Mexican on the floor.

Helen felt herself slipping. All seemed to darken round her. She could not see Dale, though she knew he held her. Then she fainted.

XXII

A PRODUCT of his day was Las Vegas Carmichael. The Panhandle of Texas; the old Chisholm Trail, along which were driven the great cattle herds northward; Fort Dodge, where the cowboys conflicted with the card sharps—these hard places had left their marks on Carmichael. To come from Texas was to come from fighting stock. And a cowboy's life was strenuous, wild, violent and generally brief. The exceptions were the fortunate and the swiftest men with guns; and they drifted from South to North and West, taking with them the reckless, chivalrous, vitriolic spirit that was peculiar to their breed.

The pioneers and ranchers of the frontier would never have made the West habitable had it not been for these wild cowboys; these hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-living rangers of the barrens; these easy, cool, laconic, simple young men, whose blood was tinged with fire and who possessed the strange power to transform into a magnificent and terrible effrontery toward danger and death.

Las Vegas ran his horse from Widow Cass' cottage to Turner's saloon; and the hoofs of the goaded steed crashed in the door. Las Vegas' entrance was a leap.

Then he stood still with the door ajar and the horse pounding and snorting back. All the men in that saloon who saw the entrance of Las Vegas knew what it portended. No thunderbolt could more quickly have checked the drinking, gambling, talking crowd. They recognized with kindred senses the nature of the man and his arrival. For a second the blue-hazed room was perfectly quiet, then men moved, rose, and suddenly caused a quick sliding crash of chairs and tables.

The cowboy's glittering eyes flashed to and fro, and then fixed on Mulvey and his Mexican companion. That glance singled out these two, and the sudden rush of nervous men proved it. Mulvey and the sheep herder were left alone in the center of the floor.

"Howdy, Jeff. Where's your boss?" asked Las Vegas. His voice was cool, friendly; his manner was easy, natural; but his look made Mulvey pale and the Mexican livid.

"Reckon he's home," replied Mulvey. "Home? What's he call home now?"

"He's hangin' out hyar at Auchincloss," replied Mulvey. His voice was not strong, but his eyes were steady, watchful. Las Vegas quivered all over as if stung. A flame that seemed white and red gave his face a singular hue.

"Jeff, you worked for old Al a long time, an' I've heard of your differences," said Las Vegas. "Thet ain't no mix of mine. . . . But you double-crossed Miss Helen!"

Mulvey made no attempt to deny this. He gulped slowly. His hands appeared less steady, and he grew paler. Again Las Vegas' words signified less than his look. And that look now included the Mexican.

"Pedro, you're one of Beasley's old hands," said Las Vegas accusingly. "An' you was one of them four greasers thet—"

Here the cowboy choked and bit over his words as if they were a material poison. The Mexican showed his guilt and cowardice. He began to jabber.

"Shet up!" hissed Las Vegas with a savage and significant jerk of his arm, as if

drink while his gaze was intent on the scarred old mirror hanging behind the bar.

This turning his back upon men he had just dared to draw showed what kind of a school Las Vegas had been trained in. If those men had been worthy antagonists of his class he would never have scorned them. As it was, when Mulvey and the Mexican jerked at their guns Las Vegas swiftly wheeled and shot twice. Mulvey's gun went off as he fell, and the Mexican doubled up in a heap on the floor. Then Las Vegas reached round with his left hand for the drink he had poured out.

At this juncture Dale burst into the saloon, suddenly to check his impetus, to swerve aside toward the bar and halt. The door had not ceased swinging when again it was propelled inward, this time to admit Helen Rayner, white and wide-eyed.

In another moment then Las Vegas had spoken his deadly toast to Beasley's gang and had fiercely flung the glass at the writhing Mexican on the floor. Also Dale had gravitated toward the reeling Helen to catch her when she fainted.

Las Vegas began to curse, and striding to Dale he pushed him out of the saloon.

"What're you doin' heah?" he yelled stridently. "Hevn't you got thet girl to think of? Then do it, you big Indian! Lettin' her run after you heah—riskin' herself thet way! You take care of her an' Bo an' leave this deal to me!"

The cowboy, furious as he was at Dale, yet had keen, swift eyes for the horses near at hand and the men out in the dim light. Dale lifted the girl into his arms, and turning without a word stalked away into the darkness.

Las Vegas, holding his gun low, returned to the barroom. If there had been any change in the crowd it was slight. The tension had relaxed. Turner no longer stood with hands up.

"You-all go on with your fun," called the cowboy with a sweep of his gun. "But it'd be risky fer anyone to start leavin'."

With that he backed against the bar, near where the black bottle stood. Turner walked out to begin righting tables and

drinking, somber, waiting cowboy, more fiery and more flaming with every drink, listening for a step that did not come.

Minutes passed and what little change they wrought was in the cowboy. Drink affected him, but he did not become drunk. It seemed that the liquor he drank was consumed by a mounting fire. It was fuel to a driving passion. He grew more sullen, somber, brooding, redder of eye and face, more crouching and restless. At last, when the hour was so late that there was no probability of Beasley's appearing, Las Vegas flung himself out of the saloon.

All the lights of the village had now been extinguished. The tired horses drooped in the darkness. Las Vegas found his horse and led him away down the road and out a lane to a field where a barn stood dim and dark in the starlight. Morning was not far off. He unsaddled the horse and turning him loose went into the barn. Here he seemed familiar with his surroundings, for he found a ladder and climbed to a loft, where he threw himself on the hay.

He rested, but did not sleep. At daylight he went down and brought his horse into the barn. Sunrise found him pacing to and fro the short length of the interior and peering out through wide cracks between the boards. Then during the succeeding couple of hours he watched the occasional horseman and wagon and herder that passed on into the village.

About the breakfast hour Las Vegas saddled his horse and rode back the way he had come the night before. At Turner's he called for something to eat as well as for whisky. After that he became a listening, watching machine. He drank freely for an hour; then he stopped. He seemed to be drunk, but with a different kind of drunkenness from that usual in drinking men. Savage, fierce, sullen, he was one to avoid. Turner waited on him in evident fear.

At length Las Vegas' condition became such that action was involuntary. He could not stand still or sit down. Stalking out he passed the store, where men slouched back to avoid him, and he went down the road, wary and alert, as if he expected a rifle shot from some hidden enemy. Upon his return down that main thoroughfare of the village not a person was to be seen. He went into Turner's. The proprietor was there at his post, nervous and pale. Las Vegas did not order any more liquor.

"Turner, I reckon I'll bore you next time I run in heah," he said, and stalked out.

He had the stores, the road, the village to himself; and he patrolled a beat like a sentry watching for an Indian attack.

Toward noon a single man ventured out into the road to accost the cowboy.

"Las Vegas, I'm tellin' you—all the greasers air leavin' the range," he said.

"Howdy, Abe," replied Las Vegas. "What're you talkin' about?"

The man repeated his information. And Las Vegas spat out frightful curses. "Abe, you heah what Beasley's doin'?"

"Yes. He's with his men—up at the ranch. Reckon he can't put off ridin' down much longer."

That was where the West spoke. Beasley would be forced to meet the enemy, who had come out single-handed against him. Long before this hour a braver man would have come to face Las Vegas. Beasley could not hire any gang to bear the brunt of this situation.

This was the test by which even his own men must judge him. All of which was to say that as the wildness of the West had made possible his crimes, so it now held him responsible for them.

"Abe, if thet greaser don't rustle down heah I'm goin' after him."

"Sure. But don't be in no hurry," replied Abe.

"I'm waltzin' to slow music. . . . Gimme a smoke."

With fingers that slightly trembled Abe rolled a cigarette, lit it from his own, and handed it to the cowboy.

"Las Vegas, I reckon I hear hosses," he said suddenly.



"Secin' I am Foreman Here It'd be Nice and Proper fer Me to Drop in an' Eat With You—"

chairs; and presently the men, with some caution and suspense, resumed their games and drinking. It was significant that a wide berth lay between them and the door. From time to time Turner served liquor to men who called for it.

Las Vegas leaned with back against the bar. After a while he sheathed his gun and reached round for the bottle. He drank with his piercing eyes upon the door. No one entered and no one went out. The games of chance there and the drinking were not enjoyed. It was a hard scene—that smoky, long, ill-smelling room, with its dim, yellow lights and dark, evil faces; with the stealthy stepping Turner passing to and fro; and the dead Mulvey staring in horrible fixidity at the ceiling; and the Mexican quivering more and more until he shook violently, then lay still; and with the

about to strike. But that action was read for its true meaning. Pell-mell the crowd split to rush each way and leave an open space behind the three.

Las Vegas waited. But Mulvey seemed obstructed. The Mexican looked dangerous through his fear. His fingers twitched as if the tendons running up into his arms were being pulled.

An instant of suspense—more than long enough for Mulvey to be tried and found wanting—and Las Vegas, with laugh and sneer, turned his back upon the pair and stepped to the bar. His call for a bottle made Turner jump and hold it out with shaking hands. Las Vegas poured out a



Why This Oakland Wins Wide Favor

IT is no accident, nor mere caprice of opinion, that has given the Oakland Sensible Six its high place in the regard of the American farmer.

It is, rather, that this car more ably meets his wishes and his needs than any other, and better serves him at a lower upkeep cost.

Although built on an extraordinarily strong and serviceable chassis it carries no unnecessary weight, and its high-powered engine is free from handicap of any sort.

Its slightly and comfortable body is swung on long springs over a generous wheel-base—on the roughest roads the car travels with sureness and ease.

The high-speed overhead-valve engine of the Oakland Sensible Six is simple and efficient; at 2600 r. p. m. it delivers 44 horsepower, or one horsepower to every 52 pounds of car weight.

It is quick, capable and positive in action; under all conditions it is exceedingly sparing of fuel.

The body of the car is handsome in line and proportion; it is carefully made, very roomy and exceptionally comfortable.

Concentration of the entire Oakland manufacturing forces upon one chassis as the foundation for several body models has resulted in a value not equaled in the present car market.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Owners of the Oakland Sensible Six throughout the country enjoy uniformly high mileages from fuel and tires.

Touring Car . . . \$ 990
Roadster . . . 990
Roadster Coupé 1150
Sedan . . . 1190
Sedan (unit body) 1490
Coupé (unit body) 1490
F. O. B. Pontiac, Mich.

OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

"Me, too," replied Las Vegas with his head high like that of a listening deer. Apparently he forgot the cigarette and also his friend. Abe hurried back to the store, where he disappeared.

Las Vegas began his stalking up and down, and his action now was an exaggeration of all his former movements.

At length Pine was apparently a deserted village, except for Las Vegas, who patrolled his long beat in many ways—he lounged while he watched; he stalked like a mountaineer; he stole along Indian fashion, stealthily, from tree to tree, from corner to corner; he disappeared in the saloon, to reappear at the back; he slipped round behind the barns, to come out again in the main road; and time after time he approached his horse as if deciding to mount.

The last visit he made into Turner's saloon he found no one there. Savagely he pounded on the bar with his gun. He got no response. Then the long pent-up rage burst. With wild whoops he pulled another gun and shot at the mirror, the lamps. He shot the neck off a bottle and drank till he choked, his neck corded, bulging and purple. His only slow and deliberate action was the reloading of his gun. Then he crashed through the doors, and with a wild yell leaped sheer into the saddle, hauling his horse up high and goading him to plunge away.

Men running to the door and windows of the store saw a streak of dust flying down the road. And then they trooped out to see it disappear. The hour of suspense ended for them. Las Vegas had lived up to the code of the West, had dared his man out, had waited far longer than needful to prove that man a coward. Whatever the issue now, Beasley was branded forever. That moment saw the decline of whatever power he had wielded. He and his men might kill the cowboy who had ridden out alone to face him, but that would not change the brand.

The preceding night Beasley had been finishing a late supper at his newly acquired ranch when Buck Weaver, one of his men, burst in upon him with news of the death of Mulvey and Pedro.

"Who's in the outfit? How many?" he had questioned quickly.

"It's a one-man outfit, boss," replied Weaver.

Beasley appeared astounded. He and his men had prepared to meet the friends of the girl whose property he had taken over; and because of the superiority of his own force he had anticipated no bloody or extended feud. This circumstance put the case in a very much more difficult form.

"One man!" he ejaculated.
"Yep. That cowboy Las Vegas. An', boss, he turns out to be a gun-slinger from Texas. I was in Turner's. Hed jest happened to step in the other room when Las Vegas come bustin' in on his hoss an' jumped off. . . . Fust thing he called Jeff an' Pedro. They both showed yaller. An' then that cowboy turned his back on them an' went to the bar fer a drink. But he was lookin' in the mirror an' when Jeff an' Pedro went fer their guns, why, he whirled quick as lightnin' an' bored them both. . . . I sneaked out an' —"

"Why didn't you bore him?" roared Beasley.

Buck Weaver steadily eyed his boss before he replied:

"I ain't takin' shots at any fellar from behind doors. An' as fer meetin' Las Vegas—excuse me, boss! I've still a hankerin' fer sunshine an' red liquor. Besides I ain't got nothin' agin Las Vegas. If he'd rustled over here at the head of a crowd to put us off, I'd fight, jest as we'd all fight. But you see we figgered wrong. It's between you an' Las Vegas! . . . You oughter seen him throw that hunter Dale out of Turner's."

"Dale! Did he come?" queried Beasley.

"He got there just after the cowboy plugged Jeff. An' thet big-eyed girl, she came runnin' in too. An' she keeled over in Dale's arms. Las Vegas shoved him out—cussed him so hard we all heard. . . . So, Beasley, there ain't no fight comin' off as we figgered on."

Beasley gave Weaver a dark, lowering glance and waved him away. From the door Weaver sent back a doubtful, scrutinizing gaze, then slouched out. That gaze Beasley had not encountered before.

It meant, as Weaver's cronies meant, as Beasley's long-faithful riders and the people of the range and as the spirit of the West meant, that Beasley was expected to march

down into the village to face his single foe. But Beasley did not go. Instead he paced to and fro the length of Helen Rayner's long sitting room with the energy of a man who could not rest. Long after midnight he went to bed, but not to sleep.

In the morning he stalked off to the corrals and stables, carrying a rifle with him. The men were there, in a group that dispersed somewhat at his advent. Not a Mexican was in sight.

Beasley ordered the horses to be saddled and all hands to go down into the village with him. That order was disobeyed. At length he roared for his Mexicans.

"Boss, we gotta tell you thet every greaser on the ranch hes sloped—gone these two hours—on the way to Magdalena," said Buck Weaver. "They was sure scared of thet gun-slingin' cowboy from Texas."

One of the men came out of a corral leading Beasley's saddled and bridled horse. This fellow dropped the bridle and sat down among his comrades without a word. No one spoke. The presence of the horse was significant. With a snarling, muttered curse Beasley took up his rifle and strode back to the ranch house.

Again he paced the long sitting room, growing more and more wrought up as evidently he grew familiar with the singular state of affairs. Twice the pale serving woman called him to dinner.

The dining room was light and pleasant, and the meal, fragrant and steaming, was ready for him. But the women had disappeared. Beasley seated himself—spread out his big hands on the table.

Then a slight rustle—a click of spur—startled him. He twisted his head.

"Howdy, Beasley," said Las Vegas, who had appeared as if by magic.

Beasley's frame seemed to swell as if a flood had been loosed in his veins. Sweat drops stood out on his pallid face.

"What—you—want?" he asked huskily.

"Wal now, my boss, Miss Helen, says seein' I am foreman heah thet it'd be nice an' proper fer me to drop in an' eat with you—the last time!" replied the cowboy.

Beasley's reply was loud, incoherent, hoarse.

Las Vegas seated himself across from Beasley. "Eat or not, it's shore all the same to me," said Las Vegas, and he began to load his plate with his left hand. His right hand rested very lightly, with just the tips of his vibrating fingers, on the edge of the table; and he never for the slightest fraction of a second took his piercing eyes off Beasley.

"Wal, my half-breed greaser guest, it shore roils up my blood to see you sittin' there—thinkin' you've put my boss, Miss Helen, off this ranch," began Las Vegas softly. And then he helped himself leisurely to food and drink. "In my day I've shore stacked up against a lot of outlaws, thieves, rustlers, an' sichlike, but fer an out an' out dirty, low-down skunk you shore take the dough! . . ."

"I'm goin' to kill you in a minnit or so, jest as soon as you move one of them dirty paws of yours. But I hope you'll be polite an' let me say a few words. I'll never be happy again if you don't. . . . Of all the yaller greaser dogs I ever seen you're the worst! . . . I was thinkin' last night, mebbe you'd come down an' meet me like a man, so's I could wash my hands ever afterward without gettin' sick to my stummick. But you didn't come. It don't mean nuthin' to you to call you liar, robber, black-leg, sneakin' coyote, an' cheat thet hires others to do his dirty work!"

"Carmichael, gimme a word in," hoarsely broke out Beasley. "You're right, it won't do no good to call me. . . . But let's talk. . . . I'll buy you off. Ten thousand dollars —"

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" roared Las Vegas. He was as tense as a strung cord and his face possessed a singular pale radiance. His right hand began to quiver more and more.

"I'll—double—it!" panted Beasley. "I'll—make over—half the ranch—all the stock —"

"Swaller thet!" yelled Las Vegas with terrible strident ferocity.

"Listen—man! . . . I take—it back! I'll give up—Auchincloss' ranch!" Beasley was now a shaking, whispering, frenzied man, ghastly white, with rolling eyes.

Las Vegas' left fist pounded hard on the table.

"Greaser, come on!" he thundered.

Then Beasley, with desperate, frantic action, jerked for his gun.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Easy to figure the Profits



Where in Western Canada you can buy at from \$15. to \$30. per acre good farm land that will raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre of \$2. wheat—it's easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for 100% profit on labor and investment is worth investigation. Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her

FREE Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each

or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Think what you can make with wheat at \$2. a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming and cattle raising. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

F. A. HARRISON, 210 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
O. G. RUTLEDGE, 301 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.
W. S. NETHERY, Interurban Bldg., Columbus, O.
C. J. BROUGHTON, 112 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
GEORGE A. HALL, 123 Second St., Milwaukee, Wis.
R. A. GARRETT, 311 J. St., St. Paul, Minn.
Canadian Government Agents.



The Jordan Valley



In Southeastern Oregon is a beautiful, fertile district that you ought to investigate. Many shrewd farmers are buying there, because their keen business foresight tells them that investment will pay big returns from the natural increase in the value of the land alone, to say nothing of the big crops that they can produce. Prices low; terms easy. Ask me for authentic information, absolutely free.

You are cordially invited to call at Room 112, Union Pacific Building, to see our excellent and extensive exhibit of products grown in the Union Pacific Country.

R. A. SMITH, Colonization & Industrial Agt.
Union Pacific System
Room 1321, U. P. Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

For Sale: Commercial Orchard

One of the largest and most highly developed commercial fruit orchards in the famous fruit and summer-resort region of Michigan. 376 acres, all in fruit—22,000 trees, apples, peaches, sweet and sour cherries and pears, all standard varieties. Orchard located on the West Michigan Pike and Dixie Highway, with three-quarter-mile frontage on trunk-line railroad, with side track for receiving fertilizer and shipping fruit—location on high plateau, with perfect air drainage, three miles from Lake Michigan. Fruit can be delivered by boat to Chicago and Milwaukee markets in one night—trees have been given constant and unusual care and will soon all be in full bearing. First planting made year 1910—additional undeveloped picturesque land adjoining may be included if desired, making grand opportunity for profitable country estate. Attractive price and further details may be secured from

J. E. MERRITT, Manistee, Michigan

FLORIDA EAST COAST

300 to 365 crop-growing days a year.
Three crops and more on same land.

Illustrated L. LARSON, Western Industrial Agt.,
Florida East Coast Railway,
Free. Room 1, 155 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS

MILD WINTERS, LONG SEASON, splendid markets, productive land, Poultry, Fruit, Truck. A BARGAIN—5 acres, 8-room house, conveniences, close depot. PRICE \$3200, \$600 cash. Write to-day. Handsomely illustrated Farm Catalogue mailed FREE. BRAY & MACGEORGE, 1077 Drexel Bldg., PHILA., PA., or VINELAND, N. J.

FOR SALE: 40,000 acres of Michigan cut over timber land, within one night's ride of Chicago, in prosperous community, and suitable for general farming, sheep and cattle raising. Clover, alfalfa, corn, grain and all Michigan farm products. Will sell entire acreage at a very attractive price. W. H. JOHNSON, 429 Stock Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

FARMING IS PLEASANT and profitable in Va. and N. C. Good land \$15 acre up, easy payments. Climate, schools, churches, roads and neighbors that make life worth living. Close to markets. Fruit, Dairy and Stock Farms pay big here. Farm lists, magazine and interesting literature free. Address F. H. LABAUME, Agt. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 204 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Money Making Lands

In the South you can get double income from your corn lands by planting velvet beans with the corn. They give returns as great as the corn, enrich the land and are as valuable as alfalfa for live stock. The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section in America. It's the place for lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. Good lands, in good localities, \$15 to \$25 an acre up to \$75, giving profits equaling or surpassing returns from \$200 lands in the North. Let us show you lands that will give the highest profits.



M. V. RICHARDS, Comm'r
Room 21, Southern Ry. System
Washington, D. C.

194-Acre Farm \$20,000 Stock, Tools and Crops

Included: on main street of village, a few steps to high school, creamery, etc.; auto buses to city of 500,000 pass door; 165 acres smooth, productive, machine-worked tillage. (Our agent here on his farm last year grew 1125 bushels shelled corn on 15 acres. Ask for a sample.) 30-cow, wire-fenced, brook-watered pasture; cuts 125 tons hay besides regular crops; lots of apples, pears, peaches, cherries, etc.; 15-room, steam-heated residence with bath; 2 tenant houses, 90-ft. basement barn, convenient outbuildings; to secure early sale owner makes low price \$20,000 and includes harvested crops, 34 head of cattle and hogs, wheat drill, binder, mower, corn planter, wagons, harnesses and tools. Details and picture splendid buildings page 29, Strout's Catalogue of 321 bargains in dozen states, E. A. SROUT FARMAGENCY, Dept. 2791, 150 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

SELLING my money-making farm of 235 acres on account of old age; 16-room Colonial dwelling, complete set of barns, silo, ice-house; on State road; one mile from village, Harlem R. R., school, and churches; easy terms; investigate. ELIZABETH L. HOGBROOM, Ghent, Columbia County, N. Y.

CENTRAL MISSOURI FARMS—Send for list; 100 farms in Callaway County, Missouri, with full description and price for each; in Missouri's best grain and blue grass country. KOONTZ & PALMER, Fulton, Missouri

480 ACRE RUN DOWN FARM

Slightly rolling, productive land. Two sets buildings. Will sell cheap if taken at once. Address J. P. ANSPACH & SON, 111 West Main Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

FOR SALE FOUR SPLENDID FARMS in Albemarle County, Virginia, and one in Louisa County, Virginia, on account of owner's death. For booklet, address

R. B. CHAFFIN & Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.

POSITION WANTED by young married man; agricultural school graduate, experienced herdsman, fine butter maker, Babcock tester. Understand gasoline engines and most farm machinery. Resourceful, industrious and of good habits. Prefer responsible position. Best of references. J. BAILL, Bordentown, N. J.

Thirteen to One

(Concluded from Page 15)

bean growers whose crops have not actually cost them eight dollars a bushel. This fact should have been ascertained by the Food Administration and taken into account. For myself I can say that every cent on my beans means so much actual loss to me. My yield from ten acres was only fifty bushels, all told. I have a hundred acres under the plow and the farm will make me a net loss this season, without figuring any interest on the investment. This sort of thing is not calculated to encourage production. Just the other day Joshua Hall, an extensive bean grower, of the Bay City district, said to me: 'I'm willing to work for the cost of production, if necessary, in order to help feed the army; but when Uncle Sam puts the price below that my only course appears to be that of saving additional loss by letting my crop go unthreshed.' This is from a man who is thoroughly patriotic.

'Another thing that needs official attention for the relief of the farmers of Michigan is the matter of oppressive interest charges. For example, I have first-hand knowledge of this occurrence: A struggling Polish farmer got behind with his grocer, who finally induced him to give a note for forty dollars at seven per cent interest. This was discounted at the bank. When it was due the farmer asked for a renewal, which was granted for another four months on the payment of seven dollars.

'It was my job to sell Liberty Bonds to the farmers in my locality. I visited seventeen farmers on this mission and all of them confided to me that they were running on borrowed money. Nearly all of them admitted that they were paying twelve per cent on their loans. Some time ago the state treasurer decided to do something for the relief of the small farmers, who were having a hard time; so he scattered two million dollars of state deposits among country banks in sections which seemed to be in greatest need of money with which to finance the making of crops. Some of this money, for which the banks paid two and a half per cent, got into the farmers' hands at seven per cent—and some of it at the rate of forty per cent! Probably the greater part of it was put out among the farmers at about twelve per cent. Much of this paper was sent to city banks and discounted at five per cent and the proceeds lent to other farmers at an exorbitant premium.'

No Farm Loan Bank Relief

Mr. Osborne was then asked if the farmers of his locality had not heard of the existence of that beneficent institution known as the Federal Farm Loan Bank.

'Just what I expected you to ask,' was Mr. Osborne's comment. 'We organized the Arenac County Farm-Loan Association, composed of twenty farmers, last March and made application, in due form, for a loan of \$40,000. Along in July we wrote to headquarters, respectfully inquiring if any action had been taken. An answer came back stating that our application had not yet been referred to a Federal Farm Loan Bank. To the best of my information and belief, that is the last word from the Federal body that was created for the relief of struggling farmers. I'll leave it to you how much good that kind of relief is going to do the farmer who is up against it and must know what he can borrow before he can decide what he may do

in the matter of his crop-making operations. Another reason why the small farmer who must borrow goes to the banker and pays a big premium instead of getting his loan from this Federal institution is that he doesn't relish taking his farmer neighbors into his confidence as to his personal financial affairs. This he must do if he gets money from the Federal Farm Loan Bank. The farmer is naturally reserved about his private affairs and it goes against his grain to show his hand to his farmer neighbors. Of course, the local bankers understand this trait of farmer nature and make the most of it.'

A Loss Growing Potatoes

'The potato situation up in our country sheds light on why our farmers feel that the Government has failed to give them proper support and encouragement. The appeal from Washington last spring to make our potato production break all records was strong, to say the least. We responded and organized to get the seed for a big planting. Seed potatoes were three dollars a bushel and we banded together and bought two carloads, to be paid for on delivery. When they came the local bankers wouldn't accept the drafts. Then we took it up to the Governor of Michigan, who happened to be a director in five banks in the county in which those potatoes were to be planted, and he made the banks come across. I am ready to back up the statement that it has cost us not less than \$1.15 a bushel to produce our potato crop in 1917. What has been done by the Government to see that the potato farmers of Michigan who responded to the Washington appeal for big production shall at least be protected against a loss? The answer is that at the moment of this interview eighty-five cents a bushel is the price paid by local buyers in our county. That price stands the farmers of my community an outright loss of thirty cents a bushel.'

Just a word in the way of summary: The conclusion of the whole matter, as far as the great hog drive is concerned, is focused in this statement by Joseph Cotton, the chief of the meat division of Mr. Hoover's Administration, and consequently the largest buyer of meats in the world:

'While it may not be easy to find individual farmers who are enthusiastic over the policy of the Food Administration, as lately announced, the fact remains that the results of that policy have been decidedly satisfactory. Naturally, the authoritative answer to our policy is formed in the actual movement of light feeder hogs from the big central markets back to the farms. That is the only response that really counts and marks the livestock policy as successful or unsuccessful. Hogs of this class by the hundreds of thousands have been absorbed by the farmers of the Middle West and are now being fed out to a finish. The total number of these light unfinished hogs rescued from an untimely slaughter is immense.

'The response to that part of our policy intended to stimulate breeding for spring pigs has also been gratifying. A very large number of brood sows have been caught in the back-to-the-farm movement and will be heard from in the spring with litters which will, I firmly believe, send up a concert of squeals that will ratify the thirteen-to-one ratio and make it almost unanimous.'

\$300.00 for Your Spare Time



IF you can find a few spare minutes every day during 1918, you can easily pick up \$300.00 extra money.

Scores of spare-time Curtis Representatives will earn \$50.00 in January alone.

They secure the local renewals and new subscriptions for the ever-popular periodicals, *The Country Gentleman*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and receive liberal payment both in commission and salary. Curtis subscriptions brought our workers

more than \$500,000 in profit during 1917! If you could use some extra cash right now, our way is a pleasant, easy, certain way to earn it. You are not required to invest a single penny, and previous experience is not necessary. For details of the offer, address (a postal card will do)

Agency Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, 237 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Table of Contents for January 19, 1918

	PAGE		PAGE
Cover Design	By Norman Rockwell	The Man of the Forest—By Zane Grey	20
Secretary Houston Looks Ahead—By David Lawrence	3	The Farmer's Sugar Tree—By Frank Farrington	24
The Rolling-Stone Farmer—By Charles Moreau Harger	5	Winners and Watchers at the International They're Here Because They're "There"	Intaglio Pictures
All Kinds of Spray Pumps—By Walter Collins O'Kane	6	Aliens in the Poultry Yard	
Why Couldn't I?—By Jonathan Eby	7	Tile-Draining the Fields	
Boys Who Got a Chance—By Charles E. Gopen	8	A Banker Who Saw Ahead—By Woods Harper	26
When One Dollar Brings Home Seven—By L. L. Rummell	10	The Home Garden	28
Our Two Billion Egg Waste—By H. Armstrong Roberts	11	The Poultry Calendar	33
Louisiana Hits the Trail—By John R. McMahon	12	Handy Farm Mechanics	36
Thirteen to One—By Forrest Crissey	14	Live Items About Livestock	38
The Editors' Page	16	Holsteins Helped Enns—By Jasper Deare	40
Rallying Round a School—By Alice Mary Kimball	17	A Diversified Mule Farm—By Gene Day	44
Sparrow—By W. P. Lawson	18	Grow Your Own Trees—By C. C. Wiggins	46
		Winter-Sown Clover—By W. J. Piggott, Jr.	48
		Belting the Tractor—By F. N. G. Kranich	53
		Chaff	55
		Lightening the Work	58
		All-Season Porch Boxes—By Samuel A. Hamilton	59