

March 8 1924

Five Cents the Copy
One Dollar the Year

The COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

For the AMERICAN FARMER and HIS FAMILY

Exchanged
March 19-20-24
Towle
March 19-20-24
Towle



PAINTED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Help for the Wheat-Strapped Farmer—By John Lee Coulter

TONTO BEAR

By Zane Grey

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST.

WHAT a perfect morning for hunting! Clear, cold, but not too cold, keen, sweet, penetrating air, a solemn stillness of forest, white frost, thin crystal ice on the pools.

Dogs, horses, men felt the exhilaration. We were off just as the gold of sunrise was tipping the crest of the pines on top of the west cañon wall.

We rode at a trot up the trail, out the old Crook road, across the saddle where Promontory joins the main Rim, and across the Point to the extreme west end. Here R. C. and I climbed down under the Rim—he taking the stand I had the other day on the flat crag, I finding a new and still better one; in fact, it was a wonderful place to watch.

Never had we waited on such a perfect morning. There was no wind. Down in the oak thickets the wild pigeons were fluttering and flapping, deceiving us and exciting us until we discovered them. We had a long wait. Then I heard a bear rolling rocks high up, about even with my position and to the north, just where the long ridge slopes down. I wanted R. C. to know, so I called him. Then I heard the sound no more. It was a mistake to call out or talk loudly while on a stand.

About an hour later—and it was a full hour of pleasure watching and listening—I heard shots around in Horton Thicket. They were seven in all. That made me all the keener. Not long after that I saw a big brown bear loping down the slope from the oak ridge. Again I called to R. C. Then I tried to get a bead on the swiftly moving bear. I saw him three times, and the last appearance drew a quick shot from me. When he got about even with me one hound came baying over the oak ridge on his trail. He followed this bear to a point a little south of my stand. I distinctly heard the bear panting. So did R. C. Presently the hound changed his baying to a bark. Then I heard him no more.

IT SEEMED a long time until Edd and Virdie appeared on the trail below with some of the dogs. About that time Takahashi came climbing down like a squirrel to my stand.

"What you shoot?" he inquired.

I told him. Then he said: "I had shot too. More bigger bear than other day. I miss him. He runnin' like deer. He went out over Rim to See Cañon."

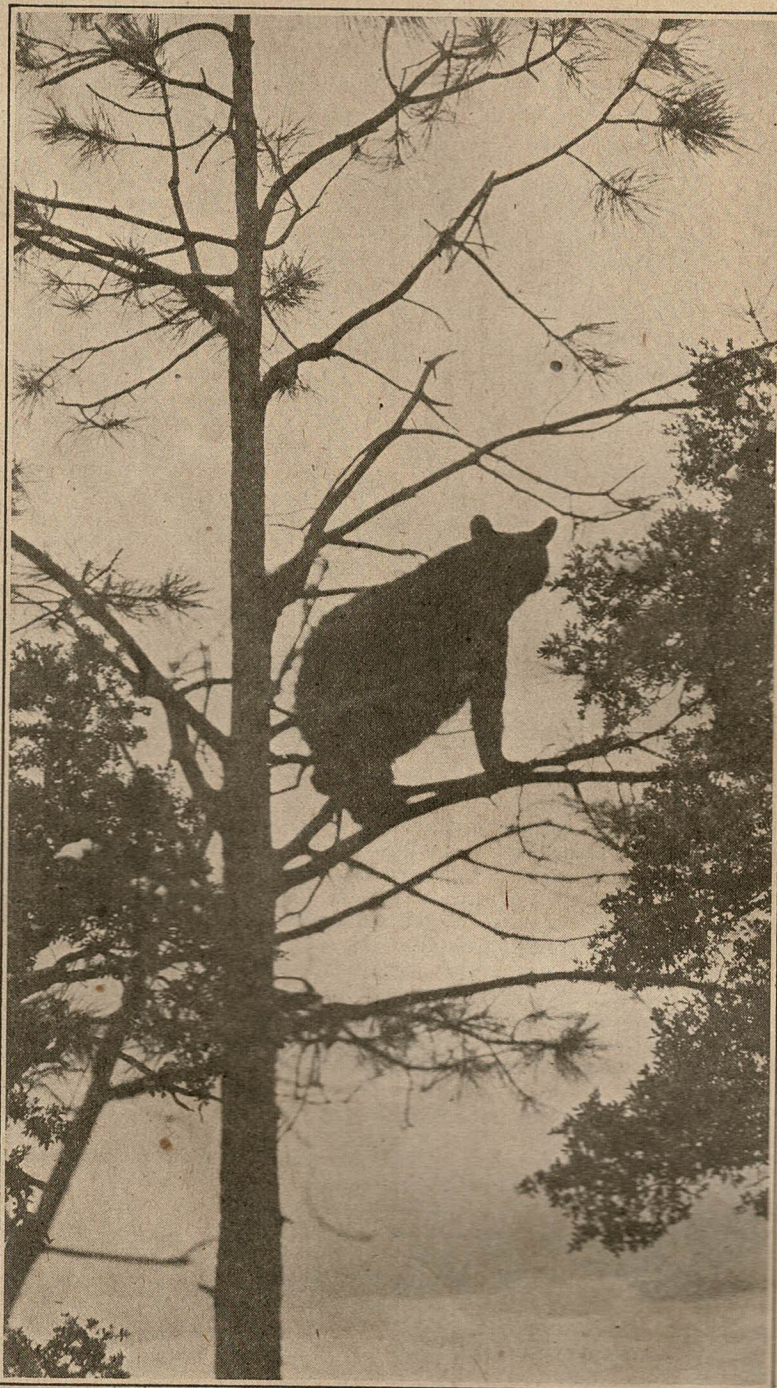
I called down to Edd and told him about the bear I had seen. He and Virdie trotted on, and very soon the hounds struck the trail. They burst into wild chorus. Edd yelled, Virdie yelled, George Haught sent down a piercing ki-yi from the Rim above, I yelled, and these yells with the barks, bays, yelps of the hounds made medley that rang in echo from the cliffs.

It did not take the hounds long to stop this bear. I was worried because I did not hear old Rock. I knew it was the pups that were in action. They changed from bay to bark. R. C. yelled "Treed." At any rate the bear was evidently held for a considerable time. None of us could get down to him, and evidently Edd and Virdie were in as bad position. Soon after that the bear took to running again, the hounds to baying; and the chase passed out of our hearing.

We waited there two hours, hoping the bear would double back under the bluffs. But no such luck befell. Then we proceeded to face the hard climb up to the Rim. R. C. beat me up, so did Takahashi, but I had harder climbing, as I worked to the left, and got in bad. For fully an hour I climbed, step by step, helping myself by holding to the scrub oaks. But for them I could not have climbed out there.

Virdie and Takahashi jumped a big buck and had six shots at it. They missed. No venison yet!

The six miles back to camp were long and slow, yet I enjoyed them. The autumn forest was so dry, fragrant, sweet, and varied in color. Brutus was anxious to get back to camp. I did not want him to trot. I was tired. He champed his bit and cracked the rocks.



The Author's Camera Fired the Only Shot at This Bear

At last I reached the Haught camp. The old bear hunter was there, and he was angry with Rock.

"Them pups treed a bear, an' Rock was too fat an' lazy to climb up to them. If he'd gone up they would have stayed. We'd 'a' got that Jasper. I'll fix that lazy hound. Nothin' to eat for him for three days!"

Later when George Haught came in he reported he had seen the big bear bayed on my side of the Point. The black pups had him backed up against a bluff. The bear was winded. But Rock did not come, and the pups would not hold.

The first bear I had heard and which turned back was a big black, according to George Haught, who had had three shots at him. This was not the bear that climbed out near Takahashi and crossed to See Cañon.

Edd was not in at dark, and probably he was still trying to catch up with some of the hounds. Later he came and said the dogs he caught up with were after a lion.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND.

WENT turkey hunting with Edd Haught. The day was not propitious. A gale was blowing from the west, and not only was it cold and noisy, but dangerous, too, by reason of the falling branches and dead trees.

Beyond the drift fence, at the head of Leonard Cañon, I saw something move behind a thicket of pines. Dark, then gray, then bronze. Turkeys! Like a flash I was off

and jerked out my gun. Edd was no less quick. I ran forward to a big pine, and peeping out raised my rifle. I got it firmly against the tree, and was aligning the sights on a bronze gobbler when I saw what I thought was a black stump a few yards to the left. I looked farther round the tree. No stump! But a magnificent gobbler standing erect, with sun shining on his broad purple breast. His head was high, stiff, and held with a keen air. He was looking directly at us. I moved the rifle into a line with him, saw him in the circle of the peep sight, but the bead front sight was not right. Catching my breath I moved the rifle until all the circle was purple, and the ivory bead directly in the center. Then I fired. I missed him! He ran off swift as a deer. Edd shot twice at him. The other turkeys flew. Edd said I had shot too high, just fanning his feathers. As the distance was under fifty yards, and the rifle a 30 Government, naturally the bullet went high. I should have aimed low.

WE FOLLOWED the turkeys, and had scarcely crossed a couple of ravines when we heard a turkey calling. It was hard to hear because of the wind. Edd possessed himself of a hollow weed, with which he fashioned a turkey caller. I could not see how he imitated that yelp so accurately. But he did, and was answered from different directions. I stole cautiously over the ridge to the edge of the next ravine. It was wide and deep, and full of pines and spruces. The turkeys called from the opposite side. By watching keenly I at length espied a bunch walking along the edge of the opposite side, all looking in my direction. Edd kept calling. The turkeys were uneasy and evidently wanted to come over. I aimed at a big gobbler and, if I had only known it, should have shot then. But I waited, hoping they would come across. Edd was calling less rapidly and eagerly now. Suddenly one of the turkeys launched itself into the air and flew across the cañon, sailing the last part of the flight, and alighted not more than forty feet from me. I shot at it, and missed. It flew. Then another turkey sailed across, and stopped still closer to me. It saw me and began to walk away. I overshot again. This one also flew away. With a small rifle I ought to have shot their heads off. I did not feel particularly pleased with myself. And as a punishment I followed Edd all day, riding eighteen miles, in the hope of getting a chance to redeem myself. But we saw no more game.

That night the wind increased, and clouds gathered. Some of the boys told of narrow escapes from being hit by falling timber. About sunset a great black cloud sailed out of the Basin. There was thunder and a slight pattering of hail.

THE next morning dawned gray and gloomy, with low roar of wind in the pines. It was cold, direct from the north. After two days of hard blow, threatening storm, I grew discouraged, and felt sure we were in for bad weather. So I gave the order for breaking camp and going down to the Lodge.

Even before we had started the clouds broke, and by the time we were well on our way the sun shone bright. Halfway down the Tonto Trail it was hot and still. The rest of that day was like a wonderful Indian summer day back East.

Changes had come to the Rim since we had climbed it two weeks and more before. The bright gold, crimson, cerise, magenta—all the fire was gone. The oak thickets had begun to take on thin shaggy coats. In some places they showed a subdued bronze and russet. The sumac had lost its flame.

Down in Tonto Cañon there was still color. The trail in places was full of fallen maple leaves, still beautiful. The creek flowed swiftly, carrying wide yellow sycamore leaves and smaller ones. But the aspen leaves were gone.

Next morning was clear, bright and still! We were badly fooled in the expected storm, and R. C. taunted me

with being a fine weather prophet. We regretted that we had not made an early start for Horton Thicket. But we planned to drive that tomorrow from under the Rim, a new venture for me.

The following morning was wonderful. I awoke at four o'clock waiting for dawn. The moon was bright and slanting towards the west. It began to pale as dawn approached, and gave an opaque mystery to the light.

We were up at five o'clock, and had breakfast at five-thirty. Daylight came at five-forty-five, and then a clear pale blue shone above the gray radiance over the bold Rim. Before the sun had tipped the crags along the western ramparts where it always showed first, we were riding down the trail, across the dim cool dark Tonto ravine where the creek roared, and on up the steep slope and through the forest toward Horton Thicket.

BY THE time we had covered half the distance the sun had risen over the Rim, and changed the forest world. Presently we descended a steep long wooded slope to enter Horton Thicket. We were made aware of this cool retreat long before we saw it, by the brawling of Horton Creek. Down we went until the slope was almost precipitous, and the ravine was a tangle of timber, through which the trail somehow found its way. The ferns were sear and brown, the leaves were off, and the rustle was continuous.

Haught found a fresh bear track in the dust of the trail. We all dismounted beside the hunter.

"Hyar—look at that," he ejaculated, pointing. "Heavy old Jasper! Guess he's a cinnamon. Wal, he's headin' the wrong way for us, an' I reckon he's makin' for one of the cañons."

Presently we split our party, R. C. and Haught heading up the thicket, the boys waiting with the hounds, and I turned into the Z. G. Trail to go up round the oak bluffs to my stand.

I made them in good time, tied my horse in a pine grove, and climbed the steep slope until I reached the scrub oaks. Here I had to go slow. It was hard work. I clung to oak saplings and brush, and so worked my way up to the red bluff. Then I went round and climbed up on the bluff. This stand was far beneath the one where I had shot at the bears some days before. It was right above where several bear trails came round the ridge out of Horton Thicket, and a splendid stand, even if it was easy for a bear to reach.

There I waited. By and by the dogs gave tongue and passed on up the thicket out of my hearing. I listened for the crack of rifle. None came. After a long time the baying of the hounds came back. That was thrilling reward for my patience. I stood up and watched all the narrow open places below me. The music of the hounds

passed below me, on down the creek, round under the bold limestone bluff below me, and so on out of hearing.

Another hour passed. Then I essayed to get down through the thicket, not without many qualms, as I rather expected to meet a bear on the way.

By the time I had reached my horse I heard Edd's hunting horn in long pealing blasts. He was calling us. Brutus lifted his head and pounded the trail with his hoofs. He heard that horn. When I got in the saddle I could scarcely hold him to a safe gait down that narrow tree-bordered trail.

I found Edd at the creek waiting for me. His look was thrilling.

"Dogs took a big grizzly up over the Rim. Foxy old Jasper! He climbed out between father's stand an' R. C.'s. Virdie heard the brush an' rocks. I seen him. He was shore climbin'. He's gone over into See Cañon. Virdie went on foot to tell father an' the others. I'm to take his horse an' go up here an' round to head of See Cañon. Reckon it'd be a good idee for you to climb out Derrick Trail, an' if the dogs chase the bear down See Cañon you'll be there. It's far an' you'll have to rustle."

"I'll be there, Edd," I replied, and turned Brutus back up the trail.

It was as if Brutus had understood the purport of Edd's words. That ascent up the dark leaf-filled trail, through the dense spruce thickets, under the bowed maples, was a most thrilling ride for me. The steep grade meant little to this great cow horse. I had never known anything about his tremendous power and endurance except by hearsay from the cowboys. But his action under the rough brow of Promontory Point amazed and delighted me. Before I realized it we were up on the juniper bench where the Derrick Trail began.

FAR above loomed the Rim, ragged, yellow and black against the sky. It was a mountain slope. I let Brutus have full rein. "Now, old boy, make your own pace," I said to him.

Brutus would pound up a long zigzag of the trail, halt of his own accord, heave one great bellowslike breath, and then stand a moment. Then he would climb on. I never had to urge him once. Not until we were nearly up on top did he sweat or pant.

It was four miles across Promontory to the rim of See Cañon, through the forest. The ground was fairly level, stony in most places, and overgrown with dense pine sapling thickets and forest. I was hard put to it to save my knees and head, so I was compelled to hold Brutus from the pace he started with.

It was impossible to keep to a straight course, but as I had only to ride toward the sun I had no fear of getting

lost. Of all my rides in the Tonto this one bade fair to be the quickest and most thrilling. I felt, too, that it had only begun when I hauled Brutus in on one of the capes that jutted out over beautiful green See Cañon.

The wind had risen. But I at once heard the baying of the hounds. They were coming down the cañon, and my stand appeared about halfway between the head and mouth. No one else appeared on any of the stands we usually took. I was alone. I had beaten them all to the hounds.

When the pack reached a point even with my position I mounted again and rode south along the Rim to the next point. The wind had increased. It was cold. Gray clouds appeared in the sky.

I STOOD here on the craggy point for a while, listening to the dogs. They had a hot trail, far down in the depths of the cañon, and they were moving fast. It behooved me to keep ahead of them, if I wanted to see the bear. Again I mounted, to ride across the next several points a couple of miles, and I ended at the extreme eastern end of Promontory Point. This was a magnificent view, but always a poor stand. The wind blew hard, and was increasing. I heard the hounds below me. They had stopped the bear and were baying him. "Bow-wow-wow!" That was the different note. I wanted to go down to them, but I hesitated over a three-hour climb. They bayed this bear for an hour. Then the chase began again and worked round to the south side of Promontory Point. The dogs ran the bear up high, and I felt sure I would get a shot. I rode from one point to another. The wind roared through the dwarfed and stunted pines, and it had increased so that I could scarcely stand against it. The sky was full of flying gray flat-bottomed clouds, and the whole weather aspect had changed again. It was piercingly cold.

I rode on and finally reached a jutting cape under which the hounds were fighting the bear. I heard them despite the gale. Climbing out on a perilous crag I knelt and held on while I peered over. I could scarcely stick there. The cold wind made my eyes water, blurring them so I had to turn round. I could not face it for longer than a few seconds.

Despite the handicaps, however, I caught sight of the bear, a big red-brown grizzly, crashing slowly through the oak thicket. The sight roused me. I lay flat and tried to aim. But the wind made shooting impossible. I could not let go of the rock for fear of being blown over the narrow ledge. Then the wonderful opportunity passed. I could not risk staying there, so crawled back to a safer place, from which I tried to see the bear again. No such luck! Besides I was so stiff and cold I could hardly move.

(Continued on Page 13)



I Stood Here on the Craggy Point for a While, Listening to the Dogs. They Had a Hot Trail, Far Down in the Depths of the Cañon, and They Were Moving Fast

Only 10¢ for New Auto Maps

By special arrangement with Rand McNally & Co. we are offering for a limited time, their new official *Auto Trails Maps*, for only 10c per map. There are twenty-five of these, covering the entire country, chiefly single states. They show all the roads, explain highway signs, indicate hotels, garages, service stations, etc. Send 10c telling us what state you want. Give also the address of the place where you have your brakes relined or buy brake lining.

MULTIBESTOS THE BRAKE LINING

with the Interlocking Weave

gives length of service that surprises even veteran motorists. It is used extensively as factory equipment on America's cars. It is distinctly economical to use.

TRANSMISSION LININGS FOR FORDS
Multibestos also makes a long wearing, real service-giving Transmission Lining for Ford cars. Ask your dealer about it.

MULTIBESTOS COMPANY
Dept. CG3, Walpole, Mass., U. S. A.

Sanitary Sewage Disposal Costs Little for the Country Home

The Kaustine Septic Tank installation shown below provides complete sewage disposal for the bathroom, kitchen, and laundry. It makes possible all the comforts of a city sewage system.

Cannot Get Out of Order
Carefully tested design insures proper operation at all times without attention. Tank is made of Armco Ingot Iron coated with Henstic Enamel; guaranteed for 15 years. Easy to install.
Our Engineering Dept. will furnish complete plans without charge. If your plumber cannot supply Kaustine equipment, send us his name. Booklet No. 200 free on request. State whether for residence, public buildings or entire community.

Kaustine

Mrs. and Sanitation Eng.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Canadian Office & Factory, Dundas, Ont.
Also Mfrs. of Chemical (Waterless) Toilets for Homes, Schools, Factories and Camps.
Desirable Openings for Sales Representatives.

Kaustine Enamelled Iron Septic Tanks

Sold and Installed by Plumbers

SAVED \$60

"I rec'd fence and gates o. k. Am well pleased and I saved \$60.00 on my order" — writes Nathan Leggett of Bristol, Va. You can do it, too.

FREE Bargain Book

Write for my Big New Bargain Catalog and see how my "Direct From Factory Plan" of dealing cuts the cost. Saves you big money. Don't buy until you get my money saving book.

THE BROWN FENCE & WIRE CO.
Dept. 507 Cleveland, Ohio

FENCE
GATES
POSTS
ROOFING
PAINT

DOLLARS IN WEAVING HOME WORK

Men and women can start a profitable business at home weaving Carpets, Rugs, etc., rapidly on the DEEN STEEL BUILT AUTOMATIC FLY SHUTTLE LOOMS from old clothes, old carpets, etc. Beginners make money from the start. Business plentiful among neighbors and friends. Get our new FREE LOOM & RUG MACHINERY BOOK. Shows work done, various patterns, rugs, carpets, etc., in colors. Tells what is needed, how to start and grow into a rug factory owner and wealth.

DEEN LOOM CO., 230 DEEN AVE., HANLAN, ILL.

Tonto Bear

(Continued from Page 9)

I walked awhile, laboring along in my chaps and leading Brutus, and soon warmed myself. I had now reached the wildest section of the Rim along the whole front of Promontory. It was a jagged, precipitous zigzag cliff, jutting out in narrow weathered capes, between which there were places possible to descend. I vowed if I saw that grizzly again I would go down.

To that end I tied Brutus on the lee side of a dense thicket and, divesting myself of spurs, chaps, heavy coat, hurried back to the Rim. As I got out of the timber the gale struck me, staggered me, halted me, and actually swayed me backward. I crawled to the edge, and got down among broken fragments of rock and worked to a place where I could peer out when the wind lulled. It roared, it screeched above and about me. Soon I was cold. After a while a lull did come. Then listening intently I heard the hounds, apparently right under me. What luck! I peered round the corner of the ledge. The wind had not stopped, yet it was at the moment not so violent. I tried to place the dogs.

I COULD not locate them for a time. But just as the wind blast returned it brought a chorus of bays. Close they sounded. My eyes roved swiftly, close, farther away, down, to either side—everywhere. And suddenly something huge, dark and furry moved across a bare ridge. I could have yelled. It was a big bear. He was weary. He wagged along. He looked back. Then he halted and sat up on his haunches and looked again. He was expecting the hounds. Just then the sun came out and shone brightly. It lighted up the ridge and the bear. He was part red, part grizzled, and far and away the largest I had ever seen.

The distance was somewhere near a thousand yards. With bated breath I lay on the ledge, and resting my rifle I lowered the barrel until it was in line with him. Coarsely I aimed. My first bullet sent up a yellow puff of dust close to the bear. It made him wheel his huge head. Such a good shot augmented my excitement and, aiming exactly the same way, I sent four more swift shots below. I saw three more puffs of dust. My fourth bullet hit him, for he jerked savagely at his haunches and dropped back on all fours. I began to reload. The wind was blurring my eyes. But I saw the hounds run up the ridge at the bear. He whirled to meet them. Then dogs, bear, ridge, all seemed to fade in water. My tears blinded me.

I lay there, loading my rifle by feel. How my hands shook! What should I do? It seemed, by all means, that I must go down over the cliffs and slopes. I hesitated. I knew I should not do this, with the wind at a gale, a storm impending, and the day far spent. But I could not listen to caution. The faithful hounds expected some of us. And that old bear was a grizzly, perhaps one of the calf killers.

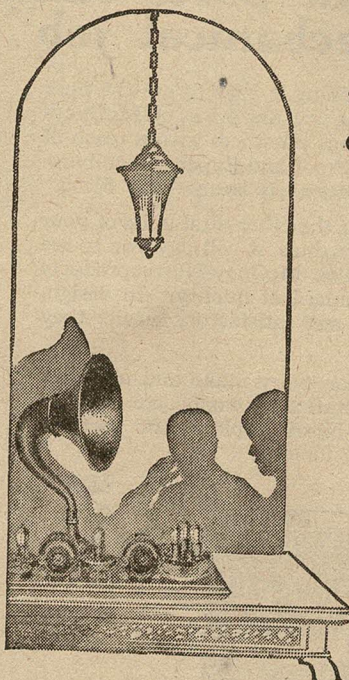
WHEN I got my eyesight back I began to crawl along the ledge, gazing below to see how rough the descent would be. The main thing to consider was getting up again. I could go down places I could not climb.

Despite my roused state I had sense enough to peer carefully down over that shattered slope and to make certain I could return. Then I started. But I had not calculated on the wind. It made every move perilous. Still when it howled me over I happened to be flattened against rocks. My camera, swung round my neck, impeded my progress more than my rifle. As I wore out the frozen stiffness from my limbs and grew warm, I made faster time. Ledges, benches, steps, all were the same, and I leaped down over them. Soon I reached the weathered slope of rocks, and then I ran, plowed, down to the grass. There I flew and burst into the oak thicket. Here I got out of the worst of the wind. But I could not hear a sound except the gale. How it roared above me!

The oak slope was short, hard to crash through, but downhill, and I soon broke out into the junipers. I took the slower going, rifle ready. How deceiving that slope had been! It had appeared easy to travel. But it was a delusion. This juniper slope stood on many ends, and it was endless. I had my direction, but I could not find the bare ridge.

ATWATER KENT

Philadelphia



Selectivity—Distance
—Volume and Ease
of Operation

ANYONE can tune in a distant station without interference and obtain clear reception with an ATWATER KENT Receiving Set.

Selectivity—range—volume and simplicity of operation have made it the choice of families everywhere.

The clearness with which the ATWATER KENT Loud Speaker re-creates will give you a new conception of tonal fidelity.

Literature sent on request

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4940 STENTON AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Of Course You Can Earn More Money—Easily!

Yes, you can earn more money—easily—and in your spare time; just when it best suits your convenience. How much can you earn? Well, literally hundreds of our workers are making an extra \$5.00, \$10.00, \$25.00 a week—is there any reason why you cannot do as well?

The
Time

And you can earn this extra money right in your own locality—just by telling your friends and neighbors that you represent *The Country Gentleman*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and sending us the new and renewal subscriptions which they will give you.

The
Place

The coupon below will bring you all the fascinating details of our big cash offer, together with the stories of how other men and women have succeeded; stories so inspiring and plans so simple that you should have no difficulty in doing as well as these others.

The
Coupon

The
Curtis
Publishing
Company

720 Independence
Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your cash offer.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

Town _____

State _____

You Need No Experience

Previous experience is not necessary to succeed. We will tell you just what to do and say—and furnish everything you will need without one penny of cost to you. In fact, we even give our representatives a most helpful course in salesmanship. Remember—

Supplies and Sales
Helps FREE



Mr. Edwin O. Ortmyer of South Dakota, who easily earned \$6.00 in his first three hours as our representative, says of his opportunity: "The training is great, the work pleasant and the profits make it well worth while."



Poor replacement parts can ruin a good mechanical job

When your engine needs re-conditioning it pays to use the best replacement parts you can buy. The new low prices on McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof and Superoyl rings put them within reach of everyone. For example, the Leak-Proof and Superoyl combination for such cars as Fords and Chevrolets is now only \$8.00.

And when replacement is needed on the other vital units of your engine—pistons, piston pins and bearings, it will pay you to see that they are of McQuay-Norris make. McQuay-Norris products have always been the highest standard of quality. In design, material, accuracy of manufacture and satisfactory service they have been leaders for years.

Made in all sizes and over-sizes for every make and model of engine, automobile, truck, tractor, stationary engine, etc. Dealers everywhere either have McQuay-Norris replacement parts in stock or can get them immediately for you.



The original compression ring for replacement. Means better performance in worn cylinders.

The original oil reservoir ring for oil-pumpers. Use one on each piston.

McQUAY-NORRIS

PISTON RINGS - PISTONS - PINS - BEARINGS

McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO., Dept. D, General Offices, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Factories: St. Louis, Indianapolis, Connersville, Ind.; Toronto, Canada

KITSELMAN FENCE



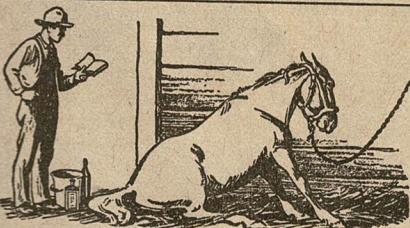
J. P. Gilmore,
R 2, Canton, Pa., says:

"Saved \$10 on Small Order."

Cut your own fence costs to the bone by buying direct from us at Lowest Factory Prices.

We Pay the Freight.

Write today for Free 100-page Catalog of Farm, Poultry and Lawn Fence, Barbed Wire, Gates, Posts, and latest low prices.
KITSELMAN BROS., Dept. 26, MUNCIE, IND.
America's Oldest Fence Manufacturers.



**Where Is He Lame?
Can He Be Cured?**

OUR FREE 96-page Save-The-Horse BOOK will tell you 99 times out of 100. It is the "last word" in helping you to locate, understand and treat every kind of lameness. This unique BOOK cost hundreds of dollars but is absolutely FREE to you.

SAVE-TH-HORSE

is sold with a signed Money-Back Guarantee to cure SPAVIN, Ringbone, Thoropin, or—Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof and Tendon Disease. After everything else has failed it has cured the most serious chronic cases. Over 380,000 satisfied users. 30 years success.

It costs you nothing for the most serviceable FREE BOOK on lameness ever printed, expert veterinary advice and sample of Guarantee. No obligation, all FREE. Don't fail to write today.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., 307 State St., Binghamton, N. Y.
At Druggists and Dealers with Signed Contract or sent prepaid

AGENTS EARN \$6 a Day

taking orders for Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set.

Brand new. Handles made of pure aluminum. Will not hold heat. Can't come apart. Written guarantee with each set. You take orders. We deliver and collect.

PAY YOU DAILY

No experience or capital needed. Big money for spare time. Write today for agency and sample. Prompt delivery.
Jennings Mfg. Co., Set-A-93 Dayton, Ohio

HUDSON STANCHIONS

Can be used in wood or steel frames. Quick, Convenient, Durable. One-hand-lift latch, locks automatically by weight of stanchion itself. NO SPRINGS TO BREAK. Hard Wood Linings, specially seasoned, oil finished, carefully polished, pressed into rust-resisting high carbon steel channels. Positively no trouble with linings—they cannot split or fall out.

Latest improvements. More comfortable for cows, easier and quicker to handle. See them at your HOME TOWN HUDSON DEALER'S, or write for full information.

Ask about our FREE BARN PLANNING SERVICE. Our Engineering Department is anxious to help if you build or remodel. Get our FREE catalog. It is chuck full of GOOD IDEAS you ought to know about.

HUDSON MFG. CO.

Dept. 43210

Minneapolis, Minn.

I roamed here and there, not descending farther, and I looked for tracks in soft places and kept listening, watching. All to no avail! Then I realized how impetuous I had been to rush down into that jumble of timber and rocks. The afternoon was waning and the sky was darkening. I was hot, wet, yet the moment I stopped I felt the chill wind. How hard it was to give up! It simply wrenched my spirit.

As I turned to face the ascent I distinctly heard the bark of a hound, quite close. It galvanized me. Cocking my rifle I started in the direction. I heard the bark again, and again, closer as I moved on, but I did not recognize to which dog it belonged. Certainly it was not that of Rock, Queen, Sue—any one of the old hounds. After a few moments my intense excitement wore off. I made certain that the grizzly and the hounds were not anywhere close to me.

Then cautiously slipping into a more open place on the slope, I saw a good-sized black bear up in a pine sapling. It actually swayed with him. Below was George Haught's dog Tip, a hound that was more a cow trailer than a bear chaser. He barked joyously at sight of me, as if to say he had really done something. Instinctively I lifted my rifle to shoot. I had come down that slope under the stress of sharp, keen emotions. But something about the treed bear made me hesitate, and lower the rifle.

"WELL, this beats me!" I ejaculated, and went closer.

Then I bethought me of the burdensome camera I had packed down with me; and proceeded to make good use of it on the bear. By the time I had thoroughly photographed him I had cooled off and had lost that fiery something which had beset me. I knew I could not kill that bear out of a tree. So I watched him, while Tip barked.

He was, after all, a pretty good-sized black bear, sleek and fat and shiny. He had a nice open face, wide between the eyes, and he did not look in the least mean. His fat sides shook. I could hear his pants. He whined, too, very piteously. Plain it was he feared the dog and me, and especially the tree he had climbed. It was not very big. I swayed with him, and the branches bent. He knew he might fall.

I believed this bear had heard the baying of the pack as they passed along there. He had taken to the tree, and Tip, being the dog most apt to leave a hot trail and run around, had happened to find him. So I figured it out.

I sat down to rest and Tip came to me. I patted him, glad to see that he was not savagely bent on tearing the bear to bits, as Rock would have been. He wagged his tail, looked at me and then at the bear. He did not bark any more. I suppose he thought the incident was closed. Suddenly I became aware that I was chilled. As I had been wet with sweat, I feared I would catch cold. So I got up.

"Well, Blackie," I said to the bear, "I can't shoot you and I just won't say a word about meeting you here. Good luck!"

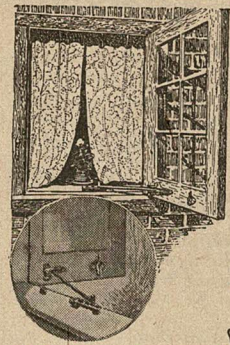
Calling Tip I turned up the slope. He followed me as readily as if there was not a bear within miles. I found hard going. But I did not spare myself, and when I got up on the open slope, to see the wide expanse of darkening sky, I halted to rest only when it was imperative. Soon I reached the wall of shattered cliffs under the Rim.

THE sky was overspread with scudding gray clouds, not far above the tree tops, and back over the basin all was black. Sleet and snow were falling. Suddenly I appreciated the risk of getting lost on Promontory Point in a snowstorm. Always this wild place had been a hard nut to crack. Even the Haughts got confused at times.

I hurried to where I had tied Brutus. He snorted at my approach, as if he appreciated the situation. I tightened the saddle girths and shoved my rifle in its sheath. Brutus stamped impatiently and champed his bit. Quickly I put on spurs, chaps, sweater and coat. Before I mounted Brutus I wanted to be sure what was best to do. I knew where I was—halfway between the East Point and the head of Derrick Trail. I ought to strike the trail halfway to the saddle and ride round the road along the Rim to where the Tonto Trail went down. This was farther than

**CONTROL SUNLIGHT
KEEP SHUTTERS RIGID
PREVENT BANGING WITH**

ZIMMERMAN FASTENERS



Send For Your Copy of This Interesting Booklet



The farm home equipped with shutters and casements needs Zimmerman Fasteners to regulate air and sun, keep shutters from swinging in the breeze and for protection at night.

BOYS WANTED

Ambitious boys can earn extra money easily—selling and installing Zimmerman Fasteners. A couple hours after school each day is all you need to sell a set to every home in your neighborhood. You make a dandy profit on each sale. Ask your hardware man for full information or write us, giving the name of your local hardware dealer. Find out today and get a start on your buddy!

ZIMMERMAN

FASTENERS for SHUTTERS and CASEMENTS

THE G. F. S. ZIMMERMAN COMPANY, INC.
15 Broadway, Frederick, Maryland

Keep Your Garden

Free From Weeds

There's an easy way to get rid of them. It saves the moisture—Makes your vegetables GROW.

BARKER Weeder, Mulcher and Cultivator 3 Garden Tools in 1

Kills the weeds and breaks the hardest crust into a level, porous, moisture-retaining mulch—all in one operation. Eight reel blades revolve against a stationary underground knife—like a lawn mower. "Best Weed Killer Ever Used."

Cuts runners. Aerates the soil. Works right up to plants. Has leaf guards, also shovels for deeper cultivation.

A boy can run it—do more and better work than ten men with hoes. Five sizes. Inexpensive. Write TODAY for free illustrated book and special Factory-to-User offer.

BARKER MFG. CO.
Box 14 David City, Neb.

Get Low Prices on Berry Boxes and Baskets

Write for our Free Catalog! Shows you how you can save money by buying direct from the largest Berry Box and Basket Factory in the Country.
New Albany Box & Basket Co., Box 103 New Albany, Ind.

"Where Do You Stand in Religion?"

By Edward H. Reeman

and other liberal religious literature sent FREE.

Please address: F. EVERETT, Room 3-M

25 Beacon St.

Boston, Mass.

Stop Shoveling

Dump with Dependable Hoist; for Fords and all makes of 1 to 2 ton trucks. Quickly attached; easily operated; costs little. Guaranteed. Write for price.

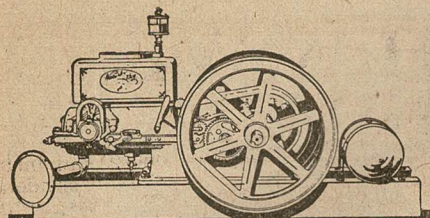
Dependable Manufacturing Company
806 E. Main Street

Streator, Ill.

HOG TROUGH BARGAINS

Northfield Sanitary Hog, Pig and Chicken Troughs, famous wherever known and used as the most modern, most serviceable troughs made. Different in construction. GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS. To introduce them we make special Bargain Prices. Northfield Iron Co., Box No. C-128, Northfield, Minn.

AGENTS
Some good territory still open for agents. Write for proposition and agents' prices.



This Servant Works For Little

A few cents a day keeps this tireless farm servant pumping water, churning, separating cream, doing the family washing, shelling corn—doing these and many other tedious time and muscle-taking farm jobs that take hours of your time and the time of your family.

WATERLOO BOY TYPE "H" FARM ENGINE

Almost every day in the year you will have work for this time and labor saver—and it will make money for you on every job you give it. There is no other power as economical.

The Waterloo Boy furnishes steady, dependable power for years to come.

This engine is very simple—it is free from intricate parts—easy to understand and start under all weather conditions. Important wearing parts hardened. Adjusting or repairing a Waterloo Boy is seldom necessary. It runs steady at all speeds. Simple magneto supplies hot, fat spark for instant starting.

The Waterloo Boy is built to a standard of quality you will appreciate. Built in 2, 3 and 5 H.P. sizes—either on skids or mounted on truck.

Be sure to see these engines at your John Deere dealer's. Write us for free booklet. Address JOHN DEERE, Moline, Ill., and ask for booklet WD-75.

JOHN DEERE
THE TRADE MARK OF QUALITY MADE FAMOUS BY GOOD IMPLEMENTS

Imported Melotte

with the self-balancing bowl. Positively cannot get out of balance, therefore cannot vibrate. Can't remix cream with milk. Runs so easily, bowl spins 25 minutes after you stop cranking unless you apply brake.

\$7.50
After 30 Days
FREE TRIAL

Catalog tells all—WRITE U. S. Bulletin 201 shows that vibration of the bowl causes cream waste! 30 days' free trial—then, if satisfied, only \$7.50 and a few easy payments—and—the wonderful Belgium Melotte Separator is yours.

Catalog FREE

Send today for free separator book containing full description. Don't buy any separator until you have found out all about the Melotte and details of our 15 year guarantee.

MELOTTE H. B. BARSON, U. S. Mgr. 2843 W. 19th St., Dept. 30-83 Chicago

Filled 40 Silos—Never Plugged

"Filled 40 silos this fall (1922) with an L-16 Papec Cutter, second season and never had a plugged pipe." Ernest Kahler, Clifton Springs, N. Y. The Papec is made in four sizes, to fit any power. N-13 and L-16 sizes ideal for Fordson.

Send today for our new catalog and U. S. Gov't Bulletin "Making and Feeding of Silage"—both free to silo users. Learn why a Papec soon pays for itself.

PAPEC MACHINE COMPANY 138 Main St., Shortsville, N. Y.



Your dollars buy more in the Papec



Ditcher-Terracer-Grader
All steel, adjustable, reversible. Cuts V-shaped ditch to 4 ft. Open, tilling or irrigation. Cleans old ditches; builds field terraces. Does work of 100 men. Operate horses or tractor. 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Satisfaction or no sale. Send for free book and special low price. Owensboro Ditcher & Grader Co., Inc.—Box 1003 Owensboro, Ky.

the way I had come, but could be gotten over in less than one-third the time, owing to the good trail and road.

The instant I bestrode Brutus he started. Like a shot he left the gusty roaring Rim and entered the forest. I knew I would have to ride if I let him go like that. Therefore, heading in what I thought the right direction, I applied all my sight and quickness to avoid the trees and branches. I let Brutus run over rocky places where heretofore I had made certain a horse would cripple himself.

As I drew away from the Rim the forest became denser, and the roar of the gale over my head was menacing. Dead branches and trees were crashing down. This was a peril that I had not considered at all. Brutus knew the danger. Somehow I could tell by the way he ran the open aisles.

By the time we had gone a couple of miles I became aware I was lost. I did not come out on the trail. And the snow began to fall more steadily. The forest appeared darkening, gray, gloomy. I had to fight back something worse than anxiety. It was not a happy situation. Soon I saw an opening in the woods. When I hauled Brutus up on the edge of it I recognized the wild rim of See Cañon. I was amazed, as I had traveled exactly in the opposite direction from the one in which I had imagined I was going.

But relief followed instantly. I knew exactly where I was now, and if the snow held off a little I could soon find trail and road. It was then I let Brutus go, and perhaps risked my neck.

IN SHORT order I reached the trail—one I we had blazed ourselves—and Brutus turned into it on a long lope. It was stony in places, and his iron-shod hoofs cracked and rang above the roar of wind. There were two stony ravines to cross, then ten minutes of open forest to the road. Brutus sailed over the logs, down the brown-matted aisles, giving me all I could do to hold him in.

Then we reached the road. I had always hated the idea of this road along the Rim. But for once I was glad to ride into it. The sunset was making dull, angry red glow over the Mazatzals; snow was falling softly, pattering on the dry ground. I was seven miles from the head of Tonto Trail.

Brutus did not wait for word from me. He lengthened his lope, and wore easily into a run. I had never ridden him at that gait. It was a revelation and utterly irresistible. All his gaits were easy, and this one was the best. I had no trouble whatever keeping to the saddle, and I was by no means a cowboy at riding. He ran level, without strain or jolt. But his fleetness terrified me. He went so swiftly that the line of trees on each side became a blurred dark wall.

Soon I reached the place where the Tonto Trail forked off the road, where I pulled Brutus to a trot. At the Rim, where the trail started down, I encountered a gale that held even Brutus back. The great Basin was shrouded in gray twilight. Far to the eastward the black storm cloud spread. Before long I was down out of the cold wind and the roaring blast, down under the protecting wall. It was dark when I reached the Lodge, and a camp fire blazed brightly. R. C. sat before it and some of the boys were there. As I dismounted Jess said, with a hand on Brutus: "Reckon he's been runnin'."

"WHAR you been?" queried Haught, his swarthy face gleaming in the firelight. "See anythin' of them darn dogs?"

I let them all question and talk while I got rid of spurs and chaps. For all of them it had been a bad day. Virdie had just escaped being killed by a falling tree. No one of them had seen a bear or heard the hounds after climbing out of Horton Thicket. Then I told them about the faithful hounds chasing and fighting the grizzly.

"Thet old scoundrel!" ejaculated Haught. "We'll assassinate him yet!" "See any sign of my dog Tip?" asked George Haught anxiously.

"Well, come to think of it—I believe I did see Tip. He was down there with the other dogs," I replied casually. I did not care to reveal just how and where I had encountered him. Tip and I had a secret. "Bad day!" said Takahashi, who had come out at my return. "Awful wind. You must be hungry. Come, eat. I got tarkey."

(THE END)



First we must gather the facts

A half million farms are already electrified. Millions are not. Why?

Because a light and power company cannot economically serve a few scattered farmers, because farm equipment and farming methods are not yet adapted to the utilization of electricity, and because electric service cannot be intelligently rendered before the needs of farmers are known.

The first task, then, is to gather all the facts. In this a special committee is now engaged, which is composed of experts representing the United States Department of Agriculture, Department of the Interior, Department of Commerce, American Farm Bureau Federation, American Society of Agricultural Engineers, Power Farming Association of America and National Electric Light Association.

The first step toward electrifying our farms has clearly been taken. Electrification itself will follow when the Committee indicates what basis is sound both for the farmer and the light and power company.

A booklet has been published outlining the work of the Committee. Write to E. A. White, care American Farm Bureau Federation, 58 E. Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois, or to National Electric Light Association at 29 West 39th Street, New York City, for it. It costs nothing. Read it and pass it on to your neighbor.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

SONGS Ballads, comic songs, novelty songs, coon songs. Clean, catchy hits that everybody likes, full sheet music with beautiful colored covers. Send for free catalogue. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 207, CHICAGO



Let Me Heat Your Home for 30 Days

You supply the fuel—I'll supply the furnace to heat your home on 30 days' trial—with the finest quality furnace on earth—direct from factory-to-you at a big saving in price.

\$10.00 DOWN—Easy Payments Kalamazoo furnaces heat any size home. Burn any fuel—soft coal, hard coal, coke, wood, lignite, etc. Easy to install. Fit any cellar ceiling height. Pipe or pipeless installation. Write for our New Catalog showing All Styles and Sizes at Factory-to-You Prices. Quick shipment.

W. S. DEWING "The Direct to You Man"

Kalamazoo Stove Co. 455 W. Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Kalamazoo
Direct to You



Top-Coat

Guaranteed Waterproof

Handsome, first quality Reefer Top-Coat for auto or street wear. Made of genuine Aeroplane cloth. Beautiful rich tan color. Absolutely waterproof and windproof rubber lining. Goodyear label in every garment. Storm collar for bad weather. Worn with or without belt. Cut smart and tailored to insure a perfect fit. Special price, only \$3.95.

Special Sale \$3.95

Compare this coat with other coats costing \$8 and \$10. Your money back if not delighted. Not more than 2 coats to a customer at this price.

Send no money

Order your Top-Coat today. Pay only \$3.95 (plus postage) on arrival. Sizes 32 to 50. Measure chest over suit; you now wear. You risk nothing. Order now. A postal will do.

Reefer Co., 829 Spruce St., Dept. A-50, Philadelphia, Pa.