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24 DE GREY p12  
LYNN BOGUE HUNT p11

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# The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

For the AMERICAN FARMER AND HIS FAMILY

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IT'S NOW OR NEVER FOR THE CARNIVALS



# THE CODE OF THE WEST

XI

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN S. CURRY

CAL'S keen eye had caught sight of Georgiana and her sister Mary out on the road. They were returning from school, where Georgiana had spent the day, and on the moment were approaching the gate under the walnut trees a little distance from the camp. No one save Cal apparently had observed them. "Huh!" exclaimed Cal with a cheerfulness wholly reflected in Tuck Merry's cadaverous visage. He leaped to his feet. "I forgot all about that. . . . Come on, Tim—you bow-legged little hop-a-long bronco buster. I'm hungry an' I want to get this over before supper."

The crowd greeted Cal's speech with both amaze and delight. But Tim shared only the former. Slowly he got to his feet, his red face, from which he had wiped the dust, showing a dubious contempt. He squinted at Cal. He was not so sure that there existed perfect justification for his contempt.

"Come an' take it," cried Cal banteringly. "Come out here. I don't want to pile you up on Serge's supper. Tim, you've had the fun of lickin' me four times, an' you ought to be sport enough to take your medicine like I took mine."

"You make me mad, Cal Thurman," growled Tim. "You're too fresh. An' I'm gonna lick you fer the fifth time—which'll be all you'll ever want."

He slouched out onto the grassy plot away from the group under the tree, and certainly in plain sight from the road. This was what Cal wanted. He had not the slightest doubt of the outcome. Tuck Merry had assured him that Tim could not last three minutes.

Suddenly Cal extended his hands, still wearing his old gloves, and he began to dance round Tim with the quickness of footwork that had been a part of the painful education imparted by Tuck Merry. Tim, rough-and-tumble fighter that he was, crouched close in on Cal, but could not find an opening. Cal increased his dancing steps and began to feint with his fists, and saw instantly how Tim was bewildered by such tactics.

"BOYS, don't miss this," called Cal piercingly. "You all know how Tim hates to have anyone hit his big ugly nose. Now watch."

Manifestly the watchers were intensely absorbed and thrillingly expectant. Dancing round, Cal kept shooting out his left at Tim, just to bewilder him and make him dodge and swing until the favorable instant came. Then with his right Cal flashed a hard-cutting blow to Tim's nose. No doubt about the effect!

"Tim, that's a nose jab," called out Cal gleefully as he avoided Tim's heavy rush and danced round; and then, quicker than before, he shot his left to the same sensitive spot. This time the blood started.

"I'll nose jab you!" shouted Tim, hoarse with pain, as wildly he swung. But it was only to encounter a still stiffer blow.

"Aw!" bawled Tim.

"Holler, you boob!" returned Cal, with the fun of the thing giving way to the heat of action and sight of blood and thought of just revenge. Tim had hurt him many a time and had crowed over it. This was retribution. And there was Georgiana Stockwell sitting on top of the high gate.

But Tim did not cry out any more. He was too much in earnest now, too furious. All the yelling came from the onlookers.

Then, just as suddenly, Cal changed his footwork so that instead of dancing round Tim he jumped towards him and then away. Tim did not do any backing. He followed, and always appeared at a disadvantage, too slow to reach Cal. All at once Cal beat down Tim's waving fists, and pushed his left into Tim's face, not hard, but once, twice, three times; and then as Tim lost something of his poise Cal swung a right powerfully into the pit of Tim's stomach. It made a deep sound. And then Tim gasped out his propelled breath.



"I'll Nose Jab You!"  
Shouted Tim, Hoarse  
With Pain, as Wildly He Swung

"That's the belly wham!" called Cal. "Look out now—here comes the tooth rattler!"

Tim, with terribly distorted face, eyes starting, mouth agape, jaw falling, seemed to be standing motionless, helpless, silent except for a singular gasping sound. Precisely as Tuck Merry had done to Bloom, so Cal had done to Tim. How ridiculously easy! Tim's breath had been expelled and he could not get any back. Then Cal ended the matter with a hard swing to the jaw. Tim went down in a heap and stayed down.

XII

SATURDAY, the last day of the October round-up, was the date of the principal dance of the season. Mary Stockwell observed that late in the afternoon two processions were noticeable—one of the riders trooping wearily back to the ranch, and the other a stream of vehicles on the road toward the schoolhouse, where the big dance was to be held.

"We'll dance you-all down tonight," merrily called a girl from a car as Boyd Thurman, dusty and ragged, rode by.

"How do you get that idee?" queried Boyd.

"You riders will all be daid on your feet," came the reply.

"Wal, shore you'll never dance us down, Angie," replied Boyd.

All the boys riding down the road from their labors encountered some such banterings and challenges. This main social event of the season called families from all over that section of the country. They would start out early in the morning, so as to be at the schoolhouse in time to get dinner before the dancing began.

When Mary went out to watch the October sunset she saw Panhandle Ames and Arizonie, with clean-shaven shiny faces and dressed in their best, sitting on the porch. They appeared to be overcome by mirth.

"What's so funny, boys?" asked Mary.

"Aw—we just seen Lock Thurman comin' back leadin' the hoss he thought his gurl was goin' to ride," replied Panhandle.

"She's gone to the dance with another fellar," added Arizonie in positive joy.

"An' Lock's face was as long as a mescal pole," continued Panhandle. "Lock's orful sweet on Milly. An' she'd promised to go to this dance with him."

"Why, then, did she not?" inquired the teacher curiously.

"Wal, all Lock knowed was that he was too slow gettin' there. An' she went with Bid Hatfield," said Arizonie.

"No!"

"She shore did, an' it will cause a real fight."

"Huh! Strikes me there's agoin' to be two fights," interposed Panhandle. "Tuck Merry has asked Ollie Thurman, an' she's agoin' with him. Abe Turner will be a-rarin'. Looks like Ollie's on the fence now between Abe an' Tuck."

"I ain't got no gurl to take, but I wouldn't miss this heah dance fer a million dollars," observed Arizonie complacently.

"YOU'RE mischievous boys," said Mary Stockwell.

"Wal, teacher," drawled Arizonie with a mysterious gleam of fun in his eyes, "there's some round heah who're sweet on you."

"Oh—indeed," replied Mary, surprised into confusion. She felt herself blushing,

and turned away rather quickly to walk out into the yard. When she got out to the fence she was quite conscious of a heightened pulse.

This particular sunset might have been made for Mary's particular benefit. October had brought more vivid colors to the hills and more beautiful cloud effects to the skies. A dusky purple veil lay low in the notches between the high rounded knolls, and above them the golden light of sunset spread vast and wide behind the clouds of rose. Sunsets here seemed different from those she remembered in other places. A richness of color and light mantled the whole of this Tonto country. But that was not all. Mary could not catch the illuiveness of it. Many things entered into the sweetness and beauty of her feelings just then.

That night Georgiana was in one of her dangerous moods. Judging from the expression on Cal's face at the supper table he and Georgiana had quarreled about

something. As a result Georgiana was aggravatingly slow in dressing for the dance, and held up the party that was going in Enoch's car. Mary was amused at the impatience of the boys to be off, but she was a little concerned over Georgiana. The girl was no longer in fun. She had been hurt or she had grown tired of dissimulation or she had begun to change for the worse. Mary feared the last.

Presently Georgiana emerged from her little room, gorgeously and scantily arrayed, with more powder and paint on her face than Mary had ever seen. But for this false heightening of color she would have looked beautiful. Her eyes, however, did not need counterfeit. They were dark and flashing, and full of more than mischief.

"Well, dear, if you want to create a sensation at this dance you'll have your wish," said Mary soberly. "But I'm afraid it'll not be the kind of sensation you like."

"Bunk!" exclaimed Georgiana. "Men are all alike—at home, in New York, in darkest Africa or the Tonto Basin."

"Georgiana, you think men want to see a girl look—as you do?" inquired Mary incredulously.

"I don't think. I know. . . . My sweet sister, there are some things you'll never learn. Believe me —"

SHE was interrupted by a knock on the door. Mary opened it, to disclose Cal standing there.

"Halloo, Cal; come in," she said.

"No, thanks," he replied as he stood on the threshold. The light shone on his face. It was pale and troubled, almost stern. Mary thought he looked singularly handsome. He wore a dark suit that lent a marked contrast to his usual rough rider's garb.

His keen gaze swept over Georgiana from head to feet, and to Mary it held a singular expression.

"Then—I'm not goin' to take—you," he said.

"Not to this dance, or any dance, or any place," she replied cuttingly.

"Who's goin' to take you tonight?" he queried stiffly. "That's none of your business; but if you're aching to know—I'm going with Tim," she replied.

"Tim!" ejaculated Cal.

"Yes—Tim!" she retorted, stung by his surprise or something not clear to Mary. Georgiana had never gone anywhere with Tim Matthews.



"You sure are hard up," rejoined Cal with sarcasm. "But I'm sayin'—if Tim kicks on that dress—you might get Bid Hatfield to take you."

"Tim is a gentleman," retorted Georgiana. "And Bid Hatfield knows how to act like one, which is more than I can say for some people."

"Reckon—you'll dance with Hatfield?" queried Cal as if compelled to voice a question he hated.

"Will I?" Her counterquery was a tantalizing defiant assurance. It brought the blood to Cal's pale face.

"Georgie," he began in an earnestness that excluded jealousy, "I know you despise me an' you have no use for any of us Thurmans, but you love your sister—an' for her sake don't dance with Hatfield—an' don't try those new dances you've been teachin' some of the boys an' girls."

"Come and watch me," said Georgiana deliberately. There was a red spot in each of her cheeks that was not all paint.

"I'll not be there," returned Cal, and turning on his heel he strode off the porch into the darkness.

Mary closed the door. "Georgie, I thought you and Cal had been such good friends lately."

"We were. That's what makes me so sore."

"Poor Cal! What has he done now?"

"Done? He jumped me today because I was teaching some new dance steps. And just after dinner he told me if I wore this white dress he wouldn't take me to the dance. Of all the nerve! Why, the fool is getting bossy. . . . So I asked Tim."

"Well, Cal is young and hot-tempered and jealous, I know. But, Georgie, he certainly has been thoughtful of our interests. We're strangers to this country. You've done some silly things. Perhaps Cal has kept you from some real break."

"OH, MARY, to give the devil his due—Cal has been nice. I did like him. I'm not a liar. But I can't stand this ownership stuff and, believe me, I'll show him tonight."

"He'll not be there," replied Mary.

"You know a lot about men, sis, I don't think. Cal couldn't be kept away from this dance."

"There! Enoch is honking his horn again. Let's hurry. You must bundle up. These nights are cold. I—I almost wish this dance was over."

"Mary, it's a great life if you don't weaken," returned Georgiana.

Outside the yard in the road the big car was full of merry Thurmans, all of whom, except Enoch, were crowded in the back seats.

"Georgie, you pile in back with that outfit," directed Enoch, "an', Mary, you come in front with me."

Georgiana peered into the dark mass that filled the back of the car, and plainly did not like the idea.

"Let me ride in front too," she demanded.

"Not room," replied Enoch in his dry, authoritative tone. "See that pile of cakes an' pies on the seat. Mary will shore have all she can do to keep them from joltin' off. We're late, an' I'm a-goin' to smoke up this old wagon."

"You shore air," drawled his father. "Thar's them young folks up at the schoolhouse a-waitin' fer me to make the music. I'm a fiddlin' fool an' never was late before."

"Pile in, Georgie," called Enoch.

"There's no place," replied Georgiana. "I'll muss my dress."

"Wal, mussin' won't hurt it none," said Tim. "You can set on my lap."

"Is that so?" retorted Georgiana in the tone Mary well knew augured ill for whom it was intended. The girl crowded into the car, to find a seat upon the ample lap of Mrs. Thurman.

Mary found she had just room to squeeze in between Enoch and the enormous and overloaded basket of pies and cakes.

"THET'S where Tim hawg-tied himself," whispered Enoch to Mary. "He's been layin' for a chance—an' when he got it he had to step in his own loop. Funny, isn't it?"

Mary laughed her acquiescence. Sometimes the shrewdness of these Arizonians struck her forcibly.

"Everybody heah?" asked Enoch as he started the engine.

"Reckon all but Cal," replied his father. "He ain't goin', he says."

"Shore Cal will be there," said Enoch with a chuckle. "Wal, let's leave some dust behind."

Enoch manifestly meant to make up for lost time. Along the level bottom land of the valley he drove so fast that Mary was thrilled and frightened at once. The bright light sent powerful rays ahead along the yellow winding road, with its fences of upright poles and borders of brush. Coyotes and skunks and rabbits crossed the bright flare. The foliage of the trees took on a rich green hue, the juniper berries shone like diamonds and the smooth branches of manzanita burned red in the light. The night air was now penetratingly cold, and the dark blue sky wonderful with its myriads of stars. The time came when Enoch had to drive slowly and carefully over rocky washes and around steep bends. The ten occupants of the back seats kept up a continual merriment.

"Mary, tell me what ailed Cal," asked Enoch in a low voice. "I never saw him like he was tonight."

She told him briefly, and did not spare Georgiana.

"I'm worried about him," went on Enoch. "Shore this will never do. You understand, don't you, Mary?"

"I think so," replied Mary.

"Wal, I always felt you understood us. An' you've been a world of good. Cal's the best of all the Thurmans. An' I reckon your teachin' him two years had a lot to do with that. Father an' mother feel as I do—we owe you a lot, Mary."

"Oh, no. You owe me nothing," murmured Mary, surprised and quickened at the singular warmth of his low voice.

"Wal, we won't argue. But we ain't blind to your influence on your school. We never had anyone like you. Our poor kids, comin' from all over this rough country, took school as a hard dose. But they like you an' they learn fast. It's a good work you're doin', Mary Stockwell."

"Thank you, Enoch. . . . I—I can only say I'm glad you think so—and that it's a work I love."

"Wal, do you intend goin' on teachin' our kids?"

"Surely. Just as long as you will have me."

"An' you're not gettin' homesick for the East—an' all you had there?"

"No, indeed."

"You reckon you want to stay on in Arizona?"

"Yes. I love it."

"Wal, that's fine," he went on, and for once his Texas drawl held a note of eagerness. "If you feel that way, Mary, an' want to go on teachin' our children, you must like us Tonto folks."

"Indeed—I do," returned Mary.

"We're just plain pioneer folks an' pretty rough," he said.

"Well, if that is so I guess I must have some pioneer blood in me," returned Mary rather nervously. Enoch's tone stirred her. There was something back of his kindly, earnest statements. She felt him leading up to it. And her heart began to beat quickly. Was this ride to explain the strange glamour that had haunted her during the sunset hour? Something was going to happen. She stole a side look at Enoch. It was impossible to see him distinctly, but he appeared as calm and steady as usual, and he drove the car over bad places very carefully.

"MARY," he began after a long silence, "I reckon I've been in love with you since you first came heah. But I never had no hope till lately. An' now I'm bold enough to ask you if you'll marry me."

He did not ask her if she realized what a rancher's wife must be in that hard country. Somehow the omission, and the simplicity of his proposal, seemed a compliment to Mary. Was she as big as he believed? However that might be, she knew she was happier than she had ever been in her life.

"Yes, Enoch, I—I will marry you," she said softly.

His right hand dropped off the wheel and groped for hers. Mary met it halfway. Through her glove she felt the ruggedness and strength and hardness of it as he clasped hers close.

"Wal, shore I reckoned this heah dance was goin' to be a happy one for me," he said.

So Mary found herself trying to realize the sudden change of the direction of her life. Her pulses were throbbing and her nerves tingling. Something warm and full and hopeful swelled her heart. After all, her little romance had not been a dream. Her secret love for this stalwart scion of a pioneer people had no longer to be held as something of which she dare not think. She was grateful for the wonderful opportunity to be a woman and a helper. She had found her place.

In that moment of happiness she did not forget the wayward and willful little sister; and somehow she felt that as Enoch's betrothed she might have a stronger influence.

Deeper into the dark forest the car penetrated, climbed a long hill and hummed along a winding level, at last to

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Forty Couples and Half as Many Youngsters Began to Cavort Round the Room



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plunge down into what appeared a bottomless cañon. Enoch was not exactly reckless, but he was not exactly careful either.

"Hang onto the pommel," he called out heartily.

Mary heard the rush and roar of water, and looked up from her task of saving the pies and cakes to see that the car was plunging down a steep grade into Tonto Creek. It struck the water with a great splash. Everybody shouted with pleasure.

Enoch drove a little faster, if anything, and the last mile through the black forest of huge pines was covered in short order. Ahead the blackness gave way to a yellow flare and soon a huge camp fire shone brightly. It stood at the edge of the schoolhouse clearing. A crowd of young people and children were grouped around it, and every one of them was eating ice cream. A stalwart youth, wearing a red scarf, was lading it out from the first of a row of freezers.

The advent of the Thurman car created an uproar. The crowd yelled its delight at the arrival of the chief factor in the evening's entertainment—the old fiddler.

The merry young people hustled Henry Thurman into the schoolhouse. Mary found she was being led by Enoch, who at the same time was trying to protect the basket of pies. She lost sight of Georgiana.

THE inside of the schoolhouse was familiar enough to Mary, yet tonight it seemed to have meaning and picturesque significance. The whitewashed walls had in places been covered with colored prints from newspapers and magazines. The light, furnished by a small lamp at each end of the room, was so dim that Mary found it difficult to recognize anyone. All the desks had been removed. A line of benches and chairs and boxes ran along the walls round the room. In one corner was a stove, behind which sat a group of women with babies in their arms.

Children ran everywhere, squealing, laughing, crying out their particular pleasure in this annual event.

"Unlimber thet thar fiddle," called out a lusty-lunged rider to Henry; and his call was seconded by many.

Henry Thurman's gray old face beamed. He sat down on a box, and taking up his fiddle he began to saw on it. Lock Thurman sat close to him, bending forward, and with two slender pine sticks he beat time upon the strings of Henry's fiddle.

This was a signal for the dancers and the children. Forty couples and half as many youngsters began to cavort round the room. The young people danced their modification of the two-step and the children played tag. Mary found herself swept away on Enoch's strong arm. Then all Mary could see was the throng of dancers. From time to time she felt the children running by or dragging at her skirts, and she could hear their merry shrieks, but she could not see them. For a rough rider who had worn heavy boots all his life Enoch certainly acquitted himself creditably. Like others of those long-legged Arizonians he did not dance badly. The embarrassing thing for Mary was that he did not tire, and the fiddler kept on interminably.

WHEN finally Henry and Lock ceased their united efforts the young people rushed outside to eat ice cream. Most of the girls forgot to put on coats and one of these was Georgiana. In the bright glare of the fire she presented a sight calculated to be etched indelibly on the memories of the young people who saw her. The boys stared in undisguised obsession; the girls marveled at the audacity and beauty of that white gown; the older folk looked at Georgiana with distrust and scorn.

It did not take Mary more than a moment to see that Georgiana was enjoying the sensation she created, particularly among the boys who flocked round her. Here in the bright light Mary had a good look at Hatfield. He appeared a tall, powerfully built fellow, handsome in a bold way, and he certainly wore a picturesque garb. Like many of the young men present he danced without coat or vest. He wore a blue blouse, red scarf, a silver-buttoned belt, and tight-fitting dark trousers that showed the round hips and supple legs of a rider. The pearl handle of a gun protruded from his right hip pocket. This surprised

## The Code of the West

(Continued from Page 13)

Mary, and she called Enoch's attention to it.

"Wal," he drawled, "I reckon Bid ain't the only one packin' hardware heah."

His tone and his look made Mary's pulse leap. Underneath the gayety and simplicity of this dance lay the sterner instincts that had been inherited from a wilder day.

Mary resolutely put away all untoward thoughts. This night meant much to her and she wished to enjoy it while she could. She had a feeling that trouble would come soon enough. Wherefore she paid no more attention to Georgiana and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment.

SHE danced four straight two-steps with Enoch, all long dances with innumerable encores, and then she was claimed by Wess for a dance called "tag." Several of the boys entered this dance without partners, and they had the privilege of tagging dancers who had partners. It was a dance they all particularly enjoyed when they began to warm up, and Mary and Georgiana had a continual procession of changing partners. Georgiana, in fact, scarcely could get started with one dancer when another dancer tagged him. Bid Hatfield was having his trouble trying to find a moment with her. At last he got hold of Mary and she found him the best dancer there. Then Enoch, for the first time during this long tag dance, forced himself upon her partner. He whispered in her ear: "Reckon I don't care for Hatfield dancin' with my girl. An' I'm goin' to tell this outfit you're engaged to me."

"Oh—not yet," she whispered back. But Enoch smilingly shook his head.

The end of this dance found Mary warm, breathless and exhausted for the moment. She was glad to rest. The children, all of them pupils of hers, gravitated toward her and seemed to have discovered a new interest. Pale faced and big eyed, they showed the effects of unusual excitement and were about ready to fall asleep. Mrs. Gard Thurman and another woman were putting the babies to bed in a corner.

When the dancers filed in again old Henry Thurman rose, fiddle in hand, and twanged a few sharp notes to attract attention.

"Folks," he drawled, "as a member of the school board it fell on me tonight to extend a vote of thanks to our good teacher, Miss Stockwell. We shore do appreciate her. An' it was to be my pleasant duty to ask her to stay long heah with us. But thar won't be airy need of askin' now. Miss Mary has elected to make her home heah in the Tonto . . . an' the darn lucky man is my son Enoch."

IT WAS then, in the few crowded ensuing moments, that Mary found how she was regarded by the children and their folk. Her happiness would have been complete if only she could have been sure of Georgiana. She wondered why Georgiana did not come to her as had so many. But it turned out that Georgiana had not been present when the announcement was made. In the middle of the next dance, while Mary was resting and talking to Mrs. Thurman, Georgiana came hurriedly to her, followed by Hatfield, who evidently was her partner.

"Mary, he said your engagement to Enoch was announced," she burst out with strong feeling.

"Who told you?" asked Mary, smiling.

"My partner—Mr. Hatfield," replied Georgiana. "I thought he was kidding me, but he swears not. . . . Mary, you look —"

"My dear, I'm very happy to say it's the truth."

"Oh! You're going to marry Enoch—to live here in the Tonto?" queried the girl.

"Yes, Georgie," replied Mary.

"My gosh! What will become of me?" muttered the girl under her breath.

Just then, before Mary could reply, Hatfield stepped forward. He was quite the gallant and made a favorable impression.

"Miss Stockwell, I congratulate you," he said. "Enoch Thurman —"

He was interrupted by the arrival of Cal, who came rushing up to Mary, eager and pale, and he bent to kiss her.

"Never was so—glad about anythin' in my life," he said breathlessly. "You'll be Enoch's wife an' my sister. I'll say we're lucky." (Continued on Page 22)



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(Please write plainly, use margin if required)

(Continued from Page 20)

Then Cal took notice of Georgiana and Hatfield. She gave him a curt little bow and her escort spoke. Cal eyed them steadily, with cool intent, then without word or nod he turned his back on them. Georgiana flushed scarlet under her paint and powder. What semblance of dignity she had was lost in her oversentimental turning to Hatfield.

"Come on, Bid. You sure dance divinely," she said.

Hatfield was not slow or timid in his response to that invitation. But if Georgiana had expected to crush Cal by this means she had reckoned falsely. Cal apparently neither saw nor heard her.

"Dance with me, please," he asked of Mary.

"Wait for the next, Cal," she replied. "They danced me 'down' last time surely."

"What! The night of your engagement? Why, teacher!" returned Cal teasingly.

"Oh, I'm not down and out as Tuck Merry calls it, but I need a little rest."

"Where is Tuck? He was in for it to-night."

"Come to think, I haven't seen Tuck dancing. But of course he's here. He came in the same car with us. . . . Cal, did you ride up horseback?"

"Yep. An' after I made up my mind I came a-flyin'," replied Cal with a frank laugh.

"You said you were not coming. What brought you?" inquired Mary in kindly curiosity.

"Well, it wasn't to have a good time. I got a hunch somethin' was comin' off an' I might be needed."

"Cal, do you mean a fight?"

"No; I reckon I wouldn't have come to get into a fight or keep anyone out."

"Then why?" went on Mary, more interested. Cal was laboring under strong, suppressed excitement. He seemed more manly, full of reserve force and the touch of sadness became him. He was evasive, however, and laughed off Mary's queries.

She watched him keenly as he sat there making himself agreeable, and she noted how his dark eyes roved over and among the dancing couples to single out Georgiana. When, however, during the whirl of the dancing circle, she drew near to where he sat he gave no indication that he had seen her at all. Mary noted to her dismay that Georgiana's dancing became wilder.

"CAL, you said you didn't come to have a good time," spoke up Mary. "You must dance and enjoy yourself."

"Teacher, my heart is broken," he replied with sudden, somber change of tone.

"Oh, Cal!" she exclaimed in distress.

Abruptly he left her, and did not return until the music started up for the next dance. Then he seemed more like his old self. Still Mary was not reassured. Something rankled deep within Cal. She felt it, and a sense of fear grew upon her. During the whole of that dance she revolved in mind some things she meant to say to him.

"Boy, you didn't dance as well as usual tonight," she said.

"Reckon not, teacher. My mind wouldn't stick to the steps."

"Cal, what's on your mind?"

Before he could reply Enoch loomed over them, and drew them out of the crowd.

"Shore you couldn't keep out of trouble, hey?" he queried curtly, with a hand on the boy's shoulder.

Cal's dark steady eyes peered up into Enoch's, searchingly, questioningly, but he did not answer.

"Wal, I reckon if you'll listen to me I'll be glad you come."

"Don't I always listen to you?" asked Cal brusquely.

"Not always, when you're riled. An', Cal, this heah's a time when you need to listen, if there ever was one."

"What's come off?" queried Cal sharply.

"Wal, not much yet. But I reckon the earmarks are bad," replied Enoch in serious tone. "Tim is gettin' drunk. Somebody fetched drink an' I cain't locate it. Georgie has turned Tim down for Bid Hatfield. Tim is shore courtin' trouble. An' Tuck Merry has been a r'arin'. I didn't see him an' I cain't find him, but there's a report out heah that he's had three fights."

"Good! I'd like to see the three fellows."

"SAY boy, you seem to be tolerable shore that long-necked gander has licked them," declared Enoch testily. Evidently he did not fancy the prowess attributed to Cal's friend.

"Whatever are you boys driving at?" asked Mary, half in alarm and half in amusement.

"Cal, I'm asking you to stay in heah till I come back," said Enoch earnestly.

"Huh," replied Cal. It was a promise as well as an expression of his conviction. He had guessed why his brother had asked him to stay indoors.

"Come, Mary, I want you out heah," went on Enoch, and led her out into the dark cold night. The stars were bright above the black pines. Gay chatter and song and laughter sounded from the yellow flare of bonfire. Couples appeared to be strolling into and out of the gloom.

"Mary, when I was comin' in someone tagged me an' told me Georgie was carryin' on sort—sort of wild with Bid Hatfield," whispered Enoch, bending close to her. "Now with Tim drinkin' an' Cal heah this will never do. Someone is goin' to tell them an' then there will be hell."

"What can we do?" asked Mary.

"I reckon all we can do is to get Georgie inside an' keep her there."

"I'm sure I can guarantee that."

"Wal, mebbe. Reckon you don't savvy Georgie. Anyway, she's out there in my car with Hatfield. An' I'm tellin' you strong we've got to break that up or somebody is goin' to —"

"Wait here. I'll go," interrupted Mary.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## It's Now or Never for the Carnivals

(Continued from Page 4)

is legitimate. The majority of communities and fairs want it. It is operated at church fairs. The state of Virginia has legalized this kind of merchandise wheel. We must have it to make expenses. Of course, in places where they will not let even this wheel run we will have to do without it, but if this wheel is prohibited generally it will mean the loss of millions of dollars invested in the business of supplying merchandise for it. We must save the merchandise wheels. We believe that if we banish all vice and all crooked games and contrivances from all carnivals, parks, fairs and circuses in the United States we should be permitted to operate a wheel that gives everyone a fair and equal chance and that pays a merchandise prize every time it spins. I have investigated and find that these wheels make a profit that simply amounts to selling merchandise at a fair profit. But we are going to insist that all merchandise sold through these wheels shall be what it is represented to be. The candy must be pure and the silverware and other articles must be true to brand."

The organization already is functioning. The bills pending in the legislatures of several states, aimed at carnivals and circuses, have been modified upon promise of Dictator Johnson of a general clean-up.

"What do you think of our plan? Don't you think it will clean up the fairs and carnivals?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Give us until next fall to write the answer to that question," I said.

"All right," was Mr. Johnson's comment. "That will be the closing chapter to your continued story of crooked fairs and carnivals; for we are saying to every outdoor showman in the land that no matter what kind of a show he operated in the past, here is the chance for him to wipe the slate clean and start again with a new deal. If he will come into this organization and sign its pledge, his past sins will be forgiven and forgotten; and if he goes straight in the future he will make more money than he ever did. If all showmen will do that all opposition will cease, and the carnival will be welcomed everywhere."

"If," I said. "There is always that if."

It should be added that Mr. Johnson cannot be asked to control the "sheet writers," as the crooked subscription agents of a certain class of publications are known. Local officials must suppress these pests that have long afflicted country fairs.





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# CHAFF

### The Change

"I LEFT the old farm," confessed an Ordinary Man, "to escape the endless work, the long hours, the savage bite of the winter mornings and all the rest of the dull monotony of the treadmill existence; in short, to be master of my own destiny. Now, here in the city, I am not obliged to do anything I do not wish to do, except grind day after day humped over my desk, ride back and forth in street cars with a well-nourished booby standing on my foot, or feet, as the case may be; melt or congeal, according to the season, in an apartment where I do not even know the names of most of my fellow dwellers, but am well acquainted with the subjects about which they upbraid each other, fiercely and frequently; get run over occasionally when I stroll out for an airing, or held up and otherwise made little of. "In other respects I am as free from care as a bonny bird. And by saving up my money carefully all the rest of the year I am able to go back to the old home neighborhood for two weeks every summer and struttingly run it all over the folks there, most of whom could buy me and never remember they had paid out the money."

### Arrested

WHO was it oft robbed Farmer Binks,  
Stole mower, plow and rake  
And many more farm implements  
Styly as any snake?

Who took them off before his eyes?  
A rogue he'd not mistrust  
Because they went just flake by flake—  
It was that robber Rust.

But now wise Binks has foiled the thief,  
And makes no more complaint—  
He's coated all his implements  
With rust-arresting paint.

—Oscar H. Roesner.

### Poetry and Prose

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June?"  
quoted the emotional young girl.

"A ton of good anthracite when you need it," said the man who harbored winter memories. Thus poetic fancy and hard fact collided head-on.

### Everyday Epitaphs

Beyond  
The Realm of Cloud  
and Star  
Abides  
LUELLA LINES  
Who  
Though She Drove  
Her Motor Car  
Did Not Believe in  
Signs



FROG: That's Grandpa Turtle, Who Claims to Remember the Flood and Noah's Ark. He's Our Oldest Inhabitant—or Our Biggest Liar

### He Couldn't Say

"WAS the defendant intoxicated at the time?"  
"I hain't the slightest idy," replied Witness Gooney, of Clapboard Springs. "When I first seed him he was layin' on his back in the dusty road, drawing up first one leg and then tuther and straightening 'em out one at a time. I heered some feller say he was murmuring that he'd got onto the tallest I-gad stairway he'd ever tried to climb. But I d'know what was the matter with him—I didn't ask."

### A City Child's Farmyard of Verse The Team

WHEN I'm a man, I'd rather far  
Have horses than a motor car.  
Although a limousine is grand,  
It won't eat sugar from your hand.  
A motor car is not alive.  
And sometimes grandpa lets me drive  
The team. I cluck; they start together;  
I steer them with two straps of leather.

—Frederic F. Van de Water.

### Final Proof

"AW, NAW!" retorted Skinny Simpson.  
"I wouldn't believe it —"  
In vain they tried to reason with him.  
"— unless I saw it in the movies!"

### Flies

THE while I swat  
The buzzing flies,  
I can't restrain  
My thoughts and sighs.

I needn't swat  
Until I'm blue,  
If Noah had  
Just swatted two!

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

### Deceptive

"THAT new hired man of yours seems to be a good worker," said Farmer Field.  
"Yes; that's his specialty," replied Farmer Flint, gazing upon his alleged aid.  
"Working?"  
"No—seeming to."

### Horrors of Home

LOS ANGELES  
Newspapers print  
"Weather-at-your-Old-Home" tables.  
Thousands of miles  
away tourists can  
complain of the heat  
on Main Street!

### The Exception

"I'll bet you —"  
"I never bet except in buying cantaloupes," retorted J. Fuller Gloom

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