

The Code of the West
p. 12

May 12 1923

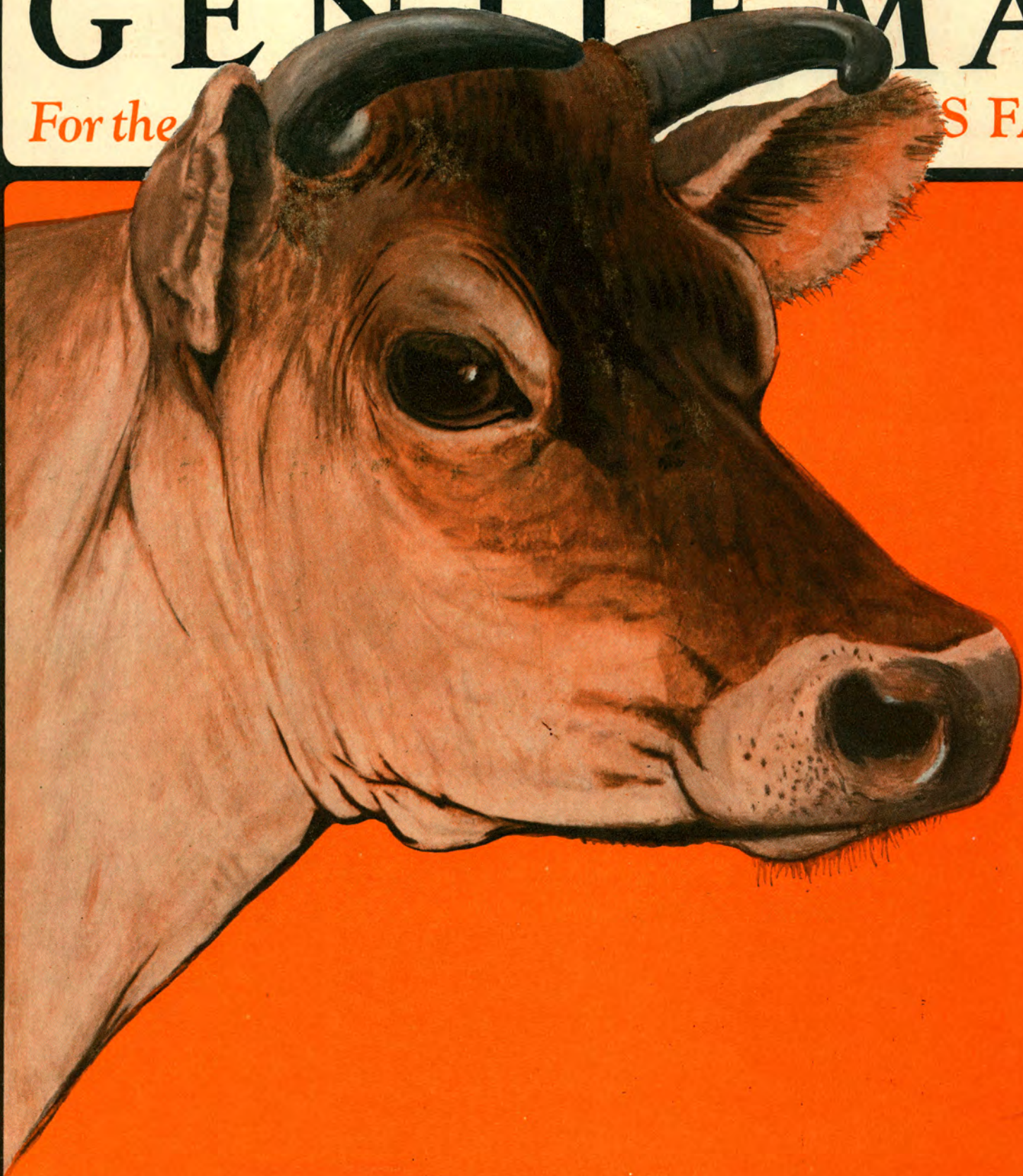
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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

For the

S FAMILY



CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

PAINTED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

NEW YORK'S DEATH CUP—By Raymond G. Carroll

THE CODE OF THE WEST

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN S. CURRY



SYNOPSIS—Mary Stockwell, who, as mistress of the school has come to love the rugged, beautiful Tonto country and its stalwart people, receives a letter announcing the coming of her sister, seventeen-year-old Georgiana May, whose health alarms their parents in their Eastern home. Georgie, an imperious little beauty, is the ultramodern girl—slangy, short-skirted, painted and powdered—and Mary fears her effect upon the Tonto people with their rigid code of womanly conduct. Mary lives at Green Valley, the Thurman ranch, and wants one of the riders to meet her sister at Ryson. As a joke, she shows a picture of a spinster aunt as a likeness of Georgie. His duties will keep Enoch, leader of the clan, at home. Boyd, Wess, Lock and Serge Thurman advance courteously mendacious excuses. So do Panhandle Ames, Tim Matthews, Arizona and Con Casey. But nineteen-year-old Cal Thurman offers to meet Georgie. The boys are incorrigible jokers, and on setting out next morning Cal is sure that Wess, Tim, Arizona and Panhandle plan to make the trip miserable for him. En route Cal picks up a tall, grotesque-looking stranger, Tuck Merry, ex-marine and heavyweight boxer. Cal will get him a job; Tuck agrees to teach the boy to box so he can hold his own with his older comrades.

The four riders from Green Valley arrive. Bloom, foreman of the Bar XX outfit, and dashing Bid Hatfield, one of his men, also appear. There is bad blood between them and the Thurmans. None of the latter recognizes Georgie when she arrives. Hatfield introduces himself, and the Green Valley boys learn her name. Cal hangs back in youthful embarrassment while Wess informs Georgie that no friend of the Thurmans can ride with Hatfield. The girl learns that a joke is being played on Cal, and declares she will go only with him. Bloom makes an insulting remark about Eastern girls; Tuck thrashes him soundly. Wess and the others have tampered with Cal's car, but Merry fixes it. Cal starts off with Georgie and Merry, followed by the four. Though he finds her irresistibly appealing, Cal sternly criticizes her dress. This she hotly resents. Suddenly the wheel twists from his grasp; the car thuds into a bank.

MISS GEORGIANA, are you hurt?" queried Cal, suddenly aware of the little head pressing rather heavily against his shoulder.

"I See Trouble Ahead. It's Going to Come When One of These Tonto Boys Falls Genuinely in Love With You"

"I—I don't think—so," she replied somewhat tremulously. "Sort of a—jerk—my neck—like the game crack-the-whip."

"Aw, I'm sorry," said Cal, all his resentment as if it had never been. Her hat was touching his face, her cheek rested upon his shoulder and then slid a little lower. Her hands appeared inert. How slight and frail! Again that ebullition ran riot in his breast, deep, beyond his control, shudderingly. He raised his arm round her, more, he thought, to get it out of her way than anything else. Yet when the slim form seemed to sink a little more, now closer to him, he experienced a comforting sense of strength, of his power to sustain her. Was she going to faint? What should he do?

"TUCK, I'm afraid she's hurt," said Cal fearfully. "What'll we do?"

"Buddy, she can't be hurt bad," replied Tuck, as he jumped out of the car and then leaned forward to look at Georgiana. "I guess you're doing about all that's necessary," he continued with subtle dry meaning. "Just hold her, Buddy, till she comes to. . . . I hear the other car. It'll be along soon."

At that the girl stirred, sat up and moved away from Cal. That relieved his anxiety.

"You're a couple of bright guys," she said. Merry let out a hearty laugh at this, but Cal could only stare at her. The gathering twilight under the high bank made her face hard to see in the gloom. It looked pale, sweet, haunting to Cal. Her eyes were dark deep wells.

"Bright guys?" he echoed rather dumfounded. "Why do you say that?"

"I ought to say more. You drove like a soused chauffeur. And your Tuck Merry lets me freeze to death when he's got a bundle of blankets or clothes."

"Right-o," declared Tuck with alacrity. "Bonehead is the correct allegation for this member of the party." Whereupon he reached for his pack, and swiftly unrolling it he took out a blanket. "Let me tuck this round you."

"Thanks, Tuck, you're well named," said this amazing girl. "Now where do we go from here?"

Cal sat there silently looking at her, and finally forced his gaze away. He chose to let her think she had fooled him, when as a matter of truth he had suddenly divined that she had leaned so close to him and nestled in his arm just out of a pure feminine deviltry or coquetry. Tuck Merry's look at her, and his dry, good-humored and shrewd remark had caused her to sit up quickly. It had also guided Cal's wandering thoughts. What a girl! Cal could have laughed loud and long at his tenderness. But he could not laugh. He had been struck deep in his heart by some unaccountable malady.

Just then the big touring car with Wess and the boys mounted the last bench of the hill behind and came humming to a stop opposite the motionless car.

"Wal, heah you are," called Wess peevishly. "It shore took you a long time to ditch that flivver."

"CAL, you son-of-a-gun, you run it half way home," said Panhandle admiringly. "I'm agoin' to apologize fer insinuat' you couldn't drive."

"Say, heah, you long-legged galoot," called Tim Matthews to Merry, who was now examining the engine. "Is she busted—laid out—hamstrung?"

"Mister, do you mean this Lizzie or the young lady?" calmly queried Tuck.

"I mean thet car, you durn fool," shouted Tim.

"So you run into that bank?" added Wess, more cheerfully, as he lumberingly got his long length out of the touring car. "Broke down for good, hey?"

They all got out leisurely and swaggered toward the wreck. Twilight had deepened so their faces could not be clearly seen. Meanwhile Cal had been pondering how best to meet the situation. If only he could turn the tables on them! Suddenly into his mind flashed a daring idea. Impulsively he leaned close to the girl, so he could whisper in her ear. "They've been mean an' they've got it on me. So won't you please be—be nice an' forget all I said—an' stand by me? I can beat them yet."

"Go to it. I'll play up to your game," she whispered back.

Cal resumed his former position, conscious of an inward tremor.

"Wal, Cal, why don't you come down off your hoss?" drawled Wess.

"Cousin, get your laugh off your chest quick," replied Cal, loud and clear. "I knew you'd tampered with the engine."

"You did? All the time? Wal, I'll be gol-durned. Boys, you heah Cal? He says he knew all the time. Haw! Haw! Haw!" His comrades joined in his mirth.

BUT Cal remained silent, and this strange fact, manifestly not what the boys had expected, soon had a contrary effect on them.

"Huh!" ejaculated Cal at last. "You feel better now, I reckon. You've had your joke. You've had one more on the baby of the family. All right. . . . Now listen. It might have been well meant, though I don't trust any of you, but it turned out bad. You know I'm a poor driver, an' when somethin' busted in the engine it scared me—threw me off guard—an' we ran into this bank. Miss Georgiana got a hard jerk an' knock. She fainted twice. I'm afraid she's hurt—maybe bad."

A blank dead silence ensued. Cal felt elated. He knew these big-hearted boys. If the girl now would only do her part! Then suddenly that silence was pierced by a little low moan of anguish.

"Aw, shucks!" gasped Wess in abject, sincere misery.

"My gosh, Cal, don't say the little lady's hurt," ejaculated Arizona.

The other two boys were probably beyond expression of their feelings.

"Don't stand there like a lot of boobs!" shouted Cal. The newly learned epithet delighted him. "Clear out the back of your car so I can carry her in there."

"It's done," added Wess sharply, "an' you fellars are to blame. Rustle now." Then he approached the little car on the girl's side and opened the door. She lay back in the dark blanket, a singularly inert figure. Cal moved over close to Georgiana, and with every show of extreme tenderness he put his arms under her and lifted her. Another little moan escaped her.

"OF ALL the tough luck!" exclaimed Wess huskily. "Cal, you may beat me half to death. Let me help you. . . . Easy now."

"There, I can manage," replied Cal as he straightened up free of the car. How light she was! He could have carried her clear to Green Valley. Silently the boys followed him—helped him into the big car, where he sat down to let Georgiana slip off his lap into the corner. But she still leaned against him. Her hat fell back. Cal could just see the white glow of her face, and the big eyes, now strangely black.

"Cal, you'd better support her head," said Wess, assuming the authority here. "You know the road's bad in places. Boys, hustle in with them bags. . . . An' say, you elongated stranger, stick your pack on the fender an' ride on the runnin' board."

In a few moments all appeared to be in readiness for the start. Tim and Panhandle squeezed into the front seat with Wess, and Arizona got into the back seat beside Cal.

At this critical juncture Georgiana wailed out a most heart-rending cry:

"Oh, Mister—Cal—to think any young men—could be so c-r-u-e-l! Take me—to sister," she wailed. "I want to die—in her arms. My neck's—broken—and no doctor could help me now. . . . I need—a minister to pray—for my soul—for I'm a very—very wicked girl. Oh—oh—oh-h-h!"

The little minx was giving Cal's free hand a sly squeeze at the very moment that she was wailing. She was more than reveling in the way she had helped Cal to turn the tables on these boys. She had created a situation of her own.

HOW completely he had now evened up the score with the boys! He had already more than sipped the sweet cup of revenge, and the end was not yet.

Never had Wess driven so wonderfully. He had a genius for gliding over the rough places in the road, so as not to jar the little lady who had wailed that her neck was broken. Panhandle seemed set in a gloomy trance, while Tim Matthews, the instigator of the plot to discomfit Cal, might well have been a criminal on his way to be hanged.

The night grew dark, and when the car hummed into the denser wooded section all was pitch black except the narrow road ahead. Cal could hardly see the gleam of the girl's face against his shoulder. Whenever Wess slowed up at a bump or crossing or wash Georgiana would utter a faint cry. That it pierced the consciences of these guilty tricksters there could not be the slightest doubt.

"Oh, Mister Cal," complained Georgiana in a most convincingly sad little voice, "sister wrote me—about the beautiful West—how fine and noble and kind—all the Tonto boys. . . . Oh, it was bunk—bunk—bunk! Not you, Mister Cal—for you're wonderful—but that horrible cousin of yours—and his boob friends—they're devils. . . . To frame up—a dirty job on—a poor little Eastern girl—who came West to get well and happy! To murder her! Oh, they ought to burn—forever in hades!"

"Never mind about them, Miss Stockwell," responded Cal with the soothing tone of one ministering to an invalid. "They're really not responsible for what they do. If we had an asylum at Ryson my cousin would be in it. An' if we had a jail Tim Matthews would be there. Never mind

about them. They'll get theirs, all right! You just try to be quiet—an' don't fret."

At the close of Cal's long speech Georgiana became a dead weight against him and she was quivering in convulsions of mirth.

"Oh, Mister Cal—I can't move," moaned Georgiana. "I'm so cold—creeping—icy. . . . Oh, it's paralysis!"

This talk seemed all very good, in the interest of their united efforts to annihilate the enemy; but a moment's thought convinced Cal that he had carried the thing far enough. Wess and the boys had been sufficiently punished. They were in the Slough of Despond. Long would it be before they tried another trick on him. Moreover, Cal's resentment had faded. He was satisfied. He never bore malice. But at the moment when he was about to burst out into an uproarious laugh that would betray his countertrick to the boys, the girl's soft, cold little hand slipped into his, and she nestled closer to him.

His generosity toward the boys, his good intention not to carry his deception any farther, were suddenly as if they had never been. This girl, whom he had known but for a few hours, who had stirred old and new emotions in him, had taken incredible hold on his feelings. He tried to think. She was only seventeen; she was only full of fun; she was only helping him get even. But was she unconscious of what she was doing? His natural chivalry fought for an affirmation of his hopes.

CAL'S breast heaved with his conflicting emotions, and that deep heave lifted the fragrant curly head closer to his lips. Desperately he controlled the longing to kiss those curls. But Cal could not have yielded to a temptation like that. Did she divine how he felt? He wondered, and then he trembled as very slowly she slipped her head backward and tilted her face upward, closer, with a singular soft motion. And then with her head on his shoulder she became very quiet. Cal's eyes pierced the darkness and made out the pale oval of her face, the black depths of her eyes, the vague sweet mouth, indistinct, and all the more alluring for that. For an endless moment he peered at this face, pale against the shadowy background. She was watching him, and he imagined she smiled. For Cal the moment was strange, complex, infinite in its far-reaching effect. An instinct of exceeding strength urged him to kiss the shadowy mouth, those sweet eyes so deep and dark in the paleness of her face. He knew he could do so—that she would not resent it—that in her there were coquetry, deviltry, something new and raw in femininity to him. And that was why he did not yield. He was too earnest. He felt too greatly. For him and his kind a kiss on a girl's lips was no slight thing. Wherefore he turned his face away to look down the road, glad to see the twinkling lights of Green Valley Ranch. A few more moments would end this joke of his, this retaliation which had begun in mirthful zest and had subtly changed to something beyond his ken.

THE car passed the corral fences, the barns, the sheds, and stopped before the long rambling ranch house, from which lighted windows gleamed a welcome.

Wess turned to say anxiously: "Cal, how is she?"

"Reckon she's no worse," replied Cal.

"Lady—I—I do hope you're recoverin'," faltered Wess, in deep-voiced solicitation. Manifestly he was hoping against hope. And Cal felt how the other boys hung on her answer.

"Thank you—I guess—I'm a little better," she said languidly. "The terrible pain—is gone—and I'm easier. I guess my neck's not broken after all. Please forgive me—for all I said—back there."

Wess actually writhed and groaned in his self-accusing unhappiness. Her sweetly uttered request to be forgiven was the last straw.

"Wess, go in an' break the news to teacher, but mind you don't scare her," said Cal.

"My gosh, Cal—I cain't face Miss Mary an' tell her what we've done to her little sister. I cain't," replied Wess distractedly.

Cal felt a sly pinch on his arm and he knew what to expect.

"Mister Cal—you go in, please—and tell sister," said Georgiana. "Lie to her. Say I'm just tired out—little weak and sick, you know. Then come back after me. I'm afraid I can't walk."

"I'll carry you," interposed Wess with mounting hopefulness.

"Oh no, thank you; Mister Cal knows just how to handle me," she replied graciously. "You can carry my baggage."

Cal slipped out, taking with him another lingering, encouraging pressure from that little hand. He ran into the house. The long living room was bright with two lamps and blazing logs in the huge stone fireplace. Henry Thurman looked up from his paper.

"WAL, heah you be, Cal," he drawled, with a smile smoothing out the net of fine wrinkles in his massive face. He was a large man, gray-headed, beardless, with the stamp of pioneer on every feature. Cal's mother and sister both called in unison from the kitchen that supper was burning. "Come in here," answered Cal; and when they came in happily expectant in their hospitality, Enoch and Boyd also entered from the back porch. "Listen, folks, an' don't get scared now. There's been a little accident. I must tell teacher. Then I'll fetch her sister in. Just wait an' don't be scared."

Miss Stockwell's room was at the far end of the south porch. Cal knocked on the door and called. "Teacher, are you there?" "Cal, is that you?" she replied joyously from within, and then opened the door. She was dressed in white and her comely face seemed happily eager, yet anxious.

"Teacher," whispered Cal, almost hilariously. "Georgiana an' I have put it all over Wess an' his outfit."

"You have? Oh, fine! Tell me. Where's Georgie? Is she all right?"

"Listen. I can't tell everythin' now," went on Cal breathlessly. "The boys tampered with the car. It broke down as they'd planned. Then we pretended Georgiana was hurt in the accident. But she wasn't, see. Wess an' the boys are sick. Now your part is to pretend to be terribly angry when Wess comes in. See?"

"Yes, Cal, I see. I'll do my part. But hurry," she replied.

With that Cal wheeled away and ran out of the gate to the car. All the boys were standing there, dark, gloomy, waiting.

"Wess, go in an' take your medicine," ordered Cal solemnly. "Drag your pardners with you. Teacher is awful mad."

"Grab all the baggage you can carry. An' you, Tuck, go along with them. I'll fetch the girl right in."

When the five young men, heavily laden, had filed through the gate Cal whispered into the car:

"Come on now. We're sure goin' to have some fun. I fixed it up with your sister. She's on, an' she'll do her part."

"I was afraid you'd ball up this part of the play," replied Georgiana. "I didn't want Mary to be frightened."

The door of the house opened, sent out a broad flare of light for a moment and then closed.

"Come on," said Cal, shot through with eagerness to see the climax of his joke. Georgiana gathered up the folds of the blanket from round her feet and followed him into the yard and down to the porch.

"Oh, listen," whispered Cal. She grasped his arm in her eagerness and it was certain that she giggled.

"... done to my little sister?" sounded the ringing voice of Miss Stockwell in furious scorn and anger.

"Teacher, it was this heah way," came Wess' humble answer. "We busted Cal's car. But the durned fool run it into a bank. An' your sister was hurt. But so help me —"

"YOU villains!" burst out Miss Stockwell in terrible tones. "You miserable ruffians! It's bad enough of you to torment that noble boy Cal, let alone hurt a poor little sick girl. It's outrageous. You've got to be horsewhipped. And if my sister dies I'll have you hanged!"

Georgiana squeezed Cal's arm. "Deep stuff! Here's where we put it over good. Now, Cal, cover my face with the blanket and carry me in. Be very solemn and awfully grieved. Then—after you've planted the tragedy bluff—set me down on my feet and leave the rest to me."

Cal folded the end flap of the blanket over her face and took her in his arms.

She made her body as limp as an empty sack. One arm hung down and her head fell back.

"Open the door," he called in a hollow voice. It was opened wide by Tuck Merry.

In one sweeping glance as Cal entered he took in the assembly. His mother and sister, white-aproned for the occasion, gazed at him and his burden in a perturbation wholly real. His old father cocked his head on one side and peered with infinite curiosity. But his slight smile precluded anxiety. Enoch and Boyd appeared dumfounded. Miss Stockwell had the center of the room—she seemed pale in her white dress—with dark excited eyes, shining wonderfully on Cal. In front of her, lined up as against a wall for execution, stood Wess and Panhandle and Arizonie and Tim, deeply stirred, haggard and sick, betraying their guilt, honest in their remorse.

WITHOUT more ado Cal set Georgiana upon her feet and with one swift motion stripped the blanket from her. She might have been an apparition to most of the onlookers. Bareheaded, with golden curls disheveled, radiant of face, instinct with palpitating life and joy, she screamed her delight and rushed into her sister's outstretched arms.

"Oh, Mary—Mary—how glad I am!" she cried tremulously.

"Georgie, darling!" exclaimed the teacher with deeper emotion, and she folded the girl close and bent to kiss her again and again.

Cal glanced away to take a look at the four culprits. Then he tasted revenge, sweet and full. Now utterly astounded and stultified, their wits worked but slowly. They stared with jaws dropping.

Suddenly then Georgiana turned in her sister's arms, and with the lamplight upon her softened, glowing face, her eyes flashing purple and a dimpled smile breaking on her cheek, she seemed the loveliest creature Cal had ever seen. His great moment had come, but it was not going to be what he had anticipated. That tremendous gathering in his breast seemed to await a sentence.

"Mr. Cal, we put it over on them, didn't we?" she cried joyously.

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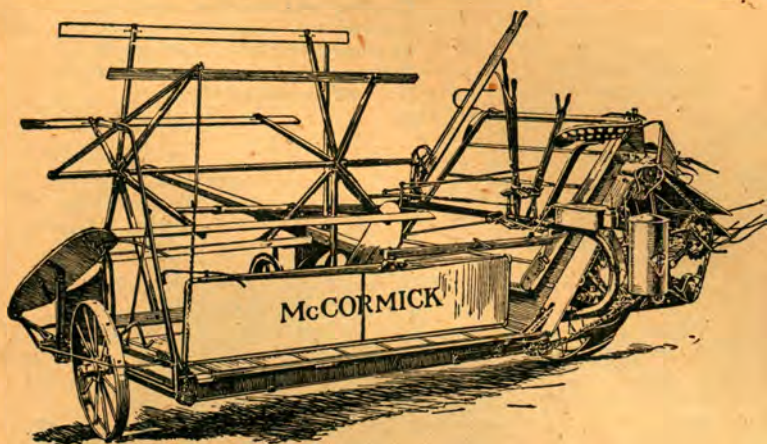
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The Code of the West

(Continued from Page 13)

Cal could only stare at her. That moment the something about her which he hated had vanished, and she appeared only a young girl, sweet and full of the joy of life and fun, with a wonderful light upon her face. As he gazed the overpowering truth flashed upon him. He had fallen in love with her.

"Aw!" burst from Wess—a huge expulsion of breath indicating realization and relief. He was a beaten trickster, but there was balm in his defeat.

VI

MISS STOCKWELL was reflecting that she had come to dread Sundays, when formerly they had been welcome days of rest from her school duties. The cause was Georgiana. Never in her life had a three weeks' period been so filled with love, bewilderment, distress and fear. And on this quiet Sabbath morning, while Georgiana was making up the hours of sleep she had lost, Miss Stockwell undertook to unravel the chaos of the situation.

The one outstanding and consolable fact about Georgiana's coming was that the love she had borne her older sister years before as a child had never died, and had now ripened in these few weeks of intimacy to the one and only good, developing influence in her life. That love and that alone had kept Miss Stockwell true to the tremendous responsibility that her parents had thrust upon her.

Judged superficially, Georgiana had appeared to be a very lively and pretty young girl, bringing with her the clothes, habits and tricks of speech of the East, and she had not been understood. The young men of the Tonto had been drawn to her as bees to honey. To them she was a new species of the female, strange, alluring, irresistible. To the young girls she had been a revelation, a wonderful creature heralding the freedom, independence and mastery that seemed born in all the women of the modern day. They had already begun to copy her dress, her manner, her slang, even to the bobbing of their hair. The matter bade fair to upset the tranquil Tonto. To the older women Georgiana was a girl beyond their understanding, a menace and an intruder.

To Miss Stockwell this little sister was adorable despite all that could be said against her, and that was an exceeding great deal. As long as Georgiana was loved, petted and given her own way she was sweet, lovable, absolutely a comfort and a joy. But cross her in the slightest and she was another creature. And it was impossible to keep from crossing her because Georgiana was endlessly thinking of something never before heard of in the Tonto.

IN THE person of her seventeen-year-old sister Miss Stockwell realized that she now had in her charge one of the modern girls forced by the war and the seething renaissance of the world into the type which was bewildering teachers, ministers, educators, and horrifying the staid old Americans.

Georgiana was bright, though she hated study. She hated housework, though her mother had seen to it that she could do it. She hated any kind of work. There was a hard, sophisticated, material, worldly side to her most difficult to understand. Miss Stockwell had cudgeled her brain to try to reach this side of Georgiana. In vain! The girl had come from a world positively new to Miss Stockwell, who had been in the West only six years. But those six years had changed life, unseated the old ideals, enthroned a new order of things, which, if permanent, meant a vastly different America. It distressed Miss Stockwell. She had either to change Georgiana or accept the inevitable, for it looked as if she must make a permanent home for her in the West. Georgiana's health already had greatly improved, verifying the judgment of the home physician. In spite of her running wild, riding the horses and upon several occasions dancing the whole night long, she had gained in flesh. That part of the question was a happy one.

How deep really was this strange sophistication of Georgiana's? Was it merely a veneer, a matter of environment, a new woman, feministic sort of pose, or was it a permanent adaptation to an altered condition of civilization? Georgiana was brazen

and did not seem to care how that distressed her sister. She used the most extraordinary vocabulary of slang, some of which jarred on Miss Stockwell's ear worse than profanity. She absolutely would not stop painting her face, and in fact she had to paint it more because exposure to sun had begun to burn her skin gold and brown. She would not lengthen her skirts nor roll up her stockings. She would not admit that she gloried in the sensation she roused, but Miss Stockwell knew it well enough.

But these things, seemingly so serious at first, had paled into insignificance before other developments. Georgiana was a flirt, roguish, sweet, playful and apparently innocent of deliberation, but nevertheless a flirt. Her attractiveness and her newness made this propensity to flirt a vastly more serious matter than if she had not brought the Eastern immodesty of dress, freedom of speech, unrestraint of action, and the fatal fascination of a possible attainableness. For Miss Stockwell had come to realize that this sort of thing would not do in the West. The code of these clean, fine, virile young men of the Tonto would not long abide Georgiana. If no one of them grew serious then perhaps there might not be a catastrophe. But Miss Stockwell believed one of these young men had already prostrated himself at the altar of her charm—Cal Thurman, the finest of the lot. Cal had grown strangely older in these few weeks. What would that lead to if Georgiana persisted in her flirting?

IT SEEMED that Georgiana had arrived at Green Valley just a product of her day, a shallow, selfish, thoughtless, mindless, soulless girl, whose only object was to make herself attractive and irresistible to the opposite sex, and to trifle with them. To run, ride, dance, flirt—which constituted her idea of a good time! That was how she struck Miss Stockwell for the first ten days. Then began a modifying of that conception. Georgiana was not mindless or soulless, nor really bad. It almost seemed that she desired to give that last impression, or at least she made no effort to repudiate it. From this discovery Miss Stockwell had derived hope to go on with the problem. It was everything in the world to her to satisfy herself that Georgiana, wild and willful and brazen as she was, despite the impression of utter materialism that she gave, had never been really bad. And the succeeding days, after this conclusion, had proved to Miss Stockwell, beyond any further question, that her sister was not what she pretended to be. She was very young. The West with its openness and naturalness, the simplicity of its people, the necessity for development of physical strength, would inevitably remake the girl—unless some catastrophe intervened to send her back East or drag her down.

Miss Stockwell made a decision that day, for herself as well as for Georgiana; it was that the West should claim them both for good. Whereupon she wrote a long letter to her mother, telling much about Georgiana, though omitting the things that would worry and distress, and concluded with mention of the important decision and how it was best for all concerned, and that some day she and Georgiana would make a visit back home.

WHEN this was done she sat looking out of her window, across the green pasture, across the orchard red with apples, across the yellowing corn and sorghum, to the rise of rugged hills that lifted fringed dome of rock and brush to the wild purple ranges beyond. This Tonto country had claimed her forever, whether or not her secret romance had a happy ending.

"Marwy, air you aboot heah this mawnin'?" came in Georgiana's languid voice from the little room beyond. This room had been a sort of shed adjoining that end of the house. Georgiana had coaxed Cal to fix it up with Indian blankets on the walls and deerskins on the floor, and here, in very cramped quarters with the furniture necessary and her belongings, she was happy.

"Yes, I'm here, Georgie. I've been up for hours and have written a long letter to mother."

"For heaven's sake bring me a drink of water," cried Georgiana. "Talk about a dark brown taste! Good night! The stuff

(Continued on Page 22)

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GMC Trucks are "Seven Steps Ahead"

(Continued from Page 20)

these Tonto jakes call white mule has some kick."

Mary poured out a glass of water from her pitcher, and carrying it in to Georgiana, sat down upon her little bed. The girl half sat up and propped herself on her pillows, and with her sleepy eyes and soft rosy golden tints of complexion, fresh as the morning, and with her slender arms bare on the coverlet she was indeed distractingly pretty.

Georgiana drank all of the water and then evidently was not satisfied.

"Georgie, did you really drink any of that liquor they call white mule?" queried Mary seriously.

"I'll say I did," replied Georgiana with a giggle. "But no more for me! Little Georgie May thought she'd been kicked by worse than a mule."

"Where'd you get the drink?"

"SOME of us went into that Ryson restaurant to eat a bite about midnight. We had to stop dancing at twelve on Saturday night. Well, Bid Hatfield was with us at our table and he had a flask. He dared us girls to take a sip of this white mule. I was curious, but I didn't want it. I hate booze. The girls took a sip, and then I swallowed a mouthful—quick, just for a new experience. I got it. Holy Moses! I'll never touch that stuff again, believe me."

"You won't? You promise me?"

"Now see here, sis. I don't have to make promises about that. I hate promises anyway. I'll never drink it again because it made me sick."

"Georgie, I don't care much for Bid Hatfield," said Mary thoughtfully. "I'm surprised he'd come up to you when you were with the Thurmans."

"Boyd didn't like it for a cent. . . . I'll tell you, Mary, on the level I haven't any use for Bid Hatfield, except to string him along. He's so darned stuck on himself. These Tonto dames have spoiled him, believe me."

"Was Cal there?"

"He rode in on horseback," replied Georgiana with subtle change of tone. "He got there late. I was teaching some of the boys and girls how to toddle. Cal saw us—and he beat it pronto. What do you know about that?"

"I know a good deal, Georgie dear," replied Mary earnestly. "Suppose we have a long talk, not about Cal particularly, but about everything."

"Oh, Lord—now you're going to hop me again!" cried Georgiana. "Mary, I had enough of that back home. Mother was always after me—raving at me because I couldn't be like she used to be. She couldn't understand. Dad couldn't, either. None of the girls' parents could see that we are different. Times have changed. We won't be bossed. We're going to do what we want to do—and what we want makes all the old folks sick."

MISS STOCKWELL pondered a moment while gazing down upon this rebellious little sister. She understood at last that Georgiana could never be driven. Such opposition invited disaster. Some other way must be found to influence her, if that were possible.

"No, dear, I'm not going to hop you again, as you call it," said Mary kindly. "But as we are going to live together and I'm going to take care of you till you are well and strong—isn't it fair that we have talks—understand each other's point of view?"

"Sure it is. I'll try. But I'm only a kid, and—I'm going to raise—to have a good time or die. I'll only be young once. Can you understand that?"

"I think so," replied Mary, weighing her words. "It's youth. I had a feeling something like it when I was seventeen, enough for me to realize what you mean. But your attitude toward life is an exaggeration of that feeling. You can't help the abnormal times. But you're not a fool, Georgie."

"No; it's because I'm wise that the old bunk doesn't go with me," replied the girl. "By bunk do you mean religion, education, refinement, love and marriage, as they used to be?"

"No. I mean it always has been a man's world until now," declared Georgiana with spirit. "Why don't you get down to brass tacks? Your disapproval of me sifts down to just one thing—how I dress, talk and act before men! That's all. There isn't any more. . . . Well, we kids have got it figured. We're wise. We see how our sisters

and mothers and grandmothers have been bunced by the lords of creation. By men! And we're going to do as we damn please, and if they don't like us they can lump us. But good night—the truth is they like us better, if they don't know it."

Mary Stockwell strove to hide her consternation and to apply all her wits to the following of this twentieth-century maiden. It was no use to be shocked. Emotion certainly could not help this situation.

"Georgie, you were active in Sunday school when I left home," said Mary, taking another tack. "Have you kept it up?"

"Do you think I'm a dead one?" flashed Georgiana. "I quit church when I was fourteen, and that was a year longer than I wanted to go. The churches are back numbers, Mary. Nobody goes any more."

"Perhaps that accounts for a great deal," mused Mary. "Dawn of a Godless age! . . . You are not to blame, perhaps, for losing interest in church work."

Mary bent her grave gaze upon this petulant, passionate little sister, and pondered silently for a moment, for some inspiration. None seemed forthcoming. She was baffled. Yet if she talked naked truth could she not approach this girl?

"Very well, let's get down to 'brass tacks,' Georgie dear," she said brightly.

"Go to it," replied Georgie.

"Do you love me?"

"WHY, Mary—what a question!" burst out Georgiana in surprise. "Of course I love you."

"Would you stay out West of your own free will?"

"You bet. At least a long, long time—and maybe always if I could cop out some nice rich rancher like Enoch. But you've got your eagle eye on him."

"Georgie!" protested Miss Stockwell, blushing furiously. "How dare you?"

"Oh, come off, sis, didn't you say something about brass tacks? You've fallen for Enoch, and if you had any sense he'd be eating out of your hand—pronto."

Mary covered her hot face with her hands and strove for self-control.

"You're a dreadful, terrible little girl," she cried.

"Cut out the little, unless you mean size, sister dear," went on Georgiana. "Take it from me. I've seen Enoch watching you when you didn't see him. That's that. Now go on."

"Where was I? Oh, yes—you acknowledged you loved me and you said you would stay out West of your own accord. Well, so far so good," resumed Mary, gradually recovering from the break in her thought. "That means you stay indefinitely. Now, Georgie, do you realize you're a flirt?"

"That's getting too personal and I won't admit it," replied the girl loftily.

"No matter; you are, whether you realize it or not. Coming back to your way of dressing, acting, talking—do you think it safe with a man like Bid Hatfield?"

"Safe! Good night! I should say it wasn't," retorted Georgiana with startling candor. "He's a cave man. But that's why I get such a kick out of it. Then he's a swelled-up mutt—thinks he's a lady killer. It makes him so easy."

"Well, if you're so wise, as you call it, and see that Hatfield is really a dangerous young man for a girl to trifle with—and if you love your sister well enough to spare her shame and unhappiness, how do you purpose to trifle and spare—at once?"

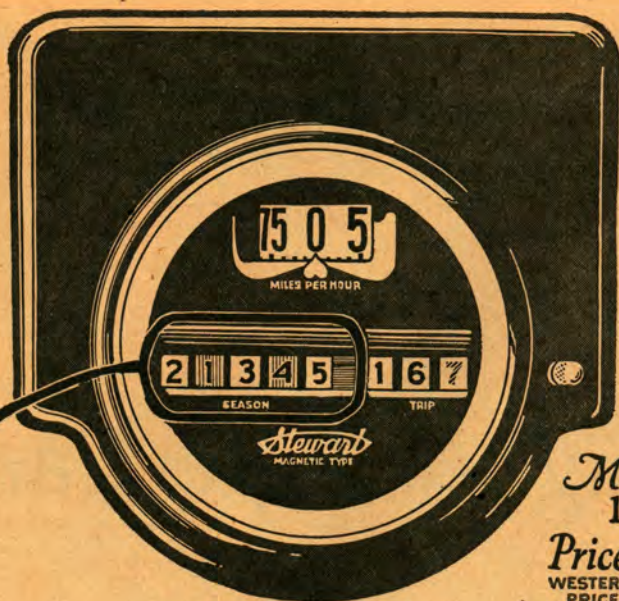
"Simple as A B C, sister darling," responded Georgiana with a dazzling smile. "I'm far too wise to be alone with Hatfield, away from company. Not on a bet! At that, I'm not afraid of the brute. I saw Tuck Merry make him crawl. And I'll bet I could too. But for your sake, Mary, I'll not take any chances."

"THERE are other men like Hatfield," went on Mary. "Because the Thurmans hate him he's in the limelight. But there are others like him. You'll meet them."

"Yes; I have met a couple, and sized them up quick, believe me," replied Georgiana complacently.

"Very well, now let's mention some of the young men who haven't shady reputations. There's Arzonie. He worships you, but in a sort of awe-struck way. You're a wonderful creature to him. He's not really in love with you. Then there are Boyd Thurman and Wess and Serge and Lock, all running after you. Crazy after you, but I don't think any of them wants to marry you."

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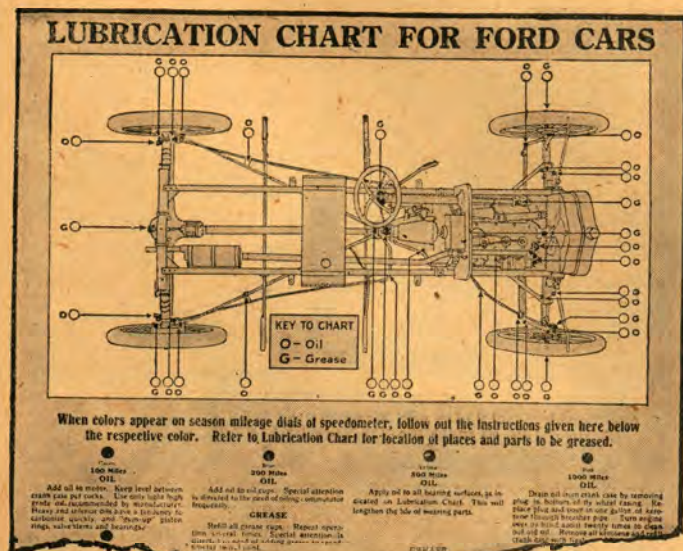
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(Continued from Page 22)

"Oh, you don't? How very flattering!" exclaimed Georgiana.

"These boys do not understand you, Georgie dear. They're tremendously attracted. You're a new species. They're eager for your flirting. They can't see the line you draw between flirting—and worse. They wouldn't see it if you flashed it in their faces, which you'll certainly have to do."

"I'll fool you, sister, about none of them being serious. I'll show you," retorted Georgiana, with red spots in her cheeks that were natural color.

"Oh, Georgie, you're impossible—utterly hopeless," expostulated Mary, almost yielding to rage. "I only want to show you that you simply cannot go on trifling with these Tonto boys."

"I'M NOT trifling now. I'm in dead earnest," replied Georgiana passionately. "And I'd like to know who's going to stop me?"

"I don't mean that. The trifling will stop of its own accord. You don't understand these boys any better than they do you. To speak bluntly—they believe you are cheap, easy, open to any light advance."

"Boobs!" burst out Georgiana, with purple fire flashing from her eyes. "The long-legged backwoods louts!"

"Don't insult them. It is you who are wrong. I know what most of them believe, and I can see trouble ahead. It's going to come when one of these wild Tonto boys falls genuinely in love with you. That will come, if it hasn't already."

"It has come, sister," replied the girl sullenly. "Your favorite, Cal Thurman, has gone off his head. He begged me—only three days ago—to marry him."

"Oh, Georgie, that is terrible," returned Mary, greatly troubled. "It is what I feared."

"Bah! It will do him good," flashed Georgiana. "He needs to be taken down a peg. . . . Cal was dandy at first. I liked him fine until he began to get serious, sort of bossy and jealous. Then good night."

"Georgiana, I marvel at your vanity and stupidity. There's one boy you can't make a fool of. When he asked you to marry him he proved how fine and earnest he is. I'm ashamed of you."

"Why, for tripe's sake? I don't love him."

"But didn't you trifle with him, the same as with the others?" continued Mary scathingly. "Oh, I saw you flirt with him—outrageously."

Georgiana was unable to meet her sister's scornful and indignant gaze. She dropped her eyes a moment.

"Mary, we clashed right off the bat," she admitted. "Honest to gosh I liked him best—I do yet—but he made me sick."

"How?" queried Mary sharply.

"Why about the other boys—and my clothes—and especially my roll-downs. The last time he hopped me about them I just stuck my foot up on the fence and rolled my stockings down farther."

"Oh, mercy, you little devil! . . . Then what did Cal do?"

"He beat it, mad as the devil," replied Georgiana, evidently thrilling at the remembrance. "And he hasn't been near me since. But he was going to honey around last night, only that toddle stunt of mine made him sore again. I'll give him about another day. Then he'll crawl."

"Why are you so—so resentful? Why do you have it in for Cal?" asked Mary.

"I told you. He thought he had something on me," rejoined Georgiana, muttering. She was thinking back. Something rankled in her. Mary's keen intuition discovered a subtle thought that thrilled her. Georgiana's strange attitude toward Cal must have owed its origin to a possibility of caring for him, and she did not intend to let her heart rule her head.

"GEORGIE, think over what I have said," concluded Mary, rising. "I shall not nag you. I love you dearly and am thinking only of your happiness. You cannot go on with this—this provocation. Not out here in this wild Tonto. It will land you on the rocks. These boys are uncouth, primitive, fun loving and fight loving, and as such they seem immensely interesting to you. But you don't understand their reserve force. I tell you they have a savageness in them, a strength born of this wilderness, a heritage from fierce, ruthless, natural men. And they have a code of honor that no woman can risk breaking."

Miss Stockwell loyally endeavored to rise above her doubts of the good she might have accomplished by this blunt talk with Georgiana. On her own account, however, she felt easier in mind, for she had done what seemed her duty. The only sure result of it apparently was to make this strange, materialistic girl not only more than ever set in her modern way, but it also piqued her vanity. Alas for poor Cal Thurman! Miss Stockwell had a foreboding of calamity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Things I'm Sick of Hearing"

(Continued from Page 9)

General Federation of Women's Clubs, says that anything worth while is attained through drudgery, whether it be building railroads, painting pictures or home making; that drudgery is a normal human experience, a means to an end. There is this satisfaction in working in your own garden, that no head of lettuce or cucumber or tomato from a store equals the home-grown one, fresh from the garden.

"Then I should like to protest against the old fuss in the town papers about the farmer taking the egg-and-butter money from the wife, who did most to produce it. That thing has been talked to death. In all my life spent in touch with farm folks I never knew a farmer who did that."

"I was in Wichita three days, and each time we went late at night from the convention to our hotel we passed a woman selling papers on a corner. She was seventy-five years old, and bent, her face wrinkled; she wore a man's jumper, a workman's apron, a ragged skirt and she cried her papers in a cracked voice. It was the most pitiful sight I ever saw. I couldn't go to sleep at night for thinking of her. City people did not seem to notice it, but we never see anything like that in the country."

"And when I saw the children of the city dodging cars and trucks I said to Bert that I would be a nervous wreck if I lived there and had to send the children across street-car tracks to school. Thank heaven, every country child has a playground with no dangers or undesirable playmates."

"City folks buy all their own hats and dresses ready-made, but they are always preaching that farmers' wives ought to

make their own and thus save money, and they are continually sending women around to teach us how to do it. It is all right for us to learn that, but they should not expect a farm woman to make all her own hats and dresses. I get more pleasure going to town once in a while to shop around for a new hat than out of anything else."

"It is a farm woman's fault if she slights her social life and is lonely. It was natural for farm women to stay at home when going meant a long, tiresome drive with a team, but those days are gone too. Isolation of the farm vanished with the coming of automobiles and good roads, and now it is up to us farm women to introduce ourselves and let the world know we have arrived."

"I believe farm women are inclined to misjudge women in town, just as town women are inclined to misjudge us, and both are the losers by it. It is because we have not mingled together as we ought to have done. Wives and mothers everywhere have much the same problems. I have received real help and inspiration from women who never lived on a farm."

"Cedar Point, four miles from our farm, has a population of only 200, and not enough women are there to form a good club; but the women of town and country have joined together and thus we have enough to form the Delta Club, which is affiliated with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Every farm wife should get into this Federation the same as city women, because women of influence everywhere are in it; and if we join with its club work and programs our long days of loneliness and inconveniences will be forgotten."



The beginning of stock raising in New England

In the first years of our country's history, the farmers of New England had to hunt to get their meat. Later on they had to protect their cattle from the wolves and Indians.

The first cattle were brought over from England in 1624, four years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Eight years later, in spite of hardships for both men and animals, the supply was sufficient.

For a long time live stock raising was restricted to meeting the family needs and light local demands; but as the towns grew the farmers found an expanding market and live stock raising increased.

* * *

Just as the growth of towns, with their demands for meat, made the raising of live stock possible on a larger scale for those early farmers, so the continued growth of the country through three hundred years has continued to expand the business of live stock raising.

With this expansion and extension the need arose and grew for a system that would enable the live stock raiser to take advantage of the increasing demand for meat on the one hand, and of new and further pastures on the other.

The packing industry came into being to help and to satisfy this need.

Today Swift & Company, founded by a descendant of those resolute, resourceful pioneers, operates twenty-three packing plants conveniently located to centers of production, providing live stock raisers with a daily cash market for their animals throughout the year, and transporting the fresh meat under constant refrigeration, often hundreds of miles, to the consumer.

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CHAFF

Church Pride

THOUGH he was a member of the church and a constant attendant, Uncle Mose Greenway, of Zion's Hill, lapsed from virtue to such an extent that he found himself behind prison bars. After having been there for some months he wrote with true denominational pride to his pastor: "There is men of all 'nominations here, but I is proud to tell you that our church leads."

On the Hen That Will Not Lay (Apologies to Kipling)

BY THE old and shakly stable, lookin' eastward, you can see,
There's a stubborn hen a-settin', an' I know she's cross at me;
For the broodin' season's comin', an' her eyes they seem to say:
"Go you back, you selfish farmer; not another egg I'll lay!
Not another egg I'll lay,
I have told you plainly, nay!
Can't you hear me cluckin', cluckin', ever since the dawn of day?
On this nest I vow I'll stay,
Hidden here beneath the hay!
Till my brood is hatched, by thunder, put your china eggs away!"

So I buy eggs out o' storage where the best is like the worst;
Where there aren't no strictly fresh ones an' the half of them are burst.
While the dinner bells are callin', and it's there that I would be,
Eatin' hearty food an' drinkin', as that lazy hen can see.
But she heeds no word I say,
She is made of common clay,
And she sits there on her prospects, carin' not what price I pay.
Cluckin', "Not an egg I'll lay,
Though you curse or though you pray!
Till my brood is hatched, by thunder, put your china eggs away!"
—I. K. R.

Service

"I SUPPOSE everything comes to him who waits," said the café guest with an impatient frown on his brow.
"Yes, suh," returned the knight of the napkins, who was hovering about, "but the gentleman what won't wait done got his first."



Getting Even

WOMAN CUS-TOMER (after the tired looking clerk had pulled down blanket after blanket until there was only one left on the shelf): I don't really care to buy a blanket today. I was only looking for a friend.
TIRE D CLERK: If you think he's in the other one, madam, I'll gladly take it down for you.

Millions

MARKS and rubles still remind us,
As they tumble down the stairs,
That a nickel's worth may find us
Classed with multimillionaires.
—Elias Lieberman.

Everyday Epitaphs

TO MARY BUSH
Each Summer Brings
A Roof Of
Grasses Green
She Always Used For
Cleaning Things
A Quart Of Gasoline.

A City Child's Farmyard of Verses Twilight

WHEN things grow dark and still and damp
Somebody lights the firefly's lamp.
He makes me think, the way he shines,
Of far-away electric signs.
If on the stoop you sit quite still,
You'll hear, way off, a whip-poor-will.
In heaven it's like this, I know,
With, maybe, just a movie show.
—F. F. Van de Water.

What He Found

"MY DEAR, I had no idea profanity was so prevalent until I began learning to operate my new Hootin' Nanny car," confessed the Rev. O. Goode Evans to his wife. "Why, nearly every one I run into swears terribly!"

His Yearn

"IT'S all right to eat and sleep," musingly remarked Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge.
"What more do you want?" returned his wife.
"Well, I'd sorter like to eat and sleep at the same—yaw-w-wn!—time."



MOTHER: Thank You So Much for Saving My Boy—
Now Would You Mind Diving In Once More
After His Hat?

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