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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE WORLD



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Beginning ARIZONA BEAR—By Zane Grey

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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A JOURNAL FOR THE FARM, THE GARDEN AND THE FIRESIDE

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Vol. LXXXV

PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 13, 1920

No. 46

ARIZONA BEAR—By Zane Grey

I BEGAN in good time to plan for my 1919 hunting trip in the Beaverdam Cañon country of Arizona. I gave Lee Doyle instructions to go about in his own way buying teams, saddle horses and wagons. For Christmas I sent him a .35-caliber rifle. Mr. Haught got instructions to add some new dogs to his pack. I sent Edd also a .35-caliber rifle of the same make and made Nielson presents of two guns. In January, Nielson and I went to Picacho, on the lower Colorado River, and then north to Death Valley, so that I kept in touch with these men and did not allow their enthusiasm to wane. For myself and R. C., my brother, I had the fun of ordering tents and woolen blankets and everything that we did not have on our 1918 trip.

To make sure of getting a .30-caliber Government-type rifle, I ordered from four different firms. None of them had such a rifle in stock, but all would try to find one. The upshot of this deal was that, when after months I despaired of getting any, they each sent me a rifle at the same time. So I found myself with four, all the same caliber, of course, but of different style and finish. When I saw them and thought of the Haughts I had to laugh. One was beautifully engraved and inlaid with gold—the most elaborate .30-caliber Government-type rifle the makers had ever built. Another was a walnut-stocked, shotgun-butted, fancy-checked takedown. This one I presented to R. C. The third was a plain, ordinary rifle with solid frame. And the last was a carbine model, which I gave to Nielson.

During the summer at Avalon I used to take the solid-frame rifle and climb the hills to practice on targets. At Clemente Island I used to shoot at the ravens. I had a grudge against ravens there for picking the eyes out of newly born lambs. At five hundred yards a raven was in danger from me. I could make one jump at even a thousand yards. These .30-caliber Government, 1906, rifles with 150-grain bullet are the most wonderful shooting arms I ever tried. I became expert at inanimate targets.

From time to time I heard encouraging news from Lee about horses. Edd wrote me about lion tracks in the snow, and lynxes up cedar trees, and gobblers four feet high, and that there was sure to be a good crop of acorns and therefore some bears. He told me about a big grizzly cow-killer being chased and shot in Shevlin Cañon. News about hounds, however, was slow in coming. Dogs were difficult to find. At length Haught wrote me that he had secured two; and in this same letter he said the boys were cutting trails down under the rim.

Everything pertaining to my cherished plans appeared to be turning out well. But during this time I spent five months of hard work and intense emotional strain, writing the longest novel I ever attempted, and I overtaxed my endurance. By the middle of June, when I finished, I was tired out. That would not have mattered if I had not hurt my back in an eleven-hour fight with a giant broadbill swordfish. This strain kept me from getting in my usual physical trim. I could not climb the hills or exert myself. Swimming hurt me more than anything. So I had to be



Zane Grey Riding the Great Horse, Don Carlos, in Typical Bear Country

careful and wait until my back slowly got better. By September it had improved, but not enough to make me feel any thrills over horseback riding. It seemed to me that I would be compelled to go ahead and actually work the pain out of my back, an ordeal through which I had passed before, and surely dreaded.

During the summer I had purchased a famous chestnut-sorrel horse named

Don Carlos. He was much in demand among the motion-picture companies doing Western plays, and was really too fine and splendid a horse to be put to the risks common to the movies. I saw him first at Palm Springs, down in Southern California, where my book, *Desert Gold*, was being made into a motion picture. Don would not have failed to strike anyone as being a wonderful horse. He was

tremendously high and rangy and powerful in build, yet graceful withal, a sleek shiny chestnut red in color, with fine legs, broad chest and a magnificent head. I rode him only once before I bought him, and that was before I hurt my back. His stride was what one would expect from sight of him; his trot seemed to tear me to pieces; his spirit was such that he wanted to prance all the time. But in spite of his spirit he was a pet. And how he could run!

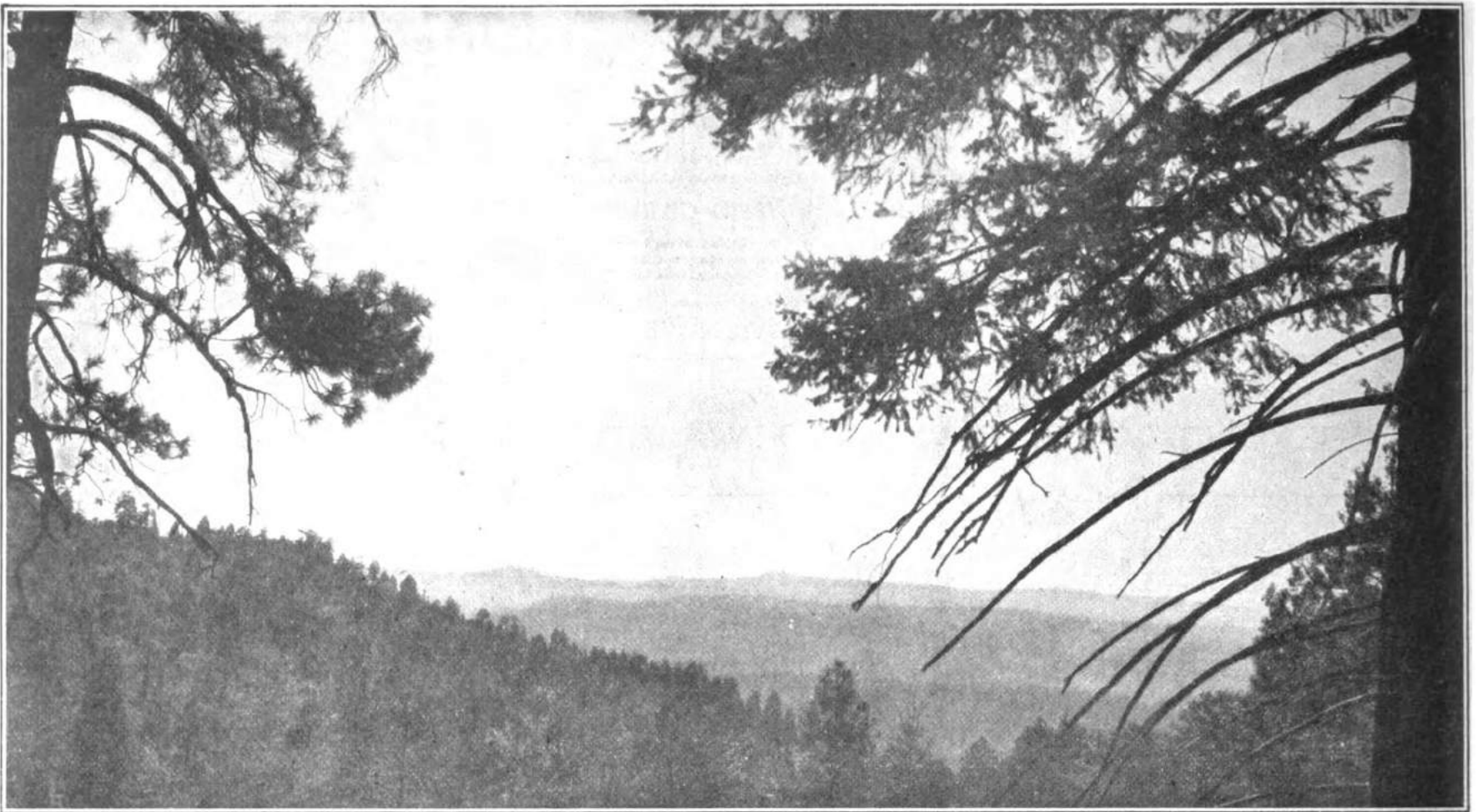
Nielson took Don to Flagstaff by express. And when Nielson wrote me he said all of Flagstaff came down to the station to see the famous Don Carlos. The car in which he had traveled was backed alongside a platform. Don refused to step on the boards they placed from platform to car. He did not trust them. Don's intelligence had been sharpened by his experience with the movies. Nielson tried to lead, to coax and to drive Don to step on the board walk. Don would not go. But suddenly he snorted, and jumped the space clear, to plunge and pound down upon the platform, scattering the crowd like quail.

My Jap cook, Takahashi, met me in Flagstaff. He was a very short, very broad, very muscular little fellow with a brown face more pleasant than usually seen in Orientals. Secretly I had made sure that in Takahashi I had discovered a treasure, but I was careful to conceal this conviction from R. C., the Doyles and Nielson. They were glad to see him with us, but they manifestly did not expect wonders.

How brief the span of time! Here I was in Flagstaff again outfitting for another hunt. It seemed incredible. It revived that old haunting thought about the shortness of life. But in spite of that, or perhaps more because of it, the pleasure was all the keener. In truth the only drawbacks to this start were the absence of Romer, my son, and my poor physical condition. R. C. appeared to be in fine fettle.

But I was not well. In the mornings I could scarcely rise, and when I did so I could hardly straighten myself. More than once I grew doubtful of my strength to undertake such a hard trip. This doubt I fought fiercely, for I knew that the right thing for me to do was to go—to stand the pain and hardship—to toil along until my old strength and elasticity returned. What an opportunity to try out my favorite theory! For I believed that labor and pain were good for mankind—that strenuous life in the open would cure any bodily ill.

On September fourteenth Edd and George drifted into Flagstaff to join us, and their report of game and water and grass and acorns was so favorable that I would have gone if I had been unable to ride on anything but a wagon. We got away on September fifteenth at two-thirty o'clock with such an outfit as I had never had in all my many trips put together. We had a string of saddle horses besides those the men rode. They were surely a spirited bunch, and that first day it was indeed a job to keep them with us. Out of sheer defiance with myself I started on Don Carlos. He was no trouble, except that it took all my strength to hold him in. He tossed his head,



Looking Down Through a Gap in the Hills Into the Hunting Grounds

champed his bit, and pranced sideways along the streets of Flagstaff, manifestly to show off his brand-new black Mexican saddle, with silver trappings and tapaderos. I was sure that he did not do that to show me off. But Don liked to dance and prance along before a crowd, a habit that he had acquired with the motion pictures.

Lee and Nielson and George had their difficulties driving the free horses. Takahashi rode a little buckskin Navajo mustang. An evidence of how extremely short the Jap's legs were made itself plain in the fact that stirrups could not be fixed so he could reach them with his feet. When he used any support at all he stuck his feet through the straps above the stirrups. How funny his squat broad figure looked in a saddle! Evidently he was not accustomed to horses. When I saw the mustang roll the white of his eyes and glance back at Takahashi then I knew something would happen sooner or later.

Nineteen miles on Don Carlos reduced one to a miserable aching specimen of manhood. But what made me endure and go on and finish to camp was the strange fact that the longer I rode the less my back pained. Other parts of my anatomy, however, grew sorer as we progressed. Don Carlos pleased me immensely, only I feared he was too much horse for me. A Mormon friend of mine, an Indian trader, looked Don over in Flagstaff, and pronounced him: "Shore one grand horse!" This man had broken many wild horses, and his compliment pleased me. All the same, the nineteen miles on Don hurt my vanity almost as much as my body.

We camped in a cedar pasture off the main road. This road was a new one for us to take to our hunting grounds. I was too bungled up to help Nielson pitch our tent. In fact, when I sat down I was anchored. Still I could use my eyes, and that made life worth living. Sunset was a gorgeous spectacle. The San Francisco peaks were shrouded in purple storm clouds, and the west was all gold and silver, with low clouds rimmed in red. This sunset ended in a great flare of dull magenta with a background of purple.

That evening was the tryout of our new chuck box and chef. I had supplied the men with their own outfit and supplies, to do with as they liked, an arrangement I found to be most satisfactory. Takahashi was to take care of R. C. and me. In less than half an hour from the time the Jap lighted a fire he served the best supper I ever had in camp anywhere.

R. C. lauded him to the skies. And I began to think I could unburden myself of my conviction.

I did not awaken to the old zest and thrill of the open. Something was wrong with me. The sunset, the camp fire, the dark clear night with its trains of stars, the distant yelp of coyotes—these seemed less to me than what I had hoped for. My feelings were locked round my discomfort and pain.

About noon next day we rode out of the cedars into the open desert—a rolling level land covered with fine grass, and yellow daisies, Indian paintbrush, and a golden flowering weed. This luxuriance attested to the copious and recent rains. They had been a boon to dry Arizona. No sage showed or greasewood, and very few rocks. The sun burned hot. I gazed out at the desert and the cloud pageant in the sky, trying hard to forget myself and to see what I knew was there for me. Rolling columnar white and cream clouds, majestic and beautiful, formed storms off on the horizon. Sunset on the open desert that afternoon was singularly characteristic of Arizona—purple and gold and red, with long lanes of blue between the colored cloud banks.

We made camp at Meteor Crater, one of the many wonders of this wonderland. It was a huge hole in the earth over 500 feet deep, said to have been made by a meteor burying itself there. Seen from the outside the slope was gradual up to the edges, which were scalloped and irregular; on the inside the walls were precipitous. Our camp was on the windy desert, a long sweeping range of grass, sloping down, dotted with cattle, with buttes and mountains in the distance. Most of my sensations of the day partook of the nature of woe.

September seventeenth bade fair to be my worst day—at least I did not see how any other could ever be so bad. Glaring hot sun, reflected heat from the bare road, dust and sand and wind! Particularly hard on me were what the Arizonians called dust devils, whirlwinds of sand. On and off, I walked a good many miles, the latter of which I hobbled. Don Carlos did not know what to make of this. He eyed me, and nosed me, and tossed his head as if to say I was a strange rider for him. Like my mustang, Night, he would not stand to be mounted. When I touched the stirrup that was a signal to go. He had been trained to it. As he was nearly seventeen hands high, and as I could not get my foot in the stirrup from level ground, to

mount him in my condition seemed little less than terrible.

I always held back out of sight when I attempted this. Many times I failed. Once I fell flat and lay a moment in the dust. Don Carlos looked down upon me in a way I imagined was sympathetic. At least he bent his noble head and smelled at me. I scrambled to my feet, led him round into a low place, and drawing a deep breath, and nerving myself to endure the pain like a stab, I got into the saddle again.

Two things sustained me in this ordeal, which was the cruellest horseback ride I ever had—first, the conviction that I could cure my ills by enduring the agony of violent action, of hot sun, of hard bed; and secondly, the knowledge that after it was all over the remembrance of hardship and achievement would be singularly sweet. So it had been in the case of the five days on the old Crook road in 1918, when extreme worry and tremendous exertion had made the hours hideous. So it had been with other arduous and poignant experiences. A poet said that the crown of sorrow was in remembering happier times; I believed that there was a great deal of happiness in remembering times of stress, of despair, of extreme and hazardous effort. Anyway, without these two feelings in my mind I would have given up riding Don Carlos that day, and have abandoned the trip.

We covered twenty-two miles by sundown, a rather poor day's showing, and camped on the bare flat desert, using water and wood we had packed with us. The last thing I remembered, as my eyes closed heavily, was what a blessing it was to rest and to sleep.

Next day we sheered off to the southward, heading toward Shevlin Butte, a black-cedared mountain, rising lone out of the desert, thirty miles away. We crossed two streams, bank full of water, a circumstance I never before saw in Arizona. Everywhere, too, the grass was high. We climbed gradually all day, everybody sunburned and weary, the horses settling down to save themselves; and we camped high up on the desert plateau, six thousand feet above sea level, where it was windy, cool, and fragrant with sage and cedar. Except the first few, the hours of this day each marked a little less torture for me, but at that I fell off Don Carlos when we halted. And I was not able to do my share of the camp work. R. C. was not so spry and chipper as I had seen him, a fact from which I gathered infinite consolation. Misery loves company.

A storm threatened. All the west was purple under oncoming purple clouds. At sight of this something strange and subtle, yet familiar, revived in me. It made me feel a little more like the self I thought I knew. So I watched the lightning flare and string along the horizon. Sometime in the night thunder awakened me. The imminence of a severe storm forced us to roll out and look after the tent. What a pitch-black night! Down through the murky, weird blackness shot a wonderful zigzag rope of lightning, blue-white, dazzling; and it disintegrated, leaving segments of fire in the air. All this showed in a swift flash, then we were absolutely blind. I could not see for several moments. It rained a little. Only the edge of the storm touched us. Thunder rolled and boomed along the battlements, deep and rumbling and detonating.

No dust or heat next morning! The desert floor appeared clean and damp, with fresh gray sage and shining bunches of cedar. We climbed into the high cedars, and then to the pines, and then to the junipers and pines. Climbing so out of desert to forest land was a gradual and accumulating joy to me. What contrast in vegetation, in air, in color! Still the forest consisted of small trees. Not until next day did we climb farther to the deepening, darkening forest, and at last to the silver spruce. That camp, the fifth night out, was beside a lake of surface water, where we had our first big camp fire.

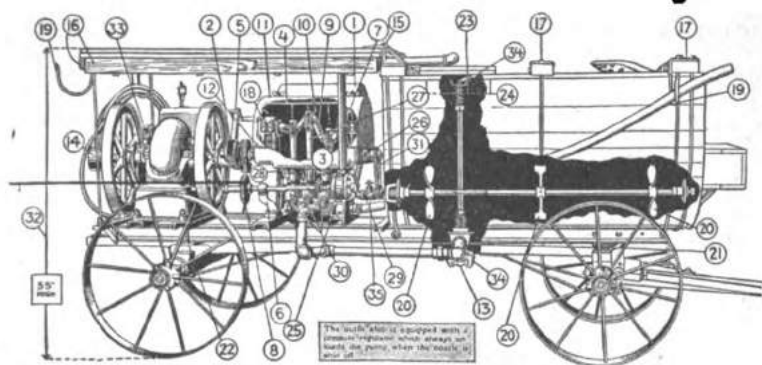
September twenty-first and ten miles from Beavercreek Cañon, where a year before I had planned to meet Haught this day and date at noon! I could make that appointment, saddle-sore and weary as I was, but I doubted we could get the wagons there. The forest ground was soft. All the little swales were full of water. How pleasant, how welcome, how beautiful and lonely the wild forest land! We made advance slowly. It was afternoon by the time we reached the rim road, and four o'clock when we halted at the exact spot where we had left our wagon the year before.

Lee determined to drive the wagons down over the rocky benches into Beavercreek Cañon; and to that end he and the men began to cut pines, drag logs and roll stones.

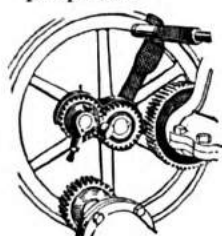
R. C. and I rode down through the forest, crossing half a dozen swift little streams of amber water, where a year before all had been dry as tinder. We found Haught's camp in a grove of yellowing

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35 Reasons Why You Should Buy a Warlo Sprayer

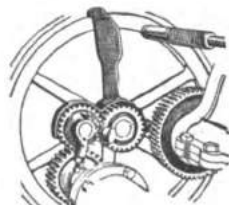


1. Large steel air chamber located above valves assures an even pressure.
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5. Neutral lock for flexible gear.
6. Bracket to support filler pump shaft.
7. Oversize gear on crank shaft.
8. Drive gear for filler pump.

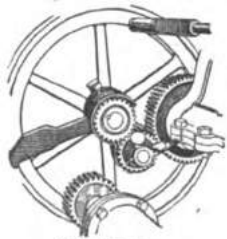


In Neutral

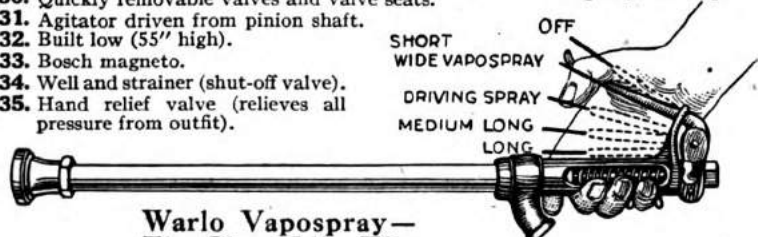
9. Extra heavy drop forged steel crank shaft, bearings, and pins, 1 3/4 inches diameter.
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Arizona Bear

(Continued from Page 4)

aspens. Haught was there to meet us. He had not changed any more than the rugged pine tree under which a year past we had made our agreement.

"Hello, Haught," was my greeting as I dismounted and pulled out my watch. "I'm four hours and a quarter late. Sorry! I could have made it, but didn't want to leave the wagons."

"Wal, wal, I shore am glad to see you," he replied, with a keen flash in his hazel eyes and a smile on his craggy face. "I reckoned you'd make it. How are you? Look sort of fagged."

"Just about all in, Haught," I replied. Then Copple appeared, swaggering out of the aspens. He was the man I met in Payson and who so kindly made me take his rifle. I had engaged him also for this hunt. A brawny man he was, with powerful shoulders, swarthy-skinned and dark-eyed, looking indeed the Indian blood he claimed.

"Wouldn't have recognized you anywhere else," he said.

These keen-eyed outdoor men at a glance saw the havoc work and pain had played with me. When I explained my condition they made light of that and showed relief that I was not ill.

"Saw wood an' rustle round," said Haught. And Copple said: "He needs venison an' bear meat."

They rode back with us up to the wagons. Copple had been a freighter. He picked out a way to drive down into the cañon. So rough and steep it was that I did not believe driving down would be possible. But with axes and pick and shovel, and a heaving of rocks, they worked a road that Lee drove down. Two hours after our arrival, such was the labor of many strong hands, we reached our old camp ground. One thing was certain, however, and that was we would never get back up the way we came down.

Except for a luxuriance of grass and ferns, and two babbling streams of water, our old camp ground had not changed. I sat down with mingled emotions. How familiarly beautiful and lonely this cañon glade! It was only men who changed in brief time. The long year of worry and dread and toil and pain had passed. On the soft, fragrant, pine-scented breeze came a whispering of welcome from the forest land: "You are here again. Live now—in the present."

Takahashi beamed upon me. "More better place to camp," he said, grinning. Already the Jap had won my admiration and liking. His ability excited my interest, and I wanted to know more about him. That night we did no more than eat and unroll our beds. But next day there set in the pleasant tasks of unpacking, putting up tents and flies, cutting spruce for thick, soft beds. Takahashi would not have anyone help him. He dug a wide space for fires, erected a stone windbreak, and made two ovens out of baked mud.

The matter of firewood always concerned Nielson and me more than anyone. Nielson was a Norwegian, raised as a boy to use a crosscut saw; and as for me I was a connoisseur in camp fires and a lover of them. Hence we had brought a crosscut saw—a long one with two handles. I remembered from the former year a huge dead pine that had towered bleached and white at the edge of the glade. It stood there still, five feet thick at the base and solid. Nielson chopped a notch in it on the low side, and then he and Edd began to saw into it on the other. Soon it fell with a thundering crash. Then the boys sawed off half a dozen four-foot sections which served as fine, solid, flat tables for comfort round camp.

"Come on," said R. C. to me invitingly. "You've been talking about this crosscut-saw game. I'll bet you find it harder than pulling on a swordfish."

Pride goes before a fall! I knew that in my condition I could do little with the saw, but I had to try. R. C. was still fresh when I had to rest. A couple of dozen pulls on that saw almost made me collapse. I sawed till I fell over, then I rested and went back at it. Half an hour of this kind of exercise gave me a stab in my left side infinitely sharper than the pain in my back. Also it made me wringing wet, hot as fire, and as breathless as if I had run a mile up hill. That experience determined me to stick to crosscut sawing every day.

Next morning I approached it with enthusiasm, yet with misgivings. I could not keep my breath. Pain I could and did bear without letting on. But to have to stop was humiliating. If I tried to keep up with the sturdy Haught boys, or with the brawny Copple or the giant Nielson, soon I would be compelled to keel over. In the sawing through of a four-foot section of log I had to rest eight times. They all had a great deal of fun out of it, and I pretended to be good-natured. But all was not gloom for me.

This very afternoon Nielson, the giant, showed that a stiff climb out of the cañon, at that eight-thousand-foot altitude, completely floored him. Yet I accomplished that with comparative ease. I could climb, which seemed proof that I was gaining. A man becomes used to certain labors and exercises. I thought the crosscut saw a wonderful tool to train a man, but it must require time.

By October first, which was the opening of the hunting season, I had labored at various exercises until I felt fit to pack a rifle through the woods. R. C. and I went out alone on foot. Not by any means was the day auspicious. The sun tried to show through a steely haze, making only a pale shift of sunshine. And the air was rather chilly. We walked a mile down Beaverdam Cañon, then climbed the western slope. As long as the sun shone I knew the country fairly well, or rather my direction.

Along an edge of one of the grassy parks we came across fresh deer tracks. Several deer had run out of the woods just ahead of us, evidently having winded us. One track was that of a big buck. We trailed these tracks across the park, then made a detour in hopes of heading the deer off, but failed. A huge dark cloud scudded out of the west and let down a shower of fine rain. We kept dry under a spreading spruce. The cloud passed, the sun shone, the forest glittered in its dress of diamonds. We hunted along the edges of the thickets and across the open ridge from cañon to cañon, and saw nothing but old tracks. Black and white clouds rolled up and brought a squall. We took to another spruce tent for shelter. After this squall the sky became obscured by a field of gray cloud through which the sun shone dimly. This matter worried me. I was sure of my direction then, but if I lost the sun I would soon be in difficulties.

Gradually we worked back along the ridge toward camp, and headed several ravines that ran and widened down into the big cañon. All at once R. C. held up a warning finger.

"Listen!" With abatement of breath I listened, but heard nothing except the mournful sigh of the pines. "Thought I heard a whistle," he said. We went on.

R. C. and I flattered ourselves that together we made a rather good hunting team. We were fairly well versed in woodcraft and could slip along stealthily. I possessed an Indian sense of direction that had never yet failed me. To be sure we had much to learn about deer stalking. But I had never hunted with any man whose ears were as quick as R. C.'s. As for myself, the one gift of which I was especially proud was my eyesight. Almost invariably I could see game in the woods before anyone who was with me. This had applied to all my guides except Indians.

Suddenly R. C. stopped short, with his head turning to one side and his body stiffening. "I heard that whistle again," he said. Then from far off in the forest I heard a high, clear, melodious bugling note.

"It's a bull elk," I replied. Then we sat down upon a log and listened. R. C. had heard that whistle in Colorado, but had not recognized it. Just as the mournful howl of a wolf is the wildest, most haunting sound of the wilderness, so is the bugle of the elk the noblest, most melodious and thrilling. We heard elk bugling in different directions, hard to locate. One bull appeared to be low down, another high up, another working away. R. C. and I decided to stalk them. The law prohibited the killing of elk, but that was no reason why we might not trail them and have the sport of seeing them in their native haunts. So we stole softly through the woods, halting now and then to listen, pleased to note that every whistle we heard appeared to be closer. (Continued on Page 24)



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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



(Continued from Page 22)

At last apparently only a deep-thicketed ravine separated us from the ridge upon which the elk were bugling. Here our stalk became really exciting. What little wind there was blew from the elk toward us, so they could not scent us. Once upon the edge of the ridge we halted to listen. After a long time we heard a far-away bugle, then another at least half a mile distant. Had we miscalculated? The sun peeped out of the pale clouds. I opened my lips to speak to R. C. when I was rendered mute by a piercing whistle, high-pitched and sweet and melodiously prolonged. It made my ears tingle and my blood dance.

We began to steal through the forest, keeping behind trees and thickets, peeping out, and making no more sound than shadows. The ground was damp, facilitating our noiseless stalk. Presently we came into an open forest full of glades. Keenly I peered everywhere, as I slipped from tree to tree. Then, at a bugle blast so close that it made me jump, I began to crawl.

My objective point was a fallen pine the trunk of which appeared high enough to conceal me. Our stalk was getting toward its climax. Reaching my log I peeped over it. I saw a cow elk and a yearling calf trotting across a glade about a hundred yards distant. Wanting R. C. to see them I looked his way and pointed. But he was pointing also. I ran on all fours over to where he knelt. He whispered pantingly: "Grandest sight—ever saw!" I peeped out.

In a glade not seventy-five yards away stood a magnificent bull elk, looking back over his shoulder. His tawny hindquarters, then his dark-brown, almost black, shaggy shoulders and head, then his enormous spread of antlers, like the top of a dead cedar—these in turn fascinated my gaze.

R. C. stepped out from behind the pine in full view. I crawled out, took a kneeling position and drew a bead on the elk. I had the fun of imagining I could have hit him anywhere. I did not really want to kill him, yet what was the meaning of the sharp, hot gush of my blood, the fiery thrill along my nerves, the feeling of unsatisfied wildness? The bull eyed us for a second, then laid his forest of antlers back over his shoulders, and with singularly swift, level stride sped like a tawny flash into the green forest.

R. C. and I began to chatter like boys and to walk toward the glade, without any particular object in mind, when my roving eye caught sight of a moving brown and checkered patch low down on the ground, vanishing behind a thicket. I called R. C. and ran. I got to where I could see beyond the thicket. An immense flock of turkeys! I yelled. As I tried to get a bead on a running turkey R. C. joined me.

"Chase 'em!" he yelled.

So we dashed through the forest with the turkeys running ahead of us. Never did they come out clear in the open. I halted to shoot, but just as I was about to press the trigger my moving target vanished. This happened again. No use to shoot at random! I had a third fleeting chance, but absolutely could not grasp it. Then the big flock of turkeys eluded us in an impenetrable brushy ravine.

"By George!" exclaimed R. C. "Can you beat that? They run like streaks. I couldn't aim. These wild turkeys are great."

We prowled round for an hour trying to locate this flock again, but all in vain. "Well," said R. C. finally as he wiped his perspiring face, "it's good to see some game anyhow. Where are we?"

It developed that our whereabouts was a mystery to me. The sun had become completely obliterated, a fine rain was falling, the forest had grown wet and dismal. We had got turned round. The matter did not look serious, however, until we had wandered round for another hour without finding anything familiar. Then we realized we were lost. This sort of experience had happened to R. C. and me often; nevertheless, we did not relish it, especially the first day out.

As usual on such occasions, R. C. argued with me about direction and then left the responsibility with me. I found an open spot, somewhat sheltered on one side from the misty rain, and there I stationed myself to study trees and sky and clouds for some clew to help me decide what was north or west. After a while I had the good fortune to see a momentary brightening through the clouds. I located the sun, and was pleased to discover that the instinct of direction I had been subtly prompted to take would have helped me as much as the sun.

We faced east and walked fast, and I took note of trees ahead so that we should not get off a straight line. At last we came to a deep cañon. In the gray misty rain I could not be sure I recognized it.

"Well, R. C.," I said, "this may be our cañon, and it may not. But to make sure we'll follow it up to the rim. Then we can locate camp."

"All right, my redskin brother," R. C. replied with weary disdain. "Lead me to camp. As Loren says, I'm starved to death."

Loren is my three-year-old boy who bids fair to be like his brother Romer. He has an enormous appetite and before mealtimes he complains bitterly: "I'm starved to death!" How strange to remember him while I was lost in the forest!

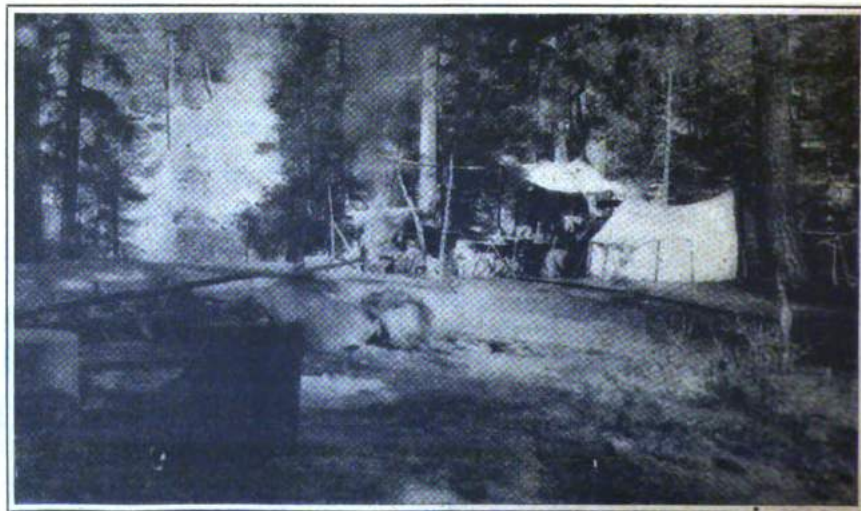
When we had descended into the cañon rain was falling more heavily. We were in for it. But I determined we would not be kept out all night. So I struck forward with long stride.

In half an hour we came to where the cañon forked. I deliberated a moment. Not one familiar landmark could I descry, from which fact I decided we had better take to the left-hand fork. Grass and leaves appeared almost as wet as running water. Soon we were soaked to the skin. After two miles the cañon narrowed and thickened, so that traveling grew more and more laborious. It must have been four miles from its mouth to where it headed up near the rim. Once out of it we found ourselves on familiar ground, about five miles from camp.

Exhausted and wet and nearly frozen we reached camp just before dark. If I had taken the right-hand fork of the cañon, which was really Beaverdam Cañon, we would have gotten back to camp in short order. R. C. said to the boys: "Well, Doc dragged me nine miles out of our way." Everybody but the Jap enjoyed my discomfiture. Takahashi said in his imperfect English:

"Go get on more better dry clothes. Soon hot supper. Maybe good, yes!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Camp in Beaverdam Cañon

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The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL in the WORLD



IS RENTING A CRIME?—By William Johnson

ARIZONA BEAR—By Zane Grey

The First
Big Wild Turkey



also been sheep herder, miner, freighter, and everything Arizonian. Eighteen years he had hunted game and prospected for gold in Mexico. He had been a sailor and fireman on the Pacific, he had served in the Army in the Philippines. Altogether his had been an adventurous life; and as Doyle had been a mine of memories for me, so would Copple be a mine of information. Such men have taught me the wonder, the violence, the truth of the West.

Copple was inclined to be loquacious—a trait that ordinarily was rather distasteful to me, but in his case would be an advantage. On our way down the cañon not only did he give me an outline of the history of his life but he talked about how he had foretold the storm just ended. The fresh diggings of gophers—little mounds of dirt thrown up—had indicated the approach of the storm; so had the hooting of owls; likewise the twittering of snowbirds at that season; also the feeding of blackbirds near horses. Particularly a wind from the south meant storm. From that he passed to a discussion of deer.

During the light of the moon deer feed at night; in the daytime they will lie in a thicket. If a hunter comes near, the deer will lower their horns flat and remain motionless, unless almost ridden over. In the dark of the moon deer feed at early morning, lie down during the day, and feed again toward sunset, always alert, trusting to nose more than to eyes and ears.

Copple was so interesting that I must have passed the place where R. C. and I had come down into the cañon; at any rate, I missed it, and we went on farther. Copple showed me old bear signs, an old wolf track, and then fresh turkey tracks. The latter reminded me that we were out hunting. I could carry a deadly rifle in my hands, yet dream dreams of flower-decked Elysian fields. We climbed a wooded bench or low step of the cañon slope, and though Copple and I were side by side I saw two turkeys before he did. They were running swiftly. I took a snap shot at the lower one, but missed. My bullet struck low, upsetting him. Both disappeared.

Then we climbed to the top of the ridge, and in scouting round along the heavily timbered edges we came to a ravine deep enough to be classed as a cañon. Here the forest was dark and still, with sunlight showing down in rays and gleams. While hunting I always liked to sit down here and there to listen and watch. Copple liked this too. So we sat down. Opposite us the rocky edge of the other slope was about two hundred yards away. We listened to jays and squirrels. I made note of the significant fact that as soon as we began to hunt Copple became silent.

Presently my roving eye caught sight of a moving object. It is movement that always attracts my eye in the woods. I saw a plump, woolly beast walk out upon the edge of the opposite slope and stand in the shade.

"Copple, is that a sheep?" I whispered, pointing.

"Lion—no; big lynx," he replied. I aimed and shot just a little too swiftly. Judging by the puff of dust, my bullet barely missed the big cat. He leaped fully fifteen feet. Copple fired, hitting right under his nose as he alighted. That whirled him back. He bounced like a rubber ball. My second shot went over him, and Copple's hit between his legs. Then with another prodigious bound he disappeared in a thicket.

"By golly! we missed him," declared Copple. "But you must have shaved him that first time. Biggest lynx I ever saw."

We crossed the cañon and hunted for him, but without success. Then we climbed an open grassy forest slope up to a level ridge, and crossed that to see down into a beautiful valley, with stately isolated pines, and patches of aspens, and floor of luxuriant grass. A ravine led down into this long park and the mouth of it held a thicket of small pines. Just as we got halfway out I saw bobbing black objects above the high grass. I peered sharply. These objects were turkey heads. I got a shot before Copple saw them. There was a bouncing, a whirring, a thumping—and then turkeys appeared to be running every way.

"Turkey number one!" Copple called out as he fired. I missed a big gobbler on the run. Copple shot again.

"Turkey number two!" he called out. I could not see what he had done, but of course I knew he had done execution. It roused my ire as well as a desperate ambition. Turkeys were running uphill everywhere. I aimed at this one, then at that. Again I fired. Another miss! How that gobbler ran! He might just as well have flown. Every turkey contrived to get a tree or bush between him and me, just at the critical instant.

In despair I tried to hold on the last one, got a bead on it through my peep sight, moved it with him as he moved, and holding tight I fired. With a great flop and scattering of bronze feathers he went down. I ran up the slope and secured him, a fine gobbler of about fifteen pounds' weight.

Upon my return to Copple I found that he had collected his two turkeys, both shot in the neck in the same place. He said:

"If you hit them in the body you spoil them for cooking. I used to hit all mine in the head. Let me give you a hunch. Always pick out a turkey running straight

away from you or straight toward you. Never crossways. You can't hit them running to the side."

Then he bluntly complimented me upon my eyesight. That at least was consolation for my poor shooting. We rested there, and after a while heard a turkey cluck. Copple had no turkey caller, but he clucked anyhow. We heard answers. The flock evidently was trying to get together again, and some of them were approaching us. Copple continued to call, and got answers from all round, growing closer. But presently the answers ceased.

"They're onto me," he whispered and did not call again.

At that moment a young gobbler ran swiftly down the slope and stopped to peer round, his long neck stretching. It was not a very long shot, and I, scorning to do less than Copple, tried to emulate him, and aimed at the neck of the gobbler. All I got, however, were a few feathers. Like a grouse, he flew across the opening and was gone.

We lingered there a while, hoping to see or hear more of the flock, but did neither. Copple tried to teach me how to tell the age of turkeys from their feet, a lesson I did not think I would assimilate in one hunting season. He tied their legs together and hung them over his shoulder, a net weight of about fifty pounds.

All the way up that valley we saw elk tracks, and once from over the ridge I heard a bugle. On our return toward camp we followed a rather meandering course, over ridge and down dale, through grassy parks and stately forests, and along the slowly coloring maple-aspen thickets. Copple claimed to hear deer running, but I did not. Many tired foot-steps I dragged along before we finally reached Beaverdam Cañon. How welcome the sight of camp! R. C. and Edd had seen one deer that they said was still enjoying his freedom in the woods. Takahashi hailed sight of the turkeys with:

"That fine! That fine! Nice fat ones!"

But tired as I was that night, I still had enthusiasm enough to visit Haught's camp and renew my year-old acquaintance with the hounds. Haught had not been able to secure more than two new hounds, and these, named Rock and Buck, were still unknown quantities.

Old Dan remembered me, and my heart warmed to the old gladiator. He was a very big, large-boned hound, gray and wrinkled and lame and bleary-eyed. Dan was too old to be put on trails, or at least to be made to chase bear. He loved a camp fire, and would almost sit in the flames. This fact, and the way he would beg for a morsel to eat, had endeared him to me.



Signs of Game Abounded; the Little Pine to Which the Rider is Pointing Has Been Robbed by an Elk



Below the Promontory Yawned a Dark-Green, Smoky-Caioned, Rippling Basin of Timber and Red Rocks Leading Away to the Mountain Ranges

Old Tom was somewhat smaller and leaner than Dan, yet resembled him enough to deceive us at times. Tom was gray, too, and had crinkly, scarred ears, and many other honorable battle scars. Tom was not quite so friendly as Dan; in fact, he had more dignity. Still neither hound was ever demonstrative except upon sight of his master. Haught told me that if Dan and Tom saw him shoot at a deer they would chase it till they dropped; accordingly he never shot at anything except bear and lion when he had these hounds with him.

Sue was the best hound in the pack, as she still had, in spite of years of service, a good deal of speed and fight left in her. She was a slim, dark-brown hound with fine head and very long ears. Rock, one of the new hounds from Kentucky, was white and black, and had remarkably large, clear and beautiful eyes, almost human in expression. I could not account for the fact that I suspected Rock was a deer chaser.

Buck, the other hound from Kentucky, was no longer young; he had a stump tail; his color was a little yellow with dark spots; and he had a hangdog head and distrustful eye. I made certain that Buck had never had any friends, for he did not understand kindness. Nor had he ever had enough to eat. He stayed away from the rest of the pack and growled fiercely when a pup came near him. I tried to make friends with him, but found that I would not have an easy task.

Kaiser Bill was one of the pups, black in color, a long, lean, hungry-looking dog, and crazy. He had not grown any in a year, either in body or intelligence. I remembered how he would yelp just to hear himself and run any kind of a trail—how he would be the first to quit and come back. And if anyone fired a gun near him he would run like a scared deer.

To be fair to Kaiser Bill, the other pups were not much better. Trailer and Big Foot were young still, and about all they could do was to run and howl.

If, however, they got off right on a bear trail and no other trail crossed it they would stick, and, in fact, lead the pack till the bear got away. Once Big Foot came whimpering into camp with porcupine quills in his nose. Of all the whipped and funny pups!

Bobby was the dog I liked best. He was a curly black half-shepherd, small in size; he had a sharp intelligent face, with the brightest hazel eyes. His manner of wagging his tail seemed most comical and yet convincing. Bobby wagged only the

nether end and that most emphatically. He would stand up to me, holding out his forepaws, and beg. What an appealing beggar he was! Bobby's value to Haught was not inconsiderable. He was the only dog Haught ever had that would herd the pigs. On a bear hunt Bobby lost his shepherd ways and his kindly disposition, and yelped fiercely, and hung on a trail as long as any of the pack. He had no fear of a bear, for which reason Haught did not like to run him.

All told, then, we had a rather nondescript and poor pack of hounds; and the fact discouraged me. I wanted to hunt the bad cinnamons and the grizzly sheep-killers, with which this rim-rock country was infested. I had nothing against the acorn-eating brown or black bears. And with this pack of hounds I doubted that we could hold one of the vicious fighting species. But there was now nothing to do but try. No one could tell. We might kill a big grizzly. And the fact that the chances were against us perhaps made for more determined effort. I regretted, however, that I had not secured a pack of trained hounds somewhere.

Frost was late this fall. The acorns had hardly ripened, the leaves had scarcely colored; really good bear hunting seemed weeks off. A storm and then a cold snap would help matters wonderfully, and for these we hoped. Indeed, the weather had not settled; hardly a day had been free of clouds. But despite conditions we decided to start in bear hunting every other day, feeling that we could train the pack, and get them and ourselves in better shape for a favorable time when it arrived.

Accordingly, next day we sallied forth for Horton Thicket, and I went down with Edd and George. It was a fine day, sunny and windy at intervals. The new trail the boys had made was boggy. From above, Horton Thicket looked dark, green, verdant, with scarcely any touch of autumn colors; from below, once in it, all seemed a darker green, cool and damp. Water lay in all low places. The creek roared bank full of clear water.

The new trail led up and down over dark, red, rich earth, through thickets of jack pine and maple, and then across long slopes of manzanita and juniper, mesquite and oak. Junipers were not so fruitful this year as they were last, only a few having clusters of lavender-colored berries. The manzanita brush appeared exceptionally beautiful with its vivid contrasts of crimson and green leaves, orange-colored berries, and smooth shiny bark of a chocolate red. The mesquite consisted of

round patches of cactuses with spear-shaped leaves, low on the ground, with a long dead stalk standing or broken down. This stalk grows fresh every spring, when it is laden with beautiful yellow blossoms. The honey from the flowers of mesquite and mesquite is the best to be obtained in this country of innumerable bees.

Presently the hounds opened up on some kind of a trail, and they worked on it round under the ledges toward the next cañon, called See Cañon. After a while the country grew so rough that fast riding was impossible; the thickets tore and clutched at us until they finally stopped the horses. We got off. Edd climbed to a ridge top.

"Pack gone way round," he called. "I'll walk. Take my horse back."

I decided to let George take my horse also, and I hurried to catch up with Edd.

Following that long-legged Arizonian on foot was almost as strenuous as keeping him in sight on horseback. I managed it. We climbed steep slopes and the farther we climbed the thicker grew the brush. Often we would halt to listen for hounds, at which welcome intervals I endeavored to catch my breath. We kept the hounds in hearing, which fact incited us to renewed endeavors. At length we got into a belt of live-oak and scrub-pine brush, almost as difficult to penetrate as manzanita—and here we had to bend and crawl.

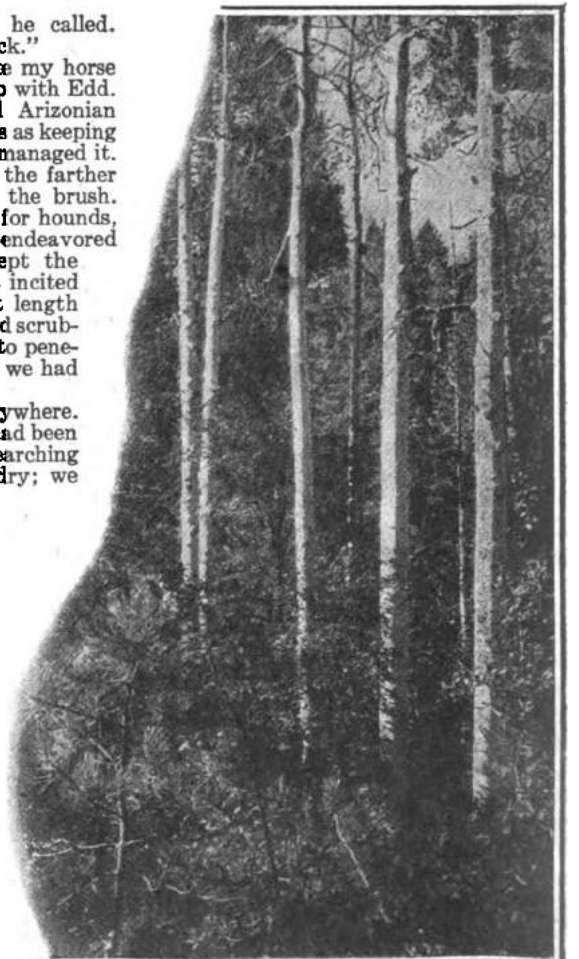
Bear and deer tracks led everywhere. Small stones and large stones had been lifted and displaced by bears searching for grubs. These slopes were dry; we found no water at the heads of ravines, yet the red earth was rich in bearded, tufted grass, yellow daisies and purple asters and a wan blue flower. We climbed and climbed, until my back began to give me trouble.

"Reckon we—bit off—a big hunk," remarked Edd once, and I thought he referred to the endless steep and brushy slopes. By and by the hounds came back to us one by one, all footsore and weary. Manifestly the bear had outrun them. Our best prospect then was to climb on to the rim and strike across the forest to camp.

I noticed that tired as I was I had less trouble to keep up with Edd. His boots

were very slippery on grass and pine needles, so that he might have been trying to climb on ice. I had nails in my boots and they caught hold. Hotter and wetter I grew until I had a burning sensation all over. My legs and arms ached; the rifle weighed a ton; my feet seemed to take hold of the ground and stick. We could not go straight up, owing to the nature of that jumble of broken cliffs and matted scrub forests. For hours we toiled onward, upward, downward, and then upward. Only through such experience could I have gained an adequate knowledge of the

(Continued on Page 44)



White Aspens in the Forest

Arizona Bear

(Continued from Page 13)

roughness and vastness of this rim-rock country.

At last we arrived at the base of the gray leaning crags, and there the hounds jumped a bear, which went straight downhill. In a few moments the hounds were at the foot of the slopes, tearing back over the course we had been so many hours in covering. Then we set out to get on the rim, so as to follow along it and keep track of the chase.

When I reached the rim I fell, and lay there a few moments until I could get up. Then I followed along after Edd, whose yells I heard, and overtook him upon the point of a promontory. Far below the hounds were baying.

I had never been on the point of this promontory. Grand, indeed, was the panorama. Under me yawned a dark-green, smoky-colored, rippling basin of timber and red rocks leading away to the mountain ranges of the Four Peaks and Mazatzals. Westward, toward the yellowing sunset, stood out long escarpments for miles, and long sloping lines of black ridges.

I did not get to see the sunset from that wonderful point, a matter I regretted. We were far from camp, and Edd was not sure of a bee line during daylight, let alone after dark.

By the time we reached camp, just at dark, I was exhausted. Late that afternoon the hounds came straggling into camp, lame and starved.

We had frost on two mornings, temperature as low as twenty-six degrees, and then another change indicative of unsettled weather. It rained and sleeted, then snowed, but the ground was too wet to hold the snow.

The wilderness began all at once, as if by magic, to take on autumn colors. Then the forest became an enchanted region of white aspens, golden-green aspens, purple spruces, dark-green pines, maples a blaze of vermilion, cerise, scarlet, magenta, rose—and slopes of dull-red sumac.

Hunting then became quite a dream for me. One afternoon Copple, R. C. and I went as far as the east side of Gentry Cañon and worked down. Copple found fresh deer and turkey signs. We tied our horses and slipped back against the wind. R. C. took one side of a ridge, with Copple and me on the other, and we worked down toward where we had seen the signs. After half an hour of slow, stealthy glide through the forest we sat down at the edge of a park, expecting R. C. to come along soon. All at once we heard a stick crack, and light steps of a walking deer on leaves. Copple whispered:

"Get ready to shoot." We waited expecting to see a deer walk out into the open. But none came. Leaving our stand we slipped into the woods, careful not to make the slightest sound. Something gray moved among the green and yellow leaves.

Not twenty paces away I descried what I thought was a fawn. It glided toward us without the slightest sound. Suddenly it saw us and seemed stricken to stone. I saw it quiver all over. I was quivering too. Copple whispered: "Yearlin' buck. Shoot!"

His whisper, low as it was, made the deer leap like a gray flash. Also it broke the spell for me.

"Year-old buck!" I exclaimed, quite loud. "Thought he was a fawn. But I couldn't have shot because —"

A crash of brush interrupted me. Thump of hoofs, then a big buck deer bounded onward into the thicket. I got one snapshot at his fleeting blurred image and missed him. We ran ahead, but to no avail.

"Four-point buck," said Copple. "He must have been standin' behind that brush. Let's go down this slope where he jumped. Now will you look at that! Here's where he started after you shot."

A gentle slope, rather open, led down to the thicket where the buck had vanished. "We'll ride over here early to-morrow," said Copple, "an' I'll bet my gun we pack some meat to camp."

But the unsettled weather claimed the next day and the next, giving us spells of rain and sleet, and periods of sunshine deceptive in their promise. Camp, however, with our big camp fire and little tent stoves, and Takahashi, would have been delightful in almost any weather. Takahashi was insulted, the boys told me, because I said he was born to be a cook.

As I became better acquainted with Takahashi I learned to think more of the Japanese. Anyone could see that here was a Japanese who was a real man. I never saw him idle. He resented being told what to do, and after my first offense in this regard I never gave him another order. He was a wonderful cook. It pleased his vanity to see how good an appetite I always had.

Takahashi had that best of traits—generosity. Whenever he made pie or cake or doughnuts he always saved his share for me to have for my lunch next day. No use to try to break him of this kindly habit! He was keen, too, and held in particular disfavor anyone who picked out the best portions of turkey or meat.

The head of Gentry Cañon was about five miles from camp, and we reached it the first clear morning while the frost was still white and sparkling. We tied our horses. Copple said:

"This is a deer day. I'll show you a buck sure. Let's stick together an' walk easy."

So we made sure to walk against the wind, which, however, was so light as almost to be imperceptible, and stole along the dark ravine, taking half a dozen steps or so at a time. How still the forest!

At length we reached a level bench, beautifully forested. Here, Copple said, was a place for deer to graze. But the grass plots, golden with sunlight and white with frost and black-barred by shadows of pines, showed no game.

Copple sat down on a log and I took a seat beside him to the left. R. C. stood just to my left. As I laid my rifle over my knees I saw R. C. stiffen, then crouch a little. Then I distinctly heard the soft crack of hoofs on stone and the breaking of tiny twigs. Quick as I whirled my head I still caught out of the tail of my eye the jerk of R. C. as he threw up his rifle.

I looked. I strained my eyes. I flashed them along the rim of the ravine. A gray form seemed to move into the field of my vision. That instant it leaped, and R. C.'s rifle shocked me with its bursting crack.

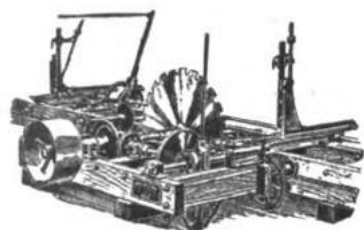
I saw the gray form pitch headlong.

"Buck, an' he's your meat!" called Copple. "Look for another one."

No other deer appeared. R. C. ran toward the spot where the gray form had plunged in a heap, and Copple and I followed. We found R. C. beside a fine three-point buck that had been shot square in the back of the head between and below the roots of its antlers.

"Never knew what struck him!" exclaimed Copple, as he laid hold of the deer and hauled it out of the edge of the thicket. "Fine an' fat! Venison for camp, boys. One of you go after the horses an' the other help me hang him up."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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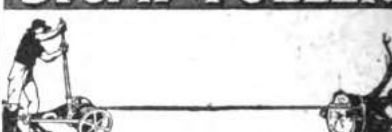
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LYNN
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The Greatest Theft in the World—By Harry R. O'Brien

ARIZONA BEAR—By Zane Grey

SYNOPSIS—Starting from Flagstaff, Arizona, Zane Grey and his party of hunters ride to the Beaverdam Cañon country, where they pitch camp and prepare for bear hunting. They find plenty of game—deer, elk, wild turkey—and bear signs on every side. They spend the first day or two arranging their base camp and exploring the near-by cañons and ravines. They shoot several turkeys and start a bear, which escapes. However, better luck comes to them and they bring home a deer.

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I HAD been riding eastward of Beaverdam Cañon with Haught, and we had parted up on the ridge, he to go down a ravine leading to his camp, and I to linger a while longer up there in the Indian-summer woods, so full of gold and silence and fragrance on that October afternoon.

The trail gradually drew me onward and downward, and at length I came out into a narrow open park lined by spruce trees. Suddenly Don Carlos shot up his ears. I had not ridden him for days and he appeared more than usually spirited. He saw or heard something. I held him in, and after a moment I dismounted and drew my rifle. A crashing in brush somewhere near at hand excited me. Peering all round I tried to locate cause for the sound. Again my ear caught a violent swishing of brush accompanied by a snapping of twigs. This time I cocked my rifle. Don Carlos snorted. After another circling swift gaze it dawned upon me that the sound came from overhead.

I looked into this tree and that, suddenly to have my gaze arrested by a threshing commotion in the very top of a lofty spruce. I saw a dark form moving against a background of blue sky. Instantly I thought it must be a lynx and was about to raise my rifle when a voice as from the very clouds utterly astounded me. I gasped in my astonishment. Was I dreaming? But violent threshings and whacks from the tree top absolutely assured me that I was neither dreaming nor out of my head.

"Me get you—whee!" shouted the voice. There was a man up in the swaying top of that spruce and he was no other than Takahashi. For a moment I could not find my voice. Then I shouted:

"Hey, up there, George! What in the world are you doing? I came near shooting you."



Zane Grey and Two of the Hounds in Camp

"Aw, hullo! Me come down now," replied Takahashi.

I had seen both lynx and lion climb down out of a tree, but nothing except a squirrel could ever have beaten Takahashi. The spruce was fully one hundred and fifty feet high; and unless I made a great mistake the Jap descended in two minutes. He grinned from ear to ear as he reached the ground.

"Me no see you—no hear," he said. "You take me for big cat?"

"Yes, George, and I might have shot you. What were you doing up there?"

Takahashi brushed the needles and bark from his clothes. "Me go out with little gun you give me. Me hunt, no see squirrel. Go out no gun—see squirrel. Me chase him up tree—me climb high—awful high. No good. Squirrel he too quick. He run right over me—get away."

Takahashi laughed with me. I believed he was laughing at what he considered the surprising agility of the squirrel, while I was laughing at him. Here was another manifestation of the Jap's simplicity and capacity. If all Japanese were like Takahashi they were a wonderful people. Men are men because they do things. The Persians were trained to sweat freely at

least once every day of their lives. It seemed to me that if a man did not sweat every day, which was to say, labor hard, he very surely was degenerating physically. I could learn a great deal from George Takahashi.

Right there I told him that my father had been a famous squirrel hunter in his day. He had such remarkable eyesight that he could espy the ear of a squirrel projecting above the highest limb of a tall white oak. And he was such a splendid shot that he had often barked squirrels, as was a noted practice of the old pioneer. I had to explain to Takahashi that this practice consisted of shooting a bullet to hit the bark right under the squirrel, and the concussion would so stun it that it would fall as if dead.

"Aw, my goodnesh—your daddy more better shot than you!" ejaculated Takahashi.

"Yes, indeed, he was," I replied reflectively, as in a flash the long-past boyhood days recurred in memory. Hunting days—playing days of boyhood were the best of life. It seemed to me that one of the few reasons I still had for clinging to hunting was this keen-thrilling hark back to early days. Books first, then guns, then fishing

poles, so ran the list of material possessions dear to my heart as a lad.

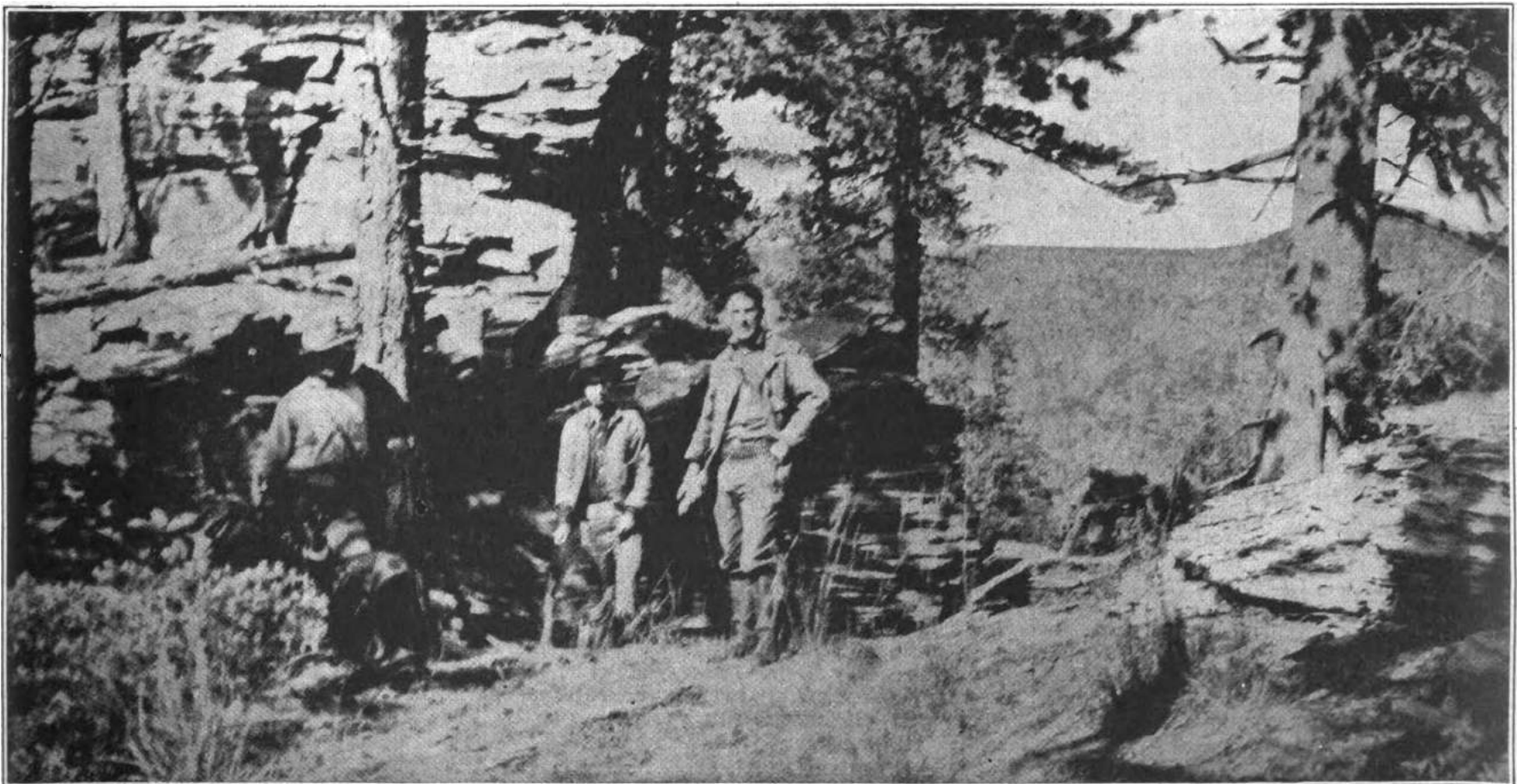
That night was moonlight, cold, starry, with a silver sheen on the spectral spruces. During the night there came a change; it rained—first a drizzle, then a heavy down-pour, and at five-thirty a roar of hail on the tent. This music did not last long. At seven o'clock the thermometer registered thirty-four degrees, but there was no frost. The morning was somewhat cloudy or foggy, with promise of clearing.

We took the hounds over to See Cañon, and while Edd and Nielson went down with them, the rest of us waited above for developments. Scarcely had they more than time enough to reach the gorge below when the pack burst into full chorus. Haught led the way then round the rough rim for better vantage points. I was mounted on one of the horses Lee had gotten for me—a fine, spirited animal named Stockings. Probably he had been a cavalry horse. He was a bay with white feet, well built and powerful, though not over medium size. One splendid feature about him was that a saddle appeared to fit him so snugly it never slipped. And another feature, infinitely the most attractive to me, was his easy gait. His trot and lope were so comfortable and swinging, like the motion of a rocking-chair, that I could ride him all day with pleasure.

But when it came to chasing after hounds and bears along the rim, Stockings gave me trouble. Too eager, too spirited, he would not give me time to choose the direction. He jumped ditches and gullies, plunged into bad jumbles of rock, tried to hurdle logs too high for him, carried me under low branches and through dense thickets, and in general showed he was exceedingly willing to chase after the pack, but ignorant of rough forest travel. Owing to this I fell behind, and got out of hearing of both hounds and men, and eventually found myself lost somewhere on the west side of See Cañon. To get out I had to turn my back to the sun, travel west till I came to the rim above Horton Thicket, and from there return to camp, arriving rather late in the afternoon.

All the men had returned, and all the hounds except Buck. I was rather surprised and disturbed to find the Haughts in a high state of dudgeon. Edd looked

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One of the Saddles Where Bears Run From Cañon to Cañon

ARIZONA BEAR

(Continued from Page 13)

pale and angry. Upon questioning Nielson I learned that the hounds had at once struck a fresh bear track in See Cañon. Nielson and Edd had not followed far before they heard a hound yelping in pain. They found Buck caught in a bear trap. The rest of the hounds came upon a little bear cub, caught in another trap, and killed it. Nielson said it had evidently been a prisoner for some days, being very poor and emaciated. Fresh tracks of the mother bear were proof that she had been round trying to save it or minister to it. There were trappers in See Cañon; and between bear hunters and trappers manifestly there was no love lost. Edd said they had as much right to trap as we had to hunt, but that was not the question.

There had been opportunity to tell the Haughts about the big number-four bear traps set in See Cañon. But the trappers did not tell, and besides they were killing deer out of season and baiting the traps with venison—two acts against the law. Edd had brought the dead cub back to our camp. It was a pretty little bear cub, about six months old, with a soft, silky brown coat. No one had to look at it twice to see how it had suffered.

This matter of trapping wild animals is singularly hateful to me. Bad enough is it to stalk deer to shoot them for their meat, but at least this is a game where the deer have all the advantage. Bad, indeed, it may be to chase bears with hounds, but that is a hard, dangerous method of hunting, which gives it some semblance of fairness. Most of my bear hunts proved to me that I ran more risks than the bears. To set traps, however, to hide big iron-springed, spike-toothed traps to catch and clutch wild animals alive and hold them till they died or starved or gnawed off their feet, or until the trapper chose to come with his gun or club to end the miserable business—what, indeed, shall I call that? Cruel—base—cowardly!

It cannot be defended on moral grounds. But vast moneyed interests are at stake. One of the greatest of American fortunes was built upon the brutal, merciless trapping of wild animals for their furs. And in the fall of 1919 the prices of fox, marten, beaver, raccoon, skunk, lynx, muskrat, mink and otter were higher by double than they had ever been. Trappers were going to reap a rich harvest. Well, everybody must make a living; but is this trapping business honest, is it manly? To my knowledge trappers are hardened. Market fishermen are hardened, too, but the public eat fish. They do not eat furs.

Now in cold climates and seasons furs are valuable to protect people who must battle with winter winds and sleet and ice; and against their use by such I dare say there is no justification for censure. But the vast number of furs go to deck the persons of vain women. I appreciate the beautiful contrast of fair skin against a background of sable fur, or silver fox, or rich black, velvety seal. But beautiful women would be just as beautiful, just as warmly clothed in wool instead of fur. And infinitely better women!

Not long ago I met a young woman in one of New York's fashionable hotels, and I remarked about the exquisite evening coat of fur she wore. She said she loved furs. She certainly was handsome, and she appeared to be refined, cultured, a girl of high class. And I said it was a pity women did not know or care where furs came from. She seemed surprised. Then I told her about the iron-jawed, spike-toothed traps hidden by the springs or on the runways of game—about the fox or beaver or marten seeking its food, training its young to fare for themselves, about the sudden terrible clutch of the trap, and then the frantic fear, the instinctive fury, the violent struggle, about the foot gnawed off by the beast that was too fierce to die a captive, about the hours of agony, the horrible thirst, the horrible days till death. And I concluded: "All because women are luxurious and vain!" She shuddered underneath the beautiful coat of furs, and seemed insulted.

Upon inquiry I learned from Nielson that Buck was coming somewhere back along the trail hopping along on three legs. I rode on down to my camp, and procuring a bottle of iodine I walked back in the hope of doing Buck a good turn.

During my absence he had reached camp, and was lying under an aspen, apart from the other hounds. Buck looked meaner and uglier and more distrustful than ever. Evidently this injury to his leg was a trick played upon him by his archenemy man. I stood beside him as he licked the swollen bloody leg, and talked to him as kindly as I knew how. And finally I sat down beside him.

The trap teeth had caught his right front leg just above the first joint, and from the position of the teeth marks and the way he moved his leg I had hopes that the bone was not broken. Apparently the big teeth had gone through on each side of the bone. When I tried gently to touch the swollen leg Buck growled ominously. He would have bitten me. I patted his head with one hand and, watching my chance, at length with the other I poured iodine over the open cuts. Then I kept patting him and holding his head until the iodine had become absorbed. Perhaps it was only my fancy, but it seemed that the ugly gleam in his distrustful eyes had become sheepish, as if he was ashamed of something he did not understand. That look more than ever determined me to try to find some way to his affections.

A camp-fire council that night resulted in plans to take a pack outfit and ride west along the rim to a place Haught called Dude Creek.

"Reckon we'll shore smoke up some b'ars along Dude," said Haught. "Never was in there but I jumped b'ars. Good deer an' turkey country too."

Next day we rested the hounds, and got things into packing shape with the intention of starting early the following morning. But it rained on and off; and the day after that we could not find Haught's burros, and not until the fourth morning could we start. It turned out that Buck did not have a broken leg and had recovered surprisingly from his injury. Aloof as he held himself, it appeared certain he did not want to be left behind.

We rode all day along the old Crook road where the year before we had encountered so many obstacles. I remembered most of the road, but how strange it seemed to me, and what a proof of my mental condition on that memorable trip, that I did not remember all! Usually forest or desert ground I have traveled over I never forget. This ride, in the middle of October, when all the colors of autumn vied with the sunlight to make the forest a region of golden enchantment, was one of particular delight to me. I had begun to work and wear out the pain in my back. Every night I had suffered a little less and slept a little better, and every morning I had less and less of a struggle to get up and straighten out. Many a groan had I smothered. But now, when I got warmed up from riding or walking or sawing wood, the pain left me altogether and I forgot it. I had given myself heroic treatment, but my reward was in sight. My theory that the outdoor life would cure almost any ill of body or mind seemed to have earned another proof added to the long list.

At sunset we had covered about sixteen miles of rough road, and had arrived at a point where we were to turn away from the rim down into a cañon named Barber Shop Cañon, where we were to camp.

Before turning aside I rode out to the rim for a look-down at the section of country we were to hunt. It was a wonderful section of rim-rock country. I appeared to be at the extreme point of a vast ten-league promontory, rising high over the basin, where the rim was cut into cañons as thick as teeth of a saw. They were notched and V-shaped. Craggy, russet-lichened cliffs, yellow-and-gold-stained rocks, old crumbling ruins of pinnacles crowned by pine thickets, ravines and gullies and cañons choked with trees and brush all green gold, purple red, scarlet fire—these indeed were the heights and depths, the wild lonely ruggedness, the color and beauty of Arizona

land. There were long steep slopes of oak thickets, where the bears lived, long gray slides of weathered rocks, long slanting ridges of pine, descending for miles out and down into the green basin, yet always seeming to stand high above that rolling wilderness. The sun stood—crossed by thin clouds—a golden blaze in a golden sky, sinking to meet a ragged horizon line of purple.

Here again was I confronted by the majesty and beauty of the earth and by another and more striking effect of this vast tilted rim of mesa. I could see many miles to west and east. This rim was a huge wall of splintered rock, a colossal cliff, towering so high above the black basin below that ravines and cañons resembled ripples or dimples, darker lines of shade. And on the other side from its very edge, where the pine fringe began, it sloped gradually to the north, with heads of cañons opening almost at the crest. I saw one ravine begin its start not fifty feet from the rim.

Barber Shop Cañon had five heads, all running down, like the fingers of a hand, to form the main cañon, which was deep, narrow, forested by giant pines. A round level dell, watered by a murmuring brook, deep down among the many slopes, was our camp ground, and never had I seen one more desirable. The wind soighed in the lofty pine tops, but not a breeze reached down to this sheltered nook. With sunset gold on the high slopes our camp was shrouded in twilight shadows. R. C. and I stretched a canvas fly over a rope from tree to tree, staked down the ends, and left the sides open. Under this we unrolled our beds.

Night fell quickly down in that sequestered pit, and indeed it was black night. A blazing camp fire enhanced the circling gloom and invested the great brown pines with some weird aspect. The boys put up an old tent for the hounds. Poor Buck was driven out of this shelter by his canine rivals. I took pity upon him and tied him at the foot of my bed. When R. C. and I crawled into our blankets we discovered Buck snugly settled between our beds, and, wonderful to hear, he whined.

"Well, Buck, old dog, you keep the skunks away," said R. C. And Buck emitted some kind of a queer sound, apparently meant to assure us that he would keep even a lion away. From my bed I could see the tips of the black pines close to the white stars. Before I dropped to sleep the night grew silent, except for the faint moan of wind and low murmur of brook.

We crawled out early, keen to run from the cold wash in the brook to the hot camp fire. George and Edd had gone down the cañon after the horses, which had been hobbled and turned loose. Lee had remained with his father at Beaverdam camp. For breakfast Takahashi had venison, biscuits, griddle cakes with maple sirup, and hot cocoa. I certainly did not begin on an empty stomach what augured to be a hard day. Buck hung round me that morning, and I subdued my generous impulses long enough to be convinced that he had undergone a subtle change. Then I fed him. Old Dan and Old Tom were witnesses of this procedure, which they regarded with extreme disfavor. And the pups tried to pick a fight with Buck.

By eight o'clock we were riding up the colored slopes, through the still forest, with the sweet, fragrant, frosty air nipping at our noses. A mile from camp we reached a notch in the rim that led down to Dude Creek, and here Edd and Nielson descended with the hounds. The rest of us rode out to a point to wait developments. The sun had already flooded the basin with golden light; the east slopes of cañon and rim were dark in shade. I sat on a mat of pine needles near the rim, and looked, and cared not for passage of time.

But I was not permitted to be left to sensorial dreams. Right under us the hounds opened up, filling the cañon full of bellowing echoes. They worked down. Slopes below us narrowed to promontories and along these we kept our gaze. Suddenly Haught gave a jump, and rose, thumping to his horse.

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The Author on Stockings

(Continued from Page 21)

"Saw a b'ar!" he yelled. "Just got a glimpse of him crossin' an open ridge. Come on!"

We mounted and chased Haught over the roughest kind of rocky ground, to overtake him at the next point on the rim. "Ride along, you fellars," he said, "an' each pick out a stand. Keep ahead of the dogs an' look sharp."

Then it was in short order that I found myself alone, Copple, R. C. and George Haught having got ahead of me. I kept to the rim. The hounds could be plainly heard and also the encouraging yells of Nielson and Edd. Apparently the chase was working along under me, in the direction I was going.

Suddenly I espied a shiny black object moving along a bare slope, far below.

A bear! So thrilled and excited was I that I did not wonder why this bear walked along so leisurely and calmly. Assuredly he had not even heard the hounds. I began to shoot, and in five rapid shots I spattered dust all over him. Not until I had two more shots, one of which struck close, did he begin to run. Then he got out of my sight. I yelled and yelled to those ahead of me along the rim. Somebody answered, and next somebody began to shoot. How I climbed and crawled and scuffled to get back to my horse! Stockings answered to the spirit of the occasion. Like a deer he ran round the rough rim, and I had to perform with the agility of a contortionist to avoid dead snags of trees and green branches. When I got to the point from which I had calculated George had done his shooting I found no one. My yells brought no answers. But I heard a horse cracking the rocks behind me. Then up from far below rang the sharp spang of rifles in quick action. Nielson and Edd were shooting. I counted seven shots.

I galloped ahead to the next point, finding only the tracks of R. C.'s boots. Everywhere I peered for the bear I had sighted, and at intervals I yelled. For all the answer I got I might as well have been alone on the windy rim of the world. My voice seemed lost in immensity. Then I rode westward, then back eastward, and to and fro until both Stockings and I were weary. At last I gave up, and took a good long rest under a pine on the rim. Not a shot, not a yell, not a sound but wind and the squall of a jay disrupted the peace of that hour.

The westering of the sun advised me that the hours had fled, and it was high time for me to bestir myself toward camp. On my way back I found Haught, his son George, Copple and R. C., waiting for Edd and Nielson to come up over the rim and for me to return. They asked for my story. Then I learned theirs. Haught had kept even with the hounds, but had seen only the brown bear that had crossed the ridge early in the day. Copple had worked far westward, to no avail. R. C. had been close to George and me, had heard our bullets pat, yet had been unable to locate any bear. To my surprise it turned out that George had shot at a brown bear when I had supposed it was my black one. Whereupon Haught said: "Reckon Edd an' Nielson smoked up some other bear."

One by one the hounds climbed over the rim and wearily lay down beside us. Down the long, grassy, cedar-aisle I saw Edd and Nielson plodding up. At length they reached us, wet and dusty and thirsty. When Edd got his breath he said:

"Right off we struck a hot trail. Bear with eleven-inch track. He'd come down to drink last night. Hounds worked up the yaller oak thicket, an' somewhere Sue an' Rock jumped him out of his bed. He run down, an' he made some racket. Took to the low slopes an' hit up lively all the way down Dude, then crossed, climbed round under that bare point of rock. Here some of the hounds caught up with him. We heard a pup yelp, an' after a while Kaiser Bill come sneakin' back. It was awful thick down in the cañon, so we climbed the east side high enough to see. An' we were workin' down when the pack bayed the bear round that bare point."

"It was up an' across from us. Nielson an' I climbed on a rock. There was an open rock aside where we thought the bear would show. It was five hundred yards. We ought to have gone across an' got a stand higher up. Well, pretty soon we saw him come paddlin' out of the brush—a big grizzly, almost black, with a frosty back. He was a silvertip all right. Niels an' I

began to shoot. An' the bear began to hump himself. He was mad too. His fur stood up like a ruffle on his neck. Niels got four shots an' I got three. Reckon one of us stung him a little. Lordy, how he run! An' his last jump off the slide was a header into the brush."

When all was told and talked over Haught said: "Wal, you can just bet we put up two brown bears an' one black bear an' the old Jasper of a silvertip."

After supper we lounged round a cheerful, crackling camp fire. Natural, indeed, was it then, after talking over the auspicious start of our hunt at Dude Creek, that we should drift to the telling of stories.

Sensing this drift, I opened the hour of reminiscence and told some of my experiences in the jungle of Southern Mexico. Copple immediately topped my stories by more wonderful and hair-raising ones about his own adventures in Northern Mexico. These stirred Nielson to talk about the Seri Indians, and their cannibalistic traits.

I never tired of listening to Haught. He had killed over a hundred bears, many of them vicious grizzlies, and he had often escaped by a breadth of a hair, but the killing stories were not the most interesting to me. Haught had lived a singularly elemental life. He never knew what to tell me, because I did not know what to ask for, so I just waited for stories, experiences, woodcraft, natural history and the like, to come when they would.

When Haught first came to Arizona and began his hunting up over the rim he used to get down in the cedar country, close to the desert. Here he heard of a pure-black antelope that was the leader of a herd of ordinary color, which was a grayish white. The day came when Haught saw this black antelope. It was a very large, beautiful stag, the most noble and wild and sagacious animal Haught had ever seen. For years he tried to stalk it and kill it, and so did other hunters. But no hunter ever got even a shot at it. Finally this black antelope disappeared and was never heard of again.

By this time Copple began a tale calculated to outdo the Arabian Nights. I envied his most remarkable imagination. His story had to do with hunting meat for a mining camp in Mexico. He got so expert with a rifle that he never aimed at deer. Just threw his gun, as was a habit of gun-fighters! Once the camp was out of meat, and also he was out of ammunition. Only one shell left! He came upon a herd of deer licking salt at a deer lick. They were small deer and he wanted several or all of them. So he maneuvered round and waited until five of the deer had lined up close together. Then he aimed so as to send his one bullet through their necks. Killed the whole five in one shot!

We rested the hounds next day, and I was glad to rest myself. About sunset Copple rode up to the rim to look for his mules. We all heard him shoot eight times with his rifle and two with his revolver. Everybody said:

"Turkeys! Ten turkeys—maybe a dozen, if Copple got two in line!"

We were all glad to think so. We watched eagerly for him, but he did not return till dark. He seemed vastly sore at himself. What a remarkable hard luck story he told! He had come upon a flock of turkeys, and they were rather difficult to see. All of them were close, and running fast. He shot eight times at eight turkeys and missed them all. Too dark—brush—trees—running like deer—Copple had a dozen excuses. Then he saw a turkey on a log ten feet away. He shot twice. The turkey was a knot, and he had missed even that.

Thereupon I seized my opportunity and reminded all present how Copple had called out: "Turkey number one! Turkey number two!" the day I had missed so many. Then I said:

"Ben, you must have yelled out to-night like this"—and I raised my voice high: "Turkey number one—nix! Turkey number two—missed, by gosh! Turkey number three—never touched him! Turkey number four—no! Turkey number five—aw, I'm shooting blank shells! Turkey number six on the log—by thunder, I can't see straight!"

We all had our fun at Copple's expense. The old bear hunter, Haught, rolled on the ground, over and over, and roared in his mirth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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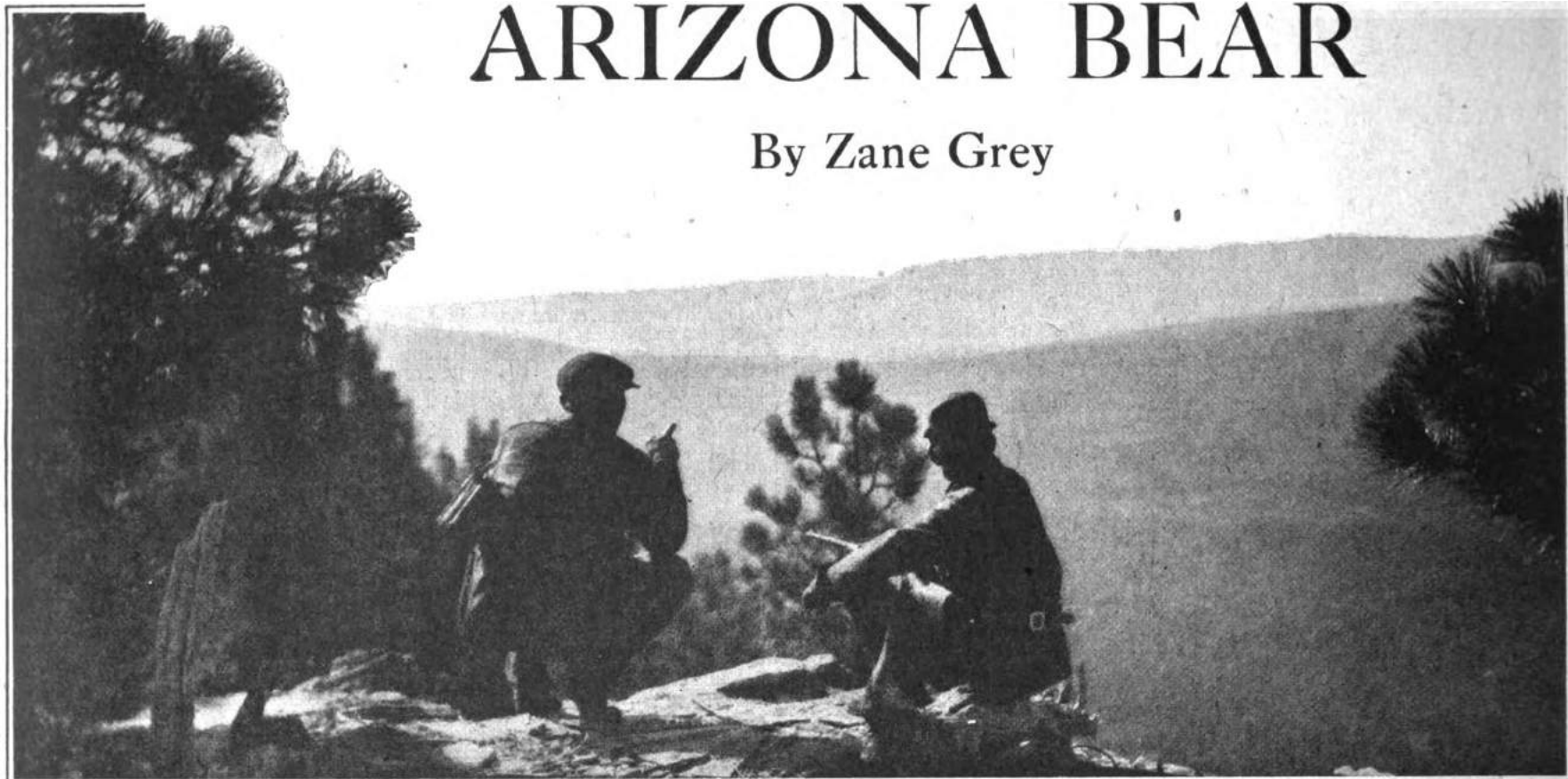
The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL in the WORLD



A Year of Farm Bureau Achievement

ARIZONA BEAR

By Zane Grey



On the Rim, Waiting for the Hounds to Start a Bear

IV

EARLY next morning before the sun had tipped the pines with gold I went down Barber Shop Cañon with Copple to look for our horses. During the night our stock had been chased by a lion. We had all been awakened by their snorting and stampeding. We found our horses scattered, the burros gone, and Copple's mules still squared on guard, ready to fight. Copple assured me that this formation of his mules on guard was an infallible sign of lions prowling round. One of these mules he had owned for ten years, and it was indeed the most intelligent beast I ever saw in the woods.

We found three beaver dams across the brook, one about fifty feet long, and another fully two hundred. Fresh turkey tracks showed in places, and on the top of the longer dam, fresh made in the mud, were lion tracks as large as the crown of my hat. How sight of them made me tingle all over! Here was absolute proof of the prowling of one of the great cats.

Beaver tracks were everywhere. They were rather singular-looking tracks, the front feet being five-toed, and the back three-toed, and webbed. Near the slides on the bank the water was muddy, showing that the beaver had been at work early. These animals worked mostly at night, but sometimes at sunset and sunrise. They were indeed very cautious and wary. These dams had just been completed and no aspens had yet been cut for food. Beavers usually have two holes to their home, one under the water, and the other out on the bank. We found one of these outside burrows and the opening into it was nearly a foot wide.

Upon our return to camp with the horses Haught said he could put up that lion for us, and from the size of its track he judged it to be a big one, well worth going after. I did not want to hunt lions and R. C. preferred to keep after bears.

"Wal," said Haught, "I'll take an off day an' chase that lion. Had a burro killed here a couple of years ago."

So we rode out with the hounds on another bear hunt. Piles Cañon lay to the east of Dude Creek, and we decided to run it that day. Edd and Nielson started down with the hounds. Copple and I followed shortly afterward with the intention of descending midway, and then working along the ridge crests and promontories.

The other boys remained on the rim to take up various stands as occasion called for.

I had never been on as steep slopes as these under the rim. They were grassy, brushy, rocky, but it was their steepness that made them so hard to travel. Right off, halfway down, we started a herd of bucks. The noise they made sounded like cattle. We found tracks of half a dozen. "Lots of deer under the rim," declared Copple, his eyes gleaming. "They're feedin' on acorns. Here's where you'll get your big buck." After that I kept a sharp lookout, arguing with myself that a buck close at hand was worth a lot of bears down in the brush.

Presently we changed a direct descent to work gradually along the slopes toward a great level bench covered with pines. We had to cross gravelly patches and pits where avalanches had slid, and at last gaining the bench we went through the pine grove, out to a manzanita thicket, to a rocky point where the ledges were toppling and dangerous. The stand here afforded a magnificent view. We were now down in the thick of this sloped and cañoned and timbered wildness, no longer above it, and aloof from it. The dry smell of pine filled the air. When we finally halted to listen we at once heard the baying of the hounds in the black notch

below us. We watched and listened. And presently across open patches we saw the flash of deer, and then Rock and Buck following them. Thus were my suspicions of Rock fully confirmed. Copple yelled down to Edd that some of the hounds were running deer, but apparently Edd was too far away to hear.

Still, after a while we heard the mellow tones of Edd's horn, calling in the hounds. And then he blew the signal to acquaint all of us above that he was going down round the point to drive the next cañon. Copple and I had to choose between climbing back to the rim or trying to cross the slopes and head the gorges, and ascend the huge ridge that separated Piles Cañon from the next cañon. I left the question to Copple, with the result that we stayed below.

We were still high up, though when we gazed aloft at the rim we felt so far down, and the slopes were steep, stony, soft in places and slippery in others, with deep cuts and patches of manzanita. No stranger was I to this beautiful, treacherous Spanish brush! I shared with Copple a dislike of it almost equal to that inspired by cactus. We soon were hot, dusty, dry, and had begun to sweat. The immense distances of the place were what continually struck me. Distances that were

deceptive—that looked short and were interminable! That was Arizona. We covered miles in our detours and we had to travel fast, because we knew Edd could round the base of the lower points in quick time. It was muscle and wind straining work, but we made the best speed the rough going would permit.

Above the head of the third gorge Copple and I ran across an enormous bear track, fresh in the dust, leading along an old bear trail. This track measured twelve inches.

"He's an old Jasper, as Haught says," declared Copple. "Grizzly! An' you can bet he heard the dogs an' got movin' away from here. But he ain't scared. He was walkin'."

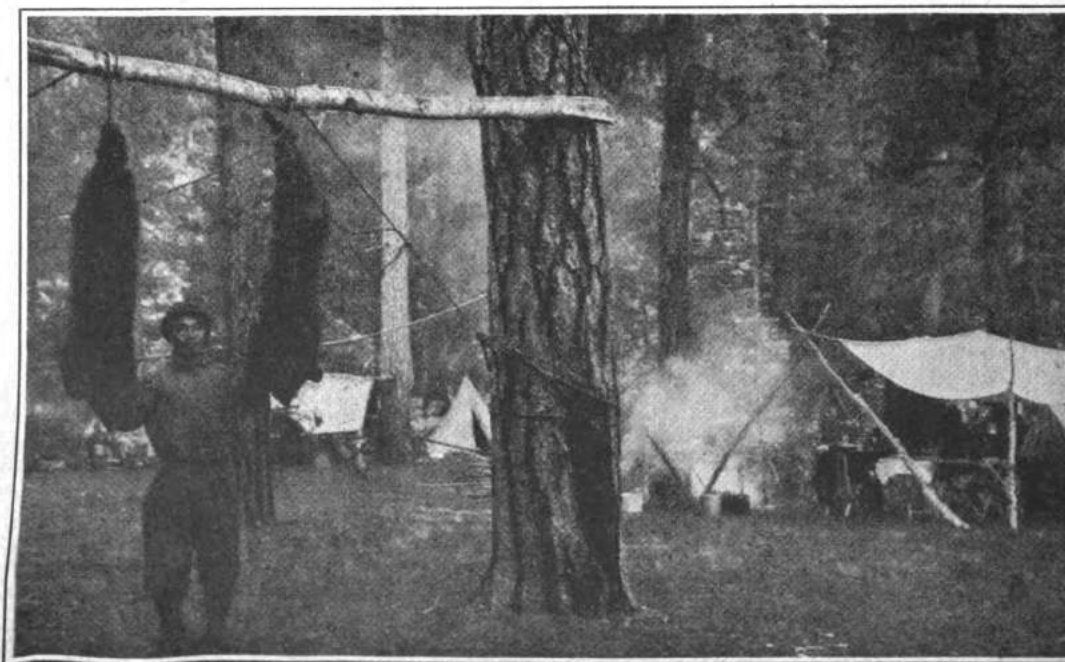
I forgot the arduous toil. How tight and cool and prickling the feel of my skin! The fresh track of a big grizzly would rouse the hunter in any man. We made sure how fresh this track was by observing twigs and sprigs of manzanita just broken. The wood was green, and wet with sap. Old Bruin had not escaped our eyes any too soon. We followed this bear trail, evidently one used for years. It made climbing easy for us. Trust a big heavy old grizzly to pick out the best traveling over rough country! This fellow, I concluded, had the eye of a surveyor. His trail led gradually

toward a wonderful crag-crowned ridge that rolled and heaved down from the rim. It had a dip or saddle in the middle, and rose from that to the lofty mesa, and then on the lower side rose to a bare round point of gray rock, a landmark, a dome-shaped tower where the gods of that wild region might have kept their vigil.

Long, indeed, did it take us to climb up the bear trail to where it crossed the saddle and went down on the other side into a cañon so deep and wild that it was purple. This saddle was really a remarkable place—a natural trail and outlet and escape for bears traveling from one cañon to another.

Our bear tracks showed fresh, and we saw where they led down a steep, long, dark aisle between pines and spruces to a dense black thicket below. The saddle was about twenty feet wide, and on each side of it rose steep rocks, affording most effective stands for a hunter to wait and watch.

We rested then, and listened. There was only a little wind,



Takahashi, the Jap Cook, at Beaver Dam Camp

and often it fooled us. It sounded like the baying of hounds, and now like the hallooing of men, and then like the distant peal of a horn. By and by Copple said he heard the hounds. I could not be sure. Soon we indeed heard the deep-sounding wild bay of Old Dan, the coarse, sharp, ringing bay of Old Tom, and then, less clear, the chorus from the other hounds. Edd had started them on a trail up this magnificent cañon at our feet. After a while we heard Edd's yell, far away, but clear:

"Hi! Hi!"

Soon the baying of the hounds appeared to pass below and beyond us, up the cañon to our right, which worried Copple.

"Let's go farther up," he kept saying.

Presently I espied moving dots, one blue, one brown, on the opposite slope. They were Haught and his son Edd slowly and laboriously climbing up the steep bluff. How like snails they climbed! Theirs was indeed a task. A yell pealed out now and then, and though it seemed to come from an entirely different direction it surely must have come from the Haughts. Presently some one high on the rim answered with like yells. The chase was growing hotter.

Then we were startled by the sharp crack of a rifle from the rim.

"The ball's open! Get your pardners, boys," exclaimed Copple with animation.

"Ben, wasn't that a .30 Government?" I asked.

"Sure was," he replied. "Must have been R. C. openin' up. Now look sharp!"

I gazed everywhere, growing more excited and thrilled. Another shot from above, farther off and from a different rifle, augmented our stirring expectation.

Copple left our stand and ran up over the ridge, and then down, under and along the base of a rock wall. I had all I could do to keep up with him. We got perhaps a hundred yards when I heard the spang of Haught's .30-caliber government-model rifle. Following this his big hoarse voice bawled out:

"He's goin' to the left—to the left!"

That sent us right about face, to climbing, scrambling, running and plunging back to our first stand at the saddle, where we arrived breathless and eager.

Edd was climbing higher up, evidently to reach the level top of the bluff above, and Haught was working farther up the cañon, climbing a little. Copple yelled with all his might:

"Where's the bear?"

"B'areverywhar!" pealed back Haught's stentorian voice. How the echoes clapped.

Just then Copple electrified me with a wild shout:

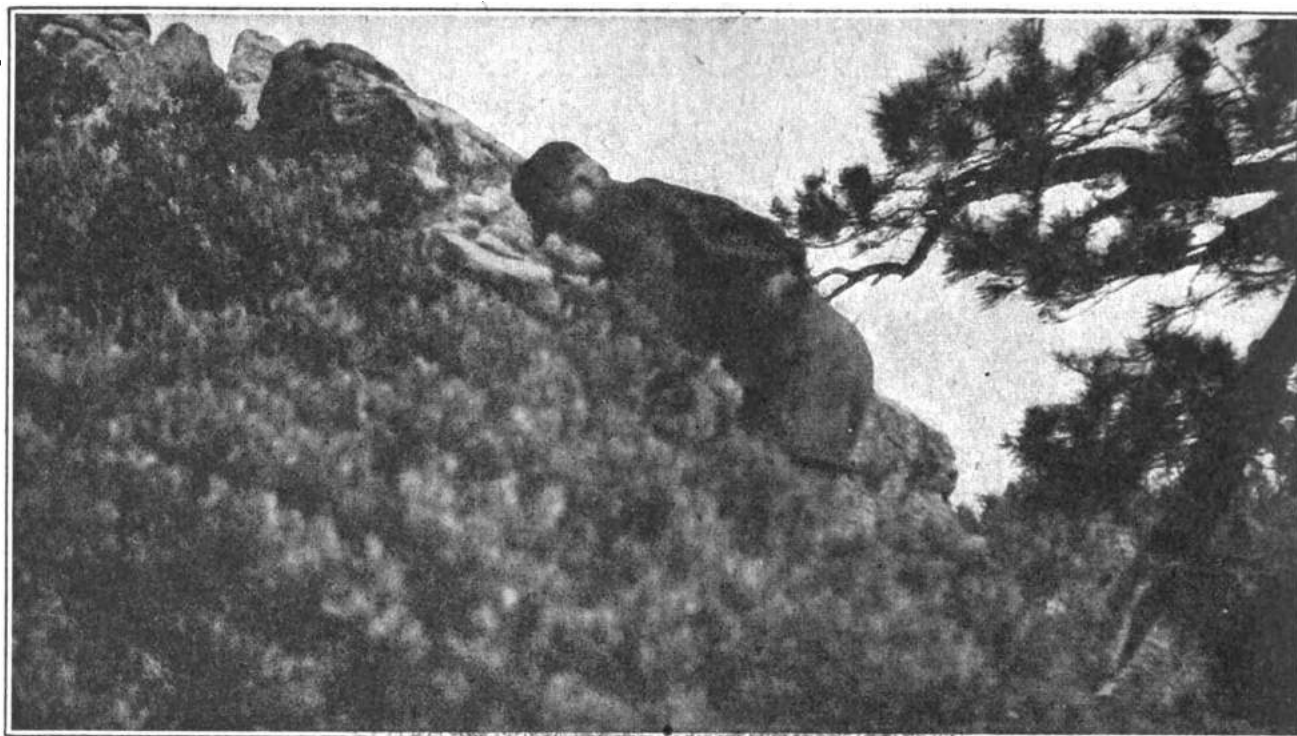
"Weow! I see him! What a whopper!"

He threw up his rifle—spang—spang—spang—spang—spang!

His aim was across the cañon. I heard his bullets strike. I strained my eyes in flashing gaze everywhere.

"Where? Where?" I cried wildly.

"There!" shouted Copple keenly, and he pointed across the cañon. "He's goin' over the bench—above Edd. . . . Now he's out of sight. Watch just over Edd. Watch sharp—right by that big spruce



I Climbed Until My Tongue Hung Out and My Heart Was Likely to Burst

with the dead top. He's a grizzly an' as big as a horse."

I looked until my eyes hurt. All I said was: "Ben, you saw game first to-day." Suddenly a large, dark-brown object, furry and grizzled, moved out of the shadow under the spruce and turned to go along the edge in the open sunlight.

"Oh! look at him!" I yelled. A strong hot gust of blood ran all over me and I thrilled till I shook. When I aimed at the bear I could see him through the circle of my peep sight, but when I moved the bead of the front sight upon him it almost covered him up. The distance was far—more than a thousand yards—over half a mile—we calculated afterward. But I tried to draw a bead on the big brown shape and fired till my rifle was empty.

Meanwhile Copple had reloaded. "You watch while I shoot," he said. "Tell me where I'm hittin'."

Wonderful was it to see how swiftly he could aim and shoot. I saw a puff of dust. "Low, Ben!" Spang! rang his rifle. "High!" Again he shot, wide this time. He emptied his magazine.

"Smoke him now!" he shouted gleefully. "I'll watch while you shoot."

My excitement was intense. It seemed, however, I was most consumed with admiration for that grizzly. Not in the least was he afraid. He walked along the rough places, trotted along the ledges, and here and there he halted to gaze below him. I waited for one of these halts, aimed a trifle high, and fired. The grizzly made a quick angry movement and then jumped upon a ledge. He jumped like a rabbit.

My next bullet struck a puff from rock above the bear, and my third, hitting just in front of him as he was on a yellow ledge, covered him with dust. He reared and, wheeling, sheered back and down the step he had mounted, and disappeared in a clump of brush. I shot into that. We heard my bullet crack the twigs. But it routed him out, and then my last shot hit far under him.

Copple circled his mouth with his hands and bellowed to the Haughts:

"Climb! Climb! Hurry! Hurry! He's just above you—under that bluff."

The Haughts heard and evidently tried to do all in their power, but they moved like snails. Then Copple fired five more shots, quick yet deliberate, and he got through before I had reloaded. As I began my third magazine Copple was so swift in reloading that his first shot mingled with my second. How we made the welkin ring! Wild yells pealed down from the rim.

"Hurry, Ben," I said as I finished my third set of five shots, the last shot of which was my best and knocked dirt in the face of the grizzly.

Again he reared. This time he appeared to locate our direction. Above the bedlam of yells and bays and yelps and echoes I imagined I heard the grizzly roar. He was now getting farther along the base of the bluff, and I saw that he would escape us. My rifle barrel was hot as fire. My fingers were all thumbs. I jammed a shell in the receiver. My last chance had fled! But Copple's big brown swift hands fed shells to his magazine as ears of corn go to a grinder. Then he fired five more shots as

swiftly as he had reloaded. Some of these hit close to our quarry. The old grizzly slowed up, and looked across, and wagged his huge head.

"My gun's on fire all right," said Copple grimly, as he loaded still more rapidly. Carefully he aimed and pulled trigger. The grizzly gave a spasmodic jerk as if stung, and suddenly he made a prodigious leap off a ledge, down into a patch of brush, where he threshed like a lassoed elephant.

"Ben, you hit him!" I yelled excitedly.

"Only made him mad. He's not hurt. See, he's up again. Will you look at that!"

The grizzly appeared to roll out of the brush, and like a huge furry ball of brown he bounced down the thicketed slope to an open slide where he unrolled and stretched into a run. Copple got two more shots before he was out of sight.

"Gone!" ejaculated Copple. "An' we never fetched him! He ain't hurt. Did you see him pile down an' roll off that slope? Let's see. I got twenty-three shots at him. How many had you?"

"I had fifteen."

We looked about us. Not improbably the exciting moments had been few in number, yet they seemed long indeed. The Haughts had got to the top of the bluff and were tearing through the brush toward the point Copple had designated. They reached it too late.

"Where is he?" yelled Edd.

"Gone!" boomed Copple. "Runnin' down the cañon. Call the dogs an' go down after him."

When the Haughts came out into the open upon that bench one of the pups and the spotted hound, Rock, were with them. Old Dan and Old Tom were baying up at the head of the cañon, and Sue could be heard yelping somewhere else. Bear trails seemingly were abundant near our whereabouts. Presently the Haughts disappeared at the back of the bench where the old grizzly had gone down, and evidently they put the two hounds on his trail.

"That grizzly will climb over round the lower end of this ridge," declared Copple.

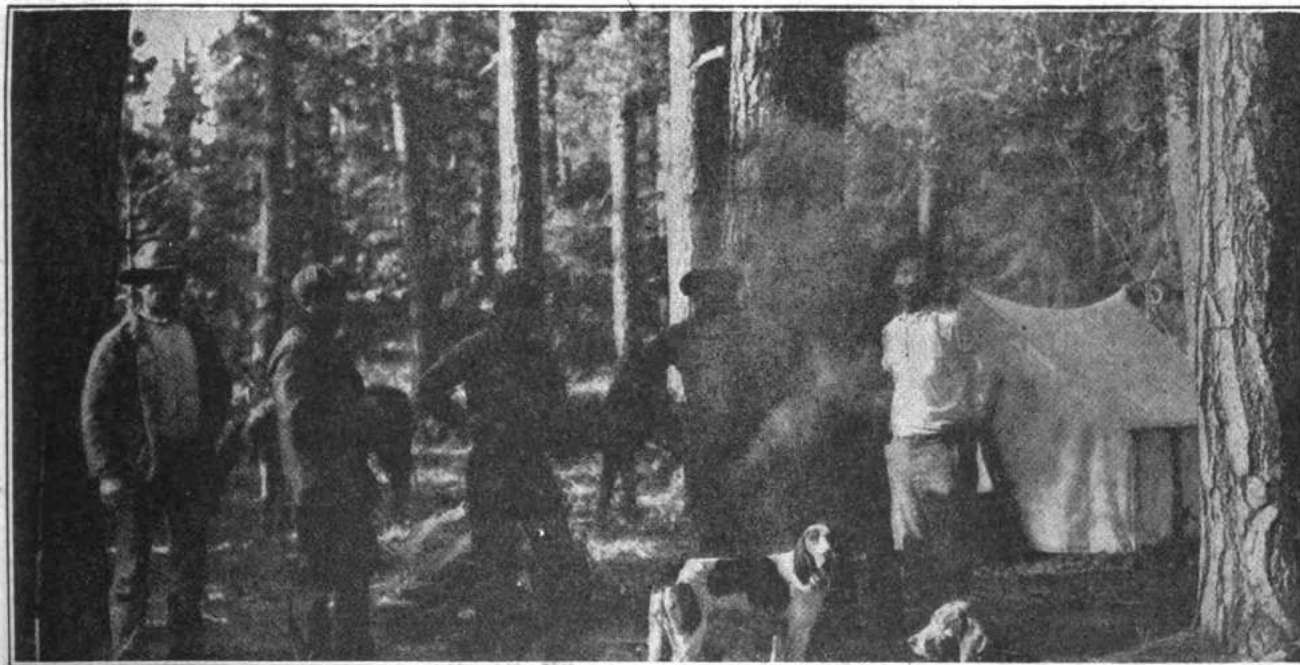
"We want to be there."

So we hurriedly left our stand and plunged along the slope. Keeping up with Copple on foot was harder than riding after Edd and George. When soon we reached a manzanita thicket I could no longer keep Copple in sight.

In half an hour I joined him at the point under the dome-topped end of the ridge, only to hear the hounds apparently working back up the cañon. There was nothing for us to do but return to our stand at the saddle. Copple hurried faster than ever. But I had begun to tire and managed only by desperate efforts to keep the Indian in sight. When I reached our stand I was wet and exhausted.

"I'll go down into the thicket," said Copple. "Maybe I can get a shot." With that he started down, and once on the steep bear trail he slid rather than walked, and soon was out of my sight.

(Continued on Page 42)



Zane Grey and His Companions in Camp at Barber Shop Cañon

Arizona Bear

(Continued from Page 11)

After that I heard him crashing through thicket and brush. Soon this sound ceased.

At length I espied Copple down on the edge of the opposite slope. He ascended to the place where our grizzly had rolled down, and from there he yelled up to the Haughts, high above him. They answered, and soon disappeared on the far side of the bluff. Copple also disappeared, going round under the wall of yellow rock. Perhaps in fifteen minutes I heard them yell, and then a wild clamor of the hounds. Gradually the sound grew farther away.

This was too much for me. I decided to go down into the cañon. Forthwith I started. It was easy to go down! That long, dark, narrow aisle between the spruces had no charm for me anyway. I sheered off and left the trail, and also Copple's tracks. This was a blunder. I came out into more-open slope, but steeper, and harder to cling on. Ledges cropped out, cliffs and ravines obstructed my passage and trees were not close enough to help me much.

Presently I crossed a fresh bear track. In some places big sections of earth a yard wide had slipped under the feet of this particular bear.

I worked out of a thicket of pines into one of scrub oaks, maples and aspens. Then I came into a glade where the leaves and ferns were rolled and matted flat. A little below this glade was a place, shady and cool, where a seep of water came from under a bank.

I rested and listened for the dogs. It seemed unwise for me to go on down the cañon, for if I did not meet the men I would find myself lost. As it was, I would have my troubles climbing out.

I chose a part of the thicket some distance above where I had come down, hoping to find it more open if not less steep. Lo and behold, it was worse! I had to pull myself up by holding to the trees and branches. I had to rest every few steps.

I grew hotter and wetter than I had been in the manzanita. Moreover, my apprehensions had increased until I had to confess that I was scared.

I climbed until my tongue hung out and my heart was likely to burst. Then when I had to straddle a tree to keep from sliding down I got desperate and mad and hoped an old grizzly would happen along to make an end to my misery. It was half past three when finally I reached the saddle where we had shot at the grizzly. I had still a long way to go up that ridge to the rim.

However, a good rest helped to revive strength and spirit. Then I started. I did not hear a sound that I did not make myself. After an hour I was sure that I could reach the rim by this route, and of course that stimulated me. Once assured of this I grew acute to the sensations of the hour. So I climbed on.

The last benches of that ridge taxed my waning strength. By hauling myself up, and crawling here, and holding to the brush, at last, panting and spent, I reached the top.

I was ready to drop on the mats of pine needles and lie there, unutterably grateful for rest, when I heard Old Tom baying, deep and ringing and close. I looked round. There was George's horse tied to a pine, and farther on my own horse, Stockings.

Then I walked to the rim and looked down into the gold-and-scarlet thicket. Actually it seemed to me then, and always will seem, that the first object I clearly distinguished was a big black bear standing in an open aisle at the upper reach of the thicket close to the cliff. He was looking down into the thicket as if listening to the baying hound.

I could not repress an exclamation of surprise and thrilling excitement, and I uttered it as I raised my rifle. Just the instant I saw his shining fur through the circle of my rear sight he heard me and jumped, and my bullet missed him. Like a black flash he was gone.

"Well!" I ejaculated, suddenly weak. "After all this long day to get a chance like that—and miss!"

All that seemed left of that long day was the sunset, out of which I could not be cheated by blunders or bad luck. Lost, indeed, was I to weariness and time until the gorgeous transformation at last ended in dull gray. I had a mile walk along the

rim back to where I had tied my horse. I just about had strength enough left to straddle him. And presently, through the twilight shadows, I caught a bright glimmer of our camp fire. Supper was ready; Takahashi grinned his concern away; all the men were waiting for me; and I told my tale.

As I sat to a bountiful repast, regaling myself, the talk of my companions seemed absolutely satisfying.

George Haught, on a stand at the apex of the cañon, had heard and seen a big brown bear climbing up through the thicket, and he had overshot and missed. R. C. had espied a big black bear walking a slide some four hundred yards down the cañon slope, and forgetting that he had a heavy close-range shell in his rifle instead of one of high trajectory he had aimed accordingly, to undershoot half a foot and thus lose his opportunity. Nielson had been lost most of the day. It seemed everywhere he heard yells and bays down in the cañon, and once he had heard a loud, rattling crash of a heavy bear tearing through the thicket. Edd told of the fearful climb he and his father had made, how they had shot at the grizzly a long way off, how funny another bear had rolled round in his bed across the cañon. But the hounds got too tired to hold the trails late in the day. And lastly Edd said:

"When you an' Ben were smokin' the grizzly I could hear the bullets hit close above us, an' I was sure scared stiff for fear you'd roll him down on us. But father wasn't scared. He said, 'Let the old Jasper roll down! We'll assassinate him!'"

When the old bear hunter began to tell his part in the day's adventures my pleasure was tinglingly keen.

"Wal, shore it was an old b'ar day," said Haught with quaint satisfaction. "All told, we seen five b'ars. Some of them big fellars too. But we missed seein' the boss b'ar of this cañon. When Old Dan opened up first off I wanted Edd to climb that bluff. But Edd kept goin' an' we lost our chance. Fer pretty soon we heard a bustin' of the brush. I never heard a heavier b'ar. But we couldn't see him. Then Edd started up, an' the bluff was a wolf of a place."

"We was half up when I seen the grizzly thet you an' Ben smoked afterwards. He was far off, but Edd an' I lammed a couple after him jest for luck. One of the pups was nipin' his heels. Think it was Big Foot. Wal, thet was all of thet. We plumb busted ourselves gettin' on top of the bench to head off your b'ar. Only we hadn't time. I spied a big brown b'ar actin' queer in an open spot across the cañon. Edd seen him, too, an' we argued about what thet b'ar was doin'."

"He lay in a small open place at the foot of a spruce. He wagged his head slow an' he made as if to roll over, an' he stretched his paws, an' acted shore queer. Edd said: 'Thet b'ar's crippled. He's been shot by one of the boys an' he's tryin' to get up.' But I shore didn't exactly agree with Edd. So I was for watchin' him some more. He looked like a sick b'ar—raisin' his head so slow an' droppin' it so slow an' sort of twistin' his body. He looked like his back had been broke an' he was tryin' to get up, but somehow I couldn't believe thet. Then he lay still an' Edd swore he was dead. Shore I got almost to believin' thet myself, when he waked up. An' then the old scoundrel slid round lazy like a tomcat by the fire, and sort of rolled on his back an' stretched. Next he slapped at himself with his paws. If he wasn't sick he was shore actin' queer with thet cañon full of crackin' guns an' bayin' hounds an' yellin' men."

"I begun to get suspicious. Shore he must be a dyin' bear. So I said to Edd: 'Let's bast him a couple just fer luck.' Wal, when we shot, up jumped thet sick b'ar, quicker'n you could wink. An' he piled into the thicket while I was goin' down after another shell. It shore was funny. Thet old Jasper never heard the racket, an' if he heard it he didn't care. He had a bed in thet sunny spot an' he was foolin' round, playin' with himself like a kitten. Playin'! An' Edd reckoned he was dyin' an' I come shore near bein' fooled. The Old Jasper! We'll assassinate him fer thet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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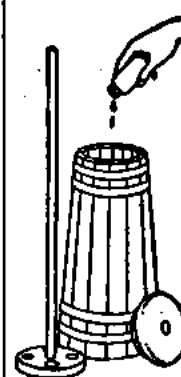
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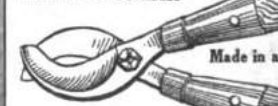
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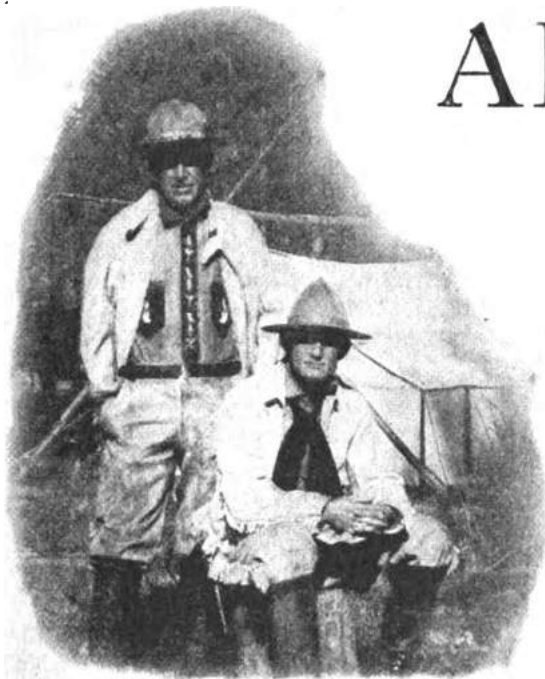


Photograph by G. Gardner Richards

The Big Break in Wheat—By Philip S. Rose

ARIZONA BEAR

By Zane Grey



Buckskins in Camp

FIVE more long, arduous days we put in chasing bears under the rim from Piles Cañon to Verde Cañon. In all we started more than a dozen bears. But I was inclined to think that we chased the same bears over and over from one cañon to another. The boys got a good many long-range shots, which, however, apparently did no damage. But as for me, the harder and farther I tramped and the longer I watched and waited the less opportunity had I to shoot a bear.

This circumstance weighed heavily upon the spirits of my comrades. They wore their boots out, as well as the feet of the hounds, trying to chase a bear somewhere near me. And wherever I stayed or went there was the place the bears avoided. Edd and Nielson lost flesh in this daily toil. Haught had gloomy moments. But as for me, the daily ten or fifteen mile grind up and down the steep craggy slopes had at last trained me back to my former vigorous condition, and I was happy.

No one knew it, not even R. C., but the fact was, I really did not care in the least whether I shot a bear or not. Bears were incidental to my hunting trip. I had not a little secret glee over the praise accorded me by Copple and Haught and Nielson, who all thought that the way I persevered was remarkable. They would have broken their necks to get me a bear. At times

R. C. when he was tired fell victim to discouragement and he would make some caustic remark:

"I don't know about you. I've a hunch you like to pack a rifle because it's heavy. And you go dreaming along! Sometime a bear will rise up and swipe you one!"

Takahashi passed from concern to grief over what he considered my bad luck:

"My goodniah! No see bear to-day? Maybe more better luck to-morrow."

If I could have had some of Takahashi's luck I would scarcely have needed to leave camp. He borrowed Nielson's .30-40 rifle and went hunting without ever having shot it. He rode the little buckskin mustang, that, remarkable to state, had not yet thrown him or kicked him. And on that occasion he led the mustang back to camp with a fine two-point buck on the saddle.

"Camp need fresh meat," said the Jap with his broad smile. "Me go hunt. Ride along old road. Soon nice fat deer walk out from bush. Twenty steps away—maybe. Me get off. No want kill deer so close, so me walk on him. Deer he no scared. He jump off few steps—stick up his ears—look at horse all same like he thought him deer too. Me no aim gun from shoulder. Me just shoot. No good. Deer he run. Me aim then—way front of him—shoot—deer he drop right down dead. Aw, easy to get deer!"

I would have given a great deal to have been able to describe Haught's face when the Jap finished his story of killing that deer. But such feat was beyond human ingenuity.

"Wal," ejaculated the hunter, "in all my days raslin' round with fools packin' guns I never seen the likes of thet. No wonder the Japs licked the Russians!"

This achievement of Takahashi's led me to suggest his hunting bear with us. Takahashi outwalked and outclimbed us all. He never made detours. He climbed straight up or descended straight down. Copple and Edd were compelled to see him take the lead and keep it. What a wonderful climber! What a picture the sturdy

little brown man made, carrying a rifle almost longer than himself, agile and sure-footed as a goat, perfectly at home in the depths or on the heights! I took occasion to ask Takahashi if he had been used to mountain climbing in Japan.

"Aw, sure. Me have father own whole mountain more bigger here. Me climb high—saw wood. Leetle boy, so big."

He held his hand about a foot from the ground. Thus for me every day brought out some further interesting or humorous or remarkable feature pertaining to Takahashi.

The next day added to the discouragement of my party. We drove Verde Cañon and ran the dogs into a nest of steel traps. Big Foot was caught in one, and only the remarkable size and strength of his leg saved it from being broken. Nielson found a poor miserable little fox in a trap, where it had been for days, and was nearly dead. Edd found a dead skunk in another. He had to call the hounds in. We returned to camp. That night was really the only cheerless one the men spent round the fire. They did not know what to do. Manifestly with trappers in the locality there could be no more bear chasing. Disappointment perched upon the countenances of the Haughts and Copple and Nielson. I let them all have their say. Finally Haught spoke up:

"Wal, fellars, I'm fingerin' hard an' I reckon here's my stand. We jest naturally have to get Doc an' his brother a bear apiece. Shore, I expected we'd get 'em a couple. Now them traps we seen are all small. We didn't run across no bear traps. An' I reckon we can risk the dogs. We'll shore go back an' drive Verde Cañon. We can't do no worse than break a leg for a dog. I'd hate to see thet happen to Old Dan or Tom. But we'll take a chance."

After that there fell a moment's silence. I could see from Edd's face what a serious predicament this was. Nothing was plainer than his fondness for the hounds. Finally he said: "Sure. We'll take a chance." Their devotion to my interest, their simple earnestness, warned me to them. But not for all the bears under the rim would I have been wittingly to blame for Old Dan or Old Tom breaking a leg.

"Men, I've got a better plan," I said. "We'll let the bears here rest for a spell. Supplies are about gone. Let's go back

to Beaverdam camp for a week or so. Rest up the hounds. Maybe we'll have a storm and a cold snap that will improve conditions. Then we'll come back here. I'll send Haught down to buy off the trappers. I'll pay them to spring their traps and let us have our hunt without risk of the hounds."

Instantly the men brightened. The insurmountable obstacles seemed to melt away. Only Haught demurred a little at additional and unreasonable expense for me. But I cheered him over this hindrance, and the last part of that evening round the camp fire was very pleasant.

The following morning we broke camp, and all rode off, except Haught and his son George, who remained to hunt a strayed burro.

"Reckon thet lion eat him. My best burro. I'll assassinate thet lion."

On the way back to Beaverdam camp I happened to be near Takahashi when he dismounted to shoot at a squirrel. Returning to get back in the saddle the Jap forgot to approach the mustang from the proper side. There was a scuffle between Takahashi and the mustang as to which of them should possess the bridle. The Jap lost this argument. Edd had to repair the broken bridle. I watched Takahashi and could see that he did not like the mustang any better than the mustang liked him. Soon the struggle for supremacy would take place between this ill-assorted rider and horse. I rather felt inclined to favor the latter; nevertheless, it was only fair to Takahashi to admit that his buckskin-colored mustang had some mean traits.

In due time I arrived at our permanent camp, to be the last to get in. Lee and his father welcomed us as familiar faces in a strange land. As I dismounted I heard heavy thuds and cracks accompanied by fierce utterances in a foreign tongue. These sounds issued from the corral.

"I'll bet the Jap got what was coming to him," declared Lee.

We all ran toward the corral. A bunch of horses obstructed our view, and we could not see Takahashi until we ran round to the other side. The Jap had the buckskin mustang up in a corner and was vigorously whacking him with a huge pole. Not by any means was the mustang docile. Like a mule he kicked.

"Hey, George," yelled Lee, "don't kill him! What's the matter?"

Takahashi slammed the mustang one parting blow, which broke the club, and

(Continued on Page 21)



R. C.'s Bear Rolled Down the Rocky Slope and Lodged Against a Manzanita Bush

ARIZONA BEAR

(Continued from Page 13)

then he turned to us. We could see from dust and dirt on his person that he had lately been in close relation to the earth. Takahashi's face was pale except for a great red lump on his jaw. The Jap was terribly angry. He seemed hurt too. With a shaking hand he pointed to the bruise on his jaw.

"Look what he do!" exclaimed Takahashi. "He throw me off! He kick me awful hard! Me kill him sure next time."

Lee and I managed to conceal our mirth until our irate cook had gotten out of hearing. "Look—what—he—do!" choked Lee, imitating Takahashi. Then Lee broke out and roared. I had to join him. I laughed till I cried. My family and friends severely criticize this primitive trait of mine, but I cannot help it. Later I went to Takahashi and asked to examine his jaw, fearing it might have been broken. This fear of mine, however, was unfounded. Moreover, the Jap had recovered from his pain and anger.

"More better now," he said with a grin. "Maybe my fault anyhow."

Next day we rested, and the following morning was so fine and clear and frosty that we decided to go hunting. We rode east on the way to See Lake through beautiful deep forest.

I saw a deer trotting away into the woods. I jumped off, jerked out my gun and ran hard, hoping to see him in an opening. Lo! I jumped a herd of six more deer, some of them bucks. They plunged everywhere. I tried frantically to get my sights on one. All I could aim at was bobbing ears. I shot twice, and of course missed. R. C. shot four times, once at a running buck and three times at a small deer that he said was flying!

Here Copple and Haught caught up with us. We went on and turned off the road on the blazed trail to See Lake. It was pretty open forest, oaks and scattered pines and a few spruce. The first park we came to was a flat grassy open, with places where deer licked the bare earth. Copple left several pounds of salt in these spots. R. C. and I went up to the upper end where he had seen deer before. No deer this day! But I saw three turkeys, one an old gobbler. We lost sight of them.

Then Copple and R. C. went one way and Haught and I another. We went clear to the rim and then circled round, and eventually met R. C. and Copple. Together we started to return. Going down a little draw we found water, and R. C. saw where a rock had been splashed with water and was still wet. Then I saw a turkey track upon this rock. We slipped up the slope, with me in the lead. As I came out on top I saw five big gobblers feeding. Strange how these game birds thrilled me! One saw me and started to run like a streak. Another edged away



In the Oak Thicket Where the Bears Feed

into the pines. Then I espied one with his head and neck behind a tree and he was scratching away in the pine needles. I could not see much of him, but that little was not running, so I drew down upon him, tried to aim fine, and fired. He leaped up with a roar of wings, sending the dust and needles flying. Then he dropped back and like a flash darted into a thicket.

Another flew straight out of the glade. Another ran like an ostrich in the same direction. I tried to get the sights on him. In vain!

R. C. and Copple chased these two speeding turkeys and Haught and I went the other way. We could find no trace of ours. And we returned to our horses.

Presently we heard shots. One, two, three—pause—then several more. And finally more, to a total number of fifteen. I could not stand that and I had to hurry back into the woods. I saw one old gobbler running wildly round as if lost, but I did not shoot at him, because he seemed to be in line with the direction which R. C. and Copple had taken. I should have run after him until he went some other way.

I could not find the hunters and returned to our resting place, which they had reached ahead of me. They had a turkey each, gobblers about two years old, Copple said.

R. C. told an interesting story of how he had run in the direction the two turkeys had taken and suddenly flushed thirty or forty more, some big old gobblers, but mostly young. They scattered and ran. He followed as fast as he could, shooting a few times. Copple could not keep up with him, but evidently had a few shots himself. R. C. chased most of the flock across several small cañons, till he came to a deep cañon. Here he hoped to make a killing when the turkeys ran up the far slope. But they flew across! And he heard them clucking over there. He crossed and went on cautiously. Once he saw three turkey heads sticking above a log. Wise old gobblers! They protected their bodies while they watched for him. He tried to get sideways to them, but they ran off. Then he followed until once more he heard clucking.

Here he sat down, just beyond the edge of a cañon, and began to call with his turkey wing. It thrilled him to hear his calls answered on all sides. Here was a wonderful opportunity. He realized that the turkeys were mostly young and scattered, and frightened, and wanted to come together. He kept calling, and as they neared him on all sides he felt something more than the zest of hunting. Suddenly Copple began to shoot. Spang! Spang! Spang! R. C. saw the dust fly under one turkey. He heard the bullet

glance. The next shot killed a turkey. Then R. C. yelled that he was no turkey! Then of that scattering flock he managed to knock over one for himself.

Copple had been deceived by the call of an amateur. That flattered R. C., but he was keenly disappointed that Copple had spoiled the situation.

During the day the blue sky was covered by thin flying clouds that gradually thickened and darkened. The wind grew keener and colder and veered to the southwest. We all said storm. There was no sunset. Darker clouds rolled up, obliterating the few stars.

We went to bed. Long after that I heard the swell and roar and crash and lull of the wind in the pines, a sound I had learned to love in Buckskin Forest with Buffalo Jones. At last I fell asleep.

Sometime in the night I awoke. A fine rain was pattering on the tent. It grew stronger. After a while I went to sleep again. Upon awakening I found that the storm had struck with a vengeance. It was dull-gray daylight, foggy, cold, windy, with rain and snow.

I got up, built a fire, pottered round the tents to loosen the ground ropes, and found that it was nipping cold. My fingers ached. The storm increased, and then we fully appreciated the tent and stove. The rain roared on the tent roof, the wind increased and the air grew colder. I hoped the rain would turn to snow.

Soon, indeed, we were storm bound. On the third day the wind reached a very high velocity. The roar in the pines was stupendous. Many times I heard the dull crash of a falling tree. With the ground saturated by the copious rain and the fury of the storm blast, a great many trees were felled. That night it rained all night, not so hard, but steadily, now low, now vigorously. Next morning snow began to fall, but it did not lie long. After a while it changed to sleet. At times the dark, lowering, scurrying clouds broke to emit a flare of sunshine and to show a patch of blue. These last, however, were soon obscured by the scudding gray pall. Every now and then a little shower of rain or sleet pattered on the tents. We looked for a clearing up.

That night about eight o'clock the clouds vanished and stars shone. In the night the wind rose and roared. In the morning all was dark, cloudy, raw, cold. But the wind had died out and there were spots of blue showing.

These spots enlarged as the morning advanced, and about nine the sun, golden and dazzling, beautified the forest. "Bright sunny days will soon come again!"

It was good to have hope and belief in that.

All the horses but Don Carlos weathered the storm in good shape. Don lost



Zane Grey and the Others of the Hunting Party in Beaverdam Cañon

considerable weight. He had never before been left with hobbled feet to shift for himself in a prolonged storm of rain, sleet and snow. He had cut himself upon brush, and altogether had fared poorly. Don was the only horse I had ever known of that did not welcome the wilderness and companionship with his kind.

We rested the following day, and on the next we packed and started back to Dude Creek. It was a cold, raw, bitter day, with a gale from the north, a day I could never have endured had I not become hardened. As it was, I almost enjoyed the wind and cold. What a transformation in the woods! The little lakes were all frozen over; pines, moss, grass were white with frost.

When we reached our old camp in Barber Shop Cañon we were all glad to see Haught's lost burro waiting for us there. Not a scratch showed on the shaggy, lop-eared little beast. Haught for once unhobbled a burro and set it free without a parting kick. Nielson, too, had observed this omission on Haught's part. Nielson was a desert man and he knew burros. He said prospectors were inclined to show affection for burros by sundry cuffs and kicks.

Nielson told me a story about Haught. It seemed the bear hunter was noted for that habit of kicking burros. Sometimes he was in fun and sometimes, when burros were obstinate, he was in earnest. Upon one occasion a big burro stayed away from camp quite a long time—long enough to incur Haught's displeasure. He needed the burro and could not find it, and all he could do was to hunt for it. Upon returning to camp, there stood the big gray burro, lazy and fat, just as if he had been perfectly well behaved. Haught put a halter on the burro, using strong language the while, and then he proceeded to exercise his habit of kicking burros. He kicked this one until its fat belly gave forth sounds exceedingly like a bass drum. When Haught had ended his exercise he tied up the burro. Presently a man came running into Haught's camp. He appeared alarmed. He was wet and panting. Haught recognized him as a miner from a mine near by.

"Hey, Haught," panted the miner, "hev you seen—your gray burro—that big one—with white face?"

"Shore, there he is," replied Haught. The miner appeared immensely relieved. He looked at the gray burro as if to make sure it was there. Then he said:

"We was all afeared you'd kick the stuffs out of him! Not an hour ago he was over at the mine, an' he ate five sticks of dynamite! Five sticks! For heaven's sake handle him gently!"

Haught turned pale and suddenly sat down. "Ahu!" was all he said. But he had a strange, hunted look. And not for a long time did he ever again kick a burro.

Hunting conditions at Dude Creek had changed greatly to our benefit. The trappers had pulled up stakes and gone to some other section of the country. There was not a hunting party within fifteen miles of our camp. Leaves and acorns were all down; trails were soft and easy to travel; no dust rose on the southern slopes; the days were cold and bright; in every pocket there was water for the dogs.

In three days we drove Piles Cañon, Dude Creek, and the small adjoining cañons, chasing in all nine bears, none of which ran anywhere near R. C. or me. Old Dan gave out and had to rest every other day. So the gloom again began to settle thick over the hopes of my faithful friends. Long since, as in 1918, I had given up expectations of bagging a bear or a buck. For R. C., however, my hopes still held good. At least, I did not give up for him. But he shared somewhat the feelings of the men. Still, he worked harder than ever, abandoning the idea of waiting on one of the high stands, and took to the slopes under the rim, where he toiled down and up all day long. I learned presently that this activity, strenuous as it was, became a source of delight to him.

On November first, a bitter-cold morning, with ice in the bright air, we went back to Piles Cañon, and four of us went down with Edd and the hounds. We had several chases, and about the middle of the forenoon I found myself alone, making tracks for the saddle overlooking Bear Cañon. Along the south side of the slope, in the still air the sun was warm, but when I got up on the saddle, in an exposed place, the wind soon chilled me through. I would keep my stand until I nearly froze,

then I had to go round to the sunny sheltered side and warm up. The hounds finally got within hearing again, and eventually appeared to be in Bear Cañon, toward the mouth.

I decided I ought to go round the ridge on the east side and see if I could hear better. Accordingly, I set off, and the hard going over the sunny slope was just what I needed. When I reached the end of the ridge, under the great dome, I heard the hounds below me, somewhat to my left. Running and plowing down through the brush, I gained the edge of the bluff just in time to see

some of the hounds passing on. They had run a bear through that thicket, and if I had been there sooner I would have been fortunate. But too late! I worked round the head of this cañon and across a wide promontory. Again I heard the hounds right under me. They came nearer, and soon I heard rolling rocks and cracking brush, which sounds I believed were made by a bear. After a while I espied Old Tom and Rock working up the cañon on a trail. Then I was sure I would get a shot. Presently, however, Old Tom left the trail and started back. Rock came on, climbed the ridge, and hearing me call he came to me. I went over to where he had climbed out and found an enormous bear track pointing in the direction the hounds had come. Rock went back to join Old Tom.

Some of the pack were baying at a great rate in the mouth of the next cañon. But an impassable cliff prevented me from working round to that point. So I had to address myself to the long, steep climb upward. I had not gone far when I crossed the huge bear track that Rock and Old Tom had given up. This track was six inches wide and ten inches long. The bear that had made it had come down this very morning from over the ridge east of Bear Cañon. I trailed him up this ridge. His track led up nearly to the rim and proved how he had climbed over the most rugged break in the ridge.

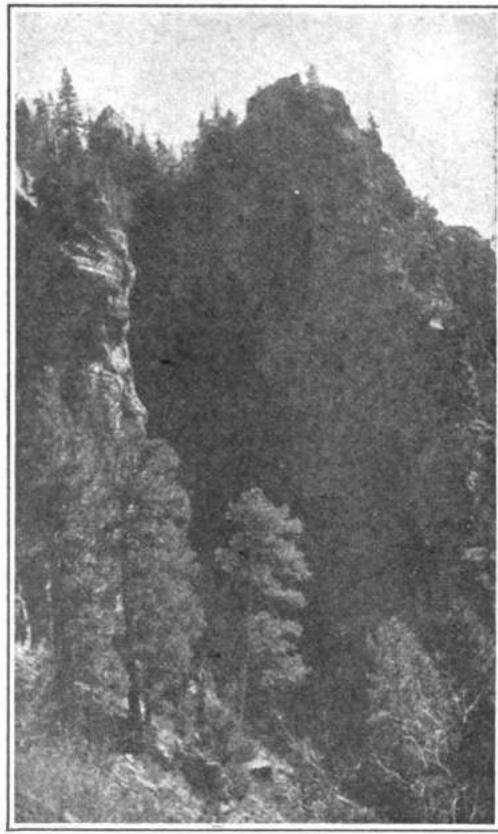
When I reached camp I learned that Sue and several more of the hounds had held a bear for some time in the box of the cañon just beyond where I had to give up. Edd and Nielson were across this cañon, unable to go farther, and then yelled themselves hoarse trying to call some of us. I asked Edd if he saw the bear.

"Sure did," replied Edd. "One of them long, lean, hungry cinnamons." I had to laugh, and told how near I had come to meeting a bear that was short, fat and heavy: "One of the old Jasper scoundrels!"

That night at dark the wind still blew a gale, and seemed more bitterly cold. We hugged the camp fire. My eyes smarted from the smoke and my face grew black. Before I went to bed I toasted myself so thoroughly that my clothes actually burned me as I lay down. During the night I awoke. The wind had lulled. When we rolled out the mercury showed ten above zero. I built a fire and my hands were blocks of ice when I got the blaze stirring.

When we reached the rim the sunrise was just flushing the purple basin, flooding with exquisite gold-and-rose light the slumberous shadows.

We had made our plan. The hounds had left a bear in the second cañon east of Dude. Edd started down. Copple and Takahashi followed to hug the lower slopes. Nielson and Haught and George



Steep, Rough Country the Hunter Must Traverse

When we surmounted to the crest we found a jumble of weathered rocks ready to slide down on either side. Slabs, pyramids, columns, shale, rocks of all shapes except round, lay toppling along the heaved ridge. It seemed the whole ridge was ready to thunder down into the abyss. Half a mile down and out from the rim we felt lost, marooned. Twice R. C. thought we would have to abandon further progress, but I found ways to go on.

Before we reached the dip or saddle where R. C. was to make his stand, the hounds opened up far below. The morning was perfectly still, an unusual occurrence there along the rim. What wild music! Then Edd's horn pealed out, ringing melody, a long blast, keen and clear, telling us above that he had started a bear. That made us hurry. We arrived at the head of an incline leading down to R. C.'s stand. As luck would have it, the place was ideal for a bear but risky for a hunter. A bear could come four ways without being seen until he was close enough to kill a man. We hurried on. At the saddle there was a broad bear trail with several other trails leading into it. Suddenly R. C. halted me with a warning finger.

"Listen!"

I heard a faint, clear rifle shot. Then another, and a fainter yell. We stood there and counted eleven more shots. Then the bay of the hounds seemed to grow closer. We had little time to pick and choose stands. I had yet to reach the end of the ridge, a task requiring seven-league boots. But I took time to choose the best possible stand for R. C., and that was one where a bear approaching from only the east, along under the ridge, could surprise him. In bad places like this we always tried to have our minds made up what to do and where to get in case of being charged by a wounded grizzly. In this instance there was not a rock or a tree near at hand.

"R. C., you'll have to stand your ground and kill him, that's all," I declared grimly. "But it's quiet. You can hear a bear coming. If you do hear one, wait—and make sure your first shot lets him down."

"Don't worry. I could hear a squirrel coming over this ground," replied R. C.

Then I went on, not exactly at ease in mind, but stirred and thrilled to the keen charged atmosphere. I had to go round under the base of a rocky ledge, over rough ground. Presently I dropped into a bear trail, well trodden. I followed it to a corner of cliff where it went down. Then I kept on over loose rock and bare earth washed deep in ruts. These I had to leap. Perhaps in ten minutes I had traveled a quarter of a mile or less. Then spang! R. C.'s rifle shot halted me. So clear and

held to the rim to ride east in case the hounds chased a bear that way. R. C. and I were to try to climb out and down a thin rock-crested ridge, which, so far as Haught knew, no one had ever been on.

Looked at from above, this ridge was, indeed, a beautiful and rugged backbone of rock, sloping from the rim, extending far out and down. Eventually we descended far under the crest and climbed back. It was desperately hard work, for we had so little time. R. C. was to beat the middle of that ridge and I at the end in an hour. Like Trojans we worked.

sharp, so close, so startling! I was thrilled, delighted—he had gotten a shot. I wanted to yell my pleasure. My blood warmed and my nerves tingled.

Suddenly the still air split—spang! R. C.'s second shot gave me a shock. My breast contracted. I started back. "Suppose it was a grizzly—on that bad side!" I muttered. Spang! I began to run. A great sweeping wave of emotion charged over me, swelling all my veins to the bursting point. Spang! My heart came to my throat. Leaping the ruts, bounding like a sheep from rock to rock, I covered my back tracks. All inside me seemed to flutter, yet I felt cold and hard—a sickening sense of reproach that I had left my brother in a bad position. Spang! His fifth and last shot followed swiftly after the fourth—much too swift to be accurate. R. C. now had an empty rifle!

Like a flash I crossed that slope leading to the rocks and tore round the cliff at such speed that it was a wonder I did not pitch down and break my neck. How long—how terribly long I seemed in reaching the corner of the cliff! Then I plunged to a halt with eyes darting everywhere.

R. C. was not in sight. The steep, curved neck of slope seemed all rocks, all trees, all brush. Then I heard a wild, hoarse bawl and a loud crashing of brush. My gaze swerved to an open spot. A patch of manzanita seemed to blur round a big bear, standing up, fighting the branches, threshing and growling. But where was R. C.? Fearfully my gaze peered near and all round this wounded bear.

"Hey, there!" I yelled. R. C.'s answer was another spang. I heard the bullet hit the bear. It must have gone clear through him, for I saw bits of fur and manzanita fly. The bear plunged out of the bushes—out of my sight. How he crashed the brush—rolled the rocks! I listened. Down and down he crashed. Then the sound changed somewhat. He was rolling. At last that thumping sound ceased, and after it the roll of rocks.

"Are you—all right?" I shouted. Then, after a moment that made me breathless, I heard R. C. laugh a little shakily. "Sure am! Did you see him?"

"Yes. I think he's your bear." "I'm afraid he's got away. The hounds took another bear down the cañon. What'll we do?"

"Come on down," I said. Fifty yards or more down the slope we met. I showed him a great splotch of blood on a flat stone.

"We'll find him not far down," I said. So we slid and crawled, and held to brush and rocks, following that bloody trail until we came to a ledge. From there I espied the bear lodged against a manzanita bush. He lay on his back, all four paws extended, and he was motionless.

"Looks pretty big—black and brown—mostly brown," I said. "I'm glad, old man, you stuck it out."

"Big!" exclaimed R. C. with that same peculiar little laugh. "He doesn't look big now. But up there he looked like a hill. What do you think? He came up that very way you told me to look out for. And if I hadn't had ears he'd got right on me. As it was, when I heard little rolling stones and then saw him, he was almost on a level with me. My nerve was all right. I knew I had him. And I made sure of my first shot. I knocked him flat. But he got up, let out an awful snarl and plunged my way. I can't say I know he charged me. Only it was just the same as if he had!"

"I knocked him down again and this time he began to kick and jump down the slope. That was my best shot. Think I missed him the next three. You see I had time to get shaky. If he had kept coming at me—good-night! I had trouble loading, but when I got ready again I ran down and saw him in that bush. Wasn't far from him then. When he let out that bawl he saw me. I don't know much about bears, but I know he wanted to get at me. And I'm sure of what he'd have done. I didn't miss my last shot."

We sat there a while longer, slowly calming down. Wonderful, indeed, had been some of the moments of thrill, but there had been others not conducive to happiness. Why do men yearn for adventure in wild moments and regret the risks and spilled blood afterward?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

December 18 1920

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The OLDEST CULTURAL JOURNAL in the WORLD

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C H R I S T M A S

THE PROMISED LAND—By P. S. LOVEJOY

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ARIZONA BEAR

By Zane Grey

VI

THE hounds enjoyed a well-earned rest the next day. R. C. and I, behind Haught's back, fed them all they could eat. The old hunter had a fixed idea that dogs should be kept lean and hungry so they would run bears the better. Perhaps he was right. Only I could not withstand Old Dan and Old Tom as they limped to me, begging and whining.

In the afternoon Copple took me on a last deer hunt for that trip. We rode down the cañon a mile and climbed out on the west slope. Haught had described this country as a "wolf" to travel. He used that word to designate anything particularly tough. We found the ridge covered with a dense forest, in places a matted jungle of pine saplings. These thickets were impenetrable.

Eventually we crossed this ridge, or at least the jungle part of it, and got lower down into hollows and swales full of aspens. Copple recognized country he had hunted before. We made our way up a long shallow hollow that ended in an open where lay the remains of an old log cabin and corral. From under a bluff bubbled a clear, beautiful spring. Copple looked all round, slowly, and at last, dismounting, he knelt to drink of the spring.

We rode on westward, to come out at length on the rim of a magnificent cañon. It was the widest and deepest and wildest gorge I had come across in this country, so deep that only a faint roar of running water reached our ears! The slopes were too steep for man, let alone a horse; and the huge cliffs and giant spruces gave it a singularly rugged appearance. We saw deer on the opposite slope. Copple led along the edge, searching for traces of an old trail. We did not find a trail, but we found a place where Copple said one used to be. I could see no signs of it. Here, leading his horse with one hand and wielding his little ax with the other, Copple started down.

Stockings, my horse, had in a few weeks become a splendid traveler in the forest. He had learned to restrain his spirit and use his intelligence. Wherever I led he would go, and that without any fear. We found the cañon bed a narrow patch, darkly rich and green, with huge rocks all stained gold and russet, and grass as high as our knees. Frost still lingered in the dark, cool, shady retreat; and where the sun struck a narrow strip of the gorge there was warm, sweet, dry breath of the forest. But for the most part, down here all was damp, dank, cool shadow where sunshine never reached.

Impossible we found it to ascend the other slope where we had seen the deer, so we had to ride up the cañon, a matter greatly to my liking. Copple thought I was hunting with him, but really, except to follow him, I did not think of the meaning of his slow, wary advance. Only a few more days had I to roam the pine-scented forest. That ride up this deep gorge was rich in sensation. Sun and sky and breeze and forest encompassed me.

As we climbed out once more, this time into an open beautiful pine forest, with little patches of green thicket, I seemed to have been drugged by the fragrance and the color and the beauty of the wild. For when Copple called low and sharp: "Hist!" I stared uncomprehendingly.

"Deer!" he whispered, pointing. "Get off an' smoke 'em up!"

Something shot through me—a different kind of thrill. Ahead, in the open, I saw gray, graceful, wild forms trotting away. Like a flash I slid off my horse and jerked out my rifle. I ran forward a few steps. The deer had halted—were

gazing at us with heads up and ears high. What a wild, beautiful picture! As I raised my rifle they seemed to move and vanish in the green. The hunter in me, roused at last, anathematized my miserable luck. I ran ahead, to be halted by Copple.

"Buck!" he called sharply. "Hurry!" Then, farther on in the open, out in the sunlight, I saw a noble stag trotting toward us. I aligned the sights upon his breast and fired. Straight forward and high he bounded, to fall with a heavy thud. "Good shot!" yelled Copple. "He's our meat."

What possessed me I knew not, but I ran ahead of Copple. My eyes searched avidly the bush-dotted ground for my quarry. The rifle felt hot in my tight grip. All inside me was a tumult. Then suddenly I ran right upon my deer, lying motionless—dead, I thought. He appeared fairly large, with three-point antlers. I heard Copple's horse thudding the soft earth behind me, and I yelled:

"I got him, Ben!"

That was a moment of exultation. It ended suddenly. Something halted me. My buck, now scarcely fifteen feet from me, began to shake and struggle. He raised his head, uttering a choking gasp. I heard the flutter of blood in his throat. He raised himself on his front feet and lifted his head high, higher, until his nose pointed skyward and his antlers lay back upon his shoulders. Then a strong convulsion shook him. I saw a small red spot in his gray breast where my bullet had struck. I saw a great bloody, gaping hole on his rump where the .30-caliber government expanding bullet had come out. From end to end that bullet had torn! Yet he was not dead. Straining to rise again!

I saw, felt all this in one flashing instant. And as swiftly my spirit changed. What I might have done I never knew, but most likely I would have shot him through the brain. Only a sudden action of the stag paralyzed all my forces. He lowered his head. He saw me. And dying, with lungs and heart and bowels shot to shreds, he edged his stiff front feet toward me, he dragged his afterquarters, he slid, he flopped, he skittered convulsively at me. No fear in the black, distended, wild eyes!

Only hate, only terrible, wild, unquenchable spirit to live long enough to kill me! I saw it. He meant to kill me. How magnificent, how horrible this wild courage! My eyes seemed riveted upon him as he came closer, closer. He gasped. Blood

sputtered from his throat. But more terrible than agony, than imminent death, was the spirit of this wild beast to slay its enemy. Inch by inch he skidded closer to me, with a convulsive quivering awful to see. For me the moment was monstrous. No hunter was I then, but a man stricken by the spirit and mystery of life, by the agony and terror of death, by the awful strange sense that this stag would kill me.

But Copple galloped up and, drawing his revolver, shot the deer through the head. It fell in a heap.

"Don't ever go close to a crippled deer," admonished my comrade as he leaped off his horse. "I saw a fellow once that was near killed by a buck he'd taken for dead. Strange the way this buck half stood up."

"Yes, Ben, it was—strange," I replied soberly. I caught Copple's keen dark glance studying me. "When you open him up, see what my bullet did, will you?"

"All right. Help me hang him to a snag here," returned Copple.

When we got the deer strung up I went off into the woods, and sat on a log and contended with a queer sort of sickness until it passed away. But it left a state of mind that I knew would require me to probe into myself and try to understand once and for all time this blood-thirsty tendency of man to kill. It would force me to try to analyze the psychology of hunting. Upon my return to Copple I found he had the buck ready to load upon his horse. His hands were bright red. He was wiping his hunting knife.

"That 150-grain soft-nose bullet is some executioner," he declared forcefully. "Your bullet mushroomed just after it went into his breast. It tore his lung to pieces, cut open his heart, made a mess of kidneys an' paunch an' broke his spine. An' look at this hole where it came out!"

I helped Copple heave the load on his saddle and tie it securely, and I got my

hands red at the job, but I did not really look at the buck again. Upon our way back to camp I rode in the lead all the way. We reached camp before sunset, where I had to endure the felicitations of R. C. and my comrades, all of whom were delighted that at last I had gotten a buck.

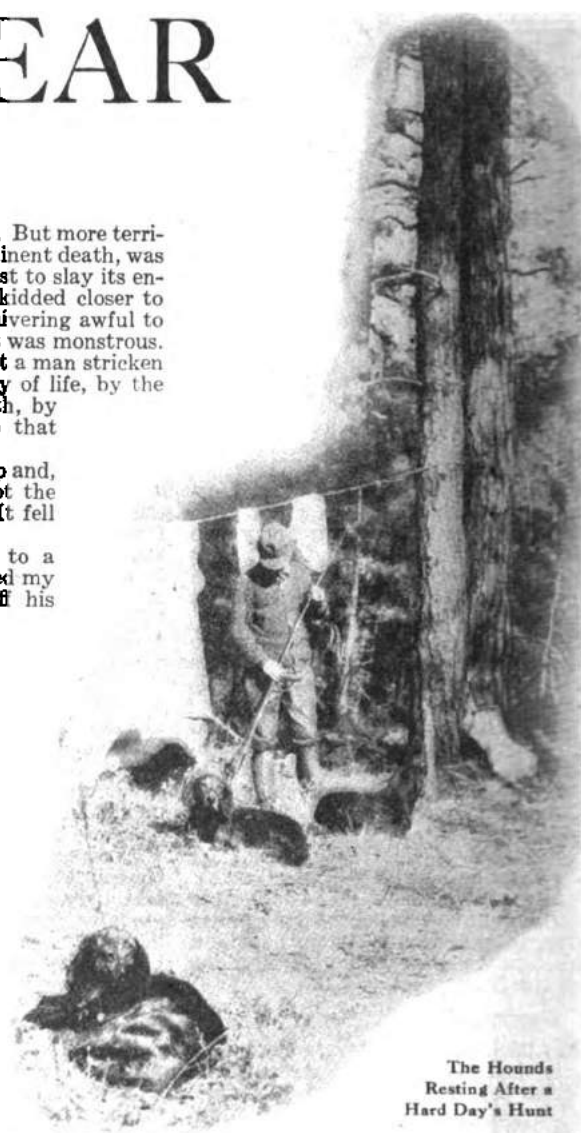
That night I lay awake a long time, and though aware of the moan of the wind in the pines and the tinkle of the brook, and the melancholy hoot of an owl, I had no pleasure in them. My mind was active.

Boys are inherently cruel. The games they play, at least those they invent, instinctively partake of some element of brute nature. They chase, they capture, they imprison, they torture and they kill.

No secret rendezvous of a boys' pirate gang ever failed to be soaked with imaginary blood! And what group of boys have not played at being pirates? The Indian games are worse—scalping, with red-hot cinders thrown upon the bleeding head, and the terrible running of the gantlet and burning at the stake. What youngster has not made wooden knives to spill the blood of his pretended enemies?

Little girls play with dolls, and with toy houses, and all the implements of making a home; but sweet and dear as the little angels are, they love a boys' game, and if they can, through some lucky accident, participate in one, it is to scream and shudder and fight like the females of the species.

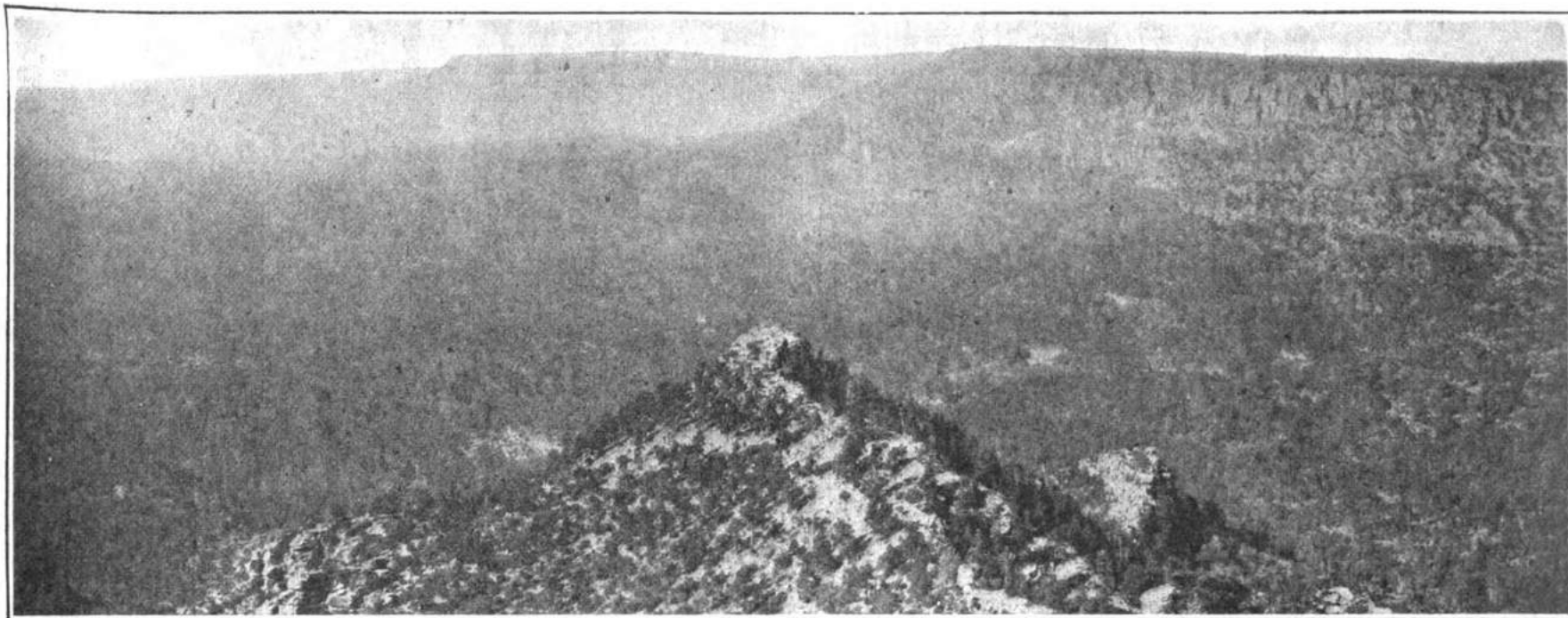
Boys love the chase. And that chase depends upon environment. For want of wild game they will harry a poor tomcat with sticks and stones. Boys love nothing so much as to chase a squirrel or a frightened little chipmunk back and forth



The Hounds Resting After a Hard Day's Hunt



The Indian, Copple. Behind Him are Two Bears, a Big Wild Turkey and a Three-Prong Buck



Wild and Beautiful Almost Beyond Description is This Arizona Land

along a rail fence. They brandish their sticks, run and yell, dart to and fro, like young Indians. They rob birds' nests, steal the eggs, pierce them and blow them. They capture the young birds and are not above killing the parents that fly frantically to the rescue.

As boys grow older to the age of reading, they select, or at least love best, those stories of bloodshed and violence. Stevenson wrote that boys read for some element of the brute instinct in them. His two wonderful books *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* are full of fight and the killing of men. *Robinson Crusoe* is the only great boys' book I ever read that did not owe its charm to fighting. But still did not old Crusoe fight to live on his lonely island? And this wonderful tale is full of hunting and has at the end the battle with cannibals.

When lads grow up they become hunters, almost without exception, at least in spirit if not in deed. In all my life I have met only two grown men who did not care to go prowling and hunting in the woods with a gun. An exception proves a great deal, but, all the same, most men, whether they have a chance or not, love to hunt.

In reading the books of hunters and in listening to their talks at camp-fire club dinners I have always been struck with the expression of what these hunters felt, what they thought they got out of hunting: The change from city to the open wilderness; the difference between noise, tumult, dirt, foul air, and the silence, the quiet, the cleanness and purity—the sweet breath of God's country as so many called it; the beauty of forest and mountain; the wildness of ridge and valley; the wonder of wild animals in their native haunts; and the zest, the joy, the excitement, the magnificent thrill of the stalk and the chase. No one of them ever dwelt upon the kill! It was mentioned as a result, an end, a consummation. How strange that hunters believed these were the attractions of the chase!

Men take long rides to hunt, endure hardships, live in camps with absolute joy. They stalk through the forest, climb the craggy peaks, labor as giants in the building of the pyramids—all with a tight clutch on a deadly rifle. Tight muscles, alert eyes, stealthy steps, stalk and run and crawl and climb, breathlessness, a hot close-pressed chest, thrill on thrill, and sheer bursting riot of nerve and vein—these are the ordinary sensations and actions of a hunter. No ascent too lofty, no descent too perilous for him then, if he is a man as well as a hunter!

Up to this 1919 hunting trip in the wilds I had always marveled at the fact that naturalists and biologists hate sportsmen, the so-called sportsmen. Naturalists and biologists have simply learned the truth why men hunt, and that when it is done in the name of sport, or for sensation, it is a degenerate business.

Stevenson wrote beautiful words about "the hunter home from the hill," but so far as I can find out he never killed anything himself. He was concerned with the

romance of the thought, with alliteration, and the singular charm of the truth—sunset and the end of the day, the hunter's plod down the hill to the cottage, to the home where wife and children awaited him.

Hunting is a savage primordial instinct inherited from our ancestors. It goes back through all the ages of man, and farther still—to the age when man was not man, but hairy ape, or some other beast from which we are descended. To kill is in the very marrow of our bones. If man after he developed into human state had taken to vegetable diet—which he never did take—he yet would have inherited the flesh-eating instincts of his animal forbears. And no instinct is ever wholly eradicated. But man was a meat eater. By brute strength, by sagacity, by endurance he killed in order to get the means of subsistence. If he did not kill he starved. And it is a matter of record, even down to modern times, that man has existed by cannibalism.

The cave man stalked boldly forth from his hole under a cliff, with his huge club or stone mace. Perhaps he stole his neighbor's woman, but if so he had more reason to hunt than before—he had to feed her as well as himself. This cave man, savagely descended, savagely surrounded, must have had to hunt all the daylight hours and surely had to fight to kill his food, or to keep it after he killed it. Long, long ages was the being called cave man in developing; more long ages he lived on the earth, in that dim, dark, mystic past; and just as long were his descendants growing into another and higher type of barbarian. But they and their children

and grandchildren, and all their successive, innumerable and varying descendants had to hunt meat and eat meat to live.

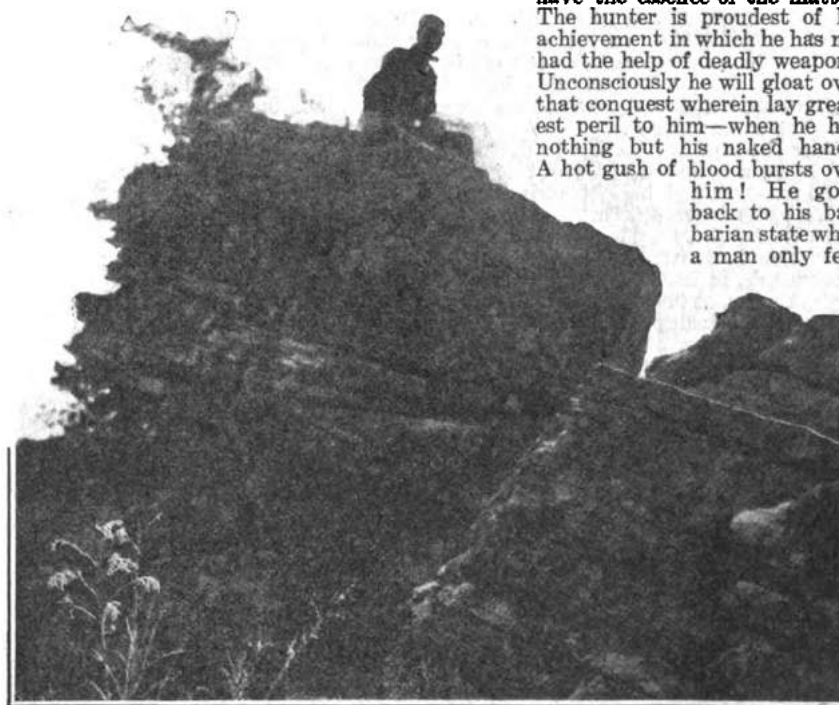
We cannot escape our inheritance. Civilization is merely a veneer, a thin-skinned polish over the savage and crude nature. Fear, anger, lust, the three great primal instincts, are restrained, but they live powerfully in the breast of man. Self-preservation is the first law of human life and is included in fear. Fear of death is the first instinct. Then if for thousands, perhaps millions, of years man had to hunt because of his fear of death, had to kill meat to survive—consider the ineradicable and permanent nature of the instinct.

The secret now of the instinctive joy and thrill and wildness of the chase lies clear.

Stealing through the forest or along the mountain slope, eyes roving, ears sensitive to all vibrations of the air, nose as keen as that of a hound, hands tight on a deadly rifle, we unconsciously go back. We go back to the primitive, to the savage state of man.

The child is father to the man. In the light of this instinct, how easy to understand his boyish cruelty! He is true to nature. Unlimited and infinite is his imagination when he hunts—whether with his toys or with real weapons. If he flings a stone and kills a toad he is instinctively killing meat for his home in the cave. How little difference between the land and the man! For a man the most poignantly exciting, the most thrillingly wild is the chase when he is weaponless, when he runs and kills his quarry with a club. Here we have the essence of the matter.

The hunter is proudest of his achievement in which he has not had the help of deadly weapons. Unconsciously he will gloat over that conquest wherein lay greatest peril to him—when he had nothing but his naked hands. A hot gush of blood bursts over him! He goes back to his barbarian state when a man only felt.



He Has Taken a High Stand

When the man goes into the wilderness to change into a hunter that surviving kinship with the savage revives in his being and all unconsciously dominates him with driving passion. His real nature has been hidden. The hunting of game inhibits his thoughts. He feels only. He forgets himself. He sees the track, he hears the stealthy step, he smells the wild scent; and his blood dances with the dance of the ages. Then he is a killer.

What, then, should be the attitude of a thoughtful man toward this liberation of an instinct—that is to say, toward the game or sport or habit of hunting to kill?

Not easily could I decide this for myself. After all, life is a battle. Eternally we are compelled to fight. If we do not fight, if we do not keep our bodies strong, supple, healthy, soon we succumb to some germ or other that gets a hold in our blood or lungs and fights for its life, its species, until it kills us. Fight therefore is absolutely necessary to long life. Alas, eventually that fight must be lost!

The savages, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks, all worshiped physical prowess in man. Manhood, strength—the symbols of fight! To be physically strong and well a man must work hard, with frequent intervals of change of exercise, and he must eat meat. I am not a great meat eater, but I doubt if I could do much physical labor or any brain work on a vegetable diet. Therefore I hold it fair and manly to go once a year to the wilderness to hunt. Let that hunt be clean, hard toil, as hard as I can stand!

The last day of everything always comes. Time, like the tide, waits for no man. Anticipation is beautiful, but it is best and happiest to enjoy the present. Live while we may!

On this last day of my hunt we were up almost before it was light enough to see. The morning star shone radiant in the dark-gray sky. All the other stars seemed dimmed by its glory. By the time breakfast was over the gold of the rising sun was tipping the highest pines on the ridges.

We started on foot, leaving the horses hobbled near camp. All the hounds appeared fit. Piles, a neighbor of Haught's, had come to take a hunt with us, bringing two dogs with him. For this last day I had formulated a plan: Edd and a boy were to take the hounds down on the east side of the great ridge. R. C. was to climb out on this ridge and take his position at the most advantageous point. We had already chased half a dozen bears over this saddle, one of which was the big frosty-coated grizzly that Edd and Nielson had shot at. The rest of us hurried to the head of Dude Cañon. Copple and I were to go down to the first promontories under the rim. The others were to await developments and go where Haught thought best to send them.

Copple and I started down over and round the crags, going carefully until we reached the open slope under the rim rock. The cañon sloped at an angle of about

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ARIZONA BEAR

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forty-five degrees, and we slid, stepped, jumped and ran down without starting an avalanche.

Suddenly I espied the flash of something black down the thicket, and tried to show it to my comrade.

"Let's go round an' down to that lower point of rock. It's a better stand than this. By golly, I see what you see! That's a bear, slippin' down. Stay with me now!"

Staying with Copple was a matter of utter disregard of clothes, limbs, life. He plunged off that bare ledge, slid flat on his back, and wormed feet first under manzanita, and gaining open slope got up to run and jump into another thicket.

I wore only boots, trousers and shirt and cap, with cartridge belt strapped tight round me. It was a wonder I was not stripped. At last we reached the bare, flat, projecting cape of rock. I had to sink down on the rock; I could not talk until I got my breath; but I used my eyes to every advantage. Neither Copple nor I could locate the black moving object we had seen from above.

My eyes searched the leaf-covered slope, so brown and sear, and the shaggy thickets, and tried to pierce the black tangle of spruce patches. All at once, magically it seemed, my gaze held to a dark shadow, a bit of dense shade under a large spruce tree. Something moved. Then a big bear rose right out of his bed of leaves, majestically, as if disturbed, and turned his head back toward the direction of the baying hounds. I was quivering with eagerness to tell Copple, but I waited. Then the bear walked behind a tree and peeped out, only his head showing. After a moment again he walked out.

"Ben, aren't you ever going to see that bear?" I cried at last.

"No! Reckon you see a stump. By golly, I see him. He's a dandy. Reddish color."

"Ben, how far away is he?" I asked. "Oh, that's eight hundred yards," declared Copple. "A long shot. Let's wait. He may work down closer."

Then I decided that I would not shoot at him unless he started down. My excitement was difficult to control. The bear went into a small clump of spruces and stayed there a little while. Tantalizing moments! The hounds were hot upon his trail. I judged scarcely a mile separated them from the bear. Again he disappeared behind a little brush. Remembering that five pairs of sharp eyes could see me from the points above, I stood up and waved my red cap. I waved it wildly as a man waves a red flag in moments of danger.

Afterward R. C. said he saw me plainly and understood my action. Again the bear came in view, this time on an open slide, where he had halted. He was looking across the cañon as I waved my cap.

I dropped upon one knee. The bear started down, coming toward us over an open slide.

"Aim a little coarser an' follow him," said Copple.

I did so, and tightening all my muscles into a ball, holding my breath, I fired. The bear gave a savage kick backward. A growl, low, angry, vicious, followed the echoes of my rifle. Then it seemed he pointed his head toward us and began to run down the slope.

"By golly!" yelled Copple. "Youstung him one an' he's comin'! Now you've got to shoot some. Take your time—wait for open shots an' make sure!"

Copple's advice brought hometome what could happen even with the advantage on my side. I did not feel myself shake, but the rifle was unsteady. I rested an elbow on my knee, yet still I had difficulty in keeping the sight on him. I must not hurry, yet I had to hurry. After all he had not so far to come and most of the distance was under cover.

"Doc, he's paddlin' along!" warned Copple. "Smoke some of them shells!"

Straining every nerve I aimed as before, only a little in advance, held tight and pulled at the same instant. The bear doubled up in a ball and began to roll down the slide. He scattered the leaves. Then into the thicket he crashed.

"Some shot!" yelled Copple.

But my bear continued to crash through the brush. I shot again and again, missing both times. Apparently he was coming faster now—then he showed dark almost at the foot of our slope. I could not see there, and I could not look for bear and reload at the same moment.

"Don't shoot," shouted Copple. "He's your bear."



Zane Grey's Cinnamon Bear

"But I see him coming!"

"Where? By golly, that's another bear! He's black. Yours is red. Look sharp! Next time he shows smoke him!"

I saw a flash of black across an open space. I heard a scattering of gravel. But I had no chance to shoot. Then both of us heard a bear running in thick leaves.

"He's gone down the cañon," said Copple. "Now look for your bear."

"Listen, Ben. The hounds are coming fast. There's Rock! There's Sue!"

Though Copple tried hard to show me where, I could not see the bear. But when Rock and Sue headed the bear I saw him. He sat up on his haunches ready to fight, but they did not attack him. Instead they began to yelp wildly. I dared not shoot again for fear of hitting one of them. Old Dan just beat the rest of the pack to the bear. Up pealed a yelping chorus. I had never heard Old Dan bay a bear at close range.

With deep, hoarse, wild roars he dominated that medley.

From the saddle of the great ridge above pealed down R. C.'s "Wahhoo!"

Nielson bellowed from the craggy cape above and behind us. From down the cañon Edd sent up his piercing "Ki yi!"

"We'd better hurry down an' across," said Copple. "Reckon the hounds will jump that bear or someone else will get there first. We got to skedaddle!"

As before, we fell into a manzanita thicket and had to crawl. Then we came upon the rim of a box cañon. It was too steep to descend. We had to head it, and Copple took chances.

Then, imitating Copple, I sat down and slid as on a toboggan for some thirty thrilling yards. Some of my anatomy and more of my rags I left behind me. But I managed to protect at least my rifle. I followed Copple into the dark gorge.

We yelled. Somebody above us answered. Then we climbed up the opposite

slope and soon came into an open rocky slide where my bear lay surrounded by the hounds, with Old Dan on guard. The bear was red in color, with silky fur, a long, keen head, fine limbs and of goodly size.

"Cinnamon," declared Copple, and turning him over he pointed to a white spot on his breast. "Fine bear. About four hundred pounds."

Then I became aware of the other men. Takahashi had arrived on the scene first, finding the bear dead. Edd came next, and after him was Piles.

Yells from both sides of the cañon were answered by Edd. R. C. was rolling the rocks on his side at a great rate. But Nielson on the other side beat him to us.

Presently George Haught joined us, having come down the bed of the cañon. "We knew you'd got a bear," said George. "Father heard the first two bullets hit meat."

"Well!" exclaimed R. C. "That's what made those first two shots sound so strange to me. Sounded like soft dead pats! And it was lead hitting flesh. I heard it half a mile away!"

Later I asked Haught. He said he heard my first two bullets strike and believed from the peculiar sound that I had my bear. And his stand was fully a mile away. But the morning was unusually still and sound carried far.

The men hung my bear from the forks of a maple. They then decided to give us time to climb up to our stands before putting the hounds on the other fresh trail.

Nielson, R. C. and I started to climb back up to the points. Nielson distanced us, and eventually we lost him. We rimmed the heads of several gorges and lost the hounds somewhere.

R. C. did not seem to mind this misfortune any more than I. Next time we rested we again heard the hounds, far away at first, but gradually drawing closer. In half an hour they appeared right under us again. Then pealed up the clear tuneful melody of Edd's horn, calling off the chase for that day and season.

We proceeded on our ascent over and up the broken masses of rock, climbing slowly and easily, making frequent and long rests. Everywhere beneath me for leagues and leagues extended the timbered hills of green, the gray outcroppings of rocks, the red bluffs, the golden patches of grassy valleys, lost in the cañons. And the sun was setting in a blaze of gold. From the rim I took a last lingering look and did not marvel that I loved this wonderland of Arizona.

(THE END)

MAKING OVER THE MUSCADINE

(Continued from Page 8)

establishing many new hybrids as improvements over the native Muscadines, the station now has an assemblage of pedigree breeding stock of tested performance.

The station is also experimenting as to what cultivation, fertilizing, interplanting and pruning will do for commercial vineyards of Muscadines.

Bur clover is found to be an excellent cover crop for the vineyard. Soy, beans, too, work out profitably when planted between the rows of vines. In this vineyard, when the grapes are harvested, hogs are turned in to eat the soys and fallen grapes.

Pruning experiments have shattered the popular belief that this practice would cause the Muscadine to bleed to death. When the vines are not pruned they develop the following season what amounts to an overload of well-nigh worthless fruit.

So much for the breeding work. What is its value in terms of dollars and cents? Prohibition has given the Muscadine a brand-new lease on life. This is also true of grapes in other sections, but the lighter juice of the Muscadine, in particular the Scuppernong, is known to but a relative few who have been fortunate enough to partake of this delicious product.

Soon after the Willard station got its work under way it became apparent that they must develop some sort of outlet for their products. All the Scuppernongs they

could harvest found an instant local demand at two dollars and fifty cents a bushel. But there were many varieties other than the Scuppernong. So the station put up a small plant and equipped

this with juice presses, jelly cookers and the like.

But the station cannot begin to fill its orders for Muscadine juices or jellies. On the dining cars of three railroad systems

traversing the South and the Southeast the station has placed Muscadine grape juice, jelly, marmalade and paste on the regular menus. Mr. Dearing orders for a year ahead.

It is plain enough that this station cannot go very far into the commercial phase. Its prime function is to improve grapes, demonstrate their commercial possibilities, and then turn over this evidence to all who can use it to advantage. Both the United States Department of Agriculture and the State of North Carolina want to see private concerns and individuals reap the benefit of all this experimental and demonstration work.

Muscadine-grape products have a flavor which cannot be described; neither can they be imitated. Once the public become acquainted with this flavor they will want to treat their palates regularly with it.

There is a veritable empire in the Southeast where Muscadines thrive to perfection. With the making over of the Muscadine through this patient research work, the possibilities of establishing a grape-juice and grape-products industry in this section never were brighter. Some day in the near future somebody is going to capitalize the Willard station's achievements. And that's just what the Government and the state want to see happen.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK
IN DARKEST NEW GUINEA

By Warren H. Miller

EVERY boy reader of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN who remembers that absorbing story, The Ring-Necked Grizzly, will be delighted to hear that in the very next issue will begin a new serial by the same author.

It has to do with the adventures of two American lads who accompany a scientific expedition into the wildest country left on earth—New Guinea. How they fight their way through the jungle, outwitting wild beasts, head-hunters and cannibals, and finally reach their goal, forms the basis of one of the best boy stories of our time.