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THREE YEARS

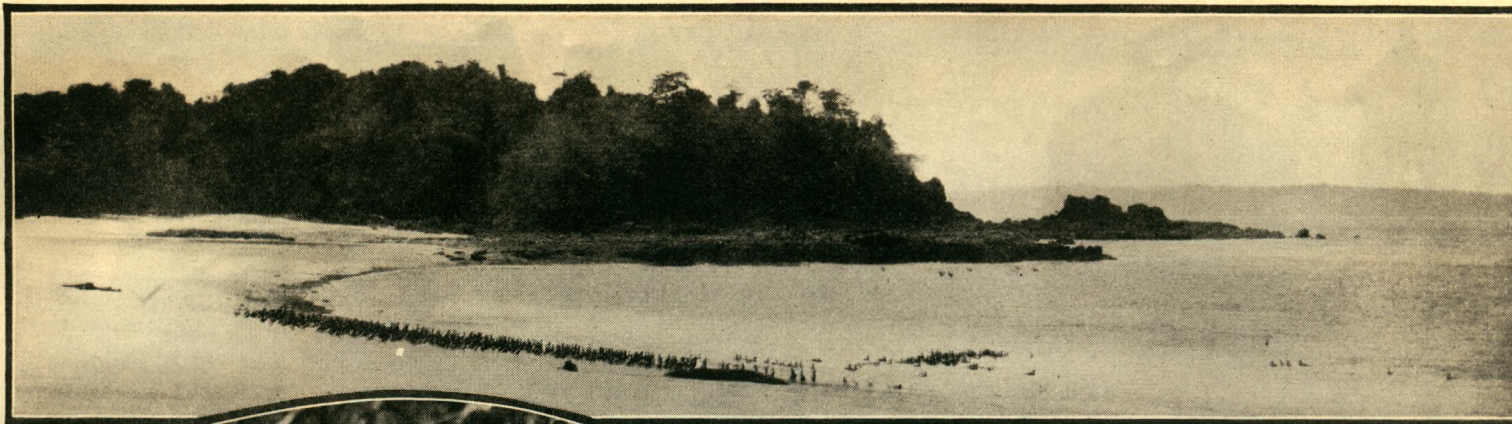
The Country Gentleman

TIBBETTS
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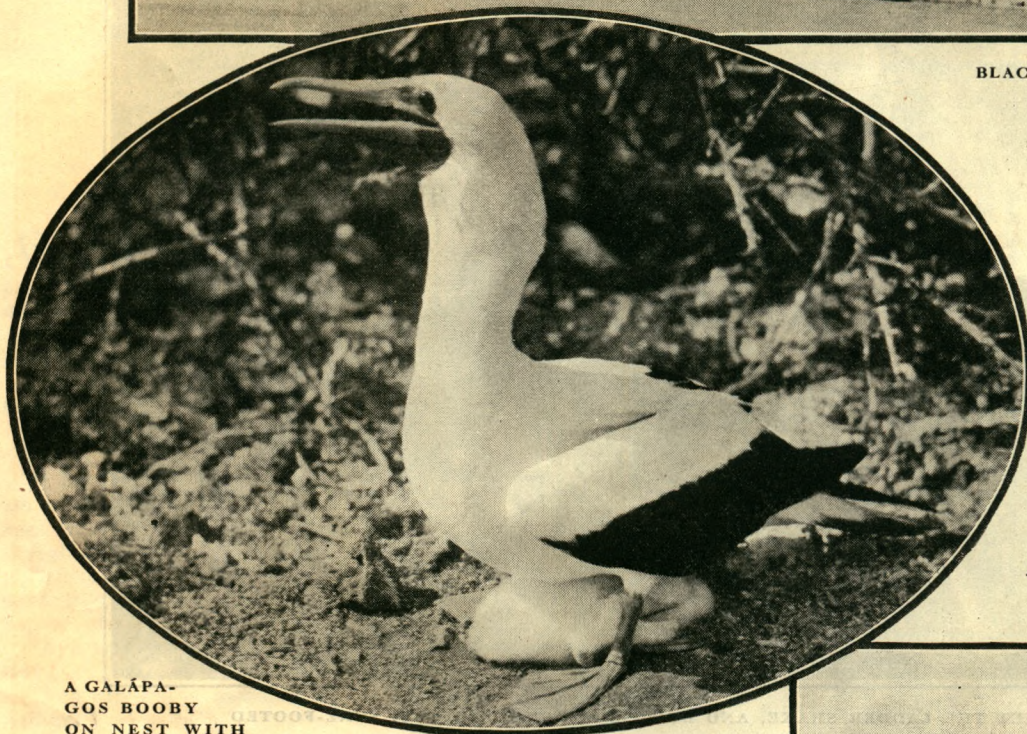


PAINTED BY ZACK HOGG

Beginning THE HIGH ADVENTURE—By Jeffery Farnol



BLACK CORMORANTS OF PERLAS ISLANDS ON PARADE



A GALÁPA-
GOS BOOBY
ON NEST WITH
NEWLY HATCHED FLEDG-
LING. THIS BIRD WAS AS LARGE AS A WILD GOOSE

HOT days! The pitch oozed out of the deck and the rail was too hot to touch. The staterooms were antechambers of the Torrid Zone. I found a woolen shirt, after the ordeal of putting it on, to be cooler than thin cotton ones. We all burned black. Romer and Johnny might have gone into motion pictures as savages; in fact, they almost reverted.

Nevertheless we fished morning and afternoon, made raids on the beach, ate sparingly and drank water copiously, fought the sticky flies by day and the hungry mosquitoes by night, and had a perfectly wonderful time. We were off the Galápagos Islands in our adventure in the great Pacific.

The brush covering of Santa Cruz Island was as impenetrable as a wall, and infinitely more cruel. Rhododendron thickets along Pennsylvania trout streams, mangrove swamps in the Everglades of Florida, manzanita copses in the Tonto Basin of Arizona have at different times tortured me. The cholla cactus on the slopes of Pinacate have turned me back.

But I never saw worse place than the jungle of this particular Galápagos Island. No doubt the intense heat supplied the last and most implacable barrier. My explorations were limited to a mile of the coast near where the ship lay at anchor.

On the sea, however, we ranged near and far, as fishermen must range to find fish. Our launches were fast and could cover long distances when occasion demanded. Around the small islands and the monument-like rocks we found fish in abundance.

Bob's Mix-Up With the Needlefish

THE needlefish of this latitude appeared to be the same size and shape of those in the Caribbean and along the Florida Keys, but he differed markedly in disposition and likewise in color, being a pearly white. He attacked baits one-third as long as himself, and when hooked showed remarkable fighting qualities. Moreover, he was pugnacious, something new to me.

R. C. caught one that was snagged in the side. Bob grasped the leader and unceremoniously jerked the fish out of the water. As it came over the gunwale into the boat it twisted and threshed so violently that I was amazed. Suddenly it snapped at Bob's leg. The long needle jaws opened wide and caught Bob just above the knee. Bob yelled lustily. For a man used to fish all his days this was surprising. Then the way he tore it loose and slammed it down, and the language he used, attested to something indeed very unusual.

"He bit me!" ejaculated Bob, when his volley of abuse ended.

Examination proved that the needlefish had brought blood on both sides of Bob's leg, making slight but painful wounds.

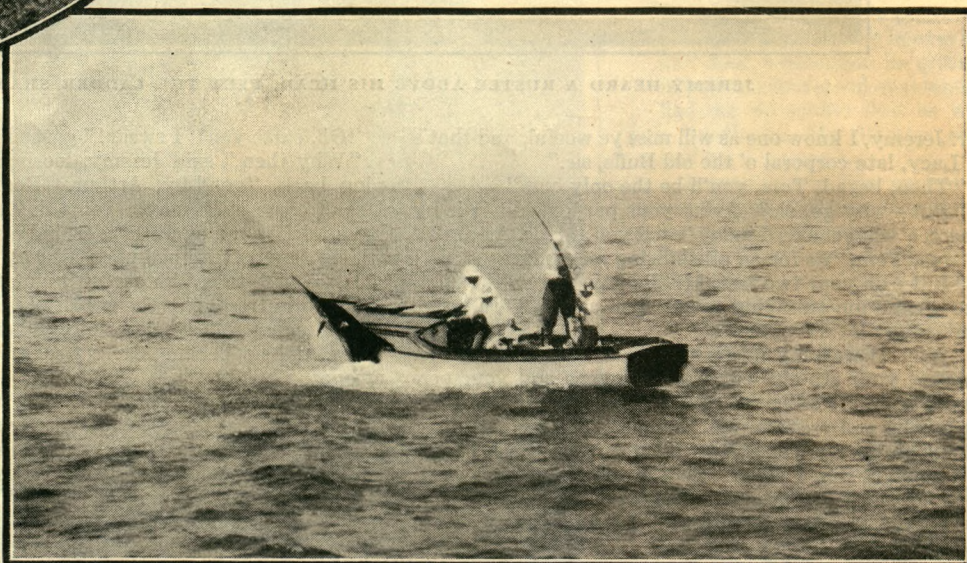
George Takahashi had a more severe experience than Bob's, and one that caused considerable merriment. We were inshore on Santa Cruz, and after a long climb over the jagged lava, under the hot sun, we went

The Sharks of

into the water to cool off. George had worn his bathing suit. The rest of us waded in without removing any clothes.

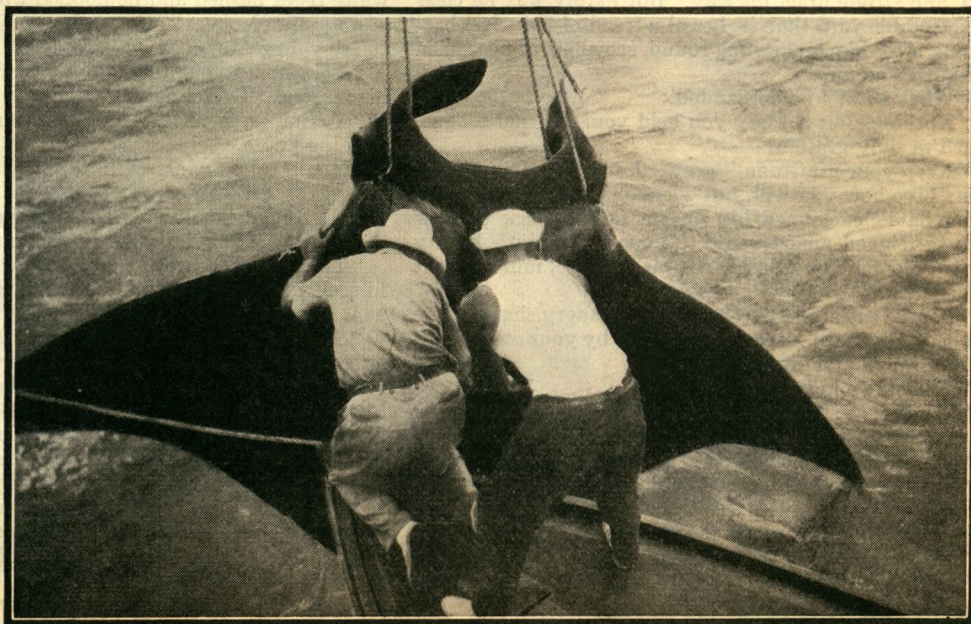
A white sandy beach and crystal green water made a delightful place to bathe. The water was deliciously cool. I simply could not get enough of it. Presently I heard the boys yelling and Takahashi exclaiming, so I joined them to learn what had happened. George sat on the wet sand, just at the edge of the creeping waves, and he appeared to be trying to embrace all of his anatomy at once.

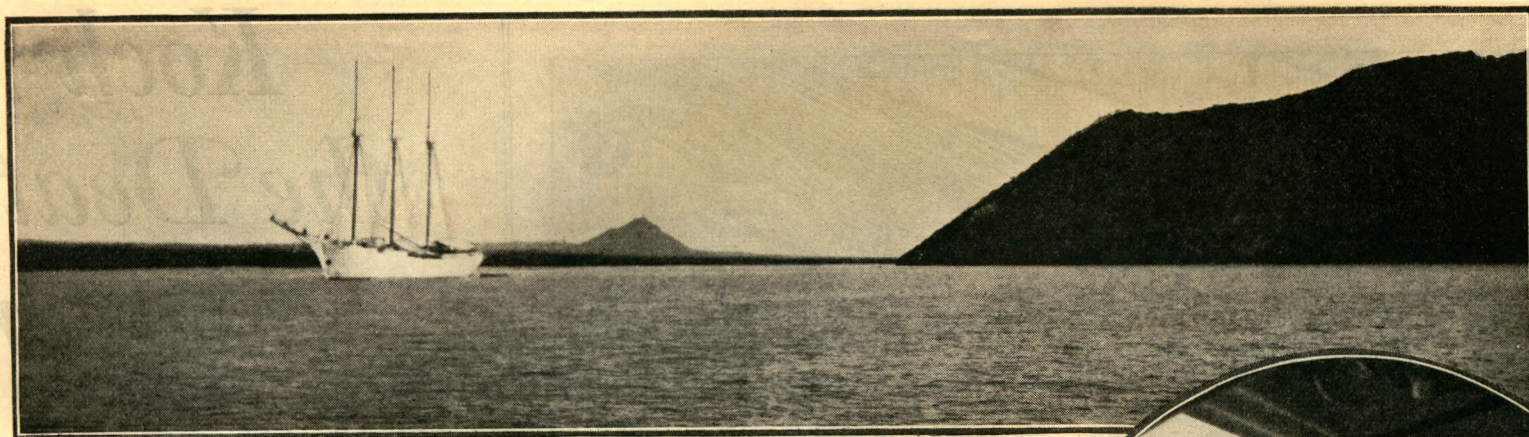
"Me step on sea porcupine with one foot," said George, with a wry grin. "Then step on another with other foot. Me sit down. Nothin' else to do! An' I sit right on another porcupine. Hurt orful!"



A BIG SAILFISH BREAKING AWAY AT THE BOAT

THIS GIANT RAY, OR DEVILFISH, TOWED THE BOAT FOR MILES





THE SCHOONER "FISHERMAN" ANCHORED OFF EDEN ISLAND, GALÁPAGOS

Galápagos—By Zane Grey

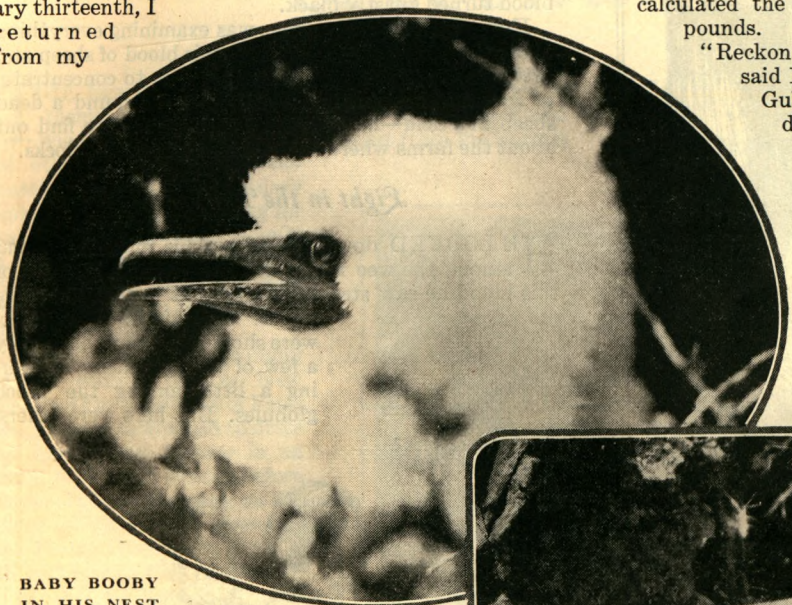
Along these sandy coves between the jutting capes of lava we found the quiet green waters alive with fish. I identified mullet, angel fish and *revalo*. These latter usually occurred in schools of five or six, and were large fish, up to fifteen or eighteen pounds. I waded to within ten feet of where they lay, long silvery fish shapes, resembling muskallonge or barracuda. They had big staring black eyes, and a black line down the middle of the side.

On Friday, February thirteenth, I returned from my

When two o'clock came without any sign of him, I sent Sid with a launch to hunt him up. In an hour or so I sighted both boats coming round the corner of the island, and R. C.'s had a decided list to port. By the aid of a glass I made out a black object lashed to the bow. When the boat reached the ship we saw a huge bat-shaped black creature, with white markings on the back. It was a giant ray fully fifteen feet across. We calculated the weight to be around 1600 pounds.

"Reckon he's a devilfish, all right," said Bob, "same as we have in the Gulf Stream. But he's a little different some way or other."

R. C. said he had followed three of these giant rays, hoping to photograph one leaping. It was a difficult matter because there did not appear to be any way to tell when the queer animal was going to come out. Finally Bob threw a lilly iron into one

BABY BOOBY
IN HIS NEST

morning fishing to find that R. C. was nowhere in sight. We do not often fish alone, and when in separate boats usually kept watch on each other's movements. But this morning R. C. had disappeared off to the south behind Eden Island.

ZANE GREY IN THE JUNGLE OF ONE
OF THE PERLAS ISLANDSR. C. GREY
AND THREE
SAILFISH TAKEN IN ONE DAY

A CLOSE-UP OF TREE IGUANAS

to kill him, but we can't figure what these fish are unless we catch them."

The tiny fishes perhaps presented more real charm and pleasure than the large ones. Part of this, no doubt, came from the fact that we could study them alive, in marvelous little natural aquariums on the rough lava.

When the tide was low little pools were left in recesses in the black rocks, floored with white sand and golden and purple seaweed. Here myriads

and then a battle ensued which engaged boatman, engineer and angler for hours.

"I don't know what we'd have done if we'd connected with the largest of the group," said R. C. "He was twenty feet across. This one was the smallest. He towed us for miles and nearly got away. I hated

of tiny fish had been left, or, to my way of thinking, had stayed there while the tide went out.

Many of these must go nameless, unless I should attempt to classify and name them myself, which I rather hesitate to do. The beauty and wonder of any creature can be admired without stint or doubt, but when it comes to classification, then accuracy must be the ruling passion.

Many of these tiny fish belonged to the angel-fish family, being short and round, almost flat, with wide tails and flowing fins, and colors as wonderful as the rainbow. There were large ones black as coal, with a single white band near the tail; smaller species of chocolate hue, dotted by light spots; and tiny ones of azure blue and golden flecks. These miniature fish were scarcely an inch long, perfectly lovely and as quick as a flash, yet so tame they would swim close to my waiting hand. I sat for

(Continued on Page 65)

The Sharks of Galápagos

(Continued from Page 13)

hours, almost, up to my waist, trying to trap these little elusive creatures in hands or net, and, except in a few cases, because of their speed failed signally.

During the daytime a school of fifty or more small sharks played around the ship. They were practically all the same size, about three feet long, and of the same species. As we saw no large sharks we grew rather confident there were none, or at least not many.

Quite by accident, however, in the moonlight, we discovered our mistake. There were a great many ten and twelve foot sharks, and one still larger, swimming around the ship after dark. Even when deep they could be detected by the phosphorescent glow of the water.

Somebody shot the large one as he came close to the surface. What pounding smashes of the water! He plunged blindly and struck the ship with a solid thump. Had it been a launch the side surely would have been stove in.

Something New in Sharks

TOWER ISLAND lies northeast of Indefatigable, sixty-four miles distant. We left Conway Bay at five o'clock in the morning and sighted Tower Island about one o'clock.

It rose flat out of the sea, a low blunt island, at first the color of the clouds. Sloping from the south to the north it appeared to be a rock, rising sheer out of the water, covered with a low mantle of green.

Before breakfast next day the "go getters," as the men had nicknamed Romer and Johnny, were dropping hooks and baits to the fish beneath us. They did not have to wait for bites.

R. C. and I in separate boats went out to try our luck. Points of islands and capes of mainland, where two currents meet, have always been attractive fishing grounds for us.

Outside Darwin Bay a long slow Pacific swell was running, beautiful to see and easy to navigate. Sharks were riding these swells, just beyond where they curved up and turned green and raced ponderously and majestically to thunder to ruin on the black blocks of lava. I had seen seals and sea lions ride the waves, and different kinds of fish, but for sharks to do it was new to me.

But these were different kinds of sharks. They traveled in schools, which was also strange in my experience, and were long, black big-finned fish. As fast as we dropped baits astern we hooked fish, and as fast as we hooked them the sharks took them away from us.

Millions of Sea Birds

WE PERSEVERED, but it was of no use. Then we ran east along the shore for half a mile and turned a magnificent promontory that appeared the center of a cloud of sea birds.

We ran along only a couple of hundred feet outside the swells, and soon we were in the midst of millions of black swallows with white-barred tails. Man-of-war birds, boobies and gulls and the long feather tailed terns were mixed in with the swallows.

All the time our boats were literally in the midst of swarms of birds, so tame that we might have caught some with our hands. As we did not see any shark fins we began to fish. R. C. had a magnificent strike from a fish that shot off like a bullet. But the hook did not hold.

An instant later I had the same kind of a strike, and let the fish run a few yards before I hooked him. He was as swift as a flash and a surface fighter. I saw bright green and silver blazes. This fish got slack line on me several times, making me incline to the conviction that I had hooked

a wahoo. But I had certainly never had hold of a wahoo as heavy as this. I was using heavy tackle and worked my limit on him. He came in stubbornly, then suddenly shot for the boat. I knew what that meant. Reeling frantically, I took up the slack line, and presently saw a flash in the blue water.

The next instant I had a perfect view of a huge wahoo, fully six feet long, round as a telegraph pole, barred in silver across his green-purple side. He was sailing right at the boat. Behind him loomed a great long black shadow. I yelled in excitement and anger. But I could not help the poor wahoo. Even as I yelled the middle of his body seemed to be lapped by a black nose.

Battling With a Tuna

"BLACK shark!" I muttered. "Must be like that Hawaiian man-eater species. That bird was fifteen feet long."

Soon after that I hooked another wahoo and got him in. He was about a forty pounder, yet seemed a minnow compared to the one I had lost. Presently it developed that I actually could do a little fishing free from sharks; and I was enjoying myself hugely when I espied R. C. hauling back on his rod and bending it double.

"Hey, have you got the bottom of the ocean, a giant ray, or what?" I yelled.

"Big tunie," Bob called back. He never said "tuna," but always "tunie."

R. C. was using the regular sixteen-ounce hickory rod and twenty-four thread line, both of which he was punishing at an alarming rate. The rod described a half circle, and the tip pointed straight down at the water. Sometimes it went under. Now and then the fish towed the boat, but as he fought for the most part straight down there was little probability of him being a shark. I waited around on the chance of getting a good picture. It did not materialize, however, and as I espied several of the giant rays close by I took to following them.

Part of the time five of these enormous water bats were visible at once. We were only two hundred yards from where the surges thundered on the lava cliffs. By and by, in my efforts to get right upon them I drove them all down, whereupon I returned to R. C.'s boat.

Bit Through the Copper Leader

HE WAS in the act of hauling up the severed head of a tuna that surely would have weighed much over a hundred pounds. R. C. pointed down into the water. The ocean was full of sharks.

Some of these sharks would have weighed over 500 pounds, but the most of them appeared to be about in the 300 class.

R. C. hooked one, and a moment later I did likewise. We were both treated to a surprise and a thrill. But that first hard swift run was short. We both pumped our fish up to the boat within plain sight. My boatman grasped the leader, but could not hold it. The shark then began a fight that certainly put it in the game-fish class.

This one gave me all I could do, and eventually bit through the leader. We had made some leaders out of a finely coiled many-stranded copper wire that had been given me for experiment.

While rigging up again R. C. ran over close to us, and hailed me: "Some shark, this black son of a gun!"

I saw the black and white tail of a shark roped to the gunwale of his boat.

So I tried conclusions with another, which happened unfortunately to be a very large one. I was using the same kind of tackle as R. C. had. Certainly it was strong enough, for I could lead the shark, hold him, or do most anything except whip him. In something less than an hour

Get every tooth clean with a brush that reaches every tooth

Is your brush hitting on all 32?

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

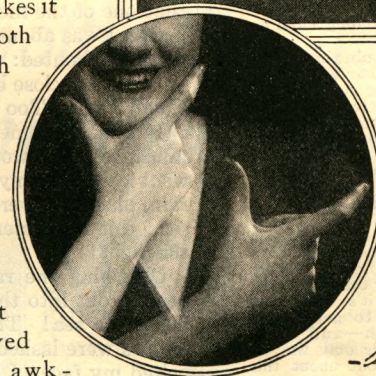
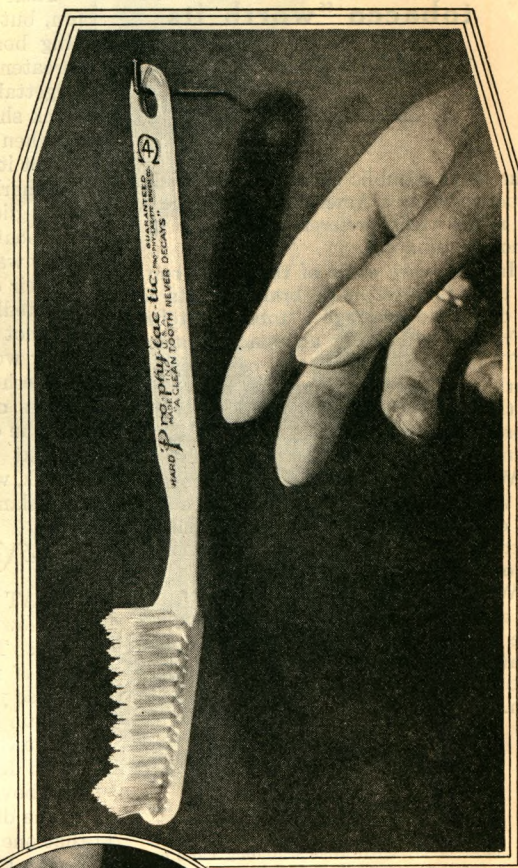
Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

Consider this tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle follow the curve of your mouth? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

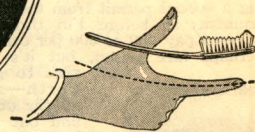
The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep.

There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientific



The index finger in the picture at the left shows you how your jaw is curved. Note how the Pro-phy-lac-tic, in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation.



cally arranged bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.

SOLD by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Get every tooth clean with a brush that reaches every tooth." After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

© 1925, P. B. Co.

Dept. 2-CC3
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.
Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped:.....
Name.....
(First name in full)
Address.....

A pipe-smoker over in Paris grows desperate

He finds his favorite
tobacco "worth its
weight in gold" there

Our sister republic excels in many fields of production, but Americans in France seem to retain their preference for their native smoking tobaccos.

In fact, with some of them who run out of their favorite home brand it gets to be a desperate case of "tobacco, tobacco, ev'rywhere—but not an ounce to smoke."

That seems to be the case with Mr. Parkhurst. He just happens to be in one of the few sections of the globe where Edgeworth isn't. In France, tobacco selling is controlled by government monopoly.

With the exception of a few countries, of which France is one, Edgeworth is sold all over the world. And so the chances of getting it wherever you go are about ten to one.

We print Mr. Parkhurst's letter partly as a warning to Paris-bound members of the Edgeworth Club and partly because it contains so original and so gratifying a tribute to the contents of "the little blue can."

Paris, France

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

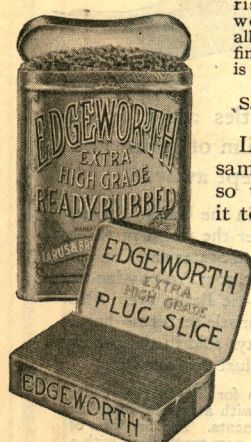
My last pipeful of Edgeworth went the way of all good tobacco some two weeks ago and since then I have vainly spent most of my spare time searching Paris for a further supply.

If Edgeworth can be obtained here please let me know where, and I can assure you I will "publish the glad tidings," as the little blue can has occasioned many a covetous glance, and more than once some envious American has said to me, "For the love of Heaven, where did you get that Edgeworth? It's worth its weight in gold over here. I haven't had any since the supply I brought over ran out."

I have been told that I cannot buy pipe tobacco from the States without having a special permit from the French government, so before I'm through I may have to pay 200 or 300 per cent duty and perhaps face prison, but it's worth the risk to get Edgeworth—and after all the only way to find out about this is to try.

Sincerely yours,
S. C. R. Parkhurst.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus &



Brother Company, 6K South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

he, too, chewed through a copper-wire leader.

Whereupon we put on the last leader in my box. Meanwhile R. C. had landed another, and was engaged on a third. We had discovered a new kind of fishing.

At length I felt equal to another battle and cast out my bait. It sank. Seven great fish curled round it like trout after a worm. My line went out steadily, then slackened. I saw that the shark which had swallowed my hook had come back for more. I lunged heavily to set the hook.

Then the fun began. It really was not fun, but work under a hot sun, in a bobbing boat, with thundering surf always threateningly near at hand, and most unforgettable of all, with a school of huge black sharks following the one I had on.

When I got the double line over the reel I kept it there, and as a consequence had the shark in sight all the time. His comrades glided between him and me, bumped the boat with their tails, and acted in every way to convince a reasonable angler of their dangerous mood. They were undoubtedly man-eating sharks. If R. C. had not been in sight and within call, I never would have risked my life in that cockleshell of a launch, amidst a swarm of wolves of the sea. At length this one, like the other two, broke my leader.

Next morning, under gray lowering clouds, we put out to sea, headed for Perlas Islands, 810 miles to the northeast.

Night and a Heavy Squall

THAT night I was awakened by spray blowing in my windows. I closed them. The ship was rolling heavily. A roar of rain sounded on the cabin roof. Hoarse yells came from men on deck. We had run into a squall.

The time was twelve-fifteen. I hurried up on deck. Booms and sails were cracking above the roar of rain and lash of sea. In the dim light, through the rain, I saw that one of the men at the wheel was the mate. I was about to yell a query at him when he shouted:

"Steamer close by. Saw her just before squall broke. Too thick now!"

It took a moment for the terrible significance of his words to sink in. Then I went ice-cold to my marrow. Wind, storm, rain, blackness were to be expected on the sea. But a steamer, invisible out there in the night!

Clutching the rail I crawled along it, peering out into the furious gloom. How black the sea! Then the black heaving billows were lashed into white. The rain pelted my face. I could not see fifty feet from the ship.

Returning to the wheel I found Captain Sid there beside the mate. He did not appear greatly concerned.

"Just a squall," he spoke in my ear. "No gale blowing. You should have been with us on the Atlantic off Hatteras. Sure was hell."

"But the mate saw a steamer close," I returned. "Isn't there danger of collision?"

"Sure there's danger," replied he gruffly. "We've got to take that chance. We can't see the steamer now and we don't know where she is."

Out of Danger at Last

I WENT to the rail again. The situation seemed appalling. But I knew my place was out there with the lookout on the bow. I had not been gifted with unusually keen eyes just to use for the selfish sensations of sight.

Gaining the bow, I climbed to a place beside the lookout.

"Did you see the steamer?" I asked.

"No. I went on watch at eight bells, before the squall struck us," he replied. "Pence had the watch before me. He didn't see any lights."

The mate might have been mistaken. I gathered hope from this and the evident abating of rain and wind. Presently

I could make out a dim horizon, a pale space of sky between clouds. And I strained my eyes to pierce the gloom. We sailed out of the storm and the sky lightened. The moon tried to shine through rifts in the thick clouds. The time came when I made sure there was no steamer in sight. We had passed her in the darkness.

At last we sighted the low dim league-on-league outline of the Perlas Archipelago.

As we neared Pedro Gonzales and its attendant small islands, we were charmed by the perfume of blossoms and verdure, by the precipitous shores and shady coves, by pale green mosses and dark green forest, by slopes covered with exquisite flowering trees of pink, and lastly by long strings of black cormorants skimming the water, and high in the air, immense flocks of sailing pelicans.

The Fisherman at last came to rest in a beautiful bay, half surrounded by colorful banks, and, toward the sea, protected from wind and swell by several islands, rock walled, jungle covered, green and gold and rose in the flush of sunset.

Perils of Pearl Fishing

A FEW West Indian negroes lived on Pedro Gonzales Island, and we lost no time in scraping acquaintance. The men whom we met were agreeable and willing. They eked out what seemed a miserable existence there, farming a little and living mostly by the sea. They were pearl fishermen.

One of them, George Samuels by name, a rather intelligent, honest-appearing man, told me he knew of six divers having been devoured by sharks.

These sharks were huge in size and could take a man in one bite. Samuels also informed me that the sharks were exceedingly fond of young pelicans. This was a great surprise to me.

Samuels gave us interesting information about big fish. Swordfish were plentiful in these waters; and according to him they were very cross and often attacked a boat. He knew of boats having been rammed. At this particular season Samuels assured us the big fish were out at sea.

He guided us, in three boats, round to the windward side of the island. It was very different and infinitely more fascinating, possessing all the colorful foliage, and in addition a wild, rugged, storm-beaten and reef-strung coast, and many times more birds. Countless thousands of these dotted the sea and studded the sky.

Hard-Fighting Red Snapper

THE outermost island of this group was a long low black ledge absolutely covered with pelicans. Perhaps this rock island was half an acre in extent, and rose twenty feet or so above the sea. It marked the end of the reef, and around it the current heaved with swelling power and resonant music. There was a tide rip that set in from the open sea, and which met the offshore current just around the corner of this island. Fish! Red snapper!

There were thousands of them. Each angler was playing a fish at the same time, and that while hundreds of great red-golden fish, hungry and fierce, almost charged the boats. They ran in weight from ten to forty, perhaps fifty, pounds. They were gamy, hard-fighting fish, and when first out of the water seemed the most gorgeously flaming creatures I ever saw come from the sea.

It was a wonderful place and I had to force myself to leave it, though I had not laid my hand on a rod. Some privileges should be respected. And as we ran away from that white-wreathed and bird-haunted rock I knew another marvelous fishing place had been added to my gallery of pictures. Such possessions as that are infinitely precious.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN DECEMBER)

FROM COAST TO COAST
INDEPENDENT

Buy at This Sign

The National Pledge of Good Gasoline

THE Spread Red Eagle is the emblem of independent competition that protects you as a constant buyer of oil and gasoline.

It identifies the local member of the Independent Oil Men of America—a national organization that keeps competition free and open in the sale of gasoline and oil, guaranteeing fair prices and good products.

In buying your gasoline and oil at the sign of the Spread Red Eagle you are promoting the cause of independent competition which naturally benefits the best interests of the motoring public.

Steer for the Spread Red Eagle.

INDEPENDENT OIL MEN
OF AMERICA

624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Red Hat Gasoline
Many Spread Red Eagle
Independents carry Red
Hat Gasoline—an independent
Brand of U. S.
Motor Fuel specifications.
Only they can
carry it.



NOTE—A non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interest of Independent Oil. By the sign of the Spread Red Eagle you will know the oil men who are truly independent.

Between You and Me and the Gatepost



WILL IRWIN

BENHEIDEMAN, of Oregon, said it. Commenting on the new monthly COUNTRY GENTLEMAN he wrote me: "It doesn't look like a farm paper at all."

I can't begin to tell you how that sentence cheered me. Robert Ful-

ton could have felt no better when he saw his first steamboat step away from the sailing vessels, or Cyrus McCormick when his first reaper cut a field of grain. They had done something new—and so had we in publishing for the first time a high-quality, really interesting magazine for people who live in the country.

It is amazing how little progress has been made in farm papers in the past seventy-five years. THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN as it was published in 1854, which we have in our files, is every bit as good a paper as farmers have been getting until now—in spite of the fact that farm methods have changed, and farm living conditions have changed and everything else in the world has changed during that same three-quarters of a century.

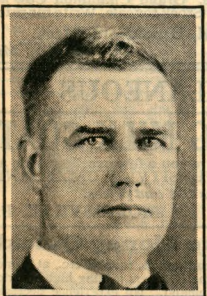
I quite agree with Mr. Heideman that THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN of today doesn't look like the old-style farm paper. No more does the present-day motor car look like the buggy with an engine slung underneath that was snorting along the roads twenty-five years ago. But it is a publication for country people just the same—the only difference being that we put folks first and livestock second in our scheme of things.

It is interesting to me to discover how much hidden romance there is in American country life. We've been so busy raising corn and hogs that the stories of pioneer days, the adventures of our plant explorers in far-off places, the colorful legends of other days, the haunting songs of the cowboy and the plantation negro are well-nigh lost. Some of them are gone forever, but we are digging deep to uncover the mines of American lore.

Dean Davenport's *Son of the Timberlands* is a case in point, and a letter from R. J. Raub, of Newfield, New York, is worth printing in part:

I, too, was born in a log house and have seen my mother walk to and fro, spinning the rolls of sheep's wool, and have heard her tell of spinning and weaving, breaking flax, etc., for a family of sixteen persons when she was a girl, she being one of fourteen children of Robert McCutcheon of Dryden Township, Tompkins County, New York.

I have heard my grandfather tell of the first log store run by Nuigg in what is now the city of Ithaca. On the farm adjoining my father lived old Uncle John Van Natta. I have heard him tell of cutting the first tree where his home was, and hauling a few logs two miles to the Hathaway upright water mill, which he hired nights. In the spring he would haul the lumber twenty-two miles to Ithaca and receive \$4 per thousand feet. How will this seem to our young bloods of this age?



DOBIE

J. FRANK DOBIE'S *Legends of the Southwest*, beginning in this issue and continuing from time to time, are pages of colorful romance that have come down from the time of the Spanish conquistadores. There is a perennial lure in

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

buried treasure, and maps purporting to show where some of this old Spanish gold is buried are still sold to unwary suckers.

Mr. Dobie is third in line of a widely known ranch-owning family in Texas; it is said that he could sit a horse before he could walk. Still a young man, he is professor of English at the University of Texas, and secretary of the Texas Folk Lore Society.



SLOAN

And WILSON POPENOE (A Plant Hunter in the Tropics, Page 5). Born in Kansas thirty-three years ago, he has just completed twelve years with the United States Department of Agriculture as a plant explorer, and his travels have carried him into Japan, Malay Peninsula, India, Africa, Brazil, the West Indies, Guatemala, Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile.

There is romance again in the story of Koch, the Death Fighter; there is adventure in WILL IRWIN's article about Sam Hartsel and His Park, in ZANE GREY's *Sharks of Galápagos* and in STEFANSSON's *New Farm Animals*—Arctic animals he knows.

You may have noticed that COUNTRY GENTLEMAN fiction is almost always rural fiction. JEFFERY FARNOL's new serial, *The High Adventure*, is a story of rural England in the early 1800's. WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY writes almost always of the Vermont hills among which he lives, and *Brown Sugar* has as its background the groves of maple trees that give us sirup for our morning pancakes. In *The Rosebush in the Roundhouse*, FERDINAND REYHER has made love of the country and growing things a poignant theme. And LILLIAN TAFT MAIZE has placed her story, *Six Keys to Beauty*, in the setting of the county fair. CRAIG KENNEDY stages another detective exploit in the country.



FARNOL

ARTHUR H. SUTHERLAND (*Are Your Muscles Smart?* Page 8) is a psychologist and was for seven years head of the psychology department of the Los Angeles public schools. ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR. (*Speeding Up Traffic*, Page 17) is president of the General Motors Corporation.

Next Month

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILLIAM M. JARDINE's program for agriculture.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR HUBERT WORK—*The End of Blue-Sky Reclamation*.

E. V. WILCOX—*Signs of Good Times*.

ROSS SANTEE—*The Rough String*.

WILLIAM D. MCKEE—*The Tin Peddler*.

STUART O. BLYTHE—*The Opening of Congress*.

EDITH BARNARD DELANO and DAVID CARB—*Lady of Pain*, a one-act comedy.

ROSE WILDER LANE—*Hill Billy Pride*.

HOWARD BRUBAKER—*Hank Town Comedy*.

GRACE FRY-SINGER—*Farm Women Play*.

WAS