

cont to all who apply to us for
neals and shelter. Far from it
scarcely a day passes that we
not have a stranger or strangers at
our board, and on Sundays, what
with our city friends, neighbors and
wayfarers, whose request seems real-
ly legitimate, we sometimes have
much ado to find room for all.
Twenty-two and twenty-five at the
table is no uncommon occurrence on
a Saturday or Sunday.

Offered a Quarter

The tipping motor hobo is one of
our pet aversions. Perhaps I should
say, rather, the hobo who offers to

tip. Very often when put to the
test, said tip calls forth explosive
chuckles from all hands on the
ranch, as for instance: Tendered a
whole quarter for his dinner by a
dapper young "hobo," who had rolled
up to our gates with a henna-
haired product of our fair city of
Calgary, we smilingly rejected the
same, but suggested that he might
tip our cook as he made his exit
through the kitchen. Did he follow
our suggestion? He did not. And
he is only one instance.

On another occasion, a couple of
"Yanks," touring en route to Banff
and Lake Louise, buzzed up noisily
in their big Cadillac, and spent an
hour or so in our garage overhau-
ling their car. They were departing,
waving a friendly farewell, when
one, apparently taking pity on us,
whispered something to the tother's
ear. Actually those fine men turned
back. They hailed us as:
"Hi there," which is not our name
at all.

Ignorant of their purpose, we ap-
proached the big shining car. With
the gracious and benevolent smile
of one bestowing a kingdom, one of
them leaned out of the car and pro-
ffered us a fifty-cent bit. Overcome
by this unexpected act of generosity
we grinned and shook our head.

"No, thank you. It's all right."

At that moment, around the side
of the garage appeared our son,
aged 12 years old. With the cynical
suspicious and guying eye peculiar
to a freckle-faced, red-haired
country lad, who in some way or
other has imbibed a wholesale dis-
dain for merely "city guys," he was
watching that transaction, and I
knew by his diabolical expression
that he purposed, should I take that
fifty cents, forever afterwards to

when they
approached the dealer, and cut off

take me the scornful butt of his
ribes and jeers. It so happened
that this fine motor hobo perceived
our son as soon as we did, and his
face clearing, and still benevolent,
he held up that coin between thumb
and forefinger. The boy, ignoring
his suggestive motion, that man de-
scended from his car, and approached
said red-headed, freckle-faced over-
all-clad farmer's boy.

"Here, little boy," said he cheer-
ily, "is 50 cents. Your mamma won't
take it. So you run along and buy
her a big box of candy and a stick
of candy for yourself."

(I don't know what kind of candy
he expected to buy in such quantity
for 50 cents.)

Now, if there is one mortal insult
that a 12-year-old boy cannot en-
dure, it is to be addressed as "Here,
little boy," such language, in his
opinion, being more fitted for one
of his sex ten years younger.

The red that spread hotly over our
boy's freckle face forewarned us of
what followed, and furthermore an
audience had arrived in the shape of
sundry fellows who had sauntered
over from the corral and the bunk
house.

Said the boy:

"I don't want your d—m dough.
Blow it on yourself."

The man, surprised at this unex-
pected rejection, pressed the bit of
money into the boy's hand and has-
tily jumped into his car. The boy,
however, pursued him, wrathfully
demanding:

"Say, do you take me for a bell

glancing at a few of the adver-
ments appearing on this page.

hop? Here's your dirty d—m
dough back."

Normally that boy can hit straight
and that 50-cent piece should have
landed where it was aimed, at the
car, but the car was moving with
increasing speed, and the coin flew
wide of its mark and disappeared
into the grass.

Several hours later, I saw the boy
on hands and knees, carefully going
over the ground, inch by inch. Quite
late in the afternoon he came to the
house, with a glowing face, and held
up triumphantly the scorned piece
of omne y.

"I found it I found it Hey, mom,
can I go over to Morley after the
mail? I gotta get something at the
store."

Of other tippers, I might write
considerably, especially the ones we
pull out of sloughs or up slippery
hills. They are fine fellows when
our horses are hauling them out of
their trouble; but they get down to
grim business when the job is done,
and hand rattling the small change
in pocket, they inquire:

"How much for that little dis-
tance?" ignoring the distance the
horses have come from the field,
and often the trouble of getting
them in, harnessing, etc. Our men
charge variously for such jobs, it
being the rule of the ranch that they
can keep what they get. We had an
Irishman who was always satisfied
with:

"A bit of tobacco, sor."

And we were overwhelmed with
mirth by the canny dealings of a
Scotch "Yank" in our employ. When
charged with usury by an indignant
complainant, he sulkily justified
himself by telling us of a friend of
his who made a regular trade of
pulling "guys" out of a muddy hole,
that he himself kept greased and
well watered. Close at hand, his
friend was always there to bargain
with the unfortunate motorist when
the latter's car sped heedlessly into
the trap set for him. In this special
case, however, the biter was finally
bitten. A victim having agreed to
pay him the exorbitant price of \$10
to pull him out of the muddy hole,
once on dry land, turned on full
speed, tooted his horn and made off
merrily and swiftly, returning, how-
ever, the following day with a squad
that not only patched up that hole
efficiently, but pumped the fear of
retribution into the soul of the fel-
low who thought he had secured a
corner on this dubious trade. Which
all goes to show that there are in-
deed two sides to every question,
and no doubt the "motor hobo" could
tell a story on the farmer that would
be better than mine.