

More About The Loading Platform

The present generation of Western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years, when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oftentimes to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now, however, the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer, therefore, should more and more endeavor to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortage; this we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded, whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to their destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men which mostly cause grain blockades on the railways, and not lack of cars. Let every farmer, therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars as compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers' grain strictly on commission; make liberal advances on car bills of lading; supervise the grading at time cars are inspected; secure the highest prices at time of sale, and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Grain Commission Merchants

701-703D. Grain Exchange Winnipeg, Canada

Write Ideas For Moving Picture Plays! YOU CAN WRITE PHOTO PLAYS AND EARN \$25 OR MORE WEEKLY We Will Show You How!

If you have ideas—if you can **think**—we will show you the secrets of this fascinating new profession. Positively no experience or literary excellence necessary. "No flowery language" is wanted.

The demand for photoplays is practically unlimited. The big film manufacturers are "moving heaven and earth" in their attempts to get enough good plots to supply the ever increasing demand. They are offering \$100 and more, for single scenarios, or written ideas.

We have received many letters from the film manufacturers, such as VITAGRAPH, EDISON, ESSANAY, LUBIN, SOLAX, IMP, REX, RELIANCE, CHAMPION, COMET, MELIES, ETC., urging us to send photoplays to them. We want more writers and we'll gladly teach you the secrets of success.

We are selling photoplays written by people who "never before wrote a line for publication."

Perhaps we can do the same for you. If you can think of only one good idea every week, and will write it out as directed by us, and it sells for only \$25, a low figure,

YOU WILL EARN \$100 MONTHLY FOR SPARE TIME WORK

FREE

SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AT ONCE FOR FREE COPY OF OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "MOVING PICTURE PLAYWRITING"

Don't hesitate. Don't argue. Write **now** and learn just what this new profession may mean for you and your future.

NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE R. 730-1543 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

hang on. Then Bill would open up his vau-deville show, an' when he'd simmer down Cupid would begin to chase jack-rabbits. He was the most devilish-lookin' thing I ever see. He'd lay there with his eyelids rolled up an' his eyes turned inside out, givin' short barks an' jerkin' his legs. "Bill," I says one night, "I ain't no chronic coward, but dog-gone me if I want to be mistook fer a jack-rabbit an' have this bulldog sock his ivories into me."

"He ain't no bulldog," snaps Bill. "It looks as if you might learn purty soon 'at he's a brindle bull-terrier."

"Oh, I know that all right, an' I'm willin' to swear to it, but just now it's his teeth, not his ancestors, that are botherin' me. If I'm to be mistook fer a jack-rabbit, I ain't nowise choicy jest which kind of a bulldog is goin' to do the mistakin'."

Bill he smiled sadly an' walked over an' stuck his necked finger into the pup's mouth. I looked to see it bit off, but the pup only opened his eyes, looked foolish, an' tramped down another acre of imaginary grass; finally goin' to sleep again an' usin' my feet fer a pillar.

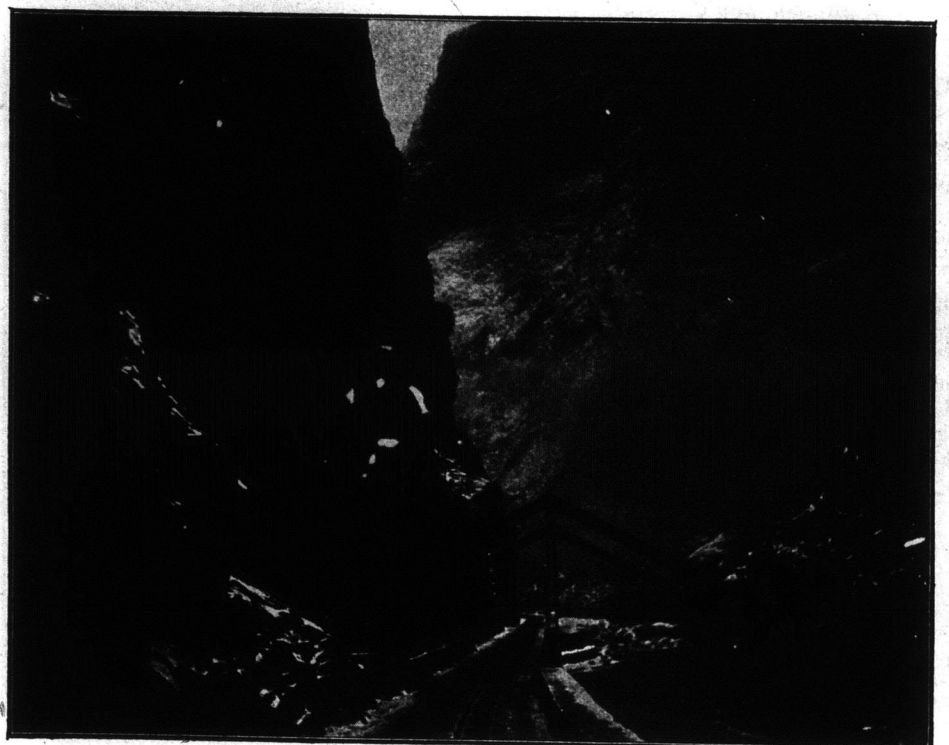
Talk about grit! that little cuss was willin' to fight anything that walked. We took him out to the herd one day an' after he'd been kicked an' tossed an' trampled on, he got on to throwin' a steer by the nose, an' from that on it was his favorite pastime. He played the game so enthusiastic that I finally says to Bill: "Bill," says I, "you

the floor." Well, there I was. I'm as tender-hearted as a baby antelope, so I jest turned it off as a joke an' got to sleepin' in the saddle on the return trip.

Nothin' on earth made Bill so mad as to have any one call the pup a bulldog, though if he wasn't one, he sure looked the part. I knowed it wouldn't do to take too many chances, so me an' the Kid used to post the boys, an' when one of 'em would drop in an' say, "That's a mighty fine brindle bull-terrier you-uns have got," Bill's face would light up as if he was the mother of it an' he would preach us a sermon on dogs.

Colonel Scott's niece came out to visit him some time in May, an' we heard of her long before we saw her. 'Bout every one we met had somethin' to tell about what a really, truly heart-buster she was. She learned to ride, an' one afternoon she an' the colonel struck our outfit just in front of a howlin' storm. The' was no show to get back to headquarters that night, so we fixed up the wide bunk fer the lady an' us men planned to flop in the stable. Well, she sure had dandy manners. She pitched in an' helped us get supper, an' we had about everything to eat 'at a man could think of—side meat an' ham an' corn bread an' flap-jacks an' baked beans an' bean soup an' fried potatoes an' coffee so stout 'at you couldn't see the bottom in a teaspoonful of it. We just turned ourselves loose an' gave her a spread.

As soon as the dishes was off our



Odd Bridge on the D. & O. Ry.

mustn't forget 'at Colonel Scott has other uses fer these cattle, besides usin' 'em fer dog exercisers." From that on, Bill made the pup be a little more temperate in the use o' steers.

The muscles on that pup got like hard bunches o' rubber an' you couldn't pinch him hard enough to make him squeak. He allus took a serious view o' life 'ceptin' when the' was a chance fer a little rough an' tumble. Then his face would light up like an angel's. Pullin' on a rope was his idee o' draw-poker an' he could wear out the whole bunch of us at it. Bill fair idolized him. Fact is, we all thought a heap of him, but I'd 'a' liked him a mite better if the'd 'a' been more bunks in the shack.

If he got cold, he'd scratch your face till you let him under the covers, an' then when he got too hot, he'd pull the covers off an' roll 'em up into a nice, soft heap, with himself on top. He never overlooked himself much, the pup didn't. First I knew, I got to missin' a right smart o' sleep that rightly belonged to me. When the pup wasn't chasin' imaginary jack-rabbits er live fleas, Bill was jumpin' up an' down to write somethin' new on to his pieces. I like a dog the full limit, but I never hankered none to sleep with 'em, not when they have fleas; an' when they don't, they allus put me in mind of a man 'at uses perfumery. I tried to devise a plan fer sleepin' on the floor, but I couldn't engineer it through.

"No," says Bill, in a hurt kind of a tone, "I wouldn't inconvenience you fer the world. Me an' Cupid will sleep on

hands we started in to be jovial. Me an' the Kid wasn't jest altogether at home, but Bill was right in his element. He played, an' him an' her sang, an' they talked, an' it was the most festive function I ever see; until the pup came an' jumped up on the wide bunk where she was sittin'. "Oh, take that horrid bulldog away!" she squealed.

I dreaded the result, but I says to myself: "Now surely that dog-gone ijit won't call her down," but he did. "Miss Johnston," he says, "that ain't no bulldog. That's a high-bred brindle bull-terrier. How would you like to be called a Chinaman? Come here, Cupid."

Well, that spoiled the whole evenin'. Bill was like an oyster from that on, an' the girl looked as if she'd been slapped. I was mad clear through. It's all right fer a man to be crazy, if he'll only keep it private, but the' ain't no sense in tryin' to git the whole balance o' creation over to his side.

The old man thought it a mighty prime joke to have his niece called down over a bull-pup, an' he chuckled about it consid'able. Next morning he made Bill promise to come over an' visit him, but the girl said her good-bys to me an' the Kid. From that on Bill was over to headquarters 'bout half his time, but it didn't do him much good. The girl wouldn't stand fer the pup an' Bill wouldn't go back on him, so it looked purty much like a deadlock.

One Sunday about the middle o' September we was all sittin' in the shade o' the shack, lookin' down into the prairie. The shack stood up on a high