

Largest Turquoise for Chicago Museum.

A turquoise, regarded by collectors as the largest and most perfect in the world, has recently been presented to the Field Museum in Chicago by Hohenannes Topakyan, Grand Vizier of Persia and former consul-general to the United States.

REAL BULLFIGHT CONVINCES JULIA HOYT OF ITS CRUELTY

Courage and Grace of Toradors Deserving of Better Sport.

MANY AGAINST ONE

Slaughter of Horses Pathetic and Disturbing Sight.

By JULIA HOYT.

After the preliminary fight, which I described in my last article, the real excitement of the afternoon started.

A bull fight has three periods with no wait between them. There are three bullfights, each of which is a slaughter of horses. First appear the picadors, then the toradors, who attack long spears into the bull, and finally the matador, who must kill the bull. All matadors are also toradors, but not vice versa. Generally the toradors who are not matadors wear silver coats instead of gold, but it is not an invariable rule. Four picadors come into the arena, the toradors stand ready, the bugle blows, and we are ready to begin. The picadors are brought in with eyes fastened on the gate through which the bull is to make his entrance. He rushes in, seems always to stop for a minute with his head up, getting his bearings. Then one of the toradors attracts his attention with his brilliant cloak, and the bull makes a rush that is literally taken by the breath away. The torador plays with him, teases him, and dodges him till tired, and then another torador attacks the bull. There is a minute or so of this comes what is to me the inexcusable part of the bull fight. I was glad to discover that the artist, the artist, who, as I said, is a mad enthusiast, agrees that this part should be eliminated.

The bull fighter, Belmonte himself, said that he had never been able to become accustomed to the cruelty of it. The horses which the picadors ride are usually thin, pathetic beasts, and they are brought in with their eyes blindfolded. They are literally forced at the bull, who rushes them, raises them in the air (the picador falling under the horse's hoofs), and practically never being hurt), or perhaps presses them against the wall, goring them horribly. If the horse is alive enough to be able to stand, he is pushed and prodded until he staggers to his feet and is again forced towards the bull. Many die in the arena, and the crowd, which witnessed only four or five horses were killed, and this annoyed the people very much. When the bull gets the horse, the whole crowd cheers and whistles; they take an unholy delight in what is to me the most barbarous, cruel, disgusting sight I have ever seen. There is a true sport in seeing men match their agility, skill and brains against the bull, risking their lives and their bodies every day, but there is certainly no sport in seeing a weak, blindfolded animal thrown again and again in front of certain torture and death.

A rather unusual thing was done in one of the six fights of the afternoon. The bull in this fight absolutely refused to look at one of the horses. So when the time allowed the picadors was up, instead of using the ordinary sticks, they used sticks that stuck in the bull, instantly caught fire, and then exploded five or six times like a fire-cracker. It was an amazing thing to see the bull lunging around the arena with bursts of flame issuing from him.

After the six sticks have been stuck into the bull the matador comes out with his sword hidden under a piece of red cloth held in his stick. With the toradors every now and then helping him out, he plays with the bull in a way that keeps your heart in your mouth. There was one matador who was better than the others, and who had a trick of once in a while touching the bull's horn. Zulagor, the name of that was, one of Belmonte's famous tricks (one of many, for he is courageous to the point of insanity) and that the matador was doing it because he knew of Belmonte's presence that afternoon. After the matador has played with the bull comes the tense moment. He takes his sword from underneath the red cloth, and thrusts it at the bull, which means he is going to try to kill. The good ones kill their bull with the first or second stab; others take longer. If they take too long, they are given

BETROTHED TO BARON.

Miss Dorothy Sinclair, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sinclair of Roslyn, Toronto, whose engagement to Baron Maxwell de Wascener has been announced in Paris.

Three warnings, and at the third warning the bull is taken away. This is a disgrace from which the matador can never recover.

One matador had an extraordinary escape, when the bull caught him by the sleeve, ripped it off him completely, which saved his life, and tore his hand. When it looked as if he couldn't escape being killed he miraculously got free.

The moment of killing the bull is much the most exciting part of the fight. The matador stands in front of the bull, the matador has to be near enough to thrust the sword in a mortal place in the back of the head. As this matador stuck the sword into the bull with no effect, the crowd began shouting and hissing. The matador, and finally I saw leaves of bread, empty wine bottles, and everything they could lay their hands on, being hurled at the bull. He finally killed the bull and left the field, not gloriously, but at least not disgraced. But he came back in the next fight, with a white coat replacing his torn one, and with his lacerated hand, fought through to the end.

There was only one brilliant fighter who moved the crowd to enthusiasm—the one who killed Belmonte. For him, after his first fight (which was really beautiful), the crowd rose to their feet, and I got the thrill I had had on reading of the famous matadors bowing in the arena. With the others that romantic thrill was lacking.

I must confess that there is something lacking in me evidently possessed by the Spaniards. I cannot say I really want to see another fight, and I cannot say that I would like to see the sport in the sense that I like to think of sport. It is brutal and bloody, and my feeling is that of a sportsman, and my feeling is that of a sportsman, and my feeling is that of a sportsman.

It seemed to me so many times that the bull would have left the arena—that the poor beast not only had no idea what it was all about, but didn't really want to fight. Of course, I realize that that is fight, and sentimentalism, and that it would kill the first chance he got, but just the same it is not brains that the bull has, and it is many times against one, and though many doors are hurt and a few killed, the outcome of the fight is so practically assured that the bull big and powerful and brutal though he is, seems so alone against so many, that to me there is little fun in watching any fight. He is the novelty of the first one has passed.

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ST. THOMAS RESIDENT IS FOUND DEAD IN BARN

James McLeod Had Been Employed On a Farm at Talbotville.

Special to The Advertiser.

St. Thomas, Aug. 13.—James McLeod, a highly-respected resident of this city, was found dead at the home of George Henderson at Talbotville this morning. Mr. McLeod made his home in the city with his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Dawdy, Barnes street, and for the past several weeks had been working on Mr. Henderson's farm. He had been ill with rheumatism for several weeks, and this morning he did not seem as well as usual. He was found at noon by Mr. Henderson, dead in the barn. He was 71 years old, and is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Herbert Dawdy, city; five brothers, Charles McLeod, city; Warren, Toledo, Ohio; John and Thomas, Iona Station, and Angus of Fresno, and one sister, Mrs. John Pike, Sullivan, Ohio. Mrs. McLeod died several years ago.

BLUE HOSE WORN.

London, Aug. 13.—Hydrangea blue is the color of the new season's hose. Worn with either white shoes or black, it gives almost as cool a touch to the ensemble as the pale green hosiery of early summer.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions is made for notices under this heading. For insertion of engagements, notices of marriages, and addresses of service, and will not be taken over the telephone.

My Best Recipe

By Mrs. John Pitman,
Cor. Wortley Road and
Stanley Street.

HOT PIE.

Two pounds round beef steak, two or three pounds potatoes, half pound onions. Salt and pepper well. Cut steak into eight or ten pieces. Cut potatoes into three or four pieces. Place a layer of potatoes, and a layer of meat, adding slices of onions, alternately in an earthenware dish, using potatoes for the first and last layer. Fill dish three parts full with hot or cold water, adding more water if mixture appears to be dry. Cover and bake slowly for two hours.

PERSONALS

Miss Beatrice Taylor is spending a few days at Port Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hurd, Cathcart street, are spending a few days in Detroit.

Mrs. J. Jones of Windsor is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Maul, Ottawa avenue.

Miss Gladys Williams is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Hodgins in Crediton.

Mrs. W. H. McPherson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Roger Irwin, in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Rae were recent visitors in Sarnia, guests with Mrs. Judice.

Col. E. G. Shannon and Mrs. Shannon and family have returned to town from Bayfield.

Miss Pauline Cameron, St. Andrew's street, is holidaying with Toronto relatives.

Mrs. Evans Davis and Miss Davis are visiting Mrs. Walker Greenwood in St. Catharines.

The Misses Helen and Florence Rossiter, Woodward avenue, are holidaying at Erieau.

Miss Aileen Baker of Toronto is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Neville, St. James street.

Mr. and Mrs. Marks of Detroit are guests with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jenkins, Wharncliffe road south.

Mr. Wilmer Reed of Detroit is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reed, 765 Queens avenue.

Miss Ruby Sheehy, Langarth street, is a guest with Miss Alma McGillicuddy, Watford.

Miss Marion Willis, 744 Queens avenue and Miss Betty Webber, King street, are visiting in Detroit.

Miss Margaret McCabe of Peterboro is a guest with Mr. and Mrs. H. McNeill, Ayles, Waterloo street.

Mrs. J. Atkinson of Galt is holidaying with her son, William Atkinson, and Mrs. Atkinson, Cathcart street.

Mrs. Claude Collins has returned to her home in Piccadilly street, after an enjoyable stay at Grand Bend.

Miss Eleanor Liddle, Bruce street, was a week-end guest with Dr. A. B. Wood and Mrs. Wood, Sarnia Beach.

Miss Elizabeth Knight of Rochester, N. Y., is spending a month's vacation with Mrs. Alice Thomson, Highland Park, Mich.

Miss Mary McLennan and Miss Audrey Griffith are guests with Miss A. H. Hungerford at Ipperwash Beach.

Miss Ethel De Lafontaine and Mrs. C. J. Zinger of Guelph are guests with Mr. and Mrs. John Halpin, Lorne avenue.

Blanche Morgan of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. N. Y., and Mrs. George Smibert in Galt.

Mrs. E. R. Bluthner and the Misses McKinnis have gone by motor to Toronto, where they will spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith and Professor Fred Landon and Mrs. Landon are holidaying at Erie Rest, Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Glaspeil of Toronto and daughter Pezzy, are guests with Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Huffman, Watford street.

Miss Grace Sheehy, Langarth street, is spending a month's vacation with Mrs. Alice Thomson, Highland Park, Mich.

Mrs. Walter Harrison and small sons, are visiting her son, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Nash at their summer cottage, Port Stanley.

Misses Andiea and Betty McDonnell, Strathmore Boulevard, Toronto, are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Dwyer, Richmond street.

Messrs. Arthur Young, Clair Atkinson, Frank Livermore, Malcolm Kerr and Clarkson Wootton are spending their holidays at Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McKay, Mrs. Jessie McKay and Jack McKay, McIlwaine avenue, are holidaying at Brackley, and in the Muskoka Lake district.

Mrs. Ralph Miller, Cheapside street, entertained at the tea hour yesterday in honor of Miss Watson of Sarnia, who is a guest with Miss Miller, St. James street.

Mrs. A. Kritzer will be the hostess of an informal euchre this evening for members of the Harmony Star Club. Mrs. John A. Nash is convening the affair.

Miss Ruth Birchard of Cleveland, who is in charge of the Cleveland Life Extension Clinic, is the guest of her brother, Freeman Birchard, during Watford Old Home Reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Griffith, 104 Dundas street, have returned home after a pleasant trip to Hamilton, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Keohane of Detroit accompanied them.

Mrs. Donald Graham, Renwick avenue, and Mrs. F. W. Orr of Strathroy, are leaving Saturday for Canon City, Colo., on an extended visit with their sister, Mrs. John O. Reilly.

Mrs. Maria Dwyer, Richmond street, has returned home from Detroit, where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Barkwell. She also visited her son, Owen T. Dwyer, in Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmonson and Mr. and Mrs. Mendell of Los Angeles, Cal., who have been touring for the past thirteen months, were recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Yake, Concession 1, Dorchester.

Mr. H. Wooster and Mr. H. Thorne, Oxford street west, left last night for Montreal, from where they will sail Friday on S.S. Montclair for England. Miss L. Thorne accompanied them as far as Quebec.

Mr. W. F. O'Brien of Washington, D.C., accompanied by his wife, was a visitor in London today. It is over 20 years since Mr. O'Brien was in London. He is a delegate to the I. T. U. convention held at Toronto.

Rev. Selby Jefferson and Mrs. Jefferson, Lambeth, leave shortly for motor trip to Toronto, where they will spend the next few weeks. Mr. Jefferson will attend the summer school of theology, which is in session at Knox College.

Mrs. J. L. Edwards of Toronto, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Anderson, Richmond street north, has returned to her home, accompanied by her cousin, the Misses Florence and Dorothy Watson, of Hyde Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson and Miss Kate Peifer, Richmond street north, left Tuesday on a trip through the Canadian West, taking the boat from Sarnia to Port Arthur. While away they will visit friends in Regina, Saskatoon and Calgary.

Miss Marjorie Darlington, graduate of St. Joseph's Hospital, has returned to London after three months spent in England. Before going to England Miss Darlington was doing post-graduate work in pediatrics at

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Girl Who Drove Away a Beau With Her Temper—
How to Treat a Philandering Husband—
How Can She Get Acquainted With Nice Young Men?

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am very much in love with a young man who seemed for a while to be much in love with me—was always coming to see me and making dates with me. Then he began breaking appointments with me, but always had a good excuse. And he told me that if I cared to have dates with any of the other fellows to go ahead, it would be perfectly all right with him. Now he has come back to me, and seems to care for me as much as ever. I think that our break was mainly my fault, for I have a terrible temper, and get angry very easily. This young man used to speak to me about my temper and beg me to control it, but I just snapped him off when he spoke of it. Also I have been badly spoiled by my parents. Do you think this young man really loves me and wants to marry me? He has never spoken of marriage except in a joking way. IRMA.

Answer: A woman's common sense alone can determine whether a man breaks an engagement with her through rudeness and contempt for her, or through necessity. The man who makes an appointment with a woman, and then fails to keep it because something else pleases him, is a selfish man, and a woman who is unreasonably jealous, and who does not recognize that business or personal affairs often come up unexpectedly, and make it impossible for a man to keep a social engagement with a girl, so that's that.

As for the young man not wishing to monopolize your society and engaged to you, that shows that he is a gentleman and a man of honor. He linked with that of a man who hasn't made up his mind whether he wants to marry her or not.

Probably the real explanation of the young man's attitude is that you fascinate him, but he is afraid to marry you on account of so much afraid as he is of a girl in a rage, her face distorted with anger, her voice shrill and high, her tongue saying mean and cruel things. She would no more disquiet him if she were mad as drunk, and he thinks a long time before he commits himself to a lifetime of such a spectacle. No man's ideal of a wife is a shrew who makes scenes, who has to be handled with gloves to keep her from getting peevish and who keeps him in terror of her tongue lashings.

I should say that the best way to get your young man back, and to hold him, is to convince him that you have conquered your temper and have learned to control your temper. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married thirteen years, and have five children. My husband has been a good man, devoted to his family, and we have been very happy until now.

But recently he has become infatuated with a woman of bad character. He spends all he makes on her and tells me that he does not care for me, and that he wants me to give him his freedom. But we have no money. I cannot support the children alone and, besides, I love him with my whole heart. The children cannot understand what is wrong with the daddy they worship. What shall I do? BROKEN-HEARTED WIFE.

Answer: Just be patient. Sit tight. Shut your eyes to what your husband is doing. Quit nagging him about the other woman. Stop discussing the situation with him at all. Try to think of him with pity as a sick man, who is out of his head for the time being, and it will all come out right in the end. He will get over his fancy for the other woman and come back to you and the children an humble and a chastened man, and you will have the whip hand over him the balance of your life, because he will be so ashamed of what he has done that he will be in an apologetic attitude toward you.

This is a hard piece of advice to follow, but desperate cases need desperate remedies, and there is no easy way out of a difficulty such as yours.

I believe in the righteousness of divorce, but I don't believe in its efficacy always. Especially in a case like yours, all that it would do for you would be on your hands. As long as you are married to a man the law forces him to support you and your children, but no money in the world is so hard to collect as alimony.

Besides this, any man whose children love him must be worth saving. He must have something good and kind and tender in his soul under the selfishness and weakness which makes him indulge his passions at the expense of his family, and that make him the easy mark of a designing woman. That type of man soon fires off his philandering. He yearns for home and his faithful old wife and the feet of little children's arms around his neck, and he repents his folly in sackcloth and ashes.

I grant you it is not easy to forgive the erring husband, but when there are children it is often better to forgive him than lose him. Let careful waiting be your policy, Broken-hearted Wife, and in time you shall regain your own again. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am twenty-three years old. I am good-looking and dress well, but I never have any fun. I never go anywhere except to my office and back again, and I nearly die of loneliness. How can I get acquainted with some nice young men? LONESOME.

Answer: Every woman has to do her own man stalking, my dear, unless she is lucky enough to have a managing mamma. Business offices are full of men and should be a happy hunting ground. Thank-cray said that any woman who didn't have an actual hump on her back could marry any man she pleased. How much more costly, then, for the pretty, well-dressed girl to be able to attract the attention of young fellows, who would be glad to make dates with her. DOROTHY DIX.

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Holt Hospital in New York City. She will shortly resume the practice of her profession in London.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Williams of Detroit, are guests with the Misses Ingham, Tecumseh avenue, Mrs. Williams was formerly Miss Robinson of this city, daughter of the late W. H. Robinson. Her visit here is to observe the anniversary of her marriage which took place in St. James' Church, South London, seventeen years ago.

One of the jolliest affairs held yesterday afternoon at Springbank was the Bryce family re-union, which took the form of a picnic. Thirty-four guests were present, and the members from out of town included Mr. and Mrs. George Smibert of Galt, Mrs. Miss Blanch Morgan of Rochester, N. Y., Miss Gwendolyn Hunt of Lambeth, and Miss Marina Smibert of Thorndale.

Games and races were included in the afternoon's program, followed later by supper served at the hotel. A splendid address was given by Mr. Archie Bryce during supper hour. It was decided that the re-union would be made an annual affair, and during the winter months gatherings would be held at the homes of the members.

Soap Made With a Sugar Mixture.

A soap made largely of sugar is claimed to possess unusual cleansing properties, and to cause practically no damage to fabrics, which is not true of soaps made of alkali mixed with fatty oils and acids.

CANTON CREPE

They're trimmed, as are all the newest models, with fine valenciennes laces or in some casement with frilling of the silk which is very effective against the canton crepe fabric of the dress. There are some, too, that have dainty bead trimming. These frocks are all late season models and embody the very newest style features. They're easily worth twice the price we are asking for them.

\$18

FOR THE COOL EVENING.

COATS

They're in a summer-fall weight and just the thing for wear in the cool of the evening. The material is a fine duvetyne in the popular cocoa shade, and the style is side-tie which is again the leading style note for fall. They are trimmed with pleated panels of the same material as the coat. All in all you'll find these coats not only serviceable but very smart.

\$18.50

BABY-LO

IS THE NEW FABRIC

It's a silk and cotton mixture in novelty checks, and comes in the following colors: black, mauve, sand, and powder blue. One of the most approved fabrics for late summer and fall frocks.

Special \$1.98

BELTS ARE WIDE

And the wider they are the more fashionable. They're made from glazed leather and are 2 inches wide. This is the belt that is proving the most popular for late summer wear, each 50c

CHAPPIE COATS

They're the most popular wool coat at the present time. The materials are finely brushed wool and edges, and pockets are bound with plain wool. The colors are sand and gray. A very special value \$5.95

THE HANDBAG

This particular line is made from real leather with strong metal frame and dainty lining, has an outer and inner compartment; also an attached mirror. They're a regular \$3 value, but clearing them at \$1.98

R. J. YOUNG & CO. LIMITED

The Best Place To Shop, After All.

142 DUNDAS ST.

144 DUNDAS ST.

668 DUNDAS ST.

Buster Bear Ignores Old Man Coyote On His Way To the Berry Patch

Fashions by Wire

FUR TRIMS GOWNS.

Paris, Aug. 14.—The frock of black and white printed crepe de chine is now likely to have red figure added to the pattern. It is frequently trimmed today with an edging of black.

HIGH CROWNS AND WIDE BRIMS. Paris, Aug. 14.—Some of the late summer hats are of an extraordinary width of brim. The high crowns are made higher by lofty ribbons or other ornaments.

DOG MATCHES COSTUME. London, Aug. 14.—The idea of a dog to match one's costume has been revived. Many of the beige crepe costumes so fashionable for afternoon wear are accompanied by a sand-colored dog of the same variety.

DISTINCTIVE JEWEL BOX. New York, Aug. 14.—For the up-to-date boudoir, with its hint of medieval coloring, there is a distinctive jewel box. Made in the distinctive chest shape, this box is of leather the shade of old leather, and decorated with dim figure in gilt and soft tones of red.

PANSY PURPLE LINGERIE. New York, Aug. 14.—Pansy purple, translated into zorroette is exquisite when made into lingerie. Its trimmings, of course, consists of folds of zorroette in the lighter pinkish purple that that goes so well with pansy.

COOL RIDING TOGS. New York, Aug. 14.—With the white linen riding trousers for summer wear, there is a delectable sleeveless jacket in heavy crepe de chine, and of the customary flannel or gabardine. This jacket is in open-mermaid-candy stripes of white and bright pink.



Presently he saw him coming.

Old Man Coyote made a low bow. "Good morning, Neighbor Bear," said he. "I'm glad to see you up here in the Old Pasture. I trust you are finding plenty of berries this morning, but not, I will be glad to show you where they are biggest and ripest and most plentiful."

Buster Bear shuffled straight along as if he didn't see Old Man Coyote at all. He didn't say a word, but shuffled on up the old cowpath and disappeared among the bushes. Old Man Coyote looked after him and snarled. But he took care that Buster shouldn't hear him snarl. Peter snarled the only one who heard that was Old Man Coyote. He was on about his business down the old cowpath.

(Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "More Politeness."

Now, though he was shuffling along, he was making no noise, for Buster can walk over a log as easily as he chooses to. What would Old Man Coyote do when he met Buster Bear? Peter almost forgot to breathe in the excitement of watching.

Right on the bend in the old cowpath Old Man Coyote came face to face with Buster Bear at the very place he had met Reddy Fox the day before. Such a difference as there was in this meeting. Old Man Coyote lightly leaped off to one side, just as Reddy Fox had done the day before.

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