

E. A. BRININSTOOL
330 No. Poinsettia Place
Hollywood, California



Mr. William D. Driscoll
701 No. 3d street
Yakima, Wash.

Trail
Dust
of a
Maverick



*A Book With a Reputation
and a Host of Friends*

It Has Stood the Test of Years



Bill Cody Knew the *Real Stuff* About the West

HERE'S HIS OWN "SAYSO" ABOUT THIS VOLUME, NOW IN ITS THIRD EDITION

EVERY lover of the West and its history, its tales and its laughs, knows Buffalo Bill and Buffalo Bill himself stated "Your book smells and tastes of the old time cow puncher. It has the odor of the sage brush and desert and the enchanting, exhilarating breath of the wilds."

E. A. Brininstool has put into this volume a lore of the West, the cow puncher and sage brush that is difficult to resist. He is known as one of the few authentic writers of Western verse.

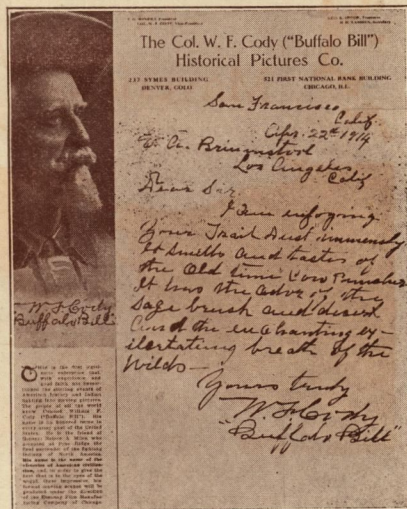
Throughout the Western states he is known to thousands and where his poems and Western historical articles have won him fame and friends.

Thousands of readers have followed his magazine articles with interest and two other editions of his work are now in publication and will soon be available.

Morning Telegraph, N. Y., Aug. 1921

William E. Lewis, Editor, writes:

"'Trail Dust of a Maverick,' a volume of Western verse by E. A. Brininstool, was so successful in its moderately sized edition of 1924 that a second edition has now been published, with an introduction by Professor George Wharton James. Robert J. Burdette's introduction to the first edition has also been reprinted, several changes have been made and new and more recent material added."



This letter and photograph reproduced window size, 11x14, with details about book sent with every order.



E. A. BRININSTOOL



EVER a pleasure and new to thousands of readers are these rhymes of the West, so aptly written in the dialect of the West. Thousands of dwellers in crowded cities delight to regale themselves reading the homely verse which so aptly describes the free and happy life of the range, the vast open spaces, and thunder of hoofs on the plains.

The frankness, the truth, the supreme humanness of Mr. Brininstool's tales arouse the interest of and are enjoyed by every reader.

And Mrs. Custer States

Mr. E. A. Brininstool.

Dear Sir:

You have not only given pleasure to your readers but you have done such a difficult thing in poetizing the wonderful expressive far West phrases. Rhyming them will be remembered long after the dull prose has been forgotten.

Thanking you again for the "Trail Dust of a Maverick," I am,

Very truly yours,

Elizabeth B. Custer.

And "Bill" Hart Writes

Dear E. A. Brininstool:

When a man crosses the Missouri the West gets into his blood. When a man reads your "Trail Dust of a Maverick" it is just the same as fording "The Big Muddy." The West gets into his blood also.

Your poems tell of The Silence, The Understanding of the Prairies, of those who lived for years with a saddle and blanket, of those who did not carry silver in their pockets 'till it turned black, for those who did not shoot just for the fun of making a noise. Where the altitude was too high for low morals and where there was no applause for returning heroes.

More power to ye!

Always sincerely yours,

Bill Hart.

This book has won its way into the hearts of thousands and today scarcely a copy is available. The incessant demand for this book is now being filled by this **Third** and revised edition.

For Your Display Window

With every order for "Trail Dust of a Maverick" goes a large window size reproduction, either paper or card, of Bill Cody and his letter about this book, which will prove an attraction for your window, hard to resist. Get one for your window and display this book. One small store alone sold 500 copies of this book.

Press Notices About—

"The Trail Dust of a Maverick"

FROM OUTER'S RECREATION

AFTER commenting upon Furlong's "Let 'Er Buck," it is quite fitting to turn to E. A. Brininstool's "Trail Dust of a Maverick," a volume of verses of cowboy life, the cattle range and desert, a new edition of which is of recent issue. Like Mr. Furlong, Mr. Brininstool knows the range and its people intimately, and he has learned the language of the range. Many of his verses, for such he calls them, are in dialect, and present vivid pictures of the every-day life of the cowboy while enjoying their pranks as well as in serious mood. As Mr. Robert J. Burdette says in his introduction to the first edition, he has caught the "vanishing colors and melodies" of a bygone day and "fashioned them on the canvas of singing history." His book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the Great Southwest. George Wharton James has supplied the introduction to the second edition.

FROM THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

There is much in this little volume that has value in that it preserves in the verse form the atmosphere and the philosophy of a class of men that represent one of the most picturesque and romantic periods of our national development.

This little book of verse will appeal strongly to men who have lived on the range. It is packed full of jingles that will amuse, instruct and occasionally cause a catch in the throat and bring a tear to the eye of the hardened old-timer. There are, too, flashes of real poetry, with swing and lilt and rhythm, but best of all is the fact that the atmosphere of the range and camp and trail are there. Preserved in a form that will appeal to the reader who loves the open spaces of the earth and who though he be city bred and born will travel with Brininstool now and then into the rolling country where strong men worked at a hard game that is rapidly passing with the advance of towns and cities.

~~A 12 mo. 5½x7½, Bound in Cloth 160 Pages~~
~~Cover in Two Colors—Illustrated~~

Use this window display—get this book. THE THIRD EDITION WILL OUTSELL THE FIRST TWO—Backed by this attractive window display.

Usual discounts to dealers.

~~List Price, \$2.50—Single Copies by Mail, \$2.70~~

GEM PUBLISHING CO.

336 So. Broadway, Los Angeles

Please send us copies of "Trail Dust of a Maverick," by E. A. Brininstool.

Also send for window display

..... Bill Cody Photo Sheets Cards

Name

Address

Delivery subject to limitations or future delivery.

"Adios West!"

BY E. A. BRININSTOOL

From "Trail Dust of a Maverick."

The West ain't what it wuz, Bill; the
good ol' days is done!
It makes me weep—it does, Bill,
'cuz no one packs a gun!
The ranches all are fenced, Bill, as
you look and down;
The ranchers hev commenced, Bill,
to want to live in town!
They dress like doods—my stars, Bill
the boys you run across
All ride in motor cars, Bill, and nev-
er fork a hawss!

The West is awful tame, Bill; the po-
ker joints hev quit!
You cain't sit in a game, Bill, ner
booze a single bit!
There ain't no marshal now, Bill, to
fill you full o' lead,
Sich things they don't allow, Bill,—
the good ol' days is dead!
They've got a graveyard too, Bill—
but shucks! it takes my breath
To l'arn they's mighty few, Bill, but
died a nat'ral death!

The West is mighty slow, Bill, com-
pared to days o' old.
'Cuz lynch-law doesn't go, Bill—at
least so I've been to!d.
A rustler stands a chance, Bill—it's
diff'runt now, I swear!
They uster hev to dance, Bill, on
nothin' much but air!
The wimmen here that ride, Bill,
use saddles that are flat,
And allus go astride, Bill—I blush
to think o' that!

You wouldn't know the West, Bill;
thar's been an awful change!
The people don't go dressed, Bill,
like we did—gosh! it's strange!
The ol' slouch hats we wore, Bill,
hev disappeared sumhow;
They're never wore no more, Bill—
the men wear derbies now!
You never see no quirts, Bill, no lar-
iats ner boots,
The doods all wear silk shirts, Bill,
and smoke store cigaroots!

The West is awful mild, Bill; the In-
juns all are tame!
The ones that was so wild, Bill, are
in the movie game!
The bad men that we knew, Bill, who
shot out barroom lights,
Are sleepin' 'neath the dew, Bill, in-
stead o' startin' fights!
But wuss than all the rest, Bill—it
makes your ol' pal sigh—
It don't seem like the West, Bill, 'cuz
it's so tarnal dry!

Copyright 1921 by E. A. Brininstool.

Truthful Stories of Indian and Frontier Life

By E. A. BRININSTOOL, of Los Angeles, Cal., Hunter-Trader-Trapper's Western historian.

A TROOPER WITH CUSTER. Thrilling details of the battle of the Little Big Horn, (Custer's last fight), by actual survivors of Major Reno's command. Miraculous escapes! Wonderful rescues! Did Custer obey Gen. Terry's orders? Read this book and learn the truth about this greatest of Indian victories in American history.

FIGHTING RED CLOUD'S WARRIORS. Read the truth about the bloody Fort Phil Kearny Massacre; the Wagon Box Fight; the Defense of the Alamo; the Modoc War; Jim Bridger; Calamity Jane; the Slaughter of the Buffalo Herds, etc.

Every old Indian fighter, Public Library, Historical Society, Boy Scout, Campfire Girl, will find these books **INVALUABLE** in their historic accuracy. Acclaimed everywhere as the most truthful accounts of our Indian wars ever in print.

Only \$1.00 each, Postpaid. Profusely illustrated with valuable, old-time photographs; cloth bound.

Pin a dollar bill to this card, returning card without fail with your order.

Address

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



